One Way Marriage

PART ONE

By
Xavier Couperin

I remember the exact moment it all began; though Fiona's take on the genesis of my fall might date from a little earlier and, now I think of it, is probably the more accurate observation of the two:

"You just don't do it for me anymore," my wife of ten years said, settling a pair of still full breasts into a black bra; breasts that continued to defy the pull of a gravity made greater with each passing year – though not so pristine she could decline a helping hand from Gossard.

Wrapped in my bathrobe and stepping into the bedroom from the en-suite, I'd looked across at her; not sure if I'd heard correctly and, if I had, unsure exactly just what it was I didn't *"do"* for her anymore.

"I'm not with you, love," I told her. "What don't I do for you?"

She was getting ready for the office, about to get dressed before she took off to the Insurance Company in London where she had just been promoted to Office Manager. Leaving her recently unemployed husband to scan the jobs vacant pages before wandering down to the Jobcentre in his latest and, most probably (it did indeed turn out to be the case), luckless attempt to rejoin the workforce.

My lack of success in the job hunting field crucial, I now know, to the success of her own ambitions in my regard.

I watched as she pulled on some skimpy black panties, plump buttocks peeking out from under the fabric; the same buttocks I'd always wanted to slam my cock between on route to drilling her anus.

Her response always being in the negative:

“When you can bring yourself to go down on me, I’ll think about it. Until then…”

Going down on her, as she well knew, something I didn’t consider very… *manly* – my reluctance, if a certain HBO drama had it right, something I shared with any number of Mafioso and Italian/Americans of a certain age.

My refusal to dance oral attendance on her pussy leading to the off-limits sign she subsequently placed on its reverse; only too aware of my penchant for it –how could she not have been- and denying me even a kiss on those wonderful, smooth and plump, buns from then on.

Though, as a testament to my willpower, and even with such a carrot dangled before me, I didn’t cave.

Oh, yes, Martin Kent –that’s me- might have ruled the roost but, when the bridal bonnet happened to find a bee occupying it, his wife was no pushover.

Warning signs hinting at a possible coup, the king –*me*- paid no attention to whatsoever.

To those of you scanning this confession with similar delusions of household omnipotence?

Read on and learn.

“When I say: you don’t do it for me,” she explained, smiling sweetly, “I refer to your tiny cock.”

“My ti…?”

“It just doesn’t get me there anymore.”

I remember staring at her with total bewilderment as she pulled open the drawer containing her hose, my sudden inability to speak suiting her fine:

“ Not that it was ever that brilliant,” she went on with a snort. “Let’s be honest: you can’t make candyfloss with a toothpick now, can you? ”

“Toothpi…?”

Anger had sidelined bemusement now and I switched to the dark look I always adopted to let her know it wasn’t wise to mess with me.

Not that it was winning me much respite lately:

“Is this a joke, Fiona?”

“If it is I can’t say it’s ever made me laugh,” she replied with a sneer, running a hand through her short, pageboy cut, hair; my *“Dark look”*, predictably, having failed to work its magic.

Again.

The law of diminishing returns, as mentioned above, having decided to kick in with a vengeance about a year previous to this particular morning fracas.

“Are you serious?”

“Deadly,” she told me, searching the drawer.

I shook my head with disgust, buying time to think up a suitably withering riposte.
Too much time, as it turned out:

“How long have we been married now?” she asked, beating me to it, buttocks assaulting my vision as she bent over to get deeper into the drawer.

My anger sidelined now as panic took over.

Had I missed *another* anniversary?

Was that why she was being such a ballbreaker?

“Ten years,” she supplied the answer for me - as if I didn’t know.

I waited for the point to arrive – there was *always* a point.

“Which is ten times more than any orgasms you’ve given me.”

My relief another year hadn’t passed without my noticing immediately receding as anger made a comeback:

“Bollocks!” I told her, really pissed-off now. “You expect me to believe that?”

It was yet another in a number of conversations she’d instigated on the subject of my shortcomings. In fact, since I’d been laid off and she’d been promoted, I had noticed a little *attitude* towards me – well, more than a little, actually. More and more, I was getting the impression she regarded me as some kind of second-class citizen.

If that.

This was just the latest –though most cutting thus far- example of what appeared to be her growing contempt for me.

Though things hadn’t started out that way.

Of course, when we’d first met a different dynamic had been in place.

Back then it had been a smitten Fiona who’d pursued me while I remained purposefully aloof.

Not to indulge in false modesty, I was a good-looking guy back then and – some grey hairs and a negligible amount of waist-pudding apart- still am; so, consequently, I saw no reason to limit my options.

Attracting women had never proved a problem and Fiona had been just the latest in a long line of them. The strength of her initial attraction –as it always

does- placing the object of that attraction: *me*, in a position of power in the relationship.

A position carrying over into marriage itself and ensuring she pretty much let me do as I pleased – though I was careful to keep any bachelor like cavortings I made within the framework of matrimony discreet and under wraps.
Or so I thought.

Halcyon days, my friends.

And days that now seem a long, long, long way distant to the version of me fortunate enough to experience them.

But more of that later.

“Bollocks indeed, Mister,” she said, a certain *eagerness* in her expression telling me there was something in her baiting of me she found not displeasing.

Not even deigning me her full attention, so unthreatening or insignificant did she now appear to consider me, she again rooted through the drawer containing her stockings and pantyhose; adding:

“*Your* bollocks.”

Some black opaque hose was picked up, considered, and discarded.

I knew how it felt.

“And they just ain’t up to it,” she finished.

It was all getting too much for me. Bad enough for my sense of self worth when my company had hit the skids; but at least I’d managed to springboard into another job almost instantly. Now even that job had gone and, with another proving wilfully elusive -and to make the pill even more acidic- my wife seemed intent on diminishing whatever self-confidence I had left.

Justifying my anger, I think and assuming I was about to let her:

“If you’re trying to fucking annoy me, Fiona, you’re doing a bang up job,” I gave fair warning.

Locating the pantyhose she was after and sliding the drawer shut, she speared a look my way any half-wit would have found laughably interpretable:

“Big deal!” it said.

The question following my outburst indicating the level of its impact:

“Martin?” she began, voice even: “Have you ever wondered if I masturbate?”

I considered her words carefully – well, more with disbelief, to be truthful.

Had I really heard *that*?

“What did you say?”

“You heard well enough, I think,” she said

“Why on earth would you ask that?” I accused, thoughts thrown. “Of course I bloody haven’t. What’s got into…?”

“Well, just in case you have wondered and don’t fancy going to the trouble of doing so again, let me assure you, I take care of my sexual needs as and when the impulse takes me."

I stared at her, still startled from her first use of the word: *“Masturbate”*.

Don’t get me wrong: I’m as open-minded as the next lecher; but there are some things you just don’t talk abou…

“Are you getting one of your little stiffies thinking about it?” she smirked, somehow mistaking my preoccupation for arousal; sliding tan pantyhose over

legs that remained toned and shapely, despite the fact she was pushing forty to its very limit.

My mouth, as I picture the scene and recall her words, seemed intent on catching flies.

Sexual she may have been –and delightfully so in the early days of both our courtship and then marriage- but always in terms of actions rather than blunt, to the point, words.

“Don’t be ashamed to admit it now,” she teased her slack-jawed husband. “I know what turns little boys like you on.”

Standing to check herself out, she gave her last shot some thought as I bridled at being described in such a way by a woman -my wife- some four years younger than me.

Fiona going on as I pondered my annoyance:

“Just a shame you haven’t a clue when it comes to me.”

“Alright, Fiona, give it a rest will you? If I’ve pissed you off in some way just tell me. If it’s to do with me not finding work yet, I’ll soon…”

“Whether you go out to work or not makes no difference,” she came in over me. “The money I was left by my mum took care of the mortgage and with my promotion I’m earning more than enough to keep you.”

As you can probably imagine, the intimation *she* was now *“*Keeping” *me* was never likely to sit well with my already tried patience.

“Yeah, well,” I told her, “seeing as how I’ve spent the last ten years bringing the bacon home, it won’t hurt you to step in for a month or two until I find somethi…”

This time it was laughter that cut me off.

Laughter that was not exactly pleasant either.
“Please!” she told me when she was finished. “*‘Bringing the bacon home?’*

Her repetition of my phrase inspiring still more hilarity.

“Reliant on your efforts alone,” she offered, suddenly straight faced, “we’d have spent the last decade living off spam.”

“But…”

“Enough,” she snapped, holding up a hand imperiously; again talking over me as she slipped into her skirt and dipped her feet into a pair of black patent shoes with short spike heels. This new assertiveness of hers something I didn’t find attractive and wasn’t about to put up with for too much longer. Though, even I had to admit, not bringing a salary into the home was limiting my room for manoeuvre somewhat.

Just the same, I remember asking myself:

Who the fuck did she think she was?

A woman in a hurry apparently:

“I haven’t time for this right now,” she told me dismissively. “I’m already running late.”

She turned away from me, scanning the bedroom as if she’d misplaced something before continuing:

“But we do *need* to talk when I get home tonight.”

Turning back to me then as she remembered something:

“Things are going to change,” she said. “You can depend on it.”

About to turn again when something else triggered her memory:

“Oh!”

“What now?” I remember thinking.

“I’ll be late.

My look said:

“Who cares?”

“Very late,” she added.

“Whatever,” I responded with a shrug.

“Just so you know, I’m going for drinks with Chrissy after work.”
Then, not waiting for a reply and snatching up the jacket and case she’d been searching for, she was out the bedroom door and down the stairs, front door slamming behind her as I mulled over her parting words:

“Need to talk?” I asked myself. *“Things are going to change?”*

Who the fuck did she think she was talking to - one of her staff?

“And where did all this nonsense about sex come from?” I interrogated myself as I made my way downstairs.

Sure, she’d told me she loved it soon after we first met. *Not* exactly unwelcome news to the constantly horny twenty-nine-year-old I’d been at the time. Even if there were occasions when she seemed insatiable for more than I could deliver.

Quite a few occasions as it happened.

But, come on, now; hardly an intimidating discovery is it?

I mean: women are built to outlast men in that department.

Aren't they?

It's the reality of our respective tackle.

Isn't it?

Anyway, so far so bloody obvious – the above point, whatever my wife might try to say, one that had *nothing* to do with size.

So what if I couldn't keep pace with her?

Who could?

"Kevin was far more considerate than you," she'd informed me during our early days together.

This after my efforts had once again done the trick for me and, *once again*, left her wanting and eager for far more than either my staying power or my *average* length and width -I promise- equipment could provide.

"If he finished and thought I wasn't satisfied he'd get down between my legs and make sure I was – without me even having to ask."

My reply to her is still crystal clear:

"Perhaps you should have married the sick fucker then," I'd told her - a little nauseated if I'm honest. The imagery of the guy getting down there and using his tongue after he'd dumped a load of his own…"

"Ugh!"

"Sometimes," she'd gone on as if I hadn't spoken - flashback to this *willingness* on his part fetching a nostalgic look to her face: "he'd get down there and look after me for hours. Didn't matter if I was watching television or having a catch up on the phone with friends. Got to the stage where I could just point a finger at my pussy when I wanted some attention and he'd be down there like a shot."

Her expression as she recalled her ex, I seem to remember, both wistful and resentful.

“Yeah, well,” I’d snorted, resentful myself. “If wimps are what do it for you perhaps you should have stayed with the one you had.”

After a full-blown slanging match –a slanging match I thought I took on a late technical knockout- the subject of *“Kevin”* didn’t arise again and I managed to convince myself her cries whenever we hit the mattress were born of bona fide pleasure; rather than bona fide acting.

My efforts with the conjugals, I’d congratulated myself, were paying off and -as I’d been certain they would- seemed to be hitting the spot with her.

The absence of the kids normally resulting from such efforts not being something she was bothered about and a lack worrying me not a jot.

Neither of us had any desire to join the rest of the: *“Baby On Board”* brigade - in both neighbourhood and social circle. And our observation of the day-today of those who had decided to go for the school-run option wasn’t about to change this area of concurrence in our lives.

A small mercy as it turns out.

Soon, we were settling in to married life together and, despite early reservations for my performance in the sack, she gradually seemed to reach a point where she could take pleasure from it.

All in all, I’d prided myself; our sex life was fulfilling and satisfying to us both.

Pride which did, of course -and if not misplaced- beg the question:

“Why, if fulfilment was the case, had she suddenly put masturbation in the frame?”

A question; even at the height of my denial; that wasn't exactly difficult for me to supply both an answer and an identity.

The above components combined in the shapely, if malign, form of the person my wife was meeting after work that evening:

"Chrissy".

The ex-wife of my former friend, Gordon, and an out-and-out *bad* influence. The purest, twenty-one-carat, bitch, in fact, ever to have been born with a great pair of legs and magnificent tits.

Legs and, especially, *tits* that made her initially popular with the men of our little set - while, understandably, getting a cooler reaction from their wives.

Mine apart, that is.

They really seemed to hit it off and even when –early fixation with legs and mammaries wearing thin in the face of Chrissy's *"Toxic"* personality- I suggested Fiona give her a wide berth, she insisted on continuing to see her.

My wife even making excuses for her when Gordon came home one afternoon to find her riding ten inches of solid black cock in their bedroom.

A warning sign if ever there was one, and one -with the flawed antenna I now consider responsible for my business going under- that sailed serenely under the Kent radar.

The fact Fiona made excuses at all should surely have alerted me to the fact she herself was…

Later.

Anyway, and as you'd expect, my pals and their wives took Gordon's side while Fiona remained adamant she was going to stay loyal to her *"Friend"*.

This touching loyalty on her part ensuring it wasn't long before our friends

turned against us too.

Despite the fact I liked the traitorous bitch with the humongous tits even less than they did.

From having a vibrant social life with friends of long standing –mostly mine- we went to zilcho.

Or, rather: I did.

Fiona -over my disapproval and a number of flaming rows on the subject- seeing more and more of my one-time friend's ex-wife from then on.

"Fine!" I remember yelling to her, as she was on her way out to meet the bitch. "See her as much as you like. But that cheating slut doesn't set *one* foot inside *my* house."

Fiona's reply had been a simple and derisory smirk before she took up her jacket and left for whatever her and the bitch had planned that evening.

It was a development I remained unhappy with and one that coincided with my being let go by the insurance company with whom I'd eked out a living for the last five years.
Coinciding also, with the death of Fiona's mother that allowed us to pay off our *–my wife's-* mortgage.

You see; I'd run into some heavy credit-card debt trying to set up my own pensions company before I was forced to take the insurance job, leading to both me and Fiona thinking it would be a good idea to put the house in her name. This rather than run the risk of either repossession or the finance companies we owed selling our home out from under us at bottom dollar.

A *"Good idea"*, for reasons I'm sure you can follow, that doesn't seem quite so good to me now.

An idea made even worse by my playing it on the safe side (give credit-card companies an inch and they'll take your pile, having been my motto up to

then) to close off every loophole.

Hence my suggestion to Fiona, prompted by my own solicitor, that we sign an agreement giving me no claim on the property should we separate.

Suffice it to say: he's not my solicitor now.

And wouldn't be even if I could afford to retain one.

Looking back with the usual wisdom supplied by hindsight, I see *that* decision –putting the house in her name and then allowing her to buy the mortgage with her late mother's money- as the trigger for Fiona's assertiveness towards me.

Newly minted confidence that seemed to be growing exponentially.

The same, growing self-assurance that had prompted her to rubbish my tackle.

Life was good and getting better – *not*.

After her car pulled off the drive and headed for the M25 en-route to West London, I made myself a tea and pondered my options.

It was mid-morning and I was on my third cup when I realised they boiled down to one:

If things were to get back to anywhere near normal, I told myself, I needed a job.

Big time!

I'd fallen asleep in front of the television when the slamming of the front door woke me.

"You waited up for me, how sweet," I heard Fiona say as I rubbed my eyes.

As she placed her case on the floor and came to stand in front of me, I rose to a sitting position and peered at my watch.

Groggily.

“It’s almost twelve,” I’d said, not quite up to speed still.

“Tempus fugit,” she agreed.

“What?”

“It means…”

I know what it fucking means,” I cut her off. “What have you been doing until this time?”

“Martin, I might not be an ugly sister, but I’m hardly Cinderella either. I’m not about to turn into a pumpkin if the big hand creeps past midnight.”

“That’s not what I mean and you know it,” I told her as she took a seat opposite me, kicking off her shoes and crossing her smooth bare legs before giving my jogging pants and tee shirt a sarcastic once over.

I tore my eyes away from the sight. Legs, she knew, were my weak spot, and right then I wanted to keep my anger hot – even if I do remember feeling a little puzzled.

“Hadn’t she been wearing tights when she went out?”

Temper too molten at that point to consider it right then:

“And it wasn’t fucking Cinderella who would have turned into a pumpkin anyway,” I reminded her. “It was the carriage that took her to the ball.”

“Well, well,” she clucked, “this is a night of firsts.”

“What did she mean by that?” I recall thinking, tiny alarm bells, set to

clanging by the absence of her pantyhose, going off in a distant room just off the cerebellum.

“I had no idea you were such an authority on fairy tales,” she went on. “Pretty apt really, seeing as our marriage turned into one years ago – for me anyway.”

“Could this possibly be good?” I’d asked myself, already braced for her response.

“And not the fairy tale of a girl’s dreams either,” she added, answering my question for me.

Fiona stretched her arms to the ceiling, catlike, and I snatched a glimpse of her cleavage through the loosened buttons of her shirt.

“Snatched,” you see, because she’d cut me off completely for the last few months. And, even before that, sex had been sanctioned with a frequency only slightly above starvation rations. A loss –given my reduced financial means and the social status to which I’d been consigned by her friendship with Chrissy- leaving me with little other option but to return to the trusty right hand of my teens.

In truth, I’d been losing interest in her for a long time before she decided it was time to ration out our bedroom activity. Easing back gradually before deciding to strike it from the curriculum completely. Explaining she’d made her decision because her new responsibilities at the workplace left her feeling too exhausted. Pointing out to me; when I mentioned she didn’t seem *“Too”* exhausted to meet up with *“Chrissy”*; that she needed relaxation and winding down after another hard day rather than the exertions of sex.

“It’s all too much trouble after ten hours at the office,” she actually told me, managing to disparage my performances in the bedroom and remind me of my joblessness with one compact sentence.

So, that being the case –and men being the perverse creatures we are- I suppose it was inevitable I’d start lusting over her again the moment her body

became off-limits to me. In fact, she'd never been as desirable to me as she became soon after cutting me off. Her most mundane womanly gestures, sounds, and movements reacting with my hungry libido the way phosphorous reacts with water.

As I said:

"Perverse".

"Why is this a night of firsts?" I asked.

The fateful question.

I see that now.

Not that we wouldn't have reached the stage it brought us to at some time or other; either then or shortly after; you understand? And, as I've already pointed out: the rot had set in long before. But, you'll realise when you hear her reply; it was *the* enquiry paving the way for her to lay everything on the table.

Holding my eyes with complete confidence and -thinking back- spite, she told me:

"Because tonight…"

As she drew the sentence out I realised I was holding my breath, ears pricked:

"Because tonight," she began again: "I cheated on you with another man."

I've heard people say they felt as if they'd been kicked in the guts after hearing something shocking, and I now understand what they meant. I felt as if a size nine had driven itself into my solar plexus and, if I'd been groggy a few seconds ago, I was more than wide-awake now.

Even if I didn't quite believe what I'd heard.

"That's right," she said. "Chrissy took me to a bar in town and we met a couple of guys."

"You… You met a…"

"That's right, loser…"

"Loser?"

"…A couple of guys. Young guys."

"But…"

"Young, good looking guys," she overrode me.

"What the fuck are you saying?" I snarled, trying to assert myself, rising to my feet to stand over her, fists clenched.

"With big, thick, dicks," she went on, untroubled by my menacing pose.

"Fuck, Fiona, if I find out you're telling the truth I'll…"

"Do nothing!" she spat, finishing my sentence in a way I hadn't quite intended.

"I'll do…?"

"Nothing." she repeated as I stood above her in shock; my wife telling me she'd just gone behind my back with a couple of strangers and compounding the confession by informing me I'll do noth…

"Because that's pretty much what you are these days," she carried on.

She made me wait for it:

"*Nothing!*"

I couldn't believe she'd said it.

Me?

Nothing?

The same man she'd chased with such intensity?
Even when I was initially spoilt for choice and she wasn't exactly at the top of my to-do list?

"Amazes me I could ever have thought you were anything more," she added, thoughts, like mine it seemed, dipping backwards.

"Fiona," I began, determined to put an end to her shit: "I've put up with a lot of crap from you this last year. I've lost my social life because of you and your *friendship* with the slut, *and* I've put up with your lack of support and snide comments over not being able to find another job. But… But…"

"Go on," she dared me, totally unfazed.

Realising –an unusual flash of foresight this- that anger hadn't been winning me many arguments with her lately I tried tacking to a different wind; hoping reason would stand a better chance of winning out in its place:

"Look," I said, reining myself in, "if this is about you trying to put some spice back in our marriage because you thought I'd lost interest in…"

The laughter too impatient for me to finish came close to blowing me off my intended course before I'd left harbour even.

"Our *'Marriage'*, as you put it," she began when she'd regained control of her hilarity, "is over."

My stomach, I can find no other way of describing it, had found its way to my ankles.

Had she really just said that?

For the first time -though the evidence hadn't exactly been keeping itself hidden- I realised just who had the most to lose from any break up.

And it wasn't Fiona.

"At least," she went on, giving me a little hope, "it's over in the way you know it."

"Fiona," I began, persisting with the reasonable approach but, if I'm honest, more than a little scared, "this isn't you."

And *that*, you *can* be assured, I meant.

Sure, it was true; we'd had arguments in the past. And –as covered- the last year had seen a growing distance towards me on her part. But *this* was a Fiona I hadn't seen before.

Cold.

Hard.

Implacable!

"What's happened to us?" I asked, lowering myself to kneel beside her chair (a position, had I but known it, I would soon be expected to take on a regular basis).

"We were so happy not so long ago."

Reaching out, I took her hand in mine, gratified when she didn't snatch it away.

Progress.

Of sorts.

“That’s how I want it to be again,” I told her.

Was that a softening around the eyes I’d spotted?

“Come on, we’ve both had a hard time lately; what with you losing your mother and me losing my job it’s no surprise we’ve been at each others throats.”

I placed my other hand over hers and gave her my most sincere look; knowing the feelings I’d once felt for her had been compromised forever by her behaviour towards me. Unable to forgive her decision to go absent when I’d most needed her love and support to push me forward. Admitting to myself that my main motivation in regard of our relationship right then was no more than damage limitation.

Despite my perverse and rediscovered lust for her, you see; I knew the depth of what I’d once regarded: our *“Spiritual connection”* would never reach the same levels again.

Lust, of course, being something else again.

At least for this, run-of-the-mill, male hypocrite.

I’m certain you’re way ahead of me here, so forgive me if I state the obvious; but the attempts I was making to put our relationship on something like an even keel owed more to the fact it was her name on the deeds to the house and the no less relevant –not to mention sobering and terrifying- reality of my having neither money nor job.

Not the noblest of motivations but –at least until you’ve felt that kind of powerlessness and inability to manoeuvre- something you really shouldn’t judge.

At least not unless you wish to be judged yourse…

Sorry.

Blah, de blah, de bloody blah, as they say.

“Deep down though,” I continued; “and despite what’s been happening recently, I know we both love each other.”
There was a short silence then, as she appeared to think it over.

Until, finally:

“You do love me then?”

“Fiona,” I tutted, shaking my head; “why else would I still be here after…? After…?”

“After me being such a bitch to you?” she asked, finishing the sentence for me.

“Well, I wasn’t going to put it like that,” I said, manner that of the noble stoic bearing up under gross injustice. “But, you do have to admit, you’ve been a bit rough on me lately.”

“I know,” she agreed. “I couldn’t understand why you stayed myself – at first, anyway.”

This was more like it, I thought; these first signs of what I took to be contrition for her behaviour sparking some optimism in me; making me believe her statement about having cheated was no more than a way of getting my attention.

“I mean,” she went on; “why would a man take what I’ve been dishing out to you and still stay?”

“Because he loves you, perhaps?” I offered.

My lie not about to be bought.

“Oh, Martin,” she said, shaking her head sadly, “if I’m going to let you stay

you're going to have to start telling me the truth."

"Let me stay?" I protested. "But…"

A finger placed against my lips quietened me.

"No *'Buts'* from now on, Martin," she said. "And no more lies either. We both know why you stay and take whatever I give you. And it has *nothing* to do with love."

Despite the restraining finger, I was about to refute this simple truth when she added:

"Nothing whatsoever."

"That's not true," I whispered when she removed her finger and I was able once again to object.

She was already shaking her head:

"We went beyond love a long time ago – at least I did."

Though the tone of the conversation was disturbing –to me anyway- Fiona, I noticed with dismay, seemed to be positively relishing it.

"You take what I've been dishing out to you because you're a frightened little man and you have no choice."

"You're wrong, Fiona," I protested. "I've just had some setbacks, is all. But I still love you and…"

Again her finger shushed me – more forcefully this time, pressing my upper lip onto my lower and applying pressure.

The fact I simply allowed her to do it, I now see, giving her –if she needed it- some idea as to the extent of her hold over me.

“Now, Martin, what did I just tell you?” she asked, school-ma’am to infant. “Only honesty from now on. A new experience for you, I know, and it might be *–will be-* very uncomfortable for you. But that’s how it’s going to be because that’s the way *I* say it’s going to be. And, from now on, what *I* say goes.”

Not quite able to believe my ears, but knowing she was serious at one and the same time, I felt her finger again remove itself from my lips. This time though, I stayed silent, lost for a response.

If I’m to adopt the honesty she required of me back then –and still does- I have to confess I was aware, for the very first time, of her… Of her…

There’s no way to say it without sounding like the kind of wuss for whom I’d always professed such contempt.

Her…

*“*P*ower.”*

There!

I’ve said it.

Kneeling at the side of her chair; an expanse of smooth and lightly tanned thigh staring up at me as she sat, legs crossed, watching her husband of ten years struggle to come to terms with what she was telling him; I felt a certain lassitude wash over me.

Don’t get me wrong: I’m no quitter. But the years of setbacks and trying to fight my way up again could do no less than have an effect on me. Sooner or later the ability to bounce must find itself lacking the elasticity required to rise above the next stumbling block.

Trust me, as one who knows about that of which he speaks: when that facility’s no longer available, and the next knock back comes calling, you truly are in *big* trouble.

And this *"Knock back"*, I remember sensing, could prove to be the biggest knock back of all.

A suspicion Fiona would not prove wrong.

"I want you to listen to me carefully now, Martin," she was telling me. "Because, make no mistake, if I don't get the kind of response from you I'm looking for you're out and our marriage is over."

I made to rise from my knees and return to the sofa, thoughts a jumble and feeling as weak as a kitten, when she placed a hand on my shoulder to keep me in place.

"That's alright. Just stay where you are," she told me. "I want you close as I say this."

Now it was her turn to take my hand and, suddenly, I felt a little more encouraged – despite the rather humbling position in which she insisted I remain.

For some reason –the touch of warm flesh upon mine, perhaps- I convinced myself something positive was about to take place between us.

What a prat!

"Just so you know where you stand with me," she began, still clutching my hand, "I want you to know I don't want you to leave."

Optimism was growing with every word she uttered now; the impression I was about be on the end of some good news for a change getting stronger as my lassitude receded a little in the face of fresh hope and I gave her hand a squeeze.

You know? To let her know I didn't want to leave either.

Like it was something she didn't know already.

For *"Prat"*, read: *"Sap"*.

"I want you to listen very carefully to what I'm going to say without interrupting," she told me.

Oh, I was and wouldn't

Believe me.

"And, if you feel tempted to throw one of your hissy fits and leave before I'm finished," she went on to warn me, "I'd like you to know, if you do, that I'll want you packed and gone by tomorrow when I return from work."

These certainly weren't the conciliatory words my fledgling optimism had prepared me to hear but, with her warning in mind and still clutching her hand hopefully, I remained quiet and listened.

"And once you've gone," she assured me in a voice sounding less reminiscent of the loving tones of a wife than the sound of a guillotine ending its descent, "you *won't* be coming back."

Hopes for a positive outcome a tad dented, I waited for what it was she wanted to tell me.

What I was to hear all but deprived me of the capacity to breathe.

And it would get worse…

When I woke the next morning she had already left for the office.

Not that her preparations to leave disturbed me in any way.

How could they, after all?

The spare bedroom in which I'd spent the night was another spare bedroom and a bathroom removed from such intimacy; with walls solid enough to prevent any but the most intrusive of sounds from interrupting one's slumbers.

Assuming, of course, one was able to sleep at all.

Those first rays of light penetrating between the curtains –after my usual slapdash fashion I hadn't pulled them completely- making her words of the previous evening seem more, rather than less, fantastical.

Disgusting, repellent, perverted and immoral, I'll leave you to take as read.

Groaning at the movement, body stiff and painful –I'll get to that soon- I'd gently eased myself from the single cot and slipped on my bathrobe to head downstairs; a journey it seemed I was making in the home of a stranger; the décor, furnishings and artwork I'd previously considered *ours* smirking an unpalatable and alternative pronoun towards me:

Hers.

The whole shebang belonged to Fiona.

All that remained to me were the clothes on my back and those in the bedroom to which I'd been denied entry the night before.

Though I mustn't forget the cases she would have allowed me to pack my belongings in – even if I no longer had a car to ferry them to…

To…

Wherever.

Sitting at the kitchen table with a mug of tea I'd yet to taste and was long past steaming hot; snatches of what she'd said to me, as I knelt at her side, not seven hours ago were recalled from recent memory.

Both words and content powerful enough still to sear and scorch the moment:

"If you were man enough we wouldn't be in this position. But you aren't and we are."

"A woman like me needs more than a pissy little poser like you can give."

"Your cock doesn't give me a fraction of the pleasure I can get from my own finger."

She had actually smiled and spread her legs; drawing her skirt over her thighs to further deprive my lungs of oxygen.

The sight waiting to greet me took care of that.

Not only had she removed her pantyhose but her knickers too. The pussy she'd kept from my sight for a month or more revealed to me in all its glory.

All its: *bald*, glory.

A pussy, more to the point, which had been bristling with a vibrant bush that very morning.

Where the hell had she been to get that done?

Stunned and confused –and yes, I admit it, aroused- I could only watch as she placed the tip of a forefinger at the bottom of her slit and slowly ran it upwards towards her clit, mewing sounds of contentment as she did so.

"Mmmmm!"

Despite considering myself a pretty experienced guy with both women and sex, it was the first time –apart from the porno rentals I'd watched with my former friends- I'd seen a woman pleasure herself.

And yes, I admit it:

I was *transfixed*.

“See?” I heard her voice calling through a tannoy from the planet Venus. “See how much pleasure my own finger can give me?”

“Fiona, I… I…”

“Quiet now, baby,” she cooed. “Mummy knows how excited you are.”
My eyes were riveted on that luscious and bald pussy and the finger she was in the process of inserting into its interior; the smell of her own excitement filling my nostrils as it went about triggering mine; jogging pants jutting out before me with enough strength now to snap an elasticated, and growingly tried, waist.
Almost.

“You are excited, aren’t you?” she asked.

Nervous system in reverse, I took receipt of the message from my groin and nodded.

“Of course you are, baby,” she said. “But there’s nothing like the real thing, is there? I mean, I love what my finger can do for me, but it’s no substitute for a good hard cock that knows how to behave itself for a lady.”

I was pretty far gone by now, one’s own hand was fine as far at it went; but she was right: there really was *no* substitute for the real thing.

“Something you know you have inside you,” she continued, almost to herself; “something that *fills*. Yes, that’s it. I want to be filled. To feel a cock that actually stretches me and challenges me; even as it knows it’s doomed to failure.”

Though I knew it wasn’t my cock she was waxing lyrical about, hearing her descibe what she wanted in such vivid language was doing nothing to lessen the urgency of my own erection. The suspicion she might have cut me off from sex in order to play a long game not occurring to me at that time – though you can be assured it did afterwards.

“But that’s not something *you* can do for me, is it?” she asked, not expecting a reply.

Which was just as well.

If it had been both her intention and her plan to withhold herself from me by way of a softening up process, I now see, then she had played her hand beautifully.

What else would explain my reaction when she withdrew a sopping finger from her cunt and held it under my nostrils?

Why else would I –the man so anti oral sex; at least from man-to-woman- have allowed her to trace a downward path to place that same, slick, finger on my lips?

And why, finally, still remembering my former distaste, would I have allowed her to insert that finger between my lips before closing my eyes and sucking on it like a deprived infant greedy for its pacifier?

“Yes, Martin, that’s good. Suck on mummy’s finger. You know you want to. It tastes so… *right*, doesn’t it?”

A tiny part of my mind that hadn’t succumbed entirely to the new sensations she was subjecting me to was compos mentis enough to know this was not a healthy development.
For me anyway.

The position she had me in could not good: for either my own self-respect or what lingering regard she still had for me.

If there were any to still be found that is.
For the first time in our marriage, when it came to sex, she was in *full* control and, far from putting up any resistance, I was allowing her to exercise her new found power; even as that *tiny part of my mind* still functioning told me no good could come possibly from this.

Not when applied to me, at least.

As I said, and repeat: a *tiny part of my mind*.

“I prefer you so much more like this,” she told me as I continued to suck, senses enflamed.

A little chuckle managed to reach ears preoccupied with other sensations then, before:

“Do you know, I really think you actually like giving up control to me.”

Did I?

Do I?

At the moment she asked I had other things on my mind at that point.

Right or wrong, I was too far gone to either refute or acknowledge her observation.

All I wanted right then was to do was slide down my jogging pants and fill her full of cock, despite her assertion a stranger’s facsimile of the same had been there before me.

Her insinuation of having cheated on me that very night not something I really believed at the time anyway.

Suddenly, her finger was removed from my mouth and I opened disappointed eyes to find them held by hers. Not sure if what I read in them was contempt, mockery, or just a sheer and visceral pleasure for the way she was treating me and the docile way I was allowing her to do so.

Senses restored, a little, enough anyway to attempt to gain back some small smidgen of power; I lowered my joggers and slid down my underpants to allow my cock to spring free.

I promise you, it felt like a rod of steel; the sight of it as it strained towards Fiona's hairless vee going some distance towards restoring my spirits after her: *"Tiny cock"*, jibes.
Whether she was impressed I'll never be sure; but, as Fiona made no move to prevent me, I shuffled closer to her on my knees, hands resting on the glorious smoothness of those svelte and lightly tanned thighs.

Which was when she reached out and took my cock in her hand.

My resulting sigh ensuring the air left my lungs with a rush.

Not so surprising really, seeing as it was the first time in months I'd felt a touch other than my own; the gasp drawn from me both grateful and genuine as she began to manipulate my foreskin with deft, feather light, strokes.

"Oooh, yes," she cooed. "My good little boy likes that, doesn't he?"

Again I closed my eyes, lost to the sensations.

"*Doesn't he?*" I heard her ask again, allowing her voice an edge as she stopped her ministrations.

"Y-Yes!" I gasped, grasping her intention and deciding to go along with it – for now, anyway.

"Course he does," she agreed, resuming her manipulation of me. "That's because he's been a bad boy for mummy all these years and now he wants to be a good one."

All I *wanted* was for her to take me there.

"Doesn't he?" she persisted.

Amazingly, and far from turning me off, her treatment of me as an infant was exciting me on to a degree I wouldn't have believed possible not long before.

"*Doesn't he?"* her voice cut into my reverie; hand again switching to neutral.

Yes!" I cried instantly, careful to keep my eyes closed to the mockery I was sure to find aimed in my direction were I to open them; wanting nothing more than for that slender hand with it's perfectly manicured scarlet nails to bring me the completion I'd been forced to supply for myself for so many months.

And on *so many* occasions.

"Yes," she went on, orally *and* manually, voice soothing after the fashion of a mother reassuring a small child, "course he does. He's been trying to act like a big boy for so long now, but deep down he knows, and always has known, he's just a little baby in comparison."

The stroking stopped and she released her grip.

"Doesn't he?"

"Yes," I answered, too far gone to let a silly thing like pride get in the way; telling myself I'd deal with the ridicule I knew would be forthcoming afterwards.

Denial made and a truthful response withheld until later by the prospect of the release being dangled before me.

Sound familiar to any of you?

Whatever.

Her ministrations resumed – as did her monologue:

"I think this is part of the way things should be from now, don't you?"

Again, the stroking stopped.

"Don't stop, Fiona. Keep…"

“Yes or no answers from baby now,” she demanded, jumping in over my own attempt at a demand.

I groaned; eyes still screwed shut.

“It’s only right,” she went on, hand motionless, surrounding my dick as if it were an egg likely to break under the lightest of pressure; the simple heat of its palm together with its near vicinity enough to keep her sex starved husband in a state of rut.

Yes, I know you’re all judging me –I judged myself, you can be sure- but right then all I wanted were the sensations provided by her hand.

You have to remember –and Fiona certainly knew exactly what she was doing- that those *sensations* were a release from the miserable situation I’d been living for quite a period of time; the same situation I couldn’t, with the most positive attitude in the world, see coming to an end anytime soon.

Right then, it was the hand of the one most responsible for that *situation* who was taking me away from it for a few moments, allowing me –if we discount for a moment the price I was paying, and would pay, to gain her attentions- to experience a variation on what had become the status quo between us that was *infinitely* more inviting.

Small wonder I wanted to stay where I was for as long as possible.

Her words were reaching me as if through an echo chamber by now:

“After all,” she was saying, “the house is mine now and so are the cars. All our savings, bank accounts and credit cards are in my name and you’re out of work. Sort of makes me the head of the household, doesn’t it?”

I was barely listening; having gone over this route enough times myself; all I wanted was to feel that hand sliding up and down my…

“Oooooh”

The part sigh and part swoon was drawn from me as her hand began to do just that.

“Wouldn’t you say, baby boy?” she asked, hand once again switching to neutral.

“Yes!” I answered instantly, the shaming reality I was being trained as if I were her dog –and had reacted exactly as if I was- unable to match the demands of my need and only kicking in later.

“Good boy,” she applauded at my –or at least my cock’s- receptiveness to new tricks; pulling my foreskin as far to the base as it would go before beginning another, slow and frustratingly delicious, ascent towards the summit.

“This,” she told me after another slow and delicious rise and fall, “is what’s known as progress. See how much pleasure mummy can give you when you’re nice and obedient for her?”

Her return to base camp halted and I leapt in, disgrace again sidelined:

“Yes!!

“Yes,” she echoed, “of course you can. Mummy knows what you really want – what you really are. She’ll look after her little boy from now on. All he has to do for his mummy is be a good boy and do everything she tells him.”

I could feel the pressure building in my balls and, despite the gloating I could sense behind her seemingly playful words, knew a few more strokes of that hand would end me over the top.

“Can he do that for his mu…”

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!”

It was an explosion like no other I’d experienced at any time in my life.

Think Krakatoa and Vesuvius and you'd be somewhere in the vicinity but not *quite* there. So great was the thunder in my ears as molten lava spewed from my volcanic summit, I felt sure someone somewhere was taking a measure of it on the Richter scale while another was getting the word out for the Home Counties to be evacuated.

The debris left behind and the price to be paid for having allowed it, however, mine and mine alone.

I've no idea how long the two of us remained locked in that post eruption position. Me coming down from my high to the shame and humiliation of just how I'd achieved it waiting patiently to greet me. Knowing, the moment I opened them, her own eyes would be staring into mine.
Triumphantly.

Lowering my head in order to avoid what I knew was waiting for me; I opened my eyes just in time to see her hand remove itself from my slowly wilting cock and heard the rustle of paper as she took a tissue from a box at her side to wipe it clean.

"Pretty impressive," she said, a voice dripping with sarcasm indicating she had found it anything but. "I've never seen you come like that. Seemed your little dicklet would never get to stop."

Still unable to meet her stare, I occupied myself by tucking my wilting *"Dicklet"*, as she'd referred to it, back in my joggers; the thought of wiping it clean not even occurring to me – so great was my conflict and embarrassment about what had just happened.

Once a man's had his pleasure and all that, eh?

I'd made it onto one knee by now, passion dissipated and wanting nothing more than to take myself away from her presence and lick my wounds; the high of my volcanic eruption already a memory as the way she had triggered it served to mix up a cocktail of responses ranging from: anger, resentment, humiliation, and sheer, soul sickening, self-disgust.

“We haven’t finished,” she told me as I found my feet and let them lead me to the stairs, still unable to look at her, let alone speak.

“Don’t worry, Martin,” she called out. “I understand.

I began to climb, very tired of a sudden – *dispirited* a given.

What the fuck had happened to me?

What was happening to me?

What *would* happen to me?

The heavy legs trudging up the stairs were lent a verbal accompaniment:

“Mummy has lots to say to you before you go bye-byes,” she mocked, voice positively dripping with relish.

Onwards and upwards I went, too downcast to give anything but mental responses.

And tired ones at that.

“That’s it, baby,” her fading voice called to me from downstairs, “you get in your jammies and mummy’ll come and tuck you in while we finish our conversation.”

I trudged on and upwards without replying.

“Okay?” I heard her call as I finally, and gratefully, moved out of earshot.

“The fuck it was!” I told myself, having reached the top landing to close the bedroom door behind me and find a respite from both her verbal and physical presence.

Entering our en-suite then to peel off to take a good, hot and cleansing, shower. Disappointed, though not surprised, when the cleansing I was really

in search of wasn't available and only the shell of flesh containing the entity known as *"Martin Kent"* came out of the cubicle with recent events scrubbed clean.

What played on my mind most though, and over and above my self-disgust and shame for the position in which I now found myself with Fiona, was the stone cold certainty that what had just happened downstairs was *not* some kind of role-playing fantasy on her part.

Not at *any* time did I believe my wife of ten years was *playing*.

Had that been the case –bit prudish when it came to the oral I might have been, but I was no certainly no prude- I could have forgiven her and enjoyed our little downstairs interlude for just that.

A bit of fun between husband and wife.

No harm done.

Except –strength of my orgasm apart- it hadn't been a bit of fun.

This, I'd told myself, was no interlude devised by a loving wife for her husband's pleasure. Every single one of Fiona's actions and words had been calculated to humiliate and degrade me. The release she provided for me with her own hand allowed only on the understanding I would be ashamed and mortified afterwards for the way she had gone about it and the pitiful way I'd allowed her to lead me.

Trust me, I felt truly sickened with myself.

Everything she'd said, I was now convinced –mummy talk, or not- had been meant. There was a theatre of cruelty rehearsing in my previously warm and amenable wife's head and I, for one, was not looking forward to opening night. And, if the pleasure she seemed to be getting from her treatment of me were to be believed, it would be a show enjoying a long run.

The one small consolation; though it wasn't even that given the way my own

feelings had changed towards her, was that I felt certain her declaration of having cheated on me for the first time was no more than a way of trying to win a response from me.

She may have changed, but not that much.

"No," I'd told myself as the shower jets did their best to revive me. *"Fiona wouldn't do that"*.

Would she?

And yet for all that, and by far the most disturbing thought to me -call me shallow for placing more material issues before those of the emotional if you like- was the pure enjoyment I had heard veining her words as she listed my lack of an option.

Physically.

Financially.

Or otherwise.

Believe me; when you realise the only course of action available to you is to pack a case and leave the home you've helped pay for, without money, car, job, savings or bank account, as well as family and friends; the prospect your wife may have dallied with a stranger becomes a little less… *front of the house*, shall we say?

My concerns on that last score, at least, *derriere de la maison* or not, eased when Fiona entered our bedroom some ten minutes after I'd showered, staring down at me as I lay on the bed in my bathrobe, still going over what had just happened and what it would mean for both me and my reduced options.

"I didn't *really* cheat on you, you know?" she told my studiously averted stare; my relief, as I just said, tempered by the gravity of my personal situation she had just brought home to me so… *humiliatingly*.

“But…” she began, a little hesitantly, I thought, and wrongly so, “I am going to.”

Now my eyes did find hers, the surprise I’m sure she must have seen in mine met by the utter and complete confidence I could see in hers.

Standing above the bed in the same clothes in which she’d left for the office that morning –minus pantyhose and knickers, of course- she was regarding me with an expression of interest one might have for a caged bird.

Cruelty, of course, going without saying.

It was all there in her inquisitive eyes:

Would I simply flap off into the great blue yonder when she opened the door for me and take my chances with the predators waiting to take advantage of my weakened state?

Or would I stay put and allow her to close the door on my freedom?

A decision, if I made it, I’d make knowing I would, in effect, be saying:

“I’m no longer your husband but a dependent with no say in either your life or his own”?

“You mustn’t think I’m not serious,” she warned me; the way her confident eyes danced in the light of the bedside lamps conveying to me it wasn’t just confidence she felt in regard of the five cards she held in comparison to mine, but a pure and perverse pleasure in the knowledge there was nothing left in the deck I could call upon to improve my chances of success.

“Just because I don’t love you any longer,” she went on, her declaration matching my feelings towards her perfectly, “it doesn’t mean I don’t want you in my life.”

“You’ve a strange way of showing it,” I croaked, voice creaky from lack of

recent use but encouraged a bit by her words just the same.

Did wanting me in her life mean she wanted me to stay in *her* home?

It certainly did.

And not in any way that could possibly be healthy for a man and his dignity.

“I told you things are going to change and they are,” she assured me, moving closer to stand over my reclining form, hands on hips imperiously.

“What’s got into you recently?” I tried to reason – again. “Is it some power trip you’re on? For fuck’s sake, Fiona; a couple of promotions at an Insurance Company do *not* make you Queen of the Amazons.”

Her expression in regard of me said otherwise:

“It does where you’re concerned, loser.”

And there it was:

A straw.

A camel’s back.

And a break.

Temper snapping I leapt from the bed –dire nature of my situation forgotten- and pinned her to the wall by her throat. Not once had I so much as raised a hand to her or any other woman, but right then I would have liked nothing better than to make her mocking fucking eyes bulge from her disloyal bastard head. In truth, if things hadn’t developed the way they did, I’m not convinced I’d have been able to prevent myself from doing just that.

“Call me loser once more, you treacherous bitch, and I’ll…”

The knee she brought up between my legs not only cut off my threat in a

flash but also sent me crashing to the floor in a heap, fleeing balls attempting to make good their escape through my throat as I felt I was about to throw them up.

“Bastard!” she cried, my retching unheard and unheeded as she delivered the pointed toe of a shoe in a kick to the small of my back and joined her.

Believe me, she wasn’t the only one who was crying out.

Only my cries were louder and spoke more of agony than anger.

That would come later.

And be all the more intense for having neither the outlet nor the power to vent it.

Still in agony, I’d attempted to roll over on my back prior to regaining my feet.

Wrong move.

She stamped on my face!

If I was in too much pain and discomfort for it to kick in then, I can assure you that now; looking back on the way Fiona added physical dominance to the emotional and financial and my sheer, emasculating and debasing, besting at her hands and feet; every preconception and certainty I ever held dear about either my fortitude or masculinity had been redrafted and reshaped.

Also looking back, I can admit now that -when she stood astride my stunned and –too easily- beaten body to plop herself down on my chest and slap my face a few times by way of a warning to remain still- I was already having such thoughts.

Only an idiot or the truly self-delusional wouldn’t have.

As she outlined the expectations of me she had of me if I decided to stay in

her home and what my life would be from then on, I surely couldn't have been thinking of anything else.

"If you want to stay," she said, looking down at me with complete triumph and complete disregard for the pain she'd just caused me, "you had better listen extremely carefully…"

With the events of the previous night refusing to leave my head and the words accompanying them contributing a stomach churning soundtrack, I'd left the house for a long walk in the hope some fresh air would lend some perspective to my situation.

The image of her face as it stared down at me to impart the demand that would change my life and the way I'd formerly lived it, ensuring all such hopes were stillborn:

"From now on you won't be looking for work," she told me.

"But…?"

Her slap rocked my head to the side so violently I swore I felt my teeth rattle.

"Shut your stupid mouth and listen you piece of shit!"

For a moment it struck me that maybe she'd gone insane –her late mother hadn't been what you'd call *"Balanced"* exactly- but behind the aggression and foul language I sensed control, as if she were on a route she had been planning for some time.

"Why didn't he just throw her off and get the hell out of there?" I can hear you asking each other.

True, it's something I've asked myself since on many an occasion and, believe me, it wasn't as if I didn't have the physical strength to accomplish the feat; though I don't like violence I've never been a coward in the face of

it and I've given –and taken- some beatings in my time.

But this was something beyond my level of experience.

The person sitting astride me who'd just introduced a knee to my nuts before kicking and slapping me was not only a woman, she was my wife.

And, not *only* was she my wife, she was the one who held my future in her hands.

I had absolutely nothing: neither money, friends, nor family.

Suddenly, with a clarity so utterly clear it was amazing to me I hadn't acknowledged it before now; I realised that all I had and would have was what the woman currently pinning me to the floor saw fit to allow me.

I promise you –and it had nothing to do with her physical abuse of me I knew I could stop at any time- I had never felt so terrified in my life preceding these events as I did at that moment.

To know, as I knew with certainty, that I would walk from that house with nothing -a man of forty-four-years- and have to start from scratch without a home or anything remotely resembling back-up from friends, family, or whoever, stopped any thoughts I might have had regarding the use of force on the woman above me in their tracks.

"As I say," she'd continued when she was quite satisfied I was subdued; "you won't be looking for work any longer. From now on you work from home."

Breasts heaving from their exertions within the confinement of her shirt she sucked in some air as I stared up at her and waited, knowing she was not about to tell me anything I wanted to hear.

"You have a new boss," she informed me, breathing more even now.

Befuddled as I was, the identity of that *"Boss"* wasn't difficult to divine.
"*Me,"* she announced, staring down with a look of utter conviction; as if just

saying it made it so.

Her suffix not so easy to guess at:

“From now on you’re to think of yourself as my manservant.”

To say I was in a state of fear and sheer, muscle paralysing shock would be to state the obvious as each sentence seemed to make my situation –*our* situation- yet more mindboggling.

We were in the bedroom of our –*her*- detached home in the leafy suburbs; in the middle of the most normal of normal neighbourhoods, and the most normal of normal people; having a conversation, or rather *monologue*, you’d expect to find in some outrageous and pitifully unbelievable Hollywood novel.

She fully expected, it seemed, that I, her husband of over ten-years, would simply roll over and become her flunkey.

Unbelievable!

Except it wasn’t, was it – not with the clout she had in regard of me?

Didn’t the position she had placed me in at that moment prove the point?

“Don’t look so shocked,” she told me, actually smiling as if she were telling her husband she’d just spent a little more than she intended on a handbag; rather than just kicked the crap out of the sap before telling him she was now his boss and he was relegated to the position of servant.

“It’s more common than you think,” she went on. “Chrissy gave me a list of websites to check out. It’s amazing how many women have taken control of their husbands the way I’m going to take control of you.”

“Chrissy!!” I thought to myself; knowing my relationship with Fiona had deteriorated from the very first moment Gordon had introduced her to the circle and my wife had hit it off with the cheating bitch.

“As soon as I read some of the personal experiences of these women,” Fiona was continuing, eyes staring at a spot somewhere above me, speaking more to herself than the man she had pinned between her thighs, “I knew it was what I wanted too.”

If I’d thought she could be a little unbalanced after the example of her mother and a few off-the-wall aunts, I was now of a mind to pronounce her clinically insane.

Websites?

Empowerment?

Manservant?
Did she really think I was so frightened of what awaited me in the cold wide world beyond our *–her-* suburban windbreak that I would just accept any role she assigned me? That I would simply submit myself to live out some perverted fantasy inspired by the sicko contributors to an equally sick website?

The same question seemed to be occupying her; and her answer was neither slow nor hesitant in coming; lifting herself from me and seating herself on the bed; staring down with what I can only describe as contempt:

“Most of the husbands I read about were just like you,” she told me as I tried to will myself to move, battered as I was by both words and actions.

“Deluding themselves they were real men and hoping their wives wouldn’t see through them - the way I eventually saw through you.”

With a grunt of discomfort I managed to ease myself onto my elbows; her words, if I’m truthful, hurting far more than the pain of the beating she’d just dealt me.

That beating, I knew, and as I’ve said, one I could have stopped at any time with my superior male strength.

And hadn't.

The failure to act in the face of her provocation lending my wife's words veracity and an even greater capacity to hurt.

"Tonight," she told me, "you're going to sleep in the small spare room at the end of the landing. I want you as far away from me as possible while you make up your mind what to do. I don't want to see your face until I return from work tomorrow."

Unbelievably, a surge of relief went through me upon hearing she at least expected me to be here when she did.

How could it be anything else but: *"Unbelievable"*, under the circumstances?

My relief at that point, despite her treatment of me, something of an indicator, wouldn't you say, when it came to whether I decided to stay or not?

"If you're still here when I get home from the office," she told me, rising to head for the en-suite, the smooth and lightly tanned flesh of her legs stepping over me as if I were a resting dog, "you'll no longer be my husband but my servant."

I remained on my elbows, eyes looking down the length of the body she had just kicked and straddled, and shook the head she'd stamped on not a few moments before with pure bewilderment; still unable to believe that what had just happened was anything more than a bad dream and the statement she had just made one of its component parts.

"When I come out of the shower I want you out of here and in the spare-room," were the last words she said to me as the en-suite door closed behind her.
The last words to me of the woman I had thought to be my wife, anyhow.

****

I spent the rest of the morning in a daze of utter ineffectuality; unable to settle on any course of action likely to be inclusive of the words: *"Home"* and *"Money"*.

Job, friends, family and future, you can take as read.

I suppose it was before lunchtime that I decided to get out of the house and take a walk; hoping fresh air would have more success with my thought processes and telling myself, if it did nothing else, it would at least provide a change of scenery as I mulled my situation and possible solutions to it over.

Still in sweatshirt and jogging bottoms, I'd tied on some trainers and set out for the local park.

Two hours later, Fiona due home in less than four hours and no solution volunteering itself, it was a dispirited –correction: even *more* dispirited- man who made his way back to what had once been the home he had shared with his wife and was now hers alone.

I'd tried, during the walk, to convince myself she hadn't meant what she said to me the night before. That it was just some softening up process on her part in order to get me to see exactly what it was I had to lose and not to take her for granted.

Yes.

Precisely.

Complete and utter bullshit and I knew it; even as I went the route of all fools in the face of irrefutable evidence and tried to convince myself an opposite argument held sway.

When I made it back to the house, spirits on a par with some yet to be dug peat, in a neglected Irish bog, I was not enlivened any when I let myself into the house and entered the kitchen to find a visitor waiting for me.

Chrissy.

“What the fuck are you doing here?” I snapped, reality forgotten as I instantly clicked into householder mode.

“Hello, Martin,” she greeted me, supremely unconcerned by my vexation. “I let myself in.”

She was perched on a stool by the breakfast bar, long and tanned bare legs crossed one over the other, idly swinging a shapely foot with pink, Dune Elise, cross-straps as she sipped the coffee to which she’d helped herself.

“What do you mean: you let yourself…?”

“Didn’t Fiona tell you?” she asked over my indignation; regarding me, I thought, with the kind of detached fascination a small child has for the centipede whose legs he or she is in the process of pulling off, something in the half-smile she directed my way striking me as both knowing and patronising.

“Tell me what?” I asked, unable –despite my dislike of her and the gravity of my own personal situation- to prevent myself snatching glances at the magnificent, conical shaped, breasts currently engaged in a life or death struggle with the fabric of the figure hugging red dress attempting to contain them.

She held up a key ring and jangled it playfully:

“Fiona gave me a key a couple of days ago,” she told me, pausing for the outburst she was certain would follow.

“And why would she do that?” I asked, the half-smile previously described striking a dissonant note with me and overriding my personal preoccupations. Provoking me to anger and resentment that I could be treated in such a way in my own home, or anywhere, by someone fifteen years my junior and with a large nose into the bargain.

Did I mention that, by the way?

No?

Well allow me to correct any impression I may have given up to now that my wife's slut of a friend was some kind of a Looker.
Figure, legs and breasts may have been right up there with those of the horniest women around -hands up to it- but, when it came to the final storey of the edifice, there was nothing remotely resembling a corresponding superlative.

Narrow, slitty, eyes not only made her look shifty but, in tandem with a thin and hooked nose, supplied her with a look of bird-of-prey cruelty.

An impression of avian-like sadism not lessened any by pronounced cheekbones and the raven-black hair she kept short and without a parting, gelled forward to protrude over an unlined forehead yet to feel the need for Botox.

"You've never liked me, have you?" she asked, voice neutral, the question an academic one and asked without emotion; her certainty my answer wouldn't disabuse her, it appeared. not one likely to cause her much discomfort as she took another untroubled sip of her Columbian Blend.

"Even if I did I'd still want to know how you came to have a key to my house," I reminded her.
"I just told you," *she* reminded *me*, "Fiona gave me it."

Her eyes, if it was possible, seemed to narrow even further, lending her unappealing features an even more generous infusion of the cruelty I spoke of earlier.

Going on to deflate the already airless balloon of my spirit further then:

"And anyway," she said, voice remaining neutral even as her expression intensified; "it's not your *'House'* anymore, is it?"

The feeling of queasiness I'd experienced so much over the past few days re-introduced itself to my stomach – not that it had ever been too far away for any length of time during the period.

How much did the carrion-faced bitch know of our situation? I asked myself.

Surely Fiona wouldn't have confided details of…

"Not unless you decide to take the sensible option and stay on as Fiona's servant," she added before finishing with another question:

"And even if you do you'll hardly be the homeowner, will you?

My question had been answered without my even having to frame it and the feelings of humiliation and powerless I'd experienced the night before kicked back in with a debilitating vengeance.

"You see, Martin," she continued, sensing my defences were down and intending to keep them that way, "though I agreed with Fiona you were a complete waste of space as both a husband and a man, I assured her you would be an entirely different proposition in another role."
I listened to her words with a sense of utter desolation.

Not for the content of those words so much –though that was appalling enough- but for my seeming inability to fight back and a feeling of complete ineffectuality in the face of the treatment being handed out to me.

All that makes a man proud to be one was being stripped from me.

First by my wife, who'd not only taken complete control financially but had, only the previous evening, added a physical dimension to her growing mastery of me. And, in the second instance, by a younger woman -her friend- I detested with a passion and held responsible for the change in my previously amenable wife.

"In fact, Martin," her voice brought me back to the moment, "you owe me a

big thank you."

Her total self-possession, as she delivered a demand for the total opposite of what I considered I owed her, and found myself too weak to deliver, would have been perversely admirable had it not filled my lungs and stomach with nausea.
"That's right," she assured me, reading my thoughts. "Had it not been for me Fiona would have kicked you out weeks ago."

Placing her coffee on the breakfast bar she turned back to face me; expression deadly serious:

"I told her that your failings as a man and a husband up to now in no way – with the proper motivation and training- prevented you being extremely important in her life."

Unable to listen to any more; my life, it seemed, in tatters: I turned on legs made wobbly from fear and loathing and managed to make it to the front-room and the sofa before they gave out on me completely. Leaving the bitch to her own devices as I cradled my head in my hands and pondered what, I now knew, was the hopelessness of my situation.

Yes, I know.

I hear you.

And, yes, of course I could have.

But *leave* for what?

To *what*?

I wasn't some nineteen-year-old with his whole future ahead of him for whom everything was an adventure. I was a jobless middle-aged man with failed finances, a failed business and, now, a failed marriage.

Viable alternatives, I'm sure you'll agree, were not exactly queuing up to lift

the Martin Kent spirits.

Quite the opposite.

I don't know how long I sat on that sofa with my despair -only a last smidgen of remaining pride holding at bay the tears I felt building and couldn't bear the bitch to see- but, when I felt her sit next to me and take me in her arms, I actually allowed it.

More than that.

I welcomed it.

Whether it was the lack of any feeling for me on the part of Fiona or weakness, plain and simple, I felt myself melting into the embrace of a younger woman I couldn't stand the sight of – though my dislike and state of despair was not so great I could dismiss the feel of those magnificent tits as they pressed themselves to me.

Lust and lechery forever constant with men – and at the most inappropriate of times.

"That's it, Martin. Let it out," she urged me; voice uncharacteristically warm and reassuring and lowering my besieged and bombarded defences still further. "Don't be afraid to show your feelings from now on. We need to see who you are."

Not quite understanding what she meant –and certainly not the: *"We"*- I felt a hand run itself through the hair I'd neglected to have cut for the last month or two and found myself leaning in to both her embrace and her caress; thrilling to what seemed like compassion for my situation on her part - even as I recognised it as anything but.
As my head went to her shoulder and rested there, the comforting warmth of her breast at my side and her hand smoothing itself over my head with gentle, rhythmic, sweeps; I felt something begin to give way inside me. As if artillery ravaged defences had sensed the game was up and called for a white flag to make its way to the front-line for the final abject surrender.

“Don’t fight it now,” she cooed as the tears giving evidence of how low I had fallen began to flow, pressing me to those wondrous tits as I sobbed by way of an incentive to take her words on board.

“Everything is going to work out just as it should for you,” she assured me, continuing to stroke my hair. “You have Chrissy’s word.”

Her voice had taken on something of the quality of Fiona’s from the night before but, far from jolting me from my self pity, the knowledge she was beginning to speak to me as if I were a child not only seemed to soothe my tortured thoughts but stirred another part of my anatomy to life.

“That’s it,” I heard her coo, “Chrissy will make it all better. Just you let it all out, baby.”

With a start, I felt the palm of her hand lay itself over the outline of my raging erection as it throbbed beneath the jogging bottoms.

“Oh,” she began without mockery, though it *was* there, trust me, “little Martin *does* like Chrissy after all.”

At that moment, I’d have liked Lizzie Borden and her axe had it delivered the pleasure Chrissy’s hand was in the process of giving me; breath catching in my throat as she ran one forefinger the length of my erection and back down again before repeating the process; speaking continually as she did so:

“You still have a life with Fiona, baby,” she assured me. “It’s just going to be a different one, that’s all. A new life.”

“Yeah,” I remember telling myself through both tears and growing arousal as she handled me, figuratively and literally.

“A new life as a fucking servant!”

“That’s what Chrissy’s here for, you see?”
She was massaging my scalp now.

“To help her little baby be good for his mummy.”

She had taken two fingers now and placed them either side of my cock through the jogging pants, squeezing gently as she again traced the length of my erection before retracing her route and doing the same again; drawing sighs of elation from me as she did so.

Her words, as they had with my wife, both shaming and thrilling me to my very core:

“You do want to be good for mummy, don’t you?”

“No!” I thought. *“I just want you to keep stroking my fucking cock.”*

The stroking stopped, though I could still sense the presence of those fingers either side of my needy prick.

“Don’t you, baby?” she urged.

“Yes,” I heard a tiny voice that was mine say, burying my head further into her shoulder as if, somehow, it would lessen my shame for such a craven capitulation.

Her hand resumed its slow, up and down, motions.

“Yes, of course he does,” I heard. “He has to do as mummy says from now on. Because mummy has all the power doesn’t she?”

The hand stopped.

“Yes,” I said automatically, the suspicion –more than a suspicion, obviously- my responses were being schooled doing nothing to prevent me responding in the way desired.

“Yes, *Chrissy*,” she said, tone hardening just a little.

“Yes, Chrissy,” I repeated, instantly now, not wanting those fingers to stop or remove themselves.

“Oooh, he really does like his Chrissy then.”

She squeezed a little harder.

“But does he like her enough to do something nice for her?”

“Yes,” I gasped, response triggered by the high-rise-terminal in exactly the way she wanted; hoping that: *‘Something nice’* would be sucking on the hardened nipples of the stupendous tits I could feel pressing in to my side.

Suddenly, the movement and pressure at my cock stopped and -dog denied a treat and holding out a paw to retrieve it as trained- I was willing to do what I had to do to make her resume.

“Yes, *Chrissy*,” I agreed.

With a cluck of approval for my progress, the demeaning, debasing, and, I confess, amazing, massaging of my sheathed cock continued.

“How about, from now on,” she began, delivering tiny little pinches now the length of my cock that, if anything, excited me even more, “you address me as *‘Ms Chrissy’* when you speak to me?”

To be honest, so far gone was I, it’s impossible for me to say with any accuracy if I would have caved in to her demands –though I think I can hazard a pretty accurate guess.

As it turned out, though, no answer was necessary – then, anyway.

With a convulsion that jack-knifed my head away from her shoulder and my legs out from the sofa, my cock erupted; spewing my load into the underpants beneath the jogging pants and continuing to do so for an age until I was finally spent and slumped back on the sofa, eyes closed.

For an eternity, there was silence and it took me awhile, through the jumble of my thoughts, to realise Chrissy had moved her hand lower and was cupping my empty balls through the joggers; rolling my overheated testicles between her fingers gently.

“Was that nice, baby?” came her voice finally.

Down from my high -the return of blood to the brain bringing with it the same troubling thoughts unmanning me before the usual had taken over- all my former feelings in regard of the masturbatrix with the massive knockers returned with a vengeance.

“I think you had better leave,” I told her, rising quickly and moving to the window to stare out onto the patio. “This was a mistake.”

From behind me, I heard tutting:

“Now that’s not very nice, is it.”

“Just go,” I said without turning, knowing the kind of look I’d see on her face if I did; my unwillingness to do so as much for the great sticky mass lodged in my underpants and beginning to seep through the joggers, as it was for the triumph I was sure to see aimed in my direction.

Adding then, as if it would make a difference:

“Please.”
Behind me there was silence and I hoped she was considering my request before acceding to it; until:

“I wonder what Fiona will say when she finds out her husband cried on my shoulder while I massaged his little dicky?”

A new level of terror was inspired by her question; quickly replaced by something I found more to my taste.

Galvanised a little, I turned, some spine finally asserting itself above that

“little dicky”.

“Yeah,” I began, sensing I was the one with some small leverage this time, “I was just thinking the same thing. I mean, I wonder what she’ll say when she finds out her supposed best friend just come on to her husband.”

The prospect didn’t seem too daunting to her.

“What do you think?” I pressed, already sensing failure.

“I think,” Chrissy told me without missing a beat, and, to my dismay, *unperturbed*; “she’ll find it as ridiculous as I find it.”

“You’ll deny it then? And you think Fiona will believe you with your track record?”

“Totally. She knows I never, as you say: *‘Come on’* to men with little willies.”

She waited as I glowered at her; until:

“And you do have a little one, don’t you?”

They say if you’re told something often enough there’s a chance you might actually come to believe it – no matter how huge the odds against it. At that time, however, I was still able to make a case for the size of my manhood.

Physically, at least.

“I suppose that depends on what you’re used to,” I told her, remaining pride pricked enough, as it were, to fight my corner.

Going on to add:

“Taking your vast experience with black cocks into account I imagine drainpipes would seem on the tiny side to you.”

She shrugged and crossed those shapely legs.

Slowly

A knowing look telling me she hadn't missed my eyes following the progress of one tanned thigh being placed over the other. A reaction, all my fellow men reading this will sympathise with I'm sure. Drawn from me involuntarily as a lifetime of self-conditioning kicked in.

"Seems to me you really don't want help," she said with a shake of the head.

"Help? Is that what you call it?"

"Didn't you enjoy me massaging your little love stick, then?"

I looked away.

"Only," she pointed out, "that stain on the front of your track-suit bottoms seems to be saying otherwise."

"Just go will you." I asked, again turning to face the patio I myself had laid and was no longer mine – not even in part.

Her answer, though I suppose it shouldn't have, surprised me when it came:

"No."

I swung around to face her once more, the legs and breasts staring back at me totally at home on the same sofa I had chosen and paid for, expression equally at ease.

"What do you mean: *'No'*?"

"Oh, come on, Martin," she mocked. "You're a mature adult, What: fifteen years older than me? I'm sure you understand the meaning of *'No'* by now."

"I mean it, Chrissy, just leave or…"

“Or what?” she jumped in, saving me from having to articulate a threat I was in no position to either make or back up.

My silence gave her the answer she had known she would get.

“Exactly, Martin,” she said finally, voice not unkind but not exactly brimming with compassion either. “You won’t do anything because there is nothing you can do. This is Fiona’s house and she has given *me* a key. I’m a welcome guest here while you, to put it baldly, are *not*.”

Bad, to worse, to simply execrable. Every second it seemed seeing an exponential increase in my misery levels.

“I don’t expect you to believe this,” she went on, something like sincerity –or as close as she could manage- taking the edge from the angular features with its curving nose I found so unappealing, “but I really want to help if you’ll let me.”

“And what, exactly, can you help me with?”

Not so much a question, you understand, as an accusation.

“Can you give me my business back? My job? Can you put my marriage to Fiona back the way it used to be? The way it *should* be?”

Rather than answer she waited; seeming to guess my impassioned outburst hadn’t run its full course.

“Can you make me forget the way she’s treated me? Not like a husband of any kind, but a second-class citizen she despises. Can you get her to sign the house back to joint ownership? The same house we bought with the money *I* earned.”

Still, she didn’t answer and I realised her silence was unnerving me.

“Well?” I demanded. “Can you?”

When she didn't immediately respond I turned again to the patio; the outdoor barbecue I'd had built reminding me of better times back when I'd had a social life and friends to go with it – not to mention a wife. My sense of loss not exactly lessened by the knowledge the woman in part responsible for it was seated comfortably on the sofa behind me; gloating, I felt sure, at the state to which I'd been reduced.

"Even if I could, I wouldn't," she said finally, the admission not seeming to pain her to any great degree.

I watched her reflection in the glass with a whole raft of conflicting emotions fighting for precedence inside me – not least of them my amazement that a younger woman so facially unappealing could press my buttons so effortlessly; my returning erection nothing if not evidence to the fact.

"She doesn't love you anymore and never will again," she informed my back.

Waiting then, allowing me time to absorb this – as if I hadn't already.

What she said next telling me it wasn't Fiona's feelings alone she seemed to have a direct feed into:

"And you'll never love her, either," she explained as I continued to throw wistful looks at the barbecue and recall memories of cremated sausages past.

"Too much has gone on between you for that to happen. Your relationship with Fiona has changed beyond all return and all you can do is give in to it and become what she wants you to become."

As if she sensed the fight leaving me –such as it was- she rose from the sofa and moved across to take me by the arm.

In a state of what I can only describe as numb shock, I allowed the ugly bitch I had just allowed to masturbate me in what had once been *my* front-room to lead me back to the sofa.

Her hands going to my shoulders then and applying downward pressure until I found myself seated.

When I looked up at her with battle weary eyes, her predatory face had arranged itself into a facsimile of a smile.

“There,” she told me. “That’s better. No reason we shouldn’t both be comfortable as we speak. Now, I’m going to make us a coffee and when I come back we’re going to have a serious talk.”

I found myself unable to answer, her sudden switch to some kind of friendly and hospitable hostess –albeit in a home not her own- somehow making the situation all the more surreal.

“Milk, one sugar, right?” she asked.

I must have nodded at her or made some kind of acknowledgement because she immediately turned on her heel, calling over her shoulder as she did so:

“I’ll be right back and then we can have our chat.”

Paralysed with inertia and dejection I remained where I was and awaited the next development.

I promise you, I had no expectation whatsoever of it bringing me any cheer.

I would not be disappointed.

…“You’re very dejected at the moment, Martin,” she informed me, a weather-girl assuring a drenched public rain was wet.

“It’s only to be expected. If it’s any consolation most men feel the same when they’re made aware of their shortcomings.”

Placing the still steaming Columbian Blend on the coffee table I let out a

deep sigh. If being on the receiving end of a superior attitude from one's own wife was hard enough to take, a lecture exiting the lips of a girl fifteen years my junior -and an intellectual inferior to boot- was next to unbearable.

The *'Girl'* had divined my thoughts:

"Yes, Martin, I know how difficult it must be for you to sit here and have me speak to you as if you're a ten-year-old, but the fact you're still here tells me all I need to know about you as a man.

Looking back, I can only agree.

"A real man would have either thrown me out by now or packed his things and left, wouldn't he?"

I shook my head from side to side, as if the simple action could somehow alter what I was living through.

"I asked you a question, Martin," she said, injecting a snap to her voice for the first time and, in the process clearing my thoughts.

A little.

"For god's sakes, Chrissy," I pleaded. "What the fuck is going on? None of it makes any sense. If Fiona doesn't want me in her life any more why doesn't she just kick my arse out on the street? Why the need to humiliate me?"

"Because that's part of the fun, Martin and because she can."

Her answer was instant. No preamble. No softening of the blow. Just a simple statement of fact. My wife was shaming me because it was fun and because she could.

"It's really for the best," I swore I heard her say, still absorbing her previous words.

"You… You can't be serious? *'Best"*? For who?"

Again the reply was immediate:

“For both of you. This way Fiona gets to be who she really is and you finally get to stop playing the big man.”

From shocked, to numb, to incredulous, my thoughts were a jumble of spiralling reactions – none of them good.

“She told me how small your cock was and now I’ve found out for myself,” she went on, the possibility I might contemplate retaliation either absent or deemed too negligible to worry about.

As I said earlier: get told something enough times and it starts to seem like a fact. The thought of my wife telling another woman –*this* woman- that I didn't measure up only seeming to bear out the fact I’d been deluding myself on the subject of being *“Average”* for so many years.

Lost in contemplation of my wife’s tittle-tattling on the subject of my shortcomings it took a few moments to realise her confidante was still speaking:

“…a quick shooter, Fiona told me. Five humps and a baby squirt. Said it was like being fucked by an adolescent – only with a smaller cock and less staying power.”

Head lowering, I cupped my face in my hands as she chipped away at what remained of my ego and felt her arm go around my shoulder and warm breath on my ear lobe as she leaned in and began to whisper:

“She said most nights you can’t hold out for more than a couple of minutes tops, before the trigger gets pulled and your little blanks go off inside her.”

“That’s enough, Chrissy,” I warned her, hands still covering my face as she pulled me in close to her; the close proximity of that incredible body –avian features notwithstanding- seeming to diminish my own and take control of it, the warm breath in my ear as she whispered her knowledge of how

ineffectual Fiona found me, far from making me angry, only serving to send fresh blood in a downward rush from the control-room.

“I laughed when she told me, little Martin,” she went on, confidence in her ability to manage me growing with every second. “You see, I’d known all along you were one of those tiny prick guys. I said to her I knew from the first time we met that you were one of those baby-cocks whose tongues were better suited to giving a woman pleasure.”

Her own tongue inserted itself in my ear and my *“Baby cock”* went to full alert as the palm of her free hand was again placed over it and she continued to whisper in my ear.

“I couldn’t believe it when she told me you refused to go down on her. Martin, Martin! Don’t you know it’s the duty of all baby dicks to train their tongues to give their better halves pleasure. I can’t believe you wouldn’t be aware of that.”

“Chr-Chrissy,” I protested. “Stop. I don’t want thi…”

“Hush now, baby boy,” she cooed into my ear as my resolve weakened, the use of baby talk, for some reason, lowering any defences I was still capable of putting up.

“What you want doesn’t matter anymore,” she informed me. “From now on you have to concentrate on what your boss wants. But don’t worry, Chrissy’s here to help you. She’ll show you how to be a good pussy lapper for mummy.”

The palm of her hand was rubbing against the outline of my cock through the joggers with more pressure now and I was finding it difficult to resist.

“She told me you were only good for one time.”

I was finding it hard to concentrate on her words when her hand was giving me such pleasure.

“Is that right, baby Martin?” she asked, taking my cloth covered erection between her fingers and applying rhythmic squeezes; it not occurring to me at the time that, if I was indeed only *‘good for one time’* this was either proof Fiona had got it wrong or the exception proving a humiliating rule.

For me, that is.

I mean: hadn’t the hand of Fiona’s closest friend brought me to crisis point not a few minutes before?

“Thank heavens she confided to me about your little problem,” she whispered and massaged. “You really should be thanking me, you know?”

‘Thanking her?’ I thought, the manipulation of my cock in her hand deserving of at least that – even if her intervention in both my marriage and my life wasn’t.

“Luckily for you,” she went on, hand slowing as she sensed *that* tension in me build, “I know all about men of your type. I mean: you’ve showered with Gordon, and he’s smaller than you in the dick department.”

Unwilling as I was to think about the cock of my one-time friend as the hand of his former wife ministered to mine, I did, nonetheless, acknowledge the truth of her statement.

If my wife and her friend considered me tiny then Gordon’s size –or lack of it- must have had them reaching for the nearest available thesaurus.

“We had a long talk and I persuaded her there were benefits for a strong, take, charge, lady if she was smart enough to get her man to realise he didn’t measure up where it counted and needed to change if he wanted to keep her.”

Again, she read my mind; or the small part of it still functioning:

“I speak from experience,” she said between nibbles on my ear lobe. “I was going to do exactly the same to good old Gordy; until he walked in on me as I

was getting filled by a marvellous black cock."

She took a pause to revisit the memory.

"Hmmm," she moaned into my ear. "You have no idea what it's like to be filled with the equipment of a real man rather than some replica in miniature."

Another thing I was in the dark in regard of was the way her unbecoming language, and the message it conveyed, was affecting me.

Rather than the outrage and revulsion of a man belittled in such a way, something in my make-up was responding to the treatment being handed out to me.

Sure, both outrage and revulsion were present; but in such reduced quantities there was no possibility they could compete and rise above the positive nature of my unexpected response.

Releasing my cock for a few seconds, not oblivious to my groan of frustration, she lowered my hands from where they cradled my face and placed the right over a breast.

Groan became gasp.

"There," she whispered into my ear, her own hand returning to caress the cock she described as *'Tiny'* and seemed anything but as it throbbed beneath the cotton and lycra mix of my joggers, "you've always wanted to know what they felt like, haven't you?"

Indeed I had – along with every other man in the social circle those same tits had enthralled; the same *'Tits'*, on the same woman, that had been part responsible for seeing me ejected from that circle after Gordon's discovery and Fiona's refusal to jettison her friend.

She removed her hand from my cock and mine from her breast.

“Chrissy asked you a question, Martin,” she said, aloud this time, the starkness of her normal voice startling me a little after the earlier sibilance; back to the baby talk and the conditioning.

Respond?

Pleasure.

Ignore?

Zilcho!

Holding my hand inches from that marvellous breast, knowing I knew she needed to return my hand to its resting place before her own could return downstairs, she asked again:

“You always wanted to feel them, didn’t you little Martin?”

“Y-Yes,” I told her, shamed and excited in equal measures.

“That’s: *‘Yes, Ms Chrissy’*,” she reminded me, as if I’d agreed to her earlier demand before my orgasm had prevented a reply.

Excitement proving far the stronger of those: *‘Equal measures’*.

“Y-Yes, Ms Chrissy,” I obliged, folding in the face of the sensations I would lose if I didn’t.

Without a word, my hand was returned to her breast, the strength of her own excitement made apparent by the bullet hard nipple managing to thrust against my palm – despite being covered by the fabric of her figure-hugging red dress.

Her own hand returning to duty in the basement and welcomed warmly by the tenant awaiting her arrival.

Lips to my ear again, warm breath heightening the euphoric state to which

she had already, and so effortlessly, reduced me; she began to whisper once more:

“You’re a good boy, Martin. I told Fiona you could be. I know I’m so much younger than you but I do think you should treat me with respect from now on, don’t you?”

As with Fiona, when she had treated me in a similar fashion, the merest hint of the hand at my groin removing itself was enough to make me respond in the manner required.

“Y-Yes.”

Now the hand did stop.

“Yes, Ms Chrissy!” I instantly corrected myself.

Normal service was resumed.

“Yes, of course you do,” she cooed. “And you need to respect Ms Fiona too, don’t you, little Martin?”

“Yes, Ms Chrissy,” I agreed, the *‘Ms Fiona’* barely registering with me.

“That’s a good boy,” she praised me, relegating me from man to infant; the feel of that incredibly full, firm, non-surgical breast and its jutting nipple I held in my hand making sure I allowed her to attempt the demotion.

The hand now squeezing and tugging at my engorged cock ensuring the attempt would result in success.

“I want you to imagine something now,” she told me, gauging the movements of her hand carefully in order to keep me on the edge and not explode as I had earlier.

I waited, aware I was being mastered by a carrion-faced bitch I hated and feeling unable to fight it – even worse being the shaming certainty a large

part of me was responding to her treatment.

“Imagine Fiona *–Ms Fiona-* on the bed. The same bed that used to be your bed,” her words hissed into my ear as I fondled her breast still; rewarding me by leaning in to accept my attentions.

“She’s naked and so are you, kneeling on the floor at her side, head bowed. She’s smiling up at somebody and you know who it is. He’s here. In your old bedroom. To do what your inability to do saw you removed from it.

“Suddenly, Ms Fiona rises to her feet and moves towards him. You sense the big moment you’ve been dreading is about to happen and sneak a peek, though Ms Fiona’s warned you of what would happen if you were to disobey her and do so.”

Questions flashed across the back of my closed eyes as I pictured the situation; unable to understand my response to something so… *repellent*.

“You see the woman you’d once known as your wife lower herself to her knees before a black man half your age and take his incredible cock in her hand. A part of it anyway.

“For the first time you realise that this is no game and realise your true place in the pecking order. *His* cock is so big and *yours* is so tiny. You’re a baby and there’s no comparison. There’s only one man in the room and it isn’t you

“It’s massive, and you see Fiona *–Ms Fiona-* on her knees before it, eyes worshipful. She has to have it in her mouth and gives the head a slow, delicious, lick as you continue to stare, unable to tear your eyes away from your so superior wife and the superior man she has chosen to perform the duties that were once yours.”

Through my shameful excitement I heard a rasping sound and realised it was the noise made by my own breath as it attempted to exit a constricted throat.

“His hands are on her head now. Impatient hands. He wants to feel those plump lips surround his meat as he invades her mouth.

But she's not ready yet.

As you watch, she licks up and down the taut foreskin until it glistens; black and moist in the light of the table lamps; before sucking one of his balls into her mouth and savouring the flavour."

This couldn't be, a tiny voice told me. It wasn't happening. How could the imagery the bitch was evoking for me be such a turn on?

No answer was supplied me at the time and I've yet to discover a satisfying explanation since. All I knew right then was that her close proximity, her words, and the images they were evoking for me, were again taking me to the edge.

"Then," she went on, voice still sibilant, breast in my hand and my cock in hers, "as you knelt before them and watched, incapable of either preventing what was about to happen or give Ms Fiona what the young black god obviously could; the former wife who had reduced you to being her servant brought the head of that huge penis to her mouth and, with a smile for the man to whom it belonged, took it in her mouth and began to…"

"Nnnnnnnnnnnnnnnng!"

It was just gone six when I heard Fiona's car pull into the drive.

To say I was in a state of some agitation would be comparable to saying Iran had a leader who wasn't too keen on America and the West.

The understatement of all understatements.

What would I say to her?

What *could* I say to her?

My love for the woman was extinguished, that was for sure.

There was not the slightest doubt in my mind of that.

But –and it was a huge *'But'*- I was out of all options and alternatives and; though it shames me to admit; felt truly terrified at what awaited me when I threw myself on the mercy of Cameron and Clegg's welfare-state and their attempt to reduce a deficit created by other culprits; screwing, in the process, those least able to afford a reduction in their circumstances.

The above accomplished while the corporations and entrepreneurs continued to swindle the Exchequer out of billions a year in the way of tax loopholes.

But then, emasculated welfare-state or not, *how* could I possibly stay?

After what Fiona had told me the night before and what her friend had reiterated earlier in the day?

If they were serious -my one small hope being it was some kind of bluff on their parts- and I was to stay, how could I ever expect to hold my head high again?
Fiona's key in the door brought decision time a step closer.

Standing in the front-room and awaiting her entrance; I'm sure you'll empathise when I tell you I was in an absolute agony of indecision.

Go: and become another government statistic; shuffling from hostel to hostel or, worse, cardboard box to cardboard box.

Stay: and see everything that made me a man ripped to shreds before my eyes as I became a flunkey in my own home; a home my wife now owned and in which -if Chrissy the bitch hadn't been lying- she intended to conduct affairs with other men.

"It will be difficult for you at the start," Chrissy had told me.

I was slumped back on the sofa, eyes fixed on the ceiling as I recovered from

my second, and even more degrading, orgasm at her hand; the bitch standing above me with hands-on-hips in an authoritative pose as she laid out what the future entailed for me once I accepted what she described with assurance as:

'The only course open to you'.

A description all the more galling for being entirely accurate.

Unless, of course, I somehow managed to accept what was waiting for me beyond these four walls and my sham of a marriage itself. Parents deceased by some years and being the only child of only children, with neither uncles, aunts or cousins on whose mercy I could throw myself, I envied for the first time those people with large loving families and the support they provided each other.

"…You've had a taste of the pleasure you can get by admitting to yourself who you are," she was going on as I finished my thought process in time to catch what she was saying. "So the benefits aren't entirely one-way – though any pleasure you receive from now on will be entirely at Ms Fiona's discretion."

I opened my eyes to study the ceiling, hoping the white emulsion would somehow transform itself into words telling me how to deal with the situation.

She was referring to my wife as: *'Ms Fiona'* constantly now and the formal usage she expected me to follow made the situation somehow more real. Knowing, as I did, that if I once addressed my wife in such a way, there would be no turning back. Fiona would simply take the ball handed to her and keep it in her possession. Never to be returned.

The same mistake I had made when I signed the house over to her, believing we had an agreement to return to the status quo the moment events and finances allowed.

An agreement and a return, I now know, Fiona had no intention of ever honouring.

“And you really think I’ll just sit back and accept such a twisted and perverted little arrangement?” I asked, eyes taking in white emulsion still. “That I’ll do nothing as some… *stranger* takes my wife in my own house.

“Why ask questions to which you already know the answer?” was her reply. “Of course you’ll accept it; though you won’t be doing much sitting back.”

My eyes found hers then and were held; two dark slits beaming into me with what, I had to admit, seemed inflexible purpose and unshakable belief.

“Believe me, now Fiona’s decided you won’t be returning to work –assuming you *could* find someone willing to take a gamble and employ somebody of your age- you’ll find your time occupied more profitably in keeping her home to the standard she wants it kept.”

Adding:
“*Her* home, remember. *Not* yours.”

“You’re both mad if you think I’ll…”

The slap she delivered to my cheek rocked my head to the side, and for the second time in less than twenty-four hours I had been struck by a woman.

I looked up at her with –surprisingly- shock. She had, after all -a younger woman I detested- manipulated my *‘Little cockle’*, as she described it, to two mind-blowing eruptions in the space of thirty minutes. All the while talking down to me as if I were a five-year-old in her care.

Why, after everything that had happened over the previous day or two, would something as simple as a contemptuous slap *shock* me?

“Well?” she demanded, waiting, it seemed for some show of defiance or retaliation on my part; something, not a few days ago I would have delivered with pleasure.

But a few days ago now seemed light years removed from the present.

Hadn't I –only the previous evening- pinned my wife to the wall by the throat after she'd done the same to me?

And hadn't I been put in my place with such effortless ease on her part that the humiliations I thought I'd suffered before she struck me seemed as nothing in comparison?

"I just slapped you," her friend reminded me, lip curling with contempt for my lack of response. "A young woman, fifteen years your junior. Aren't you going to do something about it, you pitiful excuse for a man?"

Feeling like a man *fifty* years her senior, I rose from the couch and stepped away from her to head for the door, shoulders slumped in pure misery.

Only to feel a hand snatch the collar of my sweatshirt and drag me backwards until I found myself deposited back on the sofa from whence I came.

"I asked you a question you little shitbag."

She was staring down at me, slitty eyes almost wide with fury, and for the first time I felt truly afraid of her – the fifteen year difference between us as nothing.

Something was wrong.

Unbalanced.

Malignant.

Right at that moment I truly felt there was no boundary the woman wouldn't cross if it meant achieving her ends.
"No," she began, head shaking, as if to herself, "you won't do anything. You're not man enough. Which is why you're going to do exactly as Fiona –*Ms Fiona*- tells you to do from this moment on."

She took a step away from the sofa; eyes not leaving mine.

“I told her you were a pussy-boy; despite your refusal to eat hers. I also promised her you’d be making up for lost time in the very near future.”

“For Christ’s sakes, Chrissy,” I began, defences completely down and fighting spirit non-existent in the face of the onslaught I’d undergone so recently; “why are you doing this to me?”

“Listen to you,” she sneered, repeating my words in a whiny voice:

“ ‘Why are you doing this to me?’ ”

Sneering accompanied by a shaking of the head now:

“Men like you are truly despicable. Presenting themselves as dominant alpha males when all along they’re no more than frightened little boys, wanting only to run to mummy when things go wrong. Convincing themselves they’re sex gods in the sack even as the wife next to them has to resort to her own finger or a trusty dildo to find release after yet another selfish and unsatisfactory attempt at lovemaking.”

I found myself unable to respond as her anger seemed to grow.

“Look at you! Still trying to tell yourself you’re a man; even after I’ve treated you with complete contempt. What kind of a man is it who spurts his load into his own track-suit bottoms while his wife’s best friend treats him as if he’s a baby? Calling her: *‘Ms’* when she tells him to simply to get her to continue pumping your little nub.

“Oh, yes. You may have a baby-dick, Mr One-Time-Lord-And-Master, but you can still be led by it as powerfully as someone with a bigger version.”

After the delivery of her version of recent events, she seemed to calm a little and seated herself in the armchair opposite me, slowly crossing those long tanned legs as I acknowledged to myself –an admission not likely to make me feel more *manly*- how powerful and in control she seemed and how, suddenly, I felt… *diminished* in her presence.

As if sensing my thoughts, she aimed a condescending little smile in my direction:

“In answer to your question: we are doing this to you because it is all you deserve. The life you’ve lived up to now has been lived under false pretences and Fiona has been the victim of your deception.”

She waited for me to refute her words.

Then, no refutation forthcoming:
“A man? You??”

Again that dismissive shaking of the head, slitty eyes even more slitty as her contempt for me seemed to feed upon itself:

“Gordon may have been even more pitiful than you in the cock department,” she assured me with a backhanded compliment not intended as such; “but at least he manned up enough to divorce me and remove me and my lover from his life – even if he took a severe beating trying to do it.”

On that score I couldn’t disagree, having visited Gordon in the hospital to which her black lover had consigned him after my former friend had pulled him off his wife and attempted to do the same to him.

A sorry sight, I might tell you, and one that would have a profound effect on my behaviour in the time to come – though I didn’t know that for sure right then..

Just the same, it was different for him, I wanted to tell her. The situation I’d been placed in almost totally dissimilar to Gordon’s.

This being the same *Gordon* with the successful accountancy firm. The Gordon with parents and siblings still alive. The Gordon with friends who hadn’t dropped him as if he’d just turned into toxic waste. The Gordon, in fact, with options.

And plenty of them.

“You’re telling yourself I’m right,” she told me, again about to read my thoughts correctly. You have no choice. Well, it’s true, but only partly so. And you know it, don’t you baby-dick?”

Again I remained silent

“Way I see it,” she continued, “there are two other choices open to you.”

Now it was my turn to read her thoughts; those *“Choices”* not too difficult for me to guess at.

“First: you can leave with nothing but what’s on your back and what you can stuff into a case. Who knows, the dole-queue and handouts might suit a posing little baby-dick like you. I’m told the Salvation Army do a really good Oxtail Soup.”

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” I accused, unable to help myself, resentment at the pleasure she took from debasing someone older, better looking, and more intelligent, surfacing above the increasing inertia I felt paralysing me.

“Every second,” she told me, not bothering to disagree. And I’ve got this wonderful wetness at my pussy telling me I’m going to go on enjoying it with Fiona for a long, long, time.”

Her mention of that wet pussy cut through my inertia as if I’d just been plugged into the national Grid.

“It always gets wet when I’m dealing with a pussy-boy,” she told me, sensing my interest. “You be a good little baby-dick for Ms Chrissy and Ms Fiona and I might –only might, that is- let you pay your respects to it.”

As my erection arrowed towards my chin for an unheard of third time in an hour –and at the prospect of paying oral respect in the kind of way I’d always found… *distasteful*- I realised it wasn’t my circumstances alone that were

changing.

“If you want to stay here, baby-dick,” Chrissy assured me with total conviction, “there’s something you *must* do when Ms Fiona gets home…

Parked across from the busy Tapas Bar currently Ms Fiona and Ms Chrissy’s favourite Saturday lunchtime haunt, it was inevitable my thoughts would return to that day, three months before, when my card had been well and truly marked and the life I was now living became a reality rather than the perverted and evil piece of wish-fulfilment on behalf of my wife I had regarded it to be.

As I waited in the driver’s seat of *Fiona’s* car, kitted out in black trousers, black shoes and a crisp and immaculately pressed white collarless shirt (pressed by yours truly), it struck me that all I was missing was a cap to consolidate the impression of a waiting chauffeur.

The above impression exactly what the wife who now considered me an employee –and an extremely lowly one at that- had intended when she chose the outfit for me – though the omission of the headwear had at first surprised me.

Though not for long.

The smooth, freshly depilated scalp staring back at me from the driver’s mirror had been her idea and the loss of the still luxuriant hair she knew I prided myself on was more indicative of the power she now wielded over me than any cap of lowly office.

Of all the indignities I’d suffered at her hands –and, as you’ll soon discover for yourselves, there had been many- the loss of my hair had hurt me the most. Sounds strange, I know, and won’t sound any less so when you get to hear of the other indignities heaped upon me, but the removal of those locks, streaked with grey or not, would be the act above all others that would bring

home to me the extent of her control and the way individuality was being stripped from me.

The vindictive set of her features, reflected back at me from the mirror as she ran the electric shaver over my scalp before applying the cream that would take care of those follicles with temerity enough to remain visible, leaving me in doubt of the depths at which her contempt and resentment for me now functioned.
For the last two hours, while she enjoyed the latest in a long line of leisurely weekend lunches with her friend, I had sat in the car as instructed and waited; on hand for when they decided to leave the restaurant, knowing from experience it would go badly with me if I decided to stretch my legs and wasn't there when they came out.

My fear of such an eventuality explaining the empty plastic bottle of spa water I'd hidden beneath my seat for… *emergencies.*

The *creature* seated in that driver's seat awaiting the two women bore little relation to the *man* who had once occupied that same seat – not *too* long before. The people who had worked for me would not have recognised me; ditto those I had worked with; and the former friends, my wife and the bitch soaking up the vibrant Tapas atmosphere were responsible for me losing, would not have given me a second glance.

And why would they, after all, when it was all I could do to look at myself?

I had become unrecognisable. The man of drive and ambition in control of his own destiny I'd believed myself to be was no more than the faintest of recollections; reconnecting with me during those all too rare times when I had time to myself in which to think. A ghost in the machine, as it were, hinting at happier times I would far prefer to see removed from my database completely and a removal ensuring I wouldn't be forced to relive the pain of my alter-ego's demise each time my mind was unoccupied with the tasks and obligations being heaped upon me.

The tasks and obligations hinted at above possessing the one saving grace of

keeping this unsettling revenant of better times from putting in an appearance.

I was, you can take as gospel, undergoing mental anguish enough.

Why else, with no other obligation than to be sat in a stationary vehicle for two hours or more, would I have chosen *not* to reacquaint myself with the car's one-time owner?

Just the same, motionless or not, I was still occupied; flicking constant glances towards the restaurant where the two women ruling my existence sat in a window seat. Envious *–jealous-* eyes watching them as they chatted gaily; devouring dishes of squid and chorizo they would wash down with sips of the crisp Faustino white I'd heard them wax lyrical about and knew myself from those heady days when ghost and *former* friends had used the same restaurant.

Heady days indeed, which, for some reason, did not prompt the appearance of the revenant certain to exacerbate my mental anguish but brought something else to mind:

That moment.

Three months ago.

Pacing the hallway of the home that had been mine after Fiona's friend had gone; waiting to hear the car that had also once been mine pull on to the drive and inform me the woman who no longer wanted me as a husband was home.

Even then, after the way Chrissy had treated me and what she insisted my future was going to be, I told myself I'd take my own life before I simply bent the neck and submitted to such a thing. Though the laughter of my wife's friend when I'd told her the same -and she'd taken her leave with a contemptuous backward smirk to accentuate the hilarity inspired by my self-delusion- did not bode well, exactly, for either her respect for my willpower or my ability to act in so manly a fashion.

When the car eventually pulled onto the drive and the tyres scrunched against the gravel, I was in a state of utter turmoil.

Conflicted.

My whole manhood screamed out to me to pack what things I had, get the hell out of there, and fuck the consequences!

But what consequences they were!

Jobless, homeless, poverty-stricken and without either friends or pride; I recall thinking that at least if I stayed I had a roof over my head and the security of knowing I would be fed. Self-mitigation so advanced for the decision my subconscious had already decided to make it could suggest that, if I were to stay, there might just be a chance Fiona would eventually come to her senses and regain the feelings she'd once held for me.

Of course, I can see now exactly how desperation would convince me to consider such an unlikely outcome. Aware, looking back, that I was steeling myself to make a decision my subconscious had already reached. The conscious mind, you'll no doubt have guessed, debating the verdict and - along with pride and male ego-still deluded enough to be looking for titbits- attempting justification before permitting itself to be persuaded.

The crunch of her heels on the gravel as she made her way towards the door had the effect of making me weak at the knees with panic. Every step bringing her key closer to the door and the decision I was now compelled to make. Still trying to convince myself I had an option when her key inserted itself into the lock and my thoughts became frantic at the choice I was compelled to make.

What had Chrissy said before she left?

"It's not a game, baby-dick. If she doesn't find you exactly where I tell you to be and you don't tell her exactly what she wants to hear, you'll be on the street within the hour."

Even as the bitch I held responsible for the situation I was in lay down what was expected of me I was telling myself to just stay put.

"Fuck it!"

"What could Fiona do?"

"Force me?"

Just because I hadn't fought back the previous evening didn't mean I couldn't and the Police wouldn't want to be involved in a *"Domestic"*, as they called it. By the time Fiona had applied for a court order removing me, and the legal-aid people to whom I'd be entitled had put my case forward in the court itself, anything could happen.
Who could say? It was just possible that court might decide with me and decide Fiona had acted dishonestly as well as unfairly. In the few seconds I had to consider it, I contrived to convince myself it was more than: *"Just possible"*.

As I say: *"The few seconds"*.

The small ray of sunshine penetrating my gloom and stiffening my resolve had been read and obliterated by Chrissy almost instantly:

"And don't think she –we- can't force you to go if you decide to be awkward," she warned me.

This was a threat I'd heard before and one I could stand my ground.

What followed was a little harder on the depleted Martin Kent courage reservoir:

"Remember what happened to Gordon when he tried to man up?" she reminded me with the look of a woman confident all but one of the fifty-two cards were securely in her possession and, given the gutlessness I'd already revealed to her, the fifty-second itself was scarcely worth considering.

As I mentioned before, I did indeed remember what had happened to her ex-husband when he'd tried to exact some manly vengeance on the guy banging his wife in his own bed.

Only the onslaught of Alzheimer's would be likely to make me forget.

"Why do you think he didn't mention it to the Police when they visited him at the hospital?" she went on, labouring the obvious.

Gordon had told the uniforms who'd visited him he'd been beaten up outside his own home by a couple of thugs. Then, when his friends –of whom I was one at the time- quizzed him as to why, he had refused to answer questions on the subject. This reticence on the part of our previously feisty and combative friend leaving us puzzled.

Though the extent of the beating handed out to him should at least have offered a clue.

His ex-wife, however, was far more forthcoming on the subject as she prepared to leave our home after having humiliated me; though not until she had delivered a final warning:

"I wouldn't like to think what would happen to you if we had to call a few of our men in to… *take care of you*.
I remember asking myself; horrified: *"Our men?"*

"What happened to poor Gordon would seem like a spray-tan session compared to what they'd do to you."

An unwelcome image of Gordon in his hospital bed did nothing to discredit her assertion.

Sitting at his side with the compulsory grapes I'd taken, and he was unable to eat; my former friend's jaw and nose broken and both eyes swollen so large they resembled slit pomegranates; the knowledge one man had done so much damage to him was sobering. Gordon, I knew from seeing him in action, was no pushover when it came down to it and whoever had given him his beating

must have been pretty awesome. And the soundtrack he supplied the moment his privates and the nerve ends numbed by the painkillers kicked back to life –tiny dick or not- were never likely to inspire incredulity that worse could indeed have befallen him.

“The police couldn’t help either,” his ex-wife assured me. “He never knew who did it to him and I certainly wasn’t letting on. Besides, he was left in no doubt about what would happen to him if he tried to find out or told the Police the truth.”

Her words had intertwined with the other thoughts chasing themselves around my head – none of them holding out anything in the way of optimism for the future. In truth, so demoralised was I by the time Fiona managed to open the door and step inside, my actions seemed to be taken under a volition all of their own and requiring no conscious input from me.

I’ve heard people describe themselves doing something, and being conscious of doing it, without being aware of how they were doing it or from where the impetus to do so sprang. Almost as if they were watching the actions of someone else from within the body of this stranger. A feeling of numbness and other worldliness creating a sense of unreality as a scenario propelled by something outside of their own will compelled them to play the role it assigned.

I can supply no better description.

As it turned out, Fiona hadn’t noticed me straight away and to this day -as she entered the hallway in exactly the same way she returned from work usually and this particular day was no different to any other- I still wonder if her seeming nonchalance was the result of her confidence I would be there in the place and position I’d been told to adopt if I wished to stay.

The other reason for her seeming indifference being that she hadn’t believed for one second I could be so pitifully weak I would just accept the shit heaped upon me and do as I’d been ordered.

It’s only now, safe in the knowledge it’s not my intent to let anyone read this that I can bring myself to reveal the extent of my shame. And if, somehow, you have found my confession and even now scan a disgusted eye over my fall? Then at least the changed names ensure you’ll have no idea exactly who it is you’re reading about.
With my eyes lowered to the floor, numb and disoriented, I’d heard Fiona open the door and step inside.

Marvelling through my dislocation at my docility, I waited.
Nothing!

The door clicked shut behind her and I sensed her turn.

Still no reaction.

By now, I knew, thoughts clearing a little; she *had* to have seen me. I was –as you’ve no doubt divined- kneeling on the laminate floor of the hallway, hands clasped behind my back as Chrissy had instructed and eyes fixed to the wooden slats. She could *not* miss me.

“Could she?”

The peck of her heels as she came towards me -the sound I, and just about every other heterosexual man on the planet, normally considered one of the most evocative and sexual- said I was right. Though in this instance, and as I’m sure you’ll agree, it was a sound hardly likely to impact upon me with its usual potency. Eyes still lowered, I just caught a glimpse of her navy blue courts, legs sheathed in pantyhose of the same colour, as they came into view and…

Passed me?

Without a word of acknowledgement for the position she had found me in – the one *she* had insisted Chrissy tell me to adopt- the woman previously my wife and still regarded in that light by law, had swept past me and entered the front room.

To say I was mystified would be to understate. Thoughts back up to speed after the short-circuit switching me to autopilot had deposited me in my current position; waves of embarrassment and self-disgust washed over the shipwreck still carrying my manly pride in its hold, to break over eyes already moistened by the evidence of my weakness. My recent, and unsuspected, lack of…

Manliness.

Humiliating enough to discover one is so weak even the simple and natural control of one's own actions had been overridden; but to see pride and self-respect placed on the backburner -simply to satisfy some perverse need on the part of a former loved one- and then be completely ignored took me into a whole new realm of self-loathing.

Dislocation on temporary leave of absence, emotions in a frenzy of motion with no one in particular holding the ascendancy, it was mortification that forced itself into pole-position. To still be in the house at all after the way she had been treating me, let alone in such a position, was reason for shame enough on my part. For the one who'd insisted I shame myself in such a way to then disregard me and the sacrifice I was making for her was something else again.

As I mentioned above, the decision to do what was asked –demanded- of me had been taken as if I'd suddenly switched to autopilot. Now, back in manual and a little astonished at where the GPS had landed me, a more rational response was making itself heard. Still kneeling on that hard wooden floor I berated myself for the pussy I was making of myself.

Having just about decided to take my chances with Cameron and Clegg, still deluding myself I possessed substance enough to just walk out and start again with nothing; I'd actually made it on to one knee when Fiona returned.

"Stay right where you are," she said, one hand finding it's way to my shoulder to prevent me finding my feet; presence and tone of voice causing me to shake involuntarily and revealing my resolution of not more than a few

seconds duration as the tissue paper it really was.

“This is exactly where I expect you to be when I return home for work of an evening,” she said before adding: “Or anytime, come to that.”

There was absolutely no doubt in the thoughts jockeying for position in my racing mind that she was serious about this.

Her voice was firm and authoritative:

“For once in your life you’ve made a decent decision and I’m going to make sure you honour it.”

That *“Racing mind”* was suddenly a jumble of thoughts; none of them particularly original:

Why was this happening?

Why was I allowing it to happen?

Why, if I was any kind of a man, was I on my knees in front of a woman who had no love for me and even less in the way of human feeling?

I was to be her servant, she had told me; I was to cuckolded and expected to help her as she went about making me one – though I suspected she hardly needed my help in that regard.

To précis: I was her chattel and could expect to be treated like utter shit and suffer it.

“What else did Chrissy tell you to do when I got home?” her voice was reminding me.

I can’t explain what happened next; not with total exactness anyway; but I can explain how I felt. As I knelt in front of my wife and contemplated the debasing act Chrissy had described to me and Fiona now demanded’ I felt a…

How to describe it?

It was a…

"Giving way".

Yes.

It's the only description that will suffice –or at least the best of those I'm capable of giving- a kind of metaphysical and metaphorical landslide; hurtling downwards as it redrew the map of my inner being in ways both repugnant and, I sensed, irrevocable.

Right there and then, I was caving in.

The tears falling freely from my eyes to drop to the laminate flooring giving evidence of the fact.

Tears!

"That's it, baby," Fiona urged in a voice coming the closest to fondness I'd heard from her in a long time. And had you heard it you would have some idea of how cold she'd been up to then for me to find any trace of fellow feeling in her tone. "Let it out. Mummy will make things all better. Things will be so much easier for you when you stop all this manly nonsense."

Where before words of such a kind from her would have enraged me –fond or otherwise- now they appeared to increase my feelings of growing powerlessness; instilling in me the same feelings I'd felt as a child when, after taking a tumble or knocking myself, a mother, aunt, teacher or neighbour, would console me and offer to make it: *"All better"*.

As if a debilitating chemical had been inserted through the top of my head and was gradually working its way down through veins and arteries towards the legs bent to the floor in abasement, I felt my strength leaving me. Weak as the proverbial kitten, I knelt on that floor with my eyes gushing tears and a

feeling of lassitude so strong I wonder now how I managed to maintain even that unseemly position.

A sob had escaped me and I felt her hand run its way through my hair and down to my neck where she rested it, her thumb gently massaging the skin below my ear. She was consoling me, soothing me; attempting to settle me down in the way she might calm an agitated pet. Recognition on my part *not* pre-empting her partial success.

Looking back –and regardless of the perspective I come at it from now- the craven way I allowed myself to be trampled under only underlines what both Fiona and Chrissy had insisted to be true. I was a pussy and had been all along. Everything else: sports; nights with the boys; the thrusting cutthroat businessman; all had been nothing more than the proverbial weak man posing.

Sure, I'd run out of options. Almost. At my age, no home, no money and no job, were hardly small things to be overcome.

But they *could* have been.
The fact I was unwilling and unable to steel myself to take a chance had nothing to do with having no other choice because there is *always* a choice.

Whatever my personal situation at the time, my suitcase remained a suitcase and the door to what had once been my home remained a door.

I could have packed and left at any time I chose.

And didn't.

Bur why? Lots of men my age have taken decisions with far wider implications for their futures than simply flinging themselves on the mercy of the welfare state as a launching pad to starting again. Some of those implications life threatening, even. Most of those men –all of them, I'd say- would have been through the door long before they reached the point of being told they were expected to allow their wife to open their legs for…

Hell!

Forget the door. A real man would have put the wife suggesting such a thing head first through the nearest available window. Open or otherwise.

“It’s not easy for you, baby,” the wife I’d not had the manliness to defenestrate cooed into my ear, reading my thoughts it seemed as she continued to stroke my ear with the inside of her thumb. “Mummy knows. But you have to let go of all this silly manly pride from now on. It’s not you and it’s just not acceptable. If I don’t see you coming to terms with what’s expected of you I’m going to be very angry.”

Unbelievably, I felt myself leaning in to her, seeking out the thumb intent on easing my fears, her words coming at a distance now as that same *“Dislocation”* I’d felt earlier made a comeback.

“There’s no turning back now, my baby-dicked little husband. I won’t allow it. You were given every opportunity to show me there was something of the man I thought I’d married still left to you and you declined each and every one. Now that door’s shut. By being where you were, and how you were, when I came through that door you committed yourself to me – and I intend to see you keep that commitment.”

Despite that dislocation I remember asking myself what was to stop me if I did somehow find the balls to say to hell with her shit and simply pack my belongings and leave. It wasn’t as if I was obliged by law and neither was it a covenant signed in blood. And even if it had been I’d left my Hammer Horror days behind me in the playground along with my Debbie Harry fixation.

The means intended to keep me in place and in line following hot on the heels of my self-questioning:

“You might find this hard to swallow,” she told me, still massaging my earlobe, “but Chrissy and I belong to a rather exclusive club. She was the one who introduced me to it and put me forward for membership.”
“The Big Black Cock Club”, I said to myself, compos mentis enough to

ridicule her –at least to myself; not realising, though I should have, just how on the button I was.

“The men who run it are very powerful,” she was continuing, both with my ear and her monologue; “financially *and* physically. It really is the ultimate Men’s Club. And I do mean: *‘Men’*. You’ll find no freshly pressed newspapers being read over scones and cream teas here – though you will see lots of uniformed and obedient white boys like yourself.”

The simile vanquished my sense of dislocation instantly as I asked myself:

“Is she…? Is she saying she expects…? Expects me to…

.

“That’s what I meant about keeping you committed. The men of the club are *not* the kind of people to have one of their women disrespected.”

She had let that sink in for a second, then:

“That’s right, little Martin. Like Chrissy, I’m one of their women now too. Have been since that first huge cock filled me in a way I’d never dreamed nor expected to be filled after so many years being poked and prodded by that wiener of yours.”

I stared up at her, wanting her to stop.

“I don’t want to hear a word from you,” she snapped, mistaking my pleading look as an intention to speak. “You have nothing to say I want to hear and if I do need to hear anything from you I’ll give you permission to speak.”

Incredibly, more beaten by the second, my eyes lowered themselves to the floor once again; even the sight of the feet and legs in their heels and hose that were –in times of strife or otherwise- guaranteed to win a rise from me failing to elicit a reaction.

“I would hate to think what would happen to you if I were to tell them you had gone back on your word to me,” she went on, confidence mushrooming by the millisecond. The men are really big on their white lovers being

respected and looked after by their cuckolds."

The word struck a chord with me. I knew what it meant, of course, but I was familiar with it in a broader sense than that of a man cheated on by his wife. Cut off by Fiona and without the means to look for some real live pussy, it had been on one of my nightly trawls of the net searching fro wrist material that I'd wandered inadvertently onto a *"Hotwife"* site. And trust me; it hadn't been a site I'd stayed on for long.

Though I had seen enough to both instruct as well as appal.

"Trust me," she said, echoing Chrissy's earlier warning: "Gordon got away lightly when he tried to take one of the Men on. If it hadn't been for the respect he won for trying to stand up and be a man things could have gone badly for him. And I mean *very* badly."

Without remembering to tell it to do so my head had begun to shake from side-to-side and Fiona immediately became faux compassionate again:

"But that's nothing for you to worry about, is it my little cuckold? You've already proved you're not a man. I promise; you be a good boy for mummy and she won't have to call the big bad men to come in and punish you."

"Punish me?"

Was she serious?

"All you have to do from now on is be yourself and shown me who you are."

Through moistening eyes, disbelief and a growing lassitude I couldn't seem to shake, it struck me it wasn't the first time she'd said such a thing to me:

"Show me who you are."

And not only her.

My wife's noxious friend had said the same thing after reducing me to sated

and shamed putty in her hands. But what did it mean? We'd been married for years. Who the fuck did she think I was?

The voice in my ear continued:

"The fact you're here, on your knees, tells me –not that I didn't know it already- that you're not a man and never have been. Not even close. The sooner you admit that fact to yourself and start to act accordingly life will get a whole lot better for you."

Removing her hand from my neck she stepped round to stand before me; the pointed toe of one shoe coming to rest on the tiny puddle formed by my tears and her legs –the same legs that had initially made me notice her- rose up before me in their navy pantyhose. With my eyes still lowered I could only see to her knee, but the powerful calf muscles I saw below them were coming to seem indicative, somehow, of the powerful woman in possession of them whose existence had gone unsuspected by me for so long.

"This is not a marriage of equals any longer, Martin and hasn't been for a long time."

On this, you can be assured, we were on the same page; it being, as entences go, as superfluous as they come.

"From now on it will be even less so and you had better come to terms with the fact quickly. I know you always thought you ruled the roost when you were Mr-Big-Self-Important-Businessman, but we all know how that ended, don't we?"

A *"Club"* of a different kind with which to beat me with and one that had come even more to the fore after the loss of my most recent position had placed her in the role of breadwinner.
"The ship is mine now," she went on. "*All* mine. And I intend to captain it. You have no say in anything that happens either on board or off and I won't be pleased if you ever raise your head long enough to venture an opinion of any kind on the subject."

“Fiona…” I began and got no further as my head exploded in thunder flashes and the back of her hand sent me sprawling to the floor.

My response to the words unmanning me and the backhander she delivered me?

I began to cry.

Even now, about as emasculated and ineffectual as one man can be, flashbacks to that moment literally make my soul cringe.

I see it as the green-light –not that she required one- to treat me exactly as she wished while knowing I would do nothing; the threat from her *“Men”* barely required. Certain any action I did somehow bring myself to take would be as pusillanimous and without duration as one would expect from a man who wasn’t really a man. For if that wasn’t the case, and I still intended to describe myself in such a way, why was I sobbing my heart out at her feet in imitation of a frightened schoolboy reprimanded and punished by a vengeful adult?

Without a word she allowed me to get it out of my system – the first time I had done so since the playground many decades in the past. A place I’d been glad to escape without making a return as an adult. My breaths were coming in those little half gasps, half sobs, common to those who’d cried their tears out but couldn’t quite bring themselves to stop and I was shaking uncontrollably.

Pitiful!

The feelings of sheer hopelessness and disgust for my inability to stand up for myself responsible for those tears had actually prevented me from thinking about my spinelessness. Only after my sobs quieted did the humiliation of acting in so gutless a way, in front of a woman I’d once lorded it over both physically and intellectually –or so I’d thought- kick in.

“I think we’re beginning to reach an understanding.” The triumph in her voice and the pleasure she was taking from it was impossible to miss; even

by someone in my condition and mental state.

“I’m not *‘Fiona’* any more, am I?”

Knowing I hadn’t the courage to do it myself, I prayed someone else would.

Kill me, I mean.

Sorry if this seems an obvious and basic way to describe my state-of-mind but the articulacy and literacy required to describe it with any degree of accuracy at that point goes beyond my capacity - which should tell you all you need to know regarding the levels at which that state-of-mind was functioning at the time.
She was right though:

She wasn’t *‘Fiona’* any more.

Not by a longshot.

Even prone on the floor where she’d just dumped me, thoughts in turmoil, a regular Schindler’s List of other names she was known to me by flashed across my eyes. Names that would have tripped from my lips with pleasure and ease not so long ago of service to now only as consolation by way of vitriol unspoken – if, as it appeared, I knew what was good for me.

Though I did know the name she herself preferred and expected me to use from now on.

“Am I?” she repeated, selecting one of the nine available to her and allowing a single tail of the cat to insert itself into her tone.

And then, so far down had she and her friend brought me, I responded instantly.

This time *without* the motivation of a teasing hand about my cock.

“No, Ms Fiona,” I half sobbed and half croaked, remembering *Ms* Chrissy’s

advice and glad my prone position prevented me seeing my wife's face.

"There," she said, delight all too obvious, "was that so hard?"

Do women ever ask rhetorical questions?

The kick she delivered to my thigh answered in the negative.

"N-No," I screamed and received another, the pointed toe of her shoe, I was certain, sure to have broken the skin where it made contact. "I mean, No, *Ms* Fiona."

Angling one foot to the side, she began a rhythmic tapping of her foot on the laminate until; finally:

"Kneel up now."

Not requiring a second telling, I knelt as asked. Careful to keep my eyes lowered as Chrissy had instructed me and grateful to do so. Realising all too clearly how pathetic the reddened puffiness giving witness to my mini-breakdown must make me look and trying to bring my shaking under control in order to appear less so.

The intention, when perused with hindsight, pathetic in itself.

I was on my knees with my eyes lowered; being told by my wife that I no longer counted after she had slapped me and kicked me before demanding I address her with the proper form of respect she had decided would be the order of the day with her from now on

How much more *'Pathetic'* could a man seem?

"Show me," she demanded.

I knew what she wanted, and knew I shouldn't give it to her.

"It's not too late!" I heard a voice from way down near my ankles telling me.

"Fuck her and her 'Men'. Get your arse out of there now and salvage at least some small residue of the pride still remaining to you."

"Stay", that same voice told me, *"and the treatment you've received so far and hated so much will only get worse"*.

Far worse.

My decision one I'm sure you can work out for yourselves.

Barely missing a beat, I'd rested my hands on the floor either side of her legs and lowered my head until my lips hovered above the pointed toe of her right shoe.

Hesitating only momentarily, the smell of polished leather and the faint whiff of perspiration through her hose only heightening the shame I felt for following through on Chrissy's instructions, I placed my lips on the toecap and waited.

And waited.

Before waiting some more.

Then:

"Now the other one."

When the same process had been repeated and she was satisfied with my efforts she surprised me:

"Go and wash your face, Martin, then join me in the front room. We need to talk."

She had left me then and I'd done as she asked, spending a few blessed and much needed minutes alone in the upstairs bathroom, splashing myself with cold water in an attempt to reduce the puffiness around my eyes and revive the spirits I suspected –after that *'Giving way'* downstairs- would never

return to me in the same form again.

When I returned downstairs she was seated on the sofa, enjoying a glass of her favoured Chilean Sauvignon. Shoes slipped off and one leg crossed over the other, a long expanse of hosed thigh was exposed to me by the riding up of her skirt. And this time, unbelievably and in spite of everything; this was the sight that riveted my attention.

Demoralising or what?
The woman was crapping all over me in ways guaranteed to kill any pride or self-confidence I might have; trampling the life I'd known to dust beneath her compassionless heels in order to supply me with an existence more to *her* taste.

And how did I react?

Forget Chrissy and the three explosions her hand had coaxed from my *"baby dick"*.

I was as hard as I recall being in my life.

In that respect I was –and still remain- very much a man. Numb and beaten I may have been, but the usual male shit was still in place. Top of the world or down in the pits, we remain susceptible to those traits in a woman guaranteed to ring our own individual bells.

"Make yourself comfortable and we'll have a chat," she invited me in a semi-normal voice. The fact that not a few minutes before she'd slapped and kicked me before insisting I lower my head and kiss both of her feet, not seeming to register with her. Acting, in fact, as if she were proposing a cuddle up on the sofa and a chat about our respective days:

"How was yours, baby?"

"Same old same, same old, Fi. Chrissy dropped round and masturbated me three times before telling me I'd have to get used to the idea of you going to bed with any guy who takes your fancy while I get to be your manservant.

Usual stuff."

Could you have invented it?

I certainly couldn't have; I mean: there are some areas of the sexual imagination we don't allow ourselves to explore.

And with good reason

Picturing my wife as she sucked on a humongous black cock with me kneeling at the side of the bed unable to prevent it, very much one of those areas.

I made to sit alongside her and she held out an arm to prevent me.

"No more furniture for you," she told me.

All I could do was stare.

"Sorry if it seems harsh," she said pleasantly; neither pleasant nor sorry, implication *definitely* harsh. "But you need to know your place when you're around me or Chrissy. The men demand it. The sooner you learn how to show us the proper respect the sooner you'll start coming to terms with your new life."

At her words, the same *'giving away'* I'd felt in the hallway asserted itself and I felt as if all strength had deserted me. I felt suddenly… *pliable*; a flash of unwelcome recognition telling me there was nothing this woman could not force me to do if it took her fancy. I was simply without the means to fight her any more and she knew it - the curl of her lip, marring what would have been an agreeable smile, leaving me in no doubt on the score.

Pointing with one of the acrylic nails she now sported after the example of Chrissy to a spot by and to the side of her hosed feet. "Kneel down here and we'll talk." The nail instructing me; together with its nine Essex-girl compadres; was one of the same talons I found so tasteless and we'd rowed

over before she informed me it was *her* money and she could spend it how she liked.

Not even hesitating this time, bimbo accoutrements or not, I sank down to my haunches next to those shapely legs, eyes fixed on the darker nylon of the pantyhose encasing her toes.

“Look at me, Martin,” came the order from above and my head rose up at the command.

I keep banging on about this *“Giving way”*, as I put it, but I’m really not sure how else to describe it. Something stronger, a *force majeur*, had laid siege to the Martin Kent stronghold and had set about bombarding the defences protecting it. It had taken time but the bombardment and subsequent blockade had gradually weakened both walls and the will to keep it manned to the extent it was now ripe for the storming.

Yes. That’s it. Exactly how I felt then and still feel.

Stormed.

Open and vulnerable to the dictates of the superior force set on acquiring a territory to which it had no rights. Acquisition made for debased ends repugnant to any society describing itself as civilised.

When my eyes found hers I saw the gloating and triumphant vivacity I’d expected to see. She had me exactly where she wanted me and her expression broadcast it was not a position she would tire of seeing me in any time soon. Cheeks flushed with the heady knowledge of her victory, I had to admit, with what was to prove a strange and hateful coincidence; she had never looked more attractive to me.

That coincidence confirmed by her next words:

“Really, Martin, I don’t think you’ve ever looked more attractive to me.”

And do you know what? I didn’t doubt it. Why would I after all? She’d

always found me handsome –why else would she have pursued me with such dedication all those years ago?- so how much more *fetching* must I seem to her now she had me exactly where she wanted me.

"You look so cute down there."
I waited as she attempted to expound upon her theme.

"So… So… *Natural*."

I averted my eyes. Just because I felt beaten it didn't mean I couldn't feel shame. Or any of the other negative responses guaranteed to sicken the soul of a man coming to terms with the knowledge neither he nor his wife considered himself to be one any longer.

"Keep your eyes on mine," she reminded me, a soupcon of impatience in her tone enough to make me do just that; though her expression softened a little as I did exactly as she had commanded me.

"That's better," she said, impatience mollified by my immediate compliance and allowing her voice to take on a more soothing cadence. "This is nice, Martin. At last we're both where nature intended us to be in respect of each other. All the arguing between us is a thing of the past."

Her expression was purest malice:

"Argue with me now and you'll find I won't argue back."

I waited.

"Though I will supply the repercussions."

Pausing to take a sip of her beloved Chilean, the smile she gave me after replacing her glass on the side-table was surprisingly *warm*, malice disappearing as if it had never existed. Had I not known better, I could have been mistaken in the belief she was actually showing affection to a partner she both loved *and* respected.

As I say: *"had I not known better."*

Her next words sending such and impression back to the asylum of wishful thinking from whence it came:

"That's right, Martin. From this moment on there will be repercussions for bad behaviour and disobedience. It's what happens when a man finally acknowledges he's nothing of the sort. By doing so you admit the need to submit yourself to a higher authority -in this instance, mine- and I don't intend to let you backslide and make me look a fool with my real men."

Reaching out then, she had caressed my cheek with the back of her hand in a way I could easily have mistaken for a need on her part to reassure me.

Could have.

"The truth is you've only ever been a man when you're with other men who don't qualify for the description. Chrissy calls it: *'The wimp's consolation'*."

Again I waited as gave her friend's wisdom a little half-smile before enlightening me:

"A bunch of inadequate men with little dicks getting together with a bunch of other ineffectuals to speak of non-existent or highly exaggerated adventures with the opposite sex they know they're just not equipped to have.

"Even handsome men, much like you, do it," she finished.

This was something I knew –and she of all people should have- that was patently untrue. There had been no shortage of sexual partners in my life, both before *and* after her arrival in it. Why did she think I was in such demand when she met me that I had not only her but *four* others on the boil as well?

More to the point; why, if I was one of her so-called: *"Ineffectuals"*, did she –and they- keep coming back for more?

Again she seemed able to read my thoughts:

“Yes, I know you were quite the man about town when I met you and, I admit, quite a few of us girls wanted inside your pants.”

Her look became wistful as she finished her train of thought:

“Once inside them it was something of a disappointment though.”

Suspecting her train of thought on the subject wasn’t exhausted by any means, and as instructed, I remained silent.

Sure enough:

“Remember Christine Bennett?”

I felt my dulled and puffy eyes come to life and wondered if she had spotted the rebirth.

Remember Christine Bennett?

Did I ever!

Christine had been the girl Fiona had replaced; the *one* I should have stayed with; a little pocket battleship of a girl with a powerful upper body who could quite literally ride me to a standstill.

Beaten but not entirely stupid, I reined in my eyes and feigned an inability to recall.

Fiona was shaking her head with mirth:

“Don’t worry,” she laughed; “I’m hardly likely to get angry or jealous if you do. After all, you might have been shagging her while you were going out with me –along with the others that came later- but it’s something for which

you're going to pay. And for some time to come."

I no longer doubted it.

"The reason I mention her is that we became friendly after you dumped her for me."

This was news to me; even I hadn't seen Christine in the intervening years since I'd dumped her for the mistake above me. My decision to swap two rides for one not going down too well. Not if the suits without attached arms she'd scissored from their moorings at the shoulder had spoken truly - the objects flying past my head as I left her apartment with my belongings barely worth mentioning.

"She came up to me and congratulated me on my marriage to you one day when I was doing the supermarket run. We went and had a coffee together and found we liked each other. She said she'd always found you handsome but you were a bit of a one-shot-wonder – and even that didn't *resound* for too long."

She sneered:

"Something I found out for myself pretty quickly."

Recalling the way Christine had arched her back, screamed at the top of her lungs and all but convulsed as she'd ridden me, the mendacity of her gender fair took the breath away.

The equipment of men, it seemed, made us an open book when it came to sex; while the less showy parts of women ensured they remained forever unreadable.

If they so wished.

"In fact," Fiona was continuing, "I'd be amazed if you've ever given a woman what she needs. Though it seems it wasn't just me you had a problem with when it came to oral sex. Christine said there were times when she

literally begged you to get between her legs and finish what you'd started with your tongue. Sound familiar?

"She told me you *never* would. That's when I knew for sure she was telling the truth about you and not getting some sour grapes out of her system because she still carried a torch for you."

Bit by bit I was being dismantled; unable to attach myself to anything solid; the unforgiving waters into which I'd been cast denying me even the consolation of driftwood.

"But that's all in the past," she said, throwing her arms wide with ersatz largesse. "It's where we are now that counts. I'm here…" She smirked. "And you're there."

I was given a second or two for it to sink in – as if kneeling before my wife and hearing of my failures of a man hadn't.

"Trust me, Martin," she assured me, "in metaphorical terms, you'll *never* be anywhere else."

For the very first time since she'd started on this road with me –sobbing and *"Giving way"* notwithstanding- I was inclined to believe her.

---

*"*As I watched the two heads in the Tapas Bar window, nodding and shaking animatedly as, no doubt, they discussed the latest *buck* to put it to them; I leant back against the cool leather of the headrest and allowed it to return me again to that time, three months before.

The memory of my capitulation waiting patiently to torment me afresh:

"Now, Martin," she had said tone switching to deadly serious; "I'm going to lay out what I expect from you and –if you know what's good for you- I do *not* want to be interrupted."

Holding my eyes with her own then -satisfied the fight was all but

extinguished in them- she went on:

“While I’m talking you can make yourself useful by giving me a nice foot massage. I know they’re a little… ripe, from having been in my pumps all day but you know what to expect. After all, you were kissing them not a few seconds ago.”

It struck me once more that all my wishful thinking along the lines of her wanting to pay me back for past behaviour before returning our relationship to something like normal had been nothing more than the very lightest of pies in the sky.

If ever a man had been in denial, as the buzzworders had it, I was that man; as certain now as I’d ever been certain of anything, that nothing less than my complete and utter dismantling as a man and a restructuring as a wimp husband would satisfy my wife’s new agenda.

“You can rub my calf muscles through my hose too,” she told me as I rationalised and, I now realise, submitted to my situation.

“You’ll enjoy that,” she smirked. “Call it my little treat. Though I expect you to pay attention to what I’m saying. Can’t have you turning round and saying I sprang things on you, can we?”

This, for once, *was* rhetorical and I reacted to it as such, saying nothing; relieved to lower my gaze from the tractor-beam that was hers and its acknowledgement of the growing fear and need in me that allowed it to, yes, overmaster my own impulses.

More rhetoric following as I reached out to take a foot in my hand as it dangled from her knee; the frisson supplied by the contact of expectant wifely pantyhose and obliging husbandly flesh an explanation in itself for the commonplace male obsession with frottage:

“Yes, you’ve always loved my legs, haven’t you?” she told the top of my head, running a hand through the luxuriant thick locks she knew I was proud to still have and, as I explained, no longer do; the onslaught of the middle-

years having done absolutely nothing to diminish either its thickness or its growth – though a marbling of grey had begun to give the age-game away just recently.

“Oooh, I like that,” she told me with what sounded a genuine compliment as I kneaded the balls of her feet and tried to ignore the undeniably potent smell of leather and perspiration. She had, as she’d pointed out, spent the whole day with her feet encased in the navy courts; hardly surprising they’d be a little *overripe*.

It was another development that could only heighten my sense of having fallen from a great height and one she wasn’t of a mind to overlook.

“Had someone told me when we first met and you were being so cool with me that we’d end up like this I would have taken them for a substance abuser or the victim of a botched lobotomy.”

Her tone might have been one of wonder but there was no hiding the pure and sadistic pleasure she was taking from our arrival at the referred to destination.

“Even when Chrissy insisted you were no more than a pussy-boy in men’s clothing I found it hard to believe. All those temper tantrums when you didn’t your own way? Forbidding me this? Forbidding me that? Remember?”

I kept my counsel and continued rubbing, eyes averted, knowing this latest monologue had yet to run its course.

“Refusing to eat me, the way you refused to eat Christine?” she went on. “Even when I begged you to after I’d been left high and dry by one of your twenty-second fucks?”

Above me, I could almost hear her thinking.

“Looking back I suppose the evidence was all there,” she said, as if to herself. But then, how could I be expected to know the big strong man I’d married was really a male impersonator?”

No response occurred to me. Just how was I expected to answer, let alone refute, what she was asking? I'd been physically abused –both by her and her friend- and allowed it to happen. That same friend had all but thrown a ball and asked me to retrieve it with my mouth in order to keep her hand in motion upon my cock and I'd actually knelt in wait for my wife to return from work before placing my lips on the toes of her shoes by way of a welcome home.

It was *not*, exactly, what you'd describe as a sensible way to ascent towards the high-ground.

Of which the same could have been said for the position she'd had me adopt.

"Look at you!" she half-laughed, half-gasped, confidence in both my weakness and her ability to manage me not so advanced she couldn't be surprised still by the levels at which they already functioned. "I can smell my feet from here, and yet there you are, inches from them."

I sensed her head shaking.

"And not *one* single complaint."

Even now, and I think about it often, I can't supply an adequate explanation for what I did next. For sure, it had something to do with that *"Giving way"* I've mentioned. But it went beyond that. Looking back, and as much as it shames me still, it seems I *wanted* to show her I had accepted she'd won. It was as if I were saying to her:

"Look, I'm not a threat anymore, You've beaten me. You can treat me like a human being now."

I'm not sure there was ever any intention to treat me like a human being with dignity and rights under law, but the gasp drawn from her lips was all too recognisably human as I cupped one hand beneath the damp sole of her foot and ran the other up over nylon to caress her calf. Gasp turning to sigh as I smothered her *fragrant* toes beneath the darkened gusset of the pantyhose with tender little kisses of homage.

Suddenly, the hand that had been ruffling my hair as if rewarding a family pet for good behaviour was removed and she leaned backwards into the sofa to savour the ecstasy of my lips at her feet and the fact she was instrumental in having placed them there.

I've since learned from the internet, having heard the term before but not knowing what it meant, that the condition in which I found myself was called *"Subspace"*.

But then, hardly being a kinkster or a submissive, it's not so surprising the feelings of degraded euphoria and an overridden will common to those who indulged in the *"Scene"*, as it was described, were unknown to me at the time. I was, after all, neither a member of that *"Scene"*, nor willing.

My lips went to her instep and, like a man possessed, I planted adoring kisses on the wrinkling nylon covering them; aware, at one point, of actually protruding my tongue to make a long and servile sweep of her sole.

"Yes, Martin," came the entreaty from above. "That's the way. Show me who you are."

I both heard her words and didn't, storing them in my memory-bank for perusal at a later date, so absorbed was I in my adoration of her feet and legs, wanting nothing –out of love with her or not- to feel my suddenly insatiable cock surrounded by the clammy suction of her cunt; her stated intention to never let me experience the sensation either not registering with what passed for my consciousness or passed off as a throwaway remark she hadn't meant.

Moving to her ankle, I covered it with more kisses before allowing my lips to travel up towards my hand where it kneaded her shapely calf and plastered the nylon covering it with saliva, beginning to drool as my need for the woman intent on being my tormentor went into overdrive.

"Stop there!" she snapped, authority dimmed a little by the pleasure she

herself was taking from my newly minted servility.

Ignoring her, too far gone in my servility, or *"Subspace"*, I continued upwards and planted a kiss on her thigh before being yanked up by the hair to find myself staring into eyes that were a stranger to me – so fanatical was the light in them.

I saw her draw an arm back as far as it would extend and feared the worst.

No sooner had I feared it than my head exploded as the open palm of her hand made contact with my cheekbone and rocked my head to the side; returning to the other as she punctuated her admonition with slaps both backhand and forehand.

"When I…"

Slap!

"Tell you to do something…"

Slap!

"You fucking do it!"

Slap!

"You piece of…"

Slap!

"Gutless…"

Slap!

"Worthless…"

Slap!

“Shrimp-dicked…”
Slap!

“Shit!!!!”

Lowering her arm and relaxing back onto the sofa, breathing heavily from her exertions, hand tightly gripping my hair still, she stared at the mess she’d made of my face.

Even in my discomfort and mental anguish –and how pitiable is this?- I could see and be excited by her nipples as they thrust through her low cut bra to press against the cotton of her shirt. Incontrovertible testimony to the enjoyment she took from handing out such treatment to me. Her eyes positively drank in my misery as she waited until she was good and sure I was listening before telling me:

“I was going to explain a few things to you so they wouldn’t come as so much as a shock. But you’ve pissed me off. It’s always the same with you. You *always* fuck up!”

I swayed in front of her, only the grip of her fingers entwined in my hair stopping me from falling back to the carpet; more from a feeling of complete and utter futility than any physical lassitude resulting from her bitch slapping me.

“But that changes now,” she went on. “You days of fucking up are over.”

She leaned in closer:

“And in more ways than one.”

Still swaying, held in place by the fingers entwined in my hair, I again asked myself:

“Could things get any worse?”

The answer would prove to be a resounding *“Yes”*.

And it would not be long in coming.

It was some seven hours on from my vigil outside the Tapas Bar when I found myself; if not with free time on my hands exactly, then unaccompanied and able to think without fear of missing a directive aimed my way. Able to make the inevitable return to my situation and the evolution leading me to where I am now. Seven hours that had been a mixture of sleep, relaxation and pampering – for the woman I had once called wife, that is. The above being the length of time between Fiona's departure from the Tapas with the bitch Chrissy -as my interior thoughts described her so bravely, despite my certainty I would never again have the courage to give voice to my hatred of her- and my presence at the *"Club"*; where I found myself with responsibility for the five bedrooms set aside solely for the wives of white husbands like myself to receive the cocks of their black lovers.
The lesson I had been taught shortly after Fiona arrived home on that fateful day; this after I had been softened up by Chrissy herself enough to submit myself to my wife -and a lesson I will soon describe to you- successful in making me think twice, then again, and once more for luck, before showing either her or Fiona any form of disobedience or disrespect.

And as for the new men in their life…!

Let's just say, *fear* was, at varying levels, a constant companion in my life these days.

After we'd dropped Chrissy off at her apartment and returned home it was time for me to make the preparations for the evening; undressing my wife and escorting her to the bedroom for her afternoon nap then finishing off the rest of the day's household chores and preparing the light repast she always took when visiting the club before snatching a sandwich and taking myself off to shower and dress. Later, I would be required to bathe and dress the wife who was now, in effect, my owner and escort her and Chrissy to the large house in the Sussex countryside doubling as the residence of a one-time man of

substance and his *still* substantial wife and the meeting place for any number of treacherous white sluts with a husband weak enough to be forced to allow them into taking membership.

The weakness qualifying me underlined in the most emphatic of ways later that very same evening my wife had returned from the office to find me waiting in the hallway on my knees. My previously dutiful spouse accepting my submission by forcing me to massage her tired and sweaty feet before slapping me senseless as I swayed on my knees before her; held up only by the grip she had on my hair.

The incident that had truly clinched my descent to the depths coming a few hours after my acceptance of the conditions Fiona had laid out for me as I massaged her feet and leaving me in no doubt my reality had become something far removed from what I had known before and was matched only by the lurid wish-fulfilment fantasies of various internet perverts who actively sought out the hell I was about to live.

For all of you out there who get off on such fantasies from the security of a comfortable chair or bed, I promise you the actuality of your imaginings will prove –unless you truly are beyond all redemption- far, far, more than you will ever be able to handle.

After Fiona had slapped me all but senseless –that would happen later, and at the hands of someone else- in my own front-room and then ordered me upstairs for a nap to the single-bed I now occupied: *"To think about everything you've been told"*; I'd been only to grateful to make the escape. Numb and in a state of shock rather than physically weary, I'd flopped onto the mattress fully dressed and had; despite my racing thoughts; managed to drop off. The sleep I managed to achieve made fitful by various images of my vengeful wife and her equally vindictive friend.

But none of the imagery supplied by my troubled slumber could have prepared me for what awaited me when my eyes opened.

"What the fuck?" I shouted, coming awake at a rate of knots. Bad enough to

wake to a pair of strange black faces peering down at one; without those black faces being attached to physiques of a kind unlikely to make the after-effects of sleep linger any longer than a swift infusion of adrenalin allowed. My understandable sense of impending threat not lessened any by the fact I was; even standing; still looking up at these powerful looking guys in their late-twenties or early-thirties.

“What the shit are you doing in…?”

The bravado inspiring me to question their presence in my room not allowed to finish it’s demand. My head rocked to the side as a backhanded slap from one of the men; a powerful looking brute way over six-feet with a shaved head and an intimidating expression, biceps stretching the sleeves of his tee-shirt to crisis point; sent me crashing back against the wall to slide down it – descent only stopped by my arse thumping against the floor. Even with my thoughts scrambled, cheek already beginning to swell; I was aware that this had been *just* a slap – a *“Slap”*, however, that had still been enough to all but knock me unconscious.

“Easy, Curtis,” I heard the voice of the other man. “Ain’t any need for that. The man just wake to two strangers in his little room. He’s bound to be a bit surprised.”

Head clearing a little – if not my fear; I heard the man addressed as *“Curtis”* deliver a kind of snort come grunt, conveying to his friend a lack of contriteness for having struck me. The words he went on to deliver in a nasty, cold and contemptuous, voice only underpinning that lack:

“No point easing the pussy into it,” I heard. “Sooner he knows his place the sooner he stops getting beat.”

My manhood shrivelled up inside me a little more on hearing myself described in such terms.

“You hear that, pussy?”

I didn’t respond. How do you respond to someone calling you a *“Pussy”* in

your own home when you know he's capable of beating you to a pulp?

"Let him adjust a bit, Curtis," the other man, whose name I now know to be Oscar, suggested. "Gotta be hard for him."

"Fuck that!" he was told. "Straighten him out right from the start, I say. He got to know if he fuck our woman around he's going to suffer."

A massive hand snatched the collar of my tee shirt and began to pull.

"On your feet, pussy."

With no help from me, he lifted my dead weight from the floor as if it were of no more substance than gerbil droppings until I was standing on tiptoes in front of him; the balled fist clutching my shirt thrust beneath my chin to exert enough upwards pressure for him to gaze down into my eyes with the kind of remorseless, unpitying and uncaring dispassion a great ape trains upon a defenceless doe.

"You already agreed to be your wife's pussy-boy," he told me; "we're just here to make sure you don't backslide and to let you know what to expect if you do."

He stared into my eyes for a few seconds longer as if to verify his words had sunk in.

"Before we do that though, pussy-boy," he went on; "you got to take those clothes you're wearing off and get down on your knees in front of us where you belong."

Even in my highly developed condition of terror this was too much:

"But…"

It was all I managed to get out before the black giant released his hold on my

tee shirt, snatched a handful of my hair, and began to bitch-slap me.

As I may have mentioned before; I'd had my fair share of physical confrontations in my time and was not known for turning the other cheek. But that was when I had some say in the turning. Now, not only was I *not* retaliating, but I wasn't even considering doing so; this despite the fact I felt sure the slaps –both forehand and backhand- would soon knock the very teeth from my head. In fact, the only thing keeping me on my feet as the bitch-slapping went on was the giant's grip on my hair.

Finally, from a distance, as if through cotton-wool; I heard:

"That's enough, Curtis. Ain't no point knocking the bastard senseless when there's things he has to be told."

Though there was still time for *"Curtis"* to favour me with a couple more slaps beforehand, the advice was eventually heeded and my hair was released to enable me to flop to my knees on the carpet in the position I had originally been asked to adopt.

Swaying before them; only some stupid residue of pride preventing me from giving them the pleasure of seeing me fall face first to the bedroom floor after having received what were no more than a few slaps –but *what* slaps- I attempted to unscramble my thoughts and rationalise some kind of a way through the nightmare my traitorous wife and her equally despicable friend had manoeuvred me into.

"Take a while to clear your head," the words of the giant playing good-cop came down to me; "then you better listen to what we tell you and do everything you're told."

His advice brought a snort of derision from Curtis:

"No way he's not going to be doing that. Only choice he got is whether he wants to do as we tell him in pain or not."

"I think he already knows that, Curtis. Just give the bro a chance."

“Fuck that! He’s no bro of mine. He’s nothing. Sooner he knows that the sooner he starts being useful to his wife.”

“Just take it easy, will you?” Oscar urged him. “He’s not gonna be difficult. Just cos his wife owns his balls now it don’t mean he’s stupid. Once he knows we mean what we say and there ain’t any way he gets out of this he’ll be just fine.”

Amazingly at that time –given what I was being put through and what it entailed for the future- my overriding response was irritation.

That’s right.

Irritation.

I’d been demeaned in a way no human being should ever be demeaned; by both my wife and her friend and now these… *thugs*. And my predominant reaction as I swayed above the carpet on my knees was annoyance at the Anglo-Caribbean accents that were so obviously affected and –despite my situation- grated on my nerves the way any linguistic pretension grated upon me.

If only that had been the worst of my troubles.

“That’s enough time,” bad-cop told me. “Get to your feet and strip those clothes off, white-shit.”

Yes, I hear you. You’re asking why any man worthy of the description would cave in so easily.

Why would he not take his chances away from his wife?

Why would he not *at least* threaten the thugs abusing him in his own home with the Police?

“It’s what I would have done,” I hear the men reading this saying and

"That's what he should have too," the women.

What can I say? Perhaps I should have done just that. Then, at least, I would have retained –like my former friend and Chrissy's ex-husband- some small sense of manly pride for not having allowed myself to succumb to what was, in effect, a modern form of slavery. Yes I agree; and it certainly sounds good from the position I occupy now.

But the events I describe were *then* not *now.*

I neither condone my acceptance of the shit heaped upon me and neither do justify it; save to say that my defences had been weakened over a period of time. The masculinity I had once prided myself upon diminished to such an extent that the stubbornness and durability normally walking hand in hand with manly pride was ripe for an assault by a superior force. And, in all fairness; the fact I hadn't family, money, home or job –and, yes, I admit; my own weakness- did give Fiona something of an economic hold over me.

As for the two giants intent on furthering my education and what was expected of me; *nobody* could tell me they weren't a superior force.

Believe me. whatever your thoughts of me they can't be worse than those I hold for myself; save it to say I somehow managed to scramble to my feet and, under the watchful eyes of my two enforcers, removed my jeans and my tee-shirt until I stood before them barefooted and naked save for my boxer-shorts.

"Pants too," came the order from bad-cop. Adding ominously: "And you don't want to make me take them off for you."

Excruciatingly embarrassing as it was to reveal myself to these younger, bigger and, certainly in the case of Curtis, more intimidating men; I peeled of my boxers and stood before them; resisting the urge to cup my hands over my privates. At that stage -despite Fiona's insistence to the contrary- I still considered myself at least average in the size department, if not a bit above and on that score at least I felt I had nothing to be ashamed of.

“Will you look at this pussy, Oscar?” For the first time, Curtis laughed – and it wasn’t a pleasant sound. “He’s standing there as if he’s proud of that white nubbin dangling from his puny little balls.”

“That’s enough, Curtis. Just do what you gotta do. No sense humiliating the guy more. Let’s get this over with and give the key to his wife. She can take it from there.

“Take what from where? What key?” I’d asked myself; the sick humour inherent in the surrealistic nature of the situation passing me by completely at the time and not exactly filling me with mirth now.

“Lay down on the bed on your back, shrimp-dick” Curtis had ordered me; then, as I did as he’d asked, Oscar retrieved a bag I hadn’t seen from the floor and delved into it to produce what looked like a harness of some kind.

My look of recognition, for something I’d seen on the Internet and laughed at as a joke object for the use of perverts, won a second laugh from Curtis that was equally as harsh and unpleasant as the first.

“That’s right, pussy-boy,” he told me. “And it’s all for you. Your very own cock-cage. Once we get this ring fixed round your scraggy old balls and your little pecker locked away in this cage you won’t be getting your rocks off any time soon unless you really please your lovely whitebait wife.”

Totally terrified; both of the giant and what he was about to do; I felt a man’s hands touch my manhood for the first time other than a medical examination. In what was a matter of moments, a ring of steel had encircled my scrotum and my –tinier by the second- dick was being slid into a metal cage. My confinement was accompanied by a commentary from Oscar.

“Don’t let Curtis frighten you, the more approachable giant said, moving above me to stare down into my eyes reassuringly. “This don’t mean you ain’t ever going to spout off again. It’s just an insurance device so you can’t go playing with what’s no longer yours.”

His expression as Curtis continued to fiddle with the apparatus intended to confine me was apologetic.

“I’m sorry, man, but there’s no nice way to put it. “That cock of yours is the property of your wife now and it’s up to her when or if she lets you out to play with it.”

“Can’t think why she’d bother,” Curtis chimed in, attaching the cage to the ring with a tiny padlock that went between my legs and under my balls. “Little thing like that’s hardly worth worrying about. She’d be better off having the bastard castra…”

“Shut up, Curtis!” Oscar told him sternly; obviously the leader of the two. “Ain’t no need for you to torture the guy.”

For a moment I had almost liked Oscar; though his next words kicked the prospect of a growing friendship into touch somewhat:

“His wife gonna do that all by herself without any help from you.”

Curtis had shrugged and returned to his task at my groin; a final click and an out of place on his lips *“Voila”* telling me the deed was done as he rose to his feet.

“Okay, Martin,” Oscar told me, the use of my first name making me feel at least partly human; “it’s done. Put your clothes back on then sit down on the bed, we need to have a *serious* talk.”

As I scurried off the mattress, unable to prevent myself inspecting the contraption between my legs, Oscar had already seated himself prior to our *“Talk”*.
A *“Talk”*, it appeared, he wished to have with me alone.

“Curtis, go down and keep his lovely owner company while I explain the facts of life to her husband.”

“Hey man, I…”

“Just do it, Curtis!” Oscar snapped, cutting off his colleague’s protestations with an intent I’d yet to hear from him. “You’ve done your piece, now you can leave the brainwork to me.”

Curtis hesitated, obviously not happy.
“Just fuck off downstairs like I told you Curtis or you’re gonna make me angry.”

A few beats passed; then:

“Understand?”

The man who’d cowed me without breaking sweat –or even having to throw a punch- immediately held up his hands in surrender and made me wonder just what kind of a killing machine Oscar must be in order to intimidate this cerebrally challenged heavy built like a public utility.

“Sit down, Martin,” Oscar invited after Curtis had closed the door behind him and made his way downstairs – no doubt to tell my loving wife her new household servant was nicely tucked away in his cock-cage and hand her the key.

“I want you to listen to me very carefully now, Martin, and I don’t wanna hear you interrupt. Any questions you got I’ll answer for you when I’ve finished. Okay?”

I nodded – any man who could intimidate a beast like Curtis was *not* about to be interrupted by me.

“Trust me now, Martin,” he began; “what I’m about to explain to you could be –and has been for some- the difference between life and death. From the moment you agreed to become your wife’s cuckold you made a commitment. Not just to her but to me and the rest of the guys who going to be doing your job in the sack from now on. This is no card carrying nine-to-five number we’re talking about here but a lifetime of service to both your wife and us. Nobody but *nobody* gives notice and leaves this club. Tough for you, I know,

but it's gonna be a whole lot easier for you to take the life your wife wants for you both if you don't fight it."

"Was that what I'd committed myself to?" I asked myself, perched on the edge of my cot in the tiny spare room that was more and more coming to resemble a cell. *"To become her cuckold?"*

"From this second on," Oscar continued, oblivious of my wonderment; "every time you fuck up you'll be punished – and I don't mean a few pussy-slaps like the ones Curtis gave you.

"Believe me, I've seen guys younger, bigger, and stronger than you crying and grovelling like babies when their wives have put them forward for correction. We take no shit but we can sure as hell give it. Let one person give you crap they'll all be giving you crap. It don't happen and it never will. Strike out too many times and what Curtis told you a few seconds ago will happen. If it what your wife thinks it will take to make you more obedient, we'll castrate you. Simple. We won't give it a second thought."

What colour remained in my cheeks must have swiftly taken off for my feet as Oscar gave my arm a little reassuring squeeze; a *squeeze* that, just the same, imparted some of his power to the small veins crushed beneath its grip.

"No need to panic. You take Oscar's advice and be the best cuckold for your wife you can and it won't come to it. Hell, some of our women even let their boys put their dicks in them from time to time."

As I tried to come to terms with both his words and the unfamiliar feel of the steel restraining my cock and balls –steel I could see, key being absent, that didn't look like it would be removed without much effort, ingenuity, and I was sure, disfigurement- I could sense Oscar's head shaking from side-to-side as he thought about such largesse on the part of the wife towards her *"Boy"*.

His next words when they came having a *"Would you believe it"* quality to them:

“Seems that once they have them all locked away and obedient some of the feelings they used to have for the man they married come back.”

He laughed then; not nastily:

“Not all of them, mind, but enough to make them want to do something nice for their cuckold if he’s pleased them.”

Again he gave it some thought, and again, tone not nasty, he laughed:

“Got to be honest with you, though. For the life of me I can’t think what the guys get out of it. I mean: the wives pussies are so stretched by then I doubt they even know their husband’s are fucking them.”

I felt sickened: what the fuck had Fiona allowed Chrissy to get us –*me*- into? The guy was talking as if she had signed up to some Brotherhood.

An organised brotherhood.

White women for gigantic black cock!

“The thing is, though – and don’t mistake what I’m saying for no idle threat;” one of the owners of the *‘black cock’* in such demand went on; “if castrating you don’t do the trick and you’s still disappointing her; then we’ll take you away.

“You know what I mean by that?”

I nodded, deep in a world I’d heard of from my surfing of the Internet’s sex sites Fiona’s refusal to have relations with me had ensured I was reduced to visiting on a nightly basis. A world I had laughed off as one dreamed up in the imaginations of the sexually sick; only to find myself assigned a minor if integral role within it. Integral to my wife’s sadistic enjoyment, that is and coming now with a Sopranos type threat.

“In the ten years since we… let’s say: *‘Organised’*,” he continued, assured I was taking what he told me seriously; “none of our members have even been

reported to the authorities, let alone prosecuted. So, what you gotta ask yourself, Martin, is why do you think that is?"

Cowed and sick at heart as I was, I knew any input from me was unnecessary and he was about to supply the answer he required from me for himself:

"It's because we do what we say, Martin. If your wife submits you to us for correction, you WILL be corrected. If your wife wants your balls removed, they WILL be removed. If your wife wants us to take your cock from you too, we WILL take your cock from you."

Trust me; I believed what he was saying could be true even at that early stage in my…

What?

Cuckoldhood?

Now, after three months as the fully fledged flunkey of both my wife and *"The Brotherhood"*, as I've come to describe them to myself –though they give themselves no name- I *know* his words to me back then as nothing more than a simple, unpalatable and irrevocable, statement of truth.

"And," he finished, "if your wife grows tired of either your behaviour or your presence in her life and wants you removed, we WILL remove you. That's why none of our cucks ever go to the law as they know what happen to them afterwards. Especially when the wife happy with things the way they is denies all knowledge of what their cuck's talking about."

I remember burying my head in my hands at the incredible prospect being explained to me – a life so far beyond my imagining I could still scarcely believe it was happening to me for real. And just *who* would have believed it after all? How could anyone without actually experiencing the consequences my wife intended me to experience and Oscar was in the process of fleshing out for me.

"You mustn't think I don't understand, man," he was telling me when my

thoughts focused enough again to understand what he was saying. “It seems unbelievable to you. We’re in the new millennium for fuck’s sakes. These things don’t happen.”

He shook his head.

“Unbelievable or not it’s your life from now on and you better start coming to terms with it quick or it’s going to be an even more miserable experience for you than it need be.”

Looking back I see he was trying to give me sound advice –incredible as the subject it referred to was; but then I could hardly be blamed for not seeing a way to adjust to the fact I had become my faithless wife’s property and chattel.

“I know the history, bro,” continued Oscar, reading my thoughts, “and I know how tough you gonna find being reduced to a flunkey. You had your own business; employed people; and had a really *hot* wife waiting on you hand and foot at home. Can’t make what’s expected of you any easier.”

Despite the sympathetic tone; if he was trying to get me to see a bright side to the shitheap dumped on me he was doing one hell of a crappy job. How on earth he expected the memory of the life I’d so enjoyed and was now gone forever to give me some kind of workable perspective on the life my wife now expected me to live was something only he could answer – though I suspected such a feat would prove beyond even his capacity to make the outlandish seem reasonable.
“But things change,” he went on with a shrug. “Now you got nothing. Nothing except her. She’s the one with the house and the good job and you gotta be the servant waiting on her hand and foot. Take my advice, bro, and come to terms with it. Looked at in the right way it could be a blessing to you.”

“Is he fucking serious?” my interior thoughts raged.

“Your life was fucked anyways. Now you got some real focus. You got

owners to please. And don't go pretending to yourself you going to fight it. I've been through this with other cuckolds and I know the ones who going to resist. Trust me: you ain't one of them.

"Face it man, you're her chattel now. Ain't no contracts and deeds of indenture like the old days, but you just as much a piece of property as any poor nigger torn from his home and transported to some tobacco plantation. Few centuries ago it woulda been me and not you taking this shit."

The hand that had been on my arm had moved up to caress my neck in what I imagined he thought would be a soothing gesture and I jerked my head away, appalled at such intimate contact from a man and made to rise.

"Stay!" he commanded, voice even but firm; just the way an owner would talk to a pup it was training; except in this instance that *'Pup'* was a human being of middle years.

I stayed.

"That's better," he said; "when a master touch you don't be moving away like that or you make him angry enough to punish you."

"Master?"

He paused, hand again stroking my neck in a way that sent shivers of pure disgust the length of my spine.

"Understand?"

I nodded.

"Don't nod at your master like a dumb animal, Martin, be respectful."

There it was again: *"Master."*

"Say it," he demanded with all the confidence of an alpha who knew he'd eventually be obeyed.

“Y-Yes. I understand.” The words forced themselves past my lips with a massive effort owing more to the motivation of fear than willpower; the younger man seated next to me on the bed made all the more intimidating to me than the thug he’d sent downstairs for appearing to possess a smidgen of fellow feeling and not allowing it to blur his objective.

That objective, I knew, being to thoroughly tame me.

“Come on, Martin,” he urged, allowing a note of impatience to enter his voice for the first time and going on to chide me; “just cos your wife’s turned you into a pussy it don’t make you stupid.”

Now his voice became dark and threatening; leaving me in no doubt there would be consequences should I choose to defy him:

“How should you be addressing me from now on? I want to hear it.”

My eyes found his with horror; surely he didn’t expect me to…?

The hand that had been stroking my neck now gripped it and the power of it was truly intimidating as it pushed me from the edge of the bed to land on my knees and began twisting. I felt myself being manoeuvred into position and was unable to fight it – even had I possessed the guts needed to do so. Soon I was in a kneeling position between his legs and his hand was removed.

“I’m trying to make this as easy as I can for you, Martin. You seen Curtis and know how it would be for you if he was the one breaking you in, so to speak. Look at yourself and be honest. You’s on your knees in front of a superior man and there’s fuck all you can do about it. I’d say that makes me your master, wouldn’t you?”

My head shook side to side with shame and incredulity.

“Shaking your head ain’t gonna make this go away,” I was assured. “You don’t want your master to tan your hide I suggest you start addressing him with his proper title.”

The threat made the added prefix redundant:

"Got it?"

On my knees before the thug in the most abject of poses; it was hard to disagree with him – though even if I had his warning not to speak until he was finished would have prevented me from doing so.

"Tell me who I am," he demanded. "And look me right in the eye when you say it. I see anything other than total respect and sincerity I'm going to take my belt off and strap your bare arse until you's screaming like a little girl – then I'm gonna make you kneel in the corner like the bad boy you are and invite Curtis and your wife up here to do the same."

So much for *"Good cop"* I remember telling myself at the time; the irony doing nothing to lessen my terror at the prospect he had outlined and was both serious and capable of carrying out.

"Say it," he said, voice low but no less threatening.

If there is such a thing as death in life I was experiencing it. All the recent events leading to here, I could see, had been designed to kill what remained of my self-respect while leaving intact a pliant and obedient husk. At that moment there was not one thought of resistance, revenge or escape; for the first time all such consolations were denied me and I admitted to myself I was beaten.

Which was when the strangest thing happened; a duality of response I've yet –not possessing the necessary psychiatric nous- to make complete sense of to this day. By actually acknowledging my inability to fight the unspeakable indignities being forced upon me, you'll be surprised to hear, I found a strange sensation of liberation mingling with the –not so strange- feeling of utter and complete mortification; even if I would dismiss it later as no more

than the misleading response of a psyche under severe pressure.

“Tell me, Martin,” he urged in a soft voice, sensing my capitulation as my moist eyes rose to meet his; almost kindly as he realised I was on the verge of submission. “Who am I?”

“You… You’re my… my…”

Sensing the hugeness for me of admitting another man –a black man many years my junior- was my superior, he urged me on:

“Just get it out, Martin. We both know you going to say it. The first time always the hardest. After that it seem more and more natural to you.”

Wanting to tear my gaze from the eyes witnessing my degradation and finding myself held by the strength of will and inflexibility he was beaming back at me; I felt a tear trickle down my cheek as I caved in:

“Y-You are… my… master.”

Still holding my eyes, he nodded, satisfied and, nauseatingly, raised a hand to stroke my hair as if rewarding a pet after a show of obedience.

This time I didn’t flinch.

The simile was becoming more and more apt.
“Lower your eyes like a good boy now, Martin. From now on you only look a master in the eye if he give you permission. Up to your wife what she make you do but with us you always keep your eyes lowered as a sign of your respect and obedience. A little tip: keep your eyes fixed on the shoes of your masters and you won’t go far wrong.”

My eyes went to the toecaps of his highly polished black loafers.

“Good boy!” he applauded. “I knew you were going to do just fine. Life going to get a whole lot easier for you if you keep this attitude going. Your wife going to be really pleased with you.”

It was incredible, unbelievable, mindboggling. The stories on the subject I'd read and laughed at on the Internet before moving on to something more… *male dominant*, in order to get my rocks off had sprung to life. And I was a supporting –if unwilling- player in them.

"Can only get better for you now you given yourself to her and it all out in the open," continued the giant. "From what I hear, she pretty much had you by the balls before we got involved so you had a taste of what to expect."

Above me I heard him tut:

"Not a smart move to sign the house over to her man. Give a woman like that a taste of power and, in my experience, they ain't likely to ever want to give it up. More likely want more; I reckon you'll agree."

Oh, I did. I truly did.
"Now though," he added; "and with us in the picture, she owns you lock stock and barrel. And there ain't fuck all you can do about it unless you want some serious pain."

Believe me, I didn't; I *truly* didn't.

"Okay, Martin; here's what going to happen now. We going to go downstairs to Curtis and your wife and you gonna follow behind me a few paces with your eyes lowered like I told you."

If it was possible, my spirits sank even further. I was hoping that, having made his point and seeing my capitulation, he would have just left and taken the moron thug with him. Then, at least, I would only have Fiona to witness my humiliation – though that was hard enough. Now though, the wife who already though of me as a weak-willed pussy was going to have her suspicions proved totally correct as I behaved like one in the presence of two younger men.

As if that wasn't enough; there was more.

“When we get down there you going to kneel before your wife and kiss her feet to show her you understand you’s hers now. Understand?”
Still looking at his toecaps, I nodded, appalled to be forced to make such a public show of myself; despite the *“Strange”* rush of liberation triggered by my capitulation of a few moments earlier.

“You really do want a taste of Master’s belt, don’t you boy?”

“N-No, Master,” I said hurriedly, pride in the cold storage where it remains to this day as the threat unmanned me. “I’m sorry, Master. I do understand.”

I sensed him give a satisfied nod above me. “Good boy. It early days for you, so I don’t want to have to be stricter with you than I wants to be; but don’t forget again.”

There was a silence and I realised my *“Master”* was waiting.

“I won’t, Master.”

Immediately that huge hand came out and ruffled my hair and I swear that had he possessed a treat in his pocket he would have used the other hand to feed me it.

“That’s what I like to hear. Remember, Martin; good boys don’t get punished. You be as pleasing as you can be and life ain’t gonna be that bad for you.”

I was still pondering this unlikely outcome when he went on:

“Now, you just follow your master downstairs like I told you and show your wife you gonna be a considerate and obedient cuckold for her by placing your lips on her feet. Then you stand with your eyes lowered and your hands in front of you while she decides if she wants us to fuck her before we leave or save it till later. I don’t wanna hear you say a word unless you asked to.”

I closed my eyes and wondered when this latest humiliation of me would ever end.

“You got that, Cucky?” a stern voice interrupted my thoughts and, wonder of wonders, I responded instantly:

“Yes, Master.”

“That’s better, he applauded; “coming natural to you already. Now, as you being such a reasonable Cuck, I ain’t gonna make you crawl after me downstairs, but you disobey your master and I will take my belt to your lilywhite arse in front of your wife. You understand that?”

“Yes, Master,” I replied, horrified he was right and addressing him in such a servile way could already seem *‘Natural’* to me after so short a period of time almost as much as I was horrified at the prospect he could take his belt to my behind in front of the woman with whom I had once exchanged marriage vows.

“Good boy,” he said demeaningly, “We going to get along just fine, I can sense it.”

Then, without so much as a backward glance in my direction –so confident was he in my obedience to him- he rose to his feet and stepped to the door; knowing I would be following on his heels and my eyes would be attached to them.”

“You’re not showing me much in the way of enthusiasm,” Fiona pointed out with a no-nonsense voice. “You want to do this for me, don’t you?”

“No!” I wanted to scream. *“It’s the last thing on the fucking planet I want to do for you or any other person sick enough to ask a man to lick the gusset of his wife’s panties after the semen of her most recent lover had leaked onto it the day before.”*

“Yes," I replied, though still not as enthusiastically as she wished. Refreshed and rested from her exhausting lunch with Chrissy at the Tapas, she was –

believe it or not- in the process of thanking me for what she described as my much improved behaviour of the past few weeks. The unlocking of my cock-cage and the panties covered in the stale emissions of both her and the black behemoth I'd watched fuck her to the stars the night before, my reward for my growing submission to her. The short but all-encompassing list of rules she had read out to me as I knelt in front of her and Chrissy and were now pinned to the back of the spare room I occupied as a constant reminder of how to behave around her and her friends and lovers:

1. Never make eye-contact without *direct* permission.
2. Never speak unless spoken to or told to do so and then be as brief a possible.
3. Never leave the house unless accompanied by Ms Fiona or her designated minder.
4. Obey all orders given and show complete respect to all superiors.

Not too difficult, I can imagine you thinking with the kind of knee-jerk judgement I always associate with the more credulous members of the Conservative Party and their ready and puerile answers to complex questions.

Morality on a full stomach, my friends; the bread and butter drawing in the Daily Mail's lazy and likeminded punters.

The easiest kind of all.

"I do hope you're not backsliding, Martin," Fiona observed from the comfort of what had once been *our* bed as I knelt at her side, naked with eyes lowered as taught.

"You're *not* are you?" she pressed when I made no response.

She hadn't raised her voice once and hadn't needed to; the response expected from me enshrined in her tone alone and confirming what I already knew I had to do – unless I was willing to face the repercussions.

“No, Ms Fiona,” I assured her, tone as meek as the lamb I had become after my first attempt to defy her had seen the arrival of Oscar and Curtis and the delivery of the over the knee larruping with his belt Oscar had promised me as a taster of what was to come should I prove less than amenable to my new role as flunkey.

I’d screamed and squealed like a pre-schooler as Oscar had draped me over his massive thighs and held me there effortlessly; despite my struggles; and landed the thick, double-over, leather of his belt on my behind while my wife and an amused Curtis had looked on before being banished to my corner and forced to listen in agony as Fiona had allowed herself to be taken yet again.

Trust me; I hadn’t defied her since and –with Oscar’s earlier warning in regard of *“Castration”* in mind- had no intention of doing so again.

Her smile was proprietorial:

“I absolutely adore it when you address me that way. It’s so wonderfully…” she searched for the right word “…servile.”

There was nothing to say to this that wouldn’t get me into more trouble so I remained silent, eyes still lowered.

“You are servile, aren’t you?”

This time I didn’t hesitate:

“Yes, Ms Fiona.”

At the top of my vision I saw her bare and tanned legs swing themselves over the edge of the bed to plant their feet on the carpet in front of my knees; the nails I had painted to perfection earlier that morning yet another reminder of the subservience to which I’d been reduced.”

“Hold my panties to your face now cuckold, and slowly stroke your little dicklet as you sniff them.”

I held the gusset of her soiled underwear next to my nose and inhaled deeply without being told.

She was pleased.

“Good boy! You really are getting into this,” she applauded me.

As I filled my lungs with the fabric coated in the scent of her stale pussy the familiar presence of an intruder made its presence felt and I knew what her next command would be.

“Lick them clean like a good cuckold now,” she told me. “I know they’re a day old and you prefer to have your cream-pie from the source but it amuses me to see what a dirty little sissy you’ve become. After all, you really should be showing your respect to the man who can fill the cunt you neglected with his superior cock, shouldn’t you? So be a good cuckold and suck it up for your well-fucked wife”

I was about to do as she said; way, way, beyond retaliation or any thoughts of such by now; when she stopped me.

“And don’t try hiding behind my panties so I can’t see your face as you work your pathetic little dick to the scent of your owner and her lover. I want you’re eyes on mine the whole time – close them and you won’t come out of that cage for a year – if that.”

I’m sure you’ll agree that dignity in the face of such inescapable abuse was not a kite about to fly. Which was why, on the one previous occasion she had *“Rewarded”* me in such a way, I’d used her underwear to prevent her seeing my face. The months of denial having a predictable effect as I’d shot my load high in the air to land at the carpet by her feet and been made to lick it up.

“Amazing how wet I can get just thinking about a massive black cock,” she said conversationally; almost as if I were a girlfriend she were confiding a secret too and not her pussy-whipped husband getting his rocks off as he

tasted the evidence of her last tryst. “Even after I’ve had one and I feel as if I’ll never be able to take another cock again; just knowing another man’s cum is running out of me and you’ll be licking it off my knickers a day later makes me wetter than a Sunday in Cleethorpes.”

Contriving to keep my eyes on hers as I licked and pumped; the delicious feeling of being able to satisfy my unfettered cock mitigated somewhat the circumstances under which I had been allowed leave to do it.

“If you turn them inside out the taste will be much stronger for you,” she offered helpfully, eyes holding mine with a half-smile of contempt and amusement.

As I savoured the essence of the wife and owner I hated and couldn’t resist and tried to block from mind and taste-buds the other intruder, it was all too obvious what cruel delight Fiona took from seeing me humiliate myself in such a way.

Had I not already been aware of the fact, it would have been equally obvious to me that the life we had known together had gone and would *not* be returning.

No woman who had seen her husband as dehumanised as mine had seen me could ever entertain that husband as an equal again and the husband on the receiving end of that dehumanisation would never be able to lift his head to a woman with pride again; let alone the one responsible for his demotion. My status was third-class, if that, and had happened as swiftly as Oscar had told me it would. I was officially a non-person.

"Is Cucky ready to spurt for Ms Fiona?” she asked as I found it increasingly difficult to lick, pump and look at the same time.

“Yes, Ms Fiona,” I gasped; knowing as I did that it wouldn’t be enough and kicking myself for giving her yet another petty opportunity to degrade me.

“Well, Martin, I really think you could at least say please to your wife for allowing you this opportunity to milk yourself.”

I didn't care by then; it had been too long. She could say what the fuck she liked. All I wanted was to feel the pent-up release I'd been dreaming of since she last took me out of the cage – the mortification of its aftermath I'd just have to live with."

"I'm sorry, Ms Fiona," I almost screamed, closing my eyes as the sensations became too much.

"Keep your eyes on me, you imbecile!"

My eyes snapped open even as I slowed the pumping of my hand; unwilling to explode before receiving permission and having to accept the *consequences*.

"Please, Ms Fiona," I begged in the way she had taught me. "Please let your worthless cuckold cum!"

Her smile was purest evil but, after what seemed an eternity her head began to nod:

"Very well, Martin," she said, persuaded; "you can jerk off into my panties."

Immediately increasing the speed of my hand as it pumped my needy cock and transferring her soiled panties from face to penis, it wasn't long before my eyes rolled upwards into my head and I began to spout off with a power that was no match for the loads I'd seen her lovers place in her and cleaned up afterwards but was unheard of for me.

Swaying on my knees in the aftermath I waited for her to direct me; knowing it wasn't *quite* over.

She was waiting expectantly; a little tic at the corner of her mouth telling me I might already have left it too late.

"Thank you, Ms Fiona for letting your cuckold give his little willy pleasure."

The tic vanished and she beamed; delighted with how far down she had taken me.

“Keep being my good cuckold and I might let you do it again soon,” the carrot was dangled in a superior voice. “In the meantime, go and hand-wash my panties the way I taught you then come back for me to fasten your cage on you. Then you can run me a bath and assist me with my toilet before helping me to dress.”

I was already rising from my knees to do as she asked; eyes lowered again in the deferential fashion required; no words required as I hadn’t been asked a direct question.

“The limo taking us to the club will be here at eight and we don’t have long, so be a nice obedient cuckold and get your arse to it before I decide to get something to your arse.”

As I made my way into the en-suite to hand-wash the panties covered in my wife’s juices, her lover’s sperm and, now, my own saliva, her mocking laughter was the perfect counterpoint to my abject submission.

But it was her fading words as I made it to the sanctuary of her bathroom that made me more uncomfortable.

“Tonight’s going to be a big night for you.”

“How are you this evening, Martin?” came a familiar voice behind me.

Piers Compton was a diminutive man in his early sixties I regarded as wholly typical of his class and hated as the catalyst whose own depravity had led me to my current situation. Scion of a wealthy landowning family, there was no sign of the strength of will that had enabled him to expand that family’s steel business into a worldwide brand and to extend their already bursting coffers in such a way as to make all future money concerns a complete irrelevance. Though there was plenty in his pale and self-regarding face with its

trademark weak chin and the thin, almost ascetic, body below to indicate the depths of weakness and perversity that had led him to place both perverse mind and unimpressive body at the service of Miranda, his younger, and equally well-born, wife.

“I’m fine, thanks Piers,” I told him, unable as always to quite keep my distaste for his presence making itself evident in my expression.

Far from allowing my discomfort at having to converse with him to make him back off the man moved deeper into the bedroom I was preparing for the next wife to be pleasured by her black lover and stood to my side as I folded back the duvet and plumped the pillows prior to lighting the scented candles this particular *“Slut wife”* required.

“Why, if I might ask,” he began in a voice almost as prissy and risible as his features, leading me to marvel that he could ever have been the leading industrialist he had once been, “do you seem to be so… disapproving of me?”
I shrugged, not wishing to respond truthfully in a way that might come back to bite me later.

“You can be totally frank, Martin. Whatever you say will go no further. I am, after all, in the same boat along with you.”

“But you’re not, are you?” I snapped, feeling good to actually be able to aim some venom somebody’s way instead of having to suck my anger up and show my new world a docile and totally obedient face.
“Am I not my wife’s cuckold exactly as you are yours?”

“No!” I blazed; the hair he still had atop his scalp that contrasted so starkly with the lack of the thatch I’d once been so proud of until Fiona decided to remove it only increasing my anger towards him. “You’re not.”

Unfazed, he waited for me to go on, sensing there was more on my chest and I was in the move to remove it:

“The agreement you have with her would be terminated if you were to divorce her and you could return to exactly what you were before. I *don’t*

have that luxury."

He nodded his agreement, calm where I was growing more and more frenzied.

"True," he agreed. "It is a safety clause I insisted Miranda agree to when I decided to become her obedient cuckold and withdrew from public life to allow my home to be used as the meeting place for her and her black lovers as well as the others who have come on board since."

"Lucky you."

"Yes. Lucky me, indeed. But does it not strike you as odd I haven't invoked this safety clause over the years?"

"Not really," I sneered. "You're a pervert. Why would you? You're getting your sick thrills with the added bonus of knowing your place in life's safe should you ever decide to return to it."

A chuckle greeted my statement; my host and fellow –if voluntary- cuckold finding genuine amusement in my indignation and contempt..

"I like you, Martin," he began. "I truly do. But you do not, if I may say, possess much in the way of insight."

"Think so, do you?"

"I do. And, being a man noted for his superior insight -of both a financial and personal nature- you just might find it prudent to listen for once in your life.

His tone was mild and friendly – and still managed to irritate the hell out of me:
"Because of your *'Superior insight'* and sick little desires," I hissed at him, "my life as I knew it is over. How much *insight* does it take to recognise that?"

He held up his hands in part surrender; expression apologetic:

“With that, Martin, I cannot argue. Were it not for my need to serve my wife, and the setting up of this club as a means for her to be sexually fulfilled as part of my doing so, your own wife would never have been presented with the opportunity to manoeuvre you into the position in which you find yourself. For that I apologise profusely.”
“Thank you so, so, much,” I said sarcastically as I lit another candle.

“However,” he went on, ignoring my tone; “I can hardly be blamed for the fact your wife wanted this life for you or the fact you were weak enough to allow her to force such… *servitude* upon you. That, at least, I am sure you will concede to be true?”

Refusing to answer, I moved to the next set of candleholders; unwilling to give him his point.

“Also, Martin,” he continued, “and like you as I do, there is much about you that reeks of denial.”

I gave him a hard stare – well, as much of a hard stare as one emasculated servant can give to another whose need and facility to flourish under the yoke of his own service was responsible for setting in motion the events leading to others having to accept it also.

“I am sorry, Martin; but, as the… well, *Queen*, of our little organisation, my wife is privy to everything that goes on with both the club’s wives and their cuckolds. From the very first night you were forced to bend your neck before your own wife, along with Curtis and Oscar, my own lady has been kept informed of your every reaction.”

I swallowed, chastened to be reminded of *that* night.

“I apologise if bringing the subject up makes you uncomfortable, Martin, but I am not comfortable with hypocrisy. As you rightly point out, I actively sought my own enslavement; it is a quirk in me I can no more fight than I can prevent the wind from blowing. You, however, are of a more wilfully delusional mindset.”

“Whatever,” I said airily, wanting rid of the man. “Shouldn’t you be somewhere?”

“Do you remember that night, Martin? Can you recall following Oscar down to the front room where your wife awaited you and kneeling to place your lips upon her feet as a sign you were hers?”

“I don’t want to hear thi…”

“Do you remember being ordered to kneel in the corner facing the wall as Fiona spread her legs and allowed herself to be taken by the men who were now her lovers and your masters?”

“That’s enough, Piers!”

Suddenly a change came over the prissy and effete man I blamed for my problems and for the first time I saw something of the steel in the soul he must have needed to sell the steel his company had once produced.

“I am afraid it is far from enough and I *will* finish what I have to say to you.”

For a few moments we locked eyes and –I’m not sure if it was the subliminal conditioning of constant obedience- but something in me responded to his changed posture and tone of voice and listened.

“I am not your enemy, Martin,” he began when he was satisfied I was listening. “Far from it. In fact, I like you very much. That is why I find your wilful refusal to embrace your true nature so disappointing.”

He paused to see how I would react to his observation; knowing already I would find his *“Disappointment”* of no account.

“Go on,” I urged. “Don’t stop now you’re on a roll.”

“Tell me, Martin,” he said, taking my advice on board; “how did you feel to be placed in a corner with your nose to the wall and hear the cries of ecstasy

of your wife as she accepted the cocks of the men who had just placed yours in a cage?"

Having thought myself beyond humiliation after the dehumanisation of the three months following the events of *that* night; I felt my cheeks colour at being reminded of my first experience of being in the same room as my wife was fucked to kingdom come by men with cock's superior to mine. My chagrin not lessened to any extent for it having been both triggered and witnessed by the degenerate whose own sexual predictions had led me to the place I now occupied.

"That first time is something of an eye-opener," he marvelled, almost to himself; the wistful half-smile playing about his lips as he stared at a spot beyond my shoulder telling me he was in the process of picturing his own debut as a cuckold.

After perusing the memory a little more he snapped himself out of it and returned his eyes to mine.

"Of course, I appreciate the experience was a little different for you."

If this was the *"Superior insight"* he boasted possession of I told myself he might want to come up with an alternative description.

"A little different?" I asked myself.

Only in respect of a light-bulb and the sun!

"The thing is though," continued the man as I wished he'd simply fuck off elsewhere; "from what my good wife tells me of the episode -willing or unwilling- your reaction was no different to the one I myself have had from the first time I saw my wife take a superior and far more capable penis than mine."

"I hardly think so," I refuted him, sensing the direction he was taking and not wishing to tag along. "I hated every second of what happened and still do. It… It was and still is… *sick!*"

“Martin, Martin,” he shook his head sadly, as if I’d let him down. “This self-delusion really must stop if you are to come to terms with who and what you are and forge a life for yourself within our little… *society*.”

“Piers,” I began, nearing the end of the tether; “I really do have things I need to do before… before…”

“Before you have the bedroom arranged to the specifications of your wife and she brings her partner of the evening here to fuck her senseless in a way you never could and never will do for yourself?”

I felt a sudden fatigue –not that I could ever be said to be energised at the prospect he had just described with such unvarnished honesty. I just wanted the no-account gone.

“Yeah, yeah,” I said airily. “Whatever you say, Piers. Now, if you’ll just…”

“I’m told you howled with pain from your corner as the cries of your orgasmic wife all but took the roof of your former home off…”

“That’s not tru…!”

“…That you keeled over in agony as your little cock tried to be a big boy inside its new companion.”

“That’s enough, Piers, I don’t…”

“Fiona told Miranda that Curtis dragged you from your corner and made you kneel in front of her as Oscar completed her induction to our *club*. She said that -despite the tears in your eyes and the continuing discomfort at your groin- your own cock continued to try and become erect as Oscar rhythmically pounded the marital pussy that was now denied to you.”

I made to leave the room: “I don’t have to listen to this from…”

“Stay!” he snapped.

Stunned, I turned back to face him. Who the fuck was he to tell me to *"Stay"*? I might accept it from the wife and assorted black bastards capable of making my life a hell –well, more of a hell- but I certainly wasn't about to…

"I've been very tolerant of your dismissal of me so far," he said and suddenly I was looking at a different man; the pussy-whipped cuckold of his wife had gone and the man –diminutive or not- who'd turned a regional steel firm into a multi-national force stood before me.

"My patience, however, has now exhausted itself," he ran on. "As you so rightly say, there is a clause in my agreement with my wife but, what you are not to know, is that the agreement itself is not confined to one clause alone."

The hairs on the nape of my neck suddenly began to stand on end. Something –something else- was not right. Why was he speaking to me like this? Why, in fact, was he speaking to me at all?

The answer when it finally came was one I would rather he hadn't supplied me.

"I've been observing you since your first appearance here and I think with training you will be just the addition to our home my wife and I have been looking for."

"Piers," I started, patience wearing thin despite his more forceful attitude towards me and my own forebodings; "I haven't a fucking clue what you're talking about. What in shit's name are you talking about: *'Addition to our home"*?

His face immediately clouded and, regardless of my contempt for both man and physique, a shiver of unease went through me.

"If I ever hear you swear in my presence again," he told me with a conviction I'd yet to see in him, "you will regret having done so for the rest of your days."

This was rich; given the language of the men he allowed to fuck his own wife and of which he must be privy on a regular basis; but his threat kept me quiet just the same as what he said next confirmed he was aware of the double-standard.

And unconcerned by it.

“What I *choose* to accept from my wife’s lovers and *your* superiors are a different matter entirely from what I will accept from you. Use such gutter spawned language within earshot of me again and you will regret the sperm of your father that initiated your presence on the planet.”

He paused a moment, eyes never leaving mine as the meaning of his words sunk in: not only was I lower in the pecking order –and by some distance- to the men fucking my wife; but I was also lower than *him*.

“As you so rightly said earlier: I am indeed in a different position to you, in that Miranda still considers me an equal despite the game we both play and I continue to allow; while you are, in all ways other than legally acknowledged; your own wife’s slave. Though I choose to relinquish my own free will on a temporary basis that my wife can indulge needs of her own I remain the owner of both the house in which you currently act as a chattel and flunkey and a considerable financial fortune that gives me, I think you will agree, a high degree of personal power.”

“You’re a lucky man,” I observed with a mixture of sarcasm, jealousy and hate.

“I am indeed, Martin. Unlike you I can decide my own destiny and *who* to include in it.”

He smiled and I again had the urge to slap the smaller man senseless the way Curtis had slapped me senseless.

“Which brings me back nicely to where I was when your foul language interrupted me,” he went on, a slight and derisive curl of his lip telling me he

was aware of just what I'd like to do and had complete confidence in the cowardice that would prevent me from doing it.

"As I was saying; Miranda and I think –with the proper training and re-education, of course- that you would be a wonderful addition to our home and be a useful acquisition for years to come."

"Acquisit…"

"That's right, Martin," came a familiar voice from the doorway at my back and I turned, startled, to see Miranda, his wife, with Fiona to her side.

Instantly, so powerful my conditioning to that point, I dropped to my knees and lowered my eyes to the plush carpet as Miranda's plumy Roedean tones filled the room; her self-confidence completely at odds with her twenty-two years and unharmed by having come from a wealthy family and married well to an older and powerful industrialist – even if he was a sick and prissy degenerate at heart.

I sensed them advance into the room until two pairs of immaculately shod feet were below my nose: a pair of spike heeled navy courts – Fiona; and a pair of low, but still spiked, heeled slingbacks in pale blue. As unthinking as my obedience to these women and their men was becoming my humiliation levels were heightened even further at having to act in so servile a fashion in front of a *girl*, well born plumy voice or not, half my age.

When my lips had paid compulsory respect to the toes of their respective footwear I returned to my kneeling position and again eyed the carpet with trepidation. Up to now I'd had little in the way of interaction with the Mistress of the house and the lack had suited me fine. Now, it seemed, the neglect was about to be corrected.

"My husband speaks no less than the truth," Ms Roedean bitch told me; the self-confidence described in no way diminished by the fact she could hardly be called a stunner.

Far from it.

Despite shapely, if on the large size, legs and breasts as massive as they were firm, the face crowning these assets was nothing if not exceedingly plain and decidedly *not* helped by the black hair she kept in a short French Crop.

A face, I had told myself on more than one occasion, that was hockey-sticks without the *'Jolly'* and made her landing of a physically unimpressive but nonetheless wealthy man, able to have his pick of beautiful women, all the more mystifying.

Until one recalled their *mutual* interests, that is.

"For some time now," continued the haughty brat, "Piers and I have toyed with the idea of having our very own household factotum."
My senses, always vigilant, were now on red-alert; knowing there was nothing of a positive nature coming my way.

"Neither of us having any interest whatsoever in a paid flunkey able to take off at any time should he so choose, it was inevitable our thoughts would turn to having a chattel with less –a lot less- in the way of self-determination."

As she crossed one shapely and muscular calf in sheer black pantyhose behind another; I was not spoilt for choice in my attempt to guess just who this *'Chattel'* was.

"Though I'm not much of a one for the paying of compliments to my inferiors," she went on above me, Fiona not having made a sound to now; "I will say that until Fiona became a member of our select let us say: *'Society'*, not one of the emasculated wretches brought to us by our wonderful wives as baggage was of any interest to either me or my husband."

The silence following this unnerved me to an even greater degree; until Fiona, speaking for the first time, enlightened me:

"Ms Miranda just paid you a compliment," she reminded me. "I hope you're not going to forget your manners."

From unnerved to terrorised I stammered: “N-No, Ms Fiona.”

“Well?” she prompted when I faltered. “Get on with it!”

“Y-Yes, Ms Fiona. Thank you, Ms Miran…”

“Ask him to look me in the eye when he says thank you, if you would Fiona. Nothing I like better than to see the respect in an underling’s eyes when he addresses his superiors.”

“Could death be any worse,” I asked myself for the umpteenth time; knowing that *asking* was all I would do. Just the same I raised my head and looked into the eyes of the young woman above me; a young woman of no sexual interest to me despite her shapely legs and incredible tits; the short skirt and tight sweater designed to show them off to maximum effect lost on me. The mixture of amusement, lofty contempt and… something else I couldn’t put a description to, answered my unspoken question – even if I knew I would *not* be finding out for sure on a voluntary basis.

“Th-Thank you, Ms Miranda,” I said, injecting as much ersatz sincerity into my tone as I could.”

The reward for my efforts instant.

“It really is too marvellous,” the hateful young bitch laughed. “Look at the poor man!”

She corrected herself just as instantly:

“Well, not a *man*, of course. But what then? *‘Wretch’*, perhaps? Yes. I think that would be more apt. A *‘Wretch’* .”

Still with my eyes trained on hers this *‘Wretch’* fantasised along the lines of her plump neck and a thin wire garrotte.

“Which is not to say a wretch can’t be made useful to his masters,” she said, turning from Fiona to meet my waiting –and studiedly neutral- stare. “I

assume you have its tongue well-trained, Fiona?"

Eyes still on mine she waited for my wife to respond.

"Improving all the time, Miranda. Though he really needs someone with more time and, more importantly, interest, to make him a really superlative cuntlapper."

The eyes of Miranda –*Ms Miranda*- took on an unearthly glow. Staring down at me, plain face or not, she looked truly demonic. A fury sent to earth, I told myself fancifully, for the express purpose of humiliating men.

"Oh, I think I can guarantee he will be that before too long," she assured my wife. "Between my cunt and Piers cock he'll soon be the most devoted oral servant you could imagine."

At the mention of her husband's cock and the inference I would be attending to *that* as well as her pussy, my mouth had fallen open. Sucking the freshly deposited cum of her lovers from my wife's own pussy had been sickening and repellent enough; but at least I was performing the unwilling and degrading service at the altar of a woman. But to have to…

A hand lay itself on my shoulder and I flinched and made to shrug it off.

"Don't you dare!" Miranda hissed, eyes ablaze, taking one step towards me in order to deliver the slap that rocked my head to the side.

Forcing myself to remain still I felt myself begin to shiver with pure revulsion as the disgusting degenerate behind me moved his hand to my neck and began to stroke and squeeze the flesh it found there.

"I take it from his reaction he knows nothing of our arrangement?" the Mistress of the house asked Fiona.

Without permission my eyes found those of my wife and she allowed it; too taken with what was unfolding to correct my infringement of her *'Rules'*; answering Miranda while keeping her eyes on mine.

“I saw no need,” she said, contempt for me at a new level she obviously found intoxicating if her expression and accompanying body-language spoke true. “Not as if he has a say any more, is it? And what say should a so-called man who lets other men pleasure his wife and then cleans her pussy of their residue afterwards have?”

I wanted to tell her that *“So-called man”* should have the say any human being should have in the disposal of their body, their labour and their independence but I knew the situation was way beyond any appeals so rational in nature.

“Precisely so,” Miranda agreed as her husband ran his hand over my depilated scalp in what was meant to be a soothing gesture – a soothing gesture succeeding only in making me want to eviscerate him rather than doing what I did and remaining in the position of respect to my betters I had been taught. “Then I take it you have no objection if I were the one to explain his new… *situation* to him?”

“None whatsoever, Miranda,” my wife assured her, smiling, even as her eyes remained fixed on me.

“Would you like to say goodbye to him now or wait as he learns what you have decided for him? You were married for some time before you realised he was… *not enough*, shall we say? After this evening, you will not, as we agreed, be seeing each other again except under the most accidental of circumstances.”

The intrusion of her husband’s hand as it was inserted between neck and shirt collar and began to massage my shoulders was ignored as the full horror of what was transpiring began to unfold before me more fully.

By way of an answer to her hostess, Fiona stepped in front of me and raised her skirt to reveal the shaven and panty covered pussy my tongue had become so familiar with after so many years of neglect; the scent of her arousal unmistakable as I gazed upon the womanhood she had denied my cock while

blessing those of a larger variety. Her tan thighs were smooth and powerful above the opaque stockings clinging so fetchingly to her gorgeous legs and, despite my hatred of her and the truly terrifying nature of the unknown awaiting me, I found my cock expanding against the confines of its cage.

My arousal not going unnoticed.

“Such a simple little beast, isn’t he?” laughed the vile Miranda. “Not at all complex but truthful like my lovely Piers. He’s plainly terrified of his superior wife and what she intends for him, but one sniff of her fragrant pussy and he tries to have a little stiffy – even though he knows its useless and will prove painful to him. Your husband is such a pitiful little loser, Fiona.”

“But a very weak and attractive loser, Miranda. Don’t forget that. It is, after all, what makes him so eminently suitable for the life with us we have in mind for him.”

“Piers is right there, Miranda,” Fiona had agreed with the man currently stroking the shoulders of the *‘Weak and attractive loser’* . “Trust me, he’ll be worth every penny you’re paying me for him when you and Piers have him trained to your liking.

“And don’t forget,” she added with a giggle: “a pet is not just for Christmas.”

All three burst into laughter at my expense as I knelt before them with my nose inches from my wife’s panty covered pussy and the hand of a man I detested half way down my back.

It was the dread Miranda who brought things back to business:

“But look at the poor thing’s face,” she said with mock empathy. “We are so terribly sadistic; speaking of the fee paid for him as if he were the black slave on the block rather than the white master with access to his wife’s cunt.”

“Miranda’s right,” her husband said from behind me as he gave my earlobe a reassuring little tweak that was anything but; “it’s simply too cruel to keep

him in the dark any longer."

He tickled me under the ear the way one did a Labrador or some other domesticated breed:

"He may be a very low grade example, but he is, when all is said and done, a human being still."

"You mustn't concern yourself on that score, darling," Miranda cooed; adding: "I'm sure we can soon train that out of him."

The laughter above me resounded in the way of nails being driven into the lid of a coffin.

"Miranda's right, Piers," Fiona took it up. "He's so terrified of our *men* and what they can and will do to him if he is less than pleasing he will do absolutely anything you want of him. My only advice –and I'm sure you don't need it- is to be strict with him. Let *nothing* go and have him suitable chastised if he falls short. Trust me, I know him all too well; show him the slightest kindness and leniency and he'll see it as weakness and a green-light to take other liberties."

"As I said to Piers, darling," Miranda said in a voice that brokered no contradiction; "you really *mustn't* concern yourself on that score. Now, Fiona, I really think you should say your goodbyes and leave him to his new life."

As if on cue, and immediately reducing me to a condition of the most abject fear, Curtis and Oscar appeared in the doorway and positioned themselves either side of it.

"Of course, Miranda," Fiona agreed; "I know how much you've been looking forward to this."

"And I know how much you're looking forward to spending your newly acquired wealth with the lovely Oscar here who services you so beautifully," Miranda answered with a laugh that was shared.

From the doorway I could hear the laughter of the man who'd supplanted me in both my bed and my wife's cunt and the snort of derision emanating from his sidekick.

I had been bought and sold like a commodity and my wife and her lover were going to live happily ever after on the proceeds while I spent mine in the service of a haughty and perverted plain Jane and her effete and equally depraved husband. All that remained was for me to capitulate to the demands made of me.

"Now, Martin," Ms Roedean began, transferring her attentions to me; "I want you to place a last respectful and worshipful kiss on Ms Fiona's superior cunt and wish her every future happiness. Then you are going to insert your tongue into my arse and taste your new owner before taking my husband's cock in your mouth and pledging yourself to us as our very own household servant and oral slave."

With no care of shame or dignity I began to cry.

"And if you decide against it," I heard from above me; "Curtis and Oscar here will ensure you will never have a decision of *any* kind to make again."

I've no idea how long it was before I made my decision; save it to say I was still sobbing as my lips found the pussy of the wife who had sold me and I prepared myself to…

The End of the Beginning