Putting Him Under

By

Eleanor Walsh-Vanderbilt

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PUTTING HIM UNDER

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One

Vincent Brennan was flat on his back in bed and wide-awake.

It was not the first time in the past seven months since his fall that he had experienced such a bedtime and if the undiminished force of the nightmares waking him to another night of sleepless fretting over what-ifs and might-have-beens were any guide this would be but the latest episode of a long-running series.

As he lay awake in the tiny box-room that was now his, his mind went back to another room and another night when he had lain next to his wife Susan as she slept the sleep of the righteous after having put him through a hell of pain and torment.

It was the pain he recalled now as he remembered the agony that tore through him if he so much as even breathed too deeply; thoughts trying to make sense of the wreckage Susan, his wife, had created from what had never been a union blessed by Olympus, or any other home of the gods but one which had at least the plus of pure honest to god sexual attraction going for it.

Vincent and Susan had been married for five years and, though originally, she had looked up to her handsome older husband and seemed lost in her admiration of him he soon found out that the young woman he had found so perversely stunning – *perversely* because she was not his usual Florida type clone with enhanced breasts and big hair of the bottle-blonde variety – was not about to be a walk-over of any kind. In fact, they both seemed to take great pleasure in one-upping the other and, though he felt he always came out on top, their relationship consisted of sex and blazing rows that would end – after he had one them, of course, in sex that was as insatiable as it was furious. A writhing and clawing, animalistic frenzy that, again was representative of both partner's need to be top dog that would always end in an exhausted tangle of flesh, perspiration and copious genital fluids.

Only when penetrating and penetrated did they ever come anywhere near to connecting and even when supposedly pleasuring each other they still sought out ways to use the other. Vincent's fat cock buried deep inside Susan and unwilling to quit until she hit the crisis while her thighs around his waist kept him clamped inside her a prisoner, ankles locked behind him and holding him captive; determined to make him spout his load before she got off that she might have the pleasure of making him watch as she brought herself to the completion he wasn't up to delivering.

It had never happened.

And, though he enjoyed the fact that she continued to try, there was *never* a doubt in his mind that it *ever* would.

Vincent had been a swordsman of some repute when he met her and he remained one.

So good was he that even she, a girl never big on compliments, had been forced to admit his reputation was fully merited.

Especially as he was desperate to get her pregnant.

The above not because he loved children or the thought of family life, but solely because it would mean his wife met the requirements of her controlling bitch of an ageing mother she hated.

An *aging bitch of a mother*, more crucially, who wanted a grandson or granddaughter her other, sterile, daughter could not supply for her and was willing to settle a substantial sum in property and bonds on the daughter who could.

The death of the mother in Brazil, shortly after the wedding of her daughter she had not bothered to attend – with no sign of a pregnancy, despite his efforts – had put paid to all that and the two settled into married life by fighting each other almost every step of the way.

With *him* winning.

Susan knew he was disappointed the *bequest* would not be coming their way and was also about as convinced as she could be that it was the main reason he had married her when he had avoided the condition for so many years.

But more of this… *bequest*… later.

Vincent on his part, *was* disappointed. But, strangely, he got to like the idea of having someone to come home to and a ready fuck when he wanted one. And, when he fancied a change? Well, he could always work *late*.

It was the beauty of being a personal trainer, after all – even at the relatively advanced age of forty-nine.

Wilful and obstinate she might be, he had told himself, but *he* was the man – and the hell of a man at that. He was used to controlling his relationships – if such purely physical attachments could be described in such a way – and this would be no different. And, if she didn't like it? Well, then they could both just move on and take what they'd brought into the marriage with them.

But Susan was not the kind of girl to give up and the control issues detected at the counselling sessions her parents had made her attend, forced themselves by Susan's long-suffering school Principal, had not only *not* gone away or become more manageable in the five years since but, if anything, transmuted into something far more…

Unhealthy.

At first, and just as he always had, Vincent had enjoyed rising to the challenge she presented.

And why wouldn't he, after all?

It… *empowered* him.

With his looks and equipment nature had built him for combat of just the sort Susan seemed to invite and he loved to feel he was breaking her much vaunted female endurance down. It really was a rush for him to crush and possess the proud and strong-willed girl who actually had the nerve to think he could be tamed.

Him!

Only when he reduced her to a whimpering and whining wreck at his feet too exhausted to crawl away, even as his relentless cock announced itself ready to go again and tried its luck at the back-passage he knew she hated him invading, would he relent and, with a wide smile, take himself off to shower away the perspiration, both his and hers, that gave evidence of his triumph. Knowing she would be lying back upon the mattress, staring up at the ceiling for answers it refused to give as she once again found herself bested in the arena *all* where all her encounters with other men had taken place and delivered only triumph.

For her.

This was how they made love – if such total war could be described in such a fashion.

Or it *had been* how they had made love.

Staring up at the ceiling himself now, recalling *that* night and the way every limb and the muscles defining them ached as if he had been strapped helpless beneath a piledriver for a couple of hours, he kept running events back in his mind, trying to work out exactly when the balance of power between them had begun to shift and how he could possibly have become the pussy she now insisted he was.

But, if he was honest with himself, he knew what had happened earlier that evening was the culmination rather than the start of his problems and now, at forty-nine to her twenty-seven, he was attempting to come to terms with the realisation that his young wife had not only bested him physically and mentally but was intent upon keeping him at her side to torment him with the fact.

Worse, she had all the physical and legal equipment to hand with which to ensure it.

His problems, ironically, had begun for him just as he thought the crazy and unsustainable passion of the war that was their sex-life together was turning into something more akin to the kind of considered and more leisurely bedtime encounters to be expected when the heat of that first blaze of passion lowered and a more emotional connection began to surface in its place.

This, he assured himself, was the norm.

Unfortunately for Vincent Brennan, the heat that lowered was his own and the emotional connection he *thought* they were forging was all one-way.

His way.

Something that did puzzle him, even as he had welcomed the calming down of the passion that had once fired him up so readily and could only believe was brought about by maturity kicking in at last, was his sudden need to put his head between his wife's legs and slurp away at her pussy as if he was dehydrated and she had a slush-puppy waiting inside her to quench his thirst.

Where had that come from?

A good cocksman, he most certainly was.

Great, in fact, renowned from Sarasota all the way up to St Pete – and, as a personal trainer, not lacking in opportunities to enhance his reputation.

But giving head?

He didn't even like the smell if he was truthful let alone the taste and was grateful she had never pestered him for it as foreplay the way most women he had known had pestered.

Given what his cock was about to do to them, he would tell the lucky recipient awaiting the honour, they were hardly likely to require his tongue anyway.

And they certainly wouldn't be in any need of it *after!*

Even he knew it was a bit selfish, especially as he loved, demanded, the feel of a warm mouth – collagen filled or otherwise – surrounding his tool before deigning to give them the joy of it in their love-boxes. But, then, life wasn't fair. Take it or leave it, was his less than original motto.

So why the sudden need to wrap Susan's gorgeous creamy thighs around his shoulders and do to her with his tongue what he had previously done with his rampant great cock?

Unbelievably, so strong was his new need, he had even tried to go down on her *after* he had come inside her at the end of one of their new and less *frenetic* sessions. The *first* time he had ever done so. And something she had, thankfully, yet to ask him to do.

"What's this?" she had chided him as his head ducked towards the same orifice where he had just deposited a copious – though not as heavy as usual, if he was truthful – load of his own semen.

"I thought you might like it," he told her, feeling strangely sheepish.

"Well, I don't," she snapped, scooting away up the mattress and clamping her legs shut. "Only girlfriend's get to worship my pussy."

It hit him like a current from a wayward grid.

At almost fifty to her twenty-four, Vincent Brennan was, despite his sexual prowess and by no means any kind of a religious convert or fanatic or even a simple believer, something of a traditionalist when it came to the roles men and women were expected to adopt in relation to each other.

A mindset responsible for equally prosaic views on single parenthood, immigration and liberal politics.

Touch base on one aspect of Vincent Brennan's core beliefs and you could pretty much divine the rest without the necessity of an introduction.

The Tea Party's core constituency.

"What you saying?" he said. "You like women?"

Susan had stared at him as if he had just been beamed back from a spell in a Klingon psychiatric facility.

"Sure I do. Don't you?"

"Don't look at me with that smug and superior *liberal* face. You know exactly what I'm saying. It's not right. If I thought…"

She'd jumped from the bed and gone to the bathroom before he could finish and, as he sat mulling over what she'd just let slip, he heard the shower running and her unconcerned singing of a Shania Twain number…

Her voice was *not* good.

And on more than simply *one* level.

Two

“So what’s going on here?” she had asked, a few nights before it all hit the fan, this after yet another attempt on his part to get his tongue on her freshly fucked pussy after what had been, by his standards a pretty unspectacular attempt at a fuck fest.

Unbelievably, so strong was his new need, he was even trying to go down on Susan *after* he had come inside her at the end of one of their new and less *frenetic* sessions.

“I just want to please my wife,” he had answered defensively as well as disingenuously. “Isn’t that the way it should be?”

“No arguments from me, babe,” she told him. “But I’ve already told you I don’t want your tongue down there. I’ve got a thing about it.”

“Huh?”

“If I ever let a man have these lips,” she told him, sliding a finger the length of her labia as a means of both highlighting *and* teasing, the same finger moving upwards to lips of a higher altitude and indicating their plump, collagen free, sensuousness, “I would never let him near these.”

“You’re not making sense,” he complained.

“You see,” she began, almost regretfully, the man who did that wouldn’t seem like a man to me any longer. Oh, I could love him still, maybe even let him play with my tits from time to time, but kissing me? Up here?”

Her emphatic shake of the head and the way she held his eyes without a trace of the playful provocation he was used to seeing there when she wanted to goad him to a response, told him she was in earnest on the subject.

“But that’s ridiculous,” he protested. “I still let you kiss me after you’ve had my cock in your mouth.”

Her shrug said: *“so what?”*

“Hey, what can I say? What you do is your call. This is mine.”

“What you saying then? That your husband *never* gets to eat you out?”

“No,” she told him, meeting his stare and matching it. “Unless he accepts my body above the neck’s off-limits to him afterwards.”

She drew it out, then:

“And for good.”

“But…”

“Just why’s it so important to you all of a sudden?” she spoke over him. “Seems to me, I remember you telling me how it was something you thought real men didn’t do.”

A sudden heat at his cheeks told her he remembered the conversation and wasn’t comfortable with her reminding him about it.

Good.

“Yet now you can’t wait to get your head down there after we’ve…” she paused, as if searching for a word other than the one she would normally use and having no joy, “…fucked. I mean, come on, what’s going down here?” She giggled. “Well, apart from you *if* I allow it. What you trying to tell me, Vincent? You want to suck your cum out of my slit to see how it tastes mixed with my pussy juices?”

“Fuck it,” he had said, waving a hand dismissively and walking through to the kitchen to pull a Michelob from the cooler, twist off the cap and swig it back.

She had followed him through too, unwilling as always to let anything go and, for the first time, Vincent Brennan felt a little intimidated; even if he blew the feeling away and had a good laugh at himself in the process.

After another one of their flat-out, no holds barred, verbal fights, he had been the one who conceded and, for the first time since they had hooked up, took himself off to the spare room for the night

Had he looked back and seen the triumph spread itself across her, somewhat spiteful looking, little face as he left, he might not have blown the unheard of concession off so lightly.

*****

“That good for you, babe,” he asked as her body gave a little convulsion and, after a few seconds, her back again came into contact with the mattress.

“Yeah, great.”

“You don’t sound so sure?”

“What do you want me to say, Vincent? It was fine.”

Despite knowing his performance had dropped off in recent weeks, Vincent Brennan was still egotistic enough to believe that, even firing on half-a-cylinder, he was still up there with best swordsmen on the Gulf Coast.

“Fine,” was not about to satisfy him as a compliment and he was more than a little pissed at what he saw as her putting down of him.

But not *'pissed'* enough for his eyes to neglect fixating upon the hairless pussy he had just fucked and which, for reasons he couldn't fathom, looked more succulent and kissable each time he saw it afresh.

"Hey," she said, heading off to the en-suite to tidy things up, the sway of her Junoesque arse reminding him there was another part of her anatomy he wouldn't mind getting to grips with orally, "I knew when we hooked up I was getting involved with an older guy. So I knew it had to happen. Just didn't expect it so quickly, that's all."

She had left him, stunned, on the bed, cleaning himself with a tissue and listening to the running water as she douched herself, waiting for her to come back so he could get into it with her.

"What the fuck was that crack?" he asked when she slid in next to him.

"What?"

"About you getting involved with an older guy? Be the day I can't keep pace with the panty-waists who call themselves *'men'* these days. Face it, sweetheart, men are not what they were. It's all this liberal horseshit they're fed. Not only making a pussy of our country it's sissifying them as well."

Her usual smug half-smile greeted his latest – and *very* familiar – pronouncement on the state-of-the nation and he decided he'd show with actions rather than words that he hadn't been spouting crap.

Leaning in to kiss her and start a fresh round of lovemaking, he was so used to the presence of an erection being ready when he was - *and* taking it for granted - he was oblivious to the crucial missing factor necessary to the success of his intent.

Susan turned her head away from him and he reached for a handful of her breasts instead; never one to be gulled by the *"hard to get"* routine.

Only to have his hand slapped away before she turned her back and placed her head on the pillow to leave him to consider his next action.

Normally, they both knew, he would not have taken *'No'* for an answer and would have smothered her protesting body in his powerful arms to continue ravishing her until she too was enthused with his desire and would ravish him back.

On this night, he just shook his head, turned over himself, and went right to sleep.

Three

Once, after a performance that left Susan so unmoved even Vincent couldn't fail to grasp that something… *not right*… was going on with him, he suggested they wait a while and go at it again.

Left high and dry once, Susan took some persuading, not wanting to be disappointed again, and they waited.

And waited.

"Sorry, babe," he told her when it was obvious no action was forthcoming from the Brennan netheregions. "I'm under a lot of cosh with work right now. Bookings have dropped right off for some reason and it's playing on my mind.

She was non-committal and, for pretty much the first time in his life, Vincent Brennan began to get an understanding of what it was like to feel… *inadequate*.

Which was when, unmindful of her earlier and less than encouraging words on the subject, he suggested he use his mouth on her.

Her look had said everything:

"This again? After what I told you it would mean if I let you do it?"

Strangely unable to meet her eyes for any length of time these days, he had allowed his gaze to drop before hers and, when he spoke, there was something… *needy*… in his tone that hadn't been there before.

"It… It just doesn't seem fair that you shouldn't get off. My, hmm, problems keeping clients are mine and I don't see why you should, er, suffer."

An admission of such a kind from either one of them at an earlier point in their marriage would have been unthinkable, but now Vincent seemed to be making them on a regular basis. Of course, though both had claimed they hated their arguments, they were both blessed – or cursed, take your pick – with competitive natures. There could be no dispute between them without a winner and, as he had told her so succinctly:

"Ties are for wimps, as the great Gordon Gecko himself might have said."

One of Susan's few friends had told her it was the dominant temperament both possessed that was the problem and that they ought to join one of the BDSM groups in the area where they could, each of them, vent their need for superiority on the arse or what have you of a stranger.

Susan had blown it out of the water with a fusillade of disdain.

There was only one man upon whose arse – and other things – she wanted to *"vent"* her need for superiority.

“It’s just your age,” she told him, expression revealing a marked absence of compassion.

“What the fuck is it with you and this age thing?” he snarled, anger all the more fierce for his own suspicions on the same score.

“If it’s not that, what is it stopping you from giving me the fucking I need and deserve?”

“Well… I…”

“Look at this body,” she demanded, elbow on the pillow and chin in hand to regard him as his eyes followed the curves he still admired and lusted after but found himself with less capacity to…

Satisfy.

“It’s the body of a twenty-seven-year-old woman, Vincent. A *real* woman. “Not these sick excuses you see in the malls and restaurants with their enhanced lips and plastic bubbies as they try to shoe-horn themselves into the hottest size-zero before taking off for a salad that doesn’t get eaten and leaves the restaurant with them in a box.”

Looking at her as she had demanded he found it impossible not to agree with her assessment.

It *needs* attention!”

She was working herself into one of her tempers now and, where once it would have triggered a similar response in him, now he felt…

Cowed.

Not that he described the way he was responding in such terms.

Though it would not be long before he did.

“Things are just so stressful with…”

“Fuck the stress,” she snarled, chin still in hand. “You’re a personal trainer, not a bomb disposal expert. You’ve had slow times with bookings and still come home to screw like a champ. So don’t tell me it’s that. What’s going on here?”

In truth, he had no answer and was as mystified as her.

“My man’s turning into a pussy, is all I know and I’m getting left high and dry. ”

The insult that would have once enraged him this time served only to make him swing his legs over the side of the bed and sit in silence, back turned to her.

He was tired.

Not sleepy tired.

Just *tired*.

Worn down by the constant battling that, between his advanced age and her greater and more youthful determination, was making the effort necessary to counteract it all the harder to countenance – let alone produce.

Suddenly, he felt her arms around his shoulders and her lips close to his ear as, for the first time since they'd hitched up, she spoke to him in a way that, *almost*, seemed loving.

"I'm sorry, sweetheart. I should be more considerate. Not as if I don't know how stressful the workplace can get. Working as a legal secretary and trying to pass the bar at the same time's no picnic, I tell you. So I know where you're coming from – even if supervising people as they exercise is hardly the stuff of furred arteries and coronary arrest."

She kissed his earlobe and he felt strangely comforted; despite the fact she had been unable to resist adding a snide jibe to the end of what had started as a little speech resembling compassion.

"Give me a kiss on the lips," she whispered in a forthright voice, as if she'd just made a decision.

She had.

He swivelled around to do as she asked and moved his head in to hers.

"No! Not up here, silly," she chided him.

His head paused in mid-swoop, puzzled.

She tutted and leaned back to prop herself against the headboard, legs splayed as she watched him intently.

"Here," she said.

"You mean…?"

As she pointed with one imperious finger to the lips requiring his attention, Susan could have sworn he was salivating and the cock that had struggled to rise earlier was coming to life with, if not as much vigour of old, a very passable imitation of his former puissance.

Her friend Stella had, again, been proved right.

Given the right motivation, and perhaps a few extras, any man, anywhere, could be brought into line.

A woman's line.

"That's right, Vincent," she told him. "I've given it some thought and I want you to kiss my pussy. I've decided to let you. The time is right and you want it so badly it would be cruel of me to deprive you of it."

Looking down at the hairless slit of her womanhood that had suddenly started to fixate him over recent weeks, Vincent Brennan, cocksman extraordinaire, found himself so overwhelmed by lust he was unable to move.

"Here it is, Vincent. Come and show it how much you want to give it pleasure. Forget your cock. It's all about your tongue now."

And still he hesitated, her words barely registering as thought to himself how gorgeous her cunt truly was. For once, she didn't seem to be trying to mock him and seemed as excited herself by the prospect of him burying his head in her denuded snatch.

"If this is how you prefer to make love to me now then it would be wrong of me to prevent you," her voice came to him from a country a continent or two away. Change is good, anyway. Our old routine was getting tired anyway. Perhaps it's time I called the shots and let you please me the way you say you want to. Me being in control might even get your juices flowing again… I know I'll like it."

This last she had said sotto voce but, even if she hadn't, Vincent Brennan would have been unlikely to hear her, so great was his excitement, and simply from contemplating an act of sexual service to a woman which he had once found repugnant and… *unmanly*. There, right in front of his face, were her strong and shapely thighs, still glistening with a sheen of perspiration from their earlier unsatisfactory coupling that highlighted the svelte and sinewy muscles resulting from her daily lunchtime workouts. And, nestled between them, were the most moist, pink and kissable, lips he found it possible to imagine.

At that moment, had she suggested he disembowel himself with a spatula before she allowed him a taste he would have given it serious thought.

Almost as if he had been switched to auto-pilot, he dived between her legs and mashed his lips to the smooth slit lying in wait for him.

"Whoa, boy!" she said, pulling him up by the locks of his still thick, if greying, hair to look warningly in his eyes.

"You're not a bull but you should definitely think of your wife's pussy as a *fine* China-Shop. Covet *her,* caress *her*, profess your adoration for *her*."

Looking up to stare up over her flat stomach and past the full breasts with button-mushroom nipples the eyes he met were as vivid and compelling as his own were dumbfounded.

“That’s right. She needs to hear you say you love *her* before your tongue gets permission to… *worship*.

Through his inexplicable need, and despite his desire to use his tongue to do just that, Vincent got the distinct impression she was talking down to him.

Belittling him.

And no woman got away with belittling Vincent Brennan.

At least not until now.

“I love you,” he heard himself whisper in a voice hoarse with excitement.

Susan sighed:

“Not me…”

The perfectly groomed and blood-red varnished nail of her right forefinger was brought before his mystified eyes before pointing downwards to the *“She who must be obeyed”*.

“…*Her!*” she finished.

The man who would have once fucked her senseless, and then fucked her senseless again for suggesting such a thing barely missed a beat as he gently lowered his head and placed reverential kisses on the smooth and puffy skin of her labia before mouthing:

“I love you.”

The giggle from above that told him he was indeed being mocked and that would once have provoked consequences of a volcanic kind, went unchallenged and served to embolden her further:

“Good boy,” she applauded him, confidence growing in her ability to manage this force of nature she was turning into her very own teddy-bear.
A teddy-bear with benefits.

“Don’t be too reverential with *her*, Vincent. You have to know when to worship and when to… *attack.*

Still in gentle mode, he ran his tongue the length of her slit and sought out his first taste of her clitoris.

Too gentle.

Far too gentle.

“Show *her* some passion,” Susan snapped, relishing giving her powerful husband orders and, unbelievably, having them obeyed. “You were the one who wanted to do this so, if you want *her* to let you carry on serving at *her* altar you’ll have to show how much the honour means to you.”

Suddenly, as he prepared to insert his tongue into that inviting interior to which his cock had believed it had freehold and was only now finding it difficult to keep up a leasing arrangement, it occurred to him that the semen from his last visit was still in residence.

He might not be producing the amounts of old but it was still substantial and to have to…

“That’s right,” Susan told him, reading his thoughts and the distaste produced by them. “You want *her*, you have to take care of what you put in *her*.”

He looked torn, Susan thought but, encouragingly, he wasn’t backing away and she felt even more convinced she had brought him – with Stella’s help; and wouldn’t he just love that when he found out! – to a point where she could soon start exercising control over him.

Real control.

“You asked for this and now you have it. *She* wants it too. You’ve persuaded her. Blow it now and *she* won’t take you back. False promises will never win *her*, but, and this is a promise, they’ll certainly lose *her*. Your wife’s cunt is disappointed by what you did for her, but that doesn’t mean it’s not still dripping and sore from having your cock *try* to please *her*. You put your jism there and it’s your mouth that needs to take it out. *She* has told you what she wants and if you don’t do it you might not get another chance… *Ever!*”

Susan waited and, as she did so, she realised she was holding her breath. Had she gone too far. Stella had said the time was right – and she should know – but was it?

Then, just as necessity compelled her to take a lungful of air, so did the husband whose manhood she was dismantling make his decision and duck his head back between her legs to lap at the pussy that would soon be ruling him.

A pussy *full* of the semen he himself had just deposited in side it.

Had he really changed so much, and so quickly, could he really be doing such a… *sick*… thing?

Susan almost came at that same instant and mentally praised the foresight that – with some chemical assistance – had convinced Stella to convince her that the husband his friends looked up to as a man amongst men and women saw as a sex machine; the same husband so convinced of his potency and ability to… command; could be turned into the kind of husband she, Susan, had always wanted. Beaten, compliant, and, the cherry on the cake, utterly trapped.

Below her, as she picture his coming fall, a strong odour entered Vincent's nostrils and it was only a mixture of his own high-excitement and Susan's earlier warning that prevented him from retching as the combination of sweat, fish and musky fish, amongst *other* constituents assailed him.

With an effort of will to match his lust, he licked tentatively at the fold hiding her clit, and the love-button came instant and erect to meet his tongue before he took it in his mouth and swirled it around to such effect his wife's hips writhed and a groan of pleasure escaped her higher lips. Encouraged, he plunged down and buried his nose deep into her soft cleft before taking long swipes in the way of a worshipful dog up and down her whole slit with his nose, tongue and, yes, even his chin.

She was screaming now and it was the first time in weeks he had provoked such a response from her.

Her mouth was wide open, and she was gasping for the oxygen her arousal was denying her.

"Further back!" she cried. "That's right. Now further in!"

Totally guided by her now for the first time, no hint of fight or rebellion coming between her commands and his compliance with them, he did as she asked and, as he did so, felt his tongue slide into the crack of her arse.

He made to return back the way he came and her hand upon the top of his head forced him back down.

"Don't stop, you bastard!" she cried. "Get that tongue back into my arse this minute!"

She was furious, bordering on hysterical, and he knew he couldn't match her; something in their relationship had changed and he was on the wrong end of it.

He would, his subconscious told him, need to take steps to address the changed situation.

But not right now.

"Get that tongue right up my asshole," he heard her order and, wonder of wonders, he complied. "You wanted this you got it," he heard. "And you're going to keep on getting it… Worship my fucking ass, you dickless son of a warthog!"

A part of him registered the insult to his manhood yet still he did nothing.

To correct the insult that is.

Nothing, if the low moans and sucking in of breath above him were to be believed, was the *last* thing he was doing.

Not by *any* reckoning.

She was bucking into his face now and trying to squeeze his head with her powerful legs, almost as if she wanted to mash him to a pulp against the womanhood intent on ruling him as he began to wipe his whole face up and down from slit to crack, tongue extended as far as he could stretch it in a frenzied stabbing of her pussy, side-swiping her labia before transferring his attentions lower and penetrating her ass with his tongue!

And then, suddenly but unsurprisingly, she was bucking against him as if he were a mustang she was in the process of breaking. Crisis loomed. Yet, even as her pelvic area thumped into the top of his skull with relentless insistence, he still kept his probing tongue stuck to its task.

Her svelte and sinewy thighs suddenly managed to wrap themselves tight over his neck and squeeze his ears to cut off all light and sound as her intimate parts became the parameters of his existence at that moment.

He couldn't breathe!

Shaking his head from side-to-side he tried to buck her off, but she was immovable and his whole world was full of her.

Mouth too as her crisis hit and she jacknifed upwards and he found himself not only struggling for a breath but required to swallow the juices of her completion if he didn't want to choke.

Then, just as he thought he must suffocate, her upper body relaxed and the legs clamped around his neck released their grip and air rushed in to fill both their absence and his lungs.

As she flopped back onto the bed, leaving him sprawled between her legs, nose still pressed to the pussy he had finally got to taste, he sucked air into his tortured lungs and listened to an inner voice that seemed to be warning him of something.

Something about what she had just *allowed* him to do for and he had, amazingly, enjoyed, that would not, it seemed to saying, be good for the future.

His future.

Four

Had Vincent Brennan been privy to a conversation that had taken place during the day preceding the night he had lost his oral virginity – lost it in the male performing oral on the female sense, that is – much of what had been puzzling him about his own behaviour and the physical deterioration of his lovemaking capacities would have been made much, *much*, clearer.

The woman seated opposite Susan at one of the outside tables of a so, so, diner on St Armand's Circle was in her thirties and some eight years older, but she was wearing well and, Susan mentally congratulated her, without having had recourse to silicone, collagen, or the surgeon's knife.

Yet.

Neither was she of the cloned blonde hair and anorexic dress-size to be seen on any number of the women in the near vicinity chomping with dissatisfied looks on their Caesar Salads while fighting back the urge to sink artificially whitened teeth into a juicy steak or burger. The same juicy rib-eye, in fact, Stella was tucking into with such gusto right then, oblivious to the smirks aimed her way by the clones that were, in truth, a poor disguise for their jealousy. In fact, far from being the two-a-penny norm of Floridian homogeneity, she seemed, like Susan, to be flouting the sad sheep-like conventions followed by most of their sisters and not only retained her full figure and deep, silky black hair but actively promoted it.

Not, being of Mexican extraction, that Stella Gimenez could do anything about the hair.

Even if she had wanted to.

It had been pure coincidence that they had met when Stella signed on for the Taekwondo Course Susan ran at their gym as a nice lucrative side-line to her legal-work and found themselves gravitating towards each other.

Twin Pocket-Battleships patrolling the same stretch of watercourse.

The common ground of Vincent only being revealed when Stella had learned of the "Brennan" that accompanied the "Susan" and let slip that she had once gone out with a controlling pig of a guy with the same surname.

"A conceited jackass named Vincent, who thought one seeing to from the jackhammer he had between his legs would reduce any woman to a mass of obedient and willing to please pulp."

From there - Sarasota not being overrun with guys with big pricks calling themselves Vincent Brennan and neither of the women being big believers in simple coincidence; though fate was another matter entirely - it had been a short hop to their realising the *"Brennan"* in question was one and the same guy.

Also, it had been only a hop of slightly longer duration before their acquaintance had sealed itself as real friendship and the male linking them came under some serious scrutiny.

Forgiven instantly and on the spot for describing the younger woman's husband as a *"pig"*, and emboldened by Susan's willingness to trash the man she had married and his need to control the women in his life, it was not long before Stella was herself taking pot-shots at the self-proclaimed *"sex god"* who had run around on her with friends and strangers alike during their time together while expecting her to be ready to *"deliver the goods"* on those occasions he considered her worthy to be taken via front, back or mouth.

"Tell me if I'm out of line," she had asked, Susan, "but how do you live with it?"

Susan had *not* told her and that, to Stella, was a green-light.

"I mean," she had driven straight on, "I struggled with his chauvinism and need to always have the final say in everything. And *I* was only his girlfriend. You're married to the guy. Again, tell me if I'm crossing the border, but does he run around on you."

Susan had shrugged.

"Let's just say I have my suspicions."

"Susan, we haven't known each other long and I'll forgive you if you think I'm just another bitter old girlfriend he dumped, but I promise you, if this is the same Vincent Brennan who did the dirty on me, and unless he's had a character transplant down the line, your suspicions are right."

"That's pretty much the way I see it."

"How d'you cope with it?"

"I like a challenge."

"Vincent Brennan??" Stella had shook her head, almost violently so great was her disbelief that anyone could live with the dominating pig's selfish and back to the arc ways. "That's a challenge and two-thirds! How'd you hook up with him in the first place?"

"Same way as you, I guess. Sex. He is good at it and – call me psychic but I'd say you're with me on this – I'm quite partial to it."

The laughter of the dark woman with the Latina colouring was nothing if not corroboration and her full and throaty amusement had more than one lunching man casting a glance in her direction prior to a wifely elbow making contact with his ribs.

"Not that knows it or ever will," Susan continued, "but he was the husband I'd always dreamed of having."

Stella's laughter had died as if it had never existed and husband's breathed easier as poised and wifely elbows were withdrawn.

"Vincent Brennan? Come on! Yeah, sure, he might be great in the sack – it's certainly the only reason I gave him house-room. But, a *husband*? I can't believe a woman – especially a woman as strong, smart and independent as you seem to be – could even have thought such a thing, let alone see it through."

"That's because you don't really know me that well yet or, more importantly, *why* I wanted to marry him."

Stella's expression conceded the possibility.

"I don't like my men to be pussies," Susan head said as her new friend shovelled in another fork-full of rib-eye dipped in a capsicum dressing, still marvelling at her own thoughts and when her head came up again a smiling Susan was waiting to greet her.

"Not at first, anyway."

Again Stella gave out with that full-throated laugh – even if it was only the single men in the vicinity who felt free to give it and its owner the attention its vivaciousness deserved.

"That's why I sucked him in with talk of a substantial and totally non-existent bequest from a no longer existing mother who, I told him, was my only family other than a sterile sister. A bequest that was coming my way the moment I delivered up a child. Boy or girl. Between his natural greed and the fact I'm not *too* much of a slouch between the sheets myself, it was an opportunity too good for him to miss."

Stella's head was shaking from side to side, not with disapproval but admiration for her new and younger friend; sensing something… *interesting* was going to come from their friendship.

Why else would fate have decided to fling them together.

"He wasn't too thrilled that my mother was in Brazil at the time of our wedding or the fact that she passed away down there a month after we tied the knot without any sign of me being pregnant. Which, despite his Herculean efforts to do just that, was never going to happen."

She grinned across the table and Stella had grinned back, sensing a punchline:

Sure enough:

"Not with the industrial strength contraceptives I was taking, anyway."

The sly and self-satisfied smile that had spread across Susan's face as she mentioned this had captured the older woman's interest and amusement and also led to both women taking the rest of the day off.

It was no great inconvenience to either. Susan had it earmarked for studying anyway and, as a Pharmacist with her own drugstore and employees to go with it, Stella could pretty much do what she liked. The two of them had spent the rest of the afternoon giving their attention to the putting away of two bottles of Napa Valley's finest and exploring their favourite subject.

Men.

And one man in particular.

All in all the meeting at the Taekwondo class between former and current lover – the latter being Vincent Brennan's wife – would not turn out to be fortuitous.

Not for him, anyway.

By the time they had reached the end of their second bottle and called for the cabs their sobriety levels now required, their friendship had cemented itself even further and the taking down of Vincent Brennan had begun in earnest.

He just didn't know it yet.

Five

Still sleepless, Vincent Brennan's thoughts remained full of what his life had now become and the woman forcing it upon him.

Feeling like a parody of the man he had once been – and a weak, gutless and ineffectual parody at that – his thoughts again returned to *that* other sleepless night.

Albeit a night spent in agony at his wife's side, this before she had relegated him to the spare-room like some kind of…

Houseboy.

In pain and frightened – *frightened?* – to move lest he disturb his sleeping wife, a familiar question continued to nag at him; a question that was asked repeatedly and repeatedly refused an answer.

Where had it come from?

Not the fire and rage.

He already knew she had *that* in her when they married.

Nor even the desire to control him.

That had only served to amuse him in the beginning.

The above being things he had acknowledged going in to marriage with her; an acceptance of her faults made more from anticipation of what might be coming their – *his* – way financially than from those finer feelings that made it easy to overlook the cracks and fissures *every* human-being able to draw a breath possessed.

What he couldn't for the life of him work out was where his *own* fire, rage and need to control had gone.

The slope had been so gentle he hadn't even noticed it until he was slap bang in the middle of a physical and mental slump of which he'd had no experience and was unable to explain away. Not even with the help of an Internet search for those experiencing similar problems. And it wasn't just a mental… re-alignment, but physical too. He had started to feel weaker and the call for his services as a physical trainer had begun to dry-up and his finances with them.

Nobody in this health and appearance geared society, after all, wanted to be trained by someone unable to do what he wanted *them* to do and, whether it was step, calisthenics or weights he becoming less and less up to the task.

The male menopause?

That, he considered, was bull and, anyway, hadn't his doc given him an all-clear after he had checked himself in for a physical?

It wasn't as if he'd turned into a eunuch or something, after all, and he could still come to a pretty impressive attention if the motivation was right.

These days, though, the only motivation that seemed to do it for him was the thought of burying his head between Susan's legs – when she'd *let him* – and slurping away at *her* like a greedy kid at a slush-puppy.

Tonight though, he had told himself as he attempted to ease himself onto his side and gave it up as the pain from his protesting muscles all but overwhelmed him, had brought *everything* home to roost. For at an exact point earlier in the evening his new powerlessness – his *dependency* – had been brought home to him with a vicious relish and he knew nothing could ever be the same again.

Even if he did suddenly return to being the Vincent Brennan of old.

"I just don't understand why I feel so weak physically," he said after they'd returned from a local rib-shack that was a favourite of his and at which he had a well-deserved rep for stretching their less than fine-dining motto: *'Eat until you've filled your feet'*, into areas that beggared belief and were – for the rib-shack - non-profitable in the extreme. "I could barely face those ribs tonight. What the fuck's going wrong with me?"

The events of a few nights earlier – when she had finally given him permission to use his tongue on her – hadn't been mentioned and there had been no repeat of the same. No nothing between them, in fact. At least physically.

"I told you before," Susan reminded him, "you're getting old."

"Bullshit!" he snarled, exasperated.

"It's like you're at an age where you feel secure enough to get in touch with your more feminine side."

As she had intended his face was a an instant mask of outrage; so outraged, in fact, he was unable to supply a response.

"Actually, I'm beginning to like this new you."

"Susan," he began, egotism still never far from the surface, "this might surprise you, but I'm a human being as well as a sex-machine and I can have dips like anyone else."

She was non-committal, substituting his *"as well as"* in her thoughts for a more accurate, *"and was"*.

"I felt like a champ not a month or two back," he puzzled, almost to himself.

Then, more indignantly:

"You don't just suddenly *get* old."

“No?” she asked. “Then why aren’t you all over me right now?”

The question threw him.

Why wasn’t he?

She certainly looked inviting enough, with her stylishly cropped black hair framing a strong if perversely sensual face leading down to where a tight sleeveless vee hugged her contours and the breasts contained within them to create the impression of flesh waiting to explode outwards, the exaggeration of hour-glass hips below a tiny waist only heightening the impression as they stood sentinel to those long, shapely and powerful, legs encased in jeans so tight more than one rib-shack diner had nudged the other to question how she could possibly have climbed into them.

She reminded him of the gallery owner wife of the guy in “Dirty Sexy Money”.

Only *fifty* times sexier.

More from an old sense of instinct than an actual desire to instigate sex, he cut the distance between them and went to take her in his arms and kiss her deeply. In the old way. Masterfully and *on* the lips.

She turned her head.

“What have I told you about that?” she snapped, taking a step back to stand blazing at him, hands on hips.

“I just thought…”

“No man who kisses the lips my cunt kisses *these* lips,” she reminded him.

“What?” he exploded – or what passed for an explosion with him these days, the sudden surge of adrenalin into his system actually making him feel more… *normal*. “Your my wife, for fuck’s sakes. If you think that…”

Far from being shaken by his outburst, she stepped into him and jabbed a finger into his chest.

He was forced to take a step back by what was no more than a simple prodding from her finger and it made him take stock.

Things, he realised now, were very far from… *normal*.

Even in her heels she was almost a foot below him, yet still he felt intimidated for some reason, the mockery with which he had seen such feelings off recently working with less effectiveness each time it was called upon.

“I don’t *think*,” she told him, eyes blazing up into his as she paraphrased the sentence she hadn’t allowed him to finish. “I *know*.”

“Susan, what the fuck are…?

The roundhouse slap rocking his head to the side was humiliating and, worse, *hurt*.

He staggered back into the front-room before coming to a halt and staring at her as if she’d gone completely insane.

“Only men swear,” she told him. “Not little baby pussy boys like you who can only get their wives off with their tongue.

If he’d thought something was not right with him before, he was convinced now of being in *big* trouble.

A woman – his wife! – had just slapped his face and called him a pussy; something that would, not long ago, have been unthinkable for her to even attempt and impossible for him to accept without providing some form of retribution that put her back in her rightful place below him.

And now?

Now he just wanted to…

Cry.

What in fuck’s name was wrong with him?

As he stood before her and tried to come to terms with all the unmanly thoughts and responses crashing up against the receding sea-wall he recognised has his masculinity, she smiled at his inability to take her to task and, insouciantly, as if her weren’t even in the room, began to undress.

Despite everything, and as she slid jeans from shapely legs and tight vee from flat stomach and gorgeous breasts, he could do nothing but look on as Susan shed her clothing before him in a way he couldn’t fail to find exciting; even as he acknowledged she was performing the striptease after a fashion that was dismissively provocative.

Susan smiled to herself and, without a look his way, took herself off to the bedroom, knowing with certainty the husband whose manhood and authority she was dismantling would follow.

He did.

Throwing herself to the mattress on her back, she stretched herself out like a cat basking in warm sunshine, arms reaching up behind her and pulling conical breasts up taut as if to emphasise the tensed muscle-tone of her body as her powerful and shapely legs dangled over the end of the mattress.

Her body had *never* been the slightest source of insecurity for her and showed every sign of remaining that way.

To the watching and besotted Vincent, who by this time had made it to the foot of the bed to look down upon this strange young creature he was beginning to sense he knew not in the slightest, she was all slopes and curves, complimented by protruding and bullet-like nipples and a wondrous pussy made indecent and adolescent looking by the absence of the hair she so assiduously kept at bay.

She wriggled her hips at him as if to emphasise her… *baldness*.

Provocatively.

“See something you like, Vincie baby?”

The humiliation of the front-room forgotten – for the moment – Vincent could only nod, staring almost worshipfully at his wife's incredible bod and exposed cunt.

He was aware of Susan staring at him and he got the impression through his desire to fall to his knees at the foot of the bed and place his head between her legs that she was pleased on some unfathomable level.

At that point, his inability to read her was not a concern and it was the sight of her below him that engaged the vast majority of his cognitive faculties as, suddenly, he realised – without being able to put an exact date on first perception – the body he had always found sexy and voluptuous had become…

He struggled for a single word to describe both its look and its effect upon him and finally found it.

Profound.

For the first time in his life, he realised, he was looking upon a female in a way that was geared to something other than conquest and the pressing question of how best to satisfy his own desires. The living sculpture arrayed beneath him with flesh that was, at one and the same time, both warm and cool, firm and soft, was not prompting him towards the usual ravishment and conquest but something altogether different. Something that appealed to and excited his re-wired responses even as the force of nature once known as Vincent Brennan called upwards from the bowels of the psyche he had once helmed to warn that giving in to the effect she was having upon him would prove…

Disastrous.

Suddenly, she gave him a look of mocking appraisal and lifted her heels and her rear up off the bed to spread her legs wide apart.

“Here boy!” she called, just as if she were whistling up the family pooch to come and beg for a titbit. “Come and have a sniff.”

The cock that refused to function any longer in the way to which he was used cam, nonetheless, to full attention at her invitation and she noticed it.

“That’s right, this is what does it for you now, my little Vincent. The sight and smell of momma’s cunt. No more macho refusals from now on, I think, to get down and dirty and show it the reverence she deserves. We’ve gone waaaaaaaaay beyond that already. Now it’s all about you proving yourself worthy to… *worship*.”

With a forefinger of each hand, as he’d watched transfixed, she’d pulled her pussy wide open that he might get a better look at that part of her anatomy that was coming to rule his life more and more – even if hadn’t acknowledged the fact yet.

Not totally, anyway.

“Look at mommy’s slit, Vincent. Yes, that’s the way. You want it so badly I can tell. But it deserves so much more than another wham-bang-thank-you-ma’am pounding from that cock of yours.”

Her following giggle was derisive:

“Not that poor Vincie’s little cock has been doing too much pounding lately, anyway.

Her words sailed over his head as the pink slit with puffed labia lips either side had parted to reveal those thin folds heralding the foyer of moist inner membrane leading to the deeper recesses of her womanhood. All this once mighty cocksman could do, in fact was stare – even in if he was in possession of an extremely urgent erection that, if it did nothing else, contradicted her description of it as *“little”*. Unable to do anything else, eyes focused on the object fixating him and unmoving as the words of its owner came to him as if from a vast distance.

“Does my little Vincent want to face-fuck his mommy?”

This time her words did register and, as if a will other than his own were in command of his actions, and despite distant warning cries from that *other* Vincent, recently banished to the lower depths, he felt himself nodding.

“Yes, of course he does,” Susan told him, voice now actually taking on the tone of a mother with an infant.

A *very* perverted mother and a growingly *abused* infant.

“And you’ll get down on your knees between mommy’s legs like a good boy every time mommy wants you to do it, won’t you?”

Vincent’s tongue moistened lips drier than a Monument Valley rock formation and marvelled at the need he felt to feel his tongue lathing over the flaps and folds of his wife’s cunt.

“*Won’t you?*” the voice of his wife cut into his interior thoughts.

Again, seemingly on auto-pilot, he nodded.

“Of course you will,” she said, voice back to mommy-mode now he’d conceded. “You’ll do it for me every time I want you to. But *not* when you want to. You want to worship mommy’s pussy you need mommy’s permission. Never forget that. When I say *she* needs serving that’s what you'll do. You’ll put that handsome face between my legs and face-fuck me as if your life depends upon it; nice obedient mouth of yours attached to my pussy as if it means death to you to come unattached!”

As he stood above her listening, wanting to dive between her legs in a way the old version of himself would have had no hesitation in doing – though it would have been masterful cock rather than obedient and worshipful mouth with which he led – Vincent realised he was, and exactly as she had indicated, visualising himself between her legs and face-fucking her.

“You’ll know no greater satisfaction than when your cheeks and chin are glistening with my juices and the smell of me pervades your nostrils – even when you’re away from me,” she assured him, working up a head of steam now that, previously, would have provoked him to an even more impressive level of pressure as he fucked her into oblivion and, once again, showed her who was boss of both bedroom and relationship; confident now that, between her and the unseen Stella, he had no answer to her…

Power.

“I love it when your whole face is slick with me,” she went on. “Normally, I wouldn’t consider keeping a man in my life who only wanted to taste my pussy. I mean, after all, weren’t you the one who said it was *‘unmanly?’*. But you’re my husband. No parting until death and all that. So you’ll just have to get used to the fact I’m the man in our marriage now.”

At this a part of his manhood stirred and he dragged his eyes from the pussy transfixing him. He wanted to think this was just some new slant she had added to their foreplay. A way of upping the ante after his performance had, well, tailed of a little from its usual heights. Somehow though he couldn’t, and as much as his pride wanted to do so, bring himself to believe it. Something insidious was at work here, he knew, and he was getting in deeper and deeper with each passing day and each fresh indignity his kinky and perverted young wife saw fit to inflict upon him.

“Of course,” she was saying, bringing up a finger glistening with her own arousal to moisten her full, sexy, lips, “you can’t be expected to eat pussy the way a woman would yet, but you’ll be getting plenty of practice.”

She had added something under her breath but, absorbed with other thoughts and emotions as he was, he couldn’t make it out, though he thought it sounded like:

“On me and others.”

Convinced he had misheard; especially as he knew just how possessive, not to mention psychopathically, jealous, she was if he so much as gave another woman the once over, he was given no time to dwell upon it or ask her to repeat herself as she crashed straight on:

“That was the first sex I ever had,” she told him, blatant in her provocation now, knowing as she did his feelings on same sex relationships and seeing his reaction now as a litmus test for just how far she had taken him and how much further he could be taken.

His eyes had returned to the pussy she was now busy manipulating with the finger of one hand and whatever his thoughts on the subject, she smirked to herself, he had decided to keep them to himself.

He was, she laughed to herself, becoming wiser as his much vaunted masculinity found itself taking a back-seat to feelings of a more… *feminine*… kind.

“You should be proud,” she told him, still manipulating herself. “You're my first man ever down there. I've never let a boyfriend do that for me. And you’re my husband! Of course, it will change everything between us, but you won’t mind that.”

She was, he noticed, between her words and her own finger, breathing heavier.

It did *not* stop her ploughing on:

“Just so long as I give you a taste of my wonderful tush when I’m in the mood and let you insert your nose into my asshole. Now *there* you really are out on your own. I couldn’t even get my girlfriends to do something that… *nasty*.”

In spite of his own mounting excitement and impatience to be let loose on the object in question, Vincent felt his cheeks colour; knowing she was deliberately belittling him and unable, it seemed, to be able to do anything but stand there and take it if doing so meant he gained access to the love-box that would, though she had yet to tell him, be off-limits to his cock from now on and be reserved, at her discretion, to his tongue only.

If not the cocks of others.

“Because that’s how I want you to do it for me from now on, Vincent,” she said, watching him carefully and weighing his reaction every step of the way. “Just as if you were my girlfriend.”

“Huh?” he grunted.

“You have to be tender Vincie baby. Delicate and gentle. That’s how a girl is with her…” the coming inversion made her giggle, “…boyfriend when she wants to please him.”

Her eyes rose to his and his own lifted to meet them, looking, she thought, like those of a whipped pup.

Her own were serious and inflexible and intended to let him know that this was no game, no foreplay, and certainly *no* temporary role reversal from which they would soon be emerging for him to resume his position as king of the castle.

“And *that*,” she said with heavy emphasis, “is exactly the way you’ll do it for me from now on…”

Her smile was victorious *and* cruel:

“…Unless, I indicate a desire for… *something else*.”

Emboldened by his inability either stop her or, at the least, put up some kind of a fight, Susan gave the invisible reins attaching him to her metaphorical trap and gave them a tug to up the ante:

“It’s all about me when you’re down there. Remember that and things will work out fine. You were the one who wanted this and I warned you how it would be. Well, now you’ve got it and you’re just going to have to live with it. Be considerate when you’re down there and remember that your pleasure always comes second… or maybe even less. “Do your best to please me and make me feel like a queen to your lowly servant… Ooooh, yes! There’s an image I love… Yes!... That’s what I want. Your head between my legs whenever I command it, staring up at me as your fluttery little tongue titillates my clitty before thrusting itself into my cunt and coming back and up on itself to try and find my g-spot. Reverent and then fierce, but always to satisfy me, not you.”

Motionless, listening as if almost hypnotized, Vincent Brennan again marvelled that he was in such a position and in such a way in his own home with his own wife.

He also wondered at the strength of his erection and why, though it felt as powerful as ever, the impetus driving it ever upwards seemed…

Different.

Susan saw his quandary and revelled in it. He was learning what it was to submit to a will greater than his own. And, even as he hated himself for it, becoming sexually aroused as he bent his neck.

“That's why I never wanted your tongue,” a painted nail indicated her gaping box, as if there was the slightest chance he might be unable to locate it of his own volition, “down here. Not that you ever asked. But I knew that, when you did, my answer would be no. Kissing my pussy was for girls only. Real men didn’t do that and I didn’t one to do it…”

She paused, then:

“Not until now.”

She smiled to herself and stretched, luxuriously, her eyes never leaving his as they remained riveted on her pussy and she continued her dismantling of him:
“Now I think things between us are going to be just wonderful and I think you’re going to be a happier boy now all the pretence is over and done with.”

Suddenly, he seemed to snap back to the moment:

“Pretence?”

“That’s right, sweetie. *‘pretence’*. All that posturing you’ve gone through your life delivering – and, without wishing to compliment you too much, doing a pretty convincing job of it too. Well, now the big man act can stop. It’ll be hard for you cos you’ve spent so long acting like top doggy big-dick you even came to believe that’s what you were. But you’re with me now and I see right through you. For us it’s honesty all the way from now on and, age difference or not, you’re going to be minding me from now on.”

“M-Minding you?” he half laughed, half choked.

She could tell there was a certain low-grade anger building in him but it was nothing like the temper he could call upon not so very long ago when he would, despite her own considerable physical capacity for conflict, exact a price from her pussy with his cock that would all but have her begging him to stop.

Not very long ago, however, was not now and from now on if anyone was going to be begging in this relationship it would *not* be her.

“For now though,” she told him with a seductive smile she knew he would have no option but to allow it to lead him, “we need to talk.”

Her smile grew even more sensuous and promising.

“That is, I need to speak while you listen.”

His face fell through the floor instantly at the prospect of more talk when all he wanted to do was feel and taste her on a tongue that was becoming more addicted by the day to the intimate areas of her anatomy.

“While you do listen, though,” she told him in a way she knew was guaranteed to raise his spirits just as instantly, “I don’t suppose there’d be any harm to you relaxing your wife’s beautiful and succulent pussy with that lovely and devoted tongue of yours.”

Like a Ferrari late for an appointment at the first flash of a green-light, he accelerated himself into a position between her legs as they dangled from the mattress and was already ducking his head towards nirvana when a raised palm prevented further forward progress.

“Whoa, boy!” she laughed, as amazed as she was delighted, if she was honest with herself, in how far down she and the shadowy Stella had taken him in such a short space of time.

Reaching under his chin she raised his head so his eyes - eyes full of eagerness and disappointment for having been stopped short so close to his goal - could meet her own.

“You can please me while I’m talking to you,” she told him, almost as if she were talking to a small child who, in order to gain a treat, needed make sure his behaviour warranted the giving, “but I expect you to listen to everything I’m telling you while you do it. Got it?”

Her fingers still pinching his chin to keep his eyes trained on hers, he nodded and she released her grip before propping herself into a sitting position, upper body supported by hands placed flat upon the mattress.

“If you do a good job lapping me as you listen I might let you have a *real* taste afterwards,” she told him. “You can bring me off with your mouth and your whole face. Nose, too. You can be my cunt licking, ass kissing, brown-nosed husband.”

The laughter her own debased comments fetched from her should have aroused something in him, he knew. And they did. Only it wasn’t the anger that would have led to him slapping her down but a debased desire of his own to do exactly what she had just described.

“Just remember though – and I’m deadly serious about this – that, from now on, you *never* try to kiss my face.”

His face was a picture, he seemed to remember her saying something of the sort to him before, but had taken it as one of her jokes.

“That’s not for you any longer,” she told him by way of disabusing any doubts he had in regard of her seriousness.

At that moment, so desperate was he to get at the hairless slit mocking his need not inches from his eyes, he would have agreed to anything. And, anyway, what she had just outlined didn’t sound like such a big deal and, being the fickle and changeable type that she was, she’d probably forget she’d said it anyway. He had more important things on his mind right then.

Or so he thought.

“From now on, if you want to show your lovely wife how much you adore and respect her, you can kiss me below the waist anytime you like – assuming I give you permission.”

He missed a beat at this.

It was the first time she’d said anything about him requiring *“permission”* to do anything and yet still, so fired up to get tongue to pussy was he, nothing in the way of confrontation was forthcoming from him.

This *first* not going unnoticed by her and producing a warm glow in an area already at molten levels, so intoxicating was the control she was beginning to exercise over this one-time beast of a man’s man she had married; the same man she currently had panting on his knees at her feet, simply at the promise of a lick of her pussy.

“My mound, my slit, my ass, anywhere below the waist,” she went on, more imperious by the second. “Tits *only* with my express permission. But *never* my face. *Ever*. I come back to the and you want to show me how pleased you are to see me, just drop to your knees so I can raise my skirt and you plant a big devoted kiss on my pantyhosed pussy.”

She laughed and he really couldn’t tell if there was affection somewhere in it for him.

More to the point, and highlighting just how much he seemed to have changed in such a small amount of time, he realised he was hoping with all his heart for that to be the case.

“Got it?”

He nodded, too near to the prize to worry about mere words.

“That”, he told himself could be addressed later.

He was, as he would later tell himself, a fool.

“Not good enough,” she told him with a shake of her head.

His expression questioned her.

“I need to hear you say it,” she told him. “Dumb nodding won’t cut it for this one.

Vincent wasn’t happy – but then he hadn’t been that for weeks now. He was also at a loss. What was it she wanted him to say? And how? He felt something resembling the impatience of old building and told himself he could soon tire of his wife’s new game if she kept pushing the way she was.

Sensing both his impatience and his puzzlement as to how to proceed, Susan decided to lead him through it:

“Where are you not allowed to kiss me from now on?” she began.

Realising what she was doing and feeling foolish for it, Vincent’s need, just the same, remained strong enough to keep him on board.

“The, hmm, face.”

“Whose face?” she asked with a great, mock and long-suffering, sigh.

“Well… yours, of course,” he told her, more nonplussed by the second.

“And *who* am I?” she demanded, as if he were the fifth-grade imbecile a well-meaning teacher had tasked her to bring up to speed with his homework.

All it required was the addition of a desk and a blackboard for the metaphor to complete itself.

With a sigh of his own, he worked out where she was going and gave her what she wanted adding what would turn out to be an ill-advised twist on the teacher scenario that had occurred to him also and reinforced his belief they were indulging in some kind of foreplay of her choosing:

“I’m not allowed to kiss, *Miss* Susan on the face.”

Susan almost gasped, so great was her excitement; until she realised it was hardly the breakthrough she had not been expecting to make quite so early but that he was sending her up.

She consoled her disappointment with the certainty it would not be long before he was addressing her in just such a way.

And, more than just that…

Meaning it!

“I like that,” she told him, disappointment firmly on the backburner now and pressing on. “You can address me that way anytime you like. In fact, if you really wanted to please me, you could do it all the time. I’d really feel as if you truly respected me then.”

“In your dreams!” he told himself with a bravado that seemed strangely hollow to him.

“Well,” she went on, knowing him too well, even in his current out-of-sorts condition, not to be able to read his thoughts, “I’m glad we’ve got that sorted out. Now, while you show mommy how nice and gently you lick her pussy, she’ll explain how things are going to be around here from now on.”

At last, she’d given him the go ahead and he didn’t need telling twice.

“This is what I've decided,” she said as his tongue made a first fluttering exploration of her slit. “Something seems to have gone wrong with you as a man and…”

The moment she’d said it his tongue had frozen in his head and, daringly - he *was* still a man after all; even if it was a reduced version of the previous incarnation – she cuffed the back of his head.

“I told you to lick my pussy and listen, not stop every time you hear something you don’t agree with. You got something to take up with me do it after I’m through. Now get back to it.”

It was the most authoritarian and dictatorial – even ahead of the slap she had delivered him earlier - she had allowed herself to be with him and for a moment she thought she might have pushed too far too fast.

The attentions of his tongue as they resumed duty were both a pleasure and a relief and at that moment, and just as Stella had insisted, it seemed there was nothing she wouldn't be able to achieve with her older and once dominant partner.

"I held back telling you for a long time that your cock just wasn't doing it for me," she lied, aware as she was that it had only been since Stella's arrival on the scene that his abilities in this area had, understandably, dropped off.

Understandably to her and Stella, that is.

"Your performance in that area has been leaving me high and dry for a long time now and it's only my feelings for you and my acting skills that led you to believe otherwise."

His head came up from her pussy at this, not so far gone he could bring himself to believe such a thing.

"You've stopped licking," she told his pathetic expression in a tone of voice hinting at menace.

Like the well-trained animal unable to recall when its wild independence suddenly became domesticated obedience, his put his tongue back to work.

"I've given you every chance to man up and you've passed on it. And it's not just your performance in the bedroom that's not up to par. It's been over a month since you last brought a salary into the house and I'm getting fed up of carrying your arse. You're my husband and I'm a good Catholic girl, so there's no way I'll let down my church or my beliefs by kicking your arse out and telling everyone what a failure as a man you turned out to be."

She bit her lip to prevent him from hearing the little gasp of pleasure that would have escaped her lips otherwise and smiled to herself when she realised he was concentrating too hard on pleasing her slit – this whilst also trying to keep track of her words - to notice.

Too much praise too soon, once removed or not, would bolster the ego she was in the process of decimating and should only be given, she knew when it was deliberate and on her terms; not drawn from her lips unwillingly by what, she could do no more than admit, was his surprisingly talented tongue.

And this from a man who'd never so much as taken a sniff of pussy until recently, let alone adored it with his once reluctant tongue.

"But things have got to change."

Still licking and unable to bring himself to stop now he had a head of steam up it didn't stop his thoughts from questioning her.

"Failure as a man?"

Surely not!

Just because he hadn't been himself for a couple of months it didn't mean…

Did it?

The black-and-white view of life that had always ensured he wasn't the most tolerant and understanding guy around but brought with it a facility for instant decision making – not all of it right – had suddenly found itself polluted with the grey he had always hated and regarded as the province of limp-wrist liberals and turn-the-other-cheek academics who could always find extenuating circumstances for the psycho who gunned down innocents in the latest mall slaughter. Everything was out of kilter. And in that place, for right and wrong, where it was most crucial it be intact.

His own head.

And when exactly, he asked himself, did she become a *Catholic*?

"What I want from this moment on," she was continuing, "is for you to quit trying to be what you're not any longer and accept that whatever it was you had is now in the past. I've been sexually unsatisfied for too long and at least we now know there is one way you can please me. And, do tell me if I'm wrong, enjoy yourself at the same time."

Though he didn't like where she was headed with this he could hardly deny the truth of what she was telling him.

But where, exactly, was she headed?

"So, she went on," about to answer his unspoken question, "what we have to ask ourselves is this. Which of us is in charge of our relationship?"

Continuing to lick he nonetheless wanted to break off to tell her it was a union of equals – even that, he knew, being some shift of stance considering it hadn't been that long ago he had considered himself the undoubted king of his castle and her no more than highly fuckable chatelaine – even if she did bring more money into the home than him.

"Now," she went on, again as if supplying an answer to the thoughts of his she had just read, "I know if I were to ask that you'd say we're equals."

From below came muffled agreement, even as his tongue work continued uninterrupted, and she shook her head:

"Now that just wouldn't be honest, would it sweetie?" she scolded him. "We weren't equals when you were the big strong man calling all the shots in the bedroom, in the home and beyond. And…"

She made him wait for it, luxuriating in the attentions of his mouth-work and turned-on all the more by what she knew would not be long in coming.

“And we’re not equals now.”

She waited a few beats, savouring the anticipation of what she was about to tell him. Then:

“I’m the dominant partner now and you have to do whatever I tell *you* to do.”

As she had suspected, this had been too much for him to accept even in the pussyfied condition to which he’d been reduced thus far.

“Fuck it!” he snarled, hands pushing up and away from their position atop her thighs to thrust him back and upwards to his feet. “You’ve gone too far, now.”

She looked supremely unconcerned.

Mainly because she was.

“In what way?” she asked.

As he searched his head for an answer that seemed to elusive, she laughed, as if she had answered her own question and found it just *too* ludicrous.

“You surely don’t still think *you* wear the pants here, do you?”

“Give it up, Susan,” he said, finding his voice. “I’ve let this go on to long. You’ve had your fun with this little game and now I want things back to normal.”

“Really?” she said, mockery unmissable. “You want to be the dominant partner again? Is that what you’re saying?”

Already the energy lent to his outburst by surging adrenalin was fading and he was beginning to backtrack.

“We’re equals,” he told her. “Husband and wife. It’s not about who’s more dominant than the other.”

“Didn’t seem that way in the good old days of *‘Vincie and his all-conquering* cock’. Remember?...”

“Susan, just leave it, will y__?”

“…When I’d tell you I’d had enough and not only would you go on fucking me but threaten to break my ass in as well.”

“That was just…”

“…Just the dominant partner exerting the right to what he wanted. Right? Whether his wife wanted it or not.”

“For god’s sakes, Susan, I’m a man. It’s what we do. I’m sorry, okay. It won’t happen again.”

It was the very first time he had *ever* said sorry to her for anything and she knew with certainty – not that it would make any difference to how she intended to treat him – that he would be doing it with a great deal more frequency from this moment on.

Conviction went without saying.

Her laughter as she answered him was derisory:

“Thank you for stating the screamingly bloody obvious.”

“What?”

“Of course it won’t happen again. It can’t.”

“Exactly,” he told her. “Because I won’t let it.”

“Or can’t do it.”

“Susan, I might be going through some… weird stuff right at the moment, but I’m still a man.”

Instead of answering she slid off the bed and came to a standstill a couple of paces from him, eyes holding his and spotting the first flickers of trepidation indicating the onset of…

Fear.

The sense of her growing command and his accelerating demoralisation was simply intoxicating to her.

Susan knew he had felt the power of the slap she had delivered to his cheek in the front-room and also knew he realised she could deliver either a slap or a punch with a sight more force behind it if she chose.

“I think it’s time,” she told him, “that we get this out in the open.”

“What are you…? Get what out in the open?” he asked with a somewhat *nervy* swallow.

“Find out who’s the stronger of the two of us. I think we both know who the mental superior is, but it’s probably as well to take care of the physical as well so that you’re left in no doubt.”

She smirked:

“I mean,” she said, smirk turning to mocking giggle, “I already know the answer, but I think it will be a really healthy development for you not to be in any doubt about who the master is between us.”

“M-Master?” he paraphrased. “What the fuck kind of sicko talk is that?”

“Vincent, you really are a slow-learner. I’ve already slapped you once for using potty-language like that in front of me, now I’m really going to have to tan your behind.”

She took a step or two towards him and, without thinking, he took a few back.

“Come on, Susan,” he said. “You’re being ridiculous. I’ve never hit a woman in my life but…”

“That doesn’t mean you haven’t abused enough of them in your own inimitable way though does it?”

Knowing the macho treatment of which she herself had been on the receiving end at his hands – not to mention *cock* – he had no defence to her accusation.

“Well,” she went on, edging him closer to the bedroom wall from where there would be no escape without physically removing her from his path, “ that ‘*inimitable way*’ doesn’t exist any longer and the news for you, buster, is that you’re not the abuser any longer and I’ll give you one guess to come up with what you are.”

“This is crazy, Susan,” he said, trying to summon up the old firepower and finding it on call in another State and on another seaboard.

“Really?” she said. “You've been walking around thinking that you are the dominant half of our marriage, because you're a man, and you're stronger. And, guess what? I don’t think you were entirely wrong to think that way. It’s as good a way as deciding who the head honcho of a relationship is as any.”

“Fuck it,” he said and pushed himself off the wall to head past her and into the front-room.

It was a fist and not a slap that landed on his jaw this time and his head was followed by his whole upper body as dropped to the floor under its power as Susan stood over him, hands on her hips and gazing down at him.

“It’s okay,” she assured him. “I won’t hit you again until you’re ready. Can’t have you trying to put it around that I didn’t kick your ass fairly and squarely.

“Susan,” he said from the carpet, the metallic taste of blood seeping into his mouth via his lip, “I’m going to do you the biggest favour of your life and get up and leave. I’ll stay the night in a motel and tomorrow we can work out how we want to play it with lawyers and the like. You're lucky I don’t kick your fucked-up tush from here to Tampa.

“I suggest you get to your feet and back those words up, mister. You’re going nowhere near *‘Tampa’*, or anywhere else I don’t want you to go. Tonight or any other night. And just to prove it I'm going to beat the shit out of you.”

“What the fuck are you on lately, you crazy bitch,” he asked as he scrambled to his feet away from her; fully clothed while she was utterly and completely naked yet feeling as vulnerable as if he was the one standing in front of her without a stitch of clothing.

“Just keep your distance and…”

Susan punched him in the stomach and a satisfying *“whoosh”* sound told she had knocked the wind from him.

He doubled over from the blow and remained crouched for a few moments, desperately trying to suck air into forcibly emptied lungs.

Finally, regaining both breath composure, he straightened, eyes narrowing as the familiar feelings inspired by physical combat – albeit with a woman who was his wife – kicked in and he could forget his less than impressive physical puissance of recent weeks.

“I’ve gone up against guys three times your size and ten times more meaner, but I’ve never hit a woman cold in my life. But I warn you, Susan, if you…”

Her shapely foot caught him square in the balls and he went down in a heap again.

“You’re warning nobody, pussy boy,” she snarled as he all but vomited below her. “least of all *me*.”

As he sucked in air and tried to recover, he was aware of her stepping over him to shut the bedroom door and turn the key in its lock; effectively sealing them in together.

Then heaving himself to a crouching position as she busied herself on the far side of the room – hiding the key most probably, he thought – he prepared to get to his feet and give her what she was looking for.

If it was fight she wanted, she would get it.

And, this time, she wouldn’t be catching him unawares.

Six

She put her hands on his shoulders, trying to push him down as he attempted to hold his ground and smiled to herself.

As she suspected and Stella had *assured* her, he was much weaker than she had thought and she could tell he was going to prove no match for her.

He could neither force her backwards nor sideways and, horror of horrors, found no such restrictions existed for her in regard of him.

She moved him back, then took a step forward, pre-determining his movements until he sensed a pattern developing and tried to second-guess it before she switched the move he was expecting from her and kicked his feet out from under him to send his carcass thumping to the carpet and allow her to plant a foot into his midriff.

Susan quickly climbed on top of him before he could recover and get up, straddling him with her strong body as he put out his hands to try and shove her away.

A mistake.

Catching one hand by the wrist and then the other, she held firmly, as he tried to shake them free and was amazed, angry, and then frantic when he couldn't do so.

She pinned his arms to the floor near his head and, leaning forward to use her hands on his wrists, held them still, the thoughts behind his eyes, she could tell, asking himself when and how she had gotten so strong when, really, they should have been querying just how he had grown so *weak*.

But that, as they say, was *his* problem.

Thought matching her assessment of them to a tee and humiliated beyond anything he had experienced or ever expected to experience, he bent his legs at the knees and tried to buck her off.

She laughed and remained firmly in place before lifting herself up and thumping her ass down on his midsection to force him back to the floor.

Decisively.

Suddenly, she leaned forward to lay face down on him, his angry and humiliated face inches below her own as she looked into his eyes with a stare intended to underpin her intention to bring him down.

He continued to struggle but, with a thrill of impending impotence that was at one and the same time horrific and strength-sapping, realised he was feeling weaker and weaker. Physically *and* mentally. For the first time he really began to feel that – by dint of whatever the unknown malady that had decided to attack his system – she could actually be stronger than him.

Then, with a move so swift he had no time to react, the one hand still in her hand twisted violently to the side so that he had no option but to go with it, she rolled him onto his stomach.

Planting her knees into the small of his back, still retaining hold of his left-wrist with one hand and reaching out to capture the right with her free hand, she pulled his arms behind his head and in towards her.

He screamed.

Pleased to have won that round so easily, Susan released her grip, rose, and stepped away from him.

Embarrassed and unable to meet her eyes, he struggled to his hands and knees, swearing and cursing just the same as bravado tried in vain to replace what he now lacked both mentally and physically.

Preparing to stand, he only made it halfway when Susan drove an elbow sharply into the small of his back with violent force.

Back to the floor he went again as she stepped to his side and again drove an elbow into his back.

The next time it was her bare foot and a driving heel that made solid contact with the small of his back and sent him all the way down, face down upon the carpet.

Leaping high into the air, she brought a knee down into the middle of his back and depriving his lungs of the small amount of oxygen still left to them. Again and again she repeated the same manoeuvre, coming down on his upper back with both knees before standing above his prostrate form and driving the balls of her feet into his shoulder blades to force his body flat to the carpet once again.

Sensing he was a spent force – not that she had considered him much of one beforehand – she decided to straddle his shoulders and take his head by the hair to wrench it up and back.

Again he screamed as the still thick locks he was so proud of felt about to be removed by the roots.

She pulled his head back towards her, forcing first his shoulders, then his entire upper body off the floor, as she sat on his back and bent him backwards.

Screaming and thrashing ineffectually, he was unable to find any leverage and had the horrible realisation that, even had he been able to find any, he would not have possessed the strength to unseat his demonic wife anyway.

And now she prepared to go into overdrive.

Having shown her husband she was now his superior when it came to physical strength, it was now time for him to be acquainted with that side of her that was implacable, relentless and… *sadistic*.

By the time she had finished with him this evening, she knew, he would never raise so much as an eyelash in anger at her again.

With short sharp kicks into his side, she manoeuvred him over and onto his back and placed her bare foot flat against his chest, loving the sheer humiliation that prevented his eyes meeting hers as she stood above him in the role of conqueror.

A conqueror who was not finished with the vanquished yet.

Not by a longshot.

“Soon,” she told him as he averted his eyes, “in this our bedroom, you will start begging me to be lenient with you. You will cry. You will plead. And then you will beg. But, you may as well know it now, there will be no let up from me until I see exactly what I want to see from you, Vincent.”

She let this sink in.

“Then, we’re going to get you out of those big-boy clothes and mommy’s going to take you over her knee and spank you just like the wilful and disobedient child you’ve been all of your life.”

So demoralised was he by such a prospect on top of everything else that he couldn’t even fetch himself to ask just what it was wanted to see.

Fortunately for him – or unfortunately, depending upon your mindset – she was more than willing to put him in the picture.

“Now, I know my little Vincent is asking himself just what it is his big powerful wife could possibly want from him. After all, he’s not the man he used to be is he? And it certainly wouldn’t be money as he’s never been very good with it and what little he did earn as a physical trainer dried up with…”

She giggled.

“Well, his physique, really… So money isn’t what makes him attractive for his young mommy; not when she makes so much herself and will make more once she passes the bar.”

She paused; was that a sniffle she heard below her as she slid her foot up his chest until her toes were actually tickling his chin?

It was too, too, delicious.

She had yet to even break sweat – well, not seriously – and yet she had already managed to reduce him to a defenceless wreck with no answer to her obvious mental and physical superiority.

"No," she went on, "little Vincent has nothing a real man could give mommy; especially now his cock can only get really hard when he has a mouthful of mommy's pussy. But he does have something mommy really wants and, if he's a really good boy and learns his lessons, mommy will take care of him and let him live with her. Because, let's face it, no other woman is going to want him now is she?"

Susan heard herself speaking and for a few seconds found what she was saying and the man to whom she was saying it hard to believe.

But then if it wasn't her once macho and controlling husband pinned beneath her shapely foot who was it?

Those perverse dreams of childhood – those dreams of total control and male servitude to a woman – to *her* – had always been with her and now they were about be realised.

Unfortunately for the one-time poon-hound foolish enough to allow her to manipulate him into marrying her, there was still some… *savagery*… to be endured before she considered him broken enough to begin their new life as female-master and male-chattel together.

That… *breaking*… began with a shapely foot and immaculately groomed toenails exploding between Vincent Brennan's legs with a force so great it deprived him of even the facility to deliver the high-pitched and girlish scream his wife had been expecting from him.

It certainly deprived him of any physical wherewithal necessary to escape the punishment about to be rained down upon him.

The second contact with his beleaguered balls was no less debilitating than the first.

The third, however, had him jacknifing into a sitting position and attempting to vomit the contents of a stomach that was curiously, under the circumstances, reluctant to give up its content's.

But it was the warm piss that suddenly came raining down upon his bowed head to saturate his hair and run in rivulets down his neck and onto his shoulders that convinced Vincent Brennan, if he hadn't been convinced already, that he had a long night ahead of him.

And an even longer tomorrow.

Seven

The alarm startled him in the confines of the tiny spare-room as he continued to stare up at the ceiling in the hope its plasterwork would form itself into a massage communication a way out of the situation he seemed trapped in and could find neither the will or the energy to find for himself.

The questions arising should he ever summon up these necessities the same as ever:

Where would he go and what would he do if he did?

What kind of work could he do and who would want him?

Either as employee or lover?

Images of her treatment of him had been seared into his memory and at any random time could play themselves, unwanted, upon the projector at the back of his head to create a slideshow of humiliation and indignity that served as an archive for his fall. In fact, before the alarm had startled him from his thoughts a re-run of *that* night, after she had beaten the shit, along with any fight, out of him, and sensed the moment was right to rip the clothes from him and haul her across taut thighs to punish his ass with the sole of a handy shoe she had only recently kicked, had been pressed into service as a “B” picture to the main event cataloguing her treatment of him since.

The young woman he had once dominated with such ease, both sexually and domestically, had been utterly relentless and had kept up a rhythm of pain that had soon had him crying, begging, and screaming unintelligibly with an energy of which he thought she’d already depleted him.

Had it not been for his voice giving out on him he would have howled the night away.

Finally, though, she had rolled him from her thighs as if he had been no more than an unnecessary blanket in warm weather and insisted – if he didn’t want her to repeat the whole process over again – that he lick her bare feet to show he accepted her right to correct his behaviour and that from now on there would only be one voice to be answered to in *her* home.

Not knowing where he found the volition – a testimony to the pure fear she had instilled in him with one simple, if extensive beating and show of the power she now had and he had not – he had managed to roll onto his front and protrude a swollen tongue from battered lips to lick her toes and their crimson painted nails.

This before she had pronounced herself satisfied and ordered him up onto his knees as she herself rose to a standing position before him.

Already obeying her – or attempting to – instantly, so cowed had she already got him, he had somehow made it to his knees to kneel before her, swaying dangerously as if he wouldn’t be able to maintain the position for more than but a few seconds.

His reward?

A stream of her warm urine as she let it flow, without regard for furnishings or anything else it might encounter.

And certainly *not* the hair and face of the husband for whom it was intended.

"Toilet service," she had told him afterwards would be a part of the new regime. *"So it's as well you get a feel and a taste for it from the get go."*

From the vantage point of time passed he now knew she had not made the statement in jest.

Still wincing from the memory of his utter humiliation and her equally painful, if more symbolic, castrating of him since, he took himself to the guest bathroom and got himself ready to prepare her breakfast before dressing her for the day.

She would be, to his consternation, studying from home that afternoon which meant there would be less of an escape for him from either her or the orders she seemed to love barking out at him.

Worse, as he prepared her breakfast prior to helping her dress for her morning at the practice – another humiliating chore she insisted upon in her quest, she had told him, to create the perfect man-maid – tonight there would be a guest to the house. The first since one of his drinking buddies had dropped by. The same buddies she had forced him to call and actually stood over him as he broke off with them, in words of her choosing that were both insulting, emphatic and, consequently, *final*.

Not only did he hope that the visit, from whoever it was, did not last long, but he prayed his castrating bitch of a wife didn't use the opportunity to show off her new authority and take his humiliation to new levels in front of someone else.

He was to be disappointed.

*****

"Hi, Vincent," said Stella Gimenez to the new househusband-cum-ladies-maid as he opened the door to her and took her in with open-mouthed astonishment.

"Wh-What are you doing here?" he asked finally, praying this was *not* the guest Susan had mentioned and that he could get rid of her before his wife finished her shower.

Not bothering to answer, Stella brushed past him into the front-room. She was wearing a pair of Guess jeans that looked as if they'd been sprayed onto her voluptuous and womanly curves and ended in a pair of dagger heeled sandals from which purple toenails peeped proudly. The top half was no less impressive and the back hair she had worn loose seemed even darker for her wearing of a jet black bodice.

"Look, er, Stella," he said, leaving the door open in the hope he might be able to usher her through it as swiftly as she had entered, "I don't know why you're…"

“So,” she began, not bothering to let him finish and going for the high-ground of control from the start, “how’s it working out for you as Susan’s houseboy?”

His stomach hit the flip-flops Susan liked to wear about the house – along with the shorts and tight vest she liked to describe as his *“uniform”* – as his former squeeze seated herself on the sofa without being invited and stared up at him.

Provocatively.

Authoritatively.

Her use of the derogative: *“houseboy”*, had taken him straight back to that morning as he has assisted her with her morning piss and wiped her afterwards – she had told him to be prepared to use tongue rather than tissue if he didn’t give pleasure – before kneeling below her in the shower cubicle and bathing her. Next, she’d had him lay out the clothes she chose and then had him on his knees again as he slid her panties up her legs and then her hose, this before holding out the chosen skirt for her to step into and sliding her shoes onto her feet.

The term might be *“derogatory”* in respect of him, he acknowledged, but it was also apt.

Totally and completely, in fact.

“That’s right, *‘little’* Vincent,” she told him, mocking him with the prefix Susan used pretty much unfailingly these days, “I know all about your domestic… What shall we call it?...”

She pretended to give it some thought:

“Role-reversal, shall we say? Yes. That’s a nice polite way to say that you’re Susan’s flunkey now, isn’t it?”

“But…? But…?”

“How did I know?” she offered helpfully.

He nodded, sickened to the stomach. This was a woman he had fucked senseless on a regular basis while, at the same time, doing the same to a number of her friends – not to mention assorted strangers – at the same time. And now she was here in his – *her* – home and knew about his situation.

“Susan and I haven’t known each other long,” she said, ahead of him, “but we’ve grown very close in the short time we have known each other.”

Her smile as she allowed her eyes to blaze into his own was *not* friendly.

“Seems we have lots and lots in common.”

“Stella!” cried Susan from the hallway, choosing an apposite moment to emphasise the things she had in common with her new Latina bosom-buddy by appearing and looking stunning in a clingy black dress that emphasised her curves and the bare tan legs as they curved down into a pair of red Jimmy Choo’s’ with a short spiky heel.

Stella rose for the obligatory embrace – though he noticed she eschewed the usual air-kisses and went straight for Susan’s lips.

That his wife allowed it assured him nothing of a downstairs oral nature was going on between them, but then, she had *him* for that.

And, he told himself bitterly, would he really have given a shit if something of that nature was going on between them.

As it was, the way Susan was dressed gave him hope the two of them were on their way out and this extra humiliation would be of a short duration and he could spend some quality time with himself licking his ever-gaping wounds.

It was not to be.

And not to be in the worst possible way for him.

“I’m off for a night in town,” Susan told him as he sent a desperate plea in her direction not to do this to him.

She winked at Stella:

“One of the new interns asked me out for a drink and he looks… *hung*.”

“You enjoy yourself, Susan, you deserve it,” Stella told her as he looked on dumbstruck. “A stud at the workplace and a cuckold at home. It doesn’t get much better.”

“I have to disagree with you there, Stella,” Susan said seriously, her husband for all the world invisible as she discussed cheating on him with another man. “It does if that cuckold’s a servant too.”

His presence completely ignored, they both laughed riotously as if they had just been privy to the sharpest crack known to humanity.

It was Stella who recovered first as her former lover stood to the side of them, ignored and in abject misery as a sense of numbness inspired by the unreal feel of the situation happening around him turned into a throbbing at the temples that usually heralded a throbbing headache some time not too far into the future.

She indicated to Susan the oversize handbag she’d left on the sofa.

“I have that gift I mentioned and the fresh course of tablets in my bag. Same dosage. Hormones are tricky and we have to be careful. So, no need to change what’s obviously working so perfectly.”

Susan nodded and thanked her and Vincent got the distinct feeling their exchange had something to do with him.

Though he had no idea why and in what respect.

He did not have long to ponder it as a car-horn honked outside and Susan turned to him, expression stern:

“That’ll be Kenny,” she said.

Smile vanished and expression suddenly stern, she turned and stepped up to her intimidated husband, still shorter than him even in her heels but holding all the power between them nonetheless:

“Now, I’m going to say this just once,” she told the mortified older man as his former lover looked on and took obvious pleasure from his long overdue comeuppance. “Stella’s offered to babysit…”

Thinking himself beyond shock, Vincent’s chin hit his chest with a resounding thud.

“Sorry, Vincent,” she told him, looking anything but. “There’s no other word for it, I’m afraid. I don’t trust you to be all alone of an evening and Stella agrees with me. It would spoil my evening with Kenny if I were to have to keep worrying about you and what you were up to so it’s non-negotiable.”

Everything she said to him was pre-planned and designed to strike right at the heart of his manhood – as if she hadn’t done enough in that respect already.

And, especially with Stella present to see and hear him being treated in such an infantile and demeaning way, it was working.

“Perhaps later, when I see some improvement in your behaviour, I might be able to trust you. We’ll see. For now though, I’ve decided you need keeping an eye on and I can’t think of anyone better of more qualified to do it than Stella.”

From the tip of his big toe to the last hair on his still handsome head, Vincent Brennan felt totally sick and the self-pity that had always been a part of his make-up and been brought crashing to the fore by Susan’s domination of him again led an inner voice to bemoan the unjustness of his fate.

His only sin had been to be and act like a *real* man.

Not one of these pram-pushing, man-bag, sissy varieties so common these days but a true, honest to goodness, *man*.

Was he really deserving of what was being served up to him now?

After all, weren’t *real* men what *real* women said they wanted when push came to shove?

The faces of the two women sharing the front-room with him were regarding him with unmistakable implacability.

"Obviously not," he told himself.

"Needless to say," Susan was telling him, "I want you to be as good for her as you've been for me lately."

Her voice hardened.

"I'm sure you won't want me to come home and find out otherwise, will you?"

The car-horn sounded again.

"I said: *'will you?'*."

He looked down at his feet, nauseated, knowing the response she wanted from him and knowing he would have to give it if he didn't want to be on the end of some even more humiliating treatment in front of his… *babysitter*.

Eyes remaining lowered, he rushed through it in a beaten and hushed voice:

"No, Miss Susan."

A giggle to his wife's side compounded his chagrin at the unbelievable situation he was in and seemed unable to prevent.

"Good," Susan told him. "Then nothing more needs to be said on the subject."

"It certainly doesn't," Stella admonished her. "Now just you take yourself off, Susan, I'm sure little Vincie's going to be a good boy for me."

"But what about that gift?"

Stella winked then guided her towards the door and opened it.

"That'll still be here when you get home and you can check it out then."

She winked again and ushered Susan out onto her own step.

"I promise… Now go."

With a smile Susan turned and made her way out towards a soft-top Chrysler with the hood up. Over Stella's shoulder, Vincent could see a youngish looking guy on the driver's side who, he knew from experience, worked out. Susan turned and blew a kiss to Stella, got into the passenger seat to deliver her date a kiss of his own and allowed him to whisk her away.

Leaving former lovers alone together.

Though with a marked difference in status.

The one a sexy full-bodied woman successful business-lady.

The other a former stud and physical trainer who was now no longer either and about to be babysat by her.

With a thrill for what both the night ahead and the future itself had in store for her, Stella Gimenez closed the door and turned back into the house to find him right where she had expected him to be. The self-assured cocksman had gone forever, she assured herself with an inner smile that was, nonetheless, so satisfying it couldn't help but leave a trace of its passing upon her face. In his place, she laughed to herself, was now an insecure *tongues-man.*

Impatient to see him in Susan's *"gift"*, she moved straight to her bag and opened it, aware of his eyes on her back as she did so and loving the power she now wielded over him; the same power she had dreamt of since he had dumped her way back when.

Then, in the voice of the strict school-ma'am she intended him to see her as from now on, she gave him his first order:

"Shorts down, please, little Vincie."

He was, as she had expected, beyond mortified.

"But…?"

The contact made by the back of her hand at it crashed into his cheek was satisfying to her both in sound and feel and, if his expression was to be believed, its power excelled even that of the young wife who now terrified him.

"Do it!"

Tears were already rolling down the once high-and-mighty cocksman's cheeks.

"Now!!" she barked.

There was no resistance this time and the shorts were lowered to his ankles as she sat down on the sofa and took advantage of Susan's refusal to allow him underwear to once again look upon the cock she had enjoyed so much at one time and did *not* intend to use again.

Not when his tongue was capable of making his young wife wax so lyrical on its behalf, anyway.

Cupping his scrotum firmly with one hand and dipping into her bag with the other, she came up with a device consisting of a sturdy looking metal tube, a ring, and a tiny but secure looking padlock.

Her eyes when they moved up to his, cupping hand rolling his balls from side to side as if they were no more than executive toys for her amusement, were nothing less than the purest evil.

She dangled the restrainer for him to take a better look.

“Do you know what this is?” she asked.

It took no more than a muttered and under the breath count of four from her before it happened.

Dropping to his knees before the former lover he had tormented, the once masterful and dominant Vincent Brennan began to beg.

Stella Gimenez smiled at the top of his lowered head.

The man who had once run around on her and treated her body as if it was his own private playground was now, thanks in part to the advice and medication supplied to his wife by his former lover, no more than a servant in his own home and about to be babysat by that same former lover who was in the process of locking away his manhood.

His wife was out with another man and, when she returned, it would be to a husband with his cock in a cage and his tongue at the pussy of his new babysitter.

He would also be a cuckold.

As she placed the metal ring around his scrotum and secured it closed, the smile of Stella Gimenez grew even broader.

Life was good!

END