Taming My Husband

A Story of Male Chastity and Wifely Control

By
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Prologue

At first glance, it was not so unusual a sight.

A woman.

An Arab woman.

Well-dressed and obviously affluent – even if a certain something in her manner gave the impression such had not always been the case.

Standing before a full-length window in a penthouse-apartment which, when slid back, led out to a large verandah from which the south of London, past Wandsworth across the river and Battersea to the left, could be seen spreading over to the television mast in the distant foreground that landmarked Crystal Palace and the site of the Great Exhibition of 1851 and the fire that had subsequently destroyed its glass facade.

A highly expensive apartment, on an exceptionally valuable area of real-estate, the early incarnation of the woman who now owned it could be forgiven for not knowing existed, let alone that one day she would actually be living there as an owner of part of it.

She was a somewhat fleshy woman in her early-thirties, her body and its curves better described as *"voluptuous"* rather than *"corpulent"*; though it was not exactly a leap of the imagination to picture her lapsing into the latter if she were to become inattentive to her diet.

So far, so normal.

Or would have seemed that way, had it not have been for the hard cock that was thrusting against the calf-muscles of her hosed and shapely, if oversized, legs from behind as she took in the view across the Thames with a preoccupied but highly satisfied expression.

That the naked man on his knees behind her was over a decade her senior, and belonged to that breed of upwardly mobile and entitled Englishmen who still seemed to think his country and his race were superior to that of her own, would have made the scene even more puzzling to any onlooker with no prior knowledge.

As would the length of chain protruding from the vee of her legs and rucking her skirt as it made its way from the collar about the man's neck to her perfectly groomed and manicured hand that she might apply enough pressure to keep his face pressed firmly and degradingly to her arse as he sought his release between her calves.

"Bad dog!" she snapped, feeling his excitement grow at hearing her description of him and the feel of his caressing hands upon her hosed calves; relaxing her stance then that his cock could find no purchase in its attempt to find release; the pure, if morally tainted, euphoria of being able to speak to such a man in such a way having lost none of the power so easily capable of reducing her to mush from the first time she verbally demeaned him in such a way.

The hands were removed instantly and the sigh of frustration he could not prevent, despite his obvious hatred of her, ensured a smile of satisfaction rearranged her fleshy features at this tribute to the control she had gained over him.

"You have no permission to touch me," she told him in a voice full of the authority she so loved to wield over the handsome Englishman; despite the fact his adoring touch was manna to her. "Do so again and your little white cock will find itself back in its cage."

His groan was all the reply she needed as she sensed his hands clasp themselves at his back.

He had been denied for almost a month now and the prospect of enduring another four weeks of the same was threat enough to have him behave in the way she desired.

There was *certainly* no need to tax herself with any superfluous verbal effort.

Raising her skirt higher and tugging at the lead attached to his collar, she mashed his face against her panty-clad buttocks and felt her already oozing pussy respond to the display of control and unanswerable authority.

"Be a good boy now," she urged him, thrilling at being able to speak to such a man in such a demeaning and… *emasculating* …way.

Sighing herself at the strength of her own desire, she replaced her calves, resplendent in hose of the sheerest black, against the sides of his bolt-hard cock and almost chuckled at sigh of need she heard from behind her and the instant way he began to saw his cock in and out of the degrading option she had insisted upon if he were to empty his full-to-bursting balls.

It was no more than four or five thrusts later when she felt her captive tense and his protruding tongue press against her panties.

And then he was beyond return, as arc after arc of pent-up semen making a liquid parabola to land upon the glass doors leading to the verandah.

When she felt his tongue recede and was sure he was quite spent, she simply stepped away from him and seated herself on a plush sofa facing the panorama of South London.

Her expression was joyous as she took in the shame that was so swiftly replacing the pleasure he had taken in his release; kneeling with head lowered and, not for the first time she imagined, asking himself how he could have been taken so low.

Reaching to her side, she took up a metal contraption from a side-table and made sure he heard it jangle as it hung from her fingers.

"You may have a few minutes of freedom before your owner puts your little cockle back where it belongs," she told him, utterly convinced that she would receive no trouble from him.

Then:

“Before that, however,” she went on. “There is the small matter of the mess you have made of your Master’s window,”

She watched his shoulders slump, knowing her well enough by now to be aware of just what she intended to come next.

“Now, crawl over to the glass and show your kind Arab Master what a good boy you are for her these days by making her window all sparkly clean again.”

She paused, making him wait for it, his demoralisation thrilling her to the core and ensuring she would have another *“maintenance”* task of a more up-close-and-personal nature for him when the first had been completed to her satisfaction.

“No need to bother with a cloth,” she told him, lip curling in a perfectly evil smile and scrutinised his reaction.

Was that a tear she thought she saw dropping from his eyes onto his thigh, as she finished?

“After all,” she said, making her wishes plain, “we both know you have a most obedient and serviceable tongue in your head…”

One

Timothy and I had been married for almost twelve years when the earth moved.

For me, that is.

I speak not of our sex lives with each other – though the nature of this part of our daily lives to that point had obviously played a part – for my *"Timmy"*, as I now call him remains the virile and ruggedly attractive forty-one-year-old he was at our wedding ceremony. A ceremony held not three days after his thirty-fourth birthday and two months on from my twenty-fifth. Rather, I speak of me, Maria Denham, his wife during that time and for whom the intervention of a friend and former boss, together with her unusual counselling, was to prove crucial for the betterment of both my marriage and my life.

If not for my husband's.

To get the obvious over with more speedily that we may proceed to the nitty-gritty with more haste, allow me to point out that we are both decently-educated and come from strong working-class families who would be appalled to learn of the state of affairs that exists in our relationship. My parents as well as his. And, more specifically, the aging and well-off maiden-aunt on his father's side from whom he stood to inherit a substantial sum on her death. A highly religious aunt, moreover, with somewhat *"Victorian attitudes"* towards marriage and fidelity – especially as she had never been married herself and had certainly *not* borne children.

A few *select* female friends of mine, however, do know of what goes on between us, of course, but *none* of his; and certainly not to the full extent of our relationship boundaries.

Boundaries, I hasten to add, that seem to change with every new sexual whim it occurs to me to experience.

The reason I forego the pleasure of having his friends, and mine, know the true levels of my dominion over my older husband – even if it cannot be helped that they know he is, metaphorically at least, and sometimes literally, sans culottes when it comes to our marriage pragmatic rather than fear on my part that I may be judged and ostracised.

I am, I assert with complete conviction, long past any such herd-like temporal concerns.

That *"pragmatism"* consisting of a desire to allow him to keep face in front of friends and family – not that our parents and other relatives either live in London or visit that much - rather than allow his somewhat… *reduced*… influence over both his wife and himself to make him a figure of ridicule.

A fear of just that on his part that also strengthens the already unbeatable hand I hold against his King-High.

The above. something I will touch upon in more detail later.

Before we married I was a PA for the owner of a company dealing with skilled and technical placements for oil-facilities – rigs, refineries, etc. – worldwide; first for the Saudi businessman who had built it from nothing except his extensive contacts in the field, then, after his death in a road accident in Brussels, his wife, who not only refused to sell the company but – unheard of for an Arab woman yet to reach her thirties at the time – had actually placed herself at the companies head. Even more astonishingly, the company not only continued to flourish under her leadership but went from strength-to-strength.

The name of this remarkable Saudi woman from an initially poor background was/is Adira Al-Balawi and, as the Arab meaning of her surname implies, she is indeed rare and unique.

She is also integral to the story of my transformation from insignificant other to head-of-household.

And all other things where my husband is concerned.

Again, we will come to this later.

As for my husband, he had been rising through the ranks at "Petro-Place" when I myself joined them as a secretary and first met him. Earning a very good living from both his basic salary and the commissions on his placements so that by the time we had registered an initial attraction, before going on to rent a company-apartment in a new-build in Deptford on the fringes of Greenwich, he was already becoming something of a rising star in the world of engineering placements for the Petro-Chem industry.

Rising star status that was starting to be reflected in both his basic salary and enhanced commission payments that was allowing us to bank and invest considerable sums each year that he, as the head-of-household, oversaw and controlled.

The reduced and relatively minimal rent on the company-apartment yet another plus.

He was also – much as his father – something of an old-fashioned chauvinist with an equally antediluvian *"hunter/gatherer"* mindset. He felt it was the woman's place in a relationship to be a homemaker. An anachronistic mindset similar to that of my own working-class father and his relationship with my mother.

A mindset, together with his forceful and manly personality, that probably explaining why I allowed him to insist I give up my position as Adira Al-Balawi's personal assistant.

This that I may take on the same role as our mothers and, presumably, their mothers before them, and start *making* babies.

Thus, coming up to seven years into our union, I relinquished a position I loved with a woman who was more a friend than an employer.

For no greater reason than the fact I loved him it made my increasingly overbearing and over-confident husband feel both happy *and* manly.

My embracing of what *he* wanted for *me*, given the role *"Timmy"* now occupies in my life, something that can still irritate as much as it can amuse.

A role, and the delight it provides me, for which I can thank – and in total – my good friend and aforementioned boss, Adira Al-Balawi.

A role created for my unknowing husband after a lunch-date with the woman herself…

*****

"…Are you happy, Maria?"

The question took me by surprise, coming as it did without any preamble and not seeming to be triggered by any of the chit-chat normal between us when we met twice monthly for lunch. We might been boss and employee – or at least, *former* employee – but there had always been something… *sympatico* …between us from the moment she first took over the helm as a somewhat fleshy Arab woman in what was, most assuredly, a man's world. This, though, was something of a departure for her.

Not so much the question as the intensity of her gaze as she delivered it.

My hardly affirmative shrug not taking the heat out of her stare to one-degree and, though she was younger than me, and as always, I felt the force of her character as her brown and oval eyes took me in.

"Or," she went on, "do you feel *less* independent since Timothy insisted you stay at home that you might begin the baby-making process?"

There was a look of distaste on her face as she mentioned my husband – and one of her executive employees, by the way. This with the Petro-Chem recruitment company she had inherited on her late-husband's death. A job that, as aforementioned, paid him an exceedingly good wage and explained how he was able to insist I leave my position as Adira Al Balawi's PA and get started on becoming a full-time housewife prior to the arrival of the children he insisted he wanted us to have.

Another example of my allowing my handsome older husband to have his own way.

And one I would soon be in a rage about.

Though I wasn't to know it at this point in our conversation.

I pretended to think about it, though in reality the answer was already bursting to spew forth.

For a few weeks now, I had felt less than satisfied with my new lot. From our apartment alongside the Thames at Deptford, we still enjoyed what London had to offer by way of good restaurants, theatres, and galleries, so no change there. We also enjoyed our particular sports and while Timothy played Badminton twice a week with friends I was involved with a local volleyball team and played or trained on the same nights as him. Keeping fit, being something that was important to both of us.

Not aware at this point, that I was about to be informed his weekly commitment to the physical was of a different kind to mine.

About as different as it could get, in fact.

The above activities, I confessed to myself, not going far to banish the boredom of being home alone most of the time and not having a focal point to one's day.

I'm not a big watcher of television – and especially not the daytime variety; and housework, believe it or not, didn't get my juices flowing either.

Boredom that was banished, at least a little, by the get-togethers – such as this one – with my former employer. Taking the river boat along the Thames and meeting her for lunch, either at Westminster Pier or St Catherine's Dock. Once, even having gone on as far as Battersea and Chelsea Harbour to eat with her in the plush penthouse she had inherited upon the death of her sterile and, unusually for a man of his patriarchal origins, without relatives, husband.

This being one of those occasions I looked forward to with such relish as a means of supplying a diversion from the tedium I found at home.

Today, though, though she was dressed in her usual and professional office garb: a sober black-crepe Armani two-piece with the usual accessories; there seemed something different about her. The somewhat fleshy features that could seem so severe with others, yet were always friendly and open with me, seemed to have a cloud behind them.

I sensed she was about to confide in me on some matter and, sure enough:

"Maria," Adira began, expression suddenly very serious as I continued to consider the life my *husband* had decided *I* should live, leaving her question unanswered as I finished a swallow of a very pleasant Gavi. "There's something I must tell you."

As soon as she began, I expected the worst, so solemn did she look – though I could hardly be expected to know how bad it would be.

For me.

At least to begin with.

Adira took another sip of her wine for fortification and I knew whatever it was had to be bad, given she was usually so forthright and straight to the heart of a matter.

Then she took a deep breath and simply let it out:

"Timothy is having an affair."

I sat stunned.

Of all the news I had expected to hear, this had not even made it on to the radar.

I found myself spluttering:

“I… I… D-Did you just say what I thought you said?” I managed to get out.

“I am sorry, Maria,” she said, concerned. “I had to tell you.”

The slightest of inclinations from my besieged head acknowledged her apology for being nothing more than a loyal and caring friend.

Her hand covered mine by way of consolation and support and we seemed frozen in place for what felt like an eternity.

Until:

“Who?”

My friend did not hesitate:

“Amelia.”

My eyes became fiery and, rather than give way to the tears I felt onrushing, I allowed a red-hot anger to become my main focus.

Amelia Wilson was my husband’s young secretary.

And with all the attributes of a sex-goddess and home-wrecker into the bargain!

Adira stroked the back of my clenched hand as it clawed at the crisp tablecloth as if it were the face of the bitch.

“You’re completely sure?” I asked, when I could force the words past my rage.

Adira nodded.

“I would not have spoken on such an important matter had I been in the smallest doubt,” she told me in her somewhat formal and precise, if heavily accented, English. “I myself overheard Giselle Claiborne talking about it.”

My eyes crinkled with puzzlement as I wondered where the boss of the company could have been to overhear two junior staff gossiping.

Adira sensed my unspoken query:

“I was returning to my office from lunch when the call of nature took me before I could make it to my private bathroom. I was in one of the stalls when they came in and began talking… They were not particularly guarded and my impression was that the affair was a *very* well-known secret to my other employees… I need hardly tell you that Ms Wilson will no longer be in my employee if such is your wish.”

I certainly *did* wish, but could only nod as the shock of my husband's deceit mastered my initial anger – even if my pride continued to fight the tears I could feel demanding their release.

"What are you going to do?" Adira asked, punching forward in her normal no-nonsense way.

Her bluntness, strangely enough, won a small smile from me and kicked the sarcasm that was never far from my surface to the fore:

"This may surprise you, Adira," I told her, "but in the twenty seconds or so since you dropped this bombshell on me, I've still to come up with a practical solution to the problem.

Her expression clouded a little at my attitude and I could tell she was unhappy at having her well-intentioned effort to help me mocked in such a way; though, being the good and intelligent friend she was, it did not take her long to consider the rashness of her own speech:

"Accept my apologies, my dearest, Maria," she smiled an apology that was both sympathetic and caring. "It is, as you know, my way to address problems swiftly. But then, I have been aware of your husband's base… *treachery* …for at least two days now and know *exactly* how *I* would deal with him."

She gave an apologetic smile and raised her hands in acknowledgement:

"If, of course, I were you and it were my place to take such action."

Strangely, the acute pain of hearing the husband I loved had cheated and disrespected our marriage so casually was lessened by the positive attitude of my friend.

Explaining my next question:

"And how, exactly, would you deal with him, Adira?" I asked through the numbness of hearing my husband was cheating upon me – and from the lips of the former employer who had become my closest friend and confidante.

Her face, if it was solemn before, became a mask of the most intense purpose as she considered how to frame her response.

Then:

"If he were my husband – and I was in possession of a wealthy and devoted friend who *employs* him, and is willing to do everything in her power to help, as you are in me, I would make sure that, not only would he *never* cheat again but that the whole dynamic of our married relationship changed so that all the power between us from then on resided with me."

I crinkled my eyes, something at a gut-level intriguing me in her words.

Something… *appealing*.

And something else at that level I found… *arousing*.

"If," she went on, "you would rather extract a more lasting payback than simply kicking him from you like the ingrate dog he is."

I gave it as much considered thought as I capable of managing after having just had this marital bombshell dropped in my lap.

Them, finally:

"And…" I began, needing to wet my suddenly dry mouth with a swallow of the Piedmont, dry or not. "And just how would you suggest I go about achieving this *'payback'* of yours – assuming I don't just divorce the faithless bastard's cheating arse?"

It was now her turn to think, but more, I suspected, to order her response rather than dream one up on the hoof, as it were.

"Well," she began finally, "if I thought you were serious and had no intention of becoming your husband's poor little victim - as I have seen so many women become in the same situation rather than take the bull by the horns - I would do everything in my power to make him wish he had never set eyes on the bimbo he betrayed you with."

My thoughts that were swiftly turning from numbed and shocked inactivity were becoming incendiary and I could tell she had seen the mood change and felt emboldened to press on:

"In this instance," she went on with what I knew was total sincerity, "I would place all my resources at your disposal to make him more…"

She seemed to be pondering her choice of word with great care and I was already on the edge of my seat with anticipation when she finally delivered it:

"...servile," she finished.

Having always regarded my husband as an alpha male and, certainly, the driving force in our marriage, the prospect of Timothy acting in such a way to me had not occurred.

Until this moment.

And, when it did, the epiphany was startling enough to light a fire under my earlier numbness; making me clutch the hand covering my own with enough force to make my friend from the middle-east wince.

Recognising, as she did, that the anger that had replaced my numbed reaction to his infidelity was made up in large part by something else.

Arousal!

Which was the very point at when she went on to explain how, together, we could achieve my husband's… *servility*.

And how very much she would like to play a part in our married lives from this point on.

A large and extremely… *authoritative* …part…

Two

“She meant nothing to me… Less than nothing…! It was just sex… It just happened… I didn’t even want it… She pursued me, not the other way around…”

On and on and on went his flimsy, puerile, and downright insulting excuses.

I felt sure that at any second he would tell me that one moment he was sitting at his desk working on a proposal when she appeared from out of nowhere and landed on his mystifyingly erect dick!

The scales were falling from my eyes in regard of him with each pathetic and utterly predictable attempt at mitigation for his behaviour; following, one after the other, from his cheating mouth.

Had someone put forward to me that the deep love I had felt for my husband, prior to my discovering he was just another cheating bastard, could turn to hate in so short a space of time I would simply have laughed at their naivete and disregarded such a possibility.

Yet now, here I was, feeling just that for the man I had cared for so deeply I had been prepared to give up a well-paying job I had found satisfying and stimulating.

Simply to prepare myself for the mothering of *his* babies.

Had his baby-making tackle been available to me at that point, and a suitably sharp Sabatier to hand, there would have been a high probability of his *never* having the capacity to sire children again.

No matter *who* his partner happened to be.

Mistaking my anger and disappointment for his having trashed what I had thought was a great marriage, he tried to comfort me and I pushed him away.

“I'm so sorry, Maria,” he murmured. “So very sorry.”

“Sorry I found out, you mean,” I said keeping my tone firm and becoming more committed by the second to see through Adira’s drastic – but oh, so, appealing agenda in regard of him. There would be no hysterics and certainly no weakening of my position in his regard. They say the opposite of love is not hate but indifference. But I am living proof of the flaw in that observation.

Since hearing of his betrayal of me, I could look in the mirror and almost see my feelings for him taking on a heat of altogether another temperature.

The heat of *hate*.

Which, to my complete surprise, did not mean that I didn’t find the bastard sexually attractive still.

A residue which, when I gave it some thought, was going to make what we had in mind for him all the more… *fulfilling*.

And not after the manner of forgiveness and reconciliation I sense the thoughts of those reading this turning to.

No, no, no.

Attractive still?

Yes.

But did that mean weakness in regard of him on my part?

Read on and judge for yourselves, but I can assure you now that the long and boring cruise upon which he had appointed himself Captain and me his First-Mate, Steward, and dogsbody, had definitely embarked from its last port-of-call.

And, if the way I felt at that point was any guide, would *never* again return to the same port from which it had embarked in the first place.

"I wanted to say something, but…" he began, still heavily into mitigation by way of self-preservation. "How could I come to you and explain how I'd let myself be seduced in such a way?... All I could think to do was to let the girl down gently, have her transferred to another section, and write the whole thing off as the worst and most rash decision I've ever made in my life.

Then, as I stood in silence before him as he spouted his bullshit, and full of all the ersatz sincerity and deep emotion he was capable of showing me:

"Look… it's over now and I'm ashamed of myself. So very, *very*, ashamed… But, you have to believe me… I love only you Maria, and…"

I delivered a derisive snort to let him know his repentant adolescent act was not going to wash.

Not *this* time.

Or *ever* again.

"Were you ashamed of yourself when you were sawing your cock in and out of your bimbo secretary's slutty gash," I asked, noting his surprise to hear language of the sort on the lips of his previously biddable and respectable wife? "Did all that guilt stop you from enjoying the feeling of her warm mouth as she gave her boss a blow-job beneath his desk?"

It was so obvious he was searching for damage limitation in the face of my discovery I was surprised he didn't give up the attempt simply from seeing the look of contempt I had fixed in his direction.

I can only assume he had gotten away with running roughshod over me and pulling the proverbial woollen blindfold over my eyes in regard of his antics for so long he couldn't imagine *not* being able to deceive me on an issue as important as his fucking of a younger woman as well.

"Please, Maria," he said, reaching out for one of my hands as I made sure it eluded him. "It's over and nothing like it will ever happen again. I… I don't know what I was thinking… You know how much I l love you. We're soulmates, Your mine and I'm…"

"A deceitful fucking cunt!" I screamed with such venom and repressed frustration he almost took a step back from me before recovering enough to defend himself – or at least try.

"No!... Please, Maria, I don't know how it happened but it wasn't because of any lack of love and affection for you… It… It was just some middle-aged madness."

"Of course it was," I snarled. "That's because your treacherous *'middle-aged'* cock was doing all the thinking for you."

As I let my words sink in, an image at the back of my mind of that same cock in a more… *restricted* …condition elated me and kept me on message.

Adira's message.

"You can sleep in your study while I decide whether to go for a divorce or… whatever," I told his still handsome but, this time, genuinely crestfallen face.

"And, if I do decide to divorce you," I added before leaving, his fear of his aunt and losing his legacy to the fore of my thinking, "you can be sure I'll let our families know exactly why."

*****

"Get me Adira Al-Balawi, please," I said to reception.

"And who should I say is calling, please," asked Trina the receptionist; not, and understandably, recognising my voice, given it had been a little while since I had left the company and the fact she heard so many different voices in the course of her working day.

"It's Maria, Wendy… Maria Hendrick."

There was immediate warmth and an apology for her lack of recognition coming down the line, followed by all the usual inquiries, before I was put through to Adira's direct-line.

"Good morning, Maria, my great friend," came Adira's greeting, the sincerity in her still heavily-accented English unmistakeable and making a greeting that would sound false between two Brits completely acceptable. "How goes it with your wretch of a husband?"

If her sincerity in my regard was unmistakeable, then so was her disgust with my husband and it made me feel a modicum better to know I had such a friend.

“He acted pretty much as you said he would,” I told her. “All the usual platitudes and hand-wringing: *‘It was just sex’* and *‘It meant nothing to me… You’re the only one I love’*. Really pathetic.”

“You are ignoring him, as I said?”

“Completely.”

“And is he still sharing your bed.”

“He’ll never be in a bedroom with me again, if I have my way,” I told her, bile rising again as the enormity of his faithlessness and what it had done to my feelings for him and my hopes going forward rose once again.”

My insistence met with a small silence.

Until:

“That is a position you may wish to reconsider at some point in your coming journey,” Adira told me in a portentous voice.

I was instantly enraged:

“You think I should forgive the bastar…?”

“No, I do not,” she spoke over me loudly and with emphasis.

“Then what…?”

“Again she came in over me:

“I simply point out that it is early days in the journey I speak of. And simply because he is allowed in what is now *your* bedroom, it does not mean that he will receive any satisfaction from being there.”

A few beats of silence passed as I tried to work out where the hell she was going with her thought process.

Unsuccessfully.

Then:

“Quite the contrary,” she went on again, laughter, I sensed, not far from the surface. “But his lack of pleasure does not, of course, mean the restriction applies to you.”

My conversation with Adira was continuing to puzzle me and, feeling like a naive schoolgirl, I admitted to Adira that I had no idea what she was talking about.

And now she did laugh. A strange laugh. A laugh that managed to be both evil and supportive at one and the same time.

Evil in its intent towards my husband.

And supportive towards me, her friend.

“Believe me, my Maria,” she said; “if we are successful in the aims I have outlined to you, then your husband’s thoughts will soon undergo a sea-change in your regard you. He will be constantly thinking about sex. And you, if all goes to plan, will be foremost in his thoughts.”

There followed a silence on the line as I considered my own… wetness …at such a prospect.

A silence my friend at the other end of the line obviously took to be second thoughts.

“So,” she said, at last, sounding al little worried I thought, “I am of the mind that you no longer think my idea is suitable?”

Now it was my turn to laugh:

“What I think Ms Adira Al-Balawi,” I told her teasingly, “is that you are one devious woman and I'm relieved you see me as a friend and not an enemy.”

I thought I detected relief of her own, as she answered:

“Always,” she assured me. “You are my Western soul-sister and the husband who hurt you is now my sworn enemy.”

A lump of emotion had worked its way to the base of my throat at her words, knowing as I did that she was utterly serious. On any other woman of my acquaintance, the words would have seemed insincere and, frankly, ludicrous. But not coming from her lips. Having worked for her for so long, and having seen her handle certain… *situations* …I knew that not only would she rather say nothing than commit herself to a falsehood, but that she would not rest until either an insult had been returned in kind or the right thing done.

Be that insult to family, friend, or loyal employee.

“My problem, Adira,” I began, “is that I just don't see how we go about making such a thing happen and for him to sit still for it.”

I could almost see Adira winking down the line as she answered; amusement heavy in her accented tones:

“Then you will have a much better idea after our lunch today,” she answered.

Now it was her to pause.

Then:

“Some interesting matters have brought themselves to my attention and I think they will be most useful to us.”

I felt my excitement grow and, even though I knew she would not tell me until she was ready, I pressed her on these… *‘interesting matters’*:

“Tell me all about it, Adira,” I demanded, the possibility that what she outlined could actually be achieved thrilling me to my core.

“I will,” she agreed. “But not until I meet you for lunch.”

My sigh was frustration itself.

Then:

“What I have to say is far too important to be said over something as impersonal as the telephone.”

“But…”

“I spoke to Amelia Wilson yesterday,” she broke into my protestation. “It was a *most* interesting conversation…

Three

"Good afternoon, Mrs Hendrick. Ms Al-Balawi is already seated," the Maitre D' smiled, indicating for me to follow him to the table where an also smiling Adira rose to kiss me.

"Well, Adira," I began, after the usual Gavi had been opened and served. "Our telephone conversation certainly left me curious – not to mention excited."

"You should be, my darling," she agreed. "Your life, if all goes to plan, is about to become so much… *more*."

Both curiosity and excitement ratcheted up a few notches at her words; knowing my friend and former employer well enough to know that she did not make idle promises.

"You spoke with Amelia," I reminded her, innate sarcasm rearing its snarky head again. "And now my life is about to change for the better?"

"Not just yours, my dearest Maria," she corrected me. "But, hopefully, mine also. If, that is, you see fit to include me in the changes you are about to make in your own."

"I… I'm not with you," I said, genuinely puzzled.

"You will be my love," she promised. "And long before we conclude our lunch together."

I nodded and waited, knowing that she would not be hurried and would share what she had in mind when she was ready and not before.

Readiness that did not arrive until after her pan-fried liver and my, no less delicious, skate-cheeks in a jeu, with mussels and clams in their shells.

Starters and desserts foregone with a nod to our waistlines.

"Amelia has spent the past two weeks looking for a new position and I promised her a glowing recommendation."

My gorge rose instantly and I was about to react to another betrayal when Adira held up a hand and cautioned me to be silent.

"In return," she went on, "that she meet with me for lunch and have a frank and entirely *confidential* talk about her lover and former boss."

She paused to gauge my reaction and then, completely unnecessarily, as if I could possibly have forgotten, added:

"Your husband."

"My husband," I said with no small sarcasm. "Yes, thank you for that, Adira. It had completely slipped my mind."

I sipped the wine as she sighed, the fresh and crispy taste of the Gavi going some way towards mitigating the bile that had entered my throat at the mention of Timothy's secretary and fuck-toy.

I let it swirl around my mouth before swallowing and waited for my friend to tell me what was on her mind.

"Your husband was truthful in at least one respect," she told me. "It was no more than a fling on his part. There were no feelings involved and it was purely sex for him."

"Thank God!" I said with a heavy irony that brought a smile to Adira's fleshy but sharp features with the accompanying scimitar nose.

"She wanted more – at least monetarily," Adira continued, expression telling me she shared my feeling that it made no difference whether there were emotions involved or not – the bastard had cheated and there was no gainsaying of it. "But he wouldn't leave you."

She looked across at me.

"I would be less than a friend if I did not tell you this at least. If I were in your shoes, it would make no difference. But, as a friend, I can do no more than be honest and give you all the information at my disposal. As I say, to me it would change nothing. But then, I am not you."

I nodded, already knowing that what she had told me changed my feelings not a jot.

He was a manipulative cheater who had forced me from my own employment to have his babies.

And done so simply to sample the wares of a younger secretary.

"What do you want, my love?" Adira asked and I could tell she was nervous – almost as if she thought I might be tempted to truly reconcile with Timothy.

"What do I want?" I asked, trying to subdue the venom just thinking of his betrayal brought out in me. "I want *exactly* what you suggested when you first told me. And *more*. I want to make that bastard pay and keep paying. At my side – and yours - in the way you described. With no say in anything."

It was Adira's turn to nod.

"If, as you say, it's possible," I told her, scarcely able to believe, still, that what she had suggested to me on the fateful day of my discovery was achievable in either this century or the last."

"It is possible, isn't it?" I asked when no answer seemed to be forthcoming.

"Have you ever known me to lie or mislead you," she answered finally.

I shook my head, a little shamed to have had such thoughts on behalf of the young Arab woman who was probably as close to me as my family – and certainly closer than my faithless husband.

"I'm sorry, Adira," I apologised with genuine feeling. "It's just…"

"I understand, my darling," she came in. "It is hard to believe such a thing can be done, but you must trust me when I tell you that it can – and *will* – be achieved. I am, as they say, supremely confident in this."

I thrilled to her certainty, thoughts regarding the inhumanity attendant in our plans for my husband receding, it seemed, with every second I passed in my Arab friend and confidante's company.

The pig had removed me from a job I loved, manipulated my finer feelings, and cheated on me.

How could he *not* be deserving of what we had in mind?

"So, what did she have to say for herself?" I asked, unable to fetch myself to use the first-name of his mistress.

With a smile, Adira went on to describe her meeting with the younger woman my husband had been fucking…

"…So, tell me, Amelia, did Mr Denham – Timothy – seduce you, or were you the driver in the relationship?"

The attractive, if a little obvious blonde, hesitated.

"Please, Amelia. Nothing but the truth. I am perfectly willing to help you find another position, but only if you are completely candid with me."

Obvious in her charms the young woman might have been, but she wasn't entirely stupid; even if her intelligence ran that of the low animal cunning than the more rarefied and worthwhile variety.

"It was me," she answered finally. "I've always liked older men."

The smile she aimed at Adira when next she spoke was inclusive, fully expecting another woman to understand where she was coming from:

"They're so easy to manipulate."

"Really? And how, exactly, did you "manipulate" Mr Denham?"

Amelia laughed knowingly and thrust out her impressive breasts, "Not with these, if that's what you're thinking. Not that he wasn't partial to them but… Well, let's just say he likes other things."

“What things?”

“Legs,” she said with another smile, eyes flickering towards the table-top hiding the limbs in question. lowering her voice as she looked around the restaurant, her pretty but character-free face flushed from the wine. “He has a thing about women’s legs.” Adira raised her eyebrows.

“And not just legs,” the girl continued, the wine and the promise of future employment loosening her tongue. “Our Mr Denham has a really bad foot fetish?”

“Interesting,” commented Adira as she indicated for the waiter to fill the girl’s wineglass.

Again.

“You mean you didn’t know?” the girl giggled. “I mean, I know you’re not his type but you do have a decent pair of legs and you always keep your feet so… well-groomed. Can’t believe he wouldn’t have checked them out whenever you had a meeting or something.

Adira shrugged and toyed with her knife and fork.

“He just adores women's legs and feet,” Amelia persisted.. Legs and feet in stockings, high heels, pantyhose, whatever. Even bare. Especially bare. One glimpse and it gets him hard.”

She tapped the side of her nose knowingly.

“He can't help himself.”

“In what way?”

The girl’s eyes became calculating:

“In any way the owner of those feet and legs say,” she said.

Adira waited for the girl to sip her wine, knowing she was a long way from finished.

“Show him a bit of stocking or dangle a shoe from your foot and he’s putty in your hands,” the twenty-something went on. “Believe me, there’s nothing you can’t get the dirty old sod to do if he thinks it’ll give him access to your legs and feet.”

The waiter arrived with the sorbet they had both chosen as a dessert at that point and both fell silent to examine their own, markedly different, thoughts.

Finally:

“So, Mrs Al-Balawi, did you mean what you said about helping me get another job?”

Adira nodded.

“It will be impossible for you to stay at the company, I am afraid… Maria… Mrs Denham …will be returning to the company in an executive position and your presence will, I’m sure you understand, be a little uncomfortable for her.”

The girl nodded understandingly, trying unsuccessfully to look penitent when it was all too obvious her only concern was for how her affair was going to affect her.

“I do, however,” Adira told her, “have a position lined up for you at your current salary and, so long as you remain silent about your behaviour with Mr Denham, will do my very best to ensure you get it and, more importantly… keep it.”

“My lips are sealed,” the girl assured her and, having watched the Brexiters in chief in the form of Johnson, Gove, Fox and Rees-Mogg on Newsnight the previous evening, and recognising rampant self-interest when she saw it, Adira Al-Balawi was perfectly prepared to believe her.

“So,” Adira continued, “you say he is easily made… reasonable …simply by the promise of access to a woman with legs he finds attractive?”

The girl supplied a most emphatic nod; adding:

“And feet… Especially feet.”

“Interesting… And you say you can get him to do almost anything simply by promising him… access?”

“I wasn’t too demanding,” Amelia confessed thoughtfully. “But, by the time I was finished crossing my hosed legs and dangling a stiletto from the end of my foot each day, I really reckon I could have had him on his knees with his hands in front of him like paws with just a simple promise to let him have a feel of my calves…”

Her smile was full of youthful power and the contempt a sexy girl of her age felt for the older man who had succumbed to her charms, as she added:

“…Or a suck on my toes.”

Adira’s face did not flush red at the young woman’s… boldness.

But she did feel her blood begin the journey towards overheating as the imagery the girl’s words provoked much that she enjoyed.

And fully intended to enjoy in a… real …sense.

“You are saying that all you required to seduce him and then keep him coming back for more, was regular access to your legs?”

“And feet,” the girl reminded her. “Seemed to me as if he was more obsessed with them than he was my legs. Ask me he’s got a reall bad case of foot-fetish.”

She laughed as she reached for her drink to take a sip.

"Then again, most men are perverts in my opinion. They're all obsessed with something. The trick is to use it to your advantage," she finished with a giggle. "I mean, what else are men for if not to make our lives easier?"

Adira's look was contemplative, agreeing with the younger woman's sentiments but not her flightiness, wondering if she was really as venal and self-serving as she sounded – enough at least to be trusted with what she had to say next.

Then, reaching the conclusion that the girl would be trustworthy so long as it was in her best interests, she smiled across the table; a smile that held at least as much in the way of a threat as it did empathy and affection and, under the circumstances one hell of a lot more:

"You do realise, Amelia, that if I were to hear – from ANYBODY – that you had betrayed the confidences we are sharing today, then the position I have arranged for you, along with the likelihood of finding further employment, will vanish as easily as it was for me to arrange that employment in the first place?"

Her eyes became cold and hard with the delivery of her rhetorical question and the young woman opposite lost a little colour from her cheeks.

"I utterly HATE disloyalty and, especially, the betrayal of a confidence," Adira assured the girl in a voice even more unyielding than her eyes. "Do you understand?"

"Yes!" the girl answered quickly – certainly quickly enough to show her fear of the Arab woman and the personal and financial clout she could wield if she so chose; the flightiness Adira's thoughts had remarked upon not moments before entirely absent from her manner.

"You have my word, Ms Al-Balawi. Nothing we speak of will pass my lips… To ANYBODY."

"Very well," Adira nodded, to the girl's obvious relief. I shall take you at your word. But be warned: a person and the sanctity of their word are all-important in my native land. Believe me, no trouble is too much if it means punishing those who break their promises."

"I… I understand, Ms Al-Balawi. I know the importance of doing what I've said I'll do. I… I wasn't the one who gave their word to Mrs Denham to be faithful to her. So it wasn't me who…"

Adira held up a hand to forestall her.

"Enough said, Amelia. Your actions were not those of an honourable woman, but you are young and, as you point out, you did not take a vow to love and honour Mrs Denham."

The relieved girl waited, grateful to not be in the Arab woman's bad graces and thankful that she would not be interviewing at a local Job-Centre in the near-future.

"What I want to ask you, Amelia, is just how… susceptible …you think Mr Denham is to the allure of the legs and nylons belonging to a woman?"

Amelia looked puzzled, believing she had already answered the question.

"By that," Adira continued, "I mean do you believe the desire of your former boss to be no more than a harmful fetish, or an obsession that could be used against him?"

Amelia had to think about it, recalling how easy it had been to manipulate the older man simply by making available or withholding her shapely and coltish legs to her former lover, musing on how hot it had been to realise she could bend her older boss to her will, simply with a hint he might be able to caress her nylon-clad limbs.

The more she considered it, in fact, the more she realised the knowledge she was overmastering the will of the man who was her immediate employer was far more sexually exciting than the sex with him itself.

Even if, she had to confess, that their shared couplings were pretty hot too.

"I… I suppose it depends on, you know? How bad he has it and… Well… Just how desperate he feels."

Adira remained silent, sensing the girl had more to say.

"I must admit, it was really easy to get him to do what I wanted – especially me being so young and him being older and my boss, and all."

She was nodding to herself by now, considering to herself for the first time just how deep the older man's passion went for female legs and feet.

"The more I think about it," she told Adira, "the more I think it goes way beyond a simple fetish for him. I mean, when he was on his knees sucking my…"

Her hand had gone to her mouth, horrified she may have upset the powerful Arab woman opposite who was, in reality, only a few years older than herself.

"I'm sorry… I didn't mean to…"

"No offence is taken, Amelia," Adira assured her with a somewhat warmer smile. "I asked you to speak truthfully and that is all you are doing. Please go on."

Feathers calmed, the girl took up where she had left off:

"Well… The first time I told him I liked to have my toes sucked, I really didn't think he'd go for it. I mean, I was only kidding with him really. So it was a bit of a shock when he went straight to his office door and locked us in. I was sitting on the chair the other side of his desk at the time, and when he came back I couldn't believe it when he came in front of me and went down on his knees. I was so startled when he took my foot in his hand and slipped off a heel that I snatched it away."

Colour tinged her cheeks then, at what was, obviously, a highly erotic memory for her.

She let out a short, embarrassed laugh and took a quick look around her at the, thankfully, oblivious diners before lowering her voice a little:

"His face when I took my foot away from him was… well …pathetic. I mean, it was the end of the day almost and I'd been in my hose the whole time. I could smell the sweat mixed with leather from above. Yet he was sniffing them in as if they were some designer-perfume."

She shook her head from-side-to-side and back again, both amused and baffled when it came to the sexual cravings of men.

"His eyes were like a puppy dog's… Really! …I think if I'd told him to he would have begged for the chance to suck my toes through the sweaty hose."

The girl allowed herself a little look of wonder.

When I returned my foot and plonked it right down on the hard-on beneath his trousers, you'd have thought he'd just won the lottery."

This time, her head shook with contempt.

"It was pitiful… I mean it: really pathetic."

"And?" Adira prompted.

Amelia had looked appeared puzzled.

Adira enlightened her; voice equally as low and confidential:

"Did he suck your toes through your 'sweaty hose'?"

The girl nodded – shamefaced but definitely excited at recalling the incident.

"For over forty-five minutes, if the clock in his office was working. First one and then the other. If I hadn't told him I had to leave to meet my boyfriend I reckon I could have kept him at it until the next morning."

"You mean, he did not insist upon sex at that time? He just sucked upon your toes?"

"Well… Not quite."

"How do you mean?"

The girl's eyes darted from side-to-side once again and her voice dropped even lower:

"I let him wank his cock against the sole of my foot until he spurted…"

"…He did what??" I hissed furiously, uncaring of the looks from adjacent tables.

I shook my head from side-to-side in a rage, truly wishing that he were opposite me now that I might stab him through his lying cheating heart with my cutlery.

"The filthy fucking pervert!"

"Be calm, my darling," Adira soothed, attempting to apply balm to my deep sense of betrayal.

"You try it!" I snapped at my friend unjustly, the object I so desperately wanted to punish conspicuous in his absence and leading me to use Adira as a substitute. "While I was at home bored out of my fucking head, my pervert of a husband was in his office, in the building where I *used* to work, sucking on his secretary's sweaty toes."

"You are angry, my love, and rightly so," Adira tried again in her most calming and understanding voice. "But you must try to think clearly and see his obsession as the opportunity it is."

"Opportunity?" I blazed, paraphrasing her friend with venom.

"That is what I said," the Arab woman agreed, this time in a harder and firmer voice that won her my less incendiary attention. "And your anger will only cloud what we intend for your disrespectful dog of a husband if you cannot gain some measure of control over it."

Opposite my former employer, I made a visible effort to rein myself in, sucking in deep and calming breaths as the sense of my Arab friend's advice sank in.

Until, finally:

"Okay, Adira. I apologise, You're right. I can't promise not to stay angry, but I will promise to try and stop it from allowing me to think calmly."

"There is no need for an apology. And I, for one, would not expect it. You're sense of betrayal, and the fire of your temper in the face of it, are not a sign of weakness and are perfectly understandable. I speak firmly to you only out of the duty one friend feels for another."

As it usually did, the Arab woman's accented and precisely intoned English had more impact upon me than any impassioned speech on the despicable nature of men and their propensity for base treachery.

All the more so for me wife being certain that, beneath the precisely intoned words, my Arab friend – and, in this case, mentor - was no less dispassionate about my marital situation than I was myself.

It was a friendship that had, at first, puzzled me; then pleased; and then gone on to be an absolute delight as I realised we shared so much in the way of common-ground with each other.

A working acquaintance that evolving to this point as a friendship of mutual respect and a fierce protectiveness on both our parts that explained why my younger friend was such a consolation to me in the face of my husband's base betrayal.

"I believe you were about to wax lyrical about this wonderful opportunity my husband's, heretofore unsuspected by me, passion for the feet of other woman has provided us?" I questioned, the teasing smile accompanying my query assuring Adira I was indeed calm enough to proceed with our conversation without exploding.

"Amelia," Adira began, my friend perfectly prepared for the look of venom the mere mention of her husband's former lover produced from her audience, "went into quite some detail on the subject of Timothy's… *obsession* …with a shapely female limb and a well-turned ankle leading to a *sexy* foot."

"Yes…? So…?" my thoughts questioned, no wiser as to how my husband's perversion was in any way an *"opportunity"* – for either me or my fully supportive friend.

"It is the means, my love," a triumphant looking Adira announced, "by which you will seduce your husband."

My calm was immediately a short-lived memory.

Was my *great* friend actually suggesting I rescue my marriage by making sexual overtures to the pig who had shit upon it in the first place?

The fury I was working so hard to quell came bubbling to the surface as if it were brimstone and my emotions hell itself:

"Seduce…? After what he's done to…? Are you out of your fucking mind?"

Adira's look of disappointment in me – and especially for having cursed at her - was more calming than any words and I made yet another attempt to rein myself in.

"Your husband is obsessed with legs and feet," Adira told me as if she were speaking to a slow pupil."

"Yeeeeees, I do believe I retained that part of his cheating," came my all too familiar sarcasm.

"That being the case," Adira went on long-sufferingly. "Who can you think of with better legs than the woman seated opposite me at this very moment?"

It took a few moments to sink in before I realised my friend was referring to the legs I had hidden in a pair of fashionable, but hardly limb-hugging, trousers.

"Has the pig so brainwashed you into the idea of domesticity and motherhood that you have forgotten how desirable a woman you are?" Adira pressed.

"You mean…?"

Adira nodded with a sarcastic smile of her own for my slowness on the uptake.

“By showing your ingrate of a husband what he has had waiting for him at home all along,” she continued, “you can, and with more ease than the callow and flighty Amelia, fan the flames of his obsession and need as high or as low as you choose.”

The Arab woman’s smile was triumphal as she saw the clouds rise from my expression and my head slowly begin to nod as I saw exactly where my closest friend was running with the ball of revenge and personal liberation.

My liberation.

And, unless I was mistaken, *hers* too.

“The young secretary of your former husband,” Adira smiled, “is not the only female capable of wearing sheer pantyhose or stockings and dangling a sexy shoe from the end of her painted toes…”

Four

The measurements Adira had insisted we would need I had gotten with ridiculous ease.

After a few days of the complete cold-shoulder from me, Timothy had taken to drinking heavily of an evening after he had made and eaten his dinner and…

What?

You surely didn't imagine I'd still be waiting on the faithless bastard, did you?

Anyway, never a big drinker or one with much of a head for alcohol, he was snoring loudly when I ventured into the guest-room late one night. He did not stir when I eased back the covers and, by the light of a small torch and a tape-measure, I covertly measured his vital statistics with the intent of supplying him to my friend, and his overall boss, the next day.

He snored throughout the whole procedure and, when he approached me, after a further three weeks during which my attitude towards him had not ameliorated itself to any discernible degree, our plans were ready.

As well as the item necessary to implement them.

Along with… *other* …equally persuasive measures…

*****

I began the assault on his manhood – obsessed and perverted as it might have been – shortly after I had acquainted myself with his exact genital dimensions; which, in itself, was no small task; given how he moved in his sleep - the measuring of a cylindrical scrotum being nowhere near as straightforward as the mapping of a flaccid cock.

The task had been carried out, though, and the results passed to an exultant Adira.

An Adira who seemed even more animated with excitement and anticipation than me.

And, I promise, the prospect of achieving what we had in mind for my philandering pervo of a husband could hardly be said to leave me impervious to those same emotions.

Two weeks later, after continuing to cold-shoulder him while presenting my hosed legs in a way guaranteed to captivate both his eyes and his obsession, and on a daily basis, that he might understand that what had once been his to take pleasure with all along was no longer his to access, Adira and I had decided it was time to ratchet up the pressure.

Something my friend did without any need to use his fetish for legs and feet.

Though I had remarked to her in a teasing tone that, since she had discovered the depth of my husband's… *propensities*, she herself seemed to have dropped the two-piece trouser-suits that had been her habitual garb around the office, and was now wearing

respectable but revealing skirts that gave her ample opportunity to show off her own matronly, but shapely, lower limbs.

It was the first time in my experience of her that my friend actually seemed embarrassed; unable to meet my eye as I pointed out during one of our lunch-cum-strategy-meetings that she was even painting her nails and going bare-legged from time to time.

My encouraging laughter had soon ensured her embarrassment was *not* of the lasting kind.

"I have given him notice," she told me over the linguine-with-clams we had both chosen in one of our favourite King's Road restaurants. "His position will be vacant in four weeks."

This was not something we had discussed and the glass of the usual Gavi I was raising to my lips halted in mid-air.

Adira covered my free hand with her own reassuringly.

"Do not be alarmed, my love. You have my promise that your personal finances will not be affected."

"But… *why?*" I protested. "We didn't discuss this and I'm not at all sure it's a good idea."

"It is not only a good idea," an unperturbed Adira assured me, "but a perfect one… Think about it, my love. Not only will he be dependent upon you to relent and allow him the sex he is no longer receiving, but he will also be unable to purchase such… *consolation* …when he no longer has a monthly salary and you, into the bargain, have taken control of *all* your joint and personal accounts."

I stared at her sceptically:

"And, of course, he will just agree to that rather than get himself out there and find another well-paid position. Right?"

My friend just stared at me with a small smile, knowing me well enough to be sure I was not finished.

"As you well know, he's very good at what he does and will have no trouble finding another position in the petro-chem industry."

Her head had shaken emphatically.

"I am afraid the word is already out about his inefficiencies and the workplace philandering in breach of company policy for which I have fired him."

"Inefficiencies?" I asked, ready to describe my husband in any number of negative ways, but not as *'inefficient'*.

“Your husband has always been fond of taking… *shortcuts* …shall we say. And, while I was willing to overlook this tendency when he was achieving results, I am not, shall we say, in a giving vein any longer.”

“What shortcuts, Adira? Are you saying he could be prosecuted?”

Again, my Arab friend shook her head, looking supremely confident and composed as she sat opposite her former PA and outlined the measures she had taken to give her even more personal control over her marital situation.

“It would be a possibility,” she admitted. “Supplying cash sweeteners in order to secure clients is certainly unethical and against the law.”

“But…? You condoned it, Adira. Doesn’t that make you liable too?” I asked.

“Who is to prove I knew?” she answered with arms innocently wide. “What I can prove, however, is that your husband took sums of money from the company for his own ends and those of the people accepting it.”

I hated and wanted to punish my husband, but I had no desire to see him in prison and I think she realised this if her next words spoke truly:

“Trust me, he will not be prosecuted – though the threat of such a possibility is greatly to our advantage; but he will be blacklisted by those very employers with whom he will seek further employment.

Again, my friend’s calmly delivered, but precisely worded and heavily accented, English seemed to act as an alkali upon the acidity of my doubt and concern.

But not on *all* of them.

“And how, if I may ask, does any of the above *not* make my financial situation worse?”

“I was coming to that,” she told me. “But first I would ask you, as my former assistant and someone who knows my company inside-to-out, to give me the benefit of your experience, insight and judgement.”

I waited for her to go on. A little miffed, I must confess. My marriage at this point was my greatest concern and helping with a company issue at this moment was not exactly high on my list of priorities.

“As there will be an executive vacancy coming up shortly,” she began, “I was hoping you might have some ideas about who is best equipped to fill it…”

Five

"Maria, my love," he began one evening as I was reading in bed, having entered without knocking and obviously fortified by the usual beers and spirit. "It's been almost a month and we can't go on this way."

I bookmarked my copy of Virginia Wolfe's "To the Lighthouse" and stared up at him, expression stony; ready and primed for the confrontation Adira insisted would happen sooner rather than later.

"For once, I agree with you, Timothy," I said, spearing him upon my eyes and calling up an image of his secretary with her lips around his cock to sustain my anger.

As if it needed any sustaining.

"Can't we begin again?" he implored me, handsome features fully expecting to work their usual magic on his all-too-trusting wife.

An expectation that also played its part in keeping my anger at the boiling-point.

"I love you so much," he added, not taking his eyes from mine and forcing every gram of sincerity into them of which his faithless hide was capable.

"So much," I began, voice as cold and inflexible as my feelings, "that you decided to show your love by fucking and sucking a thought-free little bimbo… But only after you had persuaded me to give up a job you knew I loved on the pretence of having your babies. Though I can see now that having me away from the office made it easier for you to get together with your brainless secretary."

"Amelia's not brainless, Maria…" he began, before realising any defence of her to me was not likely to end well.

Mt expression told him I was waiting and he duly obliged:

"That's not the way it was at all, Maria. It just… *happened*. Yes, it was stupid and hurtful, I realise that. But…"

He spread his arms wide, as if the whole thing were inexplicable to him and I half-expected him to try and persuade me he wasn't even present when his cock entered her mouth and her gash.

He didn't, but his excuse was no more believable.

"I… I think I must be having some kind of midlife crisis or something," he went on in the face of my mocking expression. "Was just with the pressure of the job and…"

My snort of derision cut him off at the knees.

As did the kind of language he hadn't heard from my lips until now:

“You fuck some bimbo cunt, after I give up a job I loved to become pregnant by you? And then have the fucking nerve to blame it on the pressures of your own job? Rather than tell it like it is and say you just wanted to feel your slimy cock in another woman’s pussy?”

“Maria, I…”

“You betrayed me, Timothy. Pure and simple. Fuck your supposed midlife crisis. Fuck the pressures of your job. You wanted some strange pussy and to hell with your wife’s feelings.”

“No!” he protested, moving next to the bed that he might stare down at my naked breasts above the duvet as well as breach the sense of space between us. “It… It just happened. You have no idea of the guilt I felt after that first time and…”

“Did it get any easier after the second, third, or fourth tumbles?” I cut in.

His face reddened as he realised I pretty much knew the full extent of his treachery and the *“it was only the one-time”* argument wouldn’t fly.

Then, after obviously considering his options, he drew himself up and:

“Maria, it was the single worst thing I have ever done in my life and I can’t tell you how ashamed I am to have cheated you in such a way.”

My lip curled:

“How original! I wonder how many wives like me have had to listen to the exact same words.

“They might not be original, Maria, but they are true. I love only you and will never so much as look at another woman again.”

He suddenly sat on the edge of what had once been *our* bed and tried to take my hands in his.

I evaded the attempt.

“Please, Maria,” he pleaded. “I've learnt my lesson and just want our marriage to go back the way it was. You’ll never have to worry about other women again”

“Really?” I asked, sensing the approach of a crucial moment and knowing there would be many more like them to come in the weeks and months ahead. “And just how can I be sure of that, exactly?”

The question stopped him in his tracks – exactly as *we*, Adira and I, had known it would.

“I… I don't know,” he said, looking genuinely miserably. “I… I just wish it hadn't happened.”

“Wish you hadn’t been caught, more like,” I sniffed.

“Yeah, well,” he began with a slight nod of the head, “I wish it hadn’t happened anyway.”

“But it did, didn’t it?” I reminded him. “And now you’re saying you expect our marriage to go back to what it was with no harm done.”

“No, no! I’m not saying that, Maria. I know it will be hard for me to convince you I’m serious and would never stray again, but, if you just give me the chance you…”

“Will be forever wondering if you’re out fucking another woman,” I finished for him.

“No! Never! I…”

“Where once I trusted you there will always be doubts. If you’re late, or not where you said you would be, I’ll assume the worst. Rightly or wrongly. That’s no way to live and I won’t do it.”

At this, he hung his head and his shoulders slumped.

The perfect moment to go forward:

“I’ve been giving it a lot of thought,” I told him as his handsome face lifted to mine, eyes, I knew, expecting the worse. “And, if you’re serious about staying married to me, I think I might have a way. You’ll still have a long way before I forgive you – if *ever* - and I’m not sure you’re worth the effort, but…”

His face had brightened and he jumped in at my deliberate hesitation.

“Anything, Maria. I’ll do anything to show you how sorry I am.?”

I allowed my expression to show disbelief, knowing his competitive nature and how much he liked to tilt at windmills and using both to motivate him.

“Yes, well that’s easily said, Timothy,” I told him, relishing the fact that I was the one – and probably for the first time in our relationship – with the upper hand. “But you might want to hear what I have in mind before you make a promise – the way you did with the vows at our wedding – and then let me down… Again.”

The redness of his cheeks, and the fact I was responsible for sending the blood surging towards them, only bolstered my fledgling confidence when taking such a superior attitude with him.

“Because, and this is a promise, if you refuse to try what I’ve come to regard as the only way of saving our relationship then I’ll be letting our families know and filing for divorce first thing tomorrow morning. Our relationship will be history and there will be no turning back.”

I gave him a few moments.

Then:

“I’m sure your parents – not to mention your aunt – will be very disappointed in you when they find out you were cheating on the wife you were trying to get pregnant.”

The colour I had placed on his cheeks earlier left them in a rush, as I had known it would.

Timothy was not an ungenerous man, by any means.

But he did like money.

And the prospect of losing what was coming to him if his aunt disinherited him was *not* one ever likely to sit well with him.

“Like, I said,” he told me after a few moments, looking more serious than ever now, “I’ll do anything to make things right between us.”

“Seriously?” I asked, voice holding, I hoped, at least a hint of threat.

“Seriously,” he replied.

“Okay then,” I nodded. “I suppose we’ll just have to see how serious you are.”

I’m not sure what he thought would happen next, but I’d be willing to gamble it was not the contraption I fished out from the my bedside cabinet.

“Wh-What the hell is that?” he asked, eyes fixed upon the state-of-the-art chastity-device Adira had ordered from a company in Dusseldorf specialising in the design and construction of such things.

“Things”, Adira had assured me, that were not only exceptionally expensive but in increasing demand amongst certain wealthy and demanding women who demanded complete fidelity from their partners.

A device that came with a number of hidden benefits my husband would not be informed of until it was locked around his cheating cock and balls.

By which time, of course, it would be far too late for him to do anything about it.

And I was as convinced as I could probably be that, if I managed to get him into it, *“benefits”* would be the last way he would describe them.

“You wear this,” I said, dangling it before his eyes with a teasing flourish.

“What…? What is it?” he asked, the stricken look on his face telling me he already knew but did not want to admit knowledge of such things. Though why I couldn’t fathom. After all, the Internet was full of such things and, men being men, I’m sure he had surfed enough to be aware of the existence; not to mention the fact they were even popping up in the plotlines of mainstream TV and Film productions.

“It's a chastity belt,” I told him, expression deathly serious lest he take it for some game we were playing, that I might test his resolve before returning our relationship to its usual footing.

And with *him* at the helm.

Fat chance!

“A *male* chastity-belt,” I added, on the off-chance he was deluding himself.

It turned out he wasn’t and was already horrified by the prospect – even if he hadn’t flat turned down the possibility of it going on him.

“You…? You want…?”

I nodded and went on over him:

“The cock that’s gotten you into so much trouble goes in this tube and I lock this ring around your balls.”

His jaw was almost hitting the bedroom carpet by this time and I took advantage to press on:

“The tube is then attached to the ring and locked.”

I gave him a tight, somewhat spiteful smile.

“At least this way,” I told him, “I won’t have to worry about where your cock has been when you’re not with me… Oh, and on that subject: if you do decide you can live with my conditions, then you need to get checked for STD’s. I have an appointment for tomorrow and, if it’s positive, you can kiss our marriage goodbye anyway.”

He simply nodded. Numbed by what he had heard and was staring at. Too absorbed by what I’d laid on him to even defend himself on the STD jibe.

“Where…” he began, eyes never leaving the chastity device that was still swinging from my fingers, “Where did you get that thing from?”

“The Internet,” I answered blithely, as if it were no more than a part of the weekly shop along with detergent, groceries, and six-packs of Grolsch he enjoyed so much. “Apparently they’re much in demand and have save a lot of struggling marriages like ours.”

“Please, Maria,” he began after a few moments with his eyes riveted to the contraption he now knew I intended to place around his cock and balls. “Tell me you’re not serious.”

My eyes hardened.

“Deadly,” I told him. “It’s either this or divorce. Your choice.”

“But…?”

“But, *nothing*!” I spat, realising as I did so that I was thoroughly enjoying having the upper hand with him and that if, we once got him into the contraption dangling from my fingers, then what Adira had outlined going forward might well be the most exciting thing that had happened to me during my thirty-seven-years on the planet until now.

“The only way our marriage continues is if you wear this,” I told him, foam speckling my lips as I allowed my rage to surface. “With *me* holding the key!”

I leaned forward to fetch my face closer to his and allow him a close-up of my intent, a growing sense of confidence not diminished any when he gave an involuntary flinch.

“Either that,” I hissed, “or you can pack some things and fuck off.”

I’m not sure what shocked him most: my previously unheard-of assertiveness – at least where he was concerned – or again hearing language of the kind upon lips that hadn’t used it before.

“Well?” I demanded after a few moments. “What’s it to be?”

I raised the belt.

“This?... Or a divorce you *‘aunt’* is sure to hear about?”

I allowed him a few moments to consider.

Then:

“And the reasons for it.”

He was thinking furiously, presented as he was with a new problem.

How to win around his previously biddable wife from the cheater’s low-ground.

And in the face of her obvious fury and sense of betrayal.

How to do so without having to wear the cock-cage and avoiding divorce and the loss of his aunt’s legacy at one and the same time.

“This or nothing,” I told him, cutting off whatever mitigation he was about to make.

“But…?”

“If the next word out of your cheating fucking mouth isn’t positive,” I told him, “I’ll pack your case for you and get on the phone to our families.”

His cheeks coloured, unused to being on the backfoot with me and finding it not at all to his taste.

Tough shit!

When that belt was on him – and I was now confident he would cave enough for me to fit it – he would find it the new normal in our married life together.

Even if that life would *never* be described as normal.

His eyes, flickered down and away from the contraption and, though his next hesitant word was not the one I required, the ones he used immediately following it ensured I was, elatedly, victorious.

Without looking up, he asked:

“How…? How long would I have to wear it?”

Five

"As long as I say," I said firmly.

Then, as he stood crestfallen before me:

"And it will be entirely up to me when and, more importantly, *if* it comes off at all."

"But…?"

"It will only come off," I interrupted, reading the direction of his thoughts easily – how difficult could it be given the situation? "when I consider your behaviour worthy of the supportive husband you promised to be for me since your…"

There was no need to elaborate further as his crime against me was always, and as Adira and I had agreed, foremost in his thoughts.

"There'll be no begging and pleading for me to take it off, either," I told him in a voice of authority that was growing in confidence and power with each day we spent in our new roles. "It comes off only when *I* decide."

"Look, Maria," he began in his most amenable and persuasive voice, not having entirely grasped that such ploys were no longer working on his once naïve and biddable wife. "Is this really necessary?"

"If I say so. Yes," I answered without equivocation.

"But…? Maria, how much more is it going to take for me to convince you how sorry I am for what happened? Look at the price I've paid. Not only do I not have a job any longer, but there's no possibility of me ever finding another in the one position I do best at."

He left unsaid the fact that he found it beyond humiliating that his wife had been promoted into his former position and that he was the one who now stayed at home to make sure the house was spick-and-span for the arrival of the family breadwinner.

Not to mention that, under the tutelage of his pleasant, and surprisingly lacking in bitterness for my elevation over him, department second-in-command, I had hit the ground running and was making even more of a success in his former position than he ever had.

"I told you before," I began without a jot of sympathy for his plight. "If you want to stay in this marriage you need to show me both your sincerity as well as your respect. It was your pathetic affair that brought us to this point and it's not my responsibility to either ease your guilt or make you feel better because that and your… *unethical business dealings* …lost you your job."

As I suspected it would, his frayed nerves and growing dejection transformed themselves into a show of temper:

“For god’s sakes, Maria! What more is it going to take to convince you that I’m sorry for what I allowed to happen? Can’t you see? If I didn’t love you so much why would I have consented and gone along with all this payback of yours? I don’t have a real job and I’m doing the fucking housework for Christ’s sakes! I even let you have control of all our accounts when you said you didn’t trust me not to use our money to…”

He broke off, unable to complete a sentence that shamed him, before finishing:

“Why would I allow all this if I didn’t love you?”

I supplied him with a snort denoting pure contempt:

“Let’s see, shall we?”

I began to count off the reasons on my fingers:

“One: you have no job and, as I’m not going to allow you to squander our savings on bimbos and prostitutes, no money.

His eyes flashed and he looked ready to come back at me on this, but the warning in my own eyes made him think again.

Two: given your underhand dealings at Adira’s company and the fact you seduced and fucked your own secretary there, *against* the company regulations on workplace *romances* - let’s be kind and use that word, rather than describe your treachery and base faithlessness more accurately – it’s highly unlikely you’ll work in your chosen field again when prospective employers review Adira supplies them with a refence and a truthful and accurate description of your time in her employ.”

His cheeks were colouring and I could tell I wasn’t giving him anything like the response he had either wanted or expected.

“Three,” I continued: “you know all too well what will happen if we divorce. Yes, a court might order the apartment be sold and the equity and our savings split; but how far will that take you once you’ve bought another, cheaper, home of your own and your share of those savings has spent on living expenses?”

I could tell from his expression that I was not drawing his attention to things he hadn’t already considered for himself; none of which, I felt sure, would make the hearing of them any less… *disturbing*.

Fourthly,” I concluded, leaving the most important – to him, anyway – reason for him staying until last: “you are quite terrified that, should we divorce, your *‘old values’* aunt will cut you out of your will and deprive of that hefty legacy on which you’ve always banked.”

Assessment concluded and returning to my feigned perusal of Wolfe, I simply crossed one nylon-clad leg over the other and allowed him to chew on it.

The hiss of my hose as one thigh caressed the other in passing not of any interest to him it seemed, as his preoccupation with his recent celibacy – other than with his hand, that is – found itself playing a second, and certainly temporary, second to more… *secular* …concerns.

"So don't try to pretend *you* have *allowed* anything to happen to you. You're where you are now because I told you I would divorce you if I didn't see the cooperation and deep regret I wanted to see. And you're without a job – or any likelihood of getting one again if Adira has her way – because you fucked your career away the way you almost fucked your marriage and your legacy away."

I let him stew on this a moment.

Then:

"And don't think Adira didn't tell me how you begged and pleaded with so shamefully to be allowed to keep the position she decided to offer me."

Again I paused, before adding with contempt:

"Pitiful!"

I chuckled inwardly as I turned from him and pretended to scan the text of a randomly chosen chapter; sure that the restraint – albeit tinged with contempt - with which I was threatening him, and no matter how appalling to his manly pride, would play second-fiddle to my mentioning of the future legacy that he was coming to look upon now as his *only* lifeline.

When I thought he'd had enough time to cogitate upon his most unpromising marital and workplace situation, I raised my eyes and allowed my tone to become harder:

"Now," I began. "I've outlined a way in which our marriage can continue and allow you to regain my trust… And it is *not* negotiable!"

"But…?"

"No, buts!" I told him, the authority and confidence in my voice making me feel euphoric as he immediately fell silent, not to know that with each backward step I forced him to take he became more and more marginalised; in both our home and in my life.

"You decided to take a flame-thrower to our marriage," I went on, relishing his misery and my power, "and then, when you were caught doing it, pretty much begged me to do a recue job with the ashes. What I'm insisting on is the only way there's the slightest chance of us remaining together."

His face was an absolute picture of gloom and despondency as I took the steps that would, if seen through, see him emasculated and dependent.

Upon both me and Adira.

And, perhaps, upon Adira even more.

“It's the only way,” I said coldly. “But the choice is yours,” I added as I picked up a magazine and pretended interest in its contents. “It’s a way of allowing me to trust you – at least a little – while I’m at the office all alone here.

My sneer was one of disappointment and distaste, as I added:

“This way, I won’t have to worry about you fucking a neighbour’s…”

I caught myself just in time, about to say *“feet”* and give the game away that I knew about his obsession and, in so doing, make him suspect my sudden interest in heels and hose was born of more… *sinister* …motives.

“…daughter, or even the neighbour herself, while Im out earning the money that now supports us.”

It was easy to see that he wanted to refute my accusation and calm my fears.
It was even easier to see that he hadn’t the first clue about how to achieve such a miracle.

A sudden certainty of success sent a rush of adrenalin thorough my veins as I sensed he was on the verge of capitulating to my more front-of-house demands formulated with considerable backroom help from my dear friend Adira.

Not wanting to push any harder at this stage but wanting to keep the heat on him just the same, I rose from my seat with my book and noticed that, this time, the hissing of my nylons that had failed to capture his attention earlier were now doing just that; in spite of the fact they were battling for his attention against a demand he obviously found… *distasteful*.

“As I pointed out,” I told him in my most no-nonsense voice, “the choice if you wish our marriage to continue is all yours. But it needs to be made this evening.”

The look of helplessness on his face was one of pure delight to me. All the love and respect I had felt for him not long before, absent in its entirety as I stood before him and flaunted my new power over him. Though the sexual attraction he exerted over me was, if anything, even more powerful.

Sexual attraction that was, however, markedly different from the almost adulatory form it had taken previously.

If the morass this simple exercise in authority had made of my panties was a guide, then the sexual euphoria to be had from taking – and keeping – control of a man was in excess of anything I’d experienced in my life to this point.

A euphoria, I suspected, that would only become more pronounced as my control – and that of Adira’s - grew over time.

“It was hectic at the office today and I’m bushed,” I told him. “So I’m going to light some candles and have a nice long soak.”

An instant light came to his eyes and I realised the stupid bastard was expecting my next words to be an invitation to join me as he gave my proposal some thought.

It was another nail thumped into the coffin containing what remained of my dwindling respect for him.

“I DON’T expect to be interrupted,” I told him emphatically, before going on to tell him what I DID expect.

“What I do want,” once I’m bathed and refreshed, is a decision from you.”

“Maria,” he pleaded, in his most persuasive and seductive voice, unaware still that his ability to manipulate me by such means had sailed the moment he took advantage of his young secretaries pussy and, more relevantly, her legs and feet, “think about this. Is this the way you really want to go? What kind of marriage will it be if I agreed to…”

“IF, when I get back from my soak,” I steamrollered right over him, loving the need on his face to retaliate being overridden by his knowledge of just how powerless he now was, “you are not waiting here for me with a positive answer to what I’ve told you I expect, you can pack your belongings and leave.”

He looked at me with an expression that seemed truly hurt and which might have moved me at one time.

But not now, or ever again in the future I intended us to have with each other.

“And don’t think of refusing. In case you’ve forgotten, this apartment belongs to the company for the use of its executive employees. And *I*, not *you*, are the executive here.”

Satisfied I’d said all that was required and realising his only option if he were to refuse my solution to our marital conflict was to pack his cases and return to mummy and daddy’s in Orpington to await our divorce, I turned on my heel and left him to think things over.

Knowing how much he anticipated being the beneficiary of his aunt’s house and savings when she passed, I was reasonably confident he would bow to the inevitable.

For me, of course, the situation was win-win either way; though it was the latter of the two options I preferred.

And by a huge margin.

Either he took the former of his two options, gathered up his pride and left our marriage; in which case I would still have the company apartment, his former job, the lion share of our savings, and the absence of a cheating partner in my life.

Or, my preference, he plumped for the latter of the two and placed himself even further under my heel by accepting the cock-cage and the ring to which it was attached that ensured his manhood would no longer be his to control.

Six

Across the table, Adira's cheeks were flushed.

We were having a working lunch at a small bistro off Sloane Square and I was explaining the events of the previous evening.

Voice low and circumspectly lowered in the chic but compact surroundings we had, without the requisite forethought for such a conversation as we wished to have, chosen.

If I had been reading my friend and employer's body language correctly, it seemed to me that her screams of orgasm would soon make the damage limitation of my circumspection academic.

"…His face was a picture when I told him to strip off and get in the shower and he watched me set the dial to the coldest setting."

Adira nodded, eyes almost bugging out of her head as waited upon my every word.

"You should have heard him when the first jets of ice cold water sprayed his cock," I whispered, making sure my laughter was likewise muted. "Screamed like a little girl seeing her first horror-film without parental permission."

"D-Did you…? Did you shave him first, like we agreed?" Adira asked eagerly, stumbling over her words in a most uncharacteristic way, so great was her arousal at the scene I was describing for her.

Though it was necessary to be truthful and disillusion her on this last point.

For now, anyway.

I shook my head:

"I did not want to overplay my hand at this point, Adira. Getting his agreement to wear the cage for me was achievement enough right then and I didn't want to run the risk of him changing his mind."

My friend could not hide her disappointment still, but nodded her approval of my own patience and restraint. Her own impatience, I understood fully. After all, she had been the one to order my husband's cage once in receipt of the measurements I had taken, so it was to be expected she'd feel a little thwarted at not being present when he was first locked inside it.

I recalled her description of the device she promised would give me complete control of his… *sexual expression*, as I listened in rapt and attentive silence:

"…The Keuschheits-Max, Maria, is the very best and most fool-proof male-restraint money can buy. The engineering is Bavarian and the ingenuity and longevity is exactly what we have been led to expect from our German friends. It prevents, absolutely, a

male achieving sexual release and places complete control in the hands of the woman who has both the key to his chastity and the security codes necessary to unlock it.

"Once on him – and once knows for certain that the only way for him to achieve a full erection is with his keyholder's express permission – his thoughts will begin to mould themselves to the pleasing of that person who holds his sexual life and the expression of it in her tiny female hand.

"During my research into this phenomenon, every woman who responded to questionnaires on the subject, or wrote anonymous blogs on the subject, insisted that once it was locked on almost every single waking thought of the recipient would begin focusing upon his keyholder and providing her with the service and obedience that might earn him release. From what I read, it is not too unusual for the man to come to see his keyholder – if she is focused enough and strict enough – as a very real figure of authority in his life; even though it is equally common for that man to hate her even as he finds himself increasingly fearful in her presence and unable to disobey her commands.

"Many of the women whose practical experiences I researched stated that, knowing their man hated them and were powerless to do anything about it or even show it, took their sense of dominance and sexual excitement to altitudes they could not have imagined experiencing.

"Once a man is caged in one of these, everything else but pleasing you, that you might decide to let him out of it for a short time becomes of secondary importance to him. He will begin to do all manner of menial, humble and ingratiating things he would once have never even considered – and without you even asking - simply to ensure you look favourably upon him."

"The Keuschheits-Max, if my research proves correct, is the ultimate device for those women who wish nothing less than 24/7 control over their boyfriend or husband.

"It is being prepared to your husband's precise measurements in the factory in Mannheim even as we speak but, in the meantime, allow me to explain to you how unique it is in comparison to other, less sophisticated and impregnable models, my love.

"There are several types of finishes to the Max but the mainstay of them all is a non-corrosive steel tube connected to a locking ring.

"This known as the 'cage'.

"The locking ring, circles the ball-sac, while the cage, or tube, is vented at the end and is the size of the recipients flaccid cock.

"It also has three locking mechanisms. Each of which must be unlocked in the right order. If not – and this where we must be indebted to the Germans form their foresight and ingenuity – the locking mechanisms will fuse.

"There is a lock on top, where the sac-ring and the tube connect, and two underneath the tube at either end of where the penis is enclosed. As well as needing to be locked and unlocked in the correct order, these locking mechanisms require a very special round key I am assured no locksmith, no matter how gifted in his craft, could pick. They

are fixed mounted to the device and cannot be cut off because the metal is so advanced that the tools and the heat necessary achieve such a feat would be likely to leave a gaping hole where once was a working set of male-genitals.

I need hardly tell you the importance of not letting him see the locking and unlocking order when you either place him in the device or, if he deserves it, allow him a release.

"Once you have the penis in the tube, my dear friend, and the connecting locking ring is around the sac, then it is a case of turning the locking mechanisms until sufficient tightness is achieved and the penis finds itself securely imprisoned."

"If your husband is circumcised the lower internal band will grip him behind the glans while the upper tube band restrains him at the base of his penis. The sac-ring, when locked, will restrict the balls and hold the whole structure in place against his body.

"As for his bodily functions: the venting at the head of his cock will allow normal urination. But only in the seated position. This is because of the severe downward curve of the tube and the unavoidable fact that, were he to stand, the vent would certainly he sprayed his urine everywhere but where it would normally be expected to go.

"I trust it will not be a problem for you to have him sitting down in the way of a woman to relieve himself…?"

…I smiled to myself as I recalled the laughter with which I'd had greeted my dear friend's question, before realising Adira was still a little disappointed that I'd refrained from having Timothy shave himself before I fitted his new *'genital accoutrements'*.

"Don't worry, Adira," I assured her. "I've not forgotten. As soon as I think he's gotten used to it a little more, I'm going to insist we shave his pubic hair… for hygiene reasons."

Adira brightened a little at this and then brightened even more when I sealed the deal:

"And, of course, who better to insist me than my boss and best-friend *herself*."

*****

After having fitted him with his cock-cage and given him pretty much the same speech as Adira had given me on its fiendish and impregnable German engineering, I pretty much ignored any reference to the device for the next few days and gave him time to become – if not accustomed to it – resigned to the fact it was on him for as long as *I* wanted and he had *no* say in the matter whatsoever.

Unless he wanted to be living with his parents without a job or a pot to piss in.

Not to mention a non-existent legacy when his moralistic and god-fearing aunt finally took herself to the temple of self-righteousness that was, no doubt, waiting for her at altitude.

Of course, due to my work commitments, I didn't see much of him at all during those first few days. And, when I did, I was careful to ensure my attitude towards him was cold enough to let him know he was a long way from being off the hook. Light years from that non-existent release, in fact.

I also made sure – with a generous clothing allowance from Adira that ensured I didn't need to raid our… *my* …savings or salary – to kit myself out in a range of business outfits guaranteed to draw his attention to my sheer hose and the spiky heels containing feet and nails that were the beneficiary of regular and expensive pedicures.

Pedicures that would no longer cost me – or Adira, come to that – a penny once he had got with the new regime and had been taught do it for me/us.

On the evening of his third day in the cage – and surprised he had lasted so long - he was so solicitous to my needs that I knew his unwelcome chastity was bearing heavily upon his deprived body.

It was wonderful!

As he poured me a glass of Malbec and fetched it to me in the spare bedroom he had once used as his study when in gainful employment and which now double as my office, I leaned forward slightly so he could see the décolletage formed by a push-up bra in burgundy I had made more visible by loosening the first three buttons of my blouse.

Breasts were not, of course, the first port-of-call when it came to his desires, but beggars can't be choosers when a wife has their cock tucked away all safe and sound and the sound of a slight groan from him only served to make my already sodden underwear a little more… *waterlogged*.

I can't tell you how wonderful it felt to be the sole object – and outlet – for his sexual desire once again.

"Maria?" he began nervously as he stood behind me at the desk that had once been his.

"Yes?" I replied, answering his question with a question of my own in a preoccupied voice that was not entirely feigned, this as I took a sip of wine and occupied myself with some paperwork

"I… I was just wondering…?"

"Hmmm?" I mumbled, knowing exactly what was coming and determined to make the obvious question he wanted to ask as difficult as possible for him.

"I…? I just wanted to aske when…?"

"When, what?"

The sensation of having so wrongfooted him he was too tongue-tied and wary of his wife to be comfortable enough he could just come straight out and ask for what he wanted was, I exaggerate not a whit… *delicious!*

“Maria, I…”

Then, as I almost felt him drawing up his resolve:

“I need this thing to come off.”

Counting off a couple of beats, I placed my glass down upon the desk and swiveled my chair around to face him:

“I take it you’re referring to your cock-cage?” I asked, eyes as cold and flinty as it was possible to make them when I was so turned on; referring to his restraint in such a way for the first time and feeling pleased with myself when I saw the wince having it described so… *baldly* …produced in him.

“I’ve been trying to show you how sorry I am for what happened and how committed to you and our marriage I am,” he began, expression so sincere I was inclined to believe him – even if his realisation of exactly what his sordid little office fuck-fest had cost him had come far too late to deflect me from the course Adira had steered me towards. “Why else would I have consented to wear this thing?”

He knew *“why”* as well as me, but couldn’t bring himself to mention the real and less manly reasons for his capitulation – aside from his great love for me, of course – without sounding exactly like the moral coward we both knew him to be.

“If you have a point to make,” I said with an impatient sigh, “I’d be grateful if you got to it. I need to finish this before dinner.”

Adding then, knowing how it would sting:

“My day doesn’t finish when I come through the front-door, you know?”

As expected and intended, my – not entirely baseless - words fetched a high and colourful indignation to his cheeks.

So great was his need, however, he chose to ignore the none too subtle jibe and press on.

And with a transparent craftiness that at least held a smidgen of truth when his *need* was taken into account.

“Please, Maria,” he suddenly blurted out, the blue eyes that had once beguiled me with such ease looking misty. “Take it off. I miss you and I want to make love to you.”

Instead of reacting to his declaration by swooning into his strong manly arms and allowing him to carry me to the bedroom and fuck me, as once would certainly have been the case – and sometimes when I wasn’t really in the mood – I shook my head and tutted with disappointment:

“I explicitly told you to ask,” I reminded him, allowing my expression to harden.

Harden even more, I should say.

“It’s been barely three days since you were put in your cage,” I went on, again fetching a wince from him at the description of his *‘genital-imprisonment’*. And yet, here you are, whining at me to let you out after having given me your word you would wear it without complaint.”

There was puzzlement in his eyes now as he tried to recall when he had given that word.

A pintless exercise as he hadn’t, verbally, at least, done any such thing.

“It’s really not good enough!” I snapped with impatience. “You’re not some horny adolescent for heaven’s sakes! You’re a grown man. Are you trying to tell me you can’t go three piddling days without becoming a whiny brat just because you drained your balls?”

I could tell from his posture and the look of mortification and neutered anger on his face that this was *exactly* what he wanted to tell me

“Well,” I pressed on, keeping him on the backfoot while relishing my growing domination of both his mind and body. “If you must know, because I’ve been impressed with your willingness around the house, tonight was the night I was going to let your cock out for some exercise and a reward.”

In his excitement at the prospect, he neglected to pick up the past-tense in my words.

“Now though, because you broke our agreement and asked for it,” I burst his balloon, “I’m going to make you wait another three days.”

The bouncing-bomb of anger finally breached the dam of shame, self-regret, and the fear of financial and vocational ruin that had kept him docile up to now:

“Enough!” he exploded. “There’ll be no more of this shit! I want this thing off. And I want it off *right now!*”

I can’t say with certainty what reaction he was expecting but, when I swivelled back around and continued with my work, I can state for sure it was not what I gave him. earned another week,” I said sweetly.

His eyes widened in shock. “Maria,” he demanded. “Take this thing off now!”

“Fuck it!” he snarled, making for the door. “I'll find the fucking keys if I have to tear the place apart!”

I simply smiled to myself and let him go, knowing that, even in the unlikely event of him finding the hidden keys, his anger would have calmed enough for a least a little rational thought to creep through.

At which point, I told myself, smile growing larger – and probably about the time he was on the verge of inserting a key in the first locking mechanism – my description of

the device and its capabilities when I first secured him in it would, no doubt, give him second thoughts about gambling on the order of the locking and unlocking sequence.

For some reason, I'd chuckled to myself, I couldn't see him being either comfortable or happy entrusting himself to man with a blow-torch.

Be that man a cream-of-the-crop locksmith, or a valued member of the emergency-services!

Seven

Stepping around him, I picked up the almost empty wineglass he had thoughtfully had waiting for me upon my return from his former place of employment and seated myself on the sofa after making him wait while I considered his apology for his tantrum of the night before.

"Very well, Timothy," I conceded in my most… *school-teacherly* …voice; knowing how much he hated being called by his full-name and taking it as a litmus-test of his growing fear of his wife. "I'll accept your apology for the shameful language and behaviour of last night."

I won't pretend he looked happy – when all was said and done, he was still wearing a cock-cage while doing household chores and waiting on his wife hand-and-foot – but he did look relieved.

Even if I did not intend for that condition to last long.

"Things have changed between us, Timothy," I told him, enjoying his distaste for my use of his name. "I'm the head-of-our-household now, and what I say goes."

His throat bobbed as he took down a great swallow of distaste at my statement.

And it got no better for him.

"I've been online and you'll be surprised to learn the marriages like ours – or what I intend ours to become – are more common than you'd think. The term for them is *'Female-Led-Relationships'*. And it means…"

"I know what it means," he came in, obviously embarrassed to have me speak of such an emasculating concept and wishing to hurry me on.

A tactic of which I was having no truck.

"Please don't interrupt me when I'm speaking, Timothy," I chided him, to another wince of shame and suppressed anger. "But, as you say you know what it means, then you'll also know that in these relationships it's the woman who is in command of all aspects of a couple's day-to-day interaction. Am I right?"

He nodded, unable to meet my penetrating and unblinking stare.

"Good. That will save me from time."

Knocking back the last of refreshing and chilled to the bone Mersault, I continued:

"As you know so much about the subject," I told him sarcastically, "you'll also know that there are consequences when the junior partner in the relationship disappoints or fails to live up to his responsibilities."

His eyes flared wide at this and I could tell he was marvelling at just how drastically my discovery of his affair had changed me.

I also had the delicious, if far-fetched, suspicion that his thoughts were picturing himself across my hosed thighs as I took him deeper into submission with the back of a hair-brush.

Staying on point was an effort of a sudden, but I managed it:

"From now on, Timothy," I continued, "every time you ask or even beg to come out of your cage I'll add an extra three days onto the time-span I had in mind."

I waited for that to sink in.

Then, emboldened by the images in my own head of his naked arse across my shapely nylon-clad:

"And, if this doesn't effect a change for the better in your behaviour, I might have to resort to more… *traditional* …motivations.

I can't begin to describe his look of shock and pure horror at what I had just described.

Though I can recall my euphoria as my once commanding husband simply stood before me and took it.

"Now, Timothy," I said, holding out my empty glass. "Be a good boy and go to the kitchen and fetch me another wine."

****

"But, Maria," he whined later that evening; believing himself shrewd when he thought the Mersault may have made me more… *mellow*. "How will we make love? You know how you love to fuck."

He was right, of course. I did enjoy it. Unfortunately, as far as he was concerned since discovering his infidelity, when it came to him all my enjoyment of the act was in the past-tense.

A tense that made anticipation of the future so much more… *enticing*.

And especially given the fact my growing domination of him was acting upon my newly liberated sexuality like a form of, *extended*, foreplay that kept me on knife-edge of euphoric arousal.

Arousal which, unlike my caged husband, I could satisfy for myself at a time of my own choosing and without *any* help from him.

"You know, I went on, quoting now from some of Adira's *'research'* she had so thoughtfully forwarded to me, "from what I read, it appears that a man's orgasm after a period of denial can be one of the most intense experiences he will ever have."

Again, my words raised a sliver of hope in him.

"No matter how it's achieved," I finished, already re-considering the extension of his chastity as I told myself a powerful orgasm at the hands – or feet! – of his powerful wife would maybe supply more, or at least equal motivation, than a reiteration of the threat of divorce and subsequent penury hanging over him.

He stood before me in silent and needy anticipation; not wanting to pollute my seeming change of heart with the sound of his own special pleading.

"Yes," I said sharply, swiftly rising to stand next to him. "I think it will be good for you and clarify your thinking in our new relationship as we go ahead."

His breathing seemed to catch in his throat as I stared at him, eyes full of a promise I *knew* would be gratefully received from him; even if it would not involve what he wanted.

That, after all, was a letter that had been sent and received a little while back.

And now he would discover the true and lasting consequences of my reply.

"Go clean up the dishes," I ordered, utterly certain there be no demur from him. "Then bring yourself to *my* bedroom."

*****

Kitchen-duty completed in record time – I would check his efforts in the morning – he came into the bedroom to find me naked on the bed.

Aside from some sheer black hose and a pair of matching heels.

In all the time of my marriage, I had yet to see until now such a look of pure and unadulterated… *longing*.

"Strip, now," I ordered. "Everything off."

Emboldened and as wet as I could ever recall being as he instantly complied; I realised I was enjoying his inferior-status more than I could ever have believed possible in those vanilla days before his cheating and Adira's… *education* …of me.

His eyes never left mine and, within seconds, his still buff body was standing before me, naked save for his cage.

That part of his penis that I could still see in its impregnable and Germanic confinement was an angry looking red from its many fruitless attempts to reach its natural elevation when aroused. Angry, in fact. Even angrier than the expression on his face when I'd first gave him the ultimatum about wearing it.

To his surprise, I patted the bed next to me.

Surprise he was not slow in overcoming as he joined me on the mattress.

“Kiss me,” I demanded and thrilled as his soft bit no longer masterful lips caressed mine in a way they *never* had in the bad old days, as I now described them to myself, of our former marriage as it had once existed.

Knowing also that his deferential and reverent kissing would go on for as long as I wanted was a massive ego-boost.

The certainty that I no longer had an obligation to take care of his needs if my mood was not of the giving kind was also a massive turn-on.

Which was when I eased his head from me and applied pressure to his shoulder; knowing that what I was about to insist upon from him was something he had been reluctant – aside from one drunken and pitiful attempt after we were married – to perform for me.

Albeit, this time, with a wrinkle born of the information about his… *tastes* …gleaned from his former fuck-slut.

“Please your wife, now,” I said in a voice of command, breathlessly pushing his only slightly resistant head to the soaked gusset of my nylon-clad pussy, amazed at how wanton and controlling I had become since the epiphany supplied by his betrayal. “Worship her cunt through her hose and show her how much she means to you and how sorry you are for the way you’ve treated her.”

On his knees upon the carpet before me, the effect of my words caused him to close his eyes in what looked an ecstasy of anticipation before, clumsily I have to say, and with far less resistance than I had believed possible at this point of his subjugation to me, I felt his nose prodding at the nylon covering my labia and his tongue sweep its length.

It was if a sensual floodgate had been opened inside him as his tonguing became almost frantic in its desire to please my pussy; oblivious even to the pain he must have been feeling as his cock tried to harden fully in it Bavarian prison-cell.

I thrashed from side-to-side under his dilettante tongue; the fact it was trying to please me through the sheer nylon of my hose doing nothing to detract from the marvellous sensations of perversity and control washing the length of my body.

Perversity and control made all the more potent for knowing this was only a first attempt and that there was so, *so*, much more to come from the husband I was in the process of taming and emasculating.

Such a change from those days when he insisted our R&R was about nothing more than F&F.

Fornication & Fellation.

For the first time in my time with him, I was achieving multi-orgasms. One after the other they seemed to roll me as he continued to lap at my hose-clad pussy as if it were an ice-lolly proffered to a dehydrated nomad.

Placing a foot in the middle of his chest, I shoved him away from me and watched with a queenly feeling as he fell back to the carpet and rested upon his elbows. I could not recall the last time – if ever – I'd achieved more than one orgasm during sex and the sheer and ecstatic nature of my responses fairly pile-drove the last nail into the coffin of his manhood.

If this was what I could expect to receive from his submission then I would move heaven and earth to ensure he remained my captive.

And had a powerful, wealthy, and equally invested, friend to help me as I went about it.

I stretched my arms above me and yawned contentedly, aware that his eyes were still glued to the sodden gusset of my hose.

"Thank you, Timothy," I whispered, looking deep into large brown eyes oblivious to my own at that moment. "That was a very nice first effort."

Suddenly, his eyes were no longer fixated upon my sopping pussy but were staring into my own with an emotion I knew was hope.

And something else…

Tears.

Of a sudden, and to my complete amazement, my formerly strong and commanding man was sobbing.

I watched with rapt fascination and a feeling of, I confess, unholy triumph, as the tears literally cascaded over his handsome cheeks.

No sound was coming from him as his chest heaved with emotion and I realised the last time I had cried in such a way had been when I was a child and my perceived pain had been so great I could not find a voice to convey its magnitude.

So far, so soon, had I – I should say *we* – taken this once-proud man from his starting-point.

"There, there," I cooed as I cradled him against my bare upper body, mashing him into my breasts as my pantyhosed legs made sure to rub against his body. "What's wrong, Timothy?"

It took a while but my thoroughly beaten and mortified husband finally found his voice:

“It’s all too much, Maria,” he sobbed out. “Please, Maria, I'm begging you. I'm a grown man. It’s not natural for me not to be able to… I know you told me not to ask, but…? but…?”

“Hush now, Timothy,” I cooed soothingly, stroking his hair the way one would calm a child or a skittish horse. “It’s alright. Mummy understands.”

I’ve no idea where the word came from – I’d certainly not thought or been thinking along those lines – but, at the word, *“Mummy”*, he convulsed as if he had just been attached to the grid.

Interesting.

“Please, Mu… Maria,” he begged, recovering quickly from his near slip but not swiftly enough for it go unnoticed by his eagle-eyed and adrenalin pumped wife. “I'll do anything.”

“Anything?”

“Anything! Anything, you say. I just… I just need to come!... Pleeeeeeeeease.”

Pulling him into my breasts more tightly, I continued to stroke his hair and speak soothingly.

“Of course you do, sweetie,” I told him affectionately. “And Mummy wants to reward you for at least trying to be a good boy for her. But you have to understand that, from now on, when you give your Mummy your word it means you can’t go back on it… Understand?”

“Yes, Maria,” he mumbled out from beneath my tits.

“Why don’t you call me, Mummy, for now on,” I suggested. “I really like that and, as long as you only do it when we’re together, I think it’s a very nice way for you to show me your respect and the fact you recognise I’m now the head of our household.”

He was silent for a few moments and I wondered if I hadn’t gone too far with this new and unexpected development.

I pressed on, just the same, confident he could refuse me next to nothing now I had him locked and desperate.

“Can you do that for your new Mummy?” I asked.

It was a while coming but, finally, his head nodded against my breasts.

“No, no,” I chided. “Little boys have to answer their Mummies when they’re spoken to… Try again, sweetie.”

Now it was my breath that caught in my throat, as I wondered if he was so devoid of pride and what remained of his manhood he would consent to allow me to treat him in so… *puerile* …a manner.

Then, to the soaring of my self-confessed and increasingly warped spirit:

"Y-Yes… M-Mummy. I… I can do it."

I decided there and then to press home my advantage:

"And when you give Mummy your word, now or in the future, you'll mean it, won't you?" I asked, injecting a little bite into my last two words.

"Y-Yes… Hmmm… Mummy."

"So, when you told Mummy you'd be willing to do anything if she let your naughty little cockle…"

I hesitated a moment.

Where the hell had *that* come from!

"Cockle?"

Liking the sound of it so much I began again from the beginning:

"… When you said that you'd do anything if Mummy let your naughty little cockle cum," I reminded him, you truly meant it, didn't you?"

The *"Mummy"* aspect of our talk took an immediate back-door as he realised I was considering taking him out of his chastity and letting him ejaculate.

His response was instant this time:

"Yes, Mummy, I did."

"Good boy!" I praised him, exulting in my new role as it seemed to add a new dimension to both my control and his growingly abject dependency. "So you'll have no problem looking after Mummy's pussy with your tongue through her hose each night when she returns from the office?"

A good lawyer, I'd heard once on Boston Legal, *never* asked a question of a witness to which he didn't already know the answer.

Hence my next question:

"You won't mind if Mummy is less than… *delicate*, then?... After all, she would have spent all day in her hose and she won't want to waste time changing before her little boy's tongue soothes her lovely pussy."

Again, it was as if I'd pressed a live-wire to his naked flesh.

"N-No, Mummy," he answered, desperation making him pitifully malleable. "I… I wouldn't mind that."

Pulling his head back by the hair, I stared into his eyes sternly:

"Do you really mean it?"

There was no hesitation and I realised just how true the old saying about women being able to lead men by their cocks was not apocryphal:

"Yes, Mummy. I mean it."

I pretended to think it over; more to make him grateful for my indulgence when it came than any uncertainty on my part.

Then:

"Very well, Timmy," I said, surprising myself again with my use of the childish diminutive and finding I liked it. "Go to Mummy's jewelry box on the dressing-table and take out the keys."

He gave me a look, surprised that I had hidden them in plain sight, so to speak, despite my having told him that the keys were useless unless he was one-hundred-percent certain of the locking-and-unlocking sequence I had ensured he'd be ignorant of by placing a blindfold on him as he'd been fitted with his new body-armour.

"You'll also find a black silk scarf in the box with them. Fetch them both for Mummy."

When he had virtually launched himself from me to do my bidding and returned with the items, I had another order for him:

"Now, go to my wardrobe. On the top shelf you'll find a Jimmy Choo shoe-box. Fetch the contents of that to Mummy as well."

Again, he was gone with a rush, returning quickly, and again I marvelled at the power a man's sperm-filled balls could wield over him.

Not that I was complaining.

"Open it, for Mummy."

"The larger bracelets lock around your feet, Timmy," I told him, expression daring him to disobey me.

He didn't.

"Good boy," I praised when the bracelets were affixed to each ankle and a length of stout chain joined them together. "Now, do the same with the wrist-bracelets and the

connecting chain then affix the third length of chain to that connecting your ankles and padlock it to the chain separating your hands."

I watched with an almost orgasmic satisfaction as my needy husband carried out my instructions to the letter.

Loving the look of him as he stood before me, hobbled and chained, I beckoned him forward with a forefinger and fastened the silk scarf over his eyes to effectively deprive him of his sight.

When I finally removed his cage, careful myself not to mess up the sequence, his cock immediately sprang to a full and almost angry looking erection, almost as if it were *demanding* attention.

The thought made me chuckle to myself.

If all went to plan – and why would it not when he was already so… *beaten?* – he would *never* be in a position to demand anything from either me or another woman again.

"Now, little Timmy," I ordered demeaningly, tone motherly and authoritative together, "kneel in front of me."

When he complied, I slid a finger inside my hose and slowly fingered myself before withdrawing a sopping digit and placing it beneath his nose.

"Sniff Mummy now, Timmy. Show her how much you love her scent."

He did as I ordered.

"Good boy!

"Suck my finger, Timmy. Show Mummy what a good boy you intend to be for her from now on.

With not a second of prevarication, the husband who had proved loath to place his lips anywhere near his wife's cunt sucked the finger sopping with her pussy-juices into his mouth and vacuumed it as if his future depended upon it.

I allowed him to savour my scent and my juices for a while longer.

Until:

"You've been a good boy, for Mummy. Do you want to cum now?"

"Please," he whispered, almost faint with need and desire I could tell. "Please, Mummy."

"You did say you would do anything for Mummy," I reminded him as his head bobbed an energetic and emphatic affirmative.

“Very well, then,” I told him. “Because you’ve been such a good and obedient little boy I’m going to let you wank your little cockle against the sole my shapely little foot in its pantyhose.”

His intake of breath was so sharp he could not prevent the gasp it provoked as it entered his throat.

“Yes, I thought Mummy’s little boy would like that,” I said teasingly, holding up the hosed sole of my right foot for his inspection. “Give Mummy’s foot a little kiss now to show her how much you appreciate what she’s doing for you.

Thinking he would balk at this obvious power play and the humiliation attendant upon it, it was my system that received an electrical charge this time as his eyes closed and his lips pressed rasped against the black pantyhose encasing my foot.

The look upon his face was almost devotional, as he placed kiss after kiss on my foot and my erstwhile vanilla sexuality became a memory I knew would not be returning; the heady mix of him submitting to me - and the knowledge I had been responsible for forcing him to do so - sent wave after wave of sensations to my acutely tuned pussy.

Sensations that were almost debilitating, so thrilling were they.

“That’s Mummy’s good little boy,” I managed to give praise in a voice I found it hard to prevent betraying my own excitement for having already reduced him to such a condition with such relative ease; the slut Amelia’s observation that he was obsessed with legs, feet, and lingerie – and to an extreme degree – had proven correct with a vengeance it seemed; and *‘Timmy’s’* cheated upon wife was, and intended to remain, the beneficiary of it.

His kisses had reached the backs of my toes now and I knew just one simple command would be all it required to have him take my hosed toes into his mouth and suck upon them as if they were a source of nourishment.

The sensations of sheer and erotic control elicited from controlling another human-being who just happened to be my husband in such a way were, I exaggerate not… *spectacular*.

“I’m going to let Little-Timmy play with himself now,” telling myself that referring to him in the third-person would stoke-up his feelings of submission and inferiority even more. “Is that what he wants?”

There was no reply and I saw he could barely bring himself to remove his lips from my toes.

I performed the service for him and his eyes opened with what could have been mistaken for devastation at their removal.

“Little-Timmy had better answer his Mummy when she asks him something if he wants Mummy to be good to him,” I warned in a strict tone.

“S-Sorry, M-Mummy,” he made instant apology, neither voice nor man recognizable to me as the husband to whom I had once played a distant second-fiddle in the home, the workplace, and the bed. “It… It is what I want.”

“What WHO wants?” I pressed, determined to feed his obsession and keep the pressure on.

A flicker of hesitation crinkled his eyes and I could tell he was asking himself how he could possibly respond in the way I wanted and still call himself a man afterwards yourself.

Hesitation his obsession and perverse need *soon* overcame:

“It… It’s…”

Then, in a rush, as if a speedy delivery would somehow mitigate his abject surrender:

“It’s what Little-Timmy wants, Mummy.”

Having studied history for my Uni-degree, the concession made me feel like Caesar at Vesontio or Marlborough at Blenheim. Any general, in fact who had thoroughly decimated and subdued the opposition and placed them under the heel. For the first time in my life I was experiencing what we had been led to think was a male imperative alone.

A need to ravage and make his that which wasn’t already.

“Good boy” I encouraged, thoughts already on the prospect of ordering his tongue back to work on my, figuratively speaking, screaming pussy once the small matter of the release he so badly desired had been taken care of.

Which was when another way I could pile on the humiliation occurred to me:

“Little-Timmy is going to wank his little cockle until it spurts all over Mummy’s lovely foot,” I told him.

Adding then:

“Then, when, his baby-balls are all nice and empty, and before his tongue thanks Mummy’s pussy, he is going lick her expensive black clean.”

His face drained of colour at my words and it was obvious what I suggested made no appeal to him.

It was, it seemed, one thing to lick his wife’s pussy through her hose when his need placed him in extremis; but to do so *after* his desire had been drained from him, as well as licking his own cum from her foot…?

Well, this, and understandably I suppose, made nowhere near the same appeal.

“Stand up, now,” I ordered, wasting no more time on head-games.

When he rose to his feet, I extended my leg and applied the sole of my foot against his ridged and veined erection to press it flat against the lower part of his stomach.

“There you go, sweetie,” I told him. “Mummy’s foot is all yours.”

Then, sure in the knowledge he would not be lasting too long, this as a gasp of pleasure left his mouth and he began to apply pressure of his own that he might hump my foot, I added:

“You’ve been a good boy for Mummy, so take all the time you want.”

The time he took, to even my surprise, was less than twenty seconds or so, before his body shuddered and a long drawn out groan of ecstasy and release left his throat.

In tandem with an explosion of pent-up manly cream that fairly gushed upwards from the cock-head trapped between my foot and his stomach.

It was a minute or two later, when I assured myself his overheated emotions had calmed, that I ordered him back to his knees and presented my semen sodden sole to a pair of, by now, distasteful lips.

And some minutes after that until I was satisfied with the efforts of his cleansing tongue and insisted he transferred that same tongue’s attention to the flood-plain that was my pussy.

Eight

Dearest Maria

Before I left for my trip to the Brussels Petro-Chem Symposium I thought it might be a wise idea to place some of my thoughts going ahead on paper – unwilling as we both are to commit such private reflections to anything as insecure as an email or mobile-phone.

Since your description of how relatively easily your progress with "Timmy" has been and how far down the ladder of manhood you have already taken him, my own thoughts have been working overtime on how best to TRULY secure him to you – and, by implication, me.

In the envelope containing this note, you will also find the address and telephone-number of the solicitor to whom I entrust my most confidential personal and business issues. She is expecting your call – if you find my suggestion useful, that is – and has already drawn up a contract she herself will witness should you decide to go ahead with the MATTER we have already discussed at length and "Little-Timmy" can be brought to see that doing so also will be in his long-term best interests.

As you read the end of my last sentence, imagine your dearest and truest friend crying tears of merriment at the irony she has allowed herself.

Unless, of course, it turns out that his "best interests" miraculously coincide with those belonging to both me and your good self.

Do you consider this last likely?

No.

Neither do I.

Should you press on with this, then I have another development concerning the former slut of your faithless husband I feel sure – should he sign the contract – will result in his indenture and serfdom to us in as complete and total a fashion as the laws and morality of a modern-day Western state allow.

I sign off for now in the hope that, when I return, the contract will be signed and witnessed and we can utilise Ms Amelia Wilson to ensure he is your chattel and property in all but name.

With all my love and sincerity

Adira

The envelope had been waiting on my desk when I entered my office that Monday morning and I knew Adira must have placed it there herself rather entrust it to Joyce, my secretary. Her desire for secrecy was understandable but, I considered, a tad over the top. We were boss and employee in an upmarket recruitment agency – not "M" and a female "Bond".

Just the same, I also considered that her more covert approach to what we had in mind for my increasingly obedient and demoralised husband could do no harm.

Which was why I introduced her note to the shredder after reading it and retained only the name, number, and address of the solicitor she wished me to see.

Once, that is, *"Little-Timmy"*, as Adira herself had grown fond of referring to him, had been persuaded to accompany me and have his signature witnessed after agreeing to the *"Post-Nup"* his infidelity had forced upon me if he wished our marriage to continue.

Not so difficult a task really. Made easier by his unease when I began to hint that our marriage just wasn't working and that I couldn't seem to get over his betrayal of me – despite the way he was willing to humiliate himself as a means of persuading me he was as serious about his regret as he was that he loved and wished to remain my husband.

In the two weeks since he had abased himself at my feet and pussy – even licking his own cold and slimy cum from my hosed foot – I had noticed a change in his behaviour.

A substantial change.

He had, of course, on that first morning after calling me *"Mummy"* for the first time, tried to play it all down when I showed no sign of stopping the next morning.

Had tried to convince me he had thought we were just… *role-playing*.

It did *not* take me long to convince him that his new *"Mummy"* was not buying it.

Though it took a few more days, once he had been locked securely back into his cage, for his behaviour towards me to return, and then transcend, the abject servility his now assuaged need to empty his balls had inspired in him before I decided to give him a taste of how powerful his releases could be from now on.

Even if I did refrain from telling him it was my intention – and that of Adira's – that his cock would never know the inside of a wet and warm pussy again.

My friend's suggestion of male chastity – not to mention the ultra-expensive device she had purchased to enable it – was swiftly becoming one of the most momentous developments in my life to this point.

As I say, for the first few days at least, his attitude had changed and, though he still performed his chores and had even gone down on me as I'd insisted, it was not nearly with the same degree of eagerness with which he had done so on *"Mummy-Night"*.

And he certainly wasn't addressing me as *"Mummy"* the way I ad asked him to with the express intention of keeping his humiliation front and center beyond even that of his househusband status and my insistence on cunnilingus.

Both Adira and I agreed that I wouldn't push him on this.

Not for a while, anyway.

Though the time was fast approaching.

Monday's were always very busy for me with conference-calls and client meetings and, by the time I left office for home after Joyce had organised the next few days, I was bushed.

Timothy was waiting for me when I entered the flat, with an expression I could only describe to myself as *"glowering"*.

I hardened myself; certain his rebellion needed to be quelled now, and then once again at the solicitor's the following morning.

Utilizing Amelia Wilson, to which my friend had alluded mysteriously in her note, was something for the future; though at this point I couldn't imagine what role the bitch could play that would be of any help to either me or Adira.

There was no greeting and certainly no hint of small talk from my suddenly resolute husband.

As for the glass of chilled white I expected him to have waiting for me…?

Fill the blanks for yourself.

"We need to talk," he informed without the presence of any inflection indicating cold or warmth, no doubt expecting me to respect he was a man on a mission and be suitably cowed.

As if!

"Yes, we do," I agreed in my hardest and most serious tone, eyes holding his as he stood before me in defiance.
Leaving him in the hallway, I simply stepped into the apartment and seated myself on the sofa as he followed me through, upstaging his mini-rebellion almost instantly – even if he wasn't prepared to give up on it just yet.

Not saying another word I simply observed him as he paced up and down like a caged animal in an attempt to let me see how he was both agitated and *deadly* serious.

Then suddenly he stopped and stared down at me with a thunderous expression.

"You need to take this thing off me right now."

"Do I?"

"You've had your fun and I've been paid back in full," he told me. "But it's gone too far. I've allowed you to treat me in the most contemptible and disrespectful way because of my guilt, but I refuse to put up with it any longer."

"Is that how you feel?" I told him, feigning a look of sympathy I could see puzzled him.

"I just finished telling you."

"Very well then," I went on. "Let me take a nice shower and get out of these clothes I've worn all day at the office and I'll take your cage off of you, okay?"

It was probably the last response he had expected.

"You…? You mean…?"

"Of course," I told him, rising to my feet and heading for the bedroom and its adjoining en-suite.

Only to turn back and face him from the doorway with a smile:

"You can stay tonight, but I'll expect you to be gone by the time I return from the office tomorrow night… Fair?"

The absence of the wind that had been propelling his rebellion left a becalmed husband staring at me as he stood motionless in the middle of the room.

"I'll ask Joyce to check-out what we need to divorce first thing in the morning."

With that, I'd turned and made for the en-suite, peeling off as I did so and leaving a trail of shoes, clothing and pantyhose on the floor in my wake; confident that it would *not* be me tasked with the chore of picking them up.

*****

"Maria… I… I don't want a divorce."

I turned to see him standing in the doorway to the en-suite as he watched me towel-off, shamefaced and *hungry* for sex – not to mention the manhood of which he was being slowly stripped.

My reply was like a slap in the face to him and I almost smiled; certain the real thing was in his very near future:

“Unfortunately for you, Timothy,” I announced, foregoing the puerile diminutive for the moment, “I *do* want a divorce.”

He was instantly terrified… *and contrite*:

“Please, Maria! Can’t you see how wrong this is? I made a mistake. I admit it. I’ve lost my job and you have me skivvying like some kind of househusband. And, to top it all off, you’ve locked me into this fucking cage that means not only can’t I make love to you the way a loving husband should, but that I have to piss sitting down as if I’m some kind of woman!

“It’s fucking killing me, Maria! Can’t you see that? I just want us to be husband and wife again and put this nightmare behind us.”

I pretended to think about it while allowing the towel to subtly expose the pussy I had depilated the night before and he had yet to notice.

Then, adding a look of regret to my expression, I let the hammer fall:

“I’m sorry, Tim,” I said, reverting back to how I’d addressed him pre-Amelia. “But I really think we’re finished.”

“No!” he cried, no doubt envisaging his legacy and his immediate future as they transformed to a desert in his thoughts. “You don’t mean that, Maria!”

“It’s no use, Tim. You’ve lost my trust and… without that…?”

“But…? But I’ve tried. You know that. Why else would I consent to…” his hands referenced his groin… “this??”

“It’s not enough, Tim. It’s killing you. You said so yourself. I can’t keep you in it forever and, if you’re not wearing it, I’d always wonder which bimbo you were fucking while you were alone and I was at the office.”

“But, Maria, what if…”

“Sorry, Tim,” I interrupted, knowing exactly what he was going to offer in his desperation and knowing I would have that anyway if he could be led to a certain solicitor’s office the following morning. “You offering to continue wearing it is just not going to work. We’re done… Now, please, let me finish what I’m doing and get changed.”

Beaten eyes lowered to the floor and then rose back up until they were at my waist as he took in the hairless cunt that was no longer his private playground and *never* would be again.

It had been something he'd been asking me to do for years and something – for reasons that are no longer apparent to me – I resisted.

"You…? You shaved."

"Just go, Tim. I want this over and done with as soon as possible. You screwed our marriage away and it's just too painful."

I moved to usher him out of the bathroom but he held the door open and refused to leave.

I gave him a hopeless and long-suffering sigh.

"This is achieving nothing, Tim. We're done and the both of us need to move on."

"No, Maria," he refuted me, eyes misty with, as yet, unshed tears, "you're wrong. There *has* to be something we can do. I love you too much to lose you."

I deliberately allowed my expression to soften and hoped he would pick up on the bait.

He bit instantly.

"Anything, Maria. I promise, I'll do anything if it means staying with you."

I eyed him warily, "you've made promises before. One of them the biggest promise of all. And you had no trouble breaking that."

"And it was the single most shameful and hurtful thing I've done in my life, my darling. Please, give me a chance. I'll make sure you never regret it."

I pretended to think about it, certain he wouldn't have to make sure of a fucking thing when Adira and myself would be taking responsibility for him.

"You really mean it, then?"

A look of the most profound relief misted his eyes as he answered:

"I said anything, Maria, and I meant it. Whatever it takes to allow you to trust me again. Just say the word and I'll agree to it."

Nodding thoughtfully, I almost chuckled when I saw his eyes flicker in the direction of my denuded little kitty; his lust never far from the forefront even when things were looking dire for his immediate future.

But then…

Well, he was a man, wasn't he?

"Well… I suppose there is something we could try…"

Nine

Timothy’s mouth fell open as I made my entrance and moved past him carrying my laptop as if he were of no account.

This confused him.

He would not be in such a condition for long.

Since signing the post-nup a week before, we had *almost* returned to being a normal married couple.

If you consider a househusband in a cock-cage normal, that is.

I had even allowed him out of the cage on three occasions since he provided a sign of intent and signed away all his marital rights to money and property should he be found cheating again.

Not full sex, you understand?

"It's far too early for that, sweetie," I'd forestalled him. *"Perhaps when the images of you with that slut are out of my head, we can get back to what we once had. Until then though, the cage will have to stay on and you'll have to content myself with either my hand or my foot."*

I'd smiled teasingly at that:

"As I recall, you really got off on rubbing your released cock on my pantyhosed foot."

The reminder hadn't pleased him but he was wise enough not to show it.

And he had, of course, supplied me with a rather spectacular orgasm myself.

Courtesy of the tongue I was in the process of training!

Now, a week on from having the post-nup witnessed, the plans Adira and I had so carefully laid – along with a sizeable cash sweetener to a certain slut – had come to fruition and were about to pay dividends.

To us!

Placing the laptop on the coffee-table, I seated myself on the sofa and crossed my legs, making sure he caught a glimpse of thigh in black nylon.

"Are you okay, Maria?" he asked, eyes flickering to my sheathed thigh despite his unmistakeable unease.

"What do you think?" I said, swivelling the screen around to face him and reveal a picture of the very front-room we currently occupied.

"Wh-What…?" I mean, where…?" he stammered as an inkling of what was about to go down occurred to his befuddled – and, in *this* case, innocent – mind.

“This was taken today.” I pointed. “From a camera I had placed in the wall-light there. I hadn’t managed to get around to kitting out the rest of the apartment. But the direct-feed supplied to my laptop from this one, it seems, was all I needed.”

A look of impending doom accompanied shoulders that slumped faster than a soufflé confronted with an open oven-door.

Doom made all the harder to bear by the useless fact – useless for him, anyway – that he was entirely innocent of what was about to occur onscreen and had not sought it out in any way, shape, or form.

That remit belonged to Adira and myself.

“I’m sorry there was no audio to capture your sweet nothings with the lovely Amelia,” I sneered before going on to lie: “but I really wasn’t up to the technical side of installing the facility that came with the camera.”

As the footage showed him sitting on the same sofa I currently occupied, Amelia could be seen entering from behind him in heels and pantyhose and nothing else.

The shock he must have felt when the scantily-clothed intruder flung himself around his neck and began kissing him was, thankfully, concealed by the slut herself.

Unfortunately for him, the smile plastered upon her face as she fled towards hallway and the adjoining bedrooms, this, as my startled and, no doubt, frantic husband followed in her wake, was.

“Maria! That’s not what happened! One second I was on my own and the next…”

“And the next a slut in pantyhose was draped all over you,” I finished for him, only too aware that she had been supplied with a key to get her into the complex and another to get herself into our apartment.

And guess who by?

“You’ll be telling me next that Scotty from Star-Trek is her uncle and beamed her into our front-room from the Enterprise!”

“Maria, I have no idea how she got in, but you have to believe me when I tell you I gave her a good few choice words before throwing her and her clothes out onto the landing.”

Desperation was written into every crevice of his face as he tried to convince me of a truth I already knew.

“What a piece of fucking slime, you truly are,” I hissed. “First you betray my trust with that slut at the company where I used to work and had friends; and now you bring her into our fucking home… You absolute bastard!”

He attempted to sit next to me but I shoved him away roughly and he slid from a cushion to the floor.

“That’s where you deserve to be, you fucking scum,” I snarled, exulting in my ersatz anger as he quailed beneath the power he knew both the cage and the post-nup gave me over him. “On your knees at your wife’s feet.”

I snatched a couple of breaths.

“Or should I say: ex-wife?”

“Please, Maria. You have to believe me. I never asked her here and I’ve no idea how she got in. I’d never cheat on you agai…”

The slap I fired at his head reddened his cheeks and snapped his neck back, his shock at having me lay hands upon him momentarily overcoming his fear of the consequences arising from this new development.

Shock that increased when I allowed the same hand to make contact with his cheeks upon the return journey.

It was a form of sadism on my part I knew it was not healthy to enjoy.

And, so great was the sensation of power and control, cared not a jot.

“Maria,” he croaked and suddenly fell silent with a sob, seeing the futility of trying to defend himself against what we had ensured would be a fait accompli. then, said nothing more as he hung his head.

“You disgusting excuse for a man,” I continued to heap on the vitriol as he huddled on the carpet below me with his eyes fixed unseeingly upon the same heels I had worn to work that morning.

Rising then, wanting to demonstrate my authority and his impotence to even greater effect, I placed the sole of my shoe against his shoulder and pushed him over so that he fell sideways to the carpet.

“Your pathetic!” I hissed. “Nothing! Not a man. Not an *anything.* You’re lower than despicable.”

He was lying face down now and I took the opportunity to place my heel in the centre of his back in the classic pose of female superiority and male submission, knowing that the camera was still filming and I would be able to relive the moment – as would Adira – again and again.

If without accompanying audio.
I’m not sure how long I stood above him, heel pinning him to the carpet as the faint sound of his unmanly sobbing played like divine music in my ears, but I’m not sure I would have ended my display of dominance at any time soon if it had not been for the need to make him accept what this all meant for him going forward:

“I’m too angry to stand the sight of you, right now,” I told him. “I’m going over to Adira’s and speak to her before I do anything. Who knows? Perhaps she’ll have a solution to my problem.”

Taking my laptop with me, I put my coat back on and left the apartment to make the drive to Chelsea, angry expression leaving my face the moment his sobbing faded from my ears and allowing the sheer exultation I felt at a plan well-executed to surface.

I would, as pre-arranged, stay over with my boss and friend that evening and allow him to stew in the misery of terror, dread, and, I would guess, anger and puzzlement at having been placed in such a situation, before returning the next day and reading him his future as his dominant wife and former employer, Adira Al-Balawi, saw it…

Ten

He was not to know it, but this was to be his last day in the company apartment whose lease was now in my name before he took up his new employment.

For another three months, anyway.

Employment that had yet to be explained to him and which task I was in the process of setting about.

Albeit after softening him up some more to make him more amenable to what I was going to *demand* he do.

Having ordered him to strip, I saw the light of anticipation in dull and beaten eyes that told me he could not prevent himself from that anticipation of a sexual release that had been denied him for over two weeks now.

Two weeks since the trumped-up evidence that had, along with the post-nup that would have ensured he left our marriage with nothing save his clothes in the event of his infidelity, quelled what remained of his spirit and allowed me to treat him in exactly the way Adira assured me she would treat him when he was finally ensconced in her home as the English Man-cum-Body-Servant of whom she had always dreamed.

A servant, moreover, who was more like a slave, given he had no money, no job or likelihood of on. A man, in short, without hope. Save for that one small chink of light we had decided to allow him in order to at least give him something to lose that we could take away if we wished. Namely, that of his aunt's legacy which would still be his if I chose not to divorce him.

A hope that, we hoped, was some years in the future given his seventy-something aunt remained as healthy as a horse and showed no sign of slowing down either or activities with the church or the overarching and moralistic bullying that went with it.

On the few brief occasions I had allowed him to see his family and interact with mine, of course, he had, under warning of what would happen if he went too far with it, been allowed to pretend nothing had changed and everything was normal within our relationship.

Yes, and I'm the female incarnation of Buddha.

If someone's idea of normal, was a man doing household chores while naked in a cock-cage and then greeting his wife on her return from work by kneeling at the door and placing his lips upon her feet when she entered, then yes, our relationship was normal.

After all, doesn't every man like to lick at his wife's soiled pantyhose from feet to pussy before reverently removing it and setting to work upon her tingling pussy with his tongue upon her return from the workplace?

It was a joy I never tired of and only my promise to Adira was strong enough to ensure I gave her the wherewithal to take him from me for the first of the twice a year quarters we had agreed each of us would have in order to share him between us.

Which was why I had decided upon this *softening-up* before informing him of where he would be going and who he would be serving once there.

Watching my once macho and self-assured husband strip off before I handcuffed his hands behind his back gave me a thrill that seemed to increase the more I did it.

A thrill that was not diminished by the way he knelt before me without being told as, blindfold dispensed with, I pulled a hood more symbolic of our respective positions over his head so he couldn't see the locking and unlocking sequence that kept him secure and fearful.

At those times when I *wasn't* about to reward his servile behaviour with a release, that is.

"Good boy," I praised him as he waited impatiently but nervously for me to release him and sighed as the cage clasping his penis was removed and his cock sprang free.

Immediately becoming hard and jutting from his flat belly to arrow towards the front-room ceiling as if it were a space-shuttle awaiting lift-off instructions.

When I removed his hood, he looked up at me desperately as I sat on the sofa before him and crossed the legs he was coming to obsess over more and more with each passing day of torment and denial.

Lowering his eyes, he lasered them on to my hosed and hairless cunt, before edging forward on his knees as he had been taught so I could lightly and contemptuously caress his cheek.

Smiling at him, I waited until he positioned his cock so that it was between my calves and then snapped them shut.

My good boy did nothing, so well trained was he by this time.

Dis nothing, that is, except look into my eyes with longing and surrender as he waited for me to give him the word.

Instead of supplying him with what he wanted right away, I reached my hands around his head and pulled his face in close to stroke his hair, the magnitude of his need for me betrayed by the way his body seemed to quiver like a highly taut bowstring against my knees.

Another giveaway being the way his lips pressed themselves against my nylon covered thigh with a reverence I found, almost, profound.

Then, increasing the pressure of my hosed calves about his immobile and impatient erection, I gave him the word:
"Hump!"

Shuddering and trembling, my once manly and proud husband seemed galvanised by the degrading command and immediately began thrusting in and out against my strong and gripping calf-muscles.

The effect upon me was utterly mesmeric as I watched this physically more powerful beast frantically humping against the sensual hose cladding my legs.

A physically more powerful beast I had utterly mastered to the point he was ready to do just about anything I told him to do.

And simply for the joy of abasing himself at my feet that he may know the perverted and unholy joys to be experienced when a man submits fully to his woman.

Given the length of denial and the long period between my *purging* of his balls, I was hardly surprised when, after what had to be less than thirty seconds, my little boy began groaned and thrusting with greater urgency, breath rasping in his throat as he frantically rubbed himself against my legs in his desperate haste to again jettison his copious cum and know some small respite from his inability to satisfy himself in such a way without my permission.

His explosion when it came was as satisfying to me in its own way as it was to the pitiful excuse of a man who was my own creation and whose torment thrilled me so completely.

I continued to gently stroke his hair as he regained his breath before releasing the grip of my calves upon his spent cock and pushing him back onto his haunches that he might look into my mocking and triumphant eyes; knowing, as he did, that he would be spending an indeterminate time after his latest urge had been dealt with and he'd been locked back into his cage with his head between my thighs and his tongue worshipping at the shrine of hairless and superior cunt.

And, as always, forced to do so *after* his desire had been temporarily satisfied and the cage thwarted any further erections and resurgence of his desire my womanly scent might inspire him to.

Action I fully intended to take, *after* I had him hooded and the cage and its locking ring secured around his enslaved and helpless penis.

Though, this being our last night for a while – even if he had yet to be told – I fully intended to leave the cuffs securing his hands behind his back in place until his servile tongue had fully satisfied his dominant and controlling wife to her satisfaction.

Only *then* would I tell him about the next three months awaiting him in the service of my boss, friend, and mentor, Adira Al-Balawi.

A stint, during which, so grateful was I to the friend and mentor who'd introduced me to the life-path upon which I had placed my marriage, that I had foregone a pleasure in his regard I had been contemplating for some time.
Namely, the denuding of his ball-sac that his genitals might look suitably… *adolescent* …in their inescapable chastity.

Epilogue

The man who showed her in to the plush 16th floor apartment clear and unobscured views across to the south of London, this after reception had called to announce the visitor's arrival and confirm she was expected, looked like her husband and sounded like her husband – even if his outfit of white shirt and bow tie, matching white shorts

and ridiculous ankle socks, were like nothing she would ever have imagine him wearing. Other than that, however, the man standing formally erect as he bid her enter was recognisably her husband.

Yet…

Tomorrow, it would have been three months to the day that she had last seen him and, as per her agreement with her friend and employer, she had neither laid eyes on him during that time and nor had she made inquiries into his well-being or had his temporary Arab-Master volunteer news on his behalf.

The reality of living up to the agreement had, to the surprise of the composed and corporately dressed woman with elegantly shaped hosed legs and dark-hair cut short into a French-Crop that gave her features a certain… *hardness* …been harder on her than she had expected.

And *not* because of the fact she missed the captive and whipping-boy her husband had been fashioned into alone.

Though, even when one of the lovers she now considered it her right to take, was allowed into her bed, it was usually images of her caged husband's tongue as it pleased her hungry pussy that took her over the edge screaming; rather than the pummelling cock of the smug one-night-stand who considered her cries the result of his own talents as a cocksman.

Beyond the sexual aspects though, Maria Denham was honest enough to admit that she had missed her husband's presence in her life.

For though she knew their life together would *never* return to what it had once been when he was the *man* and she hung on his every word, she was also intelligent enough and pragmatic enough to realise that the relationship she had convinced herself she wanted with him after the discovery of his affair could only ever have a limited time-span in the real world before the law of diminishing returns ensured it became as dull and passé as any other routine performed often enough.

And then there was the inconvenient truth that, despite everything – his cheating, together with the subsequent and gradual unveiling of the weakness she had never suspected, let alone expected to utilise for her own ends, she loved him still.

Not in the same tender and hero-worshipping way of before, of course.

That, she told herself emphatically on more than a few occasions, was a horse that had long ago bolted and, so far as she was concerned, could leave its shit wherever it chose, so long as it was not in her stable.

No, what she missed was the intimacy of having someone she trusted around in whom to confide her most intimate thoughts. A role Adira Al-Balawi had filled beautifully for a while. But *only* while *"Timmy"* had been in her life in some form or other.
A presence that had been conspicuously lacking these past three months.

Along with, to her immense surprise, a growing distance between her and the woman more than part responsible for the lives she and her husband were now living.

Lives Maria Denham fully intended to take back – even if she also intended for those lives to remain on a female-led footing.

The continued presence of her husband's cock cage in this new life something she had yet to reach a conclusion on.

"Welcome, Ms Denham," the man who looked and sounded like her husband greeted, cheeks a little flushed and not quite able to meet her eye.

She had imagined a lot of responses on his part in respect of this first meeting with Tim in three months: embarrassment, relief, and even tears of gratitude that she had come to deliver him from his first temporary stint – and the last, she had promised herself – as the Bondsman of a fleshy Arab woman she for a fact made no appeal to him on any level.

What she hadn't imagined was the absent pleasure at seeing her on his part and the fact he addressed her as: *"Ms Denham"*.

"Please follow me," he said without the hint of a smile. "Madame is expecting you."

In a condition of slight shock, Maria followed him through into the spectacular open-plan main-room with its panoramic views to find her friend and employer seated on a sofa calmly reading a copy of Al Madina printed in her own language.

"Maria, my darling girl!" she greeted. Rising to her feet instantly and moving to her friend for a hug, dressed shoulder to ankle in a black-lycra bodysuit that emphasised every curve of her fleshy but surprisingly firm body, her bare brown feet slender and shapely with nails that were painted in a vivid blood-red. A silver necklace from which hung some keys was about her neck.

Keys that looked both familiar and, yet… *unfamiliar*.

She looked to her guest's husband as he stood waiting in stiff servility.

"قهوة" she snapped in Arabic, before adding a few more words to the man in the same tongue.

An astonished Maria looked on as her red-faced husband actually bowed at the waist as if he truly were some neutered European slave in the service of a middle-eastern Sultana.

A *bad* feeling was disturbing the equanimity of her stomach for some reason.

"As Madame wishes," he said with deep and unmissable servility and deference, before turning towards the extensive and comprehensively fitted kitchen to his left.

“You look surprised, Maria,” her hostess commented.

“I… Well…”

“He knows and recognises but a few select words and phrases in my native Arabic,” Adira Al-Balawi smiled. “The word: *‘Coffee’* and the phrase: *‘Hurry’*, amongst them.

Maria simply nodded as she watched her husband busying himself with his Arab-Master’s orders in her kitchen.

“Of course, I have no intention to educate him more comprehensively in the joys of my mother-tongue” Adira assured her. “Just enough that he can recognise the more simple commands.

With her deep black hair pushed from her face and tied at the back, the Arab woman’s near corpulent features had taken on a look of severity Maria hadn’t noticed before and, when her friend and employer indicated she sit opposite her she did so instantly.

“We have much to speak about, my lovely Maria,” the younger woman told her, the accented English that had once seemed so sincere to her suddenly seeming anything but. “I assume that is why you asked to visit?”

Maria nodded and girded her loins, feeling, and for pretty much the first time, uneasy in the younger woman’s presence.

This was a different Adira to the self-assured and driven version she had been used to working for and with.

Both were still present, of course, but now there appeared to a latent… *cruelty* …at work.

A sadistic desire to dominate not just her husband but Maria herself.

Praying her assessment was wrong, the English woman said what she had come to say:

“Yes, Adira,” she began, about to open with a lie to her friend for the first time, “I thought I’d visit with you to ask if you’ve enjoyed your three months with Timmy, and also to make the arrangements for his return home.”

The sound of the percolator from the kitchen ensured the human-element of the coffee-making process could not overhear them as Adira replied – though it would have made absolutely no difference if he could.

“Thank you, Maria,” said the fleshy woman, oversized breasts rising and falling calmly within the confines of their lycra prison, Maria detecting in her voice some of the sarcasm normally to be found falling from her own lips. “It is kind of you to ask. The answer to your first question is very easy and, to the second, even easier.”

Maria waited, re-crossing her nylon sheathed legs nervously as she did so as the nagging suspicion she would not like what she was about hear worried at her thoughts.

“Firstly, I must tell you that I have never felt so alive and complete as a woman during the period of the service your husband has provided me, and you have my undying gratitude for having been instrumental in bringing this happy situation about.”

The suspicious wife forced a smile.

“As to the second: I must tell you that arrangements for Timmy to return to the home my company allows you to rent for so little in the way of money are completely unnecessary.”

The implicit threat veiled beneath the reference, *“so little in the way of money”*, was all Maria needed to confirm her suspicion all was not… *copasetic*.

“I have decided to do you the great service,” Adira Al-Balawi continued, “of removing the burden that is your husband from your life entirely.”

Suspicion or not, this hadn’t been what the English woman had been expecting and the pleas from her friend for an extension of her husband’s service to her she *had* expected in no way prepared her for the full intent of what she wanted.

Keeping her composure, and her temper, Maria replied:

“That is very kind of you, Adira. Once again, you are a good friend with nothing but my best interests at heart. But there really is no need. You see, I’ve already decided that Timmy – *‘Tim’* – has been punished enough for his faithlessness and knows enough now *never* to repeat such behaviour.”

Taking a moment to see how the Arab-woman was taking it and receiving back an impassive look, Maria pressed on:

“Of course, things will never go back to what they were and I’m sure there will be times when I need to take a firm hand with him. That’s why I’ve made up my mind that we will live together as wife and husband in a female-led way that is not so… *draconian* …for him.”

Still receiving no reply, save for the same impassive stare, Maria continued:

“I know you will be disappointed in me for cancelling our sharing arrangement, but I really don’t see how that can work going ahead if Tim and I are going to be a proper couple again. I hope you understand?”

Adira Al-Balawi simply stared back at her as if her words had been heard but instantly dismissed as being irrelevant.

“Please don’t be upset, Adira,” Maria ploughed on while telling herself the younger woman, rather than looking at all put-out and disappointed, seemed simply unconcerned. “I just need to get my marriage back into at least some kind of recognisable shape. So I’ll have to pass on your very kind offer to *‘take him off my hands*.”

Still there was no answer and the English wife was feeling still more uneasy.

“You aren’t upset… are you?”

“No, Maria,” the answer came finally, much to the older woman’s relief. “Though you are breaking your word to me, despite knowing the importance of such matters to me, I understand why you would do so. Your husband is a very handsome man and has a hidden talent for doing exactly as a strong female tells him. I would find it strange if you did wish to continue to share him with another. A desire for… *exclusiveness* …I share completely.”

“Thank heavens!” Maria sighed, the air expelled from her tense body with a rush of relief. “I thought you might be…”

A hand raised in mid-air, palm outwards, cut into the English woman’s speech as if she were a speeding motorist confronted by a censorious traffic-policeman.

“By that,” her employer and friend went on, “I mean that *I* have no desire to share either.”

“Wh-What…? I… I’m not with you.”

“It is simple, my dearest girl,” Adira told her, the accented and carefully pronounce English losing more and more of its power to calm and persuade by the second. “I am saying that your husband will be remaining at my side in a position of service from now on. He will not be retuning to you and neither will you be sharing him with me from this point on.

“But…?” Maria began accusingly. “Adira, you gave me your word. The word you insist you would never go back on once given.

The woman’s head was already shaking.

“I gave you my word that I would assist you in making your husband sorry he ever had the temerity to place his worthless cock in another woman while married to you. And I believe I kept that word.”

“But…?”

“There are no *‘buts’*, Maria. At no time did I give a solemn promise *not* to take your faithless husband for myself. You are my dear friend and I would not do such a thing to even my most committed enemy.”

Her face softened a little as the continued noise of the percolator and a rattling of crockery ensured her manservant’s attentions were elsewhere as she tried to bring his wife up to speed with her thought-processes:

“My love, I really do not see why you appear so upset. While I am certainly looking after my own best interests, I also have yours very much to the forefront of my thoughts.”

“By trying to take my husband from me?” Maria snapped. “Yes, I can see how a loyal soul like yourself could do that to a *‘dear friend’*. It’s actually what you’ll find under any respectable dictionary’s definition of the word.”

“You are overreacting, my love, and you have it quite wrong.”

“Do I really?”

“Yes, my dear, spectacularly wrong, if I may say so.”

“Please, Adira, do correct my ignorance.”

“I was about to do so, my dear… You are wrong, my love, because I am not *trying* to take your husband from you.”

Maria felt a measure of relief that was instantly overridden with puzzlement.

“If you aren’t trying to take him away then what on earth have you been saying to me?”

“Think about it, Maria,” answered Adira Al-Balawi with a sigh that mixed patience with long-suffering. “If I am not *trying* to take him from you, then there can be but one other possibility.”

Maria’s thoughts sought here and there and came up with nothing.

“No,” she said finally with a shake of the head. “You’ll just have to try and spell it out for me.”

“Very well,” the woman agreed with a tolerant smile. “I-AM-NOT-TRYING-TO-TAKE-YOUR-HUSBAND-FROM-YOU-BECAUSE-I-ALREADY-HAVE-HIM.”

“How…?” How do you mean?”

Another sigh greeted her:

“Really, my dear. For a friend who does such a good job for my company and of whose intelligence I have a healthy respect, you seem a little dumb on this occasion. Could it be that your IQ has dropped dramatically in the interval between our last meeting with each other?”

The instant and waspish sarcasm with which Maria might have greeted such an assertion at one time was markedly absent as the Arab-woman favoured her with maddeningly patronising and indulgent little smile:

“Your husband, my dear, has already committed himself to my service,” Adira Al-Balawi told her.

Before adding:

“And for the foreseeable future.”

Maria Denham could not believe what she was hearing. She had to be lying, her thoughts told her. Because if what she said was true then Tim would certainly be aware that she would divorce him.

And what of his precious aunt’s legacy that meant so much to him then?

Her erstwhile friend had read her thoughts.

“You are telling yourself that he would not agree to such a thing when, by doing so, it would mean excluding himself from his aunt’s bequest to him once she discovered – from either your hand or lips, no doubt – that you had decided to divorce him for his infidelity. Correct?”

Maria found herself supplying an automatic nod, thoughts flailing this way and that for an explanation that would explain her husband’s consent to such a thing and the complete absence of concern he might change his mind in the body-language of Adira Al-Balawi.

The explanation was not long in coming:

“You see, my dear, not only have I convinced him that money is of no concern in regard of his future should he remain in my service,” a somewhat smug Adira told her, “but, during the three months he has spent in service to me, he has come to realise that his true place in life is, literally, at the feet of a certain superior Arab-woman in possession of the strength of will to keep him there and treat him with the female firmness that has been lacking in his life until now.”

A still disbelieving Maria tried to rally:

“I find this very hard to believe, Adira. Not once in all the time he worked for you and, especially, after you removed him from the company, has he expressed anything but contempt for your ability and utter distaste for your physical appearance. And, into the bargain, he…”

“Is a closet racist,” the woman finished for her. “Would you be surprised to learn I agree with all the above descriptions of the self-deluding wretch?”

That she had foreseen what Maria had considered the secret of a xenophobic mindset and distaste for any culture that was not Western in her husband, stripped her sails bare of remaining wind as she watched the woman who was fast becoming a former friend – with all the implications that held for her continued employment with her company – play with the necklace at her neck from which were hanging the keys that seemed, at once, both familiar and unfamiliar.

“How fitting then,” continued Adira Al-Balawi with a positively vindictive smile that did not bode well for the captive Englishman, “that the keys capable of unlocking him from his chastity and providing his *‘little-cockle’*, as you have described it to me, now hand from the neck of the Arab woman who owns him.”

“Owns him?” Maria heard herself ask without being aware she had been about to voice a question.

“As much as it is possible to own another human-being. Yes. Along with your initial and fledgling efforts, I have brought him to such a place where he actually finds enjoyment in denigrating himself to his Arab-Master. This, along with his addictive nature in regard of a woman’s legs, feet, and lingerie I so enjoy utilising as a means of tease and denial, has ensured he has come to *need* the firm management and correction I supply to him on a day-to-day basis.

“In short, my love, I have hooked the fish and have no intention of allowing him to swim free again.”

Maria’s anger surfaced now and she rose to her feet intent upon satisfying it; future employment of no moment to her as she fought the treacherous Arab-woman beneath her for possession of the husband she realised she still loved.

She held out a hand demandingly:

“It’s not happening, you deceitful bitch, or so help me I’ll…”

“Do what, Maria?” the *‘bitch’* cut in with complete self-possession. “Assault me in my own home, simply because your husband prefers to be with me? This sounds very much like a custodial sentence in the making to me. Especially when I call security and have them witness your assault and have your husband give a statement also, once I have asked the Police to charge you, of course.”

The anger with which Maria had risen had vanished as suddenly it had come upon her.

“And why would you do such a thing anyway when the keys to which you refer would serve you no purpose anyway?”

A beaten Maria couldn’t prevent a questioning look from transforming her hangdog expression.

“Does it make sense to you that, as jealous of the possession of my new male chattel as I am, that I would allow him to wear a ring and cage about his cock to which another has both the keys and the unlocking sequence.

Dawn arose in the English wife’s eyes, as the puzzle of the keys’ familiarity was solved by the triumphant woman staring up at her with both sympathy and triumph.

Though triumph was by far the more dominant partner of the two reactions.

Suddenly, Maria found herself nodding and realised she was all but acknowledging defeat as memories of what she and Tim had once shared misted her eyes and made her sentimental for the future ahead of him. For, when all was said and done, it might have been his initial infidelity that had kick-started the events leading to this moment, but it was her reaction to it and the steps she had taken that had ensured their journey would end in such a shameful and ignoble way.

Steps in which she had been manipulated and led by the cunning and obviously degenerate Arab-woman she had considered her greatest friend.

"I sense what you are thinking, my lovely Maria," the degenerate broke in on her thoughts, misreading them for once. "But you must have no concerns about either your position with my company or the apartment in which you are allowed to reside. The status quo will continue to be observed so long as our personal lives remain personal."

Again Maria found herself nodding, this time, and despite everything, with a sense of relief at the assurances; knowing that she had absolutely *no* desire for *anyone* to know *anything* about her personal circumstances.

Not even her own family.

She would deal with them in her own, less than truly honest way.

How her boss and one-time friend squared it with Tim's family was a concern for her and her new manservant.

"I do not expect us to remain friends, Maria – though it would please me very much even though there could be no question of you having any further contact with *'Little-Timmy'*. But I will expect you to be diligent and respectful when our paths, as they must, cross at the office."

Staring into Adira's eyes, Maria actually felt some lingering warmth for the woman and sensed it being returned.

Could their friendship really continue?

"I… I'm amazed to hear myself say it, Adira, but…"

Again she nodded.

"But I would like to feel your feelings for me were based on at least some genuine affection before the… *opportunity* …with Tim presented itself.

"If that was the case then, perhaps, we could remain friends."

The delighted and, unmistakably relieved, Arab-woman leapt to her feet and hugged Maria to her as if she had been heaved overboard during a typhoon and her friend a life-preserver.

"You will not regret it, my love. Soon you will come to realise just how much you time and love have wasted upon the wretch still attempting to master a simple coffee-percolator in the kitchen of his owner."

Maria returned the hug with a sincerity she knew she wasn't faking, but could not prevent a look of loss and uncertainty from marring her expression.

"You do not believe me. I can read it in your eyes."

Maria shrugged.

"We had lots of happy years together before… you know?... Remembering them and recalling how… *different* …Tim was then, it's hard to come to terms with…"

Her hand flapped in the direction of the man in whom she had invested so much as he waited to transfer the contents of the percolator into cups, her expression impossible to describe as anything other than sad as she finished:

"*This."*

"You are a strong and still young woman, my Maria, and there will be other, handsome and more worthy men in your life beyond this. Believe me, the first time this happens, your worthless husband will become no more than rarely visited footnote amongst the joy of your new memories."

"Well, let's hope you're right," Maria offered with a brave smile. "And he really is as worthless as you say for anything but sexual and domestic service.

Adira Al-Balawi's own smile was both evil and enticing as she said:

"Would you like an example…?"

*****

Tim Denham was upon his back with his hands, as instructed, resting beneath it; the chill of the ceramic floor-tiles in the Arab monstrosity's spacious and well-appointed bathroom making him shiver with an intensity that matched his fear and sheer self-disgust for what he knew was about to follow and he was about to allow.

With his feet splayed apart and his denuded cock and balls open to the gaze of anyone entering – if they could see past the metal cage and the steel ring imprisoning both – he waited with dread for the arrival of the Arab woman who now insisted she was his "Master". And, worse, the wife he still loved with a passion that pained him. The prospect of having her witness what his "Master" had told him would be her "marking" of him would, he knew with certainty, herald the end of himself as any kind of man worthy of respect and finally place a full-stop at the end of their marriage.

At which time his new life of humiliating and emasculating service to the Arab bitch herself would begin.

As heels pecked onto the ceramic floor tiles, he was unable to prevent a frisson of pure pleasure the sound triggered.

Pure pleasure he thought bitterly – even as his "Pavlovesque" cock attempted to rise to the debased stimulation provided by his hearing – that had led him so unerringly to his current position.

The pecking moved closer and was followed by less marked footfall of a woman carrying less body-weight and wearing heels that, though spiked, were considerably shorter than those obviously belonging to his Arab owner.

His wife!

Tim Denham felt a lump at his throat and fought the urge to rise up rush to the toilet-bowl that might vomit away the self-disgust that was causing him an almost physical agony, so all-consuming did it feel.

"Good boy, Timmy," the hateful accented English broke into his painful reverie, fetching with it an inexplicable sexual excitement to do battle with his nausea; the voice giving praise both patronising and demeaning at one and the same time. "I am pleased with you. You have divined my wishes perfectly."

He hated the bitch!

But, that being the truth, why was he in the position he was in?

A position in which he felt himself taking a pathetic pride in her praise?

And one he had committed to endure for the foreseeable future in her service?

She had not yet entered his sight-line and all he could see was the bathroom's smoothly and expertly plastered ceiling above.

But he did hear the soft and mocking laughter belong to his fleshy tormentor.

Though as yet nothing from the other presence he knew could only be his soon to be ex-wife.

Suddenly, the rustling of a skirt reached his ears and he knew the Arab-woman had changed out of her lycra-body-suit specifically for this "ceremony", as she had described it.
He was certain as any one man could be that, were he to turn his head to the side and sneak a look, he would NOT see either hose or panties covering either matronly Arab legs or foul middle-eastern pussy.

Why would she bother, after all, when the whole point of this "ceremony" was to "mark" her "property"?

Suddenly she was above him, short muscular legs either side of his supine and shivering body, naked save for its cock-cage.

There was, as he had expected, no sign of the sheer black hose she preferred or accompanying underwear.

"Who do you belong to?" she said, hands-upon-hips imperiously as hooded eyes thick with her own excitement beamed down into his.

His throat furred up, the response he had already made on a number of occasions since his capitulation to her power not rolling off the tongue so easily in the presence of the woman he, despite his sexual flaws, loved still.

"I… I belong to you, M-Master," he heard the shameful words leave his lips, careful enough in his misery to make sure he was audible enough that she did not make him repeat himself and humiliate himself twice-over.

As if it could make a difference!

"Good boy, Timmy," he heard again from above, his view of that fleshy yet simultaneously severe face obscured by the bald Arab cunt he knew would soon be degrading him further.

A degradation made all the worse for the presence he sensed behind her silently observing.

"Now," she continued. "I want you to stare up into your Arab owner's superior womanhood and not close your eyes."

Tiny egg-bumps of fear erupted the length of his body and, given the type of man he was, translated instantly into sexual excitement.

It was an effort for him to lie there. Memories of that not so far distant existence when he functioned as a real man kept re-surfacing to make the daily humiliations of a social and sexual kind she served up to him as painful now as they had been at the beginning of her three-month conquest of both his will and his individuality; his thoughts continually harking back to the last time she had him in the exact same position as she denuded his sac-and-crack.

Imagery that, once again, had his faithless cock straining against the bars confining it.

Again, as he stared up at the slit his tongue had served so diligently in recent days – the same hairless Arab slit that was about to proclaim its ownership of him and mark his body as hers in the most ancient of ways one human could declare ownership of another – he asked himself why, if his anger and moral outrage for what she was doing to him was so great and his love for his life so overwhelming, he found it so impossible to leap to his feet and reclaim his manhood.

Regardless of consequences.

A question that became meaningless as he watched her bend at the waist and, from her bent over position, beam into his eyes with unnatural passion.

“By this act,” she began, for all the world as if she believed what she was about to do actually conferred rights of ownership upon her, “I hereby exercise my natural superiority over this inferior Western male and mark him as my possession.”

Revulsion and impotent anger did battle in his soul against the superior forces of sexual perversion as the physical rebellion that might have reversed his emasculation remained unforthcoming.

As a rodent mesmerised by a reptile, he could do nothing more than lay on his back and stare up at that part of her anatomy about to baptise him in his bondage to her.

“When superior Arab my piss has anointed your body and enough time has passed for it to dry upon your worthless carcass,” she spoke down to him, “I shall allow to you to clean yourself and return to your chores.”

Her smile from its reversed perspective made it no less, as she added:

“But for now, be a good boy for your owner as she males you hers in front of the beautiful and long-suffering wife you betrayed so shamelessly.”

The scent of her overheating pussy, some seven inches or so above his sensitive nose, was enveloping his senses to leave his thoughts and responses in direct conflict with each other.

On the one hand, he knew hated this person as much as he hated any person on the planet.

While, on the other, the aroma of her arousal in his nostrils was inflaming his senses with a power he had not believed possible.

Their eyes locked together in silent and unequal battle for a few moments.

The brown variety above vibrant with unnatural arousal and anticipation of what was to come.

The blue variety below moist and beaten at the final indignity that would consign his manhood to the flames forever.

As the first splash of her urine anointed his handsome cheeks to mix with the salty dears of his degradation and misery, a voice from behind his new female-master proclaimed: “You were right, my lovely Adira. He is worthless. As of this moment, he is dead to me.”

Then, as the cascade of piss hammering his cheeks eased to a trickle and then to nothing as Adira Al-Balawi stepped from him and the sound of her heels joined those of his beloved wife as they left the bathroom; the dam finally burst in the older man and his tears flowed…

And flowed…

And flowed…

THE END