# Taming Timmy

## A Book of Erotic Female Dominance

**By**
**Mason Carstairs**

**SFPG**

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# “Taming Timmy”

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# Prologue

***The Present***

Each thrust of that superlative black cock drove the breath from her body as it hammered at the gate that was her cervix with enough power to command but not so much it pained her.

Pleasure of such a kind, after all, could *never* be remotely referred to in such a way.

She saw the eyes above glittering with excitement for the exercise of such control as they drilled into her own and she knew the pleasure they took from ownership of the kind was reflected back by the pure satisfaction she took from being owned.

And by *such* a person.

The white wife wanted to scream out, to vocalise her pleasure, as each thrust both robbed her of breath and took her to a new level of loving submission but found the oxygen in her lungs sufficient only to allow her to function at the most basic of levels.

If such sensations as those coursing through mind and body could ever be described by such a low-key description.

As the sleek yet incredibly powerful young body, with the smooth and unblemished coal-black skin that so reminded her of a Panther, continued its relentless and rhythmic pounding, her thoughts suddenly went to the husband who should have been the one doing the taking and her pleasure went off the chart.

In fact, as her impending crisis neared, and just before her senses found them temporarily scattered to the four corners of the universe, her last conscious thought until earth was reached again was to command her eyes to leave those of her lover's and seek out the form, along with the beaten head above, of the husband both she and her lover had emasculated as he struggled to remain in the position he had been ordered to adopt.

Ordered by her lover, that is.

If a straw can break the back of a camel then the sight of her husband, kneeling in obedience as she was taken by her lover in ways of which he wasn't capable and would never again be given the opportunity to emulate, was all that was required to take the delicious pleasure she was experiencing from anticipation to…

Lack of oxygen or not, the scream triggered by that one simple image as it escaped her body and the

sudden and spastic threshing travelling its length was enough to penetrate the iron control of the lover who had drawn it from her.

A split second later, and for a number of seconds afterwards, two of the three people in that room were temporary inhabitants of another planet.

While a kneeling and emasculated third tried to will himself to a different and entirely less painful galaxy.

*****

“Are you happy?”

The woman at whom the inquiry was directed stared up into the eyes of the commanding lover who, unlike her husband, had always treated her as an equal.

Despite the ability of the cock below those eyes to thoroughly subjugate her.

Considering the inquiry, her reply was a thoughtful nod.

She was more than happy, in fact, and her feelings bordered on the delirious.

“Heaven” would have been a more apt description of the location in which she found herself.

And it was not her husband of sixteen years who had taken her there – though she did acknowledge he had played a part, albeit reluctantly.

*He*, she thought to herself with a smile, eyes suddenly fixating on a corner of the bedroom, was in another location entirely.

Even if he was within… *touching*… distance.

Any guilt she had felt for the cemetery she and her lover had made of her husband’s much treasured masculinity had long since departed, to be replaced by the unholy joy she received from tormenting the poor wretch courtesy of her new position in the heavens above him – though she still found it hard to believe just who it was she had allowed to take her to paradise.

And yet, there was no doubt in her head that she loved her husband still – more so even; despite the fact telling him as much did not seem to carry much weight.

How could it?

The new version she had created with the help of her lover was so much more attractive to her now that her legal partner had been emasculated and forced to accept he no longer had either power or a say in their marriage.

Yes, she certainly felt massive contempt for him and the way he had so easily allowed himself to be subjugated; but she still adored his looks and the pleasure she took from… *ruling*… him simply transmuted her love from a higher emotion into something far, far, lower.

And far more pleasurable and exciting!

A transmutation, however, that she still saw as love on her part.

Even if she knew beyond a doubt her beaten, docile, and thoroughly shamed husband would see it quite, quite, differently.

Her lover sensed the direction of her thoughts:

“Is it not everything I promised you it would be?” asked the African voice with its accented English – a voice which never failed to send shivers the length of her spine whenever she heard it; be she post orgasmic or otherwise.

She placed a hand between smooth and muscled thighs that still managed to be sleek despite their obvious power before cupping the hairless balls at their centre; balls that, no matter how often she used the glorious black penis above them, *always* seemed to be full.

“You know the answer to that, lover,” she assured him as the wondrous cock attached to the jewels overflowing her palm again came to life. “I turn forty this year and my life has never been so full as it’s been since you came into it.”

The sound of a sniffle, perhaps a sob, sent both their eyes to the corner of the room before they both shared a knowing smile, feeding from the misery that was as unmistakable as it was powerless coming from the handsome naked man in his mid-forties who knelt with his nose to the cool plaster of the wall.

“Be quiet!” her lover barked towards the corner and the snivelling stopped. “And keep your nose to the corner like the bad boy you are.”

Seeing and hearing the man who had once been the driving force of her marriage – a man some five years her senior who had over twenty on her lover - treated in such a way again had the effect of re-igniting her core and, as she watched her husband’s

shoulders heave as he contrived to keep his sobs silent, she accepted once again that there could be no return to what they had once had.

That boat, along with his manhood, had sailed into the Bermuda triangle and, whether it managed to function normally there or not, she would *never* relate to him in the same way again.

Again: *how could she?*

Her attention returned to the lover whose commanding attitude had transformed her whole life as words of self-effacement for her earlier compliment made their way over full lips:

“You praise me too highly,” came the protest. “Your husband may well be a tragic excuse for a man but he at least knows his place in our regard and is, unless I am mistaken, attempting to please you - even when I am unable to be here to correct him if he misbehaves. Surely that is also a large factor in your new contentment?”

She knew where her lover was going with this and was of a mind to go along with him. It was, after all, true. Her newly terrified and obedient husband was a great source of her pleasure – whether that lover was present or otherwise; though she knew his obedience to her when Adi was absent was

compelled by a terror of the one owning that big black cock that had so shamed and tamed him while doing pretty much the same in a different way to her.

It was also true that even the most humble and servile of animals required motivating from time to deceitful time.

“Yes,” she began. “You’re right. I prefer my husband so much more since he was shown his true status. In fact, I can honestly say I love him more now than I did when we married. And I have you to thank for it. You have saved my marriage.”

The kiss that followed was more about lust than gratitude and, as her tongue probed at the tonsils of the commanding lover who had both intimidated and subdued her husband in the first place, her thoughts went back to that time early in their affair.

Back to when the possibility of her husband becoming something quite… *different*… in her life had first been made and she had laughed, thinking it a joke that her overbearing and masculine partner could be forced to adopt such a role.

She had not laughed for long…

# One

***Now… Tim***

As the white man formerly known to himself as Tim Betsen, and now beginning to wonder now if he hadn't imagined the incarnation, tried to make himself as close to comfortable as it was possible to get in his new home, he took in the changes to the open plan basement that had once been his *den* and realised he was hard-pressed to remember it from when it had been one of his favourite places on the planet.

A place that was his and his alone and from which others were excluded – including his wife Joanna.

A sanctuary, where he relaxed amongst his books, DVD's and CD's.

This when he wasn't engaged in the writing of the Jack Reacher type thriller the death of his wife's last remaining aunt and relative and the bequest of a house and a business had made possible.

Had he been selfish, he wondered? Quitting his own job in the City to move to the Cliffside home bequeathed to them above the English Channel and follow his dream? This while his wife had gone from legal secretary to running the company formerly helmed by her childless aunt after her own husband

had passed on; assured by that late-aunt in the letter she had left her that she had it in her to take over the reins of the Sussex real-estate chain with its head office in Eastbourne just as she had.

Certainly, he had seen it as a timely opportunity to leave the frantic rat-race of City trading for which he was so ill-suited and finally write that book he had felt sure would elevate him to the status of the Childs and Grishams he held in such reverence.

The decision not to have children had been mutual, as had the agreement he would leave his job in the City to become a writer while she took up the reins as the CEO with her late-aunt's company - and, besides, if Joanna had been unhappy about the decision she had never let on.

But then, that was her all over, allowing him to make all the decisions that counted without input on her part and only piping up to whine if and when those decisions were proved unsound.

Or at least it had been her until the advent of…

As he felt the bars of his cage push through the pitifully thin mattress he had, eventually, been granted and press into his naked and unprotected buttocks, the simple thought of his wife's monstrous lover made him cold with an anger made all the more

puissant for having no outlet he could direct it towards save in the cage and the four walls beyond housing his demoralised thoughts.

And certainly *not* towards the monstrous lover.

He had tried that, after all, and even now could barely bring himself to look back on the ego-destroying humiliation and pain the attempt to assert his status had won him.

That he, a prideful and respected man in his mid-forties, could find himself over the knee of such a creature was not something his thoughts could dwell on for long without wreaking serious havoc upon his digestive system.

And the memory of the pain delivered his virgin buttocks by both black hand and wifely hairbrush served to make any attempt by his memory to revisit the experience fleeting at best.

A tear dropped from an eye and, absently, he followed its progress as it fell between his legs to the thin mattress; the depilated and be-ringed balls and the cock encased in a shiny metal tube only serving to add self-pity to the white heat of his impotent anger and the disgust he felt for a weakness he would never have suspected himself capable.

But then, how could he have?

Nothing in his life could have prepared him for the weakness his wife's lover revealed in him or the depths of that same wife's cruelty.

This was twenty-first-century England, for crying out loud!

How could the hell in which he was being forced to live exist in such a place and at such a time?

And, more pertinently, why was he allowing it to continue?

One of the reasons for his continued submission sent his thoughts to his sisters and their families. The family members who looked up to him as the de facto head-of-house after the death of his father, some two years after his mother. Someone they came to unhesitatingly with their problems, valuing the sage advice of their City trader brother, brother-in-law, or uncle. The alpha-male of the family – despite brothers-in-law who could hardly be described as wimps.

His unmanly tears were not lessened by the prospect of just what would they think and say to see him in such a condition?

How could he ever make them understand?

How could he himself come to terms with the fact that the woman he loved had betrayed him?

And in such a way?

Despite insisting she still loved him more than ever as she continued to make his life a living death!

The shame of such an eventuality, and his even more shameful fear of his wife's lover who had helped place him in his current position, ensured he stayed to endure the unendurable.

Alone in his former study, and despite the pain such recollection caused him, his thoughts went back to that fateful Saturday morning when his wife had entered his den without knocking, and he had been about to upbraid her for breaking his *"imaginative flow"*, when he realised she wasn't alone…

…"This is Adi," she had told him.

# Two

***Now… Joanna and Adi***

The black cock in front of her fairly throbbed with a vigour that was beyond her husband on a first effort – and this was the third time it had risen for her in just over an hour.

But then, at twenty-three, and with a knowingness and maturity far beyond those relatively few years, there were lots of things her marvellous lover could do of which her husband had *never* been capable.

Yet the attraction had not been instant and, given her own sexual proclivities to that point, was hardly likely to have been.

In fact, it had taken three further meetings with the representative of the mysterious and, she was told, powerful African businessman with political corrections both here and at home who was looking to acquire property on the south coast of Sussex before Joanna Betsen had first acknowledged her… *strange*… new attraction.

Licking the mushroom head of the same cock that had tamed and domesticated her husband - this before passing on the baton of supreme commander to her - she compared it to her own husband's and

knew the man with whom she had stood at the altar and shared sacred vows would never be able to satisfy her with it again.

Though it might be fun to let him try and fail, she laughed to herself.

The thought becoming more amusing and tempting as she thought about it.

To allow him to try and be a man to her again. Knowing he would barely be able to feel his cock inside her. That he would be forced to accept that he could never bring her pleasure in such a way as he once had.

Such as it had been, she thought with unavoidable derision.

Derision or not, a pained expression flitted across her features just the same and, not for the first time, she felt guilty for cheating on a man who – though a little overbearing and chauvinistic – she had no doubt loved her.

Once, anyway.

A husband, moreover, and as mentioned, she knew she loved still, despite the strange cock she was in the process of worshiping with her tongue – even if

that *"love"* was no longer based on the respect demanded by his alpha male status.

His current and lowered standing in her eyes unable to compete with the prowess of her commanding lover's cock to reduce her to instant and complete dependence in ways the husband she had once considered so manly no longer could.

A husband, she had known at the time her affair started, who despite his protestations, was ever so slightly racist and would find the pain of discovering her faithlessness doubled if he were to discover the *ethnicity* of her lover.

*Trebled*, even, when that lover's true identity was eventually revealed.

And yet, despite that semi-closeted racism, she was near certain he had used others of a darker skin tone to take care of his needs in the past when business had required his presence abroad.

Though, as said, only *"near"* certain.

She, at least, possessing not a racist bone in her body – or mouth, at that precise moment – could not be described as a hypocrite. Though the considerable residue of the former and now mutated love she had felt for her husband was enough to stir misgivings in

her once again when she thought of how his sisters and their families had accepted her and the good times they had shared. Even if she was at pains to include them in their lives still and allow him to act as if he remained the big man and nothing had changed whenever they visited.

Nothing much anyway, his new willingness to please her, given what he could expect when they were alone if the opposite were the case, could hardly be missed and had certainly been commented upon by the sisters envious of their big brother's respectful behaviour towards her and the lack of the same in their own marriages.

Their visits were something she enjoyed as much as her semi-neutered husband – even if he remained forever terrified of their new relationship being discovered - and would continue on.

Just so long as his behaviour merited such indulgence, that is.

She would, she acknowledged to herself with complete truth, be devastated to lose the presence of such good warm people in her life.

Despite the distraction of warm tongue upon even warmer cock, her lover picked up on her guilt:

“You are feeling the pain of conscience again,” the accented and dark chocolate voice of East African origin observed.

She shrugged, removing tongue from mushroom and raising her head to look into the eyes regarding her, “Tim and I have been together a long time. As exciting as my time with you is I still feel… feel…”

“Disloyal?” the accented voice offered.

She nodded.

“And yet,” the dark-chocolate tones maintained, here we are, in the bed you once allowed your husband to share with you and allow no longer. This while he sleeps in a cage in the basement like the dog we have made of him. *We*. Not *I*.”

He was right, she knew that.

Their affair had been going on without threat of discovery or any likelihood of such for long enough that there was no need to involve her husband.

Until, that is, Adi had begun to outline the joys of having Tim at home and subjugated to her – to *both* of them – with the full knowledge another cock was where he and he alone should be.

A prospect – as unbelievable as it had sounded to begin with – that had her verging on orgasm simply from considering such a possibility.

Just the same, and as persuasive as her lover had been on the subject, she had been the one with the final word when it came to making such an outlandish scenario real.

Or at least attempting it.

“But perhaps you are trying to tell me you regret my visits and the role your husband is now forced to play in your life?”

“No, no,” she assured her lover quickly, the still elfin features, framed by black, page-boy cut, hair coming closer as she forgot that wondrous erection for the moment and slithered further up the bed to stare earnestly into eyes that were as warm as they were dark.

For her, anyway.

*“Warm”*, that is.

“I don’t regret a moment since we met and I only wish your work for Mr Yifte allowed you to visit more frequently.”

"But?"

"Look, Adi, my husband and I had been married for over fifteen years before we met and you… you…"

"Showed you what true pleasure was and how he was incapable of supplying it to you?" Adi prompted, dark chocolate fingers reaching out to stroke the underside of a breast that was still remarkably shapely and firm for a woman who had recently entered her middle-years.

Joanna gasped, the novelty of their being together still powerful enough after all these months to rob her of breath and prevent her from replying as her young and knowing lover held her gaze while continuing to speak to her in those honeyed yet powerful African tones; English excellent if highly accented:

"And did I not show you also that the man you married was not the man he led you to believe he was?"

Strong yet gentle fingers were tweaking her nipple now and the English wife could only nod, amazed herself at just how easily, and in so short a space of time, her handsome and once powerfully masculine husband had been turned into something… *less*… by the lover who, even as she considered the turnabout,

was stroking a breast that had once been reserved for the attentions of that *"masculine husband"* alone.

Chocolate tones continued:

"That he was not the alpha-male he portrayed himself as being?" her lover went on relentlessly. "That you should have taken control of both your marriage and him long before, instead of allowing a pitiful creature of such a kind to hold sway over you?"

Something, a flash of conscience for what she had allowed her lover to make of the man she had once loved to distraction and now simply loved – and then, increasingly and uncharacteristically sadistically, only in ways one might love a growingly obedient and useful household pet – made her defend the husband her lover had superseded in her life.

"Please don't speak about Tim like that, Adi. I know you're right about him – how could I think otherwise – but he was not a bad husband apart from being a bit overbearing at times. And I do love him still, despite what… what you've made of him."

"You love him still?" Adi snorted. "Despite knowing his true nature?"

Joanna shrugged, unable to find words to explain the way she allowed her husband to be treated – and now treated him herself – and yet could still have… *feelings*… for him.

“Tell me, Joanna. Where is this husband you love now? At this very moment, as you lay with me and feel my warm semen leaking down onto your thighs. Where is this man you profess such a sentiment for as his wife’s lover takes her in the bed they once shared and he is no longer allowed to use”

“Yes. Yes,” she said with irritation. “We both know where he is. I take your point.”

“I need to hear you say it, Joanna.”

She sighed, only the excitement she felt in her commanding lover’s presence preventing her from voicing a growing exasperation.

“You know very well where he is, Adi. You mentioned it yourself not a few seconds ago. He is in his study in the basement where you left him.”

“No!”

“No?”

“No, Joanna. He is not in the basement in his *‘study’*.”

“But…”

“He is in the basement in what are now his *quarters*. In *your* home. And, right at this moment, he is lying on his side in the cage in which we locked him. Remember? After you clipped a lead to the collar marking him as yours and walked him on all-fours down to what was *once* his study and is no longer.”

The imagery of what she had done only thirty minutes before, and no matter she had done the same thing on many a prior occasion, even when her fuck-buddy had not been present, enflamed her senses yet again and not for the first time she wondered how her remarkable and precocious young lover could have had such an effect upon both her and her husband.

As different and poles apart as those effects were.

“Not only that,” her commanding and impressive lover went on, “but you took him there after he had spent an hour in this very bedroom, on his knees with his nose to the corner as the cock of another gave you the pleasure you deserve and he is no longer able to bring you in such a way – assuming that he ever was.”

The recent memory of that cock as it hammered rhythmically at her cervix added itself to the imagery of her walking her once-proud husband down to his *"quarters"* as if he were no more than a family pet.

This before securing him in the cage she knew he hated so violently.

His head had been lowered in defeat and, as per his ongoing training, he had neither spoken nor raised his eyes to hers as she simply patted him on the head as a reward for his obedience before padlocking the cage and then locking the door to what had once been his own private space and leaving him to his misery.

None of which imagery answered the question she had continually asked herself after Adi had spent the first of two formative weeks with him. The first alone with her husband. The second in her shocked, amazed, and guiltily orgasmic presence.

*"Why and how could she take such unholy pleasure in seeing a man for whom she had genuine and strong feelings treated so inhumanely?"*

Her lover sensed her self-interrogation:

“Joanna, perhaps my tender years make me less introspective and more selfish of my pleasures, but it seems to me that as indifferent as nature is to our needs, good or bad, we must be as dismissive of the realities it throws upon us and simply make the most of them.”

Not sure she followed exactly, Joanna waited for the precocious one to supply an explanation.

“Nature and fate between them have dictated that we meet and the consequences for your husband are as natural as day following night.”

She could not help but snort at this last and her black lover was quick to add reassurance.

“Had it been a simple matter of you wishing him gone from your life then a divorce would surely have followed. But that is not what you wanted.”

Her lover was thoughtful for a moment.

Then:

“Or I for that matter… A least not until I had met him.”

Well aware of her lover’s *perverse* attraction for her husband, Joanna waited. At first she had been a little

jealous that the lover *she* had brought into their home could enjoy being with her husband so much. But only until she saw Tim was used when they were together and found the sight of her once manly husband forced to lick a pair of huge and hairless black balls before taking it into his mouth to suck upon it… *euphoric!*

"What we did instead, Joanna, was simply to run with our natures and, in doing so, ensure your husband ran with them also by showing him his own true nature and the place he must take in our lives."

"Hardly Tim's true nature, Adi," she responded. "As I recall there was, and still is, some physical and mental coercion involved."

"And do you, Joanna, truly believe I could have made him the way he is if the raw materials had not already been present. Do you think he worships my cock and balls and trembles at my approach simply because we apply *'coercion'*?"

"You're younger and stronger than Tim," she reminded him. "And, as I recall, the video footage you took and threatened to show his family and friends anonymously helped quite a bit."

As she thought about it she saw her lover's face cloud over with something that was as close to anger with her as she could recall.

"And why have you gone back to calling him *'Tim'*?" Adi asked.

Her look was puzzled:

"Sorry?"

"Did we not agree that *'Timmy'* was far more suitable for someone in his position?"

"Well… Yes… But…?"

"You agreed with me when I told you the key to consolidating and growing his obedience to us was in keeping him in a position of inferiority at all times."

"I know, but…"

"And that includes talking down to him at all times and *never* allowing him to engage you in any conversation that might be considered adult in nature."

"Yes, but, Adi…"

“And did we not also agree that addressing him as *‘Timmy’* was a nice childlike way to ensure he knew his place in our new pecking order? Even if his family or friends were present.”

To her amazement, Joanna found herself flushing under the gaze of her young inquisitor – though she was unsure if she was blushing from guilt for treating her husband in such a way or simply disappointed to have let her exciting young lover down.

“Am I detecting second thoughts, Joanna?” Adi asked, tone growing a little cold as the fingers tweaking her nipple were removed. “Would you prefer to return to the life you had with the pitiful bastard before I showed you what it felt like to be filled with a real cock and the type of man he really was?”

Despite feeling sure he was not really serious, Joanna felt the panic rise in her breast at the prospect.

“Would you rather I did not visit you again that you could see if any kind of meaningful relationship were still possible with your abject husband after you have seen him for what he truly is?”

Joanna simply stared at the implacable black features regarding her, unable to understand how what had been a loving and warm interlude could degenerate in such a way.

“Is that what you want, Joanna?” Adi said, the look on her face confirming for her lover that she now knew this was serious. “For me to leave and never return?”

“No, Adi!” she cried with genuine fervour, the words wrung from her without her being aware of consciously willing them, marveling as they burst forth at just how easily and completely an intelligent woman of her years could be manipulated by a twenty-something with so much less experience of the world. “How can you say that after what we’ve done together? I’ve allowed you to emasculate my husband and make him a virtual prisoner and servant in his own home… Worse! Do you think I would have allowed that if I wasn’t totally besotted with you?”

The somehow attractive yet also… *simian*… features above and to her side became thoughtful:

“No. I do not believe that. And yet, you say you love him still and I have to ask myself how a wife can love a man who is so weak he accepts her lover as his *‘Master’* and addresses her as *‘Ms Joanna’*?”

“But it’s not the same love I have for you, Adi,” she protested. “Tim… *Timmy*… and I have a history together. Yes, he had… *has*… his faults, but he always loved me, even if he doesn’t any longer.”

“He does.”

“Pardon?”

“It will not be the same love the pitiful wretch once had, you may be assured,” Joanna’s lover addressed the surprise she felt for the venturing of such a prospect.

Adi’s snort was derisive:

“That is hardly possible now that you have him in his current position.”

“I… I don’t understand?” she said, a little embarrassed to feel like a pupil in the presence of a lover who, though precocious in so many mental and physical ways, was some years her junior; though she did confess to feeling relief his earlier disapproval seemed to be vanishing.

“Upon reflection, my lovely Joanna, I now understand how you can say you still love your husband despite everything. There are many forms of love and, even if the variety of it he once had for

you has gone and can never return, there is always one form waiting to replace another – even if hatred and resentment plays a huge part in its make-up."

"What are you saying, Adi?"

"I am saying, my precious Joanna, that the love you shared with your husband is dead and will *never* return. Between the two of us we have effectively destroyed it forever. The moment I snapped our collar about his neck in your presence and he saw the pleasure you took from allowing me to do so before I had him kiss your feet and handed his lead to you, his former feelings died and were replaced by those of hatred and resentment – even if he is too terrified of you these days to voice such sentiments."

"Then, how…?"

"Just because he now hates, fears, and resents you, my lover, it does not mean he does not love you still."

Joanna rose from the bed, exasperated at being unable to work out how her lover could say such a thing; wondering if Adi, despite his excellent if heavily accented command of the English language, knew just how incompatible the former phrase of his sentence was with the latter.

“That makes no sense,” she told him, plopping herself down on the cushion of a comfy rattan chair and crossing the legs Tim had always assured her were eye catching; despite the fact they were not the kind of pipe cleaners usually found on the catwalk and were more redolent of those found on a no-nonsense teacher as she stood before a blackboard in a classroom than before paparazzi at a photo-opportunity. “You do not love someone you hate, fear, and resent.”

“Then how do you explain the dog that licks his owner’s hand with such servility and loyalty? Especially after that same hand has recently chastised it.”

Joanna Betsen sighed at this example of what she took to be her young lover’s naivete:

“I shouldn’t have to remind you, Adi, but we are not talking about an animal here but my husband. You… *we*… may have emasculated him but he remains an intelligent person and, not to be rude, more so than either of us.”

Adi’s snort was derisive in the extreme, as were the words that followed:

“I acknowledge that what you say is correct, but do forgive me if I find it difficult to envy him this… *‘Intelligence’*… of which you speak.”

Simian eyes flickered towards the corner where the creature they spoke of had knelt not so long before and those full chocolate lips twisted into a satisfied and spiteful smile as they considered the misery of that creature’s current existence and the pleasure both lover and wife took from it.

“Especially when such abilities result in….”

He had no need to finish his train of thought as Joanna’s eyes turned in the same direction and she realised she was leaking onto the lilac cushion of the rattan chair seating her. The sheer and unanswerable pleasure she took from having her husband in a position of such total dependence all but bringing her to completion from nothing more than a simple perusal of a reality that was as wrong as it was perverted and should have swayed her feelings in an entirely opposite direction.

In truth, and as she recalled her husband’s heaving shoulders as he sobbed while trying to remain silent and not invoke the wrath of her black lover, she had been not just surprised but utterly astounded by the ease with which her husband had been subdued.

Physically *and* mentally.

Despite that *"Intelligence"* she herself had lauded to her lover.

Her own reaction not without the power to shock her either; especially the sheer eroticism of such… *control*… and her reaction to it.

Her lover again read her thoughts:

"The joy of controlling another human being in ways mainstream society would find repugnant and, perhaps, even criminal, is like no other."

Her breath caught in her throat at what she knew to be nothing more than simple truth.

Is that not so, my wonderful Joanna?"

The rush of blood rising to her cheeks was an answer in itself and also gave evidence of the fact that both wife and businesswoman were not totally comfortable with the new status quo.

Not *yet*, anyway.

"Could you ever have believed that your husband could be trained in such a way, my love? That he would remain at home awaiting your return, dressed

only in the shorts and tee-shirt you allow him now that his clothes have been placed in storage and beyond his reach. Barefoot and obedient to the wife whose compliance he once took as no more than his due. His days spent ensuring his owner's home is kept as immaculate as that owner herself, his whole day until her return busy with his attempts to win her approval for his efforts when she returns from the running of *her* company to *her* house. No more posing before a computer imagining himself as the next hot literary star of the thriller writing world. Nothing more now than his wife's domestic servant and, when the urge of that wife and her lover takes them, her sexual servant also."

Joanna's cheeks flushed a deeper red as her lover's words and the imagery they invoked brought her well-used pussy back to vibrant life.

"Are you not thrilled to sit in your office at work knowing that, while you are out in the real world making the money he is now dependent upon, he is at home awaiting your return that he may massage the strain of the day from your hosed and perspiring feet? Careful to keep any sign of distaste from his face and anxious as he does so that you will not find fault with the chores you had set him that morning and send him to his cage for the night as punishment. This rather than allow him to sleep in relative

comfort at the foot of your bed like the useful animal he now is."

Joanna marvelled at how her young black lover could rev her engine so swiftly with no more than a few well-chosen words; yet another feat Tim – *"Timmy"* – had never been able to achieve.

Or, if she was truthful, even attempt!

"Can you truly tell me," her husband's replacement continued, "that this is not the greatest thrill of your life?"

Mendacity of the kind was, she knew, beyond her at that point – had she, that is, been of a mind to indulge such wilful deceit.

"Even more," Adi pressed, "than taking the cock of yours truly you say you worship so much?"

"Adi, I…" she began, voice thick with longing and emotion ensuring she could not finish, half-tempted to fetch her husband back to the bedroom that he may watch his *'Master'* take her with that *'cock'* yet again.

Again, she could only acknowledge the truth of her lover's assertions and confess to herself that she had never felt so vibrant and alive as she had since they

had not only cuckolded her handsome and masculine husband but utterly enslaved him.

He was barely a facsimile of the man she had married and she still could not quite get a handle on her surprise.

And especially not on the incredibly short amount of time it had taken to lower him to such depths.

*Seven days!*

All it had taken to strip him of his manhood and put something entirely… *different*… in place.

*"Was he really always that weak?"* she asked herself.

Adi seemed to be nodding at her as if again reading her thoughts and, for the umpteenth occasion, her thoughts scanned back once again to the beginning of their time together and a union that was so, so, different…

# Three

***Then… Tim and Joanna***

Joanna had always been striking rather than pretty and had been surprised at just how many men seemed to go for her brand of authoritative and no-nonsense school-teacher look.

Not that she wasn't attractive – lustrous black hair atop an hour-glass figure and full conical breasts predisposed against such an impression and her legs had set many a man, young and old, fantasising – but in no way could her appeal ever be said to be elfin and girlish in nature.

And yet, for all that *no-nonsense* impression, she was neither forceful nor demanding, either in bed or out, and had soon fallen into a sort of leader and led type relationship after meeting her handsome soon-to-be husband on a night out in a Cannon Street wine-bar with her other para-legal colleagues.

Lean and toned, with a head of thick dark hair easily as black her own, Tim Betsen had been nowhere near as smitten with the early twenty-something as she had been with him and it wasn't until he finally fucked her – a surprising three dates later – that he realised he was developing feelings for the young woman some five years his junior.

A woman who seemed to not only look up to him but to defer to his decisions also.

A boost to his ego to which he *always* responded.

Their lovemaking was satisfying, despite the fact he was not the most imaginative of lovers and, as with many men, he far preferred to receive oral than give it.

It would be the above lack of variety and a preference for the missionary that laid the foundations for the disaster waiting to befall his half of their marriage when the young African who liked to give and receive such attentions came into the life of his wife via the housing requirements of his well-connected and wealthy employer.

An employer who paid well to have such a capable personal assistant and bodyguard in his employ.

And especially, having something of a *"look at me"* ego, an assistant and bodyguard so… *exotic*.

Being satisfied with a husband's looks and cock-size, after all, were not enough to fulfil a woman with unexpressed longings awaiting only a trigger to be stirred into inextinguishable life - though Joanna did not acknowledge the fact to herself at the time.

The meeting with that *trigger* having already been touched upon in the chapters above.

Her married life with Tim, though was good and beset with none of the financial problems most other young couples she knew were experiencing – even if, unlike her, Tim hated his job in the City and wanted nothing more than to be able to write full-time without the intrusion of a pressurised career which actually prevented him from finding the energy and wherewithal to write at all.

They lived in a nice apartment on the edge of expensive Blackheath with its vibrant village and bistros on the edge of London and had an active social life that consisted, mostly, of visits to and from the family he had and she didn't - apart from the one aunt already mentioned whose bequest to her only niece was going to prove so vital in the life-change both were about to experience.

His sisters and their husbands, as well as their children, looked up to their older brother and it was through them that she learned more about her own husband and his *"famous"* temper, along with the fact he was not one to back away from a fight and had spent a few nights in the past banged-up in a Police holding cell after altercations of such a kind.

He was not a man, they told him, to allow himself or those he cared for to be disrespected and Joanna had pretty much drawn the same conclusion herself by the time her aunt's bequest had seen them uprooted to the south-coast and see her take up the reins of her Sales & Lettings Agency while he embarked upon his long desired career of writer.

Her late-aunt's choice of home, inherited in turn from a husband who had inherited it himself, was yet another determining factor in his decision to chuck in the rat race of living and working in London.

Trendy village and adjacent bistros or not.

No surprise then that committing himself to the life of a full-time writer - this while his wife came to terms with the running of a thriving business for which the unsuitability of her working experience was more than compensated by her enthusiasm and surprisingly quick grasp of what was required of her - came easily to him.

Not surprising either that he would like the home that had been placed in trust for his wife.

To her and whoever she left it to after her death.

What wannabe writer wouldn't have liked it, after all?

Standing at the very entrance to the Sussex estuary where the River Cuckmere serpentined its way inland past the Seven Sisters - so popular with the more serious ramblers and even more popular with those who liked to mix their exercise with a meal and a drink in the pub that had once been called the "Golden Galleon" and, less exotically, now went by one of the generic and by the numbers pub names popular with the pub and restaurant chain that had taken it over - the house itself was actually two knocked into one and had once been two coastguard residences until the family of Joanna's late uncle-by-marriage had bought them.

It was both secluded and easily reached by a single-tracked road that led to a main thoroughfare from which the seaside village of Seaford was no more than a cough and a spit left and Alfriston and Eastbourne a few miles further to the right.

The stretch of beach below the house on the opposite side of Cuckmere Haven, next to the famous chalk cliffs constituting a part of Beachy Head, had commonly been used by smugglers in the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries but now, for the most part, was the preserve of the wannabe writer and his Estate-Agent wife – though the swelling ranks of the professional ramblers did sometimes make a, thankfully rare, appearance.

After the congestion of London, both husband and wife had professed themselves delighted with the change and Joanna actually enjoyed the twenty-five minute drive into her Eastbourne head-office each morning.

On the downside, however, for her at least, after over thirteen years with each other, his tendency to override her decisions – despite the fact she was now effectively their only breadwinner and the head of a company into the bargain as well as the recipient of her aunt's house that had been left in trust for her – had begun to… *grate*.

Though she had not considered herself irritated enough to follow Adi up to that hotel room to celebrate having found the young African's employer the *"perfect English"* residence.

And certainly not to sit and watch as shoes and business-suit were remo*ved* to reveal a cock that left her as shocked as she was excited.

Though her husband's reaction upon seeing it for the first time, she knew, contained only the former of those two responses.

And the intense anger that soon joined it to send his blood to the boiling point, she would learn later, served him absolutely no advantage whatsoever…

# Four

***Then… Day-One***

"What's going on?" Tim Betsen had asked after swivelling around from the desktop screen in his study after Joanna had entered with a young stranger.

A young stranger who was not just black but had a skin tone seemingly darker than coal and even more stygian and coldly forbidding.

"This is Adi," Joanna repeated, in case her husband had not heard it the first time – a husband whose expression said: *'Yeah, so?"*

A flippancy that did not survive her next words:

"I'm going to be staying at the flat above the office for the next two weeks," she had told him and, despite his bewilderment at both her words and the presence at her side of a younger stranger, he could tell she was nervous and having to force her words out as the young African in question simply stared at the husband who was only now rising to his feet with a puzzlement it was easy to spot was fast being joined by anger.

Before he could speak, she again overcame her nerves to beat him to it and remain true to the script she and her lover had worked out in advance:

“Adi and I have decided there need to be some changes made around here and I’m going to spend the next week away while they are being implemented.”

If he had been puzzled before, Tim Betsen was now totally bemused. *“Changes?”* He could recall no time when they had spoken of any changes being necessary for the house. And the uninvited black visitor to both his home and his study standing there staring at him so… *insolently*… looked nothing like an interior designer and even less like anything to do with construction or decoration.

Where had this uncharacteristic assertiveness on the part of his wife come from of a sudden?

And what was this shit about her spending *“the next week away”*?

“What do you mean? Adi and you have deci…?”

“I’ll leave the two of you to get acquainted,” his wife told him before, ignoring what he was about to say completely to place a kiss on the black visitor’s cheek.

This before turning to leave without another word or even a glance in her legal partner's direction.

She was almost at the door when he recovered from the shock of her casual dismissal, stepping past their visitor as he found his voice to reach for her arm:

"Don't just walk away without an expla…"

Which was the exact moments the lights in his study seemed to go out.

When they came on next it would no longer be a study.

But what remained would certainly be his.

*****

Now he had the time to look at her – even if his head was thumping and his vision at less than full definition – he could see she was like no woman he had ever seen before.

But then, how many other women – *girls*, in this instance - had he known or come across that could knock a man cold before stripping him of his clothes and trussing him up in his own study as if he were a chicken?

And, more to the point, why had his own loving wife aided and abetted her in the task?

Those and other thoughts like them raced through his head as he lay in the middle of what had been his private place, naked and stomach down on the, thankfully, carpeted floor, as the black woman who had placed him there went about her work.

And what work it was!

By the time he had come to and regained his senses enough to ask the questions a ball-gag lodged in his extended mouth and securely fastened to the back of his head made impossible, he realised he had to have been out for a far longer time than that resulting from a blow to the head.

The slightly chemical odour he could detect in his nostrils seemed to explain why.

Even if, at that moment, it was all it explained.

*"What in fuck's name is going on?"* his thoughts screamed at him.

He was a long way from terrified… *yet* – his wife knew he was here and wouldn't allow any harm to come to him.

Would she?

Just the same, and understandably so, he was highly concerned.

Who wouldn't have been?

*What the fuck was happening?*

His first thought was that it was some elaborate practical joke on Joanna's part, but he eschewed that almost as swiftly as it came to him.

It just wasn't his mousey wife's style.

And certainly not a practical joke of a kind so… *drastic*.

The first thing he realised when his senses were returned to him was that his desk, his books, and everything else that personalised the room as his study, were gone.

He shook his head as if to clear it, not quite believing what he was seeing.

His sanctuary had been emptied!

Almost completely.

In fact, apart from a comfy two-seater sofa he had not seen before, the room appeared to be empty save for some contraption the black woman was assembling and a piece of furniture off to the side of the sink and draining unit he'd had installed that he might make himself his beloved tea as he worked without having to make a trip upstairs to the kitchen.

A *"piece of furniture"*, his stunned and still attempting to acclimatise thoughts raced, that looked suspiciously like a *chemical toilet!*

*"Just how fucking long have I been unconscious?"* he asked himself.

As incensed as he was bewildered, Tim Betsen struggled against his restraints and found it useless.

Not so surprising, given the thick leather collar at his neck and the steel ring at its back to which was fastened a metal chain that linked to another chain attached to the fetters enclosed about his wrists before travelling downwards to where similar restraints linked ankle to ankle, fastened in such a way that the soles of his feet faced the back of a head that was forced backwards by the shortness of the linking chain and the resulting pressure.

It was not excruciatingly uncomfortable, but Tim had no doubt it would prove to be just that if he were to be left in such a position indefinitely.

Grunting unintelligibly through the gag, he tried to gain the young black woman's attention and was ignored as if he were nothing.

She simply concentrated on assembling whatever the contraption was she was assembling and kept her back to him as he continued to bring himself to her attention, the veins standing out in his neck as he anger threatened to become volcanic.

*Impotently* volcanic, that is.

After several attempts he simply gave up and waited, knowing her attention would turn to him when she was ready and not before. He was intelligent enough to know that, as he was the recipient of whatever was going on here, it would not be long before the black bitch would feel compelled to tell him the how and the why? And she would certainly need to free him at some point.

A point he regarded with a deal of vengeful fondness.

All of which, however, did nothing to lessen the feelings of rage, betrayal and *sheer* humiliation at

being in such a helpless and vulnerable position in front of… of… such a… person.

Preoccupied as that *"person"* was, with her back still completely turned to him, he had yet to gaze full upon her face beneath the short and French-cropped black hair that had obviously been straightened at some point, but he knew from his first fleeting glimpse of her that she was a younger woman – far younger than him anyway. She was wearing a business-like suit with form-fitting trousers and had removed the jacket as she worked on the cage with her back turned to him, giving him in the process glimpses of large and conical breasts in profile as they thrust against the confines of a black lycra top that completed her correct if somewhat funereal outfit. He could also see enough of her body to realise she was both compact and hour-glass.

None of the above of the slightest interest to him as he considered the indignity of his situation and allowed his thoughts to pass the time with a whole host of images on the subject of just what he would do when free of his restraints.

What she looked like, after all, was neither here nor there, he told himself. Sooner or later he would have to be released. Then, when he was free, both his wife and the black bitch his hate-filled eyes were currently fixated upon would pay.

Even if it did turn out to be some elaborate and out of character joke on Joanna's part.

Jaw aching and muscles beginning to cramp, he had no other choice but to watch the bitch as she went about her work as he made his plans for retribution – physical and legal. Realising as he did so that she had probably left him faced in her direction so he could do just that. Though the "why?" escaped him at that point.

As he looked on and seethed, the questions whizzed in and out of his head, none of them making much or anything in the way of sense.

Had his wife somehow discovered his past indiscretions – even if his own feelings of guilt had stopped them long ago – and decided a measure of payback was required?

Had she suddenly been given a taste for sado-masochistic sex and chosen the black woman to guide her into it?

Was he dreaming?

The last was his preferred option, of course, and the one he recognised was least likely, especially when his breath was rasping through the ball-gag and the cramping of his muscles supplied the all too physical

evidence the situation in which he found himself was nothing if not real.

As he looked on with both anger and frustration, his inability to vent it growing at a rate comparable to the increasing level of discomfort his restraint fetched him, he watched the pieces of the contraption she was bolting into place form into a steel cage.

That earlier suspicion about Joanne having somehow gained a taste for BDSM flared into life once again - despite the impossibility of his amenable younger wife ever having such desires or acting in such a way.

Straightforward and unimaginative in his sexual desires, sex of such a kind had never made any appeal to him and looked even less appetising viewed from close-hand and trussed like a turkey.

Especially when the five feet high by seven long cage of solid and secure steel, constructed before his eyes, would have no trouble holding a person captive.

And he was not so stunned by the events unfolding as to be unaware of just *who* that captive would be.

Or enough not to realise how much planning had gone into this and that his wife and the bitch moving towards him were familiar with each other.

*Very* familiar!

Making the kiss she had given the black woman before leaving all the more potent.

As *"potent"* as it was shocking!

That his wife was having an affair at all was enough to stun him senseless. That she would decide to have it with another woman took him beyond stunned. Add to that the woman she had chosen to betray him with was black and…

Stunned and repulsed or not, he somehow managed to back-door his latent racism for long enough to try and analyse his situation logically.

What was unfolding about him, he knew, had taken planning and much forethought. He also knew it would have had to have been in the cognitive stage for some time. For Joanna to have been persuaded to go along with such a radical and marriage ending scenario, time and much argument would have been required, he told himself.

*"Surely!"*

Assuming, of course, that he hadn't read her wrong all these years and what was happening to him had actually been her suggestion – made in order to experience desires she had long repressed.

Desires, he promised himself, that would make her history once he was free; the deep and sincere love he had formerly held for her already beginning the descent into hate and a need for retribution.

"I am going to explain a few things to you," the black woman began, the shock of hearing her speak for the first time, along with her distinct East African accent and the confidence that went with it, startled Tim Betsen. Something in the timbre of her voice instantly set alarm bells ringing in his head – or at least one more to join the others currently deafening him. There was, he knew with certainty, something about it that was… *off*; though he couldn't place what it was exactly, even if his best guess was that she was a sociopath of some kind or other.

A thought that, unsurprisingly, brought no comfort to the husband bound and helpless in the presence of a possible psycho.

She was standing before him now, hands on broad hips imperiously, gazing down at him with an expression of utter confidence on a face that, while

not ugly exactly, he could best and most charitably describe as *“Simian”*.

Had he been feeling charitable, that is.

“When I have finished speaking,” the African voice he already hated informed him as he studiously avoided her gaze and concentrated his attention on the coal black skin of her foot as she tapped an equally dark court shoe upon the carpet rhythmically, tapered black trousers containing the columns of what he knew were long legs rising above him, “you are going to be released from your chains.”

A thrill of anticipation ran through him at the prospect of finally getting loose and placing his hands around the bitch’s neck. Said throttling made prior to forcing her to tell him what had prompted the unreal situation in which he found himself and what her relationship was with his wife. Though he also confessed himself puzzled as to why she would set him free when she must know what would follow.

Her next words were an answer:

“No doubt, you are wondering why I would release such a strong and powerful man as yourself,

knowing how angry you are at being humiliated in such a way."

It had not been couched as a question and Tim Betsen wouldn't have deigned it an answer even if the gag wasn't preventing him from speaking – and he didn't care for the sarcastic way she had framed the question either.

"That is," she went on, heedless of his feelings one way or another, "because it is my intention to beat that anger from you and replace it with the obedience that comes with acceptance."

Shocked at this preposterous statement from someone of her kind and relatively tender years, his head came up at this to try and make contact with her eyes. Unsuccessfully, as the restrictions placed upon him and the fact she was standing so close ensured he could not raise his eyes much above her knees. What he could see, however, even if the main thrust of his thoughts were understandably preoccupied elsewhere, were a pair of *very* powerful thighs.

"Your wife is my lover now and I am not good at sharing."

Though his suspicions had been raised by their kiss it was another matter entirely to have them confirmed in such bald and straightforward terms.

“Unfortunately for me,” the woman who threatened to make his vow to never hit a woman history, “your wife still harbours feelings for you and wishes to have the best of both worlds. That is, you in her life and me in her pussy.”

An image of the bitch as she used a strapon to invade his wife’s intimate parts that should have been reserved for him only competed with the totally unsuspected possibility that Joanna could harbour a desire to be with another woman.

And a woman of colour at that!

His breath rasped through his nose as he realised his anger had been taken to such an extreme it felt almost cold. Betrayal was betrayal, after all. Be it with another man or the black bitch he intended some serious damage when he was free.

Gender *notwithstanding*.

“It was my intention to make her choose,” the *‘black bitch’* continued. “I did not wish to waste my time in England when not travelling with my employer sharing my wonderful white lover with you.”

Unbelievably, he felt her hand atop his head and his hair ruffled, the nature of his restraint leaving him very little leeway to escape her attentions – though his unutterable thoughts promised retribution of the most dire kind when he was able to move freely once again.

Unaware of his unspoken thoughts though not oblivious to them entirely, the woman he recalled his wife addressing as *"Adi"* continued on, certain that what she had to tell him would make those thoughts no more affectionate in nature.

"That was until I saw pictures of you," she told him, fingers taking an ear-lobe between them to tease at the soft flesh the way one might do when soothing a skittish animal.

Tim Betsen endured the hateful contact, in no position to do otherwise, calming himself with an image of what would happen when the bitch was unwise enough to release him.

"You are a very handsome man," the chocolate tones cooed as he felt his flesh contract at the insinuation. "The moment I saw the pictures I understood immediately why your wife would be so reluctant to let you go."

The compliment lightened his thoughts not a whit and he assured himself that once he was free and the Police were called – oh, yes, that was a minimum, he assured himself, and would happen the moment he had visited a little physical… *discomfort*… upon her – then all the reluctance in the world would not prevent him from kicking his faithless bitch wife from his life.

His own less than faithful past notwithstanding.

"Of course, I do not share the emotional attachment she has to you, and that will make our coming week together all the easier."

Her chuckle raised the hairs on the back of his head and only his male ego prevented himself from acknowledging the response as fear as she added:

"For me, anyway."

As the woman he was beginning to think of as a sociopath of some degree or other – a high one at minimum - released his ear and moved to the back of him, he wondered how Joanna could ever have involved herself with such a person.

He was still considering this flaw in his wife and how he could possibly have missed it over the years

when the pressure at his neck eased and he heard a key in a padlock.

The sound excited him and with it came a return of the anger – incandescent and blinding – he knew he would at least have to control in part if he were not to kill the bitch doing the releasing.

“There!” he heard from above him after she had removed the chains from his fetters while leaving the fetters themselves in place. “Now I can begin to educate you in the new way.”

Ignoring her words, Tim Betsen hauled himself into a sitting position and waited for the circulation to return fully to arms and legs, a hand tugging at the restriction of the collar she had left in place.

After a minute or two, and pronouncing himself ready, the handsome forty-something rose to his feet and prepared, smile grim and woman or not, to slap some respect and contriteness into her hateful and simian black face.

The smile, grim or otherwise, did not last long.

# Five

***Then… Joanna***

As with most people who have been persuades to move ahead with a dream, a desire, or an ambition – all three now accurately describing Joanna Betsen's feelings about what was taking place in the basement study of the home she owned – second thoughts had set in the moment the first physical steps had been taken.

It was one thing, after all, to discuss and fantasise about something so utterly decadent and depraved, even if it was incredibly arousing, but quite another to set events in motion that might make them a reality.

A *life-changing* reality!

In the comfortable but necessarily less picturesque and luxurious surroundings of the apartment above the Eastbourne business, Joanna felt nothing of the excitement her discussions with her lover on the subject of subjugating Tim had inspired. All she felt now was trepidation for what was happening – had probably already happened – back at the home where she and her husband led a life that most people would consider as next to idyllic. Why couldn't she have been content to simply enjoy the

cock of her black lover and maintain the status quo of a loving, if overbearing, husband? How could she have allowed the honeyed words of her far younger lover to persuade her that what they had in mind for Tim was something that could exist in reality rather than in the fantasy world where perverse longings of such a kind surely needed to stay? Was she really so enamoured of that pulverising black cock that she would have her husband – the same husband her thoughts still professed to love -relegated to the role of that same lover's chattel as well as her own?

Even if such a preposterous state of affairs could be brought about.

For once in the less spacious surroundings of the Eastbourne apartment – even on the ride to it – that was how she had begun to see the events her lover and she had kicked into life the moment that lover had been introduced to her husband.

Preposterous!

In less than a week, Adi had promised to not only train her masterful and masculine husband but to ensure that he would never leave her side. And not only that. While he was at her side, he would be utterly obedient.

In *all* things!

On more than one occasion she had actually picked up her cell-phone and prepared to call her lover with a request to call the whole thing off.

And on each occasion she had not got so far as even punching in the number; remembering as she did that Adi had assured her the phone she was trying to reach would be switched off and there would be no contact between them until *"things are as they should be in your home"*.

Suffice it to say, she was a nervous wreck within a matter of hours and the numerous vodka tonics she sank as all kinds of dire scenarios played out in her mind did not calm her one whit.

The die had been cast and, no matter how events in the basement of her home played out, nothing could ever be the same again.

Whether it turned out to be divorce and shame; maybe even Police proceedings; or the unlikely eventuality her lover could make their fantasies real, *nothing* could ever be the same for her again.

# Six

***Then… Day-Two***

Up close, her face seemed even more simian and… animal-like. Skin, as black and flawless as expertly mined and polished Jet, fetched large white teeth into even greater definition while flared nostrils below a pinched nose seemed to lend an even more unbalanced effect to eyes that seemed both capable and accepting of the worst atrocity or abomination. An impression the shivering and abject creature on all fours before her believed in its entirety.

There was something animalistic in the thick full lips and startling white teeth, and after his experiences with her on that first day he felt something he had never expected to feel in a woman's presence.

Fear.

After she had released him from his chains and he had rubbed the circulation back into cramped limbs, he had set about releasing some of the anger that had built in him and putting her in her place.

And been beaten so badly, so easily, that by the end of their session, after he had dropped back to the floor in agony and exhausted, and as much as such

knowledge shamed him, he knew he was no match for her.

Later, he would discover from words dropped by his wife that she was not just a personal assistant to her African businessman/politician employer but his bodyguard also. It would lessen his shame somewhat. But not much.

No matter what slant his subconscious placed upon it, the fact remained that he had been physically and mentally mastered by what could only be described as an abomination of nature.

An abomination the wife he thought had loved him obviously preferred to her own husband.

Even if that same wife who seemed to delight in his torment still claimed to love him enough to want him in her life.

No doubt only for the pleasure his degradation and humiliation provided for her.

The black bitch he already hated to a degree he had not thought he was capable had not even broken sweat as she had dismantled him and, as he lay on the bars of the cage into which she had consigned him after he had passed out from the beating, aching body finding no comfort no matter which way it

contorted, he wondered exactly what it was she and his wife had in mind for him. In fact, so untaxed had she found his efforts to *"put her in her place"* that she had not even bothered to take off the jacket to her business-suit and looked as well-turned out after having demolished him as she had before.

Aching and beaten balls provided a painful witness that she already had this man – the same man who had once been known for his temper and willingness to trade blows with other men - in a condition of physical terror.

And she had achieved the feat without marking him.

Almost.

The tubular steel contraption encasing his cock and attached to a ring encircling his scrotum belied the assertion and added yet another dimension of outrage to the fear that was growing exponentially with every passing minute he spent in that cage with time to try and work out what was happening to him.

And just why his previously loving wife felt she could treat him in such a way.

And get away with it.

When the door to the basement opened and *she* walked in, he sensed he was about to find out…

*****

There was, Tim Betsen conceded through his fear anger and hatred, a kind of commanding grace with which she walked, as if she were on her territory and those she deigned to allow visit it were no more than creatures placed on the planet to serve her.

No matter that she was in his home and what had once been his study before she had altered it.

Her swagger was that of a master assessing property and it helped his mindset not at all to realise she seemed to consider him as a part of that property.

It occurred to him fleetingly that she might have been physically appealing in her Simian way had things been different and the order he still considered rightful held sway. But despite the fact she was dressed today in a short black skirt with red spike heeled ankle boots that showcased a pair of highly shapely if somewhat over-muscled legs and a clingy white tee-shirt that gave emphasis to breasts that were both full and firm in the extreme, that part of him that would have responded normally – locked in steel cock-cage or not – remained unmoved. At that point he hated her more than he feared her, and

it was not in his nature to become aroused by people he hated.

Yet.

She was standing above his cage by now, staring down at him with all the arrogance of a master gazing upon a slave.

His hackles rose but he remained silent, knowing nothing could be gained in his current position and that any advantage he gained over her in the future would come from superior intelligence rather than brute male force.

In this he would be proved wrong yet again, but could hardly be blamed for thinking along such lines at the time.

“Lower your eyes until you are given permission to look at me,” she told him.

The jaw that dropped to his chin asked:

*“What?”*

“This is the second day of our new relationship and I wish you to be under no illusions,” said the accented African voice that he already hated with a passion.

He stared up at her as if she were insane and, indeed, truly believed such to be the case. It was almost as if she believed they'd returned to some top-to-bottom ante-bellum time where instead of it being her transported from east to west he was the one arriving stinking and fetid from the bowels of a three-master sailed by black slave traders. A piece of human property to be treated as his purchaser saw fit.

"Do not test me on this," her voice broke into his revisionist musings, eyes as hard as the flint some of those pieces of human property would mine for their new owners. "The beating I gave you yesterday will seem as nothing to what I will do to you if we do not reach an understanding about our roles relative to each other."

Her English, he noted through the fear he was dealing with some kind of revisionist *and* recidivist plantation-owner with a sociopathic mind-set, and accented or not, was excellent. Leading him to surmise she was not without at least a semi-decent level of education for one of her kind. Even if she did choose to use both second-language and schooling to talk horseshit.

*"Roles relative to each other?"*

Beating or not, did she truly believe what she was saying?

It appeared she did.

“By the end of the day and the days following,” the husky voice continued, “you will barely recognise yourself. In fact, I can promise you that by the time my lover and your wife - and now, along with me, Master - returns home you will be something entirely different from the man you were when she left.”

Tim Betsen felt a chill run the length of his spine despite what he saw as the preposterousness of her assertion, the power he saw rippling in the coal black thighs before his eyes and the memory of what that arrogant, hands-on-hips, body had done to his own the day before giving her words the patina, at least, of verity.

And what on earth did she mean about Joanna on her return being his *“Master”*?

*“Along with her?”*

Surely she couldn’t expect his wife – treacherous, faithless whore that she had turned out to be – to actually believe she was his…?

The hateful voice broke into his incredulity:

“Did it… *does it*… shame you to be mastered so easily by someone so many years your junior?”

He swallowed back his outrage and tried to meet her gaze without flinching as she allowed herself an evil smile and continued:

“As well as by a woman of my… *race*?” she added. “I do believe your wife would have given me more of a challenge,” she laughed.

Now his eyes did lower, her words achieving with recall what threat had not delivered. The memory of how easily he had been neutralised – and by *whom* - doing little to bolster a masculinity that was under attack in a way he would have once laughed off as unbelievable. Not knowing, of course, that his black tormentor had barely dipped his white toes in the waters of degradation and surrender in which she intended he be submerged.

The view of her muscled and imperious calves, coal black and sleek above the red boots waiting to greet his lowered vision doing nothing to restore either his pride or sense of vitality.

Dropping to one knee suddenly, she reached a hand inside the cage and placed a finger beneath his chin to raise his eyes to hers.

Tim Betsen swallowed hard as those simian orbs drank him in, the power he saw written in them only going to increase the fear of her the beating of the previous evening had instilled in him in the first place.

His *"fear"* almost as painful and shaming to him as the beating itself.

Tim Betsen found himself desperate to look away as the woman who had caged both his body and his cock seemed to bore her way into his soul, intent it seemed upon adding his very mind to the territories she had already conquered. In fact, only an effort of will prevented him from supplying her the pleasure of seeing just how frightened she already had him. Even if the slight curl of those almost anthropoid lips seemed to tell him it was not something she was not aware of already.

And then his feelings of shame, discomfort, humiliation and impotent anger, were taken some notches lower.

Subterranean, in fact.

Keeping his head raised with one controlling finger still, his African tormentor used the fingers of her free hand to slide her skirt even further back over her sleek and powerful thighs; her face almost breaking

into a smile as, involuntarily, his gaze flickered downwards to take in the sight as a pair of flimsy white knickers, startling against the contrast of that jet skin, came into view.

But it wasn't the contrast of white cotton against coal black epidermis that suddenly made him thankful for the bars separating them and making physical connection a tad more… *limited*.

Would that it had been.

Stunned motionless and paralysed in the way of a tiny rodent in the presence of a devouring reptile, his unblinking eyes stared straight at the bulge protruding from her knickers where no womanly bulge should protrude, the question suggesting itself to his befogged mind answered when his tormentor slid one side over to the other to reveal…

His feelings of humiliation took a further downward spiral as a huge and *very* erect black cock achieved its freedom to point upwards at his disbelieving and numbed expression.

His black tormentor with the womanly curves and the breasts to go with them, simian features notwithstanding, was…

*A man!*

Out from between her legs she had pulled an enormous cock.

A monster of a penis that put his own endowment to underdeveloped shame, despite the fact he had never felt especially inadequate about his size.

In front of him was a shemale he had not for one moment – even as she had manhandled him with superior strength and speed – suspected of being anything other than a woman he had good reason to despise.

A shemale with a cock that completely dwarfed his own and would still dwarf it when he was released from the infernal contraption she had locked around his own genitalia that prevented him from becoming erect – not that he had any inclination towards such a condition.

At comfortably ten inches long it was almost twice the size of his own and seemed to be growing longer and thicker the more he stared at it with stunned revulsion; unable to take his eyes from the abomination. It was at least as thick as his wrist and seemed to point up towards his face as if it were an attack dog awaiting only its owner's permission before savaging the helpless victim before it. Black, veiny, and uncut, it bestrode a pair of smooth and humongous black balls totally devoid of any hair –

a minor factor that did nothing to lessen either his revulsion or his terror.

*Nothing* in her appearance, her manner, or her voice – hateful African accent or not – had prepared him for the monster cock she had just revealed.

Not to mention what it might mean.

For him!

And something else nudged at his besieged subconscious:

It had, after all, been bad enough to believe Joanna had betrayed him for a lover of her own sex.

And he had just spent a confined and excruciating night with little else to think about, other than his discomfort and humiliation, than her faithlessness and the lover she had chosen to exercise it with.

And *how!*

Now though, he had to contend with the knowledge that not only had she betrayed him with another but she had done so with an abomination who gave her the best of both worlds.

A lover with an hour-glass figure and shapely and full breasts who was also in possession of a cock that could touch places inside her he never had and never would.

Even if he had been of a mind to place his own erection in the fetid swamp he now considered his once beloved wife's pussy to be.

This was all so… *wrong*… and he wondered how his life could have been turned into such a horror show in the space of no more than a day.

And just what he would do to exact retribution when Joanna and her monstrous lover finally had to release him.

The *"monster"* in question seemed to sense his thoughts:

"Look at my balls, Timmy," she ordered, voice mocking as he winced at her use of the childish and intermediate diminutive – not *"Tim"* or *"Timothy"* but *"Timmy"*.

Hearing his own mother's childhood name for him on the lips of such an abomination sparked his anger and he stared into her eyes, hoping that she could see the determination in them to make her life *extremely* uncomfortable in the very near future.

A sudden whip-like quality to her voice banished such thoughts for the moment and jerked him upright, her basilisk stare assuring him she was not concerned in the slightest when it came to any retribution he might attempt in the future.

“Do as you’re told, Timmy, and take a good look at Master Adi’s big black balls.”

He continued to stare at her, sickened at her use of the *“Master”* word.

He had already seen quite enough of what she had below and had no desire to revisit the experience.

Unfortunately, what he wanted at that point was no longer within his own gift to gratify.

Her finger left his chin and snatched a handful of his still full hair to yank his face downwards.

Tim Betsen closed his eyes to shut out the vision of the African woman’s monstrous manhood.

But not for long.

“Open your eyes this instant and show respect to your master’s balls or I will take a ruler to your own until you’re screaming like a little girl.”

For a moment, Tim Betsen thought he must fetch up the contents of his stomach.

Until he realised there was nothing in it to compel such an evacuation.

Not vomiting was *not* a consolation to him, however.

“And I will not stop until I see genuine and contrite submission from you,” she added. “Even if it means you must lose the ability to function any longer as a man.”

From worrying about the non-existent contents of his stomach, Tim Betsen’s attention turned to those of his empty bowels. His humiliation was running at an all-time high and he was not to know by just how much his wife’s lover and, by implication, Joanna herself intended to improve upon his personal best.

Bowing to the inevitable, knowing all too well the creature beyond his cage was capable of doing just as she said – and convinced she was capable of a whole lot more – he allowed his eyes to flutter open.

The shemale’s appendage filled his vision, even more monstrous now for being erect, obviously excited at the exercise of her control and just who she was exercising it over. It fairly throbbed before

his eyes and he felt a debilitating terror that was, at one and the same time, both unmanly and manly as his thoughts behind teary eyes pictured the dire things his tormentor might do to him with it and his manliness attempted to assert the anger that went with his revulsion.

Not one scintilla of desire for the hybrid did he feel.

*That*, courtesy of the cage imprisoning his own manhood, and the denial it made possible, would come later.

“Good boy, Timmy,” praised the African accent, its owner smiling inwardly at the cringe with which the man she had placed behind bars greeted the words demeaning and patronising him. As much as she adored the sex she had with her captive’s wife, she knew it was going to be a so much richer experience having her handsome older husband involved. Though the signs of abject submission she could already see from the older man kneeling in his cage, and given what Joanna had described of him, seemed too far advanced at such an early stage for him to ever have been the strong man his wife had insisted him to be.

It would, she told herself as he leaned her throbbing balls up against the cool metal bars of his prison,

take even less time to break him than she had thought.

She was smiling as she yanked his head by the hair that he be brought closer to massive, smooth and hairless, balls it was her intention he learn to worship; amusement triggered by the knowledge she was at least two or three days ahead of the schedule she had set herself to have him tamed and obedient.

“You are now going to place your tongue at the bottom of my sack and then lick upwards to show me you know your place,” she told him.

*Despair* did not begin to describe the face he turned up to her.

“Then,” she went on, eyes boring down into his own implacably, you are going to beg me to be allowed to take my superior black cock in your mouth.”

Only then did the contents of Tim Betsen’s stomach, non-existent or not, erupt from his mouth…

# Seven

***Then… Joanna***

"Can you at least give me some small idea of what's happening?" complained Joanna into the mouthpiece.

The voice of her African shemale lover was understanding but form:

"No. I am calling you simply to tell you not to worry. All is *exactly* as I planned it to be and I have no desire to dilute the surprise in store for you upon your return by giving you even the smallest idea of what to expect."

"But, Adi, I…"

"Do not fight me on this, Joanna. I consider us as equal partners in all things. But not this. What is happening at your home is between me and your husband. For now. My reward will be to see the surprise – marvel even – of your expression when you return to your new married life."

"But…?"

"*That*… will be *my* reward – or at least a part of it." Silence reigned for a few moments.

Then:

“Surely you would not begrudge me my own pleasure after I have gone to such great lengths to secure your own, my darling Joanna?”

“Of course not,” she protested, the finger diddling at her hairless snatch in the privacy of the apartment above the office paused above the river just hearing her lover’s voice had made of her womanhood. “But I worry. How could I not?”

“And I have assured you there is no need for any anxiety on your part. Without saying too much, I can guarantee you that the husband to whom you return will not be the same man he was when you left.”

Joanna’s breath caught in her throat, uncertain which emotion to go with:

Sadness and self-recrimination for her faithlessness and for having allowed her lover to talk her into making a cemetery of her own loving marriage?

Or…

The needy pussy that seemed to have been made more vibrant and sensitive than ever at the prospect of what had been done to her husband and the kind of marriage they would be having from now on.

Before she could respond, or choose which of her two responses was strongest, the chocolate tones of her dangerous and exciting lover went on:

“You should make plans to return home this Saturday lunch-time, my lovely Joanna. All should be in place as we desire by then.”

“But…? So soon?”

She could almost see the self-satisfied smile at the other end of the line.

“How…? How could such a thing be possible in so short a time? I can’t believe Tim could ever…”

“Then you must wait until Saturday and be persuaded by the evidence of your own eyes and ears. I will expect you on the dot of twelve.”

Joanna was about to press for more information when the line went dead and she was left alone with her amazement, arousal, and, yes, *guilt*. Her thoughts went to Tim’s family and the sister she had spoken to only that day talk about the possibility of a family gathering in the not too distant future. Like Tim himself, they were good people and had been nothing but loving and welcoming to her from the first time her new and older boyfriend had taken her home to meet them.

How could she do this to them?

To him?

And for what?

Another woman who just happened to have a cock.

Her feelings of guilt receded as a picture of her female lover's manhood flashed onto the screen showing her troubled thoughts.

But what a cock it was!

Irresistible!

She also knew it wasn't the cock alone that kept her willing to forsake her vows of marriage to a man she still professed to love. Faithless, she might be, her thoughts protested. But she was not self-delusional.

Her African lover had taken her to a place where the powerful feelings she had for her husband – and, to an extent, his family – were made secondary. A place where, so great was her new and perverse pleasure, she was willing to sacrifice a massive part of her own beliefs and integrity in order to continue experiencing the miracle.

A place, Adi had insisted, the emasculation and taming of her masculine and somewhat chauvinist husband would see transformed beyond anything her newly triggered sexual imagination could envisage.

She knew that she was not so far gone in her newly minted appreciation of the joys of perverse and extra-curricular sex that she could never experience feelings of guilt and compassion, perhaps even empathy, for her legal partner. But she was clear-sighted and truthful enough to admit to herself that such sympathetic if negative feelings could no longer take issue with the greater need her young black lover's cock and greater sexual imagination had instilled in her.

Joanna Betsen knew that she continued to want to be married to her handsome and older husband and keep her relationship with his family as warm and loving as it had always been. Life could not be lived in totality at an extreme and there would be times when normality was not just a duty but a necessity. What else, after all, could take perverse desires to even greater heights than a contrasting interlude with mundane and by-the-numbers normality?

No matter *how* warm and loving those numbers.

And if the price to be paid for this life of social respect and normality, contrasted against a sexual existence some people – *most* people, if not *all* – would consider not just warped but evil, was her husband's own sexual identity and his sense of worth as a man?

And as much guilt as the prospect delivered her?

Joanna Betsen considered the unusual conundrum and the self-asked questions for only a matter of seconds before deciding upon a course she knew her subconscious had decided upon already.

Her husband was toast.

# Eight

***Then… Saturday Lunch-Time***

The kiss left both lovers in a condition of wanting more – much more – and only the knowledge their condition would be catered to in the very near future prevented them from shedding their clothes right there and then for the lover's rigid and monstrous black cock to invade the swamp-like and needy pussy of the adulteress.

Any onlooker accidentally intruding upon their greeting would have taken them as two lovers of the same sex who were meeting again after having been parted for many years.

But a week?

It was, surprisingly, Joanna who broke the kiss and attempted to cool things between them. Fetching a curl to her lover's lip as she surmised the reason behind her white and married lover's unusual reticence. A surmising, given the circumstances, her black shemale lover decided was not surprising at all.

When all was said and done, what wife wouldn't have other things on her mind in such a situation?

At that point, the wife in question was looking about her home with a sense of, if not disappointment exactly, puzzlement.

Nothing seemed different to her.

*Nothing*.

The front-room was the same as she had left it a week ago after leaving both the house and her husband in the care of her lover. Everything was as it had been. The Danish furnishings, with their clean pine lines and the cushions and rugs in primary colours intended to give the room and its laminate flooring contrast – the same furnishings her husband had insisted upon and which she had to agree she liked - were pristine and untouched and even looked as if they'd been spruced and tidied.

And where, exactly, was this *new* husband her lover had promised?

"Patience is a virtue," Joanna, smiled her younger lover, amused by her obvious manner.

"It's also an opera but I don't see what relevance that has at the moment," she snapped back, clearly as nervous as she was anticipatory. "Where's Tim?"

“All in time, Joanna,” Adi said in a soothing voice that only served to intensify the irritation growing alongside her impatience and anticipation. “The manner in which you reacted to your husband must first be consigned to the past.”

Her look was questioning; they had discussed this before and she had been firm on the point that Tim would remain her husband still and that their married life would not change other than when she was with Adi or Adi was visiting – even if she had still been unable to believe at the time that her young black lover could force her masculine husband to accept such a… *humiliation*.

“Yes. I am aware that you still wish to remain married to the man – as pitiful as he is,” Adi added as Joanna gasped, shocked despite herself to hear her husband spoken of in such terms in his own home.

“You will soon see for yourself how pitiful, if you do not believe me yet,” Adi read her thoughts accusingly. “But before this you must be schooled in regard of the way you speak and interact with him.”

“Schooled?” the older wife expostulated.

“I am sorry if I sound patronising, my darling. But there is no other way of putting it. The man you left with me last week is no longer *‘Tim’* or *‘Timothy’*.

His name now is *"Timmy"*. And you must *never* address him by any other forename. You may wish to feel differently and return to your previous normality at certain times, but I strongly advise you against this. In my eyes, as it should be so in yours, your husband is no longer worthy of the description *'man'* and a childish usage of his name is far more fitting."

"But…?"

"This is not a subject open to debate, Joanna. You agreed to take my lead if it would mean subjugating your husband in the manner we discussed and this is just one of the facets necessary if we are to be successful. He is no longer a man but a child – even less at the moment - and the more he becomes used to being spoken to and treated as one the more he is emasculated and made submissive to you… To me also. Even with family and friends I must insist that you call him by his new and childish name. Believe me, he will soon become used to it and respond accordingly. In fact every interaction you have with him from now on will be as strict but loving mother towards a precocious but wilful infant."

It was the first time her lover had mentioned such an approach and Joanna found it mind-boggling that she could ever treat – or be allowed to treat – her

manly and semi-macho husband in such a… *degrading*… fashion.

It was also, if her even more sopping cunt was any guide and for reasons she could not begin to fathom, one of the most exciting prospects she had heard from her lover's lips to-date.

And there had been many.

*"What kind of a monster are you becoming,"* her thoughts screamed at her without instilling any intention in her to try and prevent the process. Joanna Betsen was in some kind of sex and horror themed leisure park. And knew she had no intention or desire to leave.

She had, she confessed to herself, become an addict.

Adi was smiling, recognising her thought process:

"Believe me, my love," the dominant shemale offered, "when your good obedient boy is kneeling between your legs to soothe mummy's pussy after a hard day at her office…"

Joanna all but swooned at the imagery and almost missed the rest of her lover's offering as she continued:

"…all feelings of guilt and second-thoughts will be banished as if they never existed in the first place. You will come to see the… *rightness*… in treating this person as the imitation of a real man he has always been beneath the macho exterior."

It was all Joanna could do not to run her hand beneath her lover's short skirt and ravage the cock resting above the bare, shapely and powerful, thighs below.

In fact, it was a complete effort of will to quell her impatience and arousal – she was not entirely successful on either score – as Adi began to lay out a code of conduct.

Both for her and the beaten husband she had still to see.

*****

It was the best part of an hour later when Adi and Joanna rose from the sofa and their barely touched de-caffs.

"You are about to take the first step towards a new married life," her lover told her in dramatic and quite unnecessary fashion after they had shared a deep and lasting kiss. Neglecting to mention that first step had been taken the moment she had accepted the

invitation to the shemale's hotel-suite to celebrate her employer's house-purchase. And ended up with a pulsing cock in her pussy and lungs screaming their release to an immaculately plastered "Grand Hotel" bedroom.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" the shemale asked confidently, knowing her youthful and full breasts, hour-glass body with shapely legs, and the filling cock that went with those accoutrements were something her white lover was too addicted with to ever forego. "It might still be possible to revive the marriage you had before, though it will be an understandably difficult task, given what your husband has experienced this past week."

Adi paused a second to gauge her lover's reaction then, when nothing could be discerned from her expression:

"However, the moment I open the door to the basement and call him in, the marriage and relationship with him you once knew will be over forever with no hope of revival."

Again the shemale paused:

"It is your decision, my darling."

Joanna nodded, truly giving the conundrum consideration.

But not for long.

Feeling… *powerful*… and in control of her own destiny, still dressed from her morning at the office in a two-piece costume that was both severely cut and stylish, the legs that had always gotten her husband's juices flowing shown to best effect in navy pantyhose and spiked black courts, she did indeed ask herself if this was *truly* what she wanted.

It did not take her long to reach a conclusion.

With a smile that was part regret but more longing, she made her decision…

# Nine

***Then… "Heel"***

Tim Betsen had been on all-fours for the best part of ninety-minutes when the door to the basement opened.

The shemale who had so thoroughly cowed and degraded him over the previous week, the same black monster who now held what remained of his manly pride in her hands courtesy of video evidence of his… *debasing*… had ordered him to be in that position when she called for him. And, knowing just what to expect should she enter and find him otherwise, he had crouched on hands and knees like the cur she insisted he was to be until she said otherwise. He was naked but unchained apart from his cock-cage and a thick studded collar about his neck. So great was his fear of the shemale – and at so many levels – other restraints were no longer necessary and both collar and cage were more symbolic than necessary.

The aforementioned cage surrounding his cock being both, however, fetching to mind as they did the hateful memory of the abomination handling his penis and scrotum as if they were truly her property as she went about ringing his balls before insinuating his soft cock into the metal tube that

would make it impossible for him to become fully erect while locked in it.

In his mouth, afraid to drop it for fear his *"Master"* might enter and notice, was a chain link lead with a leather loop at its end.

Tim Betsen had begun shaking the moment the shemale had placed him in his current position and informed him they were about to have a visitor and was shaking even more when the creature explained just what she/he would do to him if he didn't behave in exactly the way she schooled him in that visitor's presence.

It had taken but a fraction of a moment for the white husband to work out just who that visitor would be and now, sensing the fact he would soon be shown to her in all his weakness and humiliation, he was shaking so hard a Richter-Scale measurement would have placed southern England in imminent danger of dropping into the seas surrounding it.

He had been systematically beaten, punished, an sexually degraded in his own home by a black woman and the shame he felt for having succumbed so easily was not lessened any by the fact that *"woman"* possessed a cock in excess of his own.

*Far* in excess.

As if the above was not shaming and emasculating enough, his tormentor had actually taken footage of him…

Even in his thoughts he could not bring himself to describe what he had been made to do for her.

Footage, moreover, that made it seem as if he were actively begging the monstrosity to…

Tim Betsen couldn't decide what was worse.

Having the sisters, brother-in-laws, nieces and nephews who looked up to him seeing what he had done – unwillingly or not; or having his wife witness him in his current condition.

Even if the faithless and perverted bitch whore was instrumental in his being reduced to such a condition anyway.

The prospect of his wife seeing him on all-fours like the obedient canine the shemale insisted she wanted him to be, at least until given permission to act otherwise, winning out on this occasion.

The prize, however, being no different.

His complete and utter shame.

Which was the exact point, his shaking at almost Krakatoa proportions, the basement door opened and he heard the call…

*****

Joanna Betsen's breath was shallow and raspy as she watched her lover descend the stairs leading from her open-plan front-room to the basement door that had once housed her husband's study and much-cherished sanctuary.

She watched, motionless in the front-room, hosed legs planted apart and hands-upon-hips imperiously in the way Adi had indicated, as her lover opened the basement door without knocking then, without even bothering to look inside, and to her great shock and perverted pleasure, called:

*"Heel, Timmy!"*

Standing a few feet from the stairs that led down, Joanna looked on and waited with baited breath, still in a condition of some disbelief despite all her lover's assurances; the long pause making everything seem just that much more… *unreal*.

Then, just when she thought she was either dreaming or her lover was a prankster of the highest ilk, a

vision came crawling naked through the door below the basement stairs.

A vision with a collar about its neck and something in its mouth that was, she suddenly realised, recognition as shocking as it was thrilling, a dog's lead.

A vision that was her husband!

Joanna Betsen orgasmed on the spot and her crisis was no less powerful for not being the recipient of either her own hands or those of another.

# Ten

***Then… Joanna, Adi and… "Timmy"***

The incredulous wife watched as her lover snapped her fingers and the naked and abject creature she recognised as inhabiting the body of her formerly proud and masterful husband came up on his haunches before her, hands held out before his chest in the way of paws dangled in front of a begging dog.

Tim's – *"Timmy's"* – eyes were still lowered to the floor, unable or unwilling to take in the sight waiting to greet him and his black shemale *"Master"* took the opportunity to throw Joanna an *"I told you so"* look as one surprisingly dainty, black and womanlike, hand retrieved the lead from his mouth and slipped the other through the leather loop at its end and moved towards the stairs with her *"pet"* following.

From above, Joanna could see that the canine facsimile of her husband was trembling violently and could only imagine just what her lover had done to him in to create such an abject change in so short a space of time.

And that was not the only change she noted as he was preceded up the stairs by a proud and excited – if the tenting at her skirt spoke truly - Adi.

Her lover had mentioned the device she could see affixed to her husband's cock and balls but had yet to see one in the flesh other than those she had checked out online.

Seeing it in one's own presence, and on the man who was one's husband, was a whole new world of excitement and… *power*.

At the top of the stairs, a few steps from Joanna herself, Adi paused and seemed to be waiting for something, eyes looking down at the still shaking form of the man she had effectively enslaved.

When her expectation was not met her tone was lucid but harsh.

"Be good, Timmy. Greet Ms Joanna the way a good, obedient and loyal, pet should."

It was outrageous, she decided. Here they were in post-millennium England's sedate and comfortable south-coast. And there he was, her husband, cock and balls shackled and a collar about his neck from which ran a lead that ended in the hand of a powerful young African woman whose one concession to manhood was a wondrous cock.

And hearing herself referred to as *"Ms Joanna"* for the first time nigh on instigated yet another immaculate orgasm.

And not a minute after the first.

What her collared and leashed husband did next convinced her, immaculate or otherwise, they would not be anywhere near the last.

As she continued to adopt the posture Adi had insisted up – the feeling of power it conveyed as she looked down upon her beaten husband finally making her understand why – she watched as the man she had swapped vows with all those many years before crawled towards her feet.

This being the same man who had guided their lives together since and made just about every decision from medium to large.

And now here he was. So terrified of a young African half his years he had allowed himself to be stripped naked, chastised, and collared. And, worse, to be seen in such a condition in front of the wife he had once held sway over.

If she had not known before Joana Betsen was now in no doubt that the life they had once shared was over and prayed only that her young lover's promise

that she could bind the man she now loved in a wholly different way to her was not just the cocksure hot-air of a girl of her years.

No matter that she was a girl with a difference and her word had been good up to now.

How could any man – and especially a man such as her husband – be forced to accept such complete and utter… *degradation?*

That husband's next action went a long way to allaying both her fears and her doubts as, at yet another click of Adi's fingers, he lowered his head and began to lick at the toecaps of her courts.

"See, Joanna?" she heard the mocking and self-satisfied tones of her shemale lover as her gaze remained riveted on the husband slathering at her shoes as if his life depended upon shining them to her satisfaction. "Did I not tell you that little Timmy would soon adapt once he had been shown his true place in the scheme of things."

Still transfixed at the sight before her, Joanna could only nod her agreement, the cocktail of emotions running through her making coherent speech an impossibility. *Most* of those emotions of a positive nature. Guilt being the very smallest of them and even that small concession to compassion all but

vanishing completely when saw an actual tear drop from her husband's eye and land upon the glistening leather made slick by his own saliva.

At that moment she knew she was lost to the pleasure of power and cruelty and would never regard her husband in the same light again.

How could she?

None of which satisfied her misgivings upon the subject of binding her husband to her in such a way he would be either too needy or too frightened to ever leave her side.

Again reading her thoughts as – and as previously directed – the abject and controlled white man began to lap at her hosed ankles, the sound of his tongue rasping against the course texture of her nylons, Adi sought to allay his lover's fears:

"You must not worry, my darling lady," the chocolate tones assured her. "Little Timmy here is committed to staying in your service and showing you how devoted a pet and servant he can be for you."

Still unable to take her eyes from the sight below her and imagining it to be her pussy rather than her ankles – an intimacy he had always been loath to

provide – Joanna again nodded, as yet not fully convinced.

“He realises the error in trying to act like a man for you and wishes for nothing more than to be a part of your future happiness as an obedient husband.”

“Hmmm,” Joanna muttered, only half concentrating as the evidence of the arousal her husband’s abject capitulation was inspiring soaked her knickers and began the process of showing her hose the same courtesy.

“But he must be helped in his desire to make you happy,” Adi continued. “You must re-assure him that you love him still and will only love him all the more for his obedience and submission. Of course, that love will be of a different variety to that with which you began your life together and be more in keeping with the affection you show for a child who learns his lessons well and makes you proud or an animal you have trained to perform to your expectations.”

Joanna swore she heard a muted sob from below her.

Had her lover really effected such a change in her husband in so short a period of time or was it, as she was suspecting more and more, just a very elaborate

practical and adult joke in which her own husband was playing a part.

Even as she mulled the prospect over for the umpteenth time, Joanna realised she was being ridiculous. Not only had Tim never shown any aptitude or inclination for jokes of such a kind but the nature of what was happening here and what had happened before it absolutely precluded any such possibility. No way would Tim ever allow her to be fucked and then act in such an abject way simply in the cause of a joke.

“And do not worry, my darling Joanna,” the rich chocolate tones continued. “Little Timmy knows it is in his interests to be totally obedient and make you happy from now on. And I have an interesting video I have uploaded to a location on the Net to show you later that proves it.”

A smile creased the feminine but somewhat simian features.

Then:

“Is that not right, little Timmy?”

If she had been disbelieving before, the white wife was utterly incredulous when, after making her lover repeat herself, her husband answered.

But *not* with words.

The *"Woof, woof"* that followed triggered the latest of her immaculate orgasms.

# Eleven

***Then… The Second Week***

A week on and by the end of Adi's stay in *her* home, Joanna no longer had any doubts on the subject of either Adi's ability or her own when it came to keeping her demoralised and beaten husband at her side.

Or, to be more exact, at her feet or pussy.

And with his tongue, you understand.

That Tim – or *Timmy"* as she now referred to him even in her thoughts – hated her was not surprising to her. Though the relish she took from having him behave respectfully and abjectly towards her placed the abattoir she had made of their love and their vows in the *"inconsequential"* category. Of less and less account as her love of the power she wielded over him continued and grew, in fact.

It had been a week of revelations for her and excruciating humiliation for her husband.

Humiliations she could not imagine Tim or any man being able to overcome and be normal again.

At least she hoped not.

It had been Adi who had told her how things would progress for their first week with all three of them together and laid down the rules she said were to be iron-clad and unbending if his submission were to be lasting and complete.

Even with the *"material"* in their possession Joanna had yet to see that Adi insisted lent reassurance her husband would continue to comply.

No matter how great his hatred of them both and his own self-loathing.

And weak men such as her husband, Adi had assured her, sensing her worries, were not the type to end their own lives.

The above stated after her first experience with her husband's abject docility and the orgasm his dog-like and ankle-lapping obedience had induced in her. Just after, in fact, *"Timmy"* had been returned to his *"kennel"* in the basement and Adi had led her upstairs to what was now *their* room and used that wondrous black cock of hers to add a light cloud of ethereal sexual completion to her dark and ominous misgivings. Finally banishing, if not forever, the denser fog that had been the disbelief her husband could possibly be transformed into a creature of such a kind.

“We are not the kind of people who enjoy the blind following of rules simply because they are there, my darling,” Adi began as she began to come down from her sexual high and began contemplating the next.

“But,” her lover went on, chocolate tones and African accent leaving her in no doubt she was being deadly serious, “there are time when only the strict adherence to a set of rules will suffice if an intended aim is to be reached.”

“Then you had better acquaint me with them, my wise young lover,” she said playfully. “Because if this is a taster for what having complete control of Tim will be like then there are no rules I wouldn’t abide by if I could be sure they would be successful.”

“Yet you have broken one of them with your very first assurance you would not do so,” her lover told her with no trace whatsoever of any lightening humour.

Her eyes rose to those of her lover’s quizzically.

“You just called him *‘Tim’* when I gave you explicit instructions to call him *“Timmy”* from now on.

“But… Oh, come on! We’re alone. Surely it make no diff…?”

“You cannot simply switch these things on and off, Joanna. As it is with the training of animals, so it is with the training of men.”

“But my husband isn’t an animal, Adi. No matter how terrified you have him in order to make him behave in such a way. He is still an intelligent human being with a mind of his own.”

“I believe you have suggested as much to me before Joanna. And yet I am here, in the bedroom he once called his, while he is in the basement he once knew as his study, his white penis and scrotum held captive by the chastity-tube fixed upon him by his wife’s lover and coming to terms with his new existence in the cage that lover put together that he might have quarters of his own.”

The shemale waited for her observation to sink in with the white wife in whose own marital bed she had just fucked

“Does your husband still sound like, and I quote, *“An intelligent human being with a mind of his own?”*

Joanna could find no words to contradict such a description and knew that she had chosen a road where she had no choice but to accept the guidance

of her young and seemingly knowledgeable lover on the subject of enslaving her husband further.

For now, anyway.

If that meant accepting these *"rules"* of hers then so be it.

Sensing this capitulation to her superior experience in matters of human subjection, albeit from books and the Internet, Adi continued:

"With children and men, as with dogs and the other more docile domestic pets, consistency is all when a desired level of training is to be achieved."

Joanna stifled a yawn and hoped her earnest young cockswoman hadn't spotted her doing so.

"To act in one way in one instance and then in a different way afterward is simply to send conflicting messages to the mind of the one we wish to mould to our authority," Adi went on. "This happens at even what is laughably described as the highest level of human interaction. Take the politics of the war with Sadaam, for instance."

This time it was a sigh Joanna stifled and she hoped the glaze she felt beginning to mist her eyes wasn't visible to her would-be tutor.

Politics, after the high she had just experienced, was not the kind of post-coital dialogue she had been expecting.

“Do you think the war would have happened at all if the countries making up the United Nations had all taken the same tack? Or was the retribution for the dictator’s tyranny and sadism via the innocents he tortured and the mass genocide of a hundred-thousand Kurds - amongst other atrocities - promised by the US and the UK, undermined by those countries such as Germany, France and Russia, who for reasons of their own took a more mediatory approach?”

Joanna chewed the inside of her lip with boredom as her lover went on, and on, and….

“Did this lack of consistency and conflicting messages not allow the dictator the US and UK were trying to tame and domesticate, replace even, to play brinksmanship with the diplomats while ensuring the status quo remained in place throughout *his* kingdom?”

Adi paused to see the effect of her words upon the freshly fucked white wife below and was not greatly pleased.

“You understand what I am trying to say?”

Now Joanna did sigh, patience at being treated as a junior in her first year of secondary-school wearing thin and boredom threshold challenged as it always was whenever the dread world of politics – and especially the international variety – reared its tedious head.

"You may well sigh, Joanna," Adi reprimanded as if they truly were in a classroom and she was the one holding sway before the blackboard – though even she would have been hard-pressed to imagine *any* circumstances where a lesson of the type she was trying to teach could find itself onto the curriculum of even the most liberal of institutions, "but without understanding little, if nothing, is possible."

Joanna's boredom was not lessened any by the rebuke and what followed was likely to be even less successful in raising her interest levels.

"Remember Hannibal Lecter's words to Clarice Starling, courtesy of Anthony Hopkins and Marcus Aurelius?"

Joanna's ears pricked – a little.

The movie world being far more acceptable than the dull realm of expense fiddlers and cash-for-questions wannabes.

"*First principles, Clarice,"* her lover continued. *"Read Marcus Aurelius. Of each particular thing ask: what is it in itself? What is its nature?"*

Movie world or not, The white wife's expression urged, *"Get on with it"*.

"Your husband's nature, Joanna, though he has hidden it even from himself, is to serve a power greater than he. This is often the case with men who project such a masculine image of themselves. But, once understood – and I think we can say that we do have an understanding of his true nature now – it makes dealing with the subject that much more simple and our goals easier to achieve."

"Hmmm…"

"If, that is," Adi continued, ignoring the disinterest of his mistress, "first principles are observed and we do not deviate from the path set us by them."

"Adi, do you have to be so long-winded. Please cut to the chase and outline these *'rules'* you are so set on before I experience the onset of premature rigor mortis."

A flashing of dark eyes gave Joanna pause and she immediately acted to take the sting from her rebuke.

“Forgive me, Adi, I’m grateful for everything you’ve done and are going to do. But I’m so high on it all right now and everything seems so… *incredible*… that the prosaic doesn’t excite me exactly.”

Her lover was in no way pacified and the African accent became more pronounced as her anger and irritation grew:

“I do not describe laying out rules that ensure your husband will become your complete possession – and mine come to that – as *‘prosaic’*. And I fail to see how such a recounting can be anything but *exciting*.”

Knowing how intransigent and, yes, sulky her lover could be when defied her own way or mocked, even gently, Joanna became contrite and went for pacification:

“You’re right, of course, Adi, and I’m sorry. Please tell me these rules.”

It took a few seconds for the anger to fall from those dark eyes but, when it did, the white wife’s lover cut to the chase:

“Rule number one:

“He is always to be addressed as *‘Timmy’*. You may precede it by adding a *‘little’* or describe him as a good or bad boy, but he must *never* hear a version of his full name or that full name fall from either your lips or mine. This will diminish him over time and that is our purpose. He must cease to see himself as our equal let alone a superior. Believe me, if we are true to this rule then he will soon come to regard himself as our inferior – despite his greater years and this *‘intelligence’* of his you appear so impressed with.”

Suddenly, Joanna’s boredom was gone and she could see the sense – and the excitement – of such an approach, ideas of her own bubbling under the surface that would make her once-proud husband feel even more humble and… *childlike*… while making her feel…

*All powerful!*

“Rule number two,” Adi continued, expression relaxing as he sensed he now had her undivided attention. Is that he is never to speak without either your express permission or mine.”

Joanna’s eyes expressed doubt; did her lover really believe such a level of control could be exercised over her Tim – *“Timmy”* – after but a week?

The memory of her husband's servile behaviour towards her downstairs not long before seemed to answer her own question; even as Adi did so herself.

"This is not as unfeasible as you think and will provide the delightful possibility of *correcting* his behaviour when, and understandably, he forgets himself and flouts the rule. Of course, I am well aware of your desire to continue to have *normal* family gatherings from time to time and it will be necessary to relax the prohibition on those occasions. But, at all other times, and *especially* those when I cannot be present, we must insist that he speak when spoken to or present himself in a way of our choosing when he wishes to ask permission to do so."

The white hand Adi had noticed that was insinuating itself towards her lover's own private parts assured the shemale that this was a rule that had found favour with her white mistress and she could tell Joanna was – if she hadn't been already – enamoured with the idea of controlling her husband in such a humiliating and complete way.

She seemed, in fact, to be counting her lucky stars for having met such a creative lover.

Or at least that was the impression her dreamy look imparted to the lover herself.

“By doing this,” Adi continued, “he is forever reminded of his lower position in your household and will soon revert to the norm after those family gatherings we have just mentioned.”

Full black lips met smooth an unblemished white forehead as Adi planted an affectionate and congratulatory kiss on her lover.

“You will remember I was not happy when you told me of your intention to allow him to behave… *almost*… normally around friends and family,” Adi reminded her.

“You were quite snotty about it as I recall,” Joanna answered with mock rebuke.

“And now I am apologising. It is a very wise move on your part and one that will keep him necessarily motivated in that he will look forward to those occasions when his is, to all intents and purposes, allowed to take on the temporary – *very temporary* – role of a man again.”

Adi’s chuckle was low and throaty as she pondered the spectacle.

“Just imagine how amusing it will be for you to have his family treating him with their usual respect while he basks in their admiration; knowing that when

they leave he will once more become your most abject servant – though I do see some… *transitional* - difficulties after the first two or three occasions."

"You think so?" asked Joanna with a little concern.

"Without doubt," Adi nodded. "It is in all our natures to wish for more of what pleases us and he is no different in this. He will try to extend the normality and hope that you will tire of treating him in such a servile way when family and friends are not present and revert to your prior relationship."

"Won't happen," said Joanna with a firm decisiveness that surprised her lover. "I've had a taste of being in control now and along with being fucked by your beautiful black cock it's been the most exciting thing I've ever experienced."

A wistful look suddenly marred her unholy joy.

"In fact," she went on, "it all seems too good to last."

Adi smiled understandingly, the shemale knowing that by the time she reached the end of the rules intended to cement the husband of his mistress into the role of both sexual and domestic servant the white wife would be feeling a whole lot more buoyant on the subject of their project's shelf-life.

And so it prove, both Joanna Betsen's optimism and her resolve seemingly bolstered as the shemale recounted the last of the rules that would govern their interaction with the man currently in a cage that resided in the former study that was now no more than his living-space.

"I want more and I intend to have it," the white wife went on, the determination written across her recently fucked features leaving her lover in no doubt that her resolve on the subject was both genuine and lasting.

The shemale knew an addict when she saw one and the lovely Joanna Betsen, she decided was utterly and totally hooked on the drug of personal and sexual control.

At least when it came to her husband.

Though with reservations.

"I can't help but worry though," she said with a frown that underlined her concern and once again made her seem uncertain.

Adi was already nodding, answer and reassurance already prepared:

“You are concerned that when I return to my employer’s service that he will either become violent or simply leave you? Yes?”

Now it was Joanna’s turn to nod as her lover smiled reassuringly.

“Then it is high time we put your fears to rest with a little video I made…”

# Twelve

## *Then…* *Ms Joanna and "Timmy"*

Had anyone told Joanna Betsen in the lead up to meeting the lover who would transform her life that she would find herself seated comfortably in her own front-room reading while her *commanding* and *masculine* husband dressed in his basement quarters – this prior to presenting himself for inspection in the clothes *she* had chosen for *him* to wear about the house – she would have wondered at their sanity.

And yet that was just what she was doing on this sunny Saturday afternoon, having just returned from the Eastbourne shops where, amongst other things such as food and drink, she had just purchased *"Timmy's"* aforementioned clothing.

A quick glance at her watch told her the man she had once considered a husband and now viewed unavoidably s something… *less*… was taking more time than was necessary to change into the *uniform* she had selected. Prevaricating in order to put off the embarrassment for as long as possible. Though why the wearing of a pair of tight pink shorts accompanied by an over-size Wallace and Gromit tee-shirt and short white ankle socks should be a problem for him after all the services she had

watched him provide for her lover, as well as her, puzzled her somewhat.

And this after she had promised never to make him wear them in front of family and friends.

So long, that is, as his behaviour continued to be both pleasing, obedient, and respectful to both the wife who now controlled every aspect of his life and the frightening lover whose youthful wisdom and physical support had made her ascent to the throne possible.

Placing down the latest Minette Walter's novel, she allowed herself a small smile of self-satisfaction for the way things had panned out since she had found true completion on the end of Adi's wondrous cock.

And not just Adi.

Thanks also had to be made to her late and dearly missed aunt whose bequeathing of not just a thriving business but a desirable and *very* secluded property had set the whole process in motion.

Albeit unknowingly.

Her thoughts, as they often did when she had time to reflect on the pleasurable changes to her existence, ran back over the beginnings of her husband's fall

and that glorious return when Adi had led him on all-fours by a collar to her feet – almost as if presenting a favoured friend with a new pup.

Which in a way, she smirked, was exactly what her lover had done.

She recalled her excitement and then the fear that it was all too good to last and her husband would rebel against her control with either physical force or divorce action the moment her lover left and took her control along with her.

She also recalled her delight when, after having provided her with a much needed dose of that overmastering black penis, her lover showed her just why she was confident *"Timmy"* would do no such thing – whether she was present or not.

Closing her eyes, she once again allowed the events recorded on that video to played against the back of darkened lids and all but swooned as the image of her unshackled husband save for his cock-cage crawled on all fours towards a pair of shapely, smooth, and very powerful black legs, the owner of whom was not revealed by the carefully placed camera.

Then, when he was at her feet, crimson painted nails within tickling – or kicking – distance of a face

attempting not to reveal its misery, she watched as the husband she had once thought she knew lowered his head to take the big toe of one black foot and begin to suck upon it.

No words had been spoken at this point and very few would be by the black goddess having her toe sucked.

Which would not be the case for the white man serving her in such a way.

Starting, with what Joanna Betsen now knew was a script her black lover had rehearsed him in until he was word perfect – and woe betide him if he proved less than convincing in its delivery, her husband open shame-filled eyes to stare up at his off-camera mistress.

Even to Joanna, who knew he was hating every second of his humiliation, her husband's *"Please"* sounded genuine and needy – so total was his fear of the shemale who had mastered and debased him with such seemingly swift and effortless ease.

"Ask for it," she heard her lover's voice ask, face remaining out of shot.

The camera actually caught her husband's Adam's apple as it bobbed convulsively in a dry throat that seemed no less restricted for the absence of a collar.

Then, finally, the croak he emitted almost unrecognisable as his own voice, fear working against him in that it made it seem as if he was not so much terrified as lustily anticipatory for what was to come.

Perfect.

It truly looked as if he *wanted* his enslavement.

A *lot!*

"P-Please, Ma'am," the opening words of his rehearsed and memorised plea rang in her ears. "P-Please take me as yours. Make me your servant. I want you to… to… own me."

"All of you?" asked the rich chocolate voice that stirred Joanna so much.

"Y-Yes."

"Even your cock?"

The Adam's apple gave yet another convulsive bob.

“Especially my cock… Ma’am. I need you to own every part of me.”

“Make me believe you.”

On the back of Joanna’s eyelids, Tim Betsen reached to the side of her lover’s feet and retrieve the cock-cage that had been placed their after having been removed from him earlier.

“Please, Ma’am. Put this on me and keep the key. Release me only when you think my behaviour warrants it.”

“And your wife?”

A look of what Joanna could only describe as a mixture of loss and absolute and utter rage had flitted across her husband’s still handsome features before he controlled himself to return to the script written for him and utter the expected words:

“I no longer want my wife. I want only you, Ma’am. I want to serve you, to please you, to spend the rest of my life worshipping at your feet.”

It was horseshit of the most risible kind but Adi had assured her it was in keeping with much similar material she had read on the net and bought into the kind of masochistic male language used when types

of the kind attempted to get their rocks off in such a way.

No matter it was language anyone who knew her husband would believe could fall from his lips.

There he was, after all, on the screen begging the lower torso of a black woman to not only place his manhood that would prevent him – and by implication his wife – from receiving any sexual release via his cock, but to allow her to serve and worship her for the rest of his life.

Finding herself, as was always the case, wet at the memory, Joanna allowed herself a dreamy little smile as she fetched up the memory of what came next and the look of pure horror on her husband's face at what he had been compelled to ask next; expression once again making him look as if he were terrified his request would not be granted rather than the opposite.

The way everything seemed to have conspired against him inclined Joanna to agree with her lover that fate and fortune had conspired to place them all right where they were at that point.

An inclination the newly-born and faithless wife felt sure her husband would *not* share.

Her hand slipped beneath her knee length black skirt and her fingers toyed with her pussy through the knickers that were all that separated her from the morass her memories of the footage always inspired in her womanhood.

As her husband's familiar words rang in her ears she ran a forefinger the length of her cotton covered slit and heaved a great sigh of desire.

"Please, Mistress. Allow me to suck on your… on your…"

Again his horror and distaste displayed itself as nothing more than a concern his request might be refused.

As if!

"…To suck on your… your… superior black cock."

The words and imagery had yet to fail in placing Joanna on the edge and as her lover's terse instruction echoed in her skull she realised she was teetering on the edge of freefall once again.

"Lick my big black balls first."

As a resigned and terrified Tim Betsen inclined his head towards the hairless and bulging scrotum

behind the ramrod stiff cock that was the last sight of the shemale before her upper torso disappeared from view, his revisiting wife felt the onset of what was now a *very* familiar crisis.

A crisis rushing towards resolution as a reluctant tongue protruded from an equally reluctant mouth to slurp at the semen filled sac of the lover who had conquered first his wife and now him.

When a black hand finally decided the nut worship had gone far enough and placed a hand at the back of her husband's head to hold him in place as the head of that big black cock inserted itself between stiff and disinclined lips, the memory of her once strong and commanding husband being defiled in such a way sent her spiralling towards the completion he had never been able to fetch her and which, consequently, had made the decision to cuckold and enslave him all the easier.

It was with a sense of some impatience and a great deal of irritation that Joanna returned to the land of the real and living to discover there was still no sign of her husband.

With a sense of entitlement that had grown since the change in their marriage and a deal of anger that her husband was not obeying her to the letter, Joanna

called out in a voice unafraid to make plain its displeasure:

“Up here now, Timmy! Or it will be all the worse for you.”

Nothing was heard from the basement but she knew just how to change that.

“Or should I add another demerit to your book for when Master next visits?”

The silence was charged and it was no surprise to her when the head of the husband who had once been known as a prideful man who would battle anyone perceived to be belittling him in any way appeared below her in the basement doorway.

A *“prideful”* man who was now wearing a Wallace and Gromit tee-shirt, white ankle socks and, wonder of wonders, a pair of thigh and buttock hugging shorts in… *pink!*

And all because his wife had decided it was the kind of outfit she preferred to see him in around the home and one that befitted his new… *“Status”*… more fittingly.

A status that had to be preferable to that of the family pet in need of supervision Adi had insisted he adopt during that second week of his… *"Training"*.

Training Joanna had exulted in as Tim – now *"Timmy"* - was forced to behave in ways she previously would not have imagined anyone accepting, let alone her previously commanding husband.

But, so great was his fear of the shemale who had emasculated him – and had the footage ready and waiting to show friends and family via the ever obliging wonders of the Web and email – Tim had actually consented to spending a week on all-fours being led around by a collar and lead and allowed to communicate only with one *"Woof"* for yes and two for no. The horror of having his wife witness his submission to such a creature, and then being forced to watch as the black shemale took her to heights of passion that were dizzying even to him in his misery, etched across both his features and constrained body language. All this as Joanna began to find it more and more natural to treat him as the obedient pet and flunky they intended him to become.

Now, as he made a sullen and dispirited progress up the spiral staircase towards her, she wondered if he would make yet another impassioned plea to her *"better self"* of the kind Adi had warned her he

would make the moment her lover left to return to the employer whose need of Joanna's professional services had ensured they met in the first place.

An impassioned, nay: *threatening*, plea he had made the moment Adi's car had pulled away towards Eastbourne and her employer's new residence while in England.

And one that had not turned out well for him.

At least not when she rang the departed Adi on her cell-phone and she returned to take him over her knee and use a hair-brush on his arse until he cried just as if he were a little girl being taken to task by a no-nonsense daddy.

After being sent, still sobbing, to place his nose in the corner of the front-room – just as if he were a disobedient child - Adi's second departure had marked a distinct improvement in his behaviour towards his wife when they were alone.

As Joanna had explained after calling him from his corner and insisting he kneel at her feet with his hands clasped behind his back and his eyes lowered to her hosed feet:

"Just because things had changed did not mean she loved her little Timmy any the less. Just differently."

He had listened to what he no doubt described to himself as rubbish of the most puerile kind while trying to quell the sobs that still escaped him courtesy of the arse lacerated by the shemale and her brush.

And yet…

Joanna had not been lying. Certainly there could be no return to life they had lived before and she *definitely* could never see him as a man again no matter what happened between her and Adi. But there still remained in her a sizeable amount of love and affection that was, she felt bound to admit, due mostly to the pleasure that was enhanced by having him in such a position.

Her with all the power, and him with none.

Not even when it came to his imprisoned manhood, the keys to which hung from identical chains about the necks of his wife and her shemale lover.

“Your posturing as a man all these years has been found out and the truth will only make our union stronger,” she had told him while running the sole of a hosed foot down his bare chest to the vee where his metal encased penis was fastened to the ring around his scrotum.

It was a familiarity he would once have welcomed but now only served to increase his feelings of impotence.

What say did he have over whether she did it or not, after all?

What say, in fact, did he now have over anything?

“Now that I’ve discovered how wonderful it is to be filled by a cock that is up to its task and has an owner who knows how to use it,” she had told him, “I will obviously have little or no use for yours.”

She saw his wince, cut to the quick by her words, despite the fact she knew he now hated her with a passion, and reached out a hand to stroke his hair with mock sympathy.

“Don’t be sad, little Timmy,” she cooed, loving her new name for him and the empowerment it seemed to convey to her. “You have only to please me and Master Adi when she is here and we will be only too pleased to reward your good behaviour with a release.”

Her laughter was not pleasant.

“Not by allowing you to place your little cockle in my pussy or Master Adi’s poop-chute, of course.”

His look of utter horror and repugnance – for the *"poop-chute"* anyway, she hoped – was utterly thrilling to her.

"Little boys," she went on, "no matter how well-behaved, can *never* be allowed to do that."

She planted a big kiss on his forehead as if he truly were a little boy being indulged by his mummy and, with one finger beneath his chin, raised up his defeated head that she may see the misery and abject humiliation in his eyes.

And that *he* may see the pleasure his surrender gave her.

"There can be no more pretending between us any longer, Timmy. Your little cock will never feel the inside of my pussy again because only real cocks are capable of satisfying it. *Real* men. Even if they look and act exactly like a woman in all other respects.

"Keep your eyes on me when I speak to you!" she barked in a voice compelling with newly found empowerment and thrilled when his moist eyes opened instantly.

Then, just to increase his fear levels and remind him of the powerlessness not only the video footage of his shame kept in place:

“Remember what happened the last time I was forced to ask Master Adi to intervene,” she reminded him, sure the lacerated skin of his arse had memories all of its own when it came to the humiliating punishment it had received over the knee of her masterful and ebony shemale lover.

She let the threat sink in, knowing that as much as he dreaded being placed over her own knees and soundly spanked before spending some quality *“corner time”* to reflect on his behaviour the prospect of being subject to the unrelenting discipline of her lover was enough make him void his bowels.

“Yes. I thought you would,” she told him with ominous inference. “And I would truly hate to have to subject you to Master Adi’s discipline unless I had to. I’m quite content to correct you so long as you do not test my patience too much. But…”

Joanna left the sentence hanging, revelling in her control and new-found confidence in her handsome husband’s presence, then, as if a light-switch had been thrown, she laughed and kissed him on the tip of his nose.

“But I’m sure that won’t be necessary so long as my lovely boy does his best to heed his mummy.”

She felt rather than saw his flinch and realised she had stumbled across a way of making him feel even more emasculated, and a way which tied in beautifully with her choice of the attire he was expected to wear around the house – especially when the fact his adult wardrobe was now locked securely away and he had no access to any other clothes.

"Yes. That seems to sound right to me. *"Mummy."* I think I'd like you to call me that from now on and I'm sure Master Adi would approve, don't you think?"

Where once he would have slapped her verbally senseless for suggesting such a thing even in jest, all he could manage now was to make his eyes and expression beseeching.

For what good he knew it would do him.

"Let me hear you say *"yes, Mummy"* she ordered, eyes defying him to defy her edict.

Knowing that his once loving wife had changed beyond all recall and that no amount of pleading, cajoling, or begging could guilt or persuade her into altering her decision, Tim – *"Timmy"* – Benson simply gave in to the inevitable and wondered where

along the line he had become such a spineless excuse for a human-being, let alone a man.

*"Yes, Mummy*," he said so softly she had to strain to catch it.

"Now, now, Timmy, anyone would think you were ashamed to have me as a mummy. Again, now. Loudly and proudly."

Wanting the unavoidable over as swiftly as possible, he did as she asked and, to add to a humiliation he thought could become no worse, felt himself attempt to harden in his chastity when his excited wife told him what a good boy he was and how proud of him he was making her before hugging him to the breasts that had once been his to access by right.

And *not* in the manner of a child.

"Now," she said after releasing him, seemingly unaware of the pain he was experiencing as his tender foreskin made contact with the unyielding bars of its prison. "As my lovely boy is beginning to understand his place in Mummy's life, I'm sure he would like to do something nice for her to show his thanks for the way she takes care of him."

Had she been able to picture his thoughts she would have been unsurprised to see the skin peeled from

her torso by the napalm the husband she was in the process of regressing was flame-throwering her way.

And been totally unmoved by his fantasy as she made to realise one of her own in his regard.

“Mummy is going to take her knick-knicks off now,” she told him, sliding the flimsy pink undergarments that matched his shorts down her shapely legs as he watched, aroused by her limbs as ever despite his hatred of her and wincing as his cock was re-introduced to cold steel.

“Then she is going to read her book while her lovely obedient boy uses his nice soft tongue to soothe her waxed and smooth pussy.”

If it was possible for the subterranean to go lower then Tim Betsen’s spirits achieved the feat, the thwarted erection inspired by her legs subsiding with equal speed as he pondered a request that was really a demand. In truth he had been expecting this from her since that horrendous two weeks spent with her monstrous lover and had been surprised she had not availed herself of a service she had always pressed him to perform for her.

Without joy.

A joy he knew she was hell-bent on experiencing now and had all the cards stacked in her favour to make him perform a task he always considered… *unseemly*.

If not the BJ's he had always insisted upon as his by right!

Her next words highlighted the futility of his thoughts and that he had already performed *"Tasks"* of a far more distasteful kind.

"I hope that's not sulkiness I see on my little boy's face," she told him, throwing her pink knickers to one side and spreading her legs to bring her hairless pussy into brazen and unimpeded view. "Mummy would be terribly offended if her little boy wasn't happy and proud to please her lovely bald cunt. Especially after he was so willing to take Master Adi's superior black cock into his mouth and suck upon it as if his life depended upon it."

She laughed to herself:

"Then again, it probably did."

As powerless and weak as he felt, Tim Betsen wanted nothing more at that moment than to rise from his knees, wrap his fingers around the bitch's faithless and perverted throat and squeeze until her

eyes pooped from her head like grape pips. He was in no doubt now that the woman he had married and loved was truly evil and probably had been all along, needing only the proper motivation from an abomination of nature with a huge cock to encourage Mrs Hyde from the shadows. How had he not seen it during all their years together?

And, more to the point, what could he do about it now that he had without either accepting further punishment from either her or the abomination or, worse, have his family and friends privy to the bomb-crater his wife and her lover had made of his manhood.

Suicide was preferable, he told himself, and *that* was something he knew he would never find the stomach to carry through.

“Come on little boy,” she taunted, spreading her tanned and shapely legs wider that he may see more clearly what he was about to be forced to worship.

Smell too!

The perfume of her arousal he found so distasteful could, he thought with disgust, be detectable in Seaford some two miles away.

“Mummy’s decided to let you pretend to be an adult for a while so don’t disappoint her.”

She settled back on the sofa and waited expectantly, eyes promising all kinds of dire repercussions if he was to let her down or be less than pleasing.

As Tim Betsen gazed at her still tight looking slit, despite the pummelling he had watched it take from the shemale’s monster endowment on so many occasions, the outer labia looking all the more… *girlish*… for being waxed and hairless, he felt his cock again harden against the bars confining it and asked if his own unwilling arousal was not evidence of his own perversion.

Forced or not.

Fighting back his distaste for the odour that was both earthy and ocean going at one and the same time, he edged closer to the pussy awaiting his belated attentions, his wife and now *“Mummy’s”* final instruction arriving as his hesitant lips were but inches from their destination.

“Be sure to keep your hands behind your back as you lick Mummy, little Timmy,” he heard as his erection continued to swell inexplicably against the cold steel and he fought the urge to groan his discomfort out loud. “This as much a little treat for you as well as

Mummy and Master Adi would be most upset if he were to be told our little boy… *took liberties.*"

Knowing it was nonsense but with his wife's arousal in his nostrils fully for the first time and finding his own triggered further by her sexual perfume, Tim Betsen placed an initially hesitant tongue just above the cleft of her arse and slowly drew it over the smooth outer labia before insinuating it into the slit beneath as purrs of pure pleasure that were as much the result of wielding such control over him as they were for his tongue's fledgling attempt at oral drifted down to his ears.

"Good boy, Timmy," he heard as fought the urge to unclasp the hands he had placed at the small of his own back that he may caress the glorious thighs that remained as sexually thrilling to him as their owner was now odious. "We're beginning to reach an understanding and life is going to be so much easier from this point on."

Past reservations gone and senses both enflamed and domesticated by the copious copulins being secreted from her oozing from her saturated cunt into his virgin mouth, Tim Betsen heard her words and paid them no heed as he concentrated on what was a new experience for both of them.

At least together.

Had he seen the satisfied smile above him, as his power-addicted wife gazed down at him and the tongue that was now searching for her clitoris and hoovering it into his mouth as if he had been born to perform oral worship, Tim – *"Timmy"* – Betsen would have known that he had gone beyond the point from which he might have been able to save himself; even if that saving would not have been without physical and emotional pain for both him and those who looked up to him.

"Mummy's going to have a nice read now," Joanna Betsen lied as she held Minette Waters and her latest effort before her face that the beaten man below her might not see the sheer ecstasy of pleasure his capitulation, together with a surprisingly capable ingénue tongue, was delivering her. "So be a good little boy and keep licking her until she gives you permission to stop."

And, as sightless and power-addicted eyes fixated upon lines of carefully written text made completely meaningless to her, the man who had once been her proud and commanding husband did just that.

# Epilogue

***Right Now***

"Timmy, Joanna asked me to tell you we're running out of wine," said his youngest sister, Emily, as she entered the kitchen where he was putting a glaze on a number of ribs prior to taking them out to barbecue, the comely young thirty-something not seeing the wince on the face of the eldest brother she so looked up to with rest of her sisters and their extended families.

"Coming up," he told her, feeling a little anger rising as his wife's public use of the term of address he found so demeaning gradually spilled over into everyday usage by even his own family. It had been over three months since the black shemale he hated so much had visited for the last time – even if the excruciating images of that extended stay and how he had been treated would never leave him – and something of the old *"Tim"* was beginning to return. Even if the same could not be said of the wife he had once ruled and who now took his submission as her natural right.

"Emily," he said, tone suddenly serious as she prepared to return outside.

She turned back to her big brother with a smile, unaware anything was wrong.

“Please do me a favour and stop with the *‘Timmy’*, will you.”

His sister, a petite mother of two with something of his own good looks and dark Mediterranean colouring, looked puzzled:

“Why? You don’t seem to mind Jo calling you it.”

“She’s my wife and it’s what she likes to call me. You’re my little sister and I prefer that you don’t,” he said with perhaps a tad more firmness than required, which was the exact moment that the *‘wife’* herself decided to stick her head inside the kitchen-door leading to the patio upon which the rest of his family were enjoying themselves.

“Where’s that wine?” she enquired, eyes darting suspiciously from one to the other as she sensed the atmosphere between them.

*‘‘Tim* said to say it’s coming,” Emily answered with a heavy emphasis on the diminutive that told Joanna everything she needed to know.

She stared at him with a look of warning she was aware had become subject to the law of diminishing

returns since Adi had suddenly vanished from their lives a few months before. Disappearance made without either spoken or written word and leaving her worried, frustrated and angry when it proved impossible to contact the lover who had turned her world around. Not even through the employer responsible for their having met in the first place, who, she was told, was out of the country for an indefinite period of time.

From twice monthly weekend stays and all the attention from her lover's incomparable black cock that provided her, Joanna had been forced to go cold turkey with no more than her husband's tongue and her growing collection of *"vaginal stimulators"* to scratch an itch that was fast becoming an open wound. The cock belonging to her husband that had been proscribed her use by that same lover of no use to her at all except as a means of venting her anger.

If she couldn't have sex – at least the kind she wanted – why should he?

A one-sided withholding that did not prevent her from making more frequent use of his, by now, accomplished tongue as he remained securely locked.

The longer Adi remained absent though…

“You know how sulky he gets if he’s forced to do anything domestic,” Joanna laughed, taking the sting from the air and receiving a feminine giggle for her efforts.

“Hmmpth!” snorted Emily. “Knowing my big brother I’m amazed how you get him to do anything about the house at all. You must be seriously persuasive.”

Joanna gave her a long-suffering look while wondering how her husband’s little sister would react if she were to tell her of just what that *persuasion* consisted.

“Not really,” she lied. “But I am dogged.”

They shared a laugh as the sidelined husband and big brother watched, unimpressed.

“Anyway, you get back outside with the others and enjoy yourself and I’ll bring enough of the Sauv-Blanc to make sure you keep on doing so,” Joanna said before laughing: “For as long as you can stay upright, anyway.”

Also laughing, Emily did as she was bid by her hostess.

The moment she was out of earshot, Joanna turned on her husband:

“Feeling like a man again are we?” she asked with heavy sarcasm.

“I’ve never felt anything but,” he lied, feeling so much more like himself after the creature’s extended absence that he could almost believe it.

“Really? What, even when you were kneeling between Adi’s legs with her big black cock between your lips?”

Despite the new found bravado that had grown in the shemale’s absence, Tim Betsen’s eyes flickered out to the patio beyond the window where his thankfully oblivious sisters and their husband were enjoying a day without the kids they had farmed out to various neighbours and in-laws.

“Yes,” Joanna went on, her rising anger reflecting her own concern of the past three months that not only might she have lost her amazing lover but the influence her affair had won her over a once overbearing husband. “I wonder what they would think to see their big strong brother dressed in his little white ankle-socks and cute pink shorts with cartoon tee-shirt. *And* licking the balls of a black woman with a dick bigger than his own as she

stroked the back of his head as if he were nothing more to her than a well-trained animal."

She gauged his facial expression to this while praying the threat would be enough to bring him back nearer to the obedient line she and Adi had set for him and from which he was deviating more and more with each day her lover remained absent.

Only yesterday he had *demanded* that she release him from the cock-cage, the key to which she was now forced to hide rather than wear around her neck as if it were a badge of wifely honour; knowing that if Adi remained absent or incommunicado much longer her growingly bold husband would soon revert back to type enough to cut the thing from his person were she not forthcoming.

Just the same, and growing reversion or not, the prospect of having his loved ones and their families made privy to his shame and weakness caused Tim Betsen to swallow back what she understood was not saliva but fear.

And yet…

Where before the threat would have been enough to cement him once again in his compliance, this time he squared his shoulders and came back at her:

“They’ll be as disgusted to see it as I was to do it,” he told her,” referring to the video footage of that first week and the degrading encounters since, all of which made him look as if he was not just willing to worship a black cock but actually begging and pleading to do it.

For the first time since that first week with Adi and the week of submission and degradation that followed during his *“Training,”* Joanna saw the faint glimmer of a confidence that had once been ever present in her husband.

The swagger that had always made her want to slap him – love or not – would not, she told herself ruefully, be too long in following at this rate.

“And what do you think their opinion will be of you, oh loving wife of mine?” with a look of pure distaste that only served to underline her concerns.

Joanna’s smile of indifference was forced and they both knew it. She was extremely protective of the relationship she had with his sisters and their families and cherished their warm feelings towards her. The effect it would have on their friendships if they were to discover what really went on in her marriage to their brother had been a distant concern to her that seemed now to be too close for comfort. If not, for obvious reasons, as great as her husband’s

terror should footage of his in-house behaviour be made known to sister's, brother-in-laws, nieces, nephews, and friends.

Her answer when it came, however, forced indifference notwithstanding, was neither what he had expected to hear nor what he wanted.

Darting a quick look through the glass door behind her to the patio to make sure they would not be overheard, Joanna edged a little closer to him in her light summer dress that revealed the golden skin of her arms and legs and the hair-free smoothness of her armpits, aware that even after everything, and with his cock trapped in a cage, his body language betrayed the fact he was still moved by her sexually.

The knowledge was a much-needed boost.

"Whether they get to have a new opinion of me or not is your call… *'Timmy'*," she began, ending with a heavy emphasis on the usage of his name she knew he detested so much, especially as he was aware just who was behind her adoption of his first-name in its most child-like form. "It is entirely your decision to make and, for once in our new… *relationship*… I'll have no say in what you decide."

She could see her husband knew there was a *"But"* coming and made him wait for it in order to try and

keep him on the backfoot and anxious; aware, as he stood before her in the pair of faded denims and loose Boss shirt over a tee as faded as the jeans she could not recall giving him permission to wear and were not the jogging bottoms and tee-shirt she had selected for him, that the control she so enjoyed wielding over him had been steadily diminishing since her lover had become incommunicado.

Along with the concern she might never feel that glorious black cock in her cunt again after watching her beaten, broken and shamed husband wrap his lips around it after having slurped with reverence at the full and smooth balls below, and then going on to clean her semen filled pussy with his mouth after her lover had fucked her senseless, Joanna Betsen realised that, as much as most people – probably *all* – would consider what she had done to a man she purported to love and the life she led with him was vindictively cruel and a perversion of all that love should be and the marriage vows that went with them, she truly loved the new existence she had been leading since the advent of the black shemale into her life.

The thought that it could be slipping from her grasp now that her commanding lover was no longer present to enforce her domination of her husband was so great it was almost crippling.

So far had she gone to the dark side.

Even if a different form of the love she once felt for Timothy Betsen was still present and losing him played no small part in her foreboding of imminent loss and, possibly, the loneliness that went with being ostracised.

“But…” she finally released the expected qualifier, “I love my new life so much I could never return to the old. Face it, Timmy,” she said, unable to keep the pleasure she took from reminding him of his shame from her voice, Adi is five times the man you could ever be, despite the fact she is, to most intents and purposes a woman. When it comes to sex you can’t compete and I would say that’s been proved many times over, wouldn’t you?”

He made no reply to this but repeated her earlier look outside to make sure they were not being overheard.

“Be honest now, Timmy,” she went on. “Would we even be having this conversation if my lover and your Master were either here or near enough to be told of it?”

He remained silent.

“No. Of course we wouldn’t. We both know that your behaviour would be quite different, don’t we?”

“Yes, well,” he began finally. “The problem you have is that your transsexual fuck buddy with the big black cock seems to have deserted you. Probably lying dead in some alley as we speak after trying her shit on someone able to do something about it.”

“Someone more of a man than you, you mean?” Joanna smirked back, cut to the quick by what she knew could well be the truth of his words.

To her surprise, her husband’s eyes moistened and she knew it was neither fear nor anger making them liquid.

“What the fuck happened to you, Jo? You were everything to me,” he told her voice choking up with genuine emotion despite the knowledge she had not been enough of *everything* to prevent him cheating on her during his business trips; even if he was sure she still knew nothing of those meaningless liaisons. “We had it all. A beautiful home, financial independence,” he swept an arm in the direction of the revellers on the patio, “a close and loving family. And you shit all over it. And for what? The cock of an abomination of nature that should have been reserved a bullet at birth and the chance to become a control freak.”

With a sinking feeling of dread, Joanna knew that he was working up a head of steam and knew him well

enough to know he already had a destination in mind as he did so.

Sure enough:

“It’s over, Joanna. I suppose a part of me will always love the girl you used to be, but right now just looking at you makes me want to vomit when I think of what you and the black… *creature*… have put me through.”

She couldn’t speak. Without that *“creature”* at her side and with no likelihood she would ever be there again, she knew she was powerless to prevent the man she loved – even if it was now only as a domestic and sexual servant whose compliance with her will gave her pleasure she had not envisaged prior to experiencing it – from ending their marriage. Knowing also that, when it came down to it, her threats were hollow and she would *never* be in possession of either the vindictiveness or moral courage to have his family the shame that truly was theirs to share, though from opposite ends of a perverted spectrum.

“You have a choice, Joanna,” he told her, sensing her feelings.

She looked at him as if he were about to tell her of the death of something precious.

He was.

The control she wielded over him so joyously and the incredible sexual high it conferred upon her.

“When we go back outside to join my family our marriage will be over. That’s not up for discussion. What you have to decide is how it ends.”

Actively pining for Adi’s strength and hating her for being deprived of it, Joanna could find no words as she waited for her husband and *former* servant to explain what he had in mind.

“You have one of two choices, my faithless slut of a soon to be ex-wife,” he hissed at her, the high colour of his cheeks and the intensity of those vivid blue eyes in his still handsome face telling her he was not resorting to gutter-spewed hyperbole. “We can either go out there and I can tell them only that we have drifted apart and will be splitting our assets before divorcing – a choice that at least leaves you free to remain friendly with my sisters and their families if they choose.”

Suddenly, it was Joanna’s eyes that were moist as she realised the enormity of where her actions and behaviour towards a man who, for all his faults, had genuinely loved her were leading.

A place, in truth, she had always suspected she would get to see.

Sexual euphoria or not, even she was not *that* delusional she was unaware of the possibility.

“Or…” she heard him continue as a solitary tear coursed a bronzed cheek. “Or, you can do just what you and your creature threatened to do and take them inside to see your disgusting video collection then tell them we’re divorcing.”

She looked hard at him for any sign of indecision and, seeing none, felt her legs go weak.

This was *not* what she wanted.

“I fully expect them to be thorough angry, ashamed, and disappointed with me,” he told her. “But they’re my family and, after I’ve explained what really happened to me here, I’m sure they’ll forgive me.”

Knowing his sisters and their husband’s as good people she herself loved, Joanna knew his words to be true and felt even more alone and woe begotten.

His next words not about to help any:

“I doubt, however, that they’ll feel up to extending you the same consideration. Do you?”

It was the turn of the faithless wife to feel trapped and alone now as she sensed impending doom rush upon her with all throttles open. Her legs felt even more watery than her eyes and she reached out a hand to a work-surface for support. There were no options she could see.

“So,” her triumphant husband went on, “What’s it to be?”

*****

“Sorry about the delay, Tim Betsen told his family as he stepped onto the patio from the kitchen with two good reds and a couple of Marlborough’s in his arms.

“De nada,” said Kevin, Emily’s husband and already a little the worse for wear. “It’s only mild dehydration.”

Emily herself, along with his sister Pat and her other half Terry, joined in the banter good naturedly; almost as if, Tim told himself, they were just a big happy family like millions of other enjoying a good day in each other’s company.

“Yeah, sorry,” he told them, “but I wanted to make sure we had enough wine as Joanna and I have an

announcement to make and you're all going to need a drink once we've made it."

To his side and a little behind him, his soon to be ex-wife gave the impression she'd rather be teetering in high heels on the very edge of the San Andreas Fault than on that patio at that moment.

"Fuck her!" he thought – though not with *his* dick.

He knew, after all, what had been inside her before him.

"Go on then, big bruv," Emily chivvied him on. "What's this big announcement?"

With the moment finally upon them and with no backing out, Tim Betsen felt decidedly elated as took a deep breath and prepared to bring both his nightmare and the marriage that went with it to an end.

Then:

"Yes, Timmy," interrupted chocolate rich African tones as their owner came around the corner of the house. "I will be most interested to hear your *'big'* announcement also."

The red and white vino from the bottles that went crashing to the paving stones covering the patio were not long in being joined by the contents of Tim Betsen's stomach…

# THE END