Teaching Her Husband

No More the Big Man!

By
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With heartfelt gratitude to my great friend, Mason Carstairs

Prologue

The embrace and kiss left her wanting more and only the fact it would soon be forthcoming made her… *patient*.

In the meantime, before the sizable black cock of her lover got to once more invade her needy adulteress pussy, there was the small matter of seeing her husband again for the first time in a few weeks – knowing this time that the cock belonging to him would *never* find itself n her pussy again.

Surprisingly, given the altitudes of lust and anticipation, it was Corinne who broke the kiss and attempted to cool things between them.

“Impatient, are we?” asked the dark-chocolate tones in an English shot through with the African interior, a curl of her lover’s lips telling her the reason for that impatience was not exactly a surprise, as well as holding contempt for the man on whose behalf she was impatient.

Given what was about to unfold and had been unfolding in her previous and mostly satisfying marital life until now, she could, she thought, be forgiven her edginess and, yes, fear.

After all, what had and was about to happen here was illegal.

Even if her lover had assured her steps would have been taken to place both of them beyond the reach of the authorities should their actions come to light.

For the moment, though, impatience and fear notwithstanding, she was also looking about her at the unchanged scene of the home that belonged to her with, if not disappointment, puzzlement.

Nothing seemed to have changed at all.

A far cry from what she had been expecting when she stepped through the door for the first time in a fortnight.

Nothing.

No sign of any change whatsoever.

The open-plan first storey was just the same as she remembered it from two weeks ago after leaving both the house and her husband in the care of her lover.

Everything was as it had been. The minimal furnishings and wooden flooring below white painted walls were pristine and untouched and looked even cleaner and more polished than they had before she left.

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

“Well?” she demanded, a bundle of warring emotions of which guilt and excitement were by far the largest factions; with excitement trumping the former.

“All in Time, Corinne,” soothed that chocolate voice, serving the irritation growing alongside her impatience and anticipation.

“There are certain things you need to know before we go ahead.

“Such as?”

“Such as the way in which you speak and act to the man you once regarded as a husband.”

She sucked in her breath.

Was that what the man she had sworn to cherish in front of family and friends these eleven years ago was now?

Her *“former”* husband?

“We discussed this,” she reminded her lover. “He will, to outside eyes, be my lover still. But here, in the privacy of *my* home, he will be nothing more than my chattel and obedient servant.”

“Only yours?” asked the voice next to her, features unsmiling and sounding a little… *irritated*.

“You now the answer to that already. Why else would I have left him in your care this last fortnight?”

Her look was questioning, as if asking what the problem was; they had discussed this before and she had been firm on the point that he would remain her husband still and that apart from her being in total control from now on behind closed doors, their life would not change.

Something, knowing her husband as she did, that would not make him feel any warmer towards her.

Especially now he knew she had a lover and had not only allowed that same lover to break his spirit over the fortnight they had spent together but had insisted upon it and was anxious to see the results – even if she still had her doubts that her masculine and self-confident husband could be forced to accept such… *humiliations*.

And so… *swiftly*.

“I am aware that you still have feelings for your husband and want to stay married to the… *man*,” her lover nodded, the contempt obvious in the way the word *“man”* was delivered. “A pitiful as he is, I understand you have a history and feelings for him still, as well as the fact he is highly attractive for such a physically and mentally weak person.”

The thick and succulent lips of her lover curled, head shaking and eyes faraway as he contemplate his lover's partner at greater length.

"To be mastered by his wife's lover is evidence enough he was never the man you took him to be, and especially when that lover is so many years his junior. But what I am going to show you shortly will surely kill what belief you have in him as a man worthy of the description and prove there can be only one cock in this household from now on."

Unaware she was even doing it, the eyes of the treacherous and conniving wife who had once regarded herself as loving and faithful flickered down to where the cock in question bulged beneath the concealment of its tight denims and knew the fact had already been conceded.

And had been from almost the first moment that cock had found itself inside her ravenous pussy…

One

…It felt like she was being split into two halves.

Looking back down the length of her body as the dark chocolate cock as eased into her and she fought to suck oxygen into her lungs, she realised it was near on twice the length of William's and twice as thick.

Having always thought her husband filled her nicely she wondered how she would ever feel him in her again once the monster being eased into her gained full entry.

Her complaints that it was too big for her had led to a reassurance that they would take her first time with another man other than her husband, and the black cock that went with it, slowly.

And slow it had been.

A slow progress into a new world of heightened sexual passion and satisfaction that had blown all thoughts of the husband she professed to love and the comfortable life they led from her mind.

Inch by inch, centimetre by incredible centimetre, she was given no mercy until it was fully inserted and the feeling of being fully filled for the first time in her life sent her glazed green eyes rolling back up into her head. The copious flood of her own lubrication and the excitement of feeling herself mastered that went with it made the invasion easier – not to mention the guilt with which she had first entered into her first affair. The pace picked up and, robbed of the ability to speak, small mewling sounds escaped her throat as the mushroom head of that wondrous cock beat against her cervix.

On…
And on…

And…

It was only as her crisis hit and she felt the approach of her first orgasm from a black cock and she screamed.

It was also her first vaginal orgasm and, through the jumble of her confused but exhilarated thoughts, she knew no power on earth could prevent her coming back for more.

She had heard enough of a vaginal orgasm's effects to know what she was experiencing and felt her whole body and not just her clit near explode with its effect.

Prior to this, William had always got her off – even if he had needed at times to finish the job with hands, fingers, or mouth.

But this…?

Her husband, she knew, could no more supply her with such feelings than he could turn the waters of the English Channel beyond the window of their hotel bedroom into Chenin-Blanc.

The fucking continued for at least another twenty-five minutes and two more deep and wholly satisfying orgasms before the African cream of her commanding lover exploded into her.

And, by the time it did, she was a fundamentally changed woman.

Hooked.

An addict.

The husband to whom she had once been loving and committed little more than an obstacle she needed to work around that she might feel that incredible African cock inside her again.

Until that is, and at the suggestion and persuading of that same African lover, he became something more.

As well as something unmistakably… *less*.

Every time they could get together after that they did. Her big-cocked lover as eager as she was eager. Even if it did seem to her that her lover's interest in her husband was a little… *odd.*

And especially when she noted that lover's expression when she had finally been persuaded to offer up a photograph of the man she was betraying.

At times, in fact, in the two months leading up to the events about to be described, it almost seemed to her as if her lover was at least as interested in her handsome husband as he was in her.

At home she tried to act normally around William and rarely turned him down when he was in the mood for sex – even if, and exactly as she had feared, his average penis barely made a ripple in newly stretched and demanding cunt.

She was also, unfairly and without meaning to, beginning to look down upon the man she had once loved and who, unknowingly, she had replaced in her sexual life with a far larger and more impressive lover.

Which made her all the more susceptible to the outrageous suggestions her powerful lover was forever making to her.

Suggestions, as he explained them to her, she realised she was beginning to find less outrageous and more…

Exciting!

Two

Corinne gasped, shocked despite herself to hear her husband spoken of in such terms in his own home; half-expecting him to come rushing up from his basement office and put some hurt on the black lover who had not only supplanted him but was in the process of verbally demeaning him to his own wife.

She had seen William take on men who had insulted him or her when they first got together and it had not ended well for them. That might have been eleven years ago when he was in his mid-thirties and she her late-twenties but, as she was in marvellous shape for her age, so was he. A confrontation between husband and lover, she knew, would not be pretty.

As she stood shaking her head in the professional yet sexy two-piece outfit in grey with red heels and hose. Her lover continued:

"Before you meet the new version of your husband I have fashioned," said those equatorial tones, "you must be schooled in regard of the way you speak and interact with him from him."

Corinne was more than a little miffed.
"I'm not a child, Zani," she warned, "and I don't take kindly to being spoken to as if I were one. In case you've forgotten, we're partners in this and you are in *my* home."
Zani's hands came up immediately in a gesture of apology.

"Forgive me, my glorious Corinne. After two weeks treating the pitiful excuse for a man who remains married to you in exactly such a way, and worse, I am afraid my attitude has spilled over to you."

"You're forgiven, she told him, excitement growing as she tried to picture what her lover had done to the man who considered himself her husband still and, as ever, wondered why it filled her with such unholy arousal.

"I did not mean to sound patronising, my lady. But there are certain protocols we both must observe if little Willie is to be persuaded of our seriousness and accept the life we have in mind for him."

Her lover's mention of that life set her impatient pussy to throbbing

"The man, as pitiful as he was when you left him with me last week is even more pitiful now and is no longer *'William'*. His name now is *'Willie'*. Or, if you wish to show him affection, *'Little Willie"*. You must *never* address in any other way. You may, of course, want to return to your previous normality at certain times, but I strongly advise you against this. If he is to accept his place in our life in the way we expect then a childish use of his name is far more fitting."

"But…?"

"Corinne, you agreed to take my lead if it would mean having your husband subservient to you in the way you found so, and I quote, *'delicious'* when I first suggested it to you

and this is 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 the second or third class citizen he is in your home the more he becomes emasculated and made submissive to you - as he is already submissive and obedient in all things to me."

"Already?" she paraphrased.

A nod was her answer and she looked frankly disbelieving, convinced that her husband may have been drugged somehow and forced to act obediently, but at this early stage it would be nothing but an act on his part.

Her lover read her thoughts.

"How could this be, you are asking yourself. After only two weeks your lover is telling you that the oh, so, masculine husband you once looked up to is so terrified of that lover he will obey without a moment's thought. It is, I confess, a most difficult concept for you to embrace…

"Yet."

"Really, Zani," she said chidingly. "I'm willing to believe that you've somehow managed to get him in a position where he has no choice but to do as you say for the moment. But what happens when we have to free him? How well do you think he'll obey you then?

It was her lover's turn to look puzzled:

"You…? You think your husband is restrained in some way?"

"Well? Isn't he? Wasn't he"

The laughter greeting her question held a mixture of cruelty and disapproval.

"Only for the first three days of our… *acquaintance*," came the answer.

Her shock was palpable.

"You mean?"

"That is exactly what I mean when I describe your husband as a pitiful excuse for a man. You may believe me when I tell you that after three days of my… *schooling* …and his time in the cage I put together for him in his new basement quarters, your husband was willing to do and agree to anything in order to win my approval."

"You're saying…"

"That is exactly what I am saying."

Images of the husband she had once seen as so manly, on his knees before her lover's cock, almost took her over the edge and the power of these knew emotions and the dominance her lover's control conferred upon her over William… *"Willie"* …were so strong she knew there could be no turning back from the path she and her commanding black lover had set them upon.

"From now on," that commanding lover continued, aware of the images her thoughts were conjuring up in regard of her husband's… *training*, "and even when you are more certain of his behaviour and are with family and friends, or I am back in Africa on business and not present, you must always address him by his new and childish name and insist that, though he may behave in a reasonably normal manner around them, he must always show you the utmost respect. Believe me, your friends and family – especially the women – will see his good behaviour around you as no more than an expression of his love for you and little Willie himself will be too mortified to have his true weakness outed to the people he cares for most to *ever* defy you."

Corinne almost swooned.

"In fact," her lover went on, every interaction you have with him from now on will be that of a loving but unbendingly strict towards a precocious infant who needs firm handling."

"It… It's unbelievable," she muttered to herself sotto voce, cunt sopping as one of the most exciting prospects she had heard from her lover's lips; the prospect of treating her once manly and semi-macho husband in such a… *degrading*… fashion absolutely mind-boggling.
.
Though her muttering had not been sotto voce enough not to be heard.

"Believe me, my love," her dominant shemale offered, "it will not seem so unbelievable when your good obedient boy is kneeling between your legs to soothe your hungry pussy after a hard day at your office and your lover is back in Africa for a while as work dictates."

Corinne all but swooned at the imagery and almost missed the rest of her lover's offering:

"…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 that handsome and masculine exterior."

It was all Corinne could do not to drop to her knees herself and free the cock she so adored that she might thank it with her own full and sensuous, red-painted, lips.

In fact, it was only with a huge effort that she quelled her impatience and refrained from rushing to the basement to see for herself what had been made of her partner these last eleven years; glad for once that she been unable to conceive the children who would have made what was happening impossible.

There was now, she knew, no possibility of turning back – even had she wanted to.

It was simply all too…

Delicious!

As Zani explained what had been done to her former man and partner and how she would be expected to comport herself around him she found her panties flooding with arousal from both the descriptions of the treatment her husband had received and the fact she would soon have complete control of him.

An excruciatingly long, but eye-opening hour later, Zani left for the basement to fetch the husband she had now been assured she owned…

Three

As he waited, masked, naked, and upon all-fours for the return of the *"Thing"* that had him so terrified, William allowed himself to go over the emasculating and shocking events of the past few weeks and question just how something could be happening in a house on the side of the Thames near Runnymede.

That is was happening to him near the spot where a contract guaranteeing certain freedoms to the subjects of Norman England made it all the more unbelievable, given how his own freedoms were being systematically stripped from him.

He recalled waking up on that fateful morning his life turned to shit.

And stared into as malevolent a pair of dark eyes as he could ever recall having seen.

Corinne had left for work not thirty minutes earlier and, working from home as a content-provider for various marketing companies, he had drifted back to sleep before it came to showering and going to his office along the landing to begin his day.

"What the fuck!" was the last thing he remembered shouting before the fingers of a black hand pinched some nerves at the base of his neck and he had passed out…

…When he had woken next, his head was muzzy and his eyesight blurred.

He lying on his side and was naked as well as disoriented.

He was also, if the thin chains rattling with every slight movement of his hands and feet, restrained.

He could also feel a collar at his neck.

"What the fuck?" his fuzzy thoughts screamed as he tried to place his whereabouts and finally realised he was lying on the concrete floor in the basement of the Runnymede home he shared with Corinne.

A basement empty of its clutter and boasting only what looked to be an oversized dog-cage in corner.

"How long have I been unconscious?" he asked himself.

Then, more crucially:

"And why?"

As his vision cleared and he was able to think more clearly, he realised a couple of other concerns.

One was his dry mouth and the wicked thirst that went with it; the other was the almost fiery pain in his muscles from the unnatural posture in which his restraints kept him.

With his arms shackled behind his back and his wrists chained one to the other, he realised another length of chain was attached to his collar and ran down to yet more chains securing his ankles one to the other.

Pulled tightly, the shortened chain running from his collar ensured his head was pulled back and his ankles dragged upwards towards it.

His muscles were screaming in protest at the unnatural posture and his mouth was thick with the need for liquid.

Then he heard it.

Behind him.

The voice he had heard upon waking before he had been rendered unconscious again in a less natural manner.

A female voice.

Not English but dark and accented.

“Good. You are awake at last.”

A host of protests croaked from his bone dry mouth and were met with silence until he had run out of things to say and threaten – though even in his straitened circumstances he was aware enough to realise any threats he made were unlikely to be taken seriously.

The pain caused by his cramped and restricted muscles prevented his attempts to turn and he heard movement at his back and the sound of a woman’s heels tapping upon the concrete as they made their way around him.

“Now, Willie, I can begin preparing you for the new life your wife and I intend for you to live from now on.”

The face he stared up at was the same one he had woken to earlier and looked no more kind and appealing now than it had then – despite its obvious, if somewhat simian femininity.

And what did she mean by this, *“new life”*?

More worryingly still; what did she mean by her, *“the new life your wife and I intend for you to live from now”*?

Could Corinne be playing some kind of misguided and vile practical joke on him with the help of this creature?

Struggling to find saliva enough to moisten his mouth enough to speak and with his the muscles of his restrained limbs screaming fo release he took in as best he could the coal black woman responsible for placing him in his current predicament.

She was, he had to confess, like no woman he had ever seen before.

The twin columns of legs encased in the second skin of a pair of black lycra bottoms towered above him as she gazed down haughtily at her helpless prisoner, hands on hips and a curl of satisfaction at the sight of him transfiguring features he found it hard to imagine ever possessing true warmth.

She was built powerfully yet the breasts in their lycra top were as full and womanly – maternal looking, even - as their jutting nipples were hard.

"What the fuck is going on here?" his thoughts screamed the question for the umpteenth time in the few minutes since he regained consciousness.

"Yes. You must have many questions," said that dark-voice, easily divining his thoughts. "And you will find when I answer them that they are not to your taste. But be assured that, as of this moment, what you like and what you want are no longer of any account to either me or your former wife."

"What in fuck was this madwoman talking about?" his thoughts raged, the anger he felt making his vivid blue-eyes almost glassy. *"What former wife?"*

"That is right," she told him. My Corinne is no longer your Corinne."

Her chuckle was not pleasant to the ear.

"But do not worry, little Willie," she assured him. "She still has a place for you in her heart and I am very happy for you to stay in her life – *our* life – for the foreseeable future."

Again she chuckled:

"Though you will, of course, be taking on a very different position in your wife's home to the one you have known up until now."

There seemed to William to be an emphasis on his mad black bitch's *"wife's home"* and it struck him that she must have known about the pre-nuptial agreement he had signed that gave him no right to it should they divorce for whatever reason.

More unwanted proof that the woman he loved and had thought loved him was in collusion with the madwoman above his shackled and growingly painful body.

His first thought that this was some misplaced attempt at an elaborate practical joke on Corinne's part was receding with every second and, with its diminishment came the pain that the powerful looking black woman above had been telling the truth about being her lover.

This was mental pain enough to go with his physical discomforts, but it also begged another question:

If his wife had suddenly given in to the lesbian desires he had to have been desiring all these years and committed herself to another woman, why go to all these lengths to show him rather than simply move for divorce and allow both of them to go their own way?

Again, his ebony captor as reading his thoughts:

"Corinne has no intention of losing you," came the voice with which he was already to the point of hatred. "However, from this point on, she wishes you to be a more… *obedient* …partner to her."

His mouth dropped open and is parched lips complained at the movement.

The situation was becoming more and more… *other worldly*.
"Obedient??"

"Yes. It sounds like science fiction to such a manly man like yourself," the voice above told him, contempt and sarcasm easily detectable in it African accented English. But it is my duty as Corinne's loving partner to make her desires come true and you may be sure that *is* what will happen."

Despite the pain the movement cost him, William shook his head from side to side violently, as if he could dislodge this evil parallel world into which he had been dropped and return to the one he knew and loved.

As you have no doubt guessed, this did not happen.

"Are you thirsty?" his captor asked and, despite his anger and growing hatred, his thirst compelled him to nod; almost as violently, in fact, as he had tried to shake this unwelcome new world from his consciousness.

"And you will drink whatever Ms Zani offers you?"

Again he nodded, too desperate for liquid nourishment to ponder exactly what she meant.

"Very well," she nodded. "Just remember, that if you refuse I will leave you here until this evening exactly as you are before offering again."

Through the basement's one small slit of a frosted glass window, set high in the wall, he could see it was still daylight and the prospect of being left in such a condition until evening fell was indeed a frightening one.

"I realise the dryness of your mouth makes it difficult to speak," she told him, though there was nothing resembling concern for his plight in her voice, "so you may nod if you understand."

He nodded instantly, his need for water and for the pain in his restricted limbs to be eased overriding everything else.

“Very well,” she said, nodding again. “But do not forget: refuse what I offer and you will receive nothing else until this evening.”

She paused for a few moments.

Until:

“And only then if there is a marked improvement in your behaviour towards me.”

Thinking only of the water that would ease his parched mouth and throat, William nodded again.

Then, to his shock, expecting her to move to the sink he knew was in a corner behind him and fill a tumbler with tap water, she simply began to lower her lycra bottoms.
As her black panties and the powerful thighs below them came into view he stared, bemused and unblinkingly as she slid off her heels and eased the bottoms over her feet.

The eyes that now looked down upon him seemed amused as his thoughts raced for an answer to her actions and came up wanting.

Though he was not to be ignorant for long

Hooking her thumbs into the panties from the side, she began to ease them over hips to the floor and…

He almost vomited, so great was his shock, as the pronounced bulge he had taken to be her enhanced womanhood came into view.

William was looking at a black cock that dwarfed his own and was still only partly erect.

Barely had he time to realise what she intended to do with it than she spoke:

“If you’re ready to drink, open your mouth…”

It was less than thirty seconds later, without her order being obeyed and without bothering to repeat is, that his wife’s shemale lover left the basement and left the shocked and suffering man to hours of the same before she gave him the opportunity once more to open his mouth and accept the refreshment she intended to give him.

Leaving him to the pain of his position and the betrayal of him by a wife he had adored as he pondered the long hours ahead and tried to take his mind from it with thoughts of what he would do to both of them when he was free of his restraints.

Unable to get his head around the fact that he would never be free again…

Four

In the doorway above the stairs leading to the basement where the man she had lived with these past eleven years as husband wife awaited her lover, Corinne could not decide if she was more excited or nervous as the two reactions warred for prominence in thoughts that were as conflicted still as they were aroused.

The prospect of looking into William's eyes and have him finally realise that she was at least part responsible for what was happening to him made no appeal on one level.

And yet…

As she watched the powerful rear view of her African lover descent the stairs to fetch the man she had promised to cherish and respect, she knew the genuine regret she felt for allowing him to be treated in such a fashion was no match for the feelings of anticipation and pure sexual elation the prospect of his humiliation and obedience to both her and her shemale lover generated in her newly depraved breast.

Sipping a hand under her short grey skirt, she rubbed her already saturated mound and awaited an entrance from which there would be no turning back…

*****

William – *"little Willie"* as the black shemale who had so thoroughly broken him now insisted he be called and regard himself as - had been waiting on all-fours for what seemed an eternity when he heard her footsteps descend the stairs she stepped into his new living space.

The same ebony monstrous hybrid of femininity and masculinity who could ruin him in the eyes of the family and friends he loved and whose high opinion of him supplied what was left of his self-esteem. The misbegotten African holding the video evidence of his shame. Video evidence he had not been aware was being filmed and showed him serving this hybrid in the most disgraceful of ways and being spanked over her knee as if he were a little child until he sobbed and begged for her mercy.

And would have had no power to do anything about it if he had.

"That's my good and obedient little Willie," she praised when she saw him in the exact position in which she had left him.

His shame was boundless as her powerful and bare black legs pecked their way over the concrete floor to him.

"Today is a an important day for my little puppy and he must be on his very best behaviour for his lovely black master. Little Willy is going to be introduced to someone who hasn't met the real… *man* …before."

On all-fours below her, the cage she insisted he now sleep in and occupy when his presence was not required, William stayed in the position she insisted upon until she said otherwise. He was naked and unchained apart from the cock-cage in which her

long black fingers had imprisoned him so humiliatingly and a thick studded collar was about his neck. His fear of her and what she was capable functioning at such an altitude ow that both of them knew both collar and cock cage were more symbolic than necessary.

So afraid of her was that he could no longer be sure if he could get an erection minus her permission and with or without the chastity device.

The abomination of her handling his penis and scrotum as if they were her property before ringing his balls and then caging his cock, remained unwanted imagery that never failed to make the bile surge towards his throat.

His obedience to her was underlined further by the chain-link lead with a leather holder at the end he was too terrified to release – not to mention the convulsive shaking of his naked body as he contemplated the horror that was to come.

Shaking so hard with fear and trepidation at the certainty of just whom he was about to meet that a bowl of milk placed upon his back would instantly have curdled, William prayed for the concrete floor to open send him to the bowels of the earth.

Anything rather than face what he knew awaited him upstairs.

There was, as he knew there wouldn't be, no sign of movement beneath him.

He had been systematically punished and degraded in his own home by a black man/woman, and the shame he felt for having been bested so easily was made no kore palatable because that *"woman"* possessed a cock that dwarfed his own in both thickness and length.

And, as if the above was not shaming and emasculating enough, his *"black master"* had actually taken footage of him…

Footage he had seen and came across as if he were actively begging this… *thing* …for the abomination between its legs.

And worse!

Nobody watching it, he knew – not his family, friends, and certainly not the authorities, would believe he was anything but willing to act in the shockingly submissive way he had behaved.

In fact, and making it even worse, it would be Corinne who would be the one receiving all the sympathy for her husband's unsuspected… *degeneracy*.

Even if the treacherous bitch was the perverted one of the two.

Suddenly, the lead was taken from his mouth and he was urged forward.

"Up we go now, puppy," urged the hateful chocolate voice as his shaking became so pronounced he did not think his knees would support him.

“And remember, added the voice with an undertone of threat he knew was not idle, “you are to be on your very best behaviour for Ms Corinne.”

As the lead jerked him forward and he followed at the heels of his shemale master, William wondered how long it would be before his stomach finally rebelled and the bile he felt burning the back of his throat became outright vomit…

Five

Corinne's breath was shallow and raspy as she watched her lover ascend the stairs leading from the basement to her open-plan front-room, her feelings a mixture of agitation, fear, and pure sexual anticipation.

She watched, motionless in the front-room, hosed legs planted apart and hands-upon-hips imperiously in the way Zani had indicated would be the first sight of his *former* wife their *"Boy"*, would have of her in her new incarnation as his owner.

Then, as Zani reached the top step, looking as powerful and dominant as she could recall seeing her, she got her first glimpse of the creature crawling behind her.

A vision with a collar about its neck by which it was being led.

By her lover!

A vision that had once been her manly and macho husband!

Corinne's eyes bugged from her head as the sight presented to her sent all her senses into an evil and depraved overdrive she would once have believed herself incapable.

She had not been sure what to expect, as Zani had insisted it be a surprise, but never in her wildest imaginings had it been…

This!

And, once more, it was all she could do not to orgasm on the spot…

*****

"Heel, little Willy," came the order as the incredulous wife watched the naked and abject creature that had been her once-proud husband go down on its haunches and lower its nose so that it touched the stiletto heel of her lover's shoe.

Then:

"Good boy. Now, up for Ms Corinne."

Amazed, and wetter than she had ever been in her life to this point, Corinne watched as the man she had once taken vows to cherish came up on his haunches before her, hands held out before his chest in the way of paws on an obedient mutt.

The eyes staring out from above his collar, as his black master stood to once side that his lover might get a full and unimpeded view of her – *their* new creature and what had been made of him in the wo weeks since she had last seen him, were dull and yet glassy as he aimed them anywhere but upon her own.

The smile headed her way from her husband's shemale owner was of the *"I told you so"* variety as she hovered above the man she had broken and Corinne could only

wonder at just what had been done to him effect such an abject change in so short a space of time.

Corinne also noted how proud was her lover's expression and how arousing she found presenting William to his wife in such an undignified fashion – especially if the tenting out of her skirt spoke truly.

Another gasp came from her as she spotted the shiny metal affixed to her husband's cock and balls Zani had described to her but she had considered him unlikely to have it on her husband in the aforementioned short space of time.

This, she told herself, was a wholly new and addictive world to which she was being introduced and she was already convinced it was not one she would ever leave.

At least of her own accord.

For it may have been her lover who had placed her husband in such a position but, ultimately, she was the one in whom that power resided.

Even, to an extent, over that commanding black lover herself.

Seeing such a device for oneself - and on the man who had once been at least her equal at one time - was a trip to a new dimension of the most irresistibly erotic sensations.

"Be good now, little Willy," her lover's dark chocolate and huskily feminine voice seemed to boom into the room as the shaking of her *'puppy'* accelerated to such a pitch Corrine wondered how he could maintain his posture. "Greet Ms Corinne the way a good, obedient and loyal, pet should and in the way your Master Zani taught you.."

Corinne was shaking almost as much herself, but for decidedly different reasons.

It was outrageous, her overloaded thoughts told her. They were in genteel England in a home on the banks of the Thames, no more than short drive into post-millennium London and the mother-of-parliaments. And in front of her, on his haunches being led by a black woman with a cock dwarfing his own, was her husband, his cock and his balls ringed and caged and a collar about his neck from which ran a lead that ended in the hand of a powerful and controlling young African shemale whose one concession to manhood was between her legs.

And hearing herself referred to as *"Ms Corinne"* for the first time – even if it was from her lover's lips at this point and not those of her husband – brought her within the thickness of a gnat's win from the hands and cock free orgasm she had been fighting from the moment she had arrived home.

What her collared and leashed husband did next ensured she could not fight it any longer.

As she continued to adopt the posture Zani had insisted upon, hands-on-hips and looking down upon her beaten husband; her lover pulled the lead to the floor and took *"little Willy's"* head with it before stepping behind him and, when he made no attempt

to move, applying a light kick to his ringed and exposed sac Corinne was certain would not seem so light to the husband on the wrong end of it.

A grunt and a second later, she marvelled as the man she had swapped vows with all those many years before crawled abjectly towards her feet.

This being the same man who had guided their lives together since and had the final word on just about every decision needing to be made, 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, Corinne 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 to her in a wholly different way 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 proved good up to now.

That husband's next action went a long way to allaying both her fears and her doubts as, at a click of Zani's fingers, he lowered his head.

As he began to lick – not just kiss - at the toecaps of her dark-navy courts, the orgasm with which she had been doing mortal battle from the moment she first entered bested her.

Her scream as she slipped off a shoe and thrust her toes into *"little Willy's"* mouth would have had *all* branches of the emergency-services from land to inland-waterways converging upon their Runnymede home in haste.

Were it not for the fact the home itself was secluded and set-back and utterly perfect for the life she would now have with the creature below her sucking abjectly at her toes…

Six

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 and powerful young body continued its rhythmic and relentless pounding, her thoughts suddenly went to the husband who no longer had the right tom place his cock where the one belonging to the shemale was now.

The man who until a month or so ago had been the one her sexual pleasure was dependent upon.

But no longer.

At least not that sexual pleasure supplied by a man's hard cock.

Or a cock belonging to a wise beyond her years African shemale with a desire to dominate and control a handsome white man of her husband's more mature years.
As her senses finally found themselves scattered in all directions and she screamed a long and seemingly endless howl of pure satiation to the ceiling above, the image dominating her orgasm was not that of her lover but that of another.

When her lover rolled off to the side and she came back to earth with an emptying of the lungs into which she had just sucked much needed oxygen, her eyes sought out the figure that had accompanied her final ascent into ecstasy.

There, still in the same position *she* had ordered him to adopt as another cock took her to paradise and beyond, was the beaten head of her erstwhile husband, kneeling with his nose pressed to the corner as she had instructed.

It was almost enough to make her orgasmic once again.

Just for a moment, a flash of guilt tainted the afterglow of her coupling and she wondered how she could do this to a man she had once professed to love as a wife should love a husband.

As said, just for a moment, and already departed by the time she heard the question:

“Are you happy, my darling?”

Considering what the shemale asking the question had just provided for her, the answer was no more than a thoughtful inquiry, her reply was a thoughtful nod.

Before, knowing the husband kneeling with his nose in the corner would hear:

“More than happy, Zani,” she replied. “Your woman is absolutely ecstatic with what you do and have done for her.

Any guilt she had felt for the cemetery they had made of her husband’s masculinity had long since departed apart from the odd and fleeting pang she had just experienced. Overridden by the blasphemous delight she received from the incredible cock of her lover and the tormenting and degradation they both heaped upon the kneeling man’s once proud head.

A head that was now bereft of the thick hair of which he had once been so proud; replaced by a gleaming dome that fair shone as it reflected the muted light of the room’s one table-lamp.

And yet…

Amazingly, there still remained no doubt in her head that she loved her husband still.

Perhaps even more so.

The new model she had created with the help of her lover was so much more attractive to her now that he had been debased and emasculated and forced to forgo the work he did from home and concentrate his full energy to the wife and mistress and the home that belonged to her.

Of course, and after having witnessed the video Zani had taken of him as he submitted to the shemale’s every wish – including being spanked over powerful thighs on the few occasions he had tried to defy her - she could not help the massive contempt she now had for him and the way he had so easily allowed himself to be subjugated.

A video moreover, given his need for the approval of family and friends and the fact it made him look as if her were begging the African hermaphrodite to dominate him, that had more than played its part in making him more…

Pliable!

That said – and like her lover, she had noticed – she continued to adore the handsome and youthful goo looks that had drawn her to him in the first place; even if she had been

convinced it was a lost cause, given his looks and the more matronly if curvaceous nature of those belonging to her.

Just the same, she also knew that the pleasure she took from being in command of this man she had once thought of as out of her league, to the love she once had for him and took it from the higher emotion it had been into something far, far, lower.

Lower, despicable, and capable of providing her pleasure far in excess of any he had been able to provide her before the advent of her lover into her life – though she felt sure the now beaten and docile William would hold a far different view of it.

Her lover sensed the direction of her thoughts:

"Is it not everything I promised you it would be?" asked the lover at her side, the cock that had only just finished delivering her into the arms of whichever Greek God blessed one with sexual euphoria flaccid beneath her adoring eyes and looking ready to take her there again after it recuperated for a minute or two.

Placing a hand between smooth and muscled thighs that still managed to be sleek despite their obvious power, she cupped the hairless balls at their centre and was pleased by the sigh of pleasure escaping her lover's thick, sensuous and Nubian, lips.

"You should have been a lawyer, Zani," she chided the shemale, knowing the hermaphrodite loved the position of personal assistant to the wealthy and powerful Nigerian business man who was also her husband and also had, thank goodness, a need to visit England at regular and reasonably lengthy intervals that explained how they had met. "Why else would you always ask questions to which you already know the answer?"

The smile greeting her jocular assessment almost made the shemale's forbidding young features tender.

"My thirty-ninth birthday will be soon," she reminded him as the wondrous cock attached to the jewels overflowing her palm again came to life. "And my life has never been so full of sexual satisfaction and personal fulfilment as it's been since you came into it."

The very faint sound of a sniffle, perhaps a sob, sent both their eyes to the corner of the room before they both shared a knowing smile that fed from the misery of the one-time head-of-the household.

"Be quiet, little Willy!" barked her lover towards the corner and the sniffling ceased. "And keep your nose to the corner like a good boy."

They shared another smile as the shemale added:

"Unless you want to go over Master Zani's knee and be spanked again in front of Ms Corinne."

Seeing the older man who had once been the driving force of her marriage - and a man some twenty and more years older than her husband - treated as if he were no more than a disobedient child re-ignited the desire that was seldom more than a whisker from becoming flammable and again she told herself that there could be no return to what they had once had.

Even if she could have got him to agree to it.

That boat, along with his manhood, had sailed off to the Arctic and no global warming would ever melt away the knowledge of his weakness and her perfidy.

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 were right all along,” she told the shemale basking in her handling of her cock and balls. “My husband is a tragic excuse for a man, but at least now he knows his place in respect of us and is coming to terms with our ownership of him.”

The shoulders on the kneeling man hook soundlessly and once again Corinne told herself how much she loved speaking of him within his hearing in such a way.

Below her, Zani was nodding as she added:

“He is also, unless I am mistaken, attempting to please you with his menial tasks about the house tries to do the best job he can that one of us might release his little cockle from its chastity and allow him to rub himself off against one of us.”

“Hmmm,” was her only response.

“Even when I have to return to Africa and not be here to correct him if he misbehaves, I sense you are now more than capable of handling any of his little temper tantrums. Correct me if I am wrong, but is this not yet another factor in your new contentment?”

Corinne knew where her lover was going with this and joined her:

“You are right, Zani,” she agreed. “And it is not just fear of your big black cock and the treat to discipline him that makes him more obedient to me.”
She smiled before adding:

“Though it is a help.”

Laughter was shared at the creature in the corner’s expense.

Her newly terrified and obedient husband, she knew, was a great source of her pleasure – whether that lover was present as she was now or otherwise; but there were other factors in his growing subservience to her.

“He knows I am deadly serious if he misbehaves regularly enough – and pisses me off enough – when I say I will divorce him for adultery and use the video of him begging for your cock to prove it.”

In the corner the shoulders belonging to the man being spoken of continued to shake.

“This would ensure that not only would the post-nuptial agreement be activated but that contents of that video would be made known to everybody whose high opinion of him he values so much.”

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 real 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 showing me just what I’ve been missing out on all these years.”

The kiss that followed was as much gratitude as it was lust and, as her tongue probed mingled with that of the lover who was a much the master of her husband as she was his mistress, her mind went back to that time early in their affair.

Back to when even the possibility of her husband becoming something… *different*… to her had first been made and she had laughed, finding it hilarious that he lover could even dream of her macho and masculine partner adopt ing such a role.

She was *not* laughing now.

Seven

In his cage in the basement, a fitfully sleeping William was dreaming again, a part of his semi-conscious mind knowing the thoughts and images flashing through his head were not actually real while another acknowledged the reality of them actually having happened to him in the *very* recent past…

…She was smiling as she yanked his head by the hair that he be brought closer to the massive, smooth and hairless, balls it was her intention he learn to worship; amusement triggered by the knowledge she was already ahead of the schedule she had set herself to have this older and larger white-man tamed and obedient before his wife and the shemale's lover returned from the holiday she had been asked to take.

Older and larger but nowhere near as physically capable or, more importantly, devoid of the moral compass that would prevent another person from doing what she was about to do to him.

"After you have drank from your new master," she told him, you are now going to place your tongue at the bottom of her sack by way of thank you and then lick upwards. Only then will I consider loosening the tension of your restraints to ease the discomfort you are feelin.,"

It was some eight hours on from having first revealed her cock to him and how it intended to slake his thirst and William was almost out of his mind from lack of water and restriction of movement. .

His mouth was bone dry and his restricted limbs and shoulders screaming for release as she pecked into the basement upon the heels that were all she wore. Even the thoughts of the havoc he would wreak upon both wife and lover when he was free, thoughts that had allowed him to endure the first few hours of his captivity after she had left him alone, had been displaced by his need for liquid and movement.

Despair did not begin to describe the face he turned up to her as he realised he was going to do what the abomination above standing imperiously and at her ease with hands upon hips asked.

"Nod your head if you are ready," he heard from above.

With a response that was as instant as it was shaming, he nodded his head and then watched as the shemale lowered herself to the floor so they were lying side-by-side and positioned her cock and balls alongside his parched and chapped mouth so he could not only take in the immensity of it and the erection which dwarfed his own but for the first time in his life took in the earthy and almost animal smell of male genitals that were not his own.

It making no difference whatsoever that the African body to which they were attached were large breasted and womanly.

“As you can see, little-Willy,” her voice reached back to him as he flinched, “your new black master is a little excited by her white-slave-boy. So you will have to forgive her if her aim is not as accurate as it should be.”

Her amusement at her own jest, as can be imagined, found no companionship in the man restrained and parched alongside and down from her.

Which was when, after thrusting her hairless balls over his cracked lips, that she drew back and let loose with the liquid intended to both refresh and degrade him…

“…Oooh,” said the familiar but changed voice at his side as the door to his cage was opened, the tenderness he had once heard in it when directed at him entirely absent now. “Is my little-Willy dreaming of his powerful black master again?”

When his eyes adjusted, William realised they were alone and was once more tempted to try and enter into a dialogue with her, to try and get through to what remained of the wife he had once loved and now hated with a passion.

A temptation she sensed and nipped in the bud immediately.

“I do so hope little-Willy is not thinking of speaking without permission,” she warned. That would not be good, would it? Especially after his Ms Corinne was forced to take the sole of her shoe to his bare behind until he cried like the big baby he is.”

His eyes betrayed he was replaying the incident of a few weeks before when he could hold it in no longer and, in direct contradiction of the behaviour he had been told was expected of him from now on, tried to reason with the woman who had once been his loving wife.

A love that had departed forever if the way she had her black lover hold him in place as she spanked his bare behind spoke truly.

Urging him from the cage where he was allowed to sleep when not required by either her or her lover, she led him over to a two-seater sofa that had been placed in the bare and empty basement and took a seat as he remained in place on all-fours before the crossed and hosed legs he had once thought of as her best feature – and would have still had he not wanted to murder her.

Even if another part of his psyche no doubt the same part that had allowed him to submit so easily to the authority of his black master, ensured it was a constant battle for him not to succumb to the urge to fully give himself to the dark and shameful feelings inspired by their mastery of him.

For Corinne’s part, she looked forward more and more to her return from the office and moments like these when she could lead her husband from his cage and have him kneel before to place his now hairless head and the lips belonging to it her own now hairless slit.

The perfect hors d' oeuvre before the cock she loved returned from London and business with its uncle and took her to paradise.

Sometimes – briefly – she would castigate herself for what she was doing to a flawed but fundamentally decent man who in no way deserved what was happening to him.

But then her thoughts would return to that first experience of the new William after she had returned from her enforced holiday and lessen her guilt.

Zani had to be right.

Her husband had only been acting the part of a real man throughout their marriage.

How else could her lover have collared him with such ease after only two weeks?

She recalled him being ordered to *"heel"* on that first day when Zani had led him upstairs, naked save for his collar and cock-cage.

Pictured again the look of pure shamed and terrified, submission upon those handsome features as he was forced to adopt a begging position before crawling to her and licking – not kissing – the toes of her shoes.

She also recalled the power of the orgasm induced for he by his abject docility and dog-like and ankle-lapping obedience.

The silence was charged and it was no surprise to her to see tears glistening in the eyes of the husband who had once been known as prideful and fight rather than have himself insulted or belittled.

A man and husband who was light-years removed from her ever regarding him in such a way again.

If, that is, she had wanted to in the first place.

And now she had thought of a new wrinkle to increase his humiliation and was sure her black lover and his master would approve – the same black-master he feared enough to stay put in his emasculation.

Well…

That and the video of him serving her and her black cock so… *willingly*.

No surprise Corinne quickly began to find it more and more natural to treat him as the obedient pet and flunky they intended him to become.

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.

“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 bald pate with mock sympathy.

“Don’t be sad, little Willy,” 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 Zani when she is here and we will be only too pleased to reward your good behaviour with a release.”

He did not recognise her n the mocking laughter that followed.

Or the words:

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

His look of utter horror and repugnance at her mention of the *“poop-chute”* 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, William,” she said, forgetting herself and calling him by his full first-name. “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.

His eyes dropped from hers, unable to gaze upon the shame for his situation he saw reflected back in them.

“Keep your eyes on me when I speak to you!” she barked in a voice harsh with newly found empowerment, her pussy moistening still further when his almost equally 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:

“I would truly hate to have to subject you to Master Zani’s discipline unless I had to,” she lied, acknowledging how much she loved seeing her shemale lover handle her

husband with such ease. “I’m quite content to correct you myself, so long as you do not test my patience too much. But…”

Corinne left the sentence hanging, revelling in her control and new-found confidence in her handsome husband’s presence, then, remembering what she wanted of him from now on, 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 hr new wrinkle would have the effect of making him feel even more emasculated.

And in a way which tied in beautifully with her choice of the new – and childish – attire of theme-park tee-shirt and shorts he would be expected to wear around the house from now on – 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 Zani will approve when she returns from London tonight, don’t you think?”

Where once he would have verbally eviscerated her 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.

“Of course,” she went on, “you can wear your big-boy clothes when Zani is away and we have friends and family over, but whenever its just the three of us alone I want you dressed like the little boy you are to me now.”

His shoulders dipped and her newly warped spirit exulted.

“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, *“little Willy”*, as he was now known, 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, Willy, anyone would think you were ashamed to have me as a mummy. Say it again… Loudly and proudly this time.”

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.

"How can this be happening? He marvelled through his self-disgust as the wife who had appointed herself his mummy told him what a good boy he was and how proud of him he was making her, this before hugging him to the breasts that had once been his to access.

And *not* in the manner of some adult infant.

"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 flame-thrower her vengeful infant was aiming her way.

"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 and drink her coffee while her lovely obedient boy uses his nice soft tongue to soothe the cares of the day from her waxed and smooth pussy."

As powerless and weak as he felt, William the adult 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 cherry-pips.

She was lost to him physically and emotionally so why not complete the last of the triad and remove her from his and the world's life completely?

It was, he knew, acknowledging his unwillingness to accept the consequences that would follow, something that was *not* going to happen.

"Come on little boy," she taunted, spreading the tanned and shapely, yet matronly, 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 had once adored and now found so distasteful could, he thought with disgust, be detectable in upstream Windsor and the bowels of its castle itself.

"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.

Fighting back his distaste for the odour he had once loved, he edged closer to the pussy awaiting his attention, his wife and now *"Mummy's"* final instruction arriving as his hesitant lips were but inches from their destination.

"Remember," she warned. "Hands must be kept behind your back as Master Zani taught you hen yo lick Mummy. This is her body now and she doesn't want our little boy thinking he can… *handle* …it. This is an honour for you and your Master would be very angry if mummy were to tell him our little boy… *took liberties.*"

Treacherous cock swelling against its cage with a futile and warped arousal of his own, hatred of his wife and his new distaste for her body overcome by his own need for release and the tang of her arousal in his nostrils fully for the first time in weeks, William placed a tentative then ravenous tongue just above the cleft of her arse and slowly drew it over the smooth outer labia before insinuating it into the slit beneath.

"That's my good little boy," she cooed as she luxuriated in the glow of wielding such control over him. "We're beginning to reach an understanding and life is going to be so much easier from here on."

The man who had been her husband heard her words but paid them no heed as he concentrated on what was a new experience for both of them.
An experience his restrained cock seemed to be enjoying – and would have enjoyed more had it been able reach its full extent.

"Mummy's going to have a nice read and coffee now," Corinne said, reaching for a latte and one of the crime thrillers she loved from a side table. "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 while the wife above gazed at ther book through sightless eyes and congratulated herself for now having it all.

Not to know that she would not have it for long…

EPILOGUE

The beginning of the end of Corinne's brave new world came crashing down some three weeks after appointing herself *"Mummy"* to the husband she was treating more and more as if he were a recalcitrant infant whose behaviour was in need of correction – albeit a recalcitrant infant whose adulthood ensured he could be useful to her in so many other… *exciting* …ways.

Surprisingly, having expected Zani to have embraced the position of ersatz parent rather than shemale master, her lover had been none too enthralled by the idea and had stated a preference to keep her relationship with man she had demoted in his own home as that of Master and slave.

Her exact words:

"I prefer to dominate a white-man I have broken. Not a white-man acting as a baby."

Now, standing in their open-plan front-room, still dressed in the business-like pink two-piece she had worn to the travel-agency office she both owned and ran, Corinne looked on at the sight of her husband dressed in his childish clothing and sitting on the lap of his shemale master with her cooing to him as if he truly were a baby while his lips nuzzled her neck?

It was a sight, the white wife could only acknowledge as erotic.

But what had brought it on

Had her lover had a change of heart?

"What's all this, then, Zani?" she asked.

In answer, the shemale simply began to stroke the bald head nuzzling into her neck soothingly, almost as if she were lulling a child to sleep, whispering to him as she did so.

"Be a good boy now, little Willie and stay nice and quiet while Master Zani have a grown-up conversation with Ms Corinne."

To Corinne's amazement, and far from looking uncomfortable in the shemale's embrace, her husband nuzzled in closer to Zani's neck as if he truly were a child and she his black governess from some ante-bellum oil-painting of plantation life.

"What's going on?" she questioned, taking a few steps to bring her near the cuddling pair, something at the pit of her stomach telling her all was not right.

"Corinne, you are a fine woman and I have never lied to you."

The knot in her stomach tightened.

"And?"

“And I am not going to start now.”

“What…? What are you trying to tell me, Zani?”

Before answering, her shemale lover placed a reassuring kiss on the forehead of the grown man she had broken who was currently inhaling the scent of her neck contentedly as if he truly were an infant and not an adult male.

“My uncle has concluded his business dealings in your country and we will be returning to Lagos before the end of the week.”

She nodded, heaving herself a sigh of relief for the news being something she had already been expecting.

She thought.

“We will be returning indefinitely,” the dark chocolate tones she loved so much added.

“But…?”

“It is out of my hands Corinne. I go where my uncle’s business dealings take him and, for now, that is back to Nigeria.”

“But…? I can come and visit you, can’t I? I can even bring little Willy with me.”

To her disappointment, her lover was already shaking his head, which was when, shocking her even more, the black shemale tilted her husband’s face up to hers and kissed him full on the lips, the tongue that once explored her mouth with such passion now doing the same – and with even more passion – to her husband.

And he was allowing it.

Not just allowing it, but basking under the attention of the African who had mastered him.

“I am afraid bringing Willy with you to visit with me in Lagos will be an impossibility,” she was told after having broken off the kiss and returned her husband’s lips to her neck.

“But why? He has a current Passport and…”

The palm of an imperious black hand was held out to cut her off and she fell silent, devastated at the prospect of Zani and her wondrous cock being removed from her life – even if she would still have the compensation of a having William still as her partner, servant and baby, or in any other way she chose.

“You do not understand, Corinne,” she was told and the shemale was right.

She didn’t.

Yet...

“You see,” she was told, as a black shemale hand insinuated its fingers beneath her husband’s shorts to caress the underside of his ringed balls, “I have told little Willy that I expect him to travel with me.”

“Expect him to…?”

“Travel with me to Africa. Yes. I wish him to remain my little Willie… For good.”

Her anger was suddenly incendiary.

“You treacherous bastard! Do you really think I’d let you take my husband away from me so easily.”

“I do not see as you have any other option.”
“Really? In case you haven’t noticed it, he hates you. Just because he’s terrified of you and obeys you doesn’t mean he’ll agree to live with you in another country.”

The smile aimed her way was all the more terrifying for being a mixture of pity and determination as its shemale owner jiggled her husband’s ringed balls in her hands and fetched a gasp of pleasure and pure need to the man to whom they were attached.

“That is where you are wrong I am afraid to say Corinne.”

Her mouth sagged open, sensing the bomb about to be dropped on her head.

“Not only has little Willy agreed to travel with me but he actually worshipped me the way a slave should in order for me to accept his petition…”



THE END