The Alpha Wife

A Wife Becomes THE Dominant Partner

By
Ilse Becker-Taylor

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FDC Publications

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"THE ALPHA WIFE"

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With thanks to my many friends, but mostly to Shayla Marks, without whose help and generosity this story could not have been told

PROLOGUE

A smile curled her lips as she thought of her husband.

It was not a nice smile, the one a wife of so many years might have been expected to show when thinking of the man she supposedly loved. Not nice at all. More a mixture of perversity and satisfaction for having reduced the former *"man's man"* to the condition in which he now lived.

Not an hour passed these days, it seemed to her, when she didn't reflect upon her new-found joy and give thanks to the Internet for having inspired it.

The content she had found there having triggered dormant *needs* inside her that were almost as surprising as they were delicious.

For how many wives could boast of the life she led?

Even as she reflected, her handsome husband was in the utility-room, elbow deep in suds as he hand-washed her lingerie and underwear before fetching her a nice ice-cold glass of Pinot Grigio to put her in the right mood for of her friend, neighbour, and boss.

Their living arrangements were, of course, a secret kept between the two of them – along with the friend and boss who had helped bring it about – and were yet another strand of the control she exercised over a man she had once held in such awe.

The possibility that her friends and parents, together with the two university aged daughters, one married and in Sydney, the other at university in Quebec and faraway Canada and also set to be married, daughters who doted on their father and were still in awe of him, might discover him to be the pussy-whipped shadow of the man he had once been during their infrequent get-togethers, was yet another strand of her control over a man some ten years her senior who was considered by many women they both knew – and no doubt a number of others she had always told herself with some bitterness, to be… *"a catch'*.

An understandable reason, she thought, for her being at pains not to let friends and family know the *true* extent of her domination of him.

That, she had told herself, would not be good for either of them and would probably involve their daughters discovering the true nature of their current relationship.

A discovery that would be as embarrassing to her as it would to him.

At worst, the more *"in touch"* of those close to them considered theirs a *"female-led"* relationship, though this was more than enough to shame her once dominant husband, while the less worldly of those who knew them saw it as just a pragmatic arrangement they'd fallen into since he fell out of the job-market and she, so to speak, fell in.

This suited her fine.

Though she loved having him dependent and increasingly servile and obedient, she had no desire to dominate him so obviously in social situations that they found themselves beyond the realms of polite social commerce. She had always enjoyed their fun, if infrequent and hardly hectic, social life and had no desire to change it if possible. That said, though, the Web soon provided her with ways of keeping her control of him uppermost in his mind.

And even in the midst of the busiest social gathering.

Her soiled panties and a cock-cage might provide you with a clue.

Especially as they can be worn beneath an everyday pair of men's jeans or trousers.

Or even a pair of oversized kid's shorts, if you take your writer's drift.

And, if you don't, just keep reading and all will become clear.

For now, though, it is enough to learn that it seemed only during the past twelve-months that her sexual and domestic life had started to feel…

fulfilling.

A couple year of years or so from the dread forty, she finally had control of the reins that should, she considered, and knowing what she knew now, have been in her hands from the very beginning.

Despite his years and greater experience.

Though, as the above indicates, this was not always the case and it was only the loss of his livelihood and her gaining one – thanks to her neighbour and friend – that had brought her to where she found herself.

Now, at least in the privacy of her own home and with certain… *acquaintances*… she was the master of her own destiny.

And, beyond a shadow of a doubt, his too.

The moment she had been granted no more than a sniff of power in their personal relationship; she had run with the glorious sensations and, with the help of the Internet, taken her control over him to ever greater levels; finding, in the process, that she had been guilty of under-estimating the power conditioning applied by a determined and focused woman to fashion the built-in weaknesses of the male sex for her own ends.

That example of the gender, in this instance, being the husband she had once held in such high and respectful esteem.

A husband for whom the loss of his livelihood - and the subsequent failure to gain employment he considered… *worthy* …of him – had proved and was still proving… *disastrous*.

For both his marriage and his pride in himself as a man…

ONE

It was April's recently widowed neighbour and now closest friend, *"Udaramati Deshpande"*, who was even more influential than the Worldwide-Web in placing her husband further and further under her control.

Beginning with a job for herself with the nationwide chain of small supermarkets she had inherited from the late Mr Deshpande and was run for her by her sister-in-law, who herself had a limited amount of shares and was a junior partner. Deshpande had been most interested to learn of her degree in Business Administration and it took but one interview with her sister-in-law Nipa to land the position. And at a truly generous rate of pay she wisely kept from her husband.

A husband whose demoralisation was becoming set in stone when he learned of her success and, far from being relieved that money was coming in, seemed almost distraught to now find himself her dependent, as he saw it.

It was a job she took to instantly and with such dedication that she was soon Nipa's go to person for advice and all three – Nita, Deshpande, and April herself – were delighted with the arrangement.

Though it was the job Deshpande suggested for her husband that truly marked his downward slide and gave April so much intense… *pleasure*.

We will return to this shortly.

Seeing him after the loss of his business and subsequent failures to land a position acceptable to his pride and removed from what had supplied him his self-worth, she realised for the first time that her husband's manly and commanding demeanour had been no more than a front for a weak and dependant character who, left to his own devices, soon became demoralised and self-pitying when the breaks refused to crack his way.

His days were becoming a round of sports, news, and weather in front of the TV.

Though, given he seldom left the house itself, she wondered why he would bother with the latter.

Which was the very point at which she took action and cancelled their BT and satellite subscription – though she did open a new account for her Wi-Fi and password protected it so even that option was beyond him.

As she had expected, it had not gone down well.

“It might have slipped your memory,” she told him when he complained, “but your company no longer exists and job opportunities aren’t exactly falling over themselves for your approval.

“What you do have are a bunch of creditors from before your declared bankruptcy and enough bills to choke a pig.”

An anguished look had crossed his face at the reminder and he looked hurt that she could actually say such a thing to him.

Puzzled also as to why she would choose to say such a thing when he was so obviously down and depressed.

“If it wasn’t for my salary from Udaramati’s company,” she had told him, amused by the look of astonishment that greeted her new-found assertiveness, “we’d be wasting the trust money left to me along with this house. Though I suppose that wouldn’t bother you over-much, just as long as you could sit and watch football and golf all day.”

Just a mention of Udaramati had made his lip curl with derision, but what she had said next managed took her completely from his mind.

“Then again,” she went on, “I suppose watching is all you can do since those fair-weather friends of yours decided they didn’t want to be tainted with your failure.”

Pain again flashed across his features and, far from hating having put it there, April exulted inwardly for having done it.

“Things are going to change around here,” she told him, voice sounding as authoritative as her body, still clad in the sharp two-piece grey outfit she had worn to work that morning with hands placed decisively upon imperious hip above the shapely legs in black hose that had once drawn him to her.

“Wh-What do you mean?” he asked, annoyed but wrong-footed enough by her new and assertive attitude for a stammer to mar his speech and embolden her further.

“When you had a job and a company, and I was at home,” she told him empowered and sexually to be taking such an attitude with him for the first time, “did you ever once come home to an untidy house because your wife had watched television all day?”

Planting her feet in their heels, feet apart and hands-on-hips still to reinforce the image of confidence, she allowed her eyes to reflect the full intensity of her displeasure with him and was rewarded when he could not meet them.

“You’ve been at home while I’ve gone out to work for over a month now,” she spat. “And how many evenings during that time have I come home to a clean home and the smell of a dinner in the oven?”

His jaw had dropped and she could see that the concept of actually doing something productive when she was out of the home – albeit only housework – was alien to him. concept was alien to him.

Her husband’s reply underlined her thoughts: “Surely…? You’re not expecting me to…? To…”

“Cook *and* clean,” she finished for him.

“But…” was all he could choke out, obviously stunned by his wife’s new assertiveness, as she went on to stun him more.

“The same way you expected me to do exactly the same when I was the one at home and you were the one out fetching in the money.

“I expect you to cook and clean *and* do the laundry and shopping.”

Adding:

“And anything else I consider requires doing while I’m at work.”

Had she been turning into Evil Lynn before his very eyes; she was positive he could not have looked more awestruck at her unthinkable tone and attitude towards him. No longer was she the younger wife who had once been so tongue-tied by his looks and position. Now she was the one condescending to him,

“I’m going for a shower while you think about it,” she told him, turning for the stairs before turning back again.

“I take it your ability to think hasn’t gone the same way as your ability to work.”

He simply stared back at her as if a body-snatcher had been at work on her.

“Then we’re going to have a nice long discussion,” she told him. “And *I’ll* be the one doing *all* the talking…

*****

She had started surfing the net to begin with out of boredom once her none too testing and familiar household chores had been completed.

It soon became something else, however.

That something being a means to satisfy a sexual itch her distracted husband had stopped scratching for her and the fact she was taking the same route as a multitude of lust-crazed men since the Net’s inception bothered her only a little before it bothered her not at all.

By the time she had found the more… *realistic* …pages of womanly

dominance over men and studied at length the concepts of cuckolding, female-led-marriages, and even the joys of age-regression and making one's man more of a child than an adult – albeit an adult-child capable of taking simple instructions – her surfing not only didn't bother her conscience but had become a… *life-changer*.

It would, she thought, considering the adult-child angle with much amusement, and having been denied children by his complete indifference to the prospect – and hers too if she were honest - be no less than her handsome husband deserved.
The concept of a woman not only running her own life but that of her man's also was a revelation to her – despite the fact she was not completely naïve.me. But what pleased her most, the more she read, were those stories or case histories where the man was an unwilling victim of his wife's domination of him. The prospect, she found, impacted upon her senses with the force of a life-enhancing land-mine, if such a thing can be imagined and resurrected long forgotten fantasies of her youth and certain games she and the other girls had played with the boys in the school playground.

The prospect of having her once so-commanding husband in some of the situations described – in the stories, if not her childhood games – was about as thrilling to her as anything she could remember up until that point.

She had given up her own work to provide home support for William upon their marriage. It was something her old-fashioned husband had insisted upon and, love-struck and flattered as she had been that such a man would deign to make her his partner, she had gone along with it. But she knew now that she would *never* go along with something just because *he* wanted it again.

Though the same would not apply on the other hand.

At the tail-end of his forties, William stood around five-ten and remained a trim, if not toned and muscular, thirteen-stoner. His eyes were Arctic blue and a full head of brown hair, growingly streaked with a very fetching and distinguished grey, lay atop them. Women gravitated to him and April knew he'd had opportunities to cheat on her; though, to his credit, she did not

believe he was the kind to step outside his marriage and, if he did, would be old-fashioned enough to feel a conscience for it that would have led to a confession.

She, also knew, with certainty and some small surprise, that she was neither old-fashioned and nor did she have much of a conscience when it came to such matters.

At least where he was concerned.

Her husband had been raised by his father's brother after the loss of his parents in a motorway accident. The uncle had been a fisherman out of Boscastle, a tiny Cornwall port with a natural harbour situated on an exceptionally beautiful stretch of coastline five miles north of Tintagel. William's had been a lonely childhood and his rather antediluvian outlook on life was probably explained by the narrow and misogynistic views of his reclusive guardian. Narrow views which were no doubt responsible for a certain distrust of strangers and, *especially*, strangers of colour.

The above character traits, she knew now, all underpinned with a huge sense of inferiority that drove her husband to compete with a focus almost as great as demoralisation he felt when he failed.

He was, if all the psychological profiles of *"beta-men"* she had researched were to be believed, the perfect candidate – once past his manly carapace - to submit to a female-led relationship.

For her part, where her husband was undoubtedly handsome, April was, at best, facially compelling.

Not beautiful.

Quirky?

Yes.

Hidden depths – benevolent or the opposite?

Again, yes.

Beautiful – pretty even?

No.

It was a disparity that even she realised explained a lot about the turnaround in her feelings where he was concerned.

That and a triggering of a perverse and long dormant lust.

William had gone so far as to tell her, this after their first meeting, that it had been her hosed legs that had first taken his attention. Followed, he would tell her later, by her spectacularly firm and shapely breasts and the mane of hair that was blacker than the bottom of an unlit mine-shaft. All the above rating a mention above and before he came to describe that *"quirky"* face.

The owner of that face and her other, more pleasing, attributes about to take control of him in ways he would have once found hard to believe.

And *impossible* for him to accept.

Ways in which, if her friend, boss, and neighbour, Udaramati, was correct in regard of his weakness, would leave him with no choice but to do just that.

No matter how debasing, degrading, and emasculating, those ways would prove to him…

Two

"…Respect him as I did," said Udaramati Deshpande, "I should have loved nothing better than to be able to exercise power over him in the way you intend exercising it over that handsome husband of yours," she told a listening April, her expression a mixture of lust and wistfulness.

"And what position would that be?" April asked teasingly.

They were taking coffee in April's corner office above the supermarket in Plymouth that had been Mr Deshpande's first and above and from which his whole business empire, from Cornwall as far as the West Midlands and even North Wales, was now administrated.

It was a comfortable and professional office upon which April had stamped her own personality in the short time from when she had taken occupation.

More importantly, it was private.

April had just finished the latest rant on the subject of William and the financial woes brought about by the failure of his business and subsequent bankruptcy when Udaramati had expressed her own envy:

"Think about it, April," she had urged her English friend.

April tried and came up with nothing likely to provide a clue to the Indian woman's benign envy of her.

Udaramati's sigh was loud but at least it was indulgent.

"It has been three months since your husband's business failed and he petitioned for bankruptcy. Yes?"

"You know this?" I said accusingly, intrigued just the same to hear what she had on her mind.

"The credit-cards he is using to boost the paltry amount he is paid by the

government by way of… What is it called now? Universal Credit or some such?"

April shook her head, "That's been shelved, I think I read. I believe they've kept it as 'Jobseeker's Allowance'."

"Whatever. It is shameful for a woman of your quality to have a man so willing to accept such a demeaning handout. For all his faults, my Rajiv would never have lowered himself in such a way."

April nodded, not entirely convinced by such an unbending assessment but not troubled enough to contradict it either, as her friend continued:
"These credit-cards are, so you tell me, at the end of their limit and he had been drawing money from them also to pay the monthly interest they accrue. Yes?"

April nodded and noted that the woman's contempt for her husband seemed evident as she spoke again of her own departed spouse:

"Mr Deshpande would never have considered such a foolhardy and stupid course."

April shrugged, unable to disagree and having suggested such a thing to William herself.

"These cards were in his name only and, now that he has declared bankruptcy, there is little possibility of him replacing them in the near future – if ever. Is that correct?"

Again, April nodded, the tone of their conversation dispiriting her as it seemed to bring home the dire nature of their financial situation still more. Despite the fact she was now employed and making good money. Did she really wish her hard-earned salary being wasted in support of an unemployed husband?

"And that is point," Udaramati told her, all too aware of her neighbour and employee's surfing activities and, in her own way, sharing the main thrust of

them."

"I don't follow you."

"What I am saying, April, if you will forgive my around the houses way of doing so, is that he is no longer in a position to 'prevent' you from doing anything you wish to do that remains lawful."

She laughed and added:

"Or at least borderline legal."

April had nodded, beginning to see where her friend was going with this.

"You see what I am saying, April?... The power in your marriage that was once his has now transferred itself to you. You are not the one who is bankrupt and with, as you say: 'enough unpaid bills to choke a pig'. The home is yours by nature of a family trust and he has no claim to either it or the stipend you receive from that trust. And yet…"

April waited, sensing what her friend was about to say but not about to anticipate it.

"…And yet, here you are, still acting in the way your handsome older husband has conditioned you to act. Your own needs and feelings secondary to his as he sits at home at his leisure and you go out to work in order for him to continue doing so."

Hearing exactly what she had expected to hear, April's cheeks reddened with anger as she conceded her friend was utterly and completely right.

She was again being taken for granted.

And, once again, it was her husband doing it.

"Placing you in this position was not an exercise in charity on my behalf, April," said Udaramati, hands gesturing around the office as if it were a

feudal kingdom and April the trusted lord she, the queen, had entrusted with its rule. Helping a close friend is not an unpleasant task for me, you understand, but I was also in no doubt that you would make a success in the position. For too long now – far too long – you have taken second place in a marriage to a man who is your inferior in all ways but the physical."

The smile with which Udaramati followed this was a mixture of the conspiratorial and the downright evil:

"Which is why I am surprised, armed as you now are with all the economic power in your marriage, that there has yet to be a…"

She saw the English wife waiting upon the end of her statement as if her life depended upon hearing it.

Then:

"…regime change."

…Upon returning home that evening to the usual inactivity and having to prepare a meal for both herself and her husband, April Wharton had finally allowed her boss and neighbour's words to sink in and act upon the desires she was now in a position to demand be satisfied.

Retiring early, she had sketched the next day's events in her thoughts and what was required initially before falling into a deep, but certainly *not* dreamless, sleep…

THREE

"I think you like giving up control."

"It does make a change," he said, staring up at her from the mattress, his naked and still desirable body below her as the pussy visible not five inches from his mesmerised expression made ready to make landfall on his face.

Then, as if to pretend what was happening between them was consensual:

"Nothing like some games to keep the spark going."

As he seemed to try and sneak sniffs of the leaking snatch his tongue had once ignored, she realised what he was trying to do and cut him off at the pass:

This, she told herself, was NOT a "game".

"Do you really think what's happening here is consensual then, William?" she asked, reaching a hand behind and underneath her to cup a ball-sac that was both full and taut as the erection above it raged as urgently as it had when she had last placed him in a similar position.

"Well…" he began, entranced expression displaying a little unease.

"Not for me," she told him, nipples feeling as if they would blast from her chest and blow him away, so great was her excitement.

She juggled his balls in her hand in a she knew he would find both thrilling and proprietorial and wondered which response prompted the other, this as a gasp from beneath the labia moving ever closer to his captive nose and mouth told her the thrill he took from being treated in such a way was more than a match for any anger he might have felt for her assumption of control.

"In fact," she breathed teasingly, "I think my being in TOTAL control from now on is something that would make our lives going forward far, far, more rewarding."

“I… I’m not following you, April?” he asked as she allowed finger and thumb to encircle the base of his cock and apply tiny squeezes to its fevered rigidity.

“Rubbish!” she scolded. “Just look at how hard your little cock is from having your wife take it under her control… All the while with you unable to take your eyes from her sweet pussy.

“All these years pretending to a big, take-charge, man,” she told him, “when all along you wanted me to be in control of you.”

He shook his head in denial and she placed a finger upon his lips and shushed him to prevent it.

“No denials, my little munchkin,” she told him, language towards him becoming more and more childlike as she notice the positive – if unwilling – his cock reacted to her when she used it. “Mummy knows how bad you want to be a good boy for her and pump all your baby-goo into her hand.”

Finger still upon his lips, her thumb and forefinger resumed the gentle but firm squeezing of his pulsing erection as he attempted to thrust against them.

“That’s my lovely boy,” she cooed. “Show Mummy how obedient you want to be for her.”

A gasp escaped him as she speeded up her squeezing of his cock and accompanied it with little up and down movements along his stretched foreskin.

“Tell me you like mummy taking care of your cock for you,” she ordered when she felt he was getting close, voice still teasing rather than commanding.

The eyes that met hers when she removed her fingers from his erection after he had hesitated looked almost… forlorn.

“Perhaps Mummy is wrong?” she asked, loving the way she was leading him and, more importantly, he was following as he stared back up at her with eyes full of disbelief that the woman above him could be the younger wife he had ruled and dominated since their wedding.

It was, that wife recognised, a pivotal moment, and she knew somehow that it would take the merest nudge on her part to make him concede to her - even if he did continue afterwards to delude himself they were still playing a game.

“Yes. Perhaps I got it wrong,” she told him in a matter-of-fact and normal voice she knew he would take as a signal the night was over. “And I was so enjoying you being a good little boy for me.”

Not one leg had raised itself from his shoulder before caved in.

“No…! Wait!”

She stared down at him, eyes questioning, expression one of deliberate disinterest as if he had disappointed her and she was no longer interested.

“You…”

“Yes?”

“You… You weren’t wrong?” he said softly.

“About whats?” she asked, as if the conversation was already forgotten, wanting him to ask her… to beg her ….for what he wanted.

Beneath her, his face was an agony of indecision
“What… What I mean is…”

“Yes?”

“Well… What I mean is… is that it is sort of… fun… to…”

“To what?”

“You know?”

“Not if you don’t tell me. What is it you’re saying is fun? Your wife sitting on your face? Giving your hard little cock a wank?”

“Well… Yes… All of those… but…”

He could not bring himself to say it and she allowed herself a smile and let him off the hook – in this respect anyway.

“But you like me to be your… ‘Mummy’ …when I’m doing it?”

She could see that the prospect shamed him. On one level, he absolutely hated what was happening between them. Unfortunately for him, however, the other level was far more powerful and unanswerable.

He was, she knew, being brought face-to-face with his own inherent weakness.

And her… power.

A wife who now had no doubt she could lead her husband by the cock until she owned both it and the balls to which it was attached.

As well, it went without saying, as the man above?

Well, ownership of him would surely follow.

“I…” he began, finding it difficult to swallow unless she was mistaken. “I… I mean, I like… I like…

“Say it,” she ordered firmly, “or I’m going to have a sleep.”

His expression was a mask of humiliation and, for a few moments, she thought she had pressed too far.

Then:

"I… I like Mummy… to… You know?"

Her smile eased his misery somewhat and she allowed her voice to become lower and seductive as she edged her own, equally as needy, cunt back towards him:

"Are you saying you want mummy to take care of her little boy's cockle?"

His eyes widened, not thrilled to hear his pride and joy referred to in such a demeaning way.

And yet…

"You better tell mummy," she warned him as his cock twitched at having her describe it in such a way, tone that of a mother cajoling a child. "Mummy has to be at work bright and early and needs her sleep. So you had better tell her what you want baby, or mummy will have to say nighty-night."

She could virtually see the gears turning in his as he weighed the loss of esteem he would undergo if he gave in against having his need go unsatisfied.

And knew with sudden certainty what would swing the argument raging in his head her way.

That something being his inherent weakness.

The same weakness he had hidden all these years.

Then, as if to confirm her certainty:

"I… I want… I want you to touch me," he said finally, voice so low and husky with shame and desire she almost missed it.

"That's not right, now, is it?" she corrected him. "Mummy's little boy has to ask nicely and deferentially if he wants mummy to give him treats.

Then, when he looked at a loss as to how to proceed:

"What does my little boy want mummy to touch then?" she asked. "You have to tell mummy, like a good polite boy."

She watched as he screwed his eyes shut and just knew he was about to capitulate.

"Don't be rude, little Billy!" she snapped, using the childish diminutive of his name for the first time. "Keep your eyes on mummy's when you ask her for something. Rude little boys get punished, not rewarded."

I sensed no telltale answering twitch from the barometer that was his groin behind me and felt pleased my inference in regard of punishment had not instigated such a positive response.

When she came back from the images of him across her knee before being sent to a corner to think on his future behaviour, he had made his decision and had fixed his eyes upon her own:

"I… I…"
He swallowed with difficulty.

Then:

"I want… I want mummy to touch my… my… cockle."

"What else?" she snapped, unrelenting despite the progress she was making with him.

"Please," he finished.

"That's my good little Billy," she praised him before reaching back to give a light stroke to the erection that still raged harder than at any time in their marriage until now.

“Before she pleases her little Billy, though,” she told him, edging her sopping gash nearer to his lips, “Mummy thinks her little boy should show his appreciation for all she does for him by licking her first…”

…April came awake with a gasp of pleasure and the sounds of her sleeping husband’s light snoring in her ears.

She had also just experienced one of the most intense orgasms of her life.

And assured herself she would soon experience those exact same sensations in reality…

FOUR

One Month On:

Her friend, boss, neighbour and confidante, was almost as excited as her when they sat opposite each other in the woman's comfortable – if a little too *chintzy* for April's tastes – front-room. Udaramati Deshpande's house itself being not three homes along from the house in which her husband currently awaited her return. Both of them grateful for the intimacy as they sipped at ice-cold chenin-blanc's and spoke of things they would prefer not to be overheard as they caught up with events after Udaramati's return from three weeks visiting family in India.

An intimacy that was especially pleasing to April, given she had neither friends nor family with whom she was *that* close she could relate her progress in respect of her husband without losing them – or at least severely damaging their good opinion of her.

And even the most enlightened of them would be sure *not* to regard what she was doing as *"progress"*.

As she described the most recent revelations concerning William to the woman whose support and offer of a job with her company had done so much to bolster her confidence and make her new intentions towards her husband seem… *doable* …her thoughts were a mixture of intense-excitement and some small guilt that combined to lend her cheeks a high colour.

Her plumpish neighbour, whose girlish features and snub nose belied her age of thirty-eight, was just one year older than her guest. Unlike that guest, however, and despite April's ownership of her own home and the small trust fund that had gone with it, Udaramati Deshpande was a financially and socially independent woman. A condition for which April felt no jealousy – even if she was deeply envious - and one brought about by the passing of a husband from an arranged marriage who, unusual for such arrangements, she had come to like and respect without her feelings ever developing into love. The deceased Mr Deshpande having been, like April's own husband up until

recently, the owner of his own business; though unlike her husband he had been successful.

“Tell me about last night,” she urged excitedly, the thighs of her short and matronly legs in their black-lycra pants squeezed together tightly, as if, April smiled internally, to prevent and… *accident*.

Then, continuing in her perfect but heavily accented English - the same English that seemed to madden the closeted racism of April’s husband so easily; at least on those few occasions he had sat for long enough to listen to it:

“I want to hear everything exactly as it happened.”

Excited herself, as she gulped back some wine and prepared to review events that, even as she revisited them once again – as she had in her office throughout the day – were making the panties and her hose sodden yet again.
With a huge breath that was one part nervousness and nine exhilaration, she began…

“…I imagine my excitement, Udaramati, when, less than a fortnight after my ultimatum to him in respect of what I now expected him to do around the house, I returned home after work one evening to find my husband cooking for me. It was no more than a steak and ale pie from Waitrose served with vegetables that were over-cooked and soggy, rather than the al dente I preferred. But it was a start.

It was the first time he’d ever attempted such a thing and it was utterly thrilling to me.
I had to make a conscious effort not to rub this first of his real climbdowns and defeats in his face and simply acted as if it were no more than I expected from him and barely worth any comment other than a “Thank you”.

He was probably expecting me to fall at his feet for his largesse and was soon disappointed as, without either a harsh word or a good one for this first effort. I left him to the dishes while I went upstairs and relaxed with a nice

hot soak.

Noticing as I did, that he had also made an attempt – albeit a poor one – to tidy the house.

Unlike the meal, the taste of this first buckling of his will to mine as the new head-of-the-household was utterly delicious.

And would only get better.

A week later he was, though by no means perfect and with a long way to go, beginning to pick up around the house after me in exactly the same way as I had once picked up after him; though I knew he would be assuring himself it would be only temporary until he found himself another job.

Just the same, and knowing I had him on the back foot, I decided it was time to take a more… forceful … role in the bedroom too.

After I'd manipulated the foreskin of a cock I'd always been pretty happy with – at least until my surfing had shown me what was out there once I got him under my heel - I told him I wanted to try something different and take the lead.

He wasn't happy but, having primed his cock and him having gone without anything but his own hand for a while – he didn't put up much resistance.

And especially not when I blew on that mushroom head before giving it a couple of light kisses.

The sigh that greeted the meeting of lips with cock told me I was on the right track and inflamed the already molten flames of my own desire.

It also made me bolder.

Sliding up his torso, I soon had his arms pinned to his sides by my legs.
Which was when, without preamble, I plonked my sopping pussy over his lips for the first time in my marriage.

And almost exploded there and then.

That he made only the most feeble noise of protest and an attempt to avert his head was all I required to know that something in him was responding to the new dynamic in our relationship.

ME leading, and HE following.

Not once, you see, had my husband ever returned the favour of the blow-jobs he seemed to expect as his natural right. But here we were, with me astride his face as his tongue stabbed itself into my pussy as I ground down upon him. He was clumsy and lacking in any kind of technique, but he WAS doing it.

I took his hair in one hand and used it to guide his efforts in eating me, reaching behind me with my other hand to again begin alternate the juggling of his taut sac with a sensuous massage of his rampant penis as I kept him both on the boil and on task.

Which was when, much as I had in my dreams leading up to this time, I began to add words to my physical domination of him.

"Oh, yes," I lied, the imposition of my will upon him exciting my voice to a breathy sibilance rather, "You take to licking pussy like a natural."

Of course, all he wanted was have his mouth free of the pussy leaking into it and experience penetration again. But I kept him on task by shadowing the worship of his tongue with the speed of the hand he kept thrusting his cock into in order to gain his release more swiftly. Before, no doubt, what he would expect as a more leisurely and normal round-two.

"Oooooh! That's so good," I sighed. "And to think you've been denying such a gifted tongue to me all this time… What a good boy you're becoming for me."

His tongue went motionless and I knew his pride had been wounded by my

words.

Which did not stop his cock pulsing against my hand with even more vigour and told me something buried deep in his subconscious until now was responding to my domination of him.

"Lovely," I sighed by way of encouragement as his pride conceded to other, more pleasurable, concerns and he began to lap at me once again. "Now I know the only reason you wouldn't… worship… me like this was because you knew I'd get so hooked on your tongue I wouldn't want your little cock inside me ever again and have to get myself a lover with a bigger one."

I felt his penis jump in my hand as his tongue again went still and realised I had struck something in him of which even he had been unaware.

"Oooh, does my little Billy like the sound of that?" I asked him.

As he groaned and answered my question by trying to hump my hand with more urgency I marvelled at how I seemed able to keep myself under control in the face of what I wanted to believe was his submission to me.

"You do don't you?" I went on, pressing home the advantage given me by my manipulation of his cock. "You really want to see your young wife writhing in ecstasy as a man nearer her own age pumps his seed into her."

I offered mock outrage:

"But that's so disgusting," I told my confused but highly aroused husband, too turned on myself by the verbal byway onto which I had sidetracked to react to the fact his tongue at stopped laving at my pussy. "All this time you've been pretending to be a man's man – a real man. When what you really wanted was for someone else to fuck your dominant young wife while you watched."

Knowing this wasn't true but not wanting to hear him say as much, I speeded up my manipulation of his, by now, frantically humping prick and put all thoughts other than getting-off from his head.

At least until he got-off, that is.

My next words, cribbed from stories and experiences I'd read online, I confess and, no doubt, as much to my surprise as his, achieving just that explosion:

"Is that what you want, sweetheart?" I mocked, tone towards him becoming, despite the gap in years and experience between us, more that of mother to child than younger wife to older husband. "To wait in the corner while the big strong man puts his long and thick wee-wee in mummy to take her to those places her little boy can't take her? And then be a good little boy and clean her up with your tongue afterwar…?"

He went off as if his cock was a scud-missile and I had just hit the hot-button, rope upon rope of thick and creamy semen jetting towards the ceiling as I watched, fascinated from over my shoulder; the pussy I had settled onto his mouth preventing anything but muffled groans of satisfaction and, unless I was mistaken, shame from escaping him.

The look in his eyes as I slid my pussy back to reveal a face glistening with my juices, all but overwhelmed me, so incredible was the expression waiting to greet me.

An expression full of conflicting feelings; the most powerful of which, I sensed, was the knowledge he had just experienced – at least in our relations with each other - the most incredible eruption.

And achieved it with his wife atop his face as she manipulated his cock and described her own ravishment by another man as he watched.

And then…

What I had just achieved thrilled me so much I barely gave a thought to the first orgasm I had been expecting to receive from his once – and still, no doubt – reluctant tongue.

Instead of demanding he take care of me right then I simply slid back so I could stare down into his eyes until the redness indicative of shame added itself to the sheen of my arousal glistening on the handsome and confused cheeks below them.

Which was when, and to my utter delight, he averted his eyes rather than see my knowledge and contempt reflected back at him.

Still not bothering to insist he return the complement and get me off as well, I'd climbed from the bed and headed for the en-suite to vent my jubilation in relative privacy.

Something very profound, I sensed, had just passed between us.

Whether my growingly pussy-whipped husband realised it or not."

And this had NOT been a dream…

…Believing the new feelings she had towards my husband to be rare – despite the Internet readings she suspected were 99% wish fulfilment by way of fantasy, it had been Udaramati's admission of similar feelings over two or three shared glasses of red one evening that had given her both a confidante and an outlet to speak my desires aloud.

A happy coming together they both viewed as the result of a benign fate.

Though both were agreed that her husband, were he to be consulted, would take an entirely different view of fortune's intervention.

As she finished relating her first experience of real dominance in the bedroom, April could not but help stare at her somewhat breathless friend with gratitude and fondness.

Why would she do otherwise?

Not only was the Indian widow responsible for giving her a new position and

a new purpose – a position in which she had, just as Udaramati had insisted she would, made a great success – but she had put the reins of financial power; this in the home her husband had virtually held entire sway over; in her hands and thereby provided her with the opportunity to reach for so much more.

So very much more!

"So," Udaramati began, eyes a little glazed from her own reaction to her friend, neighbour, and employee's words, "now that you have not just financial control over your husband for the first time, but a growing measure of it in regard of your sex-life, how long do you think it will be before he is sufficiently… *obedient*… for me to begin to play a part?"

As April clenched her pantyhosed covered thighs together beneath the skirt of the smart two-piece business outfit; – an outfit Udaramati assured her revealed her legs at their best and most powerful and gave off an image of *"authoritative"* femininity – she realised just how much she adored having her once overbearing husband in such a position of dependency he could have no other option but to accept a woman whose race and colour he looked down upon having a measure of control over him.

But what form should that control take in the beginning?

As the still breathless and sexually energised Udaramati looked on, that… *"form"* …suddenly suggested itself and a somewhat leering smile crossed the English wife's face.

"What?" asked April's friend and boss eagerly. "Have you thought of a way in which I can be introduced to the mix of what is to be his new life?"

April nodded, smile growing even more pronounced and bold as the idea she had come up with stoked her own sexual anticipation to an even more fierce heat.

"Do not tease, April," warned the Indian woman, eager to here just what part she would play initially. "Tell me your thoughts."

Which was when, with an intensity that fetched her hostess to the very edge of orgasm…

April Wharton did just that!

FIVE

The changes she had been hoping to see in her husband after their first fateful discussion on the new regime and her ultimatum to him, were becoming more marked by the day as she began to exert control on all household fronts – and *especially* in the bedroom.

An assumption of the command that had once been his she felt her way into gradually – even if she sensed things were moving faster in the direction of her choice than she could ever have thought possible with her oh, so, manly partner.

A gradual approach that was more difficult to adopt with each backward step she forced him to make.

Of course, he had tried to fall back on the usual at first. Manly bluster disguised as a concession of sorts:

"You were right. Until I find a position I should be taking up the slack around the home. It's only fair that I lend a hand about the house now that you're working."

Pathetic and see-through face-savers she saw no point in commenting upon.

Yet.

His growing need for sex – and in the way she now insisted upon – went some way to furthering her dominant cause also.

A cause, that was not harmed any by an attempt on his part to pull himself together to try and find gainful employment.

And finding himself utterly unsuccessful.

That she insisted he use his tongue upon her if he wanted to feel his cock inside her pussy was not the issue it might once have been and, more and more, he was even beginning to react positively to her treatment of him as a

little boy.

Treatment she was looking forward to meting out to him on a more… *regular* …basis.

But it was his complete and utter lack of success in the job-market which seemed to dispirit him most.

Not even a return letter, positive or otherwise, had he received to the countless application he had made online – when he had been granted permission to use her Internet access, that is – and he was becoming more demoralised with each day that passed as the prospect of finding a position seemed more and more unlikely.

Unless, that is, he wished to accept employment collecting supermarket trollies, serving Big Mac's, or, and worse, becoming a shit-upon Uber-driver.

None of those occupations, however, as harmful to the sense of his own self-worth as the proposition – the *demand* – that April Wharton was about to hand out to him…

*****

"…How did he respond when you put it to him?" Udaramati asked, fleshy features overheated with anticipation and excitement as she listened to April tell her of the latest developments in her… *their* …project to turn an older and handsome English male from head of his own household an utterly dependent chattel.

Sexually as well as domestically.

The Indian woman's eagerness to get to the subject both knew she was anxious to hear of all too obvious in her fidgety body-language and animated features.

April smiled across her desk at the so obviously eager woman and gave out with an amused laugh that did not sit well with her friend and boss.

“Are you laughing at me?” came Udaramati’s rebuke and April could see she needed to tread carefully lest what was only good natured amusement at an eagerness she herself shared was taken as something less friendly.

“Laugh at you, Udaramati?” she said, swivelling back around in her chair to place her back to the view of Plymouth and the distant Hoe. “Do you really think I would laugh at the friend – my *best* friend – without whom none of this would be possible? The one whose generosity ensured I would no longer be dancing to my unemployed husband’s tune and picking up after him?... The laughter you feel from me is directed totally at my husband, who thanks to you, is at this moment up to his elbows in warm sudsy water as he handwashes her underwear and hose.”

To her relief, Udaramati appeared mollified.

If no less impatient to hear the news she was wanting to hear.

Though she did throw out a remark of her own upon hearing of the husband’s current… *duties*:

“And no doubt, fetching them to his nose before he cleans them that he might take in the scent of the woman soon to be his Master – even if he is not to know just yet how complete her mastery of him will be.”

The comment fetched mutual laughter and diluted some of the tension of the last few seconds.

“No doubt,” laughed April. “But, to answer your question, my dear – and before you burst a blood vessel – he took it, as we expected he would, rather badly.”

Udaramati frowned and her face then listed into a look of distinct disappointment.

“Why the frustrated look, Udaramati?” asked April. “As I just said: we both knew he wouldn’t be exactly overjoyed to hear what was expected of him.”

She smiled, arms open wide as if explaining what did not require explaining:

“How many men would, after all?”

Not a second or two later they both burst out laughing with each other.

“Very well,” Udaramati began when their hilarity subsided. “Just how did he respond?”

The hiss of Udaramati’s hose upon the short, though not unshapely, legs of her own, as she squirmed in her seat, was not lost upon April and once again she was reassured to have another member of her own sex so fully and completely in her, what was after all, *perverted* camp. Udaramati’s heavy and dark eyes were all but lidded with lust and anticipation now and April felt sure the words that would soon leave her lips describing the recent… *incident* …with her husband would soon provoke a crisis.

“I could see it was only his need, and the fear of what might happen to him if he were asked to leave, that prevented him from showing me his anger.”

“He took it that badly?” asked Udaramati, thighs pressed together with even more force as the prospect of him being offended so deeply, yet feel himself powerless to even react against in a way of his choosing, provoked yet more delicious sensations at her womanhood.

Sensations she knew, and with certainty, she would have to satisfy for herself soon or have them take matters into their own hands at a possibly embarrassing time of their own choosing.

“With outrage and what looked to me like a repressed and near homicidal rage,” said April, her smile telling Udaramati that his react was of no concern.

“It felt as if I were in control of some wild-beast,” April went on. “One that was physically capable of doing me great harm but was prevented by the knowledge that any harm it did to me would be revisited upon him in ways far more lasting and dramatic.”

With a visible effort of will, Udaramati collected her senses and forced her plump features into a wry grin as her dark eyes glittered with an excitement that was no less powerful than April’s – if less... *gratified*.

For now, anyway.

“You feel he is becoming more… *docile?*” she asked, voice made almost sibilant by her breathlessness; her impatience, as already stated, to hear more of the situation making a see-saw of her emotions.

Even more especially when what she was so impatient to hear concerned her own involvement in the emasculation of April’s powerless and unwitting husband.

Ways involving her active supervision of an older and handsome white male subjugated by his wife and ripe for the control of a younger and superior Indian female.

Or as such did she describe herself in her own thoughts.

“Every day he gets more and more disheartened and demoralised,” April nodded, “and every day I make sure to take small steps to take his service to me a bit further – each of those steps demanding a capitulation of some kind from him.”

“That is sensible, April,” a still impatient Udaramati praised. “What you – *we* – have in mind for him cannot be rushed.”

“Whether it is forcing him to apologise for some small mistake of a trivial nature, or simply adding another chore to the growing list he is coming to accept as his responsibility, I try to make sure that no day passes without shoring up my control of him a little more.”

Udaramati, she noticed, was again squirming in her seat and, given the urgency her words inspired between her own legs, April had no problem detecting the cause of her own… *delicious*… discomfort.

“In this way,” she continued, “I condition him to obey me. Soon, I will have him so pussy-whipped he will behave towards me …”

April gave her an inclusive smile:

“…and to you… in servile ways he would once have found unimaginable.”

Dressed in what was almost, colour and fashion-house aside, a replica of April’s own two-piece outfit, with an above the knee skirt and waist-length

jacket above pointy black shoes with spiked heels, the English wife could again see her friend, neighbour and boss, pressing her legs together to try and ease the sensations threatening to become unmanageable at the apex of her thighs and waist.

Her words, she knew, chimed in with Udaramati's dominant desires of her own in regard of men.

Dominant desires her Indian friend had long since been forced to keep dormant as she allowed her thoughts and her own fingers to satisfy them, frustrated that Mr Deshpande, for all his faults, was too much of a man for her to ever be able to place him in such a position of dependency.

Desires April knew all about and could not wait until she were in a position to offer her friend the same kind of fulfilment she herself had found only the previous evening.

This after she had delivered her husband *that* shocking ultimatum of which Udaramati was so eager to hear and, later, after having heard what she wanted from him, ordered him up to their – *her* – bedroom…

"…This is how I want things from now on, little Billy," I told him as he waited for my hand to return itself to his expectant cock as I waited for him to fulfil my demand to lick me first.

Not an hour before, he had finally given in to the offer I'd placed before him; knowing he would be on the street by the morning if he didn't.

An hour of sulks and moody looks that affected me not a joy and, in fact, evoked less pity and compassion on my part than utter pleasure.

Now, though, and trying to save face, he was once again trying to make light of our changed dynamic in a pathetic attempt to convince his manly pride that the condition was temporary and he just needed to bite the bullet until his situation changed and he could once more return our marriage to the footing he considered… rightful.

"If you say so, all-powerful one," he said, trying to make a game of it and

hoping I'd go along with it.

Not a chance.

"This is not a game, Billy. When you start acting like a man again and provide for me the way a man should, then you can start calling the shots in the bedroom again."

I underlined my intent and the power I had to make it work by supplying his shaft a feather-light caress to focus his attention to areas I preferred.

Areas mostly centred around my ravenous pussy.

To his, minimal, credit, he did try to take issue with me; even as his breath caught in his throat:

"Listen April, I admit it's been a nice change with you taking the lead in… in the bedroom. It's added some spice. But you mustn't think…"

"What mustn't I think?" I asked, maintaining the caresses to his cock that helped to keep his thoughts where I wanted them; fetching a gasp from him as I eased his foreskin to the base of his penis and applied pressure to keep it there.

"That my little boy loves having his young wife taking control of him?

My benevolent hand won another gasp from him and I used his inability to speak to continue:

"Is that what you're telling me, Billy? That you like having your mummy/wife make all the decisions for you? That you want to be her good little boy as well as her dutiful and obedient housekeeper and having things all nice for her when she returns from work?"

"April, that's not…"

"Shush, now, little Billy. You mustn't interrupt mummy when she's trying to make you feel all nice."

"April, I…"

"I told little Billy not to interrupt," I came in with more attitude. "Little boys

should be seen and not heard if they expect treats from their mummies."

I halted my caresses to underpin my threat and his eyes came up to mine.

"This…? This is a game?... Right?"

The shaking of my head told him otherwise.

"But…?"

It was a finger placed upon querulous lips that silenced my husband this time.

"Was it a game, Billy, when I was more than willing to play second-fiddle to you when it was your business and your efforts bringing the money home and I was simply looked on as a domestic drudge?"

He could find no answer, even if I had overstated the "drudge" aspect.

"I kept both the home and myself immaculate for your return."

My eyes blazed into his and he could see I was working myself into a high old dudgeon..

"You also called the sexual shots – such as they were.. What you said went and I put up with what you wanted. Even though I got virtually nothing out of your efforts for myself."

This was too much for him and a hand came up to remove my restraining finger from his lips.

"Nothing?" he asked with some bitterness. "I suppose your screaming was simply to give your throat something to do as we fu… made love?"

"No," I corrected him. It had nothing to do with my throat and all to do with not hurting your poor little feelings."

I beamed into his eyes to let him see both my seriousness and my resolve.

"After all, "Mummy couldn't hurt her little Billy's sense of manliness by letting him think he wasn't up to the job."

"Rubbish, April," he all but sneered from beneath me. "And please stop with

all this infantile nonsense. This is our marriage you're putting on the line by treating me like this and for the life of me I can't understand what you think I could have done to deserve it."

"How about having to live in a marriage where I was, at best, a junior partner while you made every single important decision?... Ring any bells?"

The prospect he might have been at least a little overbearing fetched a scoffing snort from him and informed me that, as well as being weak, he was also somewhat delusional.

Surprisingly, his response was condescending – especially so for a man who had spent the day cleaning and handwashing his wife's smalls was now on his back with his wife's pussy hovering inches from his outraged lips.

"And what happens when I find work again?" he jeered. "What then? Do you still think I'll be letting you call the shots and put up with all this… shit?"

He was not one for bad language and his use of it, far from worrying me, told me I was really getting to him.

"You need to start giving what you're doing some serious thoughts," he continued, on a roll now and still smarting, no doubt from the demand I had made of him a few hours earlier. "Or do you really want to push me to such an extreme point that I won't be able to forgive you and out marriage will be over?"

With my left arm, I indicated the bedroom door:

"Any time you want to leave, my big powerful husband, just pack your things and go."

His face reddened – reddened further, I should say – but he said nothing; although he couldn't hide the fear my offer triggered.

"You are a failed, middle-aged, businessman and a bankrupt at a time when the country's economy is bursting at the seams with the species and Brexit is about to make things worse. Most of these other examples younger, more diligent and more gifted than you've ever been or will be."

I allowed my words to sink in, then:

"So, unless you want to take your chances in our Tory government's brave-new-world, I suggest you get used to the fact that there's a new Prime Minister in our household and SHE-AIN'T-YOU?"

Despite all that had happened in recent weeks between us, he still stared up at me as if I were a stranger to him; barely able to recognise the young wife with her pussy lips not inches from his own who was taking such a dominant line with him.

If I'm truthful, she was almost as much of a revelation to me as she was to poor deluded and growingly demoralised husband beneath me.

But only almost.

"Listen well, little Billy, if you want to stay married to me and continue to have a life, let alone a comfortable one," I began, using his new diminutives with even greater emphasis. "The days of you using your greater age and looks and the gratitude I once felt towards you for taking notice of me, are gone."

My eyes moved closer to his and, with a thrill, I saw him actually flinch as I punched out the words emphasising my intent:

"AND-THEY-WILL-NOT-BE-COMING-BACK.".

His mouth worked but nothing emerged from it other than a half-strangled whine as I took the opportunity to educate him further:

"Make no mistake, little Billy" I continued, "I rule this marriage from now on and, unless you prefer the streets and some cosy nights under cardboard, you'll do EXACTLY."

"April," he began, desperation forcing a defence to his lips, and a feeble one at that, "what…? What's happened to you? All I ever did was what I thought was best for us. Is it my fault the business wasn't doing well and I…"

It was at this point, sliding back towards his stomach to give myself more of a target, that I surprised even myself.

Drawing back the same had that had just pointed out the exit to him, I brought it down and slapped him.

For the first time, I had struck my husband.

And he was doing nothing to retaliate.

It was the most perverse and deliberately nasty thing I had ever done in my entire life to this point.

And it felt utterly incredible.

Below me, and confirming my assessment of his weakness, my husband's eyes were watering. More from the subtext of the slap, I was sure, than the slap itself, but showing no sign of being about to respond in any way other than this aforementioned moistening.

"I've been doing some reading online," I told him, confidence at a high and ready to lay things out for him a little more comprehensively, edging the waterfall that was my cunt closer to his face that he might take in the scent of its arousal his coming submission was prompting.

The twitching of his nostrils told me he was not oblivious to my… closeness.

"I've read some very sensible and instructive marital advice from women in marriages similar to ours," I went on. "Advice I think our marriage would have a better chance of surviving if we learnt from it.

His eyes stared up at me but could not sustain contact with the resolution and womanly power he saw staring back at him; waiting on my words as I had once waited upon his.

"That is why," I continued, "I've decided our marriage must either become female-led or allowed to die a natural death…"

…Coming back to the more prosaic view of her own Plymouth office, April found she was staring into the impatient eyes of Udaramati Deshpande.

"Well?" her friend and boss demanded.

April could only stare back at her, thoughts still in a whirl from her recollection of the night before.

“Are you EVER going to tell me how he responded to your ultimatum?”

It was with a smile that the English wife’s senses were fully returned to her.

Then:

“Allow me to do so right now, my dearest Udaramati…”

Six

The very next morning after April's meeting in her office with Udaramati, it was one very chastened and highly embarrassed older husband who slouched his way a few doors down to the home of an Indian woman for whom he had always expressed a dislike.

If not to the woman herself, than at least to the wife who was now insisting he accept her offer of employment.

As he pressed the bell to her home, not quite believing he was about to go through with it, William Wharton's stomach gave a lurch as he realised how low and demeaning his fall was becoming.

Not only was his wife taking the opportunity of his economic helplessness to exorcise some demons from his time as the main breadwinner – demons he had not even suspected existed – but he was about to become a full-time flunkey and dogsbody for an Indian woman whose *kind and generous offer"* had been accepted for him by his wife.

And with the threat hanging over his head of removing him from the home should he refuse it…

"Her full-time housekeeper has returned to the Uttar Pradesh," April had told him, "and, rather than replace her with another she thought it would be a good opportunity for you."

"Opportunity?" he had blazed. "To be a cleaner for an Indian woman you know I've never liked? Why don't you just kick me out of the house now and have done with it?"

She had simply stayed silent and stared him down as he paced the carpet before her to flash looks of recrimination at her as he passed.

"Tantrum over now?" she asked after a minute or so, looking and acting more and more authoritatively, both to him and towards him, with every

passing day; the two of them both aware that his dare to her to make him leave had no teeth and was the very last thing he wanted to happen – so terrified was he of finding himself on the street at his age; without means to support himself or the support network of either family and friends.

The fact both of them also knew by this time that he hadn't the guts to simply do what a man worthy of the description would do and take his chances - this after telling her to 'get fucked', of course – was yet another reason for his self-loathing and her absence of concern as he paced before her.

"You've been saying how desperate you are to find employment and now you have it," she told him.

"But…"

"No!" she barked, actually raising an imperious hand to his face as if he were some pup she were schooling. "You wanted a job for your own self-respect and now your wife has found you one. I'm sorry if it's not to your liking or you consider it below your dignity, but that, as they say, is tough-luck."

Again he tried to argue his position, still stunned to find himself in the position he was in and hoping the reality of consciousness would shake him from this most disturbing and long-winded of dreams.

To no avail.

Either he "manned-up", as she described it, or he could pack his clothes and other belongings and leave.

She was utterly unbending and he could hear in her words and see in her body language, that there would be but one outcome if he didn't at least pretend to consider this… "offer".

"All right!" he almost screamed, frustration and a sense of his own vulnerability leaving him barely able to think clearly. "I'll speak to her and see if I can live with what she's offering. But no promises."

His wife was already shaking her head.

"Sorry, William," she told him without even the merest hint of something resembling regret. "It's no longer your place to make promises."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"It means your loving wife has made the decision for you and accepted Udaramati's most generous offer for you."

As he gawped at her with a most realistic goldfish expression, she allowed him a half-smile and added:

"Now, just like your wife, you will be employed by our Indian neighbour."

His swiftly reddening cheeks had told her he was on the verge of an outburst from which there might be no return and she acted quickly to quell any such rebellion:

"AND…" she shouted to get his full-attention, words chosen carefully to highlight the precariousness of his position and the power inherent in her own; "should you defy me on this there will be NO coming back… You will be removed from the home immediately and I shall file for divorce. The girls and my parents will be told and there will be no going back."

She saw his mind working furiously.

"And do not think because I am now working and you aren't that you will be able to persuade a court to grant alimony."

A crestfallen expression told her she had divined his thoughts correctly.

"Should that happen," she went on, "I will forward my resignation to Udaramati for reasons of personal stress and simply live in MY home while supported by the monthly proceeds from MY trust."

Her smile was beatific and triumphant.

"Of course, the moment our divorce is finalised and my stress… eased …I will ask my very good friend Udaramati about the possibility of resuming my position with her company."

And, with that statement, April Wharton effectively killed the last of her husband's hopes.

Then, after a few moments during which he became increasingly more beaten and helpless looking:

"Udaramati is expecting you at her home at precisely at 9.00am tomorrow morning, So, after have left for the office and you have tidied away after breakfast, I expect you to dress smartly and present yourself to her."

She stared at the beaten man with barely concealed joy and added:

"And you know what to expect if, upon my return home, I hear anything but positive words fall from my friend's lips…"

…She had answered the door to her home wearing a traditional Indian costume consisting of a diaphanous sari in emerald green and trousers of the same colour that narrowed in at the ankle to allow her feet in a pair of diamante encrusted sandals to be showcased.

To those who might have been interested, that is.

Of whose number William Wharton most assuredly *not!*

"Close the door behind you and follow me through to my study," she said without preamble and setting the impotent anger that was never far from his surface these days to raging.

In the study that had once been her late-husband's – and to which she had added a number of *feminine* flourishes to make it her own – Udaramati

Deshpande sat behind the desk and waited for her new… *employee* …to enter.

Only speaking when he made to sit opposite her:

“Remain standing if you will, William,” she told him without the slightest hint of fondness or familiarity; returning the distaste he had always shown for her back with a vengeance.

His expression clouded further but he had as she asked, despite feeling about as small and insignificant as he could ever recall feeling – even in front of his wife and her newly minted assertiveness.

“This, as you know, is not a social call and it is as well we get off on the right footing now that you are going to enter my service.”

His mouth dropped open. The prospect of cleaning for the bitch had been loathsome enough. But… *“Enter her fucking service?”*

“You look surprised,” she went on. “But how else would I describe what my Manservant does for me.”

He could not help himself and almost screeched at her:

“Manservant?”

She was totally unfazed:

“That is the position open to you. To become my Manservant. Your… *wife* …seemed to think it was one for which your recent experiences have made you ideally suited.”

Again, his cheeks flushed an even more impressive shade of red, her hesitation before emphasizing the word, *“wife”*, giving him the impression she was aware of what had been going on in his marriage of late and making him feel even more despondent.

"What has happened to my life?" his thoughts screamed the question, able only too well to tell himself the what, if not the why and how – even if his wife herself had pretty much explained all three.

And now, it seemed, a plump Indian bitch he had disliked before and was now revising his feelings towards outright hatred as she regarded him with all the satisfaction of someone applying a fait accompli to a detested rival, had also received April's thoughts regarding their marriage..

A rival, though he wasn't to know it, for whom she had *very* specific feelings.

Feelings, she, that knew he would not only *not* share but would utterly revolt him.

"All the better," her own triumphant thoughts proclaimed, before she set about the task she had set herself of making those feelings both real and… *permanent*.

"She also told me that, in the absence of anything likely to provide you with future employment, that you had accepted what she described as: *'a most generous offer'."*

His lips moved to tell her he had accepted no such thing, but he fell silent and simply chewed his lip to bite back a retort he might not find himself able to take back; berating himself for his weakness. Knowing he would simply stand and take the shit being handed out to him. By both his own wife and the Indian bitch he so despised and was standing before as if he were some penitent.

"Am I to take it then, that I need to call April at her office and tell her that you have let her down once again and have had second-thoughts about accepting?"

He stared at her as if his back had been placed against a wall and she the approaching soldier with rifle and bayonet affixed sent to perform as his executioner.

“I shall take your take your silence as a yes,” she told him after a few moments of silence and took up her cell-phone.

Udaramati had punched only her friend’s first initial into her phone when he stopped her:

“N-No, hmm, Udaramati…”

She raised her head from a task it would have pained her to follow through with and tried to keep the relief from her less than beauteous features.

“Wh-What I mean to is… is… is that…”

He seemed to be fighting back some sudden nausea threatening to make his stomach erupt.

“Yes?” she pressed, voice firm and unwavering as she felt her own stomach turning cartwheels at the prospect of this handsome Englishman she had coveted for so long making what would be, in effect, his *first* submission to her.

“Wh-What I’m trying to say is that… that…”

With a final swallow, he finally got it out:

“…That I’m grateful for the opportunity you’ve offered me.”

She thought he must slump to the floor exhausted, given the effort he had expended to force the words past his resistant lips, and felt sure she would have had trouble standing herself had she not already been seated, so great and deliciously debilitating were the sensations flooding both her mind and her body for having forced such a concession from him.

And with, she reflected triumphantly, so little real effort.

Steepling her hands upon her chest, directly below the full breasts she sensed heaving themselves up and down in their excitement, she gave him a nod of

approval and was even more energised and aroused by the look of relief it fetched to those handsome features she was in the early stages of mastering.
"It will be difficult for you, you understand?" she asked at last.

He nodded, cheeks as red as ever but resigning himself to at least going along with her.

For now.

"In my country, William, a woman in command of a household and its servants is commonly known as *'Malkin'*."

Again, he nodded, having no idea why she would think such information would be of interest to him.

"When a *'Malkin'* addresses a servant – in this instance, a *Man*servant – it is customary for that Manservant to answer with either a 'yes' or a 'no' or a 'thank you, Malkin."

She saw the look of disbelief transform his features.

"That 'Manservant' is *not* intended to nod at his Malkin as if he were some semi-housetrained animal."

His head was suddenly not nodding but shaking.

"What the fuck was she talking about?"

"You…? You want me to address you as… as…"

"Malkin," she confirmed with a nod of her own. "As is traditional in my homeland."

"But… For God's sakes, Udaramati," he cried. "You're not in your country now. This is England. Things just aren't done in such a way."

Again she nodded, as if deep in thought.

Then:

“I see. You would prefer to address me in the more traditional English way. I understand.”

“Pardon?” he asked, at a loss once again.

“Given the more negative associations with such a form of address,” she went on, “I would certainly have thought you to prefer the less well-known Indian form of respectful address.”

He was no nearer an understanding when she supplied it for him.

“After all, *‘Mistress’* can mean any number of things…”

“Mistress?” he mouthed silently

“…It is,” she went on, his discomfort registering with her but not perturbing her in the slightest, “not something I would prefer to be addressed as myself. I would not, after all, be pleased to be thought of as a woman with whom you are conducting an affair behind your wife’s back…”

“In your fucking dreams, you dumpy Indian bitch,” his thoughts raged, the deterioration in his spoken language his wife had remarked upon more than once since his fall from grace in their relationship even *more* marked when unspoken.

Unspoken thoughts, luckily for him, Udaramati Deshpande had no way of divining.

“…or some common or garden prostitute,” she continued, “accepting money from male perverts whose warped sexual desires require a woman to punish them.”

It was the first time he had heard the subject of sex upon her plump lips, he told himself. Telling himself also that it was not so surprising given he had

always made himself scarce on those displeasing occasions in the past when April had invited their neighbour over without telling him first. His disapproval of his wife's association all too obvious to the woman herself.

The same woman who had just told him she saw him as her Manservant.

"For that reason," she told him, "I am going to insist that you address me as 'Malkin' going forward. Understand?"

He nodded.

"If this is an example of how quickly you learn," she upbraided him, "I can well see how your business and your livelihood went to the wall."

"I… I'm not with you," he told her, this rather than leaping across the desk and throttling her hateful Indian neck.

"I asked you a question," she reminded him.

His mind raced and then his blood followed suit, racing to his already reddened cheeks as he realised what she wanted from him, dark-brown eyes raised to his as she awaited his... *capitulation*.

Then, finally, wanting the ground to swallow him up and hating the world, including the wife whose actions had placed him in such a miserable position, he uttered the words that would accelerate his fall to the life of service and submission the two women had planned and intended for him:

"Y-Yes.," he forced through gritted teeth.

She waited, breathing making her breasts rise and fall with greater regularity as her own excitement grew with his demoralisation at her hands.

"I… I understand."
The expression she beamed towards him said:

"And…?"

Which was when, feeling as low and miserable as he had ever felt, and prayed *never* to feel again, that the dreaded word he had heard for the first time not a minute before left his lips for the first, but not the last, time…

"…Malkin."

A spike of pure joy she knew to be unholy of origin, and was made all the more exciting for it, set Udaramati Deshpande's every nerve ending tingling and threatened overheating at her flooded mid-section. A response to his first backward step in her presence that was so thrilling it confirmed her upon the course she – and April – had taken in regard of the man. After all, if she could feel this way simply from his utterance of one word at her insistence, then how ecstatic would she be when his tongue was required to be obedient in other ways.

It was with an effort that she controlled herself and set about the task of informing him what his duties in her home would be.

Duties she knew would grow and grow the longer he stayed in her service.

A stay, she smiled to herself, that would end only in either his infirmity or his death…

SEVEN

April Wharton's thoughts were taking her back into the recent past once again…

"…Your Malkin will be spending tonight here and will stay until I arrive home in the morning."

It was five weeks on from his having taken up… service …in the woman's home, and it was obvious – and delightful – to April Wharton that her once manly husband was in thrall to the Indian woman he had once looked down upon and terrified of her.

Almost as much, in fact, as he was terrified and in thrall to her.

So assured had she been of her control over him that she had even invited some friends around for drinks and allowed him to mingle freely with the, confident he would not want any of them to know of both his home situation and the job he had so recently managed to land.

As she had told him:

"Don't forget, our girls are friends with their own daughters. How awful would it be for you if they were to somehow let ti slip to Abigail and Sara that their daddy had fallen so low he had taken the job of being a servant to the Indian woman their mummy works for?"

The reminder had been enough and he had been on his best behaviour for what had proved a reasonably enjoyable evening with people she had once considered close-friends but with whom she now felt no common-ground.

And especially after some of them commented upon how downbeat her husband seemed and how he appeared to look to her for a lead.

Comments that made up her mind to cut contact – in as pleasant a way as possible without raising their suspicions – with them in future.

An approach which, if she accepted Udaramati's new offer, that would not be required anyway.

For now, though, she had a husband to put in his new and dependent place.

"Is…?" he began, hesitancy in his speech telling her he was about to ask for something he knew would annoy her.

He did not disappoint in his predictability.

"Is that really necessary, April?"

The look she bestowed upon him would have melted a launch-pad at the old Cape Canaveral and brought a halt to the movement of the pussy she had been grinding upon his growingly talented tongue not seconds before.

"Did I just hear my little Billy call his Mummy by her first name?" she asked in a dangerously low voice that immediately cowed him.

"Please, April," he persisted as she continued to glare down at him, "I've… I've agreed to this… female-led… relationship you want… But…"

"Yes?" she urged, knowing exactly where his thoughts were taking him and relishing the way she would… quash …them.

"Does it… Does it have to be so…"

"So, what?"

"So… So, humiliating… Almost as if you get pleasure from shaming me."

"Almost?" laughed her unbelieving thoughts.

He was naked and kneeling, on the floor at my feet as she sat on the edge of what was now her bed with a pussy a morass from having had his tongue serve it for the past twenty-minutes or so.

Yet he could still say… "Almost".

Could it be that even now, and after everything, he was still thinking that this was some temporary blip and she would soon forgive him for his past neglect of her and return their marriage to something like an even-keel?

If so, she thought, then his delusion was running at such a level as to be on a par with a mental affliction.

A most endearing mental affliction – given the opportunity it provided to prolong and extend her torment of that – even surprising her – gave her so much pleasure.

Pleasure that did not seem likely to wane at any time in the near-future; even if she knew she had a decision to make on the longevity of that ver subject soon.

Her fingers were still in place at the base of his neck where she had directed his tongue to be of most use and, after having already eaten his "Mummy" to several orgasms she knew he was optimistic she would soon bestow the same favour upon him.

As her thoughts described:

"Delusional."

A smile curled her lip:

"Though, this time, maybe not."

The power to command his release, she told herself for the thousandth time yet another strand of the power binding him to her almost as surely as his hopeless economic situation.

"Please, April," he pleaded again, oblivious to her warning concerning the use of her first-name. "I look after the house for you and you working for… for… that… woman."

Her thoughts exulted. The loving, but pompous and overbearing, man she had married was recognisable these days only physically. The creature who'd taken that man's place as a direct result of both her efforts and Udaramati's was pitiful in his inability and weakness to do anything other than bend his neck in the face of his two female masters.

It was all truly too delicious to her and she almost had second-thoughts regarding the decision Udaramati had asked her to make and for which she had almost made up her mind.

Oh, how far they had come with him.

And in so relatively short a space of time.

She took his cheek between her fingers and squeezed.

He winced but made no attempt to prevent her.

"Start addressing me properly or I'll have Malkin Udaramati come here immediately and help me to spank your disobedient arse."

She thrilled to the misery in his eyes the threat instilled – a memory of the first time he had been punished in such a way not ten days before, no doubt, not forgotten and not about to be.

"The nearest you'll ever come to being a man again is when you're with your Malkin acting as her manservant. To me you're nothing but a disobedient child in an adult's body who needs constant supervision if he is to be worth anything remotely useful and that is exactly how I'll treat you."

This wasn't the first time she'd told him as much, but hearing his young wife tell him so again still cut him to the quick.

On this occasion, however, he somehow found the nerve to come back at her:

"You have no feelings for me at all, do you?" he said with self-pity running at a high-altitude.

This, despite being very near the truth – in respect of worthwhile feelings, anyway -angered her for some unaccountable reason.

Rising to her feet, she delivered a resounding smack upon cheeks already raging-red with humiliation as they stared up at her.

"How dare you say that!" she seethed, gratified to see how he cowed before her rage. "Are you saying I've not been a good Mummy to you?"

The look in his eyes told her was again questioning her mental stability – despite the reasoned way she had explained the unexplainable to him.

"For god's sakes, April," he cried, desperation and a sudden of resurgence of – very temporary – courage lending him the guts to persist with his confrontation of her. "You're still my wife, not my…"

The contact made by the palm of her other hand upon his opposite cheek rocked his head to the side and stopped him in his tracks.

"One more word and you can pack your things."

He shrank back from her with real fear and even she wondered how the man she had once thought he was could have been tamed so swiftly and with such completeness.

"I mean it, William," she told him, snatching a handful of his hair and tugging to emphasize her intent. I thought you had reached a level of acceptance about your position in my life. But, if that's not the case…"

There was no need to supply the sentence an end and she watched as a single tear traced one handsome and humiliated cheekbone.

"Tell me who I am, this instant," she said, voice all the more imposing for being low and collected, or I'll throw your belongings into the street myself."

He was utterly terrified by now, so low had he been taken.

And yet still he persisted:

"Please, April," he begged – and it was truly begging now, "don't shame me like this. I'm sorry for not treating you as an equal partner… I… I'm sorry for everything. But I don't think I can take much more of this… humiliation."

His persistence was to no avail.

"Your little winkle doesn't appear to find it so humiliating as I recall. I've never seen it get so hard as it does when 'mummy' gives it a little stroke."

Still on his knees, his face reddened below her, he could only avert his eyes under the shaming truth of her words; knowing that it would take only the touch of her hand or – more humiliatingly – her foot for his cock to start taking lift off and explode.

"Please, April," he tried again, eyes still averted. "I'm a man and…"

"No!" she cried. "That is exactly what you're not."

Above him, she thought she heard a sob. It was not as marked as the screams

she had drawn from his throat when he had been over her knee with Udaramati looking on to increase his sense of shame and debasement. But, for reasons beyond her, it was no less thrilling.

"And that's the whole point of this, little Billy. You're no man at all and never have been. If I'm wrong, then what are you doing her still?"

The cheeks of the creature at her feet, the same man who had once been her husband, had morphed from scarlet to ashen and, for a glorious moment, she thought he was about to burst out in a flood of tears unlikely to have shames a true… little boy.

"You…? You don't love me then?" he had the sheer delusional stupidity to ask of the woman who had stripped him of his dignity and the manhood he was still attempting to cling to in spite of its obvious absence.

"Don't be silly, sweetie," she told him as if he really were her adolescent ward, leaning forward to plant a kiss on top of his head meant to cement the authoritative parent and needy child roles she insisted they adopt. "Of course, mummy loves her little Billy."

Releasing his hair to stroke it, she then added:

"But her little boy has to accept that's all he is to her now. A 'little boy'."

He looked thoroughly miserable, she thought, yet…

"Mummy will always love and take care of her boy forever and ever – even if she can't be here to look after him."

He gave her a quizzical – almost optimistic – look at that and she went on quickly. "But he has to be a good boy and know mummy will punish him when he's bad. All he has to do is be a good obedient boy for his mummy and everything will be lovely."

His expression, understandably, told her he wasn't buying that, but he was far too afraid of her by now to verbalise his doubts.

By now, she was well-aware that a hidden part of his psyche was taking a warped pleasure from being… mummied …by her, and though she had been

surprised by this development initially it was yet another satisfying development and reassured her that her suspicion that her husband wasn not, and had never been, the strong and commanding man she had once thought him to be.

And by now, of course, he could no longer delude himself that they were playing some game she had instigated as a means of payback for his having taken her for granted all those years. Something that, despite the recriminations he had aimed at her not seconds before, his cringing acceptance of such treatment all the more telling.

She had been telling him the absolute truth.

In her eyes, he was no longer a man but a boy.

Her boy.

Again she smiled to herself as the thought again brought Udaramati's most recent offer to mind.

"Be honest with yourself, Billy," she said, retaking her seat upon the bed and inserting a manipulative foot between his legs to stroke the underside of his ball-sac, "doesn't this all feel so much more… natural… to you?"

The gasp drawn from him by the attentions of her slender and shapely foot did not signify agreement, she knew – and maybe never would – but it did signify his submission.

To her.

As well as Udaramati.

Though he could have no idea just how deep her Indian friend and boss would expect his submission to her to be.

"Don't you like being a big boy for mummy and getting all these nice rewards?" she went on as his eyes closed to the feel of her foot stroking his scrotum and the deliberately hypnotic and teacherly cadence of her voice. "Isn't it so much nicer to stay here and do chores for mummy rather than try to be a big boy amongst all those nasty competitive men?"

Bringing up her other foot she pressed his ramrod erection to his stomach to concentrate his thoughts on the benefits of becoming that "big-boy".

For both his wife and his Malkin.

"Know what I think?" she asked, tone telling him no answer was required at this point. "I think that underneath all that posturing of yours when you were my husband, all you really wanted was for your lovely young wife to treat you like the little boy you are."

Before he could even think of a refutation, she began caressing his engorged shaft with the sole of one foot and massaging the underside of his scrotum with the other; she then pushed his cock against his stomach with more force and then proceeded to make gentle up and down movements that brought a gasp from his lips.

"See," she cooed to him. "Little Billy protesteth too much. Looks to me like he's always wanted a big strong mummy to supervise and take care of him."

His breathing was growing shallower by second and she realised, with a thrill of elation, that he was, for the first time, responding positively to her ridiculous and demeaning words.

"That's my good little boy. Let it all out for mummy and show her who you really want to be for her."

His groan sounded almost painful and, I told myself, probably was.

At least mentally.

She ramped the pressure up:

"Still think this is some kind of a game, little Billy?"

Knowing how close he was getting, and when no reply was forthcoming, she stilled her foot and allowed the sole to apply less pressure to his shaft while still exerting enough to keep it pressed to his stomach without allowing it enough purchase to provide the final shove into orgasm his thrusting against it was attempting to secure.

"D-Don't stop… P-Please!" he begged.

She reached out a forefinger and placed it upon his lips with a stern look:

"Mummy asked you a question, little Billy," she reminded him.

His eyes stared up at her – needy and vacant of all else save that need being satisfied; in as high a stage of rut as she could ever recall seeing him.

"Mummy asked if you still think this is some kind of game?" she repeated patiently while keeping his erection pressed to his stomach.

"Yes, yes!" he cried with desperation; debasement and humiliation all but forgotten as he begged her to give him the release he so desired.

"Yes, what?" she asked patiently.

She saw him swallow but what had to be very nearly the last of his pride.

"Y-Yes… M-Mummy," she heard and felt her own crisis begin its countdown.

"Well?" I demanded, removing my foot from his cock that he might not be under the illusion of not being fully compos mentis when he, as I was absolutely certain he would, capitulated. "Is mummy right that you want to be a good little boy for her from now on?"

The eyes closed again and just from his body language as he rested upon his haunches she knew she had won.

Again.

"Say it!" she demanded.

Then, ominously:

"If, that is, you ever want me to touch your little cock again."

The eyes were still closed when a beaten voice sounding as if it were choked with his own tears answered:

"Y-Yes."

She was unrelenting and euphoric in her domination of him.

"Yes, what?"

This time, there was a slight stammer but no hesitation.

"Y-Yes… mummy."

"Yes, mummy, what?" she pressed.

Tears were trickling down past his still closed eyelids across and down a face that would have seemed to most observers a face belonging to a man whose masculinity placed him beyond such treatment at the hands of anyone.

Let alone a woman.

And even more so a wife.

Then finally:

"Yes, m-mummy. You… You're right. I… I want to be a good boy for you."

She was so turned on she almost squirted and it was only with a huge effort of will that she controlled her exhilaration and allowed her foot to resume its ministrations to his bolt-hard cock.

"You were mummy's good boy," she told him when she could trust her voice; this as he humped against her shapely foot with their varnished purple nails.

"And because you've been such a good little boy, mummy is going to let you spurt all your gooey stuff for her before your Malkin arrives to babysit you while mummy goes out with her friend."

His groan was, again, a mixture of sexual delight and mental anguish at the prospect of her seeing another man while he languished at home with a woman he hated and feared in equal measure.

Which was when she said the words she was convinced would trigger his explosion:

"Then you can go to your new room and change into your jim-jams in readiness for Malkin Udaramati and I can get ready for my appointment. Then, when your teeth are brushed and you're all squeaky clean, you can come up and kiss your mummy goodbye.

"Perhaps if you're really good and do all your chores properly, Malkin

Udaramati might let you watch some big-boy telly with her before beddy-byes."

Once again; her conviction that something deep in his psyche was getting off on such treatment was justified and the singular perversity of the situation and his reaction to it won out over his revulsion and self-loathing.

With a roar of elation mixed with self-disgust that in no way resembled that of a little boy, the seed of William – Billy – Wharton erupted from his cock and arced into the air.

Again…

And again…

And…

EIGHT

Still thinking back to the early days of his enslavement, April smiled to herself as she recalled how he had made a sheepish reappearance an hour or so after having found his release from humping the sole of her foot as if he were a sex-starved canine; entering only after having knocked and received her permission.

And, ardour satisfied, taking the wrong tack with her immediately…

"…Please, April," he began, standing at her back in the ridiculous oversized jim-jams Udaramati had suggested and she had gone on to purchase.

To his horror.

"Please, can't we just forget Udaramati…"

The look she flashed him as he interrupted the sliding of sheer black hose up the legs she knew he had once found so… sexy… and was doing so once again, killed the familiarity in its tracks.

"I… I mean… can we just forget Malkin Udaramati coming over tonight? I'm more than capable of looking after…"

"No!" she snapped, eyes blazing at him in the mirror and thinking how ridiculous, and yet strangely arousing, he looked to her in his new nightwear

"P-Please, hmm, mummy," he began again, crimson cheeks telling her he would never quite get used to having to act towards her in such a way and thrilling her to the very core in the process.

"Yes, what is it, sweetie?" she asked, switching tone immediately once the desired response had been achieved while continuing to roll the hose up her leg and watching his hungry eyes follow the movement. "Does my little boy want to help mummy with her stockings like a good boy?"

A tongue moistened dry husbandly lips.

"Does he want to roll them over her lovely smooth skin and make her look all

sexy?"

She could see – and despite his cock having spurted barely an hour before - that he was conflicted between desiring to do as his "mummy" asked and wondering why she was going out to meet friends wearing stockings rather than her habitual hose.

"Perhaps if he's good for Malkin Udaramati, mummy might let him take them off when she comes home tomorrow morning."

"That, hmmm, that would be nice," he conceded, expression troubled still.

"Manners, little Billy," she reminded him, reflection in the dressing-table mirror stern.

He looked puzzled.

"That should have been: 'that would be nice, mummy?'. Don't be rude or mummy will think you weren't listening to her earlier and get angry - or have you forgotten what we spoke about already?"

"N-No," he began, shamefaced, it being all to obvious he found the whole situation as ridiculous as he found it shaming. "Thank you, mummy, that would be nice… But… but…"

"Now, now," she said, smoothing the sheer black hose over her thighs as he looked on, too distraught at the prospect of the humiliation that would be arriving in the next few minutes or so to be distracted by the sight. "No need for little Billy to get tongue-tied around mummy when he wants to ask her something. As long as he always remembers to be completely respectful he can ask his mummy anything."

Taking up her other stocking, she balled it up and slid a foot into it, sensing that he was evaluating whether to take her at her word or not.

He did, and the way he did it thrilled her.

"Mummy, I… I just wanted to ask you again not to have Udaramati…"

It was the first mistake of what had started as a promisingly respectful sentence and the flashing eyes of her reflection let him know it.

"Sorry, mummy," he said instantly as she marvelled at how far between herself and Udaramati they had weakened his backbone – and so swiftly. "What I meant to say was… was… Is it really necessary for… Malkin Udaramati to be here with me while you're out overnight at your business meeting?"

She sighed.

"Please, m-mummy."

There had been the slightest of pauses between her sigh and the somewhat pleading and desperate "Please" that so intoxicated her.

She tutted - a long suffering parent to a demanding schoolboy who refused to accept a no from his mummy.

"You've already asked your mummy that, sweetie, and she told you no. Malkin Udaramati is going to make sure you do all your chores the way mummy wants them done and see you don't get into any trouble."

She could see him ask himself if there was likely to be any end to the nightmare his weakness ensured he was powerless to fetch to an end.

She could also see he was biting back the anger he felt for her behaviour towards him and her need to treat him so shamefully.

"I know your new Malkin is pleased with the way you do her household chores, but since she discovered you do them for your mummy too, she wants to make sure you do them to the very best of your ability and don't make your mummy angry with you."

The sudden realisation that another person – a younger Indian woman – knew he was not only doing his wife's chores for her but might also be aware he was calling her "mummy" – even if it was only in the bedroom - was appalling to him.

"You…? You mean she knows that…? That…?"

"That you do all those household duties your mummy used to do when you were the one going out to your business?"

He nodded, expression sickly.

"Of course she does. Why else do you think she tried to help by giving you work in her home?"

He stepped towards her, manner imploring as she half expected and half hoped to see him drop to his knees and beg.

"April… M-Mummy… Please tell me that's all she knows about our private life?... I'll be… we'll both be, laughing stocks if she tells anyone.?"

"You mean if she tell anyone that the handsome Mr William Wharton is being treated exactly as he deserves for being the overbearing and pompous husband to a loving wife for so long? Is that what you mean? People finding out that you are so weak you're willing to allow yourself to be treated like a child simply to keep a roof over your head and not have your daughter's discover what a failure you really are?"

His face was a picture of utter misery as he saw her temper rise; sensing his latest attempt to placate and talk sense to her was doomed to the same failure as the others he had made.

Rising to her feet, one stocking still balled around her ankle, she stared up into his eyes and speared him with a look of complete inflexibility.

"Is my big strong husband worried his new 'Malkin' will tell people he's not a big strong husband anymore and that it's his young wife who calls the shots in their relationship now? Does he think his Malkin is going to tell all the neighbours that he is now her Manservant who polishes her shoes and gives her foot-rubs."

A gasp escaped him for her knowing something the Indian bitch had promised she would keep between the two of them.

"Yes, your mummy is aware of your Malkin's promise to you, But, thankfully, she is a woman of honour and did not think it fair to keep such things from me."

His cheeks reddened still further and she could tell her knowledge of the abject duties forced upon him in the home of his Malkin cut him to the core.

She could also see that the prospect of his daughters discovering his bankruptcy and position of dependency in the home he once ruled was equally, if not more so, mortifying to him.

It gave her, she decided, even more control over him.

"Does he think people would laugh at him when they realised his mummy was treating him like the schoolboy he was until she felt he had learned his lesson and could be trusted to be more grown-up again?"

She knew he would see this as a ray of hope, rather than the non-existent "carrot" that would enable him to accept even more indignities at her hands and cement him in the role both Udaramati and herself saw him adopting for as long as they saw fit.

"If that's the case, William," she told him, using his full name rather than its diminutive to supply him with even more… hope …moving in close so that her breasts grazed his chest, "then you are just going to have to be worried. I don't care that you're older than both me and Udaramati. It is way beyond time that you realised the consequences of misbehaviour."

Despite the presence of her tits close to his chest and his recently renewed interest in them in the absence of any others in his life, he took a step back to give literal as well as metaphorical evidence of her having put him on the back-foot.

"Udaramati," she went on, following his backward movement to ensure he remained intimidated, "is not only my boss whose employment of me has rescued us from the financial mess in which you placed me as well as yourself - a loss that could have seen us lose everything - but she is also a good friend who knows how you've treated me."

The "carrot" was again called for:

"She also knows that I still have feelings for you and has helped persuade me that, with her help, you might just become the kind of husband I have always wanted and deserve."

Again, she could see his transparent thoughts as if they were signposted in neon and brought the "stick" back into play:

"I shall say this once more and once only, William: Malkin Udaramati is coming here tonight to sit with you while I am out and she knows all there is to know about our marital situation."

Again, he looked sick to his stomach.

"You are to listen to her as if she were me and if, when I return, I discover you've been abusive or disobedient in some way it might just be the last night you spend in this house."

"But…"

The hand with open palm she flashed across his face did not have the same impact upon her as the first, nor even the second, time she had struck him.

But it was at least no less satisfying.

"Udaramati… or, Malkin Udaramati, to you," she told him, following up with an outright lie, "is giving up a night she would far rather spend relaxing in her own home to try and help put our marriage on a more… natural… footing."

She saw the print her palm had left upon his cheeks and watched with fascination as he attempted to restrain the normal male impulse to retaliate.

For a moment, and wanting to take things further, she was tempted to slap him again; but time was pressing.

"Isn't that nice of her?" she asked instead.

That he looked about ready to vomit at the prospect rather than be grateful for it told her a response was neither forthcoming nor needed.

Just the same, and wanting to torment him further by hearing him say it, she reverted to "baby-talk" and press for an answer:

"Mummy asked you a question, sweetie. If you don't answer you'll make mummy even more angry and then she'll have to punish you for being a naughty boy."

The threat of some, as yet, unspecified punishment – his spanking over her

knee with Udaramati supervising it was in the future at this point - focused his new thoughts instantly.

Though not instantly enough.

"I shall ask you one more time…"

Moist eyes gazed into mine imploringly.

Not that he could possibly have had much by this time, but her husband, she had to confess, was certainly capable of living in hope.

"Don't you think it's nice of Malkin Udaramati?"

Suddenly, her incendiary eyes blazing into his own, that mixture of his young wife's inflexibility, and the unsuspected weakness she had teased from him by using his need for sex all playing a part, her once proud and commanding husband seemed to fold in upon himself.

And the words he used while doing so was a divine music to her ears:

"Y-Yes… hmm …mummy."

His voice was so low and beaten she had to struggle to hear it, but still she waited expectantly to say exactly what she wanted to hear.

It was not long in coming:

"It…" he began, seeming on the verge of tears again, "It's very nice of her."

"Very nice of WHO?" she asked, not about to let him off the hook now she had him squirming upon it; emphasising the final word with just a hint of the whip.

His Adam's Apple bobbed convulsively and she knew it was yet another massive dose of humiliation and loss of self-respect making its way from throat to mouth.

Then, as her expectant eyes continued to blazing into his own;

"It… It's very nice of…" his eyes closed to the triumph he knew he would see in my own for his capitulation.

Then:

“Very nice of… of… Malkin Udaramati…”

NINE

The image of her mildly racist husband being at the beck and call of her Indian friend and boss as she supervised him – this as she spent the evening in a hotel and had herself pleasured by one of the men who seemed willing and in short supply to satisfy the newer and more assertive April-Mark-2 – never failed to add an extra frisson of pleasure to her illicit hook-ups and Udaramati's suggestion that they fit his cock with a cage to which they both would keep a key had proved a masterstroke.

Making it, as it did, even more of a certainty that he would follow the lead of either and, especially, the younger brown woman for whom he had once professed so much distaste he had virtually ordered April not to invite her to their home.

Orders he would not be giving to either his wife or neighbour at any time in the future if they continued to have their way.

And what, after all, was there to stop them?

Especially after Jalil had worked his magic with him and they had it on film – with, of course, the face of the young Hausa from Nigeria's face blurred beyond recognition.

Her husband's daughters, of course, should April Wharton ever be required to use the video evidence, would have no trouble whatsoever recognising their father as he was spanked and then, as he had been ordered prior to filming, made the offer to suck the young man's considerable black pole.

It had actually been the suggestion of the young man in his early-twenties, on work exchange from his homeland at the HQ of their supermarket chain where April had her office; this after he had ridden her to heaven with his huge and muscular body a number of times and she had confided to him her home situation – comfortable in the knowledge that he would be returning to his homeland in a few weeks and she could expect nothing in the way of a comeback.

Though she would definitely expect a repeat of his virile and powerful lovemaking before his departure.

The effect on her already demoralised husband, to be utterly mastered, disciplined and used in the home he had once considered his, and by a young man less than half his age – and a black twenty-something into the bargain – was, without exaggeration, profound.

The prospect of her divorcing him and citing the events on the video as the main reason having forced the contents up from his stomach and into the lavatory bowl he had only just reached after she had explained her attention should his future behaviour prove less than… *satisfactory*.

A threat that was more for Udaramati's benefit than her own.

But we will speak more of this later.

The *C/Cage-Penitentiary* she and Udaramati eventually agreed should have the honour of imprisoning their adult-infant's cock and balls was, though constructed of plastic and offering its victim relative and hygienic comfort, secure enough for their purposes. After all, where would their *"little boy"* find the cutting tools necessary to effect its removal? Plastic or not.

Her *"little Billy"* and the cock beyond his own use was not coming out of its cage until his behaviour persuaded both his *"mummy"* and his Malkin that its owner had earned a release.

A motivating factor that seemed even more powerful than all the other tools of personal humiliation and economic disaster they had in place with which to control him.

All in all, it was a *most* satisfying addition to those items of the enslaved husband's clothing and his day-to-day life and the introduction of his pride and joy into that very specialised confinement had accelerated the handsome older husband's… *subjugation*… to his *"mummy"* and his Malkin to levels even they had been unable to foresee.

As April cast her mind back over the events leading to his virtual indenture to the two of them, her thoughts lingered again on that first night when she had told him she would be going out for the evening and he would be having a babysitter.

Udaramati…

…By this time, of course, and exactly as she had intended, "little Billy" had become used to, if not happy with, being supervised by Udaramati while employed in her home and was, given he was now performing all manner of humble and, no doubt, soul-destroying chores in her employ, less miserable.

Though not too much less.

His pay, of course, was placed by Udaramati into April's sole account each month and would be declared with her own self-assessment when it came time to submit the relevant details to the Her Majesty's Revenue Collectors. From cleaning and doing laundry for his new Malkin – she preferred to do her own cooking – he had progressed to… other …less prosaic task. Such as not only shining her shoes, but supplying her surprisingly attractive feet with foot-rubs whenever the mood took her.

His initial objections to being treated with such disrespect a thing of the past when she threatened to inform April of his… disobedience.

The poor man to be excused for not knowing that April was already aware of everything that happened between her demoralised husband and his new Indian Malkin.

Sometimes before the man himself when Udaramati informed her of the line she was going to take with him before actually taking it.

So far, however, Udaramati had refrained from having him use his lips and tongue to worship both her growingly needy and hairless pussy and the shit-chute at its rear.

To demand such a thing from him, both she and April had agreed, would be to make him feel he had something to hold over Udaramati's head also and, if he were to complain to April of her usage, there would be the need to either deny or make their own involvement in his fall known to him.

Besides, Udaramati had told her friend and employee, forbearance eventually brought it own rewards and, when the tongue in that handsome head finally did make contact with pink pussy and brown shit-chute, she would know the joys she had long dreamed of experiencing.

To April's offer of having one of her growing number of stud-muffins service her, Udaramati had refused.

And adamantly.

She had, she told her friend, no intention of ever allowing another man to place his cock anywhere near the shrine of her superior Indian womanhood.

And, besides, she had insisted with twinkling eyes and a huge smile, she had plenty of vibrating latex versions of the same piece of anatomy to scratch her itch when it became too bothersome.

Vibrating latex versions, she had pointed out, that had no conception of fatigue.

So successful had Udaramati's first supervision of him been – a gentle supervision that was at pains early on not to rub his nose in the fact he was as much the Indian woman's chattel as he was April's – that he gradually began to accept it as normal to be supervised in his own home by the younger Indian woman who also supervised him in hers.

An arrangement he continued to accept even when it was eventually made plain to him that his wife's increasing number of mid-week stopovers were not work related and had a sexual edge to them.

Though his unmanly rears were both unpreventable and copious.

So beaten was he by this point that when he confronted his wife one morning about her infidelity, this after she had returned from her latest fuck-fest and Udaramati had returned home, she simply stood and listened and then allowed a totally disingenuous anger to lead her into a coruscating diatribe.

A diatribe listing his faults as a man and a husband and the fact he was lucky she deigned to keep such a pussy and waster at her side.

A man so devoid of pride he would perform menial task for an Indian woman he had once professed to despise.

After showing his true weakness, she had blazed at him, did he really expect she could still find him desirable enough to fuck?

As he stood there and took it from her, she knew there and then that they had won and there was but one missing element required to seal him in his servile fate.

It really was both satisfying and amazing to her, despite the progress she had made with him, that he just stood there and took it.

As she continued to rant, freshly fucked and feeling empowered, simply from being in such a position of control she could vent and be totally untroubled by the likelihood of any… retaliation… on his part, she felt something that was both serene and utterly euphoric flow the length of her recently fucked body.

His face was beyond misery as, far from penitence at his accusation of infidelity, she poured a litany of dissatisfaction over his lowering and abject head.

Which was the exact point at which was when she told him once again that, as he wasn't a man and seemed to enjoy being treated like a child in the bedroom, that was what he would become.

"Full time."

This, as she had known it would, had brought his head up and he looked at her with eyes that pleaded with her to be kidding.

She was not.

"From now on," she told him, "I'm going to treat you just as if you really are the pre-teen you behave like."

He had looked at her sickened as she finished:

"And not just in the bedroom when I let you please me with your tongue…"

…Back in the present, April had smiled at the memory.

From that point on, she could see her men and have Udaramati sit him without any need for subterfuge.

Though she did remain true to not allowing any of her sex-partners back to the home that was now hers and had once belonged to the aunt who had doted on her.

An aunt whose own home it had once been and a woman she still loved and intended to honour.

Though, in respect of one young powerful Nigerian of Hausa descent, she was to make a most amazing, riveting, and off-planet arousing, exception.

An exception her poor husband would react to quite, quite, differently…

TEN

As she pictured the scene, April's hand slipped inside both hose and panties and busied itself with a twiddling of a twat that grew hungrier with feeding.

A hunger that increased as she again went back over her *"little Billy's"* first meeting with the African twenty-something who had suggested a way of binding her husband to her with even more finality.

A meeting between a powerful black youth dressed in denim shorts and flip-flops and a forty-something in a pair of patterned shorts and an oversized Postman pat tee-shirt.

Before recalling that episode in her husband's dismantling, her thoughts went back slightly further to her meeting with the young black sex god who had only recently, and much to her bitter disappointment, to his home and waiting sweetheart in Nigeria…

… April stood at the side of the bed as the toned and muscled black man licked the nape of her neck and used his free hands to unhook the bra that left her naked at last.

It was her first time with a mano colour – any colour – and her senses were elevated beyond reason by the contrast of his ebony skin against her smooth and unblemished white body.

It was almost as much of a thrill as the power she sensed coursing through him and the fact he seemed to be paying a manly and not weak homage to the body of his own white goddess.

As the bra came undone and dropped to the plush carpeting of the hotel room, she could wait no longer and swiveled in his arms to thrust her tongue into his mouth, the knowledge she was here and about to be fucked, while her husband was at home with his chores and being supervised by his wonderfully unbending Malkin Udaramati, only served to take her excitement and arousal to new altitudes.

The kiss continued feverishly for a minute or so and she could not get enough

of the rock-hard body of this young man who understood more English than he spoke and spoke what he did know with a heavy accent that betrayed his African roots.

"Jalil" was still wearing a pair of white Boss boxers she had bought him only recently and they were both tight and startling against his coal black skin.

They also stood no chance of ever disguising the tool he had waiting for her beneath them and could not disguise the dimensions of the semi-erect black rod waiting to be brought to full-hardness tool and take her wanton pussy to the heavens.

In fact, he was big altogether, standing at six-three or six-four with wide shoulders, washboard-stomach, muscular arms and sleek and powerful thighs.

As big, younger and powerful as her the husband being supervised by his Indian Malkin at home was not.

William, in fact, a physical if not a mental pygmy to this young black sex-god whose tribal markings upon a not especially fetching face only served to make him seem more… exotic …to her.

Tribal markings and none too pleasing face or not, April could scarcely breathe, so great was the sexual excitement prompted by the instant attraction she had felt towards this boy the moment she had seen him loading shelves at Udaramati's supermarket HQ.

After seeing him it had been a simple matter to call him to her office and enquire as to how his work exchange experience was going.

And, of course, to send out the signals that she was available to him if he so wished.

To her relief, he had.

And now they were together.

Alone.

Unable to constrain herself, she immediately knelt down before Jalil and slid the object of her lust free of its boxers, her breath again catching as it came into view and blew all her expectations of what a cock could be away.

It was, without hyperbole, she told herself, magnificent!

It was at full mast by now and literally throbbed and pulsed in her tiny hand as she grasped the shaft and was amazed to discover her fingers reached only halfway around its girth.

She looked up at him and smiled as she eased his boxers down his legs:

"You have a beautiful penis, Jalil."

"Thank you, Miss April," he said, having insisted upon addressing her in such a way from their first meeting and continued doing so afterwards; leading her to expect that even this powerful youth with his incredible cock had mummy issues along with her husband and his distinctly less impressive weapon.

"Miss April has a most beautiful body also," he added in his limited and heavily accented English.

Smiling, she bobbed her head forward and, without preamble, took the silky smooth crown of his fat cock in her mouth.

His gasp of surprise for her forwardness served only to make her more hungry for both the cock she was trying to wrap her lips around and the chiselled body above it..

Unable to restrain herself any longer, April went to work.

Hungrily.

Voraciously.

Within seconds, the only sound in the room was the sound of suction as she sucked upon the mushroom head of that wondrous black cock which was the only part she could actually get in her pert little mouth. Head ducking as far as her gag reflex would allow before coming up again to honour his endowment by fluttering her tongue against the shiny expanse of his bulging

cock-head. The once dutiful housewife wanting to take it all and devour it, to know that every last pulsing inch had known the attentions of her more than willing mouth and throat.

A worship which was simply not feasible given the young man's dimensions.

"Miss April is so good to Jalil," he breathed, still respectful despite the pleasure he was taking from her attentions, eyes closing as he savoured the sensation of her mouth around his imperious black penis and the feel of her still firm breasts in his own hands as he explored them.

When finally she released him, his crown wet with saliva and glistening from her efforts, his eyes opened and she stared into them:

"You and your cock are magnificent Jalil. I want to feel it inside me…

He smiled down at her and she knew it had been what he was waiting to hear.

Reaching down to place his hands under her arms, the powerful young Nigerian lifted her as if she were made of cotton and twisted around so his own back was towards the bed before dropping his back down upon it and allowing her the female astride position.

A position her pompous and unimaginative husband had never once thought to either try or allow.

With his back to the duvet and lying perfectly still, Jalil waited for her to position herself above the engorged pole that was imitating a rocket ready for launch; while, for her part, April was in a whole new world of utter sensual immersion.

A world where - no matter how powerful and masculine for his years the boy/man about to fuck her – she remained the controlling partner.

There could be, she knew, not that she had ever doubted it once she had embarked upon the course she was now on, no possibility of her ever giving this new life of hers up.

Jalil was perfect and she sensed he would gain as much pleasure from pleasing her as she would take from being pleased by him.

For the moment, though, she was in a giving vein and wanted to do a little "pleasing" of her own.

She looked on almost hypnotised, eyes transfixed by the sight of it as the head tried to reach the pussy she had only recently denuded and gave her the appearance of a young woman. Hovering above it while still straddling his thighs, she rose and fell slowly so that her warm opening with its tantalisingly moistness brushed the very top of his crown Before moving out of touch again.

Her faraway smile was one of pure and contented anticipation as, unable to restrain herself any longer, she placed two tiny hands at the base of his shaft to control its eager twitching and began to lower herself gently onto the waiting cock she sensed was about to add even more changes to those she had already made to her life.

The cry that left her lips as her pussy somehow manage to accommodate him and she wriggled herself further down upon it until she thought she must be impaled must surely have been heard down in reception and beyond and see the Police alerted.

But this was no crime.

What it was, was the single most ecstatic moment of her sexual life to date.

The English wife had never been filled with such completeness nor had a man willing to let her ride him in such a way.

It seemed too good to be actually happening and there were times when she could hardly believe the changes she, along with Udaramati, had made to her life.

Not to mention that life belonging to her husband.

Contracting her vaginal canal, incredulous at her capacity to do so given his length and girth, she squeezed his shaft and was rewarded with a deep and prolonged sigh as the black fingers of one hand slid between her legs to locate and manipulate her clitoris between thumb and forefinger; teasing the

little nub and bringing her to a fever pitch of excitement to counterpoint her riding of his cock.

She was squirming on its length by now and once again felt as if it must erupt through her throat - her entire world at that moment focused upon what black fingers and huge cock were doing to her responsive body.

But it was neither her lover's cock nor his diddling fingers that drove her over the edge to completion.

That wonderful explosion of pure animal joie de vie was supplied by an image of her husband as he went about the chores she had left him to complete while she got herself fucked by a pole almost twice the size of his own.

And completing them while supervised by…

Udaramati!

It was this picture of her handsome older husband as he went about the laundry and other duties, before her friend inspected them and pronounced herself satisfied with his efforts – or not - that took her over the precipice and led to a scream that must surely have been heard in some other nebula as well as the reception some eight floors below.

April fell on top of the young African - gratitude, possessiveness and the need to maintain control of this young and virile beast to prevent some other lucky woman getting her claws into him, all vying with each other for prominence.

Then, as both came down to earth, she remembered the suggestion her glorious young man had made earlier.

A suggestion that would, he assured her, tie her pompous, homophobic and weak-willed husband to both her and Udaramati for as long as either of them wanted him…

…After using a vigorous finger to bring her relief from the images she had called, April's arousal remained almost as unabated as it had before she had pictured that first meeting with her now departed young lover.

Now it was images of her husband entering what he had once considered his own front-room that began to stoke the fires of what sometimes seemed to her an unquenchable desire.

To be confronted, after she had taken the care to close the door behind him and hold it shut as she and Udaramati placed their ears to the wooden panels and listened…

…As he entered the front-room, having no idea why his wife had ordered him there and why the Indian bitch was present at her side, a feeling of dread clawed at William Wharton's insides.

A feeling that became no less pronounced when he realised both women were following him towards the front-room to which he had been ordered.

The house seemed eerily quiet and, apart from the sound of his own racing heartbeat some passing cars from outside, he could almost have been in a library of the thirties with its draconian rules when it came to silence.

That something was about to happen was made obvious by the presence of the woman who, every day, was becoming every inch the "Malkin" she insisted she was to him.

A "Malkin", moreover, he was interacting with far more than he ever had with his wife and, worse, was in possession of one of the two keys capable of releasing him from the infernal device into which they had together locked away his cock and balls.

A "Malkin" too, who was now so confident of her control of him that she had gone beyond foot-rubs and seemed to enjoy nothing more than to have him on his knees between her feet with his lips affixed to her sopping subcontinent tongue as he attempted to supply her the level of pleasing likely to convince her to release his manhood from its confinement that he may find his release by humping against the outside of a brown calf.

The outfit his Malkin had chosen for him that morning did nothing to lessen

his sense of dread either and, as his stared down the length of his body, he again realised the immensity of his own emasculation.

But then, it was hardly likely that a colourful Disney-Land tee-shirt depicting a collection of the more famous cartoon characters down through the studios history could ever have given him a good feeling about himself.

As for the tight shorts and white socks completing the ensemble?

He could scarcely find the words to describe the self-loathing he felt at having allowed himself to be forced to wear them.

Reaching out with a tentative hand, aware that the women were not far behind him, he twisted the door-handle and pushed before stepping inside.

Hearing the door close behind him shortly after.

The man waiting inside for him was not a man at all.

When his shock at seeing him there receded enough for him to think clearly, he saw that he was not in the presence of a man but a boy.

A LARGE boy.

A large BLACK boy.

And a boy, moreover, who was not dressed as one but as an adult.

Despite his young age, though, there was something about him William Wharton found…

…Intimidating.

He was also, and William felt no guilt in allowing his thoughts to describe him as such, ugly.

Ugly in a way made savage by the marks he could see had been purposely

placed upon his cheeks as some rite of passage.

The gleaming shaven-head did nothing to allay the older man's sense of the intimidatory either.

"I'm William," he said as casually as he could after he had gotten over the shock of both age, colour and facial shortcomings, the feat a difficult one seeing as he now knew he was standing before one of his wife's lovers his Malkin had taken great pains to tell him about on the third or fourth time she had 'babysat' him.

And standing before him in a pair tight shorts and ankle-socks together with a tee-shirt inundated with US cartoon characters.

The expression greeting his words on the face of the man/boy was not friendly.

"Hostile" would have been more accurate.

"I was told your name is Billy," he said, thickly accented and uncertain English making William Wharton's humiliation at being on the back foot in such a way before one so young all the more difficult to bear.

"Well, yes, but…"

"What is it?" the man/boy snapped as a pulse of anger simmered at William's core at being spoken to in such a way and by such a person in his own front-room – wife's unlikely lover or not.

The man/boy's eyes were fixed upon him and, stoking the furnace of the older man's anger even further, did not look pleased to be kept waiting for an answer.

Knowing the women would be listening at the door shamed him further, yet William Wharton swallowed back yet another lump of self-respect and prepared to answer, wondering as he did so just how many more such lumps would require swallowing before his life was allowed to return to something

resembling the nor.

"You, hmm, can call me William," he said, finding it difficult to meet the eyes of a young black African he felt sure could barely be twenty, despite the powerful physique that was unmistakable even when seated.

Like William – "Billy" - the teenager was wearing tee-shirt and shorts.

The big difference being that the shorts were knee-length and made of denim with a "Puma" emblem on one pocket.

Another being the absence of ankle-socks on the bare black feet resting comfortably inside a pair of soft moccasins.

At the side of what had been his favourite chair, and was now occupied by the man/boy, rested a large plastic-bag and William Wharton prayed it did not hold a change of clothes and that his unwanted visitor would be staying for the rest of the weekend or, worse, longer..

Realising his wife's black and teenage lover seemed disinclined to break the silence that followed, William made to sit down on the sofa opposite his former chair the man/boy now occupied.
"Remain standing," ordered the heavily accented voice.

Anger spiking again under his visitor's attitude, William Wharton continued as if he hadn't heard:

"April said you wanted to talk," answered the bewildered white husband, still making as if to sit.

"Stay!" came the command

"What?"

"You do not have my permission to sit."

"But…"

"You must show me complete respect if you wish for me to continue giving your wife the satisfaction you are unable to provide for her. She will be most unhappy if I tell her you have not pleased me. And if you make my woman unhappy I will be forced to punish you."

"It was too much.

"Are you fucking deranged?"

"Also," the boy went on, ignoring his outburst and looking completely unperturbed, "you are not to call my woman by the same name as I."

The boy's faced morphed into a smile that failed to make him either any more attractive or any less… intimidating.

"She tell me she like for you to call her something else. What is it?"

Suddenly, everything came to a head in the older white husband's breast to create a tipping point that, temporarily anyway, filled the gap where his courage and manliness should have resided.

His self-disgust for the meek acceptance of the events of the past months ensuring what was being asked of him now was a step too far.

With a "fuck it" he turned towards the door, ready, he believed, to finally take his chances with what lay beyond it in the outside world.

Feeling almost lightheaded with self-approval for having finally found the balls he should have shown from the beginning, William had almost made it to the door when a huge black hand took him by the shoulder and spun him around.

The backhanded slap that rocked his head to the side stunned him, though not enough to prevent his being intimidated still further.

"Now I meet you I see you are every bit as weak as your wife say."

“I’m leaving,” William told him, recovering enough to speak. “And if you lay a hand on me again I’m calling the Police.”

The tribal-marked face that was beginning to terrify him even more, broke into a huge smile that contained not one jot of warmth or humour, the boy’s even teeth fair sparkling with their whiteness.

William barely managed to move before the open-palm of a black-hand imprinted itself across his cheeks and stung his fear into the background as he lashed out with a punch to the head the man/boy evaded with ease.

Taking took hold of William’s tee shirt his wife’s young lover began to bitch-slap him. Manhandling the older white man effortlessly and not even dignifying him by using a fist as he would have done with a man who posed a threat of any kind.

Back and forth the hand of the black man/boy slapped that handsome head, stunning his lover’s husband so much he was unable to do anything but hang in his powerful grip and take what was handed out to him.

By then, of course, not only was William Wharton not retaliating he was not even considering doing such a thing.

The power of the slaps – forehand and backhand - as they rocked his head from side to side and reddened his cheeks, felt as if they soon knock the very teeth from his head.

When finally the bitch-slapping stopped and the tee-shirt was released, it was a disorientated and further diminished William Wharton who slumped to his knees at the feet of his wife’s young African lover.

The sobs leaving him now were markedly different from those unmanly sounds April had produced from him.

These were the sobs of a man who had just been physically beaten.

And by a boy!

A black boy!

Through filmy eyes, William Wharton watched the thick and powerful bare legs in their Puma shorts step away from him and resume their position in the chair that had once been his.

"Now that you know how easily Master Jalil can punish a disobedient white-boy," the abused husband heard, "we need to get a few things sorted."

On his knees upon the carpet of his own front-room, William Wharton could barely breathe for stinging cheeks, disbelief, and humiliation that transcended anything he had experienced thus far.
And was about to become worse.

"You going to crawl on all fours to me, kiss my feet with the respect they deserve from you and tell me you accept I am now your Master in the same way my woman is now your Mummy."

Body unmoving, the beaten eyes of William Wharton nonetheless rose up to meet those of his wife's lover as they stared down upon him, hoping against hope that his young African tormentor was not serious.

"If you not at my feet by the time I reach the count of three, your new Master going to take down your little boy shorts and smack your bottom like the naughty child your Mummy says you are."

The excruciating events of the past minute or so were almost forgotten as the older white man took in the demand.

"One…"

"No!" William Wharton's thoughts screamed. "This isn't happening to me. Not in my own home. Not here… Not anywhere!"

"…Two…"

“Any second now, April will be waking him to say he was just having a very vivid nightmare.”

“…Three…”

The humiliated and demoralised husband was still waiting for that most welcome of wake-up calls when he saw the man/boy who had described himself as “Jalil” rise from his seat and close the distance between them.

He was still waiting when a powerful hand yanked him up by the hair, dragged him back to the seat he had just vacated, and…

…Again, April Wharton’s fingers took her over the edge of the cliff and sent her screaming into la-la-land; orgasm accompanied by the imagery of spanking her lover had handed out to her once manly husband after she and Udaramati had eased into the room to watch.

Orgasm prolonged by the imagery supplied by what followed as they watched the powerful Hausa man make William apologise and kiss his feet before lowering him own shorts and ordering the older man to lick the taut balls below his erect and magnificent cock.

The camera they had placed earlier catching everything beautifully as William Wharton gave up the last remnants of his manhood and did just that.

Film that would be edited to show only his spanking and the unmanly screams with which he received it, together with his tongue leaving his mouth to lap at the black balls of the young African who had just mastered him with such ease.

For the first time since she had decided to accept Udaramati’s offer of overseeing her company’s expansion into the Australian and New Zealand markets – an offer her husband had yet to be told of – April Wharton felt she might just miss her newly emasculated and subservient husband.

But only *might*…

EPILOGUE

Seven Months Later

As William entered her study with the tea tray, Udaramati smiled into the Skype image of the man's former wife and smiled.

It would be early morning in Sydney and April Wharton looked tanned, lean, and very satisfied as she spoke online to the woman who had made her new life possible and reunited her with her daughters who by now were *both* married.

The absence from their lives of their once beloved father explained when April had informed them the reason for their divorce had been his infatuation with their Indian neighbour with whom he now lived. An infatuation that had inspired both to outrage and ensured they would not be contacting him anytime soon. And, if they did, then their father would certainly think twice about attempting to acquaint them with the truth.

The video of him in the front-room of his ex-wife's home – the same home that had been leased for her stay in Australia - being spanked and then licking the big black balls of April's former lover all the insurance required to prevent him even considering such a course.

"Just a moment, April," said Udaramati, fresh from hearing of the successful week of her newest supermarket after April had opened it on time not seven days before. "My servant is fetching my tea."

The sight of her former neighbour approaching overwhelmed Udaramati as it always did nowadays. Even before his fall to bankruptcy and emasculation at the hands of herself and his wife, her pulse had always raced a little faster when she caught sight of him – despite the fact she knew he disliked her and barely acknowledged her existence; perhaps, given her sexual preoccupations, *because* of it. Now, though, as she watched him approach, minus his tight shorts oversized children's tee-shirt, dressed instead in a pair of black serving slacks and crisp white shirt buttoned to the neck, her excitement and, yes, pride of ownership, took her feelings to a whole new level that made her all the more excited about the trip she had planned back

to her native land and the prospect of showing her Manservant off to all who knew her.

As he approached her with eyes downcast, taking great pains to make sure he acted in the deferential way she had taught him to act in her presence, she decided to ratchet his humiliation up a little – even if she knew he was becoming more and more used to his inferior position and, even, coming to take a certain perverse pleasure from it.

"I am speaking to your former wife, William," she told him grandly, having eschewed the *'Billy'* and returned to his full-name, feeling as she did, that the diminutive was not formal enough for a man in her service. "Serve my tea and say hello to her in the respectful way I have taught you."

Approaching the desk and setting down the tea, Udaramati saw that his hand was trembling and smiled at how low he had fallen since the days when he had run his own company, his own car, and the life which contained his own wife.

Turning to face the screen, eyes still lowered, he bowed his still handsome head and greeted their Skype visitor from the other side of the world in an obsequious if low voice.

"Good evening, Ms April," he said. "You… You are looking well."

"Well, it's not actually evening here, William, but thank you anyway," she replied as he turned from the screen and worked hard to avoid looking at her.

"Your daughters are well," she informed him. "I'm sure you were about to ask… But, obviously, given that you are now living with another woman, they are not too happy with you and have no plans to seek you out."

Udaramati came in at this, seeing an opportunity to torment her white chattel a little further:

"But tell me, April," she began, already in receipt of the answer, "do they know that he is not here with me as a lover but a manservant?"

The head onscreen shook from side-to-side.

“They have not been told,” April answered. “And for the same reason they have not been shown the video of him being spanked and mastered by Jalil as he screamed and begged. He is still their father after all, and I have no wish to make the girls and my future grandchildren ashamed of their heritage upon their father’s side.”

Udaramati sensed him fidgeting with discomfort and recrimination at her back and upped the ante:

“I agree. It is shaming enough for them to think their father abandoned their mother for another woman; let alone to be told that he lives with that woman as a virtual slave. And I can only imagine how devastated they would be to see him worshipping the balls of a young black man.”

The screen April was nodding.

“We can only hope it never comes to a point where they have to be told and… *shown*.”

Now it was Udaramati who was nodding.

“But tell me, Udaramati, is my former macho and manly husband being a good boy for you now you do not have me to help supervise him?”

“Oh, yes,” Udaramati responded instantly. “He is not only beginning to anticipate my wishes without being told, but it is almost two weeks since I needed to take my slipper to his backside.”

“That is good to hear, Udaramati. And I take it you still insist upon his little cock being locked away all safe and secure.”

“I would not have it otherwise, my wise April. It makes him so much more… *respectful*.”

“Exactly as he should be to you for having kept a roof over his head.”

“Yes. He is so obedient now that he responds to one word commands… Would you like to see a few examples?”

Again she felt the man once known and respected as William Wharton fidget uncomfortably at her back as his wife took her up on her offer with alacrity.

Rolling back her chair but keeping both herself and her servant of their audience from down under, Udaramati uttered word:

“HEEL!”

In Sydney, April Wharton watched the husband she had once loved and been in awe of lower himself to his knees before the Indian neighbour he had once presumed to look down upon.

Even from the other side of the world, she could see the redness running from his neck to his cheeks that signified his shame and humiliation still survived at levels capable of shaming him.

As he placed his lips upon his Malkin’s bare brown toes, it looked to her as if he were counting.

“It is so much less tiring than having to waste words to have him do as I order,” Udaramati told her.

“I can see,” April Wharton agreed with an admiring smile.

“Again!” Udaramati barked, and from her vantage point in Sydney she watched her former husband switched the attentions of his reverential lips to her other foot.”

“My compliments, Udaramati,” offered a sincere April, about to end the call that she might use a trusty vibrator to satisfy the urges brought on by seeing her ex-husband so cowed and servile to her Indian friend and boss. “But I must end our call. I’m afraid. I have an early meeting at what appears to be a promising site in Melbourne. The agent is fetching all the details to my office and I’ll be back in touch if looks like something we should pursue.”

Farewells made, and with William Wharton still with lips affixed to Udaramati Deshpande’s toes, the connection was broken.

She stared down imperiously at the man below her; and not without some affection.

He had – and was – giving her as much pleasure as she had known in her life.

“Enough now, William she said softly, knowing she had him trained enough not require a raising of the voice.

In an instant he was on his feet and standing before her with his arms clasped behind his back.

A natural, she thought, who had wasted most of his life trying to be something that was plainly beyond him.

A man.

“Next time you show me your respect,” she told him as he stood red-faced before her, “I would prefer if, as well as placing your lips upon my toes, that you licked them.”

She waited, then, when he remained quiet:

“It seems a more proper and… *servile* …way to respect your Malkin, do you not agree, William?”

“Yes, Malkin,” was the instant reply, even though she knew he would rather take a chainsaw to his foot than lick hers.

Should he ever find the courage, that is.

“For now though,” she told him, “I have some correspondence that needs my attention, so, in the meantime…”

She indicated the space underneath her desk.

“You can rest under there until she is finished.”

She stroked his hair with a mixture of the patronising and the affectionate before adding:

“And, if you wish to taste your Malkin’s pussy beneath its hose as she writes, she may just find your behaviour pleasing enough to take your poor neglected little cockle from its cage and let you hump it against her leg.”

THE END