THE SPIRAL SHE LED HIM DOWN

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The Spiral She Led Him Down

By
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Life had not always been so good.

So Corinne Beswick mused as she relaxed on the sofa lapped in indolence; her every reasonable and achievable desire catered to by the handsome older man on the carpet before her.

A handsome man whose attention was concentrated on the slender foot resting in his lap, its unblemished and smooth whiteness standing out starkly against the navy apron she insisted he wear when performing his chores. His eyes seldom rising above calf level as he squatted on his haunches and prepared to provide her with the kind of meticulous pedicure she insisted upon and he had been trained to deliver.

That she had *"Trained"* him at all something she could still be surprised by whenever she took time out to consider it –which, seeing as how it gave her so much pleasure- was often. Her domestication of him something she could still marvel at no matter how numerous the examples he provided of her success on a daily basis.

At just over six-feet tall, he was not only handsome but stood over a foot above her diminutive, if Junoesque, body.

At forty-four years of age, he was not only her husband but her senior by some ten years.

Facts, when she considered them, which did nothing to diminish her sense of achievement and when he did, she was certain, nothing to lessen his shame and outrage.

The clock above the fireplace facing her was saying almost seven-thirty and, with some satisfaction, she realised her day until then had been filled with nothing but pleasure.

A far cry from the deadly dull round of routine and mundane tasks it had been not too long before.

Waking naturally at ten and served breakfast by that same husband whose eyes were currently fixated upon a bottle of flaming red nail varnish and the perfectly shaped nails of her foot to which he was about to apply it; she had taken a leisurely shower before meeting her friends at the Bluewater Mall and spending the next few hours shopping, drinking coffee and gossiping.

After that, it had been back home for a nap before being gently roused from her slumbers by her attentive spouse, this time bearing a tray with a light snack which she picked at before sauntering downstairs for a little TV and some catch-up phone calls.

Bliss.

Her pleasure, she acknowledged to herself, undiminished by the satisfaction she took in having mapped out such a day of humiliating and unmanly drudgery for her husband.

“Have you finished all your chores?” she asked the top of his head as he applied the brush to her big toe with painstaking delicacy, preferring the sightless digits of her foot to the twenty/twenty and the constant mockery he knew awaited him above them.

“Yes, ma’am,” he answered.

Though his eyes did not move from the foot in his lap and his tone was deferential, she was not fooled in the least; aware as she was that he hated her with a fire raging beyond uncomplicated passion that would burn as long as he had a memory to recall the level to which she had reduced him.

In fact, it was his inability to extricate himself from the hell she had fashioned for him that ensured his hatred remained at a white-hot intensity; while giving her ample opportunities to twist the knife in the wound she herself had opened.

An ongoing process that kept him firmly in his place and provided her with much entertainment as she implemented it.

His suffering something from which she knew she would never tire.

“Garden?” she asked; certain there was no need but loving the rush she got from hearing her older husband address her so *deferentially*; drawing the interrogation out that she might repeat the experience.

His deference something she never tired of witnessing.

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Windows?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

“Floors?”

“Yes, ma’am.”

Only when he had answered an affirmative in reference to: vacuuming and surfaces, laundry and toilets, did her interrogation cease; though this in no way meant a respite for the unfortunate man.

"I'll be disappointed if I check and find you've lied," she warned him. "You remember what happened last time you disappointed me."

"Y-Yes, ma'am," he answered instantly, the quaver in his voice assuring her he was unlikely to forget. "Everything was done as you asked, ma'am. I promise, ma'am."

"God!" she told herself, *"I love it when he grovels to me like this."* The over the knee spanking *she* had given *him* –together with the ping-pong bat she had bought specifically for that purpose, and the childlike state of sobbing remorse to which she had reduced him- not a memory she was not likely to forget any time soon either.

As well as being something she fully intended to repeat on a regular basis

"Very well," she said aloud, "I'll take it on trust – this time."

There was no detectable sigh of relief from the excuse for a man at her feet but it made no difference.

The workings of his inner mind were as obvious to her as the hatred she could see bubbling away beneath the expression he tried so hard to keep neutral and unreadable.

Her next words, she knew, guaranteed to test both his expression and his resolve to the limit:

"Now, it's getting late. My visitor will be here soon and I don't want you here when she…"

She paused in mid-sentence to puzzle over this, before:

"Or should I say: *'He'*?"

The wretch below her remained with his head bowed, eyes for her toes only.

"What would you say, Robin?"

A clearing of the throat answered her and she knew he would rather never speak again than say anything on the subject of *Mariah*.

"I… Well… It's…"

"Oh, don't bother," she snapped. "Why am I asking you anyway, you're completely useless."

"Yes, ma'am," the *'Useless'* one -the same poor wretch who had just spent his day toiling like a peon for her- agreed.

"Anyhow, I want you all nice and snug in your little room in the basement before he/she gets here. I expect to have that lovely black cock and the marvellous she/man tits above it all to myself tonight and I don't want he/she distracted by you."

Though there was no outward reaction from the man at her feet, Corinne knew he would be relieved at not having to be present when she entertained her lover.

Robin being neither gay nor bisexual, she knew, gave her yet more opportunities to abuse and degrade him.

“We both know how much Mariah enjoys filling that tight little arse of yours,” she finished.

Another thought causing laughter to bubble to her lips not a moment later:

“Not that it’s so tight anymore.”

From below her, as she continued to laugh, there was no reaction and, not for the first time, she wondered what it must be like for him and how he could possibly bear up under the constant reminder of his inferiority – especially as that constancy was served up to him in what had once been the home they shared and in which he ruled as king.

Not for the first time, she wondered how she herself would react if the life she had known had been stripped from her and given to him in the same way she had taken his - to no longer have a say in even the most trivial aspects of her life and be forced to look to him for everything.

At least when he had been in emperor mode she had been able to enjoy some *small* degree of self-sovereignty.

Smiling grimly, she knew the answer almost before her thoughts had assembled the question, realising knowledge of it made him even more contemptible to her.

There was always a door, after all, and one needed only courage to walk through it and…

She smirked at the top of his head, thoughts truncated by the certainty her former lord and master would never find the balls to do such a thing.

And, if he did, she was convinced that a few days on his own in the cold outside world would bring him back cringing to her feet, begging to be allowed to return.

In truth, Corinne told herself, the only thing she found *perversely* admirable about him was the cowardice preventing him from doing away with himself and depriving his wife of her dogsbody, slave, and sex toy.

The same way, as it happened, that Mandy’s Ron had deprived his wife of hers.

A course of action *her* Robin would *never* have the backbone to take.

“Yes,” she congratulated herself, thinking general thoughts of the life she now led:

“Bliss, indeed!”

And yet it had not always been that way.

Not by a long, long, shot.

Only one year ago, in fact, things had been very, very, very, different...

“I don’t get it,” Robin Beswick said, puzzled.

“Don’t get what, darling?” his wife quizzed her forty-four-year-old husband across the table of the Friday haunt he insisted they visit with his usual lack of spontaneity; picking at her uninspired Fettuccini as her handsome –if dull and self-satisfied- husband tucked in to his Veal Milanese with what passed for him as gusto.

“The guys,” he said, shoving in another mouthful.

By *“The guys”* she knew instantly to whom he was referring and welcomed him bringing the two of them up – knowing what she knew and how she hoped to use it.

“What about them?”

“They’ve turned into pipe and slipper men all of a sudden. Since when has Ron called off a few beers at the pub to cook Mandy a romantic dinner? And as for Nigel…”

“What do you mean?” she asked innocently when he seemed too disgusted by his friend’s behaviour to finish his train of thought - in her husband’s mind she might well have been just a simple housewife but, after the example of any lawyer worth their salt, she tried never to ask questions to which she didn’t already have an answer.
“I thought Ron was bad, but Nigel’s something else.”

A look of pure, disgust, as if at an abomination of nature, twisted his aquiline features:

“When I dropped in last week, Coral actually had him doing her laundry.”

“Sorry?” Corinne said after another desultory half mouthful of bland pasta that refused to be inspired by an equally unremarkable dolce latte and cream sauce, having heard every word but wanting to make him repeat the sentence and hear his disgust once more. “*Who* was doing *what*?”

Her husband had heaved a big, put upon, sigh, intended to let the world know –had it been interested enough to wish to- what he had to put up with.

“Nigel?” he repeated.

“What about him?” she asked, loving nothing more than to get under her pompous prick of a husband’s epidermis.

“For god’s sake, pay attention, Corinne,” he had snapped at her as if she were some spotty and uninterested fifth-former on work-experience with his department at the Department of the Environment.

“Sorry,” she said with mock contriteness, laughter bubbling away beneath the surface; looking forward to the time when Nigel would have company in his chores; envying her friend Coral even as she hoped to have her own husband doing the same soon.

Very soon.

“Laundry?” he reminded her, outrage expanding with the repetition. “*Nigel* was actually doing his wife’s laundry?”

She waited, knowing her silence would annoy him even more.

Sure enough:

“Did you hear me?” he demanded.

“You seem to be implying that *Nigel* was doing Coral’s *laundry*,” she answered.

Her sarcasm, it came as no surprise to her, going completely unnoticed.

“And you don’t think that’s… *weird*?” he went on, irritation for both their neglect of him and his golfing buddies sudden fixation on domestic matters raising both decibels and tone higher:

“I mean: when’s the last time one of them ever called me to do something? We used to play golf at least three times a week. Now we don’t even meet up once.”

With a sudden change of tack, realising a few diners were watching him perhaps; he had sniffed at his armpits playfully before giving her a quizzical look:

“You would tell me, wouldn’t you?”

“Robin,” she began, allowing her husband a cursory smile at what passed with him as humour; “you could always pick up the phone and call them to arrange something, you know?”

“Don’t you think I have?” he snapped. “Each time I do I get either Coral or Mandy and they always tell me my, so-called: *‘Pals’* are too busy to come to the phone.”

“They could always call you back if they wanted.”

The look Robin Beswick had flashed in her direction was pure contempt:

“Do you listen to a word I say?” he accused.

Corinne contented herself with silence, knowing him well enough by now to know a return to the topic exercising him was imminent.

Sure enough:

“My *whole* point,” he went on, “is that they don’t ring back at all. They both love their golf and we haven’t played in over a month!”

“Robin,” she said, enjoying his discomfort and hoping to extend it, “not meeting up for golf hardly makes them pipe-and-slipper men now, does it?”

“Oh!” he exclaimed. “So you were listening.”

“Quite the opposite I’d say,” she continued, ignoring him. “Especially if the clothes you golfers wear are anything to go by.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing,” she said sarcastically, deliberately provoking him about his beloved pastime, praying she would soon have him at the same point of non-involvement the other girls had their husbands. “It’s a lively and exciting game played by vibrant young men and lovers of haute couture everywhere. Who could think otherwise?”

The cloud passing over his brow gave witness to her success.

“Pipe and slippers?” she went on. “Golf?”

Spearing a strip of fettuccine she gave him a mocking little smile:

“How could it be?”

Cloud maturing to storm; his face had transformed itself into the usual superior and dismissive sneer she had seen so often whenever he was criticised in even the most gentle of ways. God forbid, Corinne told herself, she should ever call his superior age and intelligence into question.

Going on to tell herself, as she observed the unfolding of a mid-life tantrum in its infancy:

“Something he had better get used to from now on.”

“I suppose it is a bit boring,” he said, controlling his annoyance enough to be merely withering. “I know! How about I start staying home with you to do a bit of housework and watch some daytime TV? Who knows, maybe I could get the guys round for coffee mornings? We could discuss world events as seen through the eyes of *Loose Women*. Perhaps a little shopping?”

Now it was his turn to deliver a mocking little smile, before:

“What do you think?”

“I think your veal is going cold,” she responded, not rising to his bait and biding her time, as exasperated with his condescension and smug assumption of physical and intellectual superiority as ever but –with a cold hatred born of his dismissive treatment of her in the past- willing to bide her time if doing so meant bringing him down.

There would, she knew, and if things ran her way, be plenty of time to make him pay for all the slights of the past years in the period to come.

As they had returned to their respective meals in silence, Corinne had once again taken stock of both her husband and herself.

At thirty-four, she remained, she knew -and thanks to a disciplined regimen of exercise and diet- in good shape still. Never one to kid herself, she also knew that, though she had never been what men described as: *“A Looker”*, her figure had been her saving grace. Fleshy and voluptuous, attention of the kind most men paid to such attributes had not been in short supply – even if it didn’t extend to what awaited it above the neck.

The most notable aspects of her physical resume, she realised very early in life, were great tits and shapely, if headmistressy, legs - more than one below the neck admirer describing her as reminding him of his primary school teacher.

A coincidental comparison as that had been her very first job straight from teacher training college.

She had met Robin at the wedding of Coral and Nigel. Like Corinne, Coral had been a teacher and they had struck up a friendship, duo becoming triad after the third member of Nigel and Robin’s numerically identical arrangement, Ron, had married Mandy.

Her first impression of her husband to be, despite the difference in years, was how handsome he was. Not the scruffy smart good looks of image conscious rock stars and desperate to be cool actors, but, rather, the immaculate and perfectly groomed handsome of someone from a privileged background with the means to maintain such an outward projection.

The above impression one she found to be correct; even if it was a privileged background that had bitten the dust with the rest of his family – none of whom appeared to be alive – after some family setback in the financial arena Robin could neither bear to speak about nor hear.

Leaving her husband with upper-middle-class tastes and expectations to be satisfied by junior Civil Servant finances.

Her fiancé’s first failed marriage, she was to discover, made for the same financial reasons he married again.

That first wife's family, Corinne had been informed by Coral, who herself had been tipped the wink by Nigel, having had influence enough still over the smitten girl (according to Nigel, she was no *"Looker"* either) to insist her handsome new husband sign a pre-nuptial.

News of which was unknown to Corinne at the time.

Anyway, the fact he hadn't seemed too interested in her to begin with had not bothered her over much; convinced, as she was, that he was out of her league.

Explaining her surprise when he called her on the Thursday following the wedding and asked if she was free for dinner on the Friday.

By then, of course, she now knew, he was aware through either Ron or Nigel, or both, of the house left in trust to her by a businessman uncle recently deceased. Also realising that, having come out of the break-up of his first marriage with nothing more than he had taken into it, and living in a rented apartment; it had not been the slow burn of her growing allure and sparkling personality that led him to woo, seduce, and marry her.

To begin with though, so smitten had she been with her handsome older admirer – surprise functioning at a similar level- she convinced herself the home she had been left, and the monthly allowance to go with it, were just a part of what he found attractive about her.

Only finding out later it was *all*.

By the time she began to realise the kind of man she had married, he was fully ensconced in both her life and her home.

And taking over both.

An overbearing egoist with a desire for control who had actually insisted she give up her teaching position to take care of his needs now he had risen to the rarefied heights of a Senior-Executive-officer at the department of the environment. Insisting that – what with the house being hers and the monthly stipend from her late uncle's estate- that she had no need to work and they had money enough to be more than comfortable.

Her money.

His salary, he told her when she had the temerity to complain to him on the subject, was what *he* worked for. It had not been given to him and he considered it only right he should be the one to enjoy it – though there would, of course, be treats for the wife.

The only one of these *"Treats"* she had received with any regularity being that same Friday night in the exception to the rule of *all* exceptions to the rule: a *dull* Italian restaurant.

After four years she was awash with boredom, hatred and recrimination. Sex, while it had lasted –and it hadn't gone on long; even when he could bother to be arsed- had been at least satisfactory for him, while, for Corinne…

Precisely.

That she knew he was getting *it* elsewhere something that bothered her less and less as time passed – which is not to say, you mustn't think, that she did not despise him for doing so.

Frustrated and neglected, grateful for the absence of the children she had never wanted, and thankful for this small area of agreement in their lives, she was ready to put him through a second stint in a divorce court rather than suffer the living hell of the suburban housewife.

Which was when, not a fortnight ago, a visit to Coral's with Mandy had turned her life on its head and led her to consider a whole raft of new and *exciting* possibilities.

The same exciting possibilities that were currently making her routine Friday Italian, in the company of her golf bore husband, a mite more tolerable…

"Okay," Mandy insisted, "you've had your fun. You shocked us. Fine. Now you can tell Nigel it's over and he can get down the pub with the other two golfers."

Crossing her legs, Coral Jackman had sipped at her Roc de Lussac and ran a hand through the blonde tresses of the short French Crop she had taken to sporting recently that lent her such an air of authority.

A year older than Corinne, she was two years younger than Mandy herself. All three women shared a certain *matronly* quality in build; though none could remotely be described as *"Un-sexy"*.

A dissatisfaction with their respective spouses yet another piece of mutual common ground.

"Nigel's not going to the pub tonight," she told them in a voice not expecting to be contradicted as her shame-faced husband topped Corinne's glass with a pleasant little Chilean white before turning to Mandy and doing the same.

Mandy gave the man a half-embarrassed little smile and he made a stab at one himself - the *light-hearted* part of the attempt not working out too well.

"Are you, Nigey pumpkin?" Coral asked as her two friends observed in a fascinated, wanting to believe eyes and ears but not quite able to pull it off, kind of way.

Coral's use of the: *"Nigey pumpkin"*; the same pet name she had used once in her friend's presence early on in the marriage -and been shot down in flames for having done so- going without remark.

"No, Coral," he agreed instead, looking everywhere, anywhere, where his eyes were not likely to meet those of either his wife or her two guests.

"*No*, Nigel," she said with heavy emphasis on the negative. "You're not."

Corinne swore she'd seen the man cringe.

"And you won't," Coral finished, before ordering:

"Tell Mandy and Corinne why?"

The *"Cringe"* Corinne thought she had seen had now turned to full on shaking; the man's whole body seeming to quiver as if it were being plucked; her initial response a feeling of pity for Robin's oldest friend - even if she was not particularly fond of him.

Though she did have to admit there was something in her friend's treatment of her husband, and the way he seemed to be deferring to her, that was not entirely without appeal.

"Er, Coral," Mandy began, cringing a little herself, "there's no need to explain. "The two of you have obviously had an argument and…"

"Tell them!" Coral almost barked.

"Mandy's right, Coral," Corinne began. "There's no need for…"

"Tell them!!"

As Mandy and Corinne resigned themselves to silence and allowing whatever was going on to play itself out, the man who had previously ruled the roost in respect of both home and wife drew himself up before them; the look of shame and embarrassment reddening his cheeks evidence of either a frightened man or an extremely talented actor.

"I'm waiting, Nigel," Coral gave reminder from the chair behind him.

Steeling himself to get it over and done with as swiftly as possible; Nigel Jackman stiffened his resolve and launched into what was obviously a pre-prepared speech:
"I… I'm not going to the pub because… because… because it would take me away from my wonderful wife and…"

"Go on," he was urged from behind.

"And… And I've neglected her far too much in the past. From now on I intend to spend all my time making up for my neglect and ensuring she is happy."

He fell silent as we listened with open mouths.

“What else?” Coral said.

Swallowing with difficulty, he did as he was told:

“We… We’ve tried leaving all the decision making to me and it hasn’t worked, so from now…”

He broke off and turned to his wife, as if looking for some kind of reprieve.

The eyes blazing up at him promised one would not be forthcoming.

When he turned back to the two of them, Mandy and Corinne both thought he was about to burst into tears, so anguished was the look on his face.

“From now…” he began, deliberately fixing his eyes on a wall lamp above them in order not to meet their eyes. “From now on, Coral will be making all decisions, hmm, big or small, for both of us and I’ll… I’ll abide by anything she decides.”

At this, Coral had placed her glass on the side table and leapt from her chair to plant a big affectionate kiss on her shamed husband’s cheek; the accompanying cuddle, it seemed, adding to his obvious misery and discomfort as she rubbed one pantyhosed thigh against his own.

“Good boy,” she congratulated him as her friends looked on with a mixture of shock, bewilderment and, yes, *interest*; speaking to him, as it were, as if he was a two-year-old who had indicated he needed the potty for the first time rather than do it where he stood.

Untangling herself from the mortified man, Coral had consulted her watch:

“It’s almost nine, Nigey Pumpkin, and you’ve had a busy day, so get yourself off to bed now. You have an early start tomorrow if you’re going to get all your chores done before you travel to work.”

The poor man did not need telling twice and immediately made for the door – not *bolting*, exactly, but not far short of doing so either.

“Nigel!”

The reprimand halted him in his tracks as surely as a Zulu spear embedding itself in the back of one of Lord Chelmsford fleeing redcoats and he turned, shamefaced.

“Where are your manners?” Coral rebuked him.

“Nigey Pumpkin” looked at a loss.

“Aren’t you going to say goodnight to my guests and thank them for coming?”

If the bobbing of his Adam's-Apple did not lie, Corinne considered, then he must have just swallowed back at least a pint of his own saliva.

"Sorry, Mandy. Sorry, Corinne," he apologised sheepishly, obviously feeling not at all sorry and just wanting his ordeal over. "I hope you've both enjoyed yourself and come again soon."

"Oh, we have, *Nigey*," Mandy assured him, smirking, finding her sea legs a little with the situation and playing along. "You sleep tight now."

"Goodnight, Nigel," added Corinne, unable to look at him, a little –looking back on it- *conflicted* in regard of her feelings - still, if she was honest, believing it was all a big joke on her and Mandy and that any second the once all-powerful and supreme ruler of his own domain would give them a big laugh and say:

"As if!"

Neither laughter nor words forthcoming as, instead, Coral dismissed him:

"Well? What are you waiting for? Off you go to bed then."

"Nigey Pumpkin" did not need telling again and was almost through the door when she called him back for a piece of last minute advice:

"Oh, and Nigel?"

He turned, anguish written everywhere.

"Bring my breakfast up *after* the girls have had theirs this time and *not* before. Then you can make sure they're all ready for the school-run before you fix yours and get ready yourself."

From the doorway his nod of acknowledgment seemed to satisfy her.

"Now get to bed," she commanded him, leaving her husband to gently close the door behind him as Mandy and Corinne stared up at their friend with both puzzlement, impatience and –again, yes- *admiration*.

As the sound of creaking floorboards accompanied his heavy and dispirited journey upstairs to bed, Coral returned to her chair and crossed one leg over the other with a self-satisfied air, aware of her friends' eagerness for an explanation and drawing it out to better enjoy the attention.

"Well??" Mandy exploded as her hostess reached for her wine and took a sip.

"Well, what?"

"Don't *'Well what'* us. What's going on here? What was all that about? And why's Nigel acting as if… as if…"

This time it was Corinne; equally as impatient as her friend and fellow guest and struggling for a description of the way the man had just behaved.

Her hostess more than willing to oblige:

“As if his cock and balls are on safe deposit and only I have the correct combination?”

Corinne and Mandy shared a look with each other; knowing it was unlike Coral to speak in such a way.

“As if he knows he’ll never get to use them again if he doesn’t do exactly what I say, when I say it?” Coral offered, on a roll it seemed.

“For heaven’s sakes,” Mandy came in, half shocked, half excited. “What’s going on here, Coral? Have you registered yourself at Dominatrix College, or something?”

Coral laughed.

“Mandy’s right,” Corinne took it up, as eager as her friend to learn what was going on between host and hostess. “What’s the story with you two?”

Their hostess gave them an undecided look, even if she was still laughing:

“I don’t know if you can both be trusted,” she teased, amusement lingering.

“Don’t give us that shit,” Mandy told her. “You wouldn’t have let us see you pussy whipping him from pillar-to-post if you didn’t trust us, so just spit it out.”

Coral laughed some more at this but, amusement aside, looked a little uncertain just the same.

“The two of you are my closest friends, right?”

“You know that without asking,” Corinne reminded her.

“And you promise you won’t think less of me? We’ll still be close, right?”

“Will you just get on with it?” ordered an exasperated and anticipatory Mandy.

“You really want to know how I put Nigey Pumpkin under?”

Mandy and Corinne came in together:

“Under?”

Their hostess nodded, face serious.

“Under what?” Corinne asked.

“Anything and everything I decide,” she was told.

“I don’t understa…”“

I’ll ask again,” Coral interrupted her, not buying in to the naivety she knew was feigned:

“Do the two of you want to know how I put him under?”

Mandy and Corinne shared a look before again turning to their hostess in unison:

“Yes!!!!”

Coral’s smile told them she had guessed their answer before they had given it.

“Okay,” she said. “But just remember: you were the ones who asked.”

Then; as her friend’s sat with astonishment levels rising; she told them…

“The first time Nigey Pumpkin witnessed me being fucked by a *real* man –a real *black* man- our relationship was changed forever.”

Coral Jackman paused in her story to sip her Roc de Lussac and savour the state of shock and disbelief her story up to then had instilled in her friends; knowing they had heard nothing yet.

“You… You…?”

It was Corinne; struggling to form a coherent sentence in the face of what she had just been told – was being told.

“I mean, you… he… He actually *watched*?”

“No, Corinne,” Coral told her, smiling, “I haven’t let him watch yet – nor will I. To be honest, I’m not comfortable with it.”

“You don’t say!” snorted Mandy, triggering them all to laughter and lightening the atmosphere.

“I have let him listen though,” Coral said when she recovered from her amusement.

“And he’s alright with that?”

“No, Mandy. He’s a long, long, way from being *‘Alright’* with it.”

“Then why does…?”

“He puts up with it, Corinne, because he has absolutely no choice,” Coral overrode her.

“But… It doesn’t make any sense.”

“Corinne’s right,” Mandy agreed. “Why on earth would he sit still for something like that? Just letting you be… be…”

“Fucked by another man – a Black man?”

Mandy nodded and Coral’s smile was truly self-satisfied, thoroughly enjoying herself as she brought her friends up to speed with her new home life.

“You know how he always likes to be in charge? How my opinion counted for nothing?”

“Do get on with it,” Mandy urged her. “Of course we know. You know we know. My Ron and Corinne’s Robin aren’t new-men exactly.”

“Well, then you’ll be interested to know that, after I took charge and put him under, he was not so much a *‘New man’* as a new half-a-man.”

Corinne pressed her thighs together, sensing her own wetness beneath the denim of her Ralph Lauren’s.

At her side, Mandy was equally as fidgety as Coral went on, their hostess realising she had her friend’s attention now.

And then some.

“When Marlon came over that first night I made Nigel clear some space from the floor of our wardrobe and sit in it. I warned him that if he made a noise and young Marlon found he was there he’d not only be even more humiliated but he’d get the hiding of his life – from *both* of us.”

“Jeez!” Mandy exclaimed, air leaving her at a rush as she did so. “Just how *‘Young’* is this *‘Marlon’*?”

“Actually,” Coral said, smiling, aware of the effect what she was about to say would have: “fucking the married white lady was something of a treat for him; given it was his sixteenth birthday.”

“Sixteen?” Mandy and Corinne blurted out together.

Coral nodded, totally unfazed by their surprise.

“Is… Is that legal?” Corinne asked.

“Who cares,” Coral told her. “He’s got a cock on him like a Kentucky show horse.”

She gave it some thought:

“And, yes, Corinne, it is legal… It does have to be said, mind, that he’s not the brightest cookie on the block; but he is very courteous of me and very, powerful. Believe me, after years of Nigey Pumpkin’s sad little efforts on the mattress it feels as if I’m being transported to a new world – and a far more exciting one.”

“What was it like?” Mandy asked, somewhat breathlessly, her hostess noticed.

“What was it like?” Coral paraphrased, before giving it some serious thought.

“Well?” Mandy demanded, when Coral continued thinking about it.

Beside Mandy, Corinne looked just as eager and Coral looked amused, knowing she hadn’t misjudged her friend’s reactions.

“If I’m going to be honest,” she began, “and apart from -as I’ve already said- being transported to a new world; I’d have to say I was nervous. Be fair now, I might have been on the way to having Nigel pretty much tamed by then, but it was still my first time cheating on him with his *full* knowledge. How could I *not* be nervous when I was letting myself be fucked by a young man with my husband trapped in our wardrobe? Knowing all the while he was seething with anger and unable to do anything about it.”

Her tone became a little darker:

“Unless, of course, he was willing to face the consequences.”

On the sofa, the two friends gave each other puzzled stares.

“Consequences?” they repeated, as if they had both been auto-cued.

“Oh, yes,” Coral said emphatically.

“You mean…?” an amazed Corinne began. “Like *punishment*, or something.”

“No,” Coral told her. “Not: *‘Or something’*. Just punishment.”

Looking to Mandy, Corinne could see she was finding it just as difficult to take in.

“I’ll tell you both about that later,” Coral promised them. “For now though, I was under the impression you wanted to know what it was like to sit astride a young black stallion and have some *real* sex.”

She waited for an answer that didn’t come.

“Am I right?” she pressed.

“Oh, just stop asking stupid bloody questions and get on with it,” Mandy scolded her, again winning laughter for her impatience.

“Tell us, Coral,” Corinne urged, her own need to hear just as urgent; not having experienced the phenomenon for some time and finding herself eager to at least *hear* about some *‘Real’* sex.

“When Marlon and I first sat on the bed,” Coral began; “the same bed Nigel had once considered his and I was about to make mine; I think we were both a bit nervous.”

She smiled.

“But not for long. Marlon may be a young and not very bright man, but he’s certainly a quick learner when it comes to fucking. When I unzipped him and reached through the opening to get at the prize, he was already smiling at me; totally sure of himself; completely confident I wasn’t about to experience a let-down.”

For a few seconds she seemed to consider this, a tiny smile of wonderment accompanying her thoughts.

“They’d told me he was built and I wouldn’t be disappointed.”

A knowing smile accompanied yet more consideration until, finally:

“Trust me: they weren’t wrong.”

By now, and if anything, the fidgeting on the sofa opposite was intensifying as Coral continued:

“He was wearing no underwear and when my fingers touched it I gasped. What my fingers were touching was a black cock so gigantic and hard it defied fantasy, let alone experience.

“By the time I’d got him out of his trousers and laying back on the bed, I was in a state of near reverence –or would have if I hadn’t been in such a condition of utter and complete rut.

“The veins of his massive pole throbbed as if they would explode, telling me his own arousal was as great as mine and that the *old white lady* was actually doing it for him as he was doing it for me. It was unbelievable. As I caressed its length with feather-light touches, his incredible equipment seemed to extend in both width and height.

A movement at Corinne’s side caught her eye and she realised, with a start, that Mandy was stroking her own thigh.

Corinne even more surprised to find she herself was doing the same.

“Still caressing him, I leaned in closer, lips within kissing distance of the polished skin of his massive head, a tiny drop of pre-cum waiting to say hello to me.

“Please, Mrs Jackman,” my young and courteous stud said, loudly enough for my suffering and powerless husband to hear.

“Be patient, Marlon,” I soothed him, allowing my breath to play over his cock, pitching my voice loud enough for my husband to hear me also.”

A look of purest malice crossed her face:

“Couldn’t have the bastard missing anything, could I?” she asked, almost as if to herself.

Recovering herself then and smiling towards her impatient –and turned on- friends before continuing:

“Soon you’ll have everything you want from your white mistress,” I told him. Then, slowly, I inched forward until I was close enough to give that massive, polished, head a lazy great lick; the taste of his pre-cum doing nothing to discourage me as I licked around and under the head before finally taking him between my lips and on into my mouth.

“The warmth of my mouth seemed to galvanise him and he gave such a start I was convinced that wonderful cock would drill right through the back of my head; making me wonder if I could actually keep him in place without gagging. Already, my lips were stretched as if in a rictus, jaws open to the limit, as I attempted to suck the monster sharing a home with my dentistry.

“Don’t stop, Mrs Jackman,” I heard, knowing Nigel would have heard it too, the entreaty from this young god spurring me on to take as much of my sixteen-year-old lover into my thirty-seven-year-old mouth as was physically possible. At least without it blocking my airways. Finding myself giddy with power at pleasuring and controlling the cock of a young stranger while my husband could do no more than listen from the wardrobe into which *I* had forced him.

“When the pressure became too much, even for me, I reluctantly removed that wonderful pleasure stick from my mouth and began to lick at its length from the base up, chin tickled by his wiry pubic hair and nostrils quivering from the exotic aroma of his cock and balls. From bottom to top and down again, I licked, repeating the process I don’t know how many times until my teenage captive’s cock glistened with my saliva.

Again, Coral paused in her description and gave her friends a serious look:

“I tell you, if I hadn’t already realised –which I had by the way- that my life would never be the same again, this would have clinched the deal. This was something I would *not* be giving up. For anybody. Least of all the pitiful wretch I’d consigned to the wardrobe to hear me fucked by a better man-stroke-boy.

“Right away I knew that Nigel, whether he liked it or not –and I knew he didn’t go much on the former- would have to accept, and be forced to do so if he proved reluctant, that our lives had changed forever.”

She looked from one of her friends to the other, the:

"And to *my* advantage, not his."

She waited for a response could see only impatience for her to resume the description of the way she had cuckolded her husband for the first time with his knowledge.

"Anyway, before long I was sucking his balls into my mouth before pulling away and laving them with my tongue as if they were two king-size scoops of delicious chocolate ice cream, totally engrossed in what I was doing; though not enough to forget to make as much noise as possible for the prisoner in the wardrobe.

"I was totally in to it. Not a pang of guilt or embarrassment did I feel. Nigel had walked all over me from the moment we had met and now he was going to pay fifty times over for making me feel like an inferior being."

If Mandy and Corinne had any lingering doubts on behalf of their friend's sincerity, the look of pure venom on Coral's face at that moment would have put them to bed once and for all.

"By now of course," she went on, "I was almost beside myself with the need to feel this boy and his beautiful cock inside me. So many emotions were flooding through me it was hard at the time to describe any one in particular. I wanted to control him and be controlled by him; to take him and give myself to him; to please both him and myself.

A look of sheer wonder transformed her face as she recalled this life changing event and her envious friends waited for her to continue.

Then:

"I took what I could take of that great pole in my mouth again and sucked as if my life depended upon it. This time the taste of his cum as it leaked onto my tongue didn't repulse me as it had on the occasions Nigel had insisted I perform the favour for him. On the contrary, now it inspired me to even greater efforts to please the monster I had invited into my mouth with such willingness - though I did wonder how I would cope when it came time for me to get astride and attempt to ride a weapon of such a size.

"I remember scolding myself: *'You're a woman'*; the mother of two girls. Surely, if I could bear the pain of delivering two seven-pound infants I could take anything a mere man –in this case, boy- could dish out.

"If anything, I was actually looking forward to the discomfort and pain, because that would mean my pussy was actually being filled for once - was actually being used at something like the capacity for which it was intended; rather than simply tolerating the efforts of Nigel and his inferior equipment.

"My mouth not having the capacity of my pussy, I'd soon taken as much as I could of the cock I'd crammed into it. It was time to be fucked at last - and by a *real* man.

“Like souls possessed, we shed the rest of our clothes and once again Marlon was flat to the bed on his back, his youthful young body glistening with alight sheen of sweat, not an ounce of fat to be seen, that wondrous prick straining towards the ceiling as if awaiting orders from Cape Kennedy.”

Coral pointed to the mission control centre between her legs and smiled to emphasise her point.

Needlessly, if the nodding heads and absorbed stares of her friends were any guide.

“Kneeling astride his waist,” Coral continued, “making a point to keep contact with his eyes as he penetrated me for the first time, I slowly lowered myself onto that great, pulsating, black column.”

She closed her eyes then, reliving a moment that was scorched into her memory, knowing that no matter how many times she repeated the experience that first time would be the one her database returned to with most regularity.

“For the first time in my life,” she told them, voice barely a whisper, “I came simply from the first touch of his cock against the outer folds of my labia.

“Never have I been so open and responsive to a man – let alone a boy. I was there for this young black god and his superior cock in a way I had never been there for anyone before and when I eased down and took more of it inside me I finally understood what they meant by *le petit mort*. I was being filled with its length and thickness in a way I’d never been filled before.

“I swear to you, it was absolutely; mind tinglingly and addictively; out of this universe.”

It was a declaration receiving no hint of disbelief from the enthralled audience opposite.

The hostess’s audience of friends rapt with anticipation, she went on:

“I remember screaming at the top of my voice and, incredulous at the experience of two orgasms in almost as many seconds. I really thought at one point I would lose consciousness as I took in more of him, knowing I was barely halfway towards engulfing him entirely and –two children or not- wondering if I could actually accomplish the feat.

“‘*Fuck me!’* I remember screaming as he boldly went where no cock had gone before, the approach of a third –yes, *third*- orgasm imminent and overwhelmed by the new sensations me, worried it might be third time unlucky and I’d find myself impaled like some Christian crusader before being allowed to enter paradise again.

“I may have been in the saddle but there was no doubt who was riding who now as he gripped me at the waist and eased me up and down his length until, this time, we reached the crisis together and his body arched, head colliding with my breasts as it did; my young stallion using the opportunity to suck one of my bullet-hard nipples into his mouth even as he joined me in a joint and primal scream of utter abandonment.”

Coral was shaking her head by now, eyes half-closed and breathing shallow, almost as if she had just undergone the experience again.

When her eyes opened fully and she came down to earth, she noticed her friend’s weren’t exactly unmoved either.

“I promise you,” she assured them when she was able to speak, “at that moment, I felt as if he owned me.”

For what could only have been seconds but seemed like forever, there was silence as each of them thought their own thoughts, then:

“Oh-my-god.”

It was Mandy, face flushed and eyes brilliant under the illumination of a table-lamp, completely blown away by Coral’s story; a part of her praying for it to be more than that and be true - the suspicion she and Corinne might be the victims of some elaborate hoax at the hands of their host and hostess refusing to be entirely persuaded.

Even if incredulity was receding by the millisecond.

Nigel, after all, wasn’t big on either a sense of humour or a capacity to laugh at himself. Hardly credible he would be in on or instigate a joke that made him seem so… *pitiful*.

“I can’t believe it,” Corinne gasped at Mandy’s side, finding the breath to form words at last.

“Believe it,” Coral advised her with a grave expression.

“But…” Corinne began. “Nigel. Why would he possibly…?”

“Nigel had no choice and will never have a choice again when it comes to me,” Coral came in, divining her friend’s question before she had a chance to fully frame it.

“But…?”

A raised hand forestalled Corinne this time:

“I’ll answer all your questions,” Coral told her. “Both of you. So just be patient. Nigey Pumpkin’s all tucked up in bed by now and we have the whole night ahead of us.”

With a smile, she stood and moved to the table hosting the wine:

“I think I have a couple of excited friends who could do with their drinks refilling.”

With a start, so absorbed had they been, both Corinne and Mandy realised they were holding empty glasses; neither having any recollection of having finished them.

“Quite a shock, heh?” Coral laughed as she poured.

“If you’re a fan of understatement,” Mandy snorted.

Coral hooted.

“How did…?” Corinne began, still in a state of some shock. “How did…?”

“Nigel take it?” her hostess finished for her.

Corinne nodded.

Coral was laughing now, returning the white to the table and topping herself with the Roc de Lussac, the recollection of her husband’s reaction obviously giving her much pleasure.

“When Marlon had gone and I let him out of the wardrobe I expected to hear a string of obscenities aimed my way – was looking forward to it actually as it would have given me ample cause to punish him.”

Mandy and Corinne shared looks with each other.

“That’s what I said,” Coral told them. “I told you earlier: if he misbehaves there are consequences. *Delicious* consequences. For me, anyway.”

Stranger and stranger thought her two friends.

“Anyhow, after I let him out he just couldn’t look me in the eye. What I pulled from that wardrobe wasn’t a man any longer – at least not the life and soul of the nineteenth hole you both knew and detested. Oh, no! He’d just seen –*heard*- what a man could do for me; even in the body of a sixteen-year-old boy; and he knew he would *never*, *ever*, come within a planet’s distance of matching it.”

She sipped and swallowed her St Emilion before continuing:

“And do you know what?” she asked.

On the sofa the girls waited.

“Despite the way he had always expected me to defer to him and took the lead with me; consulting me on nothing; what I detested him for most was the sex I’d missed out on during all those years of his half-arsed and self-involved imitations of a good fucking.”

Opposite her, Corinne considered her friend's words and the resentment she herself felt for the husband who had –was- depriving her of the same.

It taking only a quick sideways glance at Mandy to reassure her she wasn't alone. The two of them, had they compared notes, envious of both what their friend had experienced with the young boy with the glorious cock and the position of second-class citizen into which she had managed to manoeuvre her husband.

It was Mandy who was able to control her envy enough to ask:

"Coral, this is… well, marvellous, I have to confess. Just hearing you describe it has turned me on more than Ron has managed in the last ten years – and that's with a hard dick. But…"

"Yes," Coral smiled. "I think I know where you're going."

Mandy's question did not disabuse her:

"Why on earth would Nigel –of all people- stand for it?"

Corinne nodded; in complete agreement with the question and equally as puzzled; hoping against hope that Coral's answer could in some way help her to turn around the miserable shell of a marriage that hers had become and show her how she herself could effect such a complete and seemingly irrevocable role-reversal.

After Coral gave them both a smile and composed herself, with the help of some more St Emilion, the answer she gave, and the details she supplied to back it up, left neither Corinne nor Mandy disappointed.

"I just don't get it," Robin Beswick told her, dumping his recently purchased Callaway clubs in the hallway after his Saturday round and marching through to the front room to take the sherry Corinne had ready for him.

Taking it from her and gulping it down without either a thank you or an acknowledgement.

"Get what, dear?" she asked, his dismissal of her something she found easier to take from her husband now she knew how her friends had brought theirs to heel, and especially now she had decided to do exactly the same to him.

"Why divorce the bastard?" Mandy had said when she mooted the likelihood to her. "Keep him and make him suffer the way Coral makes Nigel suffer. The same way I'm going to make Ron suffer."

Corinne knew her friend and recognised she was serious in her intent.

“Can you imagine the look on his face when he sees me taking a great long length of black dick? Can you imagine how your Robin would react to see you doing the same and be too pussy whipped to say a damned thing about it?”

It was not an image Corinne found displeasing as the voice of he-about-to-be-pussy-whipped brought her back to terra firma:

“Nigel and fucking Ron,” he snarled, the obscenity a rarity on his lips – for, despite all his faults, Robin was something of a puritan when it came to language and the superficiality of appearances.

“What have they done now?”

“What have they done?” he exploded, as thought his friend’s behaviour was her responsibility. “Fuck all, is what they’ve done! They don’t call me. They don’t answer their phones – landline *or* mobile. And they don’t use the fucking golf club. What the shit’s happened to them? They found religion or something?”

Corinne chuckled to herself as she thought that was, after a fashion, exactly what they had found.

A new religion.

And two new goddesses to go with it.

“I’m not with you,” she lied, reining back her amusement.

“Didn’t you hear what I just said?” he blazed. “They’re freezing me out. I’ve left messages for them with Mandy and Coral that don’t get returned and they don’t respond to their emails or Skype. I’ll be resorting to fucking pigeons next.”

His arms went wide with both innocence and outrage:

“I mean: if I’ve offended the bastards why don’t they just tell me?”

Corinne tutted, the irony implicit in him finally seeking out her opinion on something she fully intended using to bring him to his knees not lost on her.

Her husband not the only one whose personal life was about to find itself in the process of change; for -since Mandy had taken Coral’s advice and taken the same steps as her friend to put Ron under- Corinne herself had undergone a sea change on the subject; taking Mandy’s advice on the subject of divorce to heart and giving it much consideration.

A consideration that led her to the conclusion that divorce was too easy for her smug, self-satisfied and overbearing husband and that she would receive no greater satisfaction than making him pay for his usage of her for as long as it continued to give her pleasure.

It would be, she told herself with malice and amusement present in equal quantities, the kind of gift that went on giving.

"You do overreact, dear," she told him, still tutting; the little woman assuaging the trepidation and accompanying anger of the big, baby, breadwinner – not that he was much use when it came to the latter, totally disinterested in regard of the second, and a complete non-starter in respect of the first.

He knocked back what remained of his Croft Original and hefted the decanter to pour another, unconvinced.

"Nigel and Ron have been swamped under with work recently," she reassured him. "if it's any consolation, Mandy and Coral are feeling as neglected as you. You have to cut them some slack, it's not so simple for them to leave their businesses for an afternoon on the golf course as you."

Her husband's face flashed thunder; his safe occupation always a point of some sensitivity to him whenever it was held against the more *risk-taking* forms of making a living:

"They wouldn't have a bloody business to get away from if it wasn't for people like me and my colleagues who supply the rules and laws that make it possible for the things to function."

"Of course, dear," she soothed, wanting nothing more than to sink a fist into that handsome and smug, never taken a chance in its life, face. "But they don't see it that way. You know what a flap they get into at the first hint of pressure."

He took another sip of the Croft's, mollified – a little.

"Anyway," she went on, making the most of the self-preoccupation on behalf of her husband that allowed her to speak at all: "the good news is Coral and Mandy have told me things are a little easier and they'll all be at the party tonight."

Robin had looked at her, head to one side like a bemused spaniel:

"What party? I haven't heard about any party."

"It is a bit spur of the moment," Corinne lied. "But Coral said a new client of Nigel's was a golfer and he was quite high up in the Royal and…" she pretended to be unclear. "Royal and…"

"Ancient?" he asked, eyes bugging out of his head.

"Yes," she agreed. "Quite high up in the Royal and Ancient, I remember now; some golf society or whatever."

"Some golf socie…? Quite high u…?" he repeated, appalled at her ignorance. "Corinne, the Royal and Ancient *are* golf. You don't get any *'Higher up'*,"

“Oh, right,” she said disinterestedly. “Well, anyway, we’re all invited to this chap’s house tonight. Coral said Nigel told her to tell us to dress casual smart and watch our P’s and Q’s. Apparently, invites are very hard to come by.”

He was already sold she could see, as easily impressed and ready to try and impress as he had always been; forever looking for a way to catapult himself back to that strata of social society he felt the earlier misfortunes of his family had deprived him of experiencing.

And, more importantly, ready to place a willing nose up a well-connected arse to ensure the return journey was made.

“Can’t say I’m in the mood for it, if I’m honest,” Corinne lied with a yawn; knowing a wild horse and its pals couldn’t have kept her away; and getting exactly the response form macho man she had expected.

Placing his sherry glass firmly on the walnut sideboard her uncle and his family before him had preserved with care for generations; oblivious to any ring that might form from his carelessness; he adopted his most superior and imperious look:

“If you think I’m missing out on an evening with my two oldest friends and a mover and shaker at the R&A, you’re even more intellectually challenged than I thought you were.”

Corinne just stood and stared back at him, manner non-confrontational. Refusing, for the first time she could remember, to allow his dissing of her intelligence to annoy her. Knowing, this time, that he was the one whose intelligence was not up to the job and he had just been manoeuvred into something with far reaching consequences for him and his future.

“Now get yourself upstairs,” he ordered her, “and do what it takes to make yourself look semi presentable.”

Trying not to giggle, Corinne turned to do as he asked.

“This could be a big night,” she heard from behind her

As Corinne climbed the stairs she could not help chuckling to herself.

Her insensitive, social climbing, husband was right.

He was about to have the biggest night of his life.

And she would make sure he regretted it for the rest of his days.

Corinne's meeting with the people both Coral and Mandy assured her would make her new life possible –and her friends had good reason to be thankful to them after all- hadn't deterred her from what she had in mind for her handsome pig of a husband.

Not by a longshot.

It was a meeting she went over again as she sat in the passenger seat of *his* BMW; trying to blot out the driver and spouse pre-empting her actions as he drove them to the party that would change his life; excited about the non-existent R&A connection she had sold him and seeing his pals for the first time in a while.

Coral had arranged for her to meet with them in Covent Garden: a *"Get to know each other"* chat over a light-lunch on the terrace of a busy restaurant overlooking the piazza.

Tisha and Anderson; late thirties to early forties, Corinne had guessed.

Both large.

Both black.

Very black.

Dwarfing her hand in her own and leaning down to place a kiss on each of her cheeks, the female half of the pairing had attempted to put her at ease:

"Don't be nervous, Corinne," she was reassured in a heavily accented voice which, nonetheless, spoke fluent English; "we've been through this with other wives like yourself – Coral and Mandy, to name but two."

The mention of her friends had calmed her a little and Tisha and her husband did seem affable and understanding; even if they were a little on the imposing side; though it wasn't until a second glass of perfectly chilled Muscadet that she felt herself loosening up with her luncheon companions.

Tisha: voluptuous and Amazonian; not fat; but *big*; sleeveless navy blue dress revealing smooth, perfectly groomed, armpits and a pair of impressive biceps. Corinne guessing -the upper body being so in tandem with the musculature of her powerful legs- that this was a woman serious about her physical development.

Taken, she thought, with the hair that had been straightened and cut to a shortness verging on a crop, the sunken eyes and splayed nose common to many of those from African descent –*"To hell with political correctness,"*- lent the woman a kind of simian intensity.

Had she been a man –and an ape- Corinne told herself, she could only have been of the *great* variety.

Forced to choose a single word to best describe her, only one would have sufficed:

Intimidating.

A similar definition made flesh sitting opposite her as he tucked into his Croque Monsieur.

Like Tisha, her husband –Corinne had assumed they were married- was a large man who obviously paid the same kind of attention to matters physical as his wife.

Unlike his wife, he was dressed in an expensive Italian jacket and tee-shirt, Guess jeans, and Prada moccasins worn without socks.

Also unlike his wife, Anderson was completely bald.

“You’re at the beginning of an adventure that’s going to change your life,” he told her in a voice that was both reassuring and commanding. Finishing his toasted cheese and fries and placing his knife and fork on the plate to signify the fact; before taking a napkin and dabbing at his lips with a daintiness that came across as both absurd and endearing in a man of such dimensions.

While Corinne had looked on, Tisha had taken it up:

“There is, Corinne, a common myth of physical superiority concerning the black man. It circulates mostly among white men. But it *is* a myth. As all women are *not* superior to all men, so black men are not *all* superior to white males. Alphas and Betas, my love, break down the same way in both gender and race. Those that are, and those that are not.”

She laid a reassuring hand over Corinne’s and smiled:

“Anderson,” she said, flicking her husband a glance, “is definitely of the Alpha category.”

Her husband smiled at Corinne as his wife continued:

“As am I.”

Eyes twinkling with intensity as she finished:

“More so than my husband, in fact.”

Corinne kept her counsel; neither Coral nor Mandy had mentioned anything of the couple’s relationship to her save to say they were both impressive individuals; though she found herself hoping Tisha’s words meant what she thought they meant.

“Even among Alphas, you see,” the woman had not disappointed her, “there is a pecking order. Those that are equal and those that are not. Men with the intelligence and strength of character to know their place and others, such as your husband, who need the simple truth impressed upon them.”

Looking for a reaction from the man, Corinne saw none.

“For men such as these,” Tisha announced emphatically, certain she would not be contradicted, “the lessons we are required to provide in order to accomplish this… *learning process*, are seldom pleasant. Or, to be more truthful: *never*.”

The eyes that flickered to those of her husband and held them, Corinne told herself, could be described by only one word:

“Proprietorial.”

“Other, more superior, men,” Tisha went on; “though at times in need of firm female guidance, are to be cherished and valued within a loving female-led relationship.” Her somewhat compelling gaze, accompanied by a benign smile, turned to her guest: “My husband here, is not my equal and accepts the fact. Though he is a strong and proud, man I love, he has enough native intelligence to realise and accept he is my match only when it comes to matters physical. And, in terms of endurance, not even then. In all other things he knows he is lower in the pecking order and accepts his subordination to me.”

Tearing herself away from the intensity of the woman’s stare and the vivid and sparkling eyes that held her own as if trapped in a tractor-beam; Corinne found it hard to believe anyone –even a woman as physically intimidating as Tisha- could possibly rule over such a *monster* of a man.

Her disbelief instantly picked up on:

“Our guest is finding such a thing hard to believe, Anderson,” Tisha told him. “You must have made a big impression on her.”

“I… I’m sorry, I don’t mean to be rude or anythi…”

“Do not apologise,” Corinne.” Tisha had laughed then; teeth dazzling in the sunlight bathing the terrace; giving the white hand dwarfed in her own another squeeze of reassurance. “The men of my part of the world are renowned as rulers of females. Trust me, my love, it is no small thing for an African man such as Anderson to bend his neck for a woman to place her yoke upon it.”

Something in the woman’s words; made still more exotic by the thickness of her accent; was stirring Corinne; the reservations she had brought to table with her in the process of being soothed.
Up until now, her major worry when putting in motion the course of action intended to bring down her husband had been the suspicion she might be exchanging one lord and master for another.

White to black.

While *she* remained in the same inferior position, as powerless as before.

But *this* was something else again.

The powerful and bald-headed African expatriate sitting across from her may well be an *"Alpha"*, as Tisha had put it but, if she believed what she was hearing, he was an Alpha ruled by a woman!

And *that* could only be good news.

"My beautiful and wise wife is right," Anderson bolstered her encouragement. "I pride myself on being a real man, but my Tisha is so far above me there are times I can hardly see her for stars."

There was silence for a few moments, then, as one, they burst into laughter.

"Poetic, is he not?" Tisha asked; simian intensity diffused somewhat by her amusement. "I often wonder if I have allowed him to miss his true vocation and should have set him to work writing trashy novelettes for the Romance market.

Corinne found herself smiling as Tisha went on:

"However, tearing ourselves away from ingratiating male hyperbole," she threw her husband a look of mock rebuke for thinking she was of a type to fall for such obvious flattery; "you have no reason to give your trust to me on such short acquaintance, Corinne. I completely understand. And I also understand the thoughts and doubts racing through your head as we speak."

Corinne doubted that very much and kept her own counsel – even if her major reservation concerning the possibility being discussed had been eased by the superior way Tisha dealt with her man.

"What is spoken about between friends in the privacy of their own homes can sometimes seem unbelievable and impossible in the reality of less intimate surroundings," Tisha informed her. "But, that being so, but it does not necessarily make what is spoken of either fanciful or unachievable."

She smiled; going on when she received no response:

"Am I right in thinking you are having these thoughts?"

Somewhat apologetically, Corinne nodded and the woman smiled back understandingly. "The experience is not a new one for us, Corinne. It is only natural for you to express doubts. Despite having seen the changes we have been able to help your friends make in their lives you find it hard to apply such a reality to yourself."

"I… I just can't imagine Robin going for it," Corinne admitted.

"Could you have imagined, Ron and Nigel *'Going for it'*?" Anderson took it up at a nod from his wife. "Did they seem the kind of men to suddenly begin kow-towing and deferring to your friends? Had we told you such a thing was possible beforehand would you have believed us, or simply written us both off as a pair of deluded fantasists or, worse, partners in some kind of financial scam?"

“Well…” Placed on the spot, knowing her thoughts would have run along one or other, maybe all of those lines, Corinne was at a loss as to how to respond without sounding terribly rude.

As it turned out, no response was required as the man continued:

“Coral explained to us how *interested* you were when she gave you details of her first time with young Marlon.”

Unable to meet his eye suddenly, and as Tisha smiled at her knowingly and sympathetically, Corinne’s cheeks flushed a guilty red from the memory of how turned on she had been by her friend’s complete humiliation of Nigel and how he had been forced to accept it being hidden in a wardrobe as she allowed herself to be penetrated by...

“Trust us, Corinne,” Anderson went on, preventing thoughts and imagery reaching a conclusion; “if you are uncomfortable with talk of such things then you are the only one at this table who is. Both your anger and your needs are perfectly natural. Believe me, Tisha would not have progressed things so far as this meeting even had she not believed your husband could be brought to the same level of capitulation to you as those of your friend’s.”

Something in his certainty and usage of words thrilled her:

“Capitulation”.

The mere thought of her arrogant overbearing older husband *“Capitulating”* to her stirring all kinds of sensations below her waist. How would it be to make the shit pay for all the years of deceit and neglect? What joy would she take from seeing the smug certainty of his own superiority wiped from his face and replaced with…

What?

Shame?

Desperation?

Sheer, not to be changed; *never* to be absent; hopelessness?

This time it was Tisha who had taken it up and had read her guilt for having such a positive response to what most people would consider sickeningly perverted.

“It is,” she said, “one of the most humbling experiences a self-obsessed white man such as your husband can have. And one of the most rich and life-path altering episodes a woman such as yourself will ever be likely to have. Neither of you will be the same person afterward, but for only one of you will this be a good thing.”

Corinne found herself nodding; the very thought of Robin having to witness her being taken before his eyes by a bigger and more powerful *black* man -and be utterly powerless to prevent it- so delicious she squeezed her legs together tightly beneath the table in an attempt to cut off a bursting of the dam she knew was looming ever closer.

Tisha was continuing; words echoing an increasingly mesmerised Corinne's thoughts:

"To see or –as it was in the case of Coral- *hear* his wife taken by a black man with a superior cock, and know he is powerless to prevent it happening under his very nose, can only underline the depth of his fall and the certainty of the contempt his previously downtrodden wife now holds him in. That. and the fact she will *never* allow him to rise again."

Beneath the white cotton tablecloth, Corinne's thighs pressed against each other with even more urgency, convinced that if the woman continued with this line of thought the dam would not just burst but erupt.

If the ebony Amazonian knew of the dire straits in which her words were placing her guest there was no trace of concern as she went on:

"How will he feel, do you think, as the wife he once lorded it over reinforces her power over him by demanding he remain present? Unable even to take himself off and lose his sense of growing inferiority in the temporary embrace of alcohol? Knowing his time as your master has run its course and from this time on his life will be governed by his former subject?"

The guilt originally inspired by such thoughts had been extinguished by now and its absence was doing nothing to lessen her arousal and she was not sure if she could contain herself much longer.

"Your power over him will grow exponentially from that point until your control is as absolute as one person's control over another can be absolute in the age and culture in which we live. Though, and there is a very strong likelihood of this, he is almost certain to detest you for as long as his life endures."

There was a silence broken only by the hubbub of the other diners and the activity from the piazza below; until:

"Would the exercise of such power over him and his hatred of you for wielding it bother you?" Tisha asked.
"N-No," Corinne had answered, in a voice both preoccupied and emphatic, somewhat breathlessly; that very question having been the very same one she had asked herself on so many occasions in the days preceding their meeting.

Pouring herself water from a carafe she had sipped at it, collecting herself before coughing to clear her throat enough to speak something like normally:

"The bastard has used me and treated me as if I were a commodity placed here simply to make his life easier.

“At no time has he had any loving feelings for me and any I had for him took to the road long ago. I don’t disbelieve what you say and I look forward to seeing it proved correct, but it’s hard for me to imagine my contempt for the smug shit being any greater than it is already.”

Anderson reached out an arm to stroke her shoulder, soothingly, as his wife played her own part to convince their new friend she was taking the right path.

“Then your feelings towards him are wholly correct,” Tisha told her. “It is only just and reasonable that he should be punished for his disrespect.”

The big black hand of the woman’s husband continued to rub Corinne’s shoulder as she considered the proposition.

“Do you not agree, my love?” Tisha asked finally; not missing the way the younger white woman melted into the unobtrusive caresses of her husband and smiling to herself.

The woman had experienced nothing yet.

“In spades, Tisha,” Corinne managed to answer, anger tingeing her reply now. “Thanks to him I’ll never open myself up enough to be hurt by another. A chance I know I’ll never be able to bring myself to take. That bastard’s ruined me for a normal relationship; because if that’s what I’ve had these last years I never want one again. It’s… It’s…”

She hesitated, a frown of uncertainty diluting her anger and Tisha aware of its cause:

“It is just that you do not wish to live alone and by yourself in an empty house.”

It was not a question and neither was what followed.

“And you are certainly far too young for a pet to be any kind of a solution.”

Corinne had nodded at this accurate assessment of her fears, hoping she didn’t look *too* pathetic to them. “Sorry, I know it must sound weak to people so… so self-possessed as the two of you, but I just don’t cope well with being alone. Never have.”

Tisha’s arms had gone wide, as if the deal had already been sealed:

“Then it would seem to me your decision is made for you. As you do not wish to live alone; and have no desire to pick up after a messy pet; a tamed, domesticated and completely obedient husband will be the ideal solution.”

The smile beaming Corinne’s way was both encouraging and expectant.

“Would you not agree?” Tisha pressed.

Cheeks still a little red, Corinne had taken another necessary gulp of Muscadet and admitted the truth of the assertion; though she also went on to tell them the whole thing felt too good to be true.

“Coral professed the same misgivings when we first met and I promised her we could perform the miracle for her,” Tisha attempted to soothe her doubts; sensing her decision had already been made but she wished to be *persuaded* into admitting as much.

“Her misgivings soon gave way to pure delight when we put process *‘Nigel’* into operation however. Do bear in mind that though once started, your husband’s slide will be relatively swift, it will, nonetheless, be a work-in-progress – as are all things worth having. But, and I promise you this, it is a work that, once begun - and with a certain kind of man of the same type as your husband, moves along extremely rapidly.”

“Yes. I do hear what you’re saying, Corinne. Really I do. But…”

She looked from one to the other of them, expression frankly disbelieving, before returning her gaze to the man’s superior and voicing her doubts:

“Tisha, it’s one thing to say that about Robin; especially when your opinion is based on what you’ve heard of him and from what others like Coral and Mandy have told you. But I know him better than you and he really *doesn’t* strike me as the type to just meekly accept what we have in mind and buckle under.”

Tisha smiled; a benign prophet overcoming the natural reservations of an unbeliever who, just the same, wished to be persuaded.

“From everything you and your friends have told us of him and what we ourselves have been able to discover, your husband is far from the image of the strong and masculine man he presents to the world. He is in possession of too many of the character traits of a weak man for it to be coincidental.”

“Robin? Weak?”

“From your own lips you have told us of his mental bullying and both Coral and Mandy have supplied us with details of how he has used his looks to manipulate you into the position you find yourself. Is there a need for further evidence? A strong man, my love, would simply take what he wishes to take without such... detours.”

Her eyes flickered across to the giant that was her husband, knowing her inference would not be missed:

“If he can.”

Returning to Corinne then:

“Your husband does not strike either of us as being the kind of alpha-male able to do this and, with our help, you will soon find he is unable to do anything else of an autonomous nature without your express permission.

“Within a space of time –and probably a lot shorter than you would expect- you will see another side of your husband. It will, I pledge, be a side of him you will find a sight more pleasing. So pleasing, in fact, I wager you will cultivate this new persona until the old is no more than an uncomfortable memory; for him as much as you.

“Take this small leap of faith in us as your friends have done and you will see your life change beyond all comparison to the life you now know and detest so much.”

“Please let this be real,” Corinne prayed; the prospect of having such power over her bastard of a husband becoming more and more of an obsession with her since that first time at Coral’s and her witnessing of Mandy’s subsequent dismantling of Ron. Though neither of her friends, no matter how hard she pressed them, would explain to her how their husband’s had initially been brought to heel.

“It is our promise to you, Corinne,” Anderson assured her in a voice hard not to believe as he filled the ladies glasses and they all three sat in silence and contemplated what was about to come.

It was Tisha who broke the silence:

“Tell me, my love,” her velvet, chocolaty tones broke into the meditation session; “has he ever displayed any homosexual tendencies?”

Corinne spluttered into the Muscadet she had just raised to her lips at the prospect before recovering enough to laugh.

“Homose…?” A few diners looked across as her laughter grew in volume and she gained enough control of herself to take it down a few notches. “Robin detests gays almost as much as he detests…”

Too late, she managed to catch herself; but the trick was already out of the box.

“People of colour?” Tisha asked.

“Wogs? Anderson added.

“Coons?”

“Sooties?”
“Niggers?”

Corinne’s face was a bright red, all the words mentioned apart from *“Sooties”* having departed her prejudiced husband’s lips at some time or other.

“I thought as much,” Tisha said, divining her somewhat shamed silence to be the admission it was; even if the shame did not belong to her. “I take it this is not a prejudice you share, Corinne?”

“Lord no!” she protested. “Geography’s hardly an indication of racial inferiority.”

Now it was the turn of her eyes to flicker towards the giant sized hunk of prime black manhood sat opposite.

“Quite the opposite.”

“We thought as much, Corinne,” Tisha smiled, missing nothing; “though it is always reassuring to hear.”

“People could come with polka-dots, horns and a couple of humps for all I care. So long as I like them it makes no difference.”

“Well said, my love,” the woman set to be her new mentor nodded. “I agree completely. Though it could prove uncomfortable to share a bed with such a person.”

After a few beats of silence the table exploded into laughter and the racism of the husband was forgotten in the cause of the wife.

“What we do, Corinne,” Tisha began when the hilarity subsided, “we do for the betterment of women like you.”

“Well…” Corinne began hesitantly, obliged to point it out despite her building fondness for the couple. “That and the fee you charge.”

Silence fell again at this and Corinne kicked herself. These people, she was now certain, were her passport to a new life and a new world. It wasn’t sensible to offend them.

As it turned out, it was a decidedly *not* offended Anderson who answered; accent only slightly less thick than his wife’s but equally as exotic:

“You are right, of course,” he agreed. “There are the small realities involved in our… *operation* that involve the outlay of various monies. Also, Tisha and myself; along with our young daughter and Mariah, our eldest; are no different to anyone else in that we need money and are… and are…”

“Greedy?” Tisha finished for him.

To her relief, Corinne’s fellow diners burst out laughing at the jest made by the wife at their own expense.

“Seriously,” Corinne,” Tisha took it up again when she calmed down; “though we enjoy doing what we do for women such as yourself, we also need to live and prefer to live well.

“This, as you know, takes money – as does the setting up of what is required to deliver a husband into the power of his *not* so loving wife. That is why, as you are already aware, Coral and Mandy both agreed to make their husband’s sign over 40% of their companies to us and put the controlling share solely in their own names.”

Corinne was indeed aware of it and wished only that Robin himself had a company she could strip from him.

“We are not greedy, Corinne,” Anderson assured her; “whatever my lovely wife says. Tisha is an accomplished businesswoman and we like to think she adds value, as they say, to any enterprise of which she becomes a part.”

“Coral and Mandy both say Tisha has helped expand the businesses,” Corinne agreed. Adding: “Especially now Ron and Nigel have been… have been…”

“Neutered?” the helpful one offered, to laughter all three shared.

“But…The thing is…” Corinne went on, collecting herself; “Robin doesn’t have a business or money. The house was my uncle’s and is held in trust for me, though, under the provisions of the will, I can’t sell or raise money on it. He did leave me an allowance of three-thousand a month but…”

Tisha held up a hand to forestall her.

“Really Corinne. Do not trouble yourself. We know all of this and, anyway, would not dream of taking your money.”

“But…?”

Again Tisha’s hand was raised.

“Do you know anything of the Hollywood Film Studios?” she asked.

Corinne was thrown:

“The Hollywood… Film…?”

“Nobody would accuse them of being averse to money, would you not agree?”

Corinne nodded; no idea where her new friend was going.

“But, when the revenues of more popular productions are high enough, these studios will sometimes produce a film of great artistic merit; films they are certain will have no corresponding return of an economic kind.”

“It’s called a…”

“*Thank you, Anderson,*” Tisha said sharply and, to Corinne’s amazement –and deep, deep, satisfaction- the great masculine brute backed down before his female master.

With a warning look to her husband for his temerity in interrupting, Tisha took up where she had left off:

“It is called, my love, a vanity project. The money from more economically viable outlets creating a base for the production of more worthwhile but less financially pleasing projects.”

She gave Corinne some time to reflect upon what she could only see as good news.

“You, my love –and your worthless white husband- will be our *vanity project*.”

“You mean…?”

“That is right, Corinne, there will be no cost to you of any kind whatsoever. For you it will be nothing but gain.”

“This… This is fantastic,” the white woman could do no more than admit; the impossible seeming more and more achievable by the second – even if there were still nagging worries at the back of her head.

“But…?” Again she hesitated.

“Tell us what is on your mind, Corinne,” Tisha urged her. “You cannot go into an undertaking of such magnitude for your future without being absolutely sure you trust both our judgement and your own.”

“No, no!” Corinne protested quickly. “It’s not that I don’t trust you. Not at all. It’s just that… Well, won’t it still cost a lot of money to set things up?”

Anderson looked to Tisha.

“It will, Corinne,” he told her, permission to speak granted. “But we have checked out your husband’s various accounts and the money he managed to squirrel away while living off you and, along with the BMW we will take from him and sell, there will be more than enough to pay for what is needed to deliver him into your hands. In fact, we should make a small, but tidy, profit from his fall.”

The white, thirty-something, wife was finding her good fortune difficult to quite believe.

“And… And you’d do this?…For me?”

“Now we have met in person?” Tisha nodded. “Yes. And with glad hearts. We have the same feeling about you we had on meeting Coral and Mandy. All of you are strong individuals who, for various reasons that no doubt seemed compelling at the time, allowed their weak and self-delusional husband to call the shots.”

Corinne found herself nodding in agreement with the assessment.

“And for us, you see,” Tisha went on, “there is no greater pleasure than reducing a wretch such as your husband into a nothing. There will be only *one* loser from our… *adventure,* Corinne.”

Tisha’s husband was already topping up their glasses for a toast as his wife finished:

“And I promise, it will not be you.”

The walk to the Savoy had taken only minutes but to Corinne a whole lifetime had passed before her eyes by the time Anderson led her to the fourth floor room and showed her in. Nothing in her life to then had prepared her for what she was about to do and she couldn’t pinpoint if her strongest emotion was anxiety, anticipation, or sheer pussy tingling lust.

“It is totally necessary,” Tisha had told her over lunch. “We are unable to move this forward until you have shown us the same sign of commitment your friends were happy to make.”

“But…?”

“Tell me,” the black woman had insisted when Corinne seemed unable to complete her sentence. “We must have no secrets between us in this regard. All must be open and above board. We would not wish you to feel you are being coerced.”

“I’m not,” Corinne assured her. “I came to you after all.”

“Then what is the problem?”

The hesitant look Corinne flashed from Tisha to Anderson and back again gave the black woman her answer and she supplied her new white friend an understanding smile.

“Anderson is my husband and he will remain my husband after he has shown you what you have been missing these years.”

Turning to the man again, Corinne had received a smile both corroborating his wife’s statement and easing her concerns on the subject.

“Coral and Mandy,” Tisha went on, “have been in the exact same position as you and; not only have I no resentment towards them for having been bedded by my lovely, obedient man here; they have, as I am sure they have told you, become my very close friends and business partners.”

The woman’s obvious sincerity and the presence of that *“Obedient”* husband, ready willing and able to show her what she’d been missing out on, had been enough to persuade her.

While Tisha took herself off to the shops of Long Acre and the surrounding area, Anderson had taken her by the arm and escorted her to the nearby hotel with the famous *"Grill"* he and his wife had booked for the day.

Entering the room; out of the loop for too long and not sure how to proceed; Corinne had allowed Anderson to sit her on the edge of the bed and kneel to remove her shoes. An act of deference he followed by placing his lips on the toes of each foot as a sign of his respect for her.

"Y-You don't have to do that," she told him, breath control all but shot at seeing this marvellous black brute of a man with his lips pressed to the scarlet varnish coating her toenails.

Remaining on his knees, he had stared up at her; there being no way she could miss the look of genuine adoration and respect coming from him.

"But I do," he corrected her. "Tisha would be incensed if she found I had neglected to show you this respect. And besides," his smile was sincere and reassuring, "I want to do it."

Melting inside, panties sopping by now, Corinne had watched as this giant of a man rose to his feet and slipped out of his jacket. Taking it as a cue she had started to unfasten the top buttons of her shirt.

Only to be stopped.

"Not yet, Corinne." The man was slipping the moccasin's from his bare feet. "Please allow me to go first. Then, if it is your wish, I would be honoured if you would allow me to undress you."

She'd nodded; incapable of speech.

Within seconds the man's tee-shirt had gone and she marvelled at the sheer power of the sleek black body it revealed; her attention immediately diverted from his hairless pectorals as a deft hand moved to his fly and unfastened the buttons they found there.

With a sudden intake of air she realised she had forgotten to breathe and the man smiled with a familiar amusement that told her he wasn't exactly unused to such a reaction.

When the jeans slid down his thighs she stopped breathing again.

The package she could see contained and outlined in his Calvin Klein pants enough to cut the oxygen supply to any woman.

Shrugging off the jeans, he took a step forward to tower over her as she, completely incapable of movement, found her eyes not inches from the package itself.

"Would you like to unwrap your gift, Ma'am? Or do you prefer me to do it for you."

Still not speaking, actions on auto-pilot; the *"Ma'am"* turning her insides to mush;, Corinne's hands snaked out towards the waistband of his pants and began to slowly ease them down; progress slowed by the monster coming to life inside them; finally pulling the fabric down and then out to take her first unobstructed look at the black cock soon to be penetrating her.

Like the man himself, it was massive.

Ten inches of thick pulsating manhood.

The veins standing proud to pump blood to the head, she marvelled to herself, like cocks in miniature themselves.

"Oh my, god!" she exclaimed; unable to prevent herself. It was humongous! Coral's assertion on the subject of a woman's capacity to accommodate *any* man not calming her any as she questioned whether she could possibly take such a length and thickness.

Still on auto-pilot, with no urging from her black lover, her head eased forward and she planted a soft kiss on the mushroom head, intoxicated by the close proximity and the smell of it; one hand finding its way underneath his ball-sac to cup the goose-eggs waiting there.

Her actions winning a gasp from above that encouraged her to be even more daring as she ran her tongue the length of his taut foreskin and up again towards the head; repeating the manoeuvre four or five times before, mouth as wide as it would stretch, she took his cock in her mouth – or at least what she could manage of it. Continuing to cup and massage his balls as he sucked, she felt his hands go behind her head and begin to guide the speed of her movements, a fleeting image of her comparatively pitiful husband's endowment the last time she performed the favour for him only bolstering her intent to go through with what was planned for him.

Never again, she promised herself; even as she sucked on the black cock with gusto; would the bastard feel either the lips of her mouth or those of her cunt.

At least not with his cock.

Suddenly, her head was held back and away, cock slipping from her mouth with a plop. She felt hands go under her arms and found herself lifted to her feet to be kissed: deeply, sensually, respectfully. Then, again going to his knees, he began to undress her; peeling her pantyhose from her legs before removing her panties and skirt.

He stood and was about to remove her shirt when she could stand it no longer; she *had* to have that cock inside her.

"Now!" she screamed.

With a smile that told her he wasn't exactly unused to such a demand from a woman, his hands cupped her buttocks and in one smooth movement lifted her from her feet and placed her atop the cock she needed so badly.

She screamed again.

As she was placed against the wall and fucked at a pace not her own, her eyes had met and locked with those of the man filling her in a way her white husband never had and never could – knowing, from that moment on, he would *never* be given another opportunity to even try.

Right then, she knew with utter and complete certainty, any last lingering doubts regarding the course she had been set upon had been banished.

Forever.

Robin had been as impressed with it as she had been during her last visit – the second time she had seen her *new* friends that week. This re-acquaintance being the third and the most important.

“Nice, place,” he observed as he swung their used 3-Series BMW onto the drive of the six-bedroom mock Tudor detached with swimming pool; picking out Nigel’s own, superior and new, 5-series Coupe and Max’s recently purchased Saab convertible.

That the house was situated on the edge of a golf course in one of Kent’s more affluent areas lessened his favourable impression not a jot.

“Just the kind of place you would expect a high ranking member of the R&A to have,” he assured her; his pomposity, and for the first time, almost making her laugh.

Corinne wondered how he would react if she told him the house had been rented, fully furnished, only a week before; knowing she herself had been amazed they could have put events in motion so swiftly.

Not to mention, plausibly.

Though if it was difficult to restrain her amusement for the way he’d been duped so far, she was finding it even harder to suppress merriment when she pictured his reaction upon meeting the people who’d done the renting.

She had really pulled out the stops for the evening –not that the hair she’d had cut and styled that afternoon; together with the low-cut dress and sexy heels with ankle straps cut any ice with Mr Perfect. The dismissive pig as immaculate as ever in a light summer suit and pale blue shirt with the top two buttons undone; shoes below casual and slip on.

Now, though, where his dismissal of her would once have rankled, there was nothing but amusement and –if the disturbance beneath her pantyhose was any guide- increasing excitement to match the nervousness she’d been experiencing all day.

Her anticipation at levels white hot.

“Wait until I speak to those two,” he promised as they passed the cars of his friends and rang at the door, still ruminating on the dressing-down he would give them when the door opened.

Taking them in with a warm smile stood a woman.

Her husband’s first shock of the evening:

A black woman.

“And a bloody big one!” he was thinking, if the watching Corinne had read him right.

Along with Nigel and Max –and quite a few golfers, she imagined- progress made its way into his world slowly. Very slowly. Civil Service and compulsory political correctness or not, Robin remained very much in tune with the imbecile fringe who considered people of colour… *inferior*.

Especially as this one was on the large side for his tastes and was, he would find, none too impressed with him.

“You must be Corinne,” Tisha said, pretending first acquaintance; kissing her before turning to Robin and giving him a rather dismissive once over.

“And you are…?” she searched for his name, doing so with a conspicuous and deliberate lack of success; dressed this time in a beautifully tailored trouser-suit and heels that did nothing to lessen her air of natural authority – for Corinne, anyway.

“Robin,” Corinne reminded her when her husband refused to respond, in a sulk for having his name misplaced, and by a person of colour.

“Well, do come in,” Tisha invited, not apologising for her lapse or even favouring him with a second glance; focusing, it seemed, entirely on Corinne. “I’m Tisha.”

Robin was ignored and bristling; unused to such a reaction from a woman – and a big *black* one into the bargain.

As they moved through the hallway, soft music reached them from another room.

“You are as lovely as Coral said you were, Corinne. I think you’ll be a valuable addition to our group.”

The expression of disgust flitting across her husband’s face was not, Corinne knew, for the compliment she had just received alone; even if she knew he found it risible; no, the largest part of his displeasure was generated by the way the woman addressed everything to his wife and not him.

“And what group might that be, Tisha?” he asked, attempting to assert himself.

"Coral and Mandy are already here and looking forward to seeing you," she said, ignoring him as if he hadn't spoken and exactly as planned. "Let us get you some drinks."

Throwing Robin a look that told him she was as baffled as him as to why he was being ignored, Corinne made to follow their hostess; only for her husband to whisper in her ear:

"You didn't tell me she was…"

"When we have you fixed up with a drink," *'She'* said before he could finish, "we can join the others on the patio."

They were shown into a large room with mock beams and mock panels, to match the mock exterior and mock furnishings – all in keeping with the period being mocked and equally as inauthentic; even if it was impressive. An open door led out onto the patio area and swimming pool from whence the sound of conversation was accompanied by soft jazz playing in the background.

At one end of the room they had entered was a bar and Robin noticed the rather large and muscular young man tending it.

Young, muscular and, again, black.

"Marlon," Tisha ordered in a friendly voice; "drinks for our guests. "Corinne?"

"White wine for me, thanks."

Tisha waited, the merest widening of her eyes telling a growingly infuriated Robin it was his turn.

"Gin and tonic. Plenty of ice." The thoughts of Mr Terse an open book to his young wife, who knew exactly what he was thinking of their hostess and the carrot that had been dangled before him to ensure his presence:

"Royal & Ancient?

"My arse!"

As they waited for Marlon to pour –paying *particular* attention to Robin's gin- a young girl entered from the hall.

Another black girl.

She was not quite fourteen and advanced for her years, Corinne knew and Robin *didn't*, with breasts the envy of women twice her age.

Her intelligence, Anderson and Tisha had informed her, the envy of many a woman way beyond that.

This was Tisha's stepdaughter, Malika. And a vital component in what was intended to be Robin's downward spiral into disgrace and dependence. Though when her involvement was first mentioned Corinne herself was far from happy and told her new friends so:

"Sorry," she had said, baulking at one of their suggestions for the first time. "Your daughter's a child, I don't think it's right to…"

"You must trust us, Corinne," Tisha had come in over her. "Anderson loves Malika as much as any man loves his daughter – as do I as her stepmother. We are not suggesting anything of a remotely sexual nature. Though your husband will never suspect such is *not* the case."

"I… I'm not with you."

"Malika's involvement will be purely substantive and of limited duration," Tisha explained. "Believe me, she is a precocious and clever girl. One exposure to her acting skills and your husband will be an extremely terrified man."

"But," Corinne had persisted, "do you really think it's healthy to involve someone so young in such a… such a *weird* situation?"

Tisha's answer had been a surprise:

"Truthfully, my love: the answer is no. I do not. Both I and Anderson would prefer she had no involvement whatsoever."

"Then why…?"

"Because we have no choice, Corinne," Tisha came in; going on quickly: "As I said: Malika is a very bright and advanced young lady and, when she managed to discover what her stepmother and her father were doing she wished to be a part of it. She is young and, like the young, enjoys money. So you will understand how difficult it was to persuade her otherwise – though both Anderson and myself tried."

"Yes, but just the same, it is a bit…"

"I am afraid it is what it is," Corinne," Tisha had spoken over her forcefully, patience wearing a little thin for the first time, power disquieting the white woman somewhat. "You must believe me when I tell you no harm whatsoever comes to Malika – precisely the opposite, in fact. And her small involvement will bind your husband to you with more finality than if you held a sentence of death above his head."

Disquiet or not, Corinne was not quite convinced, though; in the light of what was at stake; she had given her consent for their plans to go ahead.

But that had been then.

Now, looking at the girl in her school uniform as she stood before Tisha, she felt a little uneasy. Precocious breasts and advanced intelligence apart, she told herself, the daughter of her new friends remained a young girl yet to reach the age of fourteen.

Her misgivings too late in the day to stop what had been planned for her husband playing itself out.

“Malika,” Tisha scolded. “You should be in your room doing your school-work. You know we have guests.”

Malika ignored her and held out a hand to Robin, “Hi, I’m Malika, Tisha’s stepdaughter.”

“Robin,” he told her, taking her hand; grateful, Corinne thought, to be acknowledged finally; not attempting to remove his hand when the girl showed no inclination to release it.

“You’re very handsome,” she told him, eyes fluttering upwards admiringly; a touch of colour at the older man’s cheeks telling the schoolgirl her flattery wasn’t unwelcome exactly.

“That is enough, Malika,” came the rebuke. “The gentleman has no desire to be flirted with by a little girl. Now go back to your room and…”

“I’m going, I’m going,” the *‘Little girl’* had protested, releasing both *‘Gentleman’* and hand to move to the bar where Marlon was already pouring a diet coke onto ice for her to take back upstairs.

“Nice to meet you… *Robin*.” The emphasis placed on his name not going unnoticed by any of the adults present and even Marlon had smiled to himself knowingly. “Perhaps I’ll see you later.”

“If your school-work remains uncompleted you will not be seeing anything outside of this house for the next month,” Tisha assured her. “Now get to it.”

With a last flirtatious smile at the older man, the girl had turned on her heel and left.

Tisha gave Corinne a long suffering smile; again marginalizing her husband:

“She is at the awkward age.”

Corinne had nodded sympathetically and they had collected their drinks and moved outside to the patio.

“Corinne!” gushed Coral, placing her Merlot on a lattice table and rising from her seat to embrace her as if she hadn’t seen her three times already that week.

She was wearing a body-hugging yellow top outlining her impressive breasts, nipples like armed warheads beneath the cotton trumpeting the fact –to Robin’s shock- that she was braless; while a skirt he thought far too short for the normally conservative

wife of his golfing buddy showed off her shapely, if matronly, legs to good effect. A twin expanse of smooth and tanned thighs rested upon muscled calves, dimpled down the outside from the pressure of balancing on a pair of high and spiked heels.

In spite of himself and a vague feeling of unease, Robin had to admit she looked… well… *fuckable*.

“Hello, Robin,” Mandy greeted him from a chair on the opposite side of the table – decidedly unenthusiastic, he thought.

With *distaste*, had he not expected better from the wife of one of his closest and oldest friends.

Only the fact she too looked rather horny in a long sheath dress with a revealing slit at the side prevented him from dwelling on the fact.

“Where are Ron and Nigel?” he asked, eyes drawn to the teenaged girl next to Coral in a little sleeveless purple number that; prejudices aside, he could do no more than admit complimented her voluptuous figure and the sleek sheen of her young black skin.

“Mariah,” Tisha interrupted before his question was answered; “say hello to Corinne.”

Annoyed at finding himself spoken over again, Robin’s growing irritation was, nonetheless, placed on the backburner as the girl rose from her seat and moved to his wife.

If the woman pissing him off so much was her mother then there was no family resemblance; the apple not so much falling a distance from the tree as being propelled from it by a siege gun.

Where the mother was muscular, butch and, he had to admit -though it pained him to do so- a little menacing; the daughter was tall, sleek, and feminine.

She was also, he noticed -if not as over-developed in terms of muscularity as the mother- in exceptional physical condition.

More interestingly, and even as she gave Corinne a friendly kiss on each cheek, she seemed to be quite taken with him; the eyes flashing in his direction denoting an interest greater than the curiosity of a simple first meeting.

His effect on the daughters of this family, at least, something of an ego restorative after the mother’s rudeness and seeming dismissal of him.

Not only that, he told himself grudgingly, and despite their blackness –prejudice inviting understatement- they were *quite* an attractive family.

“Hello, Mariah,” he said, extending a hand; “I’m…”

“Where’s your father?”

Hand still proffered, Robin watched the young girl turn from him to her mother.

“He needed to use the small room.”

It was a rich, velvety, voice, out of keeping with both the look of the girl and her age, an increasingly miffed guest to her home thought; the contradiction of looks with tone not diminishing his… *appreciation* of her one iota.

“He asked?”

A puzzled Robin watched the girl nod.

“Asked?” What on earth could she mean?

Satisfied by her daughter’s answer, a still bemused Robin saw the eyes of his rude and dismissive hostess move to Corinne:

“Sit yourself down, my love,” she said, offering his wife a seat next to Mariah.”

He waited.

And waited.

“I love your dress,” he heard Mariah tell his wife, his cheeks suffused with the evidence of his outrage as he waited to be offered a seat himself.

“Thank you, Mariah,” Corinne smiled. “I saw it in…”

His cough cut her off and the eyes at the table swivelled to him questioningly; adding an out of character sense of vulnerability to his annoyance even as he attempted to take the high ground:

“I’ll sit here, shall I?” he said, injecting some attitude into his voice and aiming it at the hostess whose pig ignorance of etiquette had forced the question in the first place.

As if she were unwilling to waste words on him, Tisha had simply held out her hand, palm upward, in the direction of a vacant chair next to Mandy before allowing her attention to move elsewhere.

“As I said before,” he began, eyes riveted again; though this time *not* on the tall and nubile daughter with the velvety voice but the long expanse of thigh exposed to him by Mandy’s crossed legs; reiteration directed at the creamy whiteness of her skin as it dipped down towards a shapely sandaled foot with crimson toenails: “where are Ron and Nigel?”

Taking a large swallow of his gin and tonic, he waited for one of them to answer; only to feel a hand on his shoulder.

When he turned, a huge black man was staring down at him, shoulders blotting out what was left of the sun and biceps testing the breaking strain of a form fitting tee shirt with high cut sleeves that was, Robin thought, far too young for him.

“You must be Robin,” Anderson said, thrusting out a massive paw in his direction.

Robin got to his feet and found himself dwarfed; not so much in height –he wasn’t exactly short himself, after all- but in… *girth*. The hand taking his was gentle but firm, applying just enough pressure to let him know the strength it could apply if it so wished.

“I’m Anderson,” the man told him. “Tisha’s husband.

“Nice to meet you, er, Anderson,” a somewhat cowed white man offered. “I, hmm, hear you’re a golf…”

“Get our guest another drink, Anderson.”

The woman again; their hostess and the giant’s wife; determined it seemed not to let the only other male present finish a sentence; suddenly concerned enough to insist he be looked after and some hospitality extended to him.

“Gin and Tonic,” she said when her husband gave her a quizzical look.

The woman caught Robin’s eye and held it; before repeating his earlier demand:

“Plenty of ice.”

Unable to meet her gaze for reasons he couldn’t comprehend, feelings of unease growing, Robin had given her husband his glass; the slight intimidation he had felt in the man’s presence a few seconds before giving way to a little contempt that someone of his obvious physical capacity could be made to act like a waiter by his own wife.

After all, it wasn’t as if he appeared feeble minded or anything.

Feeble minded or not, three large g&t’s later and Robin had still to utter a complete sentence.

And it wasn’t the big black ballbreaker alone who was riding roughshod over his attempts at conversation.

All the females present, in fact, seemed to be giving him short shrift – even if Mariah, the eldest daughter, kept shooting him flirtatious glances that spoke less of possibilities and more of… *promise.*

It turned out that the only person willing to give him any time was Anderson, who’d perched himself on the chair next to him; looking even huger for some reason under the patio lights that had clicked on with the fading of the light.

It had been the giant who informed him it had been business matters, apparently, preventing Ron and Nigel from putting an appearance. Telling him also, in a hushed voice -this when he professed amazement that Ron or Nigel would allow their wives to drive the Saab and BMW they loved and were so protective of, rather than insist they make their way to the party in the dinky Peugeot hatchbacks both women had been given as run-arounds- that from what he had heard there had been a few changes made in the dynamic of his friend's relationships.

"Changes?" Robin had asked. "What *'Dynamic'*?"

Anderson had moved in closer to speak into his ear, conspiratorially, the rest of the table apparently too engrossed in their own conversations to notice.

"Apparently, their ladies demanded more say in the running of things."

"You're kidding?" Robin said, none too thrilled to have the big black man in such close proximity but managing to keep his voice down anyway, eager to hear more; the man's words, he thought, and taking into account his friend's recent behaviour, ringing true.

"I'm told there have been some *real* changes. You must have noticed yourself, surely?"

Robin reminded himself of his pals absence in both pub and on golf-course over the last couple of months; first Nigel and then Ron – not to mention their refusal to contact him. If the black man was right it would explain…

No! he chided himself. It was too ridiculous. Ron and Nigel?… Of all people?… Please!

"Must be some mistake," he whispered. "If you knew them the way I know them you'd realise…"

"Anderson?"

It was the bitch again, interrupting him as she had interrupted him all evening.

"Drinks."

As Robin had watched with no small contempt, his host had leapt from his seat at the one word command and made for the bar to get refills.

"Er, Corinne," Robin began, aware he was feeling even more woozy; "I think we had better be getting home. I've an early tee-off in the morning and…"

"Nonsense, Corinne," Tisha spoke over him, not even bothering to look his way as she took over the travel arrangements of himself and his wife. "You've all had far too much to drink to even consider driving. You can all leave your cars here and I shall order cabs for you."

“Now hold on a seco…”

“Good idea, Tisha. That way we can enjoy some more of your delicious wine.”

The look Robin threw his wife was intended to remind her of the consequences that would follow her undermining him in front of people in such a way. In fact, had it not been for the fact he was feeling seriously groggy he would have taken her to task there and then. If his black host was right –and he found it far-fetched- that Ron and Nigel were letting their wives call the tune for some reason Corinne had better not get it into her head she could do the same.

“As if”, he scoffed to himself.

Twenty minutes and some more gin and tonic later he was still miffed but feeling no pain, words slurred as he engaged in what passed for chit chat with a completely sober Anderson:

“Corinne t-tells me you’re a m-member of the Woyal ‘n Ancient,” he said to the man, aware he was beginning to slur his words and unable to think why. No one could ever say, along with Ron and Nigel, that he was a lightweight when it came to alcohol. So why was he feeling worse for wear not halfway through his fourth drink?

“Not me, Robin,” Anderson told him.

“B-But, C-Corinne s-said…”

“She’s got me mixed up with the guy who used to own this place.”

Robin threw a look of recrimination towards his wife who, he saw, was holding hands now with the girl who’d been introduced as Mariah; lost in conversation with the horny looking teenager as Coral and Mandy were engrossed in whatever they were talking about with the black bitch hostessing the gathering. Normally he would have pressed the subject but he was feeling strangely queasy.

Which was the exact moment the youngest daughter came on to the patio to say goodnight..

“Homework finished, Malika?” her mother asked.

“All done, mum. Is it alright if I watch True Blood before I go to bed?”

“No. It is not alright. You are far too young for such a programme. How many times have I told you this?

Schoolgirl lips pouted.

“Say goodnight now. I will be upstairs to check on you later.”

Still pouting, but doing as her mother ordered, the girl made the round of the table to kiss everyone goodnight.

When she came to Robin she smiled and kissed him full on the lips, tongue darting snakelike in and out of his mouth, before giving him a seductive smile and saying a general “Goodnight” to the others as she skipped inside.

Feeling worse for wear, but having just enough sense to realise an underage girl had just kissed him full on the lips –*and* inserted her tongue in his mouth- he had looked for a reaction.

To his relief, there was none and he felt relief – and the beginnings of an erection. His sense of disgust, despite that feeling of wooziness, at finding he could be excited by a young *black* girl –pre-pubescent, most likely- strong.

Even if there was no accompanying sense of guilt.

Why would there be, after all? He had done nothing to encourage the little black minx to act as she had. Though he did have enough of a sense of decorum and self-preservation left him to know parents might not see it the same way and was pleased to see his host’s attention was focused on Mandy; while his wife appeared to be finding Coral equally as engaging as she recounted an anecdote for the benefit of her hostess, her eldest daughter and Corinne.

It was only a few minutes later when Marlon’s house mix of gin and tonic with secret ingredient finally kicked in and all worries about decorum, or of any other kind, left him completely and he leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes. and drifted into dreamland.

Incapable of knowing that when next those same eyes opened it would be to see a nightmare…

.

Robin Beswick came awake without opening his eyes. The throbbing at his temple, together with the fact his eyelids seemed glued to each other not doing much to instil in him a desire for daylight. A stomach threatening to void itself supplying no incentive either.

The thoughts he could put together in the face of such stiff competition were sketchy at best. He could remember speaking to the giant black man who’d been introduced as Anderson and the hostess who had ignored him all night; but his last memory of the evening had been Corinne’s refusal to leave when he had suggested it. Something he would be having words with her about the moment he felt half-human again.

The mattress depressed alongside him and he heard a sigh and he consoled himself that at least his idiot wife had managed to get him home; though he couldn’t for the life of him remember how she had done it or ever having been so drunk before.

But it was when he summoned up the will and unglued his eyes that bemusement really set in.

Perplexity that swiftly became terror.

Expecting to find himself in his own bed alongside Corinne, he saw instead the tearful eyes of a young black girl; the same young black girl who had been so taken with him the night before; staring back at him from the pillow.

In spite of the throbbing at his temple and the nausea, he jack-knifed into a sitting position, head exploding with fresh waves of agony as he did so and the décor of a young girl's bedroom greeted him – right down to the posters of Ja Rule and Dizzee Rascal placed there the day before – not that Robin Beswick had heard or had a clue who either of the two black icons were. What he did know was that he was in a little girl's room and in a little girl's bed. And, worse; that little girl was crying.

He asked himself how he could possibly have got there and immediately brushed the question aside as unimportant. The mere fact of his presence there made the manner of his arrival redundant. The tear stained face staring up at him from the pillow with a mixture of horror and revulsion only underlining the gravity of his situation.

He delved into his addled memory banks for the girl's name: Mani…? Marik…? *Malika!*

"M-Malika," he began, attempting to keep his tone adult but non-threatening; despite his own rising anxiety as she continued to stare at him fearfully. "How did I get here?"
When she made no reply he had to force himself to ask the next question; praying the answer would be nothing to do with him:

"Why are you crying, Malika?"

Again she didn't answer and he reached out a hand to reassure her.

The scream that accompanied her as she leapt out of the bed terrified him to his core and almost made him vomit; but even through his alcohol induced misery he saw that she was naked except for a pair of skimpy pink panties, her youth obvious despite the advanced development in the breast area.

"Malika, stop screaming. I'm not going to hurt you. I don't know how I got here but…"

He didn't get to finish as the door burst open and Tisha raced in; even more scantily dressed than her daughter, her impressive dimensions all the more intimidating for the look of pure fury that had mingled with the understandable anxiety of hearing her daughter scream.

"Mummy!" the girl cried and rushed into her stepmother's arms to be cradled into a pair of massive breasts.

"It's alright, Mali," Tisha soothed the girl, running a hand through her hair as she shot the hapless Robin Beswick a look that boded no good for his future. "You're safe now. Nobody is going to do anything to you."

“L-Look, er, Tisha,” he began. “I don’t know how I…”

“Pervert!” she hissed.

“But…”

“Save it for the authorities when they get here,” she cried, returning her attention to her stepdaughter. Are you hurt, my lovely girl?”

“He… He…”

“‘*He’* what?” boomed a voice from the doorway and seconds later Robin Beswick felt himself lifted from the bed by his neck as Anderson, wearing only his underpants, closed a massive paw about his throat and squeezed.

“What have you done to my daughter you piece of white shit?” the enraged giant snarled, seemingly unable to realise his captive would find it hard to supply an answer with his air supply cut.

On the verge of losing consciousness, Robin was about to do just that when Tisha ordered:

“Put him down, Anderson.”
That massive great black paw continued to exert pressure.

“Now!” the white man heard the command as the last of his consciousness prepared to desert him.

Suddenly, he was looking up at the ceiling with blurred vision as he tried to suck air down a windpipe he was surprised hadn’t been crushed under the pressure of the man’s grip. Panic competing with his bruised larynx as his thoughts began to unscramble. Always the recipient of a relatively untroubled life, nothing could have prepared him for the situation he had woken to find himself enmeshed in.

Flat on his back in an underage girl’s bedroom it didn’t occur to him for a second that he had been set-up.

Nor from that position could he see the looks of amusement being shared by the three family members above him.

“Take Malika downstairs,” Robin heard the black woman order.

“You take her, Tisha. I’ve some business with this piece of crap.”

“Just do as I say, Anderson,” she winked at him over the theatrical sobs of the girl. “Your daughter needs you and I am more than capable of handling the garbage. Make your Malika a nice hot drink and calm her down while I talk to him, then we can call the Police.”

Oblivious to the screenplay being enacted above him, Robin Beswick couldn't work out what was troubling him most at that moment: the nausea threatening to make him spill his guts on the bedroom carpet; the head that was pounding at a rate off the charts; or the sheer terror of explaining to the Police how he came to be sharing a bed naked with an underage girl wearing only her panties and a face covered in tears.

"Come on, Mali," he heard. "Come downstairs with your daddy and have a hot drink while Tisha speaks with the man. Trust me; he will *never* touch you again."

Closing his eyes, still prone on his back; he heard their progress along the wooden flooring of the hallway and the creaking of floorboards as father and daughter made their way downstairs to the kitchen. What had he done and how had he done it? And - if he had been in anywhere near the condition he was in now last night- *how* had he done it?

And where the fuck was Corinne when she was needed? Was she in the house still? Had she stayed the night also? If she'd left when he'd wanted to leave he wouldn't be in this situation.

And what about Coral and Mandy; did they stay the night too?"

Sensing a presence at his side; he opened his eyes to see the woman kneeling above him, breasts so huge they almost reaching his chest as she leaned across him towards his groin.
"W-What are you doi…?"

"Shut your filthy white mouth!" she snapped. "Unless you want me to call the Police *right* now."

He fell silent, having not the faintest idea of what she was about to do.

"Right now," she went on, "I am all that stands between my husband tearing you to shreds and handing you over to the authorities; so do exactly as I say or I'll call both him and them."

Terrified of either option; he steeled himself to do as she asked; even as he felt her hands at the waistband of his underpants – though he couldn't prevent an involuntary shudder bucking his hips as he felt her strong fingers slide under the fabric and take his shrivelled cock in her hand. He felt the foreskin of his penis peeled back and her fingers run themselves roughly over its head; as if searching for something.

When she withdrew her hand and rose to her feet he opened his eyes and saw her above him; her powerful body even more imposing naked than clothed; musculature hard and defined from regular workouts; though her breasts retained the fullness of which other women exposed to such rigorous exercise could seldom boast.

None of the above of any interest to him –including the hardness of her nipples betraying her excitement that might have made him at least suspect he was being set-up- as he saw the hand that had just inspected him raised to her splayed nostrils and sniffed.

It being only a second or two later that that Black Amazon drew back a leg and buried her toes into the soft flesh at the side of his stomach.

“Bastard!” the rancour in her voice made him flinch almost as much as the kick to the side of his ribs. “We invite you into our home and you repay our hospitality by forcing your pathetic white cock onto our daughter!”

Another kick emptied his lungs of air and he attempted to get to his feet; only for her to place a foot on his shoulder and thrust him back to the carpet.

“Stay right where you are you piece of filth,” she hissed at him. “The floor’s the best place for a pervert who takes advantage of young girls.”

Dumped on his arse, resting on his elbows; Robin Beswick stared up at the vengeful fury above him and tried to find words over the competing distractions of physical nausea and, he had to admit, intimidation.

“T-Tisha, I…” his throat was too dry to continue and he attempted to gather some saliva into his mouth and swallow, aware she was waiting for him to say what he had to say.

Finally working up some saliva and swallowing he began again; distaste for the woman above him no competition for the fear of what she could do to him:
“Tisha, you have to believe me; I’ve no idea how I came to be in your daughter’s room. The last thing I remember is having a drink and talking to your husband on the patio - after that, not a thing.”

The curl of her full thick lips signified her scepticism; raising the fingers with which she’d inspected his cock to hammer home her disbelief:

“What? Not even as you pumped your feeble seed into our little girl?” She neglected to mention that the fresh, barely dried, semen she had gathered from his penis was her own husband’s and had been placed on the man’s cock while he had slept under the influence of his *special* G&T’s and before Malika had got into bed alongside him. “Not as she cried and begged you to stop? Not even as you spent the rest of the night with your pale white body pressed to hers?”

She was deliberately pumping herself up now; knowing he was becoming more and more intimidated by her and wanting to keep it that way.

“Is your beautiful wife not enough for you? Is that it?” She planted her legs either side of his and saw him gulp as her bald pussy loomed above him. “Or is it you aren’t man enough to pleasure a real woman so you concentrate instead on little girls?”

Without knowing he was doing it, Robin Beswick attempted to shuffle backwards on his elbows, the sight of her womanhood, far from stirring arousal, only serving to remind him of the distaste he had always held for *“People of colour”*; the object of his distaste moving with him until his head smacked against the bedroom wall and he came to a halt.

“Or is it that the lovely Corinne won’t let you anywhere near her; let alone *inside* her?”

Wanting to refute the allegations and tell her he had long ago lost what desire he had for his wife; even if there were countless *“Real”* women who could testify to his potency as a lover; Robin’s returning senses told him it was hardly the type of thing a parent wanted to hear from the lips of a man with a semen covered cock who had just been found in the bed of their underage daughter.

Diplomacy was the order of the day, he decided, and years spent in the employ of the Civil Service with its attendant mealy-mouthed accommodations would need to be put to use.

“Please, Tisha. I can see how this looks. I would feel exactly the same in your position.”

The raising of her expressive dark eyebrows appeared to be saying: *‘What else could you possibly think?’*

“But surely you know how… wasted I was last night. I have no idea how I managed to leave the patio let alone… let alone…?”

“Sneak into Malika’s room and rape her?”
“No, no!” he cried with revulsion; the mention of the *‘R’* word taking the seriousness of his predicament onto a whole new level in his mind. Until that moment he had thought it was no more than a drink-fuelled incident he would be able to smooth-talk a way around with his usual felicity for such matters; but her use of the word *“Rape”* elevated a tight-spot into something altogether more… *horrifying*.

“To answer your question: yes we *all* knew how *‘Wasted’* you were – and it was hardly a surprise after seeing the number of drinks you kept asking for?”

He was about to say they had been foist upon him rather than asked for when she continued:

“That was why Corrine decided to take a cab home and leave you here rather than have you disgrace yourself over the backseat on the way home. It was also why Anderson carried you up to our *guest-room*, undressed you and put you to bed.”

Robin wracked his brains for no joy; memory bank empty of anything between last recall of his time on the patio and waking next to the young girl in her bedroom.

“Given,” his menacing though -he hoped- a little calmer hostess went on; “that you must have left the guest-room at some time in the small-hours, found your way without direction to the room where our young daughter was sleeping, and decided she was ripe for your attentions; it is hard to believe you did this without any conscious knowledge.”

“But, Tisha,” he implored, hairless pussy and massive breasts making no impression on him as he tried to instil belief in the eyes looking down upon him as if her were an insect; “you have to believe me. That’s *exactly* what happened!”

“No!” she insisted. “What happened was the violation of a little girl by a guest to our home. Do you think I care how it happened? All I know is that it did. More worryingly for you – even more than the Police- is the fact that my husband knows also.”

The thought *had* occurred to him. The man’s affability of the previous evening towards him and the deference he made to his wife –the same obsequiousness he, Robin Beswick, had found so pathetic- in no way detracted from what was self-evident:

Should this monster of a man get it into his head to do him harm then there would be nothing he could do to prevent it.

“I am going to speak to him now,” she told him, offering a tiny spark of hope; “I’ll tell him what you say; though I doubt very much he will be of a mind to believe you.”

He made to rise but, humiliatingly, she placed a bare foot on his shoulder and pushed back down onto his elbows.

“*You,*” she told him emphatically, “will stay right where you are. When I come back upstairs I expect to see you exactly as I’ve left you. Understand? *Exactly.*”
She waited for him to nod agreement and turned in the direction of the door. As she moved towards it her callipygian buttocks swayed musically to the movement of her hips and; though she knew the attraction they held for many a white man; she would not have been surprised to be told that the terrified man on the floor behind her found them of no interest whatsoever. Her thoughts, however, were elsewhere and, when she stopped and turned back, her face as she stared back at him held nothing but revulsion:

“I tell you, if it was not for the high regard Anderson and I have developed for your wife, not only would the Police have been called by now but I would have allowed my husband some time alone with you in this room.”

She turned before turning back yet again:

“*That,*” she assured him, “is something I am still considering.”

It was a truly terrified Robin Beswick who watched the door to the bedroom open some thirty minutes later; the time after his hostess’s departure having been spent in contemplation of the situation facing him. No greater evidence of the terror holding him in its grip was the fact that, in accordance with the woman’s orders, he had hadn’t moved – though he couldn’t see what she possibly hoped to serve by insisting he remain on the floor.

"Probably testing the power she thinks she has over me," he thought to himself; correcting himself almost instantly:

"Think" did *not* come into it.

As the door handle turned he prayed she had persuaded her husband he was telling the truth and had no awareness of doing anything with his daughter – even if he had.

Except it wasn't *"She"* who entered but *"Him"*.

Beswick's heart leapt into his throat as the giant strode into the room, slamming the door shut behind him.

He had changed into a pair of shorts and a running vest which seemed to emphasise his incredible physique rather than diminish it. Biceps the size of the white man's waist and thighs wider and thicker than the average oak -or at least appearing so to the man staring up at them- placed Robin Beswick's highly developed sense of self-preservation on red-alert. If the hand that had almost throttled the life from him earlier was not proof enough, then the sheer scale of the monster glaring down at him said there would be nothing he could do to prevent his own dismantling if the wife of his host had failed to persuade him on the score of their guest's innocence.

"If it was left to me," the giant intoned, moving within a pace of his outstretched legs to stare down at him balefully; "I'd beat the living shit out of you before cutting off your puny white dick and forcing it down your throat."

Relieved as he was that he was about to be spared a beating he'd be unable to prevent before being fed his own tackle; Beswick's major concern had yet to be addressed.

Though it was about to be.

"You're up shit creek," the man told him; none too originally Beswick thought. "Forget the paddle; you don't even have a canoe."

From behind his back the giant produced something pink and Robin Beswick's face turned several shades of crimson as they were unfolded and he realised he was looking up at Malika's panties.

"You do well to look sheepish, white-boy," Anderson sneered, pointing to some stains criss-crossing the fabric.

He threw them down to land on the prone man's stomach and received a questioning look.

"Pick them up."

Beswick hesitated.

"Don't make me force you."

The merest of forward movement's in his direction was enough to make the intimidated white man take the panties in his hands.

"Put them up to you face."

For a few seconds Beswick thought he hadn't heard properly: "My face?"

His nausea and thumping head received company as Anderson's bare foot sped forward to explode into his genitals and he doubled over, too agonised to even howl.

"Put them up to your face," the giant repeated his order when the man's breathing returned to something like normal and this time he was obeyed.

"Smell them."

"Sme…? Smell them?"

A flinch of intent from the man above him was all it took for Robin Beswick to do as he had been bid; eyes closed with distaste as he sniffed at the cotton below his nostrils and the salty, slightly fishy, smell he recognised as his own semen filled the olfactory tract.

Except it *wasn't* his own semen.

The smile the white man's closed eyes allowed Anderson to make inspired by the knowledge the white man was smelling was his own; placed on a replica of the panties Malika wore just after Tisha had smeared a healthy amount of it around the man's insubstantial –by his standards anyway- white dick. Not too many men – Anderson included- could recognise the smell of their own cum and the sap below him, with what he thought were a pair of his daughter's panties to his nose, was in such a state of terror even if had been familiar with his own emissions he'd have been hard-pressed to say for certain.

"Recognise your own pervert jism, do you?" Anderson snarled, doing a fine job of pretending to be on the edge of ungovernable fury; knowing it would keep the white man's fear levels at the requisite level for what was to follow.

"A-Anderson, please," Beswick began, the hand clutching the panties falling to his side. "You have to believe me; I can't remember…"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Anderson shouted him. "Tisha told me you said that. What else are you going to say?"

"But… It's the truth. You have to believe me. Your wife says you put me to bed. You must have seen the condition I was in."

"You were drunk," Anderson pretended to concede; "I'll give you that. Off your face, as they say."

Seeing it as progress, and as much as he hated kow-towing to such people, Robin Beswick pressed on. Charm had seen him through many a sticky situation –though none like this, mind- and he was confident it would do so again. After all, he consoled himself; if they were going to call the Police why hadn't they done so already? It indicated, he thought, that they had doubts of their own.

His consolation would not last long.

"Malika says you seemed pretty damned sober when she woke up with your hands all over her tits."

Beswick swallowed; the man was stoking himself up again and he had no doubts about the damage he could do to him if he lost control and went over the edge.

Aware of how intimidating the man found him, Anderson bent at the waist and got his face up close and personal.

"The only reason I haven't dialled for the Police yet is because of the fondness my Tisha has for your wife. She's a fine woman and too good for your raping white arse."

"Corinne?" Beswick asked; the implacable black face with the hairless scalp that somehow made it seem even more intimidating losing some of its terror for him at this previously unconsidered factor.

"That's right." He glanced at his watch. "She should be here soon."

"C-Corinne?... Coming here?"

Straightening at the waist, six-pack rippling with the motion and making him appear even more intimidating; Anderson gave him a dismissive look:

"What? You think she's not going to know about it? How you planning to explain the court-case and the fifteen years you'll get for raping a minor away; a trip to Mars?"

Robin Beswick had no idea how he'd explain it away; but he did know that these people liked his wife for some reason and, if he could exploit what he saw as the black couple's *implausible* fondness, it might *just* mean he would never have to.

Suddenly, the woman whose looks and intellect he had been so rude about –the same woman he had used as a means to an end all these years- had become vital if he wanted to keep his neck unmarked and slip the noose.

He could be forgiven for not knowing that the woman with his fate in his hands was downstairs at that very moment, drinking coffee with Tisha and Malika; discussing just how restrictive she intended that *"Noose"* to be.

"It's guilt, that's all," Coral told her as she refilled the wine glass offered up expectantly; a Cabernet-Shiraz this time, red seeming so much more apt.

"Of course it's fucking guilt," Mandy told her, aware of the raised eyebrows from Corinne at her rare use of an expletive. "My husband took an overdose because I'd stripped him of his company and relegated him to the position of household servant before forcing him to watch me take any number of big black cocks while his little dicklet was locked away in a cage. What else would I think it was?"

It was now two months since Mandy's husband, Ron, had been unable to take the diet of domestic service and sexual humiliation forced upon him and decided to end his life. The knowledge the life he had once known and loved so much had gone forever, to be replaced by total dependency on the woman once so dependent upon him, had proved too much to bear. Hence the bottle of Scotch and a freshly prescribed bottle of the sleeping tablets his wife needed less and less since her nocturnal activities had become more… *energetic*. That and a note explaining *everything* he'd left on the computer to be found by the authorities compelled by the nature of his death to investigate it.

As it turned out, the only person to read the last words damning his tormentors were the tormentors themselves.

The first person Mandy had thought to call on returning home and finding his body had been Tisha herself, who had promptly told her not to do or touch a thing until she had arrived and taken stock of the situation – though she had advised her to remove the chastity belt from her –now late- husband's cock and balls.

It had been a badly shaken Mandy who'd greeted her black *mentor* when she arrived with Anderson. It was one thing to have treated Ron like the slave he deserved to be treated as; but quite another to have left him so diminished and bereft of hope he could see no alternative but to take his own life. The fact any feelings she had held for the overbearing bastard had long since died and been replaced with a loathing off the scale hardly made her feel any better and the knowledge she had made his last days a misery, in ways far surpassing the little petty cruelties he'd inflicted upon her, wasn't about to effect a change on that score. Had it not been for Tisha's help and support, Mandy had told her friends afterwards, there was no telling what she would have done.

The first instance of that help and support being a good firm hug and a large –very large- vodka from the freezer she insisted Mandy swallow straight down. After that, she'd taken the chastity-belt used to confine the deceased and gotten a puzzled Mandy to fetch Ron's laptop.

"You said there was no letter when you found him," Tisha reminded her. "Trust me," she said, in the worrying tones of someone with much prior experience; "there is *always* a letter. And if it isn't of the paper variety…?"

Ron's laptop; along with his chastity belt; was given to Anderson, who was sent on his way with orders to dispose of them.

After that, it had been a troll through Mandy's own laptop –despite it being password protected- and a search of the house to see if any other *sensitive* material had been left to be found by the dead man. The search proving fruitless, Tisha had then asked Mandy to call the Emergency services.

That had been two months ago and; despite some *knowing* questions regarding the former couple's finances and private life; a verdict of suicide had been reached and the life insurance -not containing a clause making the policy invalid in the event of suicide- had been paid.

Everything was ticketty-boo.

Apart from the fact it wasn't.

"Did he feel guilty during all those years when he treated you like slime?" Coral asked her; this being the latest of many evenings Coral and Corinne had arranged by way of providing their friend some moral support – and a plentiful supply of vino.

"Coral's right," Corinne told her. "If the boot were on the other foot now he'd be on the golf course with the other two losers planning out his new bachelor life. Really, Mandy, your guilt's wasted."

Mandy gave a rueful little half-chuckle and was about to reply when Nigel entered from the kitchen with a platter of sandwiches he'd just made and caught her eye.
By now, to anyone who'd known him during his time as company boss and lion of the nineteenth, the middle-aged Englishman was just about unrecognisable from the confident and conceited; self-opinionated and pompous; bully who'd kept his wife in her place and his mistresses in theirs.

As he placed the platter on the coffee-table between them; not only was the self-confident swagger and ready put-down missing but so was some of the most tasteless clothing to be seen in the bottom of a colour blind Harlem pimp's wardrobe. The diamond patterned Pringle sweaters, garishly coloured Polo-Shirts and wide-checked trousers, so beloved by him and his golf bore cronies had gone; replaced by an unchanging monochrome outfit of black shoes, black trousers and white collarless shirt more likely to be found on the badly paid flunkey serving those cronies their G&T's in the clubhouse.

By far the most telling change, however, was his inability to meet any of the three women's eyes – an unwillingness to see his shame mirrored back at him they amused themselves with from time to time by forcing him to do just that. His eyes now, whenever he was in their presence –singly or together- remained firmly to the floor: beaten, docile… hopeless – just the way Ron had looked before he…

"You don't get it," she told her friends when the pale excuse for a man returned to the kitchen and closed the door behind him. "It's not the way I treated him that made Ron take his life making me feel guilty. It's the fact I don't feel guilty at all that gives me sleepless nights."

Coral and Corinne, as if to prove her right when she said they: *"Don't get it"*; exchanged puzzled looks.

It being Coral who recovered first:

"Then what's the problem? You're free of him at last. Why the grieving widow charade."

Mandy sighed.

"I'm sorry, Mandy, but Corinne's right." Coral seemed to have a flash of insight. "Or is it that you're missing having your very own servant around to tease and torment as he attends to your every wish?"

Coral's knowing nod in Corinne's direction seemed to indicate she agreed with her friend's flash of cognisance – even if this lightning flash of understanding did succeed only in drawing a still bigger sigh from Mandy.

"Of course, I miss that," she told them; indulgent teacher to a couple of pre-schoolers. "I don't think I've ever felt as alive as I did during those times when I would order Ron to kneel at the side of the bed and watch as I was filled with a real man's cock. There were times when the sheer power rush of forcing him to do something he found repellent was enough on its own to send me over the edge – no cock required."

The circumstances being described, she knew, something her friends *did* get.

"But the best was putting his little cock in that cage and watching the gradual change in him. Seeing the man who'd shown no sexual interest in me for years -while fucking every undiscerning bimbo he could either woo or pay- begin to lust for me even as he hated my guts; *that* was true power."

Mandy had paused, eyes gazing off into a fondly remembered distance as she admitted her addiction to the perversity she'd welcomed into her life.

Then; both eyes and thoughts returning to the present:

"I loved it all; each and every little humiliation I heaped on the bastard's head. Whether it was making him walk three paces behind me in supermarkets or making him clean me with his mouth after I'd taken my morning piss."

She looked thoughtful:

"I think it was when I told him I intended to make him drink it every morning that he went over the edge."

The look Coral and Corinne exchanged this time –always a few steps behind Mandy when it came to sex- was not so much one of puzzlement as one of *opportunity*.

And Mandy hadn't missed it.

“You’re kidding?” she laughed; seeming more like her old self than she had since Ron’s suicide. “You haven’t done that to your pair yet?”

Her friend’s silence was all the answer she needed.

“Well, haven’t you two a pleasure in store,” she told them, still laughing.

“Pleased as I am to see a smile on your face again,” Corinne began, excited even as she dissed the prospect of doing such a thing; “I really don’t see me doing anything so… *disgusting* any time soon.”

Coral kept her own counsel – another revealing *tell*, Mandy considered.

“Rubbish!” Mandy said. “You’re already thinking about it.”

She pointed an accusing finger at Coral:

“And so is she.”

Now it was Coral and Corinne’s turn to feel *“Guilty”*.

“You’ll be telling me next you haven’t made Robin and Nigel do clean-up after a nice fat cock’s left a deposit in your honey-box.”

It was yet another revelation greeted by silence.

“I don’t believe it,” Mandy, told them; the exchange at least having the effect of taking her mind from what was troubling her. You’re seriously telling me neither of you have made the wimps lick you out after a good fucking from one of the guys?”

“I need a refill,” a somewhat discomfited Coral said, leaning across for the Blossom Hill. “Corinne?”

Mandy laughed as Corinne supplied an eager nod: “Why not?” she demanded. “I thought this was all about humiliating the bastards for their treatment of us. How much more humiliating can it get than having to eat the cum of another man from your wife’s pussy? Surely you’ve spoken to Tisha about it?”

Both women shook their heads over the glasses they were in the process of rushing to their lips.

“Of course,” Mandy went on, more animated than she had been since Ron’s demise; “it’s a bit different with her and Anderson. He might be her husband and she might be the dominant partner in the relationship, but she loves him as much as he loves her. When he’s made love to her and cleans up his own mess afterwards it’s an act of devotion and respect on his part rather than any intent on hers to belittle her husband and keep him in his place.”

Mandy thought about it for a few moments as her friends waited; then:

“It’s just a bonus, I suppose,” she said, more to herself; retreating back into her own thoughts again to leave the friends hanging.

“What’s a bonus?” asked an impatient Corinne at last, Coral as anxious to hear the answer as her fellow *“Hotwife”*.

“Heh?” Mandy grunted, roused from her perusal of Tisha and Anderson’s relationship.

“You were talking about a bonus?” Coral reminded her.

“Oh!... Yeah, well… I’m sure Tisha’s main reason for getting her husband to clean her afterwards has a lot to do with being reassured he still holds her in respect and is willing to show her his continuing devotion. Just the same, she’s too smart a woman not to see it as a way of emphasising her superiority over him. It’s win-win, whichever way you look at it.”

“Then if that’s the way you feel,” it was Corinne again, “why are you feeling so guilty for doing it to Ron. You said yourself: it’s not as if he didn’t deserve it.”

“I also said: *‘You don’t get it’.”*

“What don’t we get?” the two women exploded at the same time.

Mandy gave the ceiling a long-suffering sigh, as if the plaster would descend and supply an answer for her.
“What you *‘Don’t get’*, she said at last, ceiling remaining mute, “is that the guilt I feel about Ron’s death has nothing whatsoever to do with either the way I treated him or the fact that treatment made him take his own life.”

Now her friends were truly puzzled.

“If you don’t feel guilty about that,” Coral said, “what do you feel guilty about?”

After giving them a dismissive but amused look for their inability to grasp the obvious; Mandy told them:

“I thought I told you: I feel guilty precisely because I don’t feel guilty.”

Coral and Corinne exchanged looks; each hoping the other would supply an explanation.

Mandy’s sigh was louder than ever.

“Stop sighing and just spit it out,” Coral ordered. “Why on earth would you feel guilty because you *don’t* feel guilty?”

“Because, Coral,” Mandy began, drawing out her words as if for the terminally slow on the uptake; “a man I once had feelings for felt so dehumanised by me that he preferred to end his own existence rather than endure it a moment longer.

“What does it make me that I feel no regret or remorse? He was a bullying shit I ended up hating, but he was still a human being. Surely I should be feeling something more than a sense of disappointment at being deprived of a servant, pussy-cleaner and whipping-boy, don’t you think? It’s not what a normal person would feel, that’s for sure; but it might just be a normal reaction for a monster.”

Corinne and Coral sipped at their wine, a little shaken by the outburst, as Mandy finished:

“Is that what I am now: a monster?”

Neither waiting nor expecting a reply; it was Mandy this time who reached for the Blossom Hill, emptying the bottle and filling her glass to the brim as her friends attempted to compose a suitable response.

“Stupid prick!” Mandy blazed before swallowing back the Cabernet Shiraz. “Why couldn’t he take his medicine like a man? I certainly took enough of his overbearing crap without running to the pill cabinet. Chances are I’d have probably got fed up of treating him like shit eventually and returned things to something like normal.”

As Mandy took another brooding sip of her red, her friends shared knowing looks for this latest piece of denial; both of them as certain as they could be that their complete and utter domination of their husbands was not something they would be likely to give up; either in the near or long future.

“Doesn’t it worry either of you that Nigel or Robin might be driven to do the same?” Mandy questioned them.

After a few seconds thought it was Corinne who answered:

“If I ever believed Robin had the balls to do such a thing –and I’m not sure I ever did- then seeing the way he begged and pleaded that day at Tisha and Anderson’s cured me.”

“Seeing Mariah shove her lovely fat cock up his arse and him accept it couldn’t have made him seem any more courageous,” Coral snorted.

After a short silence they –all three of them- burst into laughter. Coral’s observation of Robin having his cherry taken just the tonic to lift the air of gloom Mandy’s moral dilemma had shrouded them in.

The release of tension had gone on for some time more until each subsided back into their seat and the wine awaiting them; even if their thoughts took a slightly different turn.

Corinne’s, for some reason, going back to the first private conversation she had with Robin after they had driven home without exchanging a word; her *all*-powerful husband unable to even meet her eye the treatment handed out to him by Tisha that had left him in no doubt where he now stood.

Even if his standing was going to go a whole lot lower…

…"Well," she'd said, the moment the front-door closed behind them; "you've really fucked yourself this time, haven't you?"

"I don't want to talk about it," he warned her, old habits dying hard; it not having quite sunk in yet that the days of him: *'Warning'* his wife were now a thing of the past. Stumbling into the kitchen he ran the tap until the water was ice-cold and swallowed back some much needed hydration to go with the three Neurofen's he'd retrieved from the kitchen cupboard to ease his still thumping head.

Still at the sink and unaware she had followed him in, he filled another glass and downed it in one; her voice when it came startling him a little:

"You really are a piece of work aren't you?"

He turned; angry. It was one thing to be insulted by a black bitch with evidence that could incriminate him but, she could see, he was damned if he was going to take any shit from *her*. Her pompous and self-regarding husband was already in denial regarding the way he had all but fell to his knees earlier and begged for her to help him and even now he was thinking things would remain the same between them; despite having to dance to Tisha and Anderson's tune.

"How dare you!" he blazed. "I warn you, Corinne, if I ever hear one word of this from your lips again I'll…"

The slap she delivered to his outraged cheeks was as thrilling to her as it was unbelievable to the man on the end of it. Though she had struck him earlier in Malika's bedroom, in contrived outrage after pretending to have just heard of his crime; he had put that down to anger at the news she had just received; this *outrage* was not only considered but delivered in the privacy of his own castle.

In fact, so thrilling was it, she decided to repeat the process in reverse and backhand him; behaving towards her husband in exactly the way Tisha had advised; advice acted upon she found just as satisfying as Tisha had promised it would be:

"Do not budge an inch, my love," Corinne's black mentor had told her as her fully-dressed, but thoroughly chastened, husband waited in the car on the drive of the home the black couple had rented with the express purpose of ensnaring him. "Not even a fraction of an inch. And for every piece of ground he gives before you take some more, until the only space in his life is that which he can find in his service to you."

To Corinne at the time, it had still seemed too wonderful to ever become a reality:

"Robin? Serving me?"

And yet, as Tisha went on to outline how she *must* behave if she were committed to having the same kind of deference from her husband Coral and Mandy had from theirs; she remembered the way Tisha had handled Robin as she and Anderson listened outside the bedroom door.....

…….“You piece of gutless shit.”

It was early afternoon and five hours on from the time he had awakened next to their daughter and his nightmare had begun. During that time she herself had spoken to him and, for the first time, slapped his face and told him of her disgust – his willingness to accept such treatment from her a direct result of Tisha and Anderson having assured him it was his wife who stood between him and some serious prison time. By the time she was ready to go downstairs and speak to their hosts her still naked husband was almost –*almost*- begging for her intervention.

“Not only do you rape a young defenceless girl,” she remembered Tisha telling him; “but you then beg the wife you treat like a doormat to plead with us on your behalf.”

Tisha had paused to let the man take in the full measure of her disgust, then:

“Trust me, white shit,” she went on in the way pre-agreed; “if it wasn’t for Corinne your scrawny arse would be perched on a prison bunk already; ready and available for your cell mate to use at his discretion.”

Corinne had marvelled at the way the woman handled her husband and Anderson had given her an: *“”I told you so”* smile.

“But Tisha,” her husband had come in; no doubt feeling even more vulnerable now everyone was fully dressed except him, “I’ve told you, I…”

The sound of Tisha’s hand landing on his cheek was so loud the listening couple felt they were in the room where it had happened and signalled the *real* beginning of Robin Beswick’s transition from proud and self-regarding man to the servant and cuckold of the wife he held in such contempt.

“Don’t,” her husband’s voice had warned and the sound of another slap landing answered his warning.

“I’m warning you, Tish…”

Another slap had choked off his words.

“Your warning days are over, little man,” Tisha told him. “From now on you’re taking orders.”

“Wh-What are you talking about?”

“Anderson, your wife, and I, have decided we won’t tell the Police about what happened here.”

Corinne could hear her husband's relief through the door; sure she would have heard it had she been a few streets away.

"Th-Thank you, Tisha," he gushed, slaps forgotten in his relief. "I'm so sorry this happened but…"

"Oh, you're going to be sorry," Tisha came in to deflate him. "Just because we've decided not to subject our young daughter to a court trial… *unless we have to*… it doesn't mean your raping arse is going to get off scot-free."

"But…"

"Interrupt me once more white-boy and I'll take you over my knee and spank your lily-white arse until its ten shades of red and you're bawling your head off like the pussy-boy you are. Understand?"

Corinne guessed he must have nodded because Tisha went on:

"I want to hear you say: *"Yes, Ms Tisha'* whenever I ask you something from now on. In fact, that's how I expect you to address every woman; including your wife. Got it?"

Another slap sounded out and Corinne again marvelled at the way the woman was handling her previously dominant husband with such ease.

"I said: *'Got it?'*"

The slightest of pauses followed, but then:

"Yes."

Yet another slap.

"Yes, what, you idiot?"

She could imagine all too easily her husband standing there, wanting nothing more than to ram a fist into the woman's face before telling her to fuck-off – the fact she was black *and* more powerful than him only fuelling his feelings of hatred and impotency.

For a long time there was silence and then; as thrillingly as anything Corinne had heard up to that time:

"Y-Yes, Ms Tisha."

His concession to the woman's power had been hate-filled and grudging, they all knew; but it was a concession nonetheless.

The first of many.

“Now I come to think of it,” Tisha’s voice carried to them; “I think I am going to take your white arse over my knee anyway. Just to show you who’s in charge round here.”

“Okay, Tisha, that’s enough,” her husband had snapped, patience running out just enough to make him forget the gravity of his situation and defy the woman tormenting him. “What happened was regrettable – terrible; I admit it. But it was done without me being aware of it. You know this as well as I do. I wouldn’t go near a girl as young or as…”

His voice had tailed off and Corinne had known exactly what he had been about to say.

As had Tisha:

“Or as: *‘Black’*. Is that what you were about to say?”

Surprisingly, he hadn’t denied it:

“Yes. That’s exactly what I was about to say,” he told her. “I believe we should stick to our own race. Always have. I don’t intend to be rude but it’s just something I believe. I intend no offence.”

Tisha’s response was instant and assured:

“And I would take no offence were it not for the fact that not a few hours ago, here in this very room, on that very bed, you forced yourself on my little stepdaughter and forced your cock inside her. We have her panties covered in your sperm and even as we speak Anderson is right now taking Malika to our doctor for a swab-test which – she assures us- will show us where you left the rest of your useless white seed.”
Now there followed a long silence as Tisha allowed her lies to sink in; the fact Anderson was listening at the door and Malika had gone to the local shopping mall with Mariah doing nothing to inspire suspicion in the husband of the woman who was also listening at the door.

Though it did inspire a fresh burst of fear:

“If you’re not going to the Police then, what do you intend to do?”

“First,” Tisha answered, the relish in her voice for what she saw as the first unmistakable sign of his capitulation all too evident; “I am going to take you over my knee and spank you until your tears flow like those of a baby.”

As stunned by her words as Corinne was herself, the picture forming of her husband as he stood before the imposing black woman and listened to them threatened to send her into a fit of the giggles; only a warning raised finger from Anderson and the placing of her own hand over her mouth such an outbreak.

"Then," Tisha had continued; "you are going to kiss my feet and thank me for correcting you. After that, I have a gift Anderson went out and purchased just for you before he left for the doctors with Malika. When I have given you that we will speak about what happens to you next."

Corinne, knowing just what that *"Gift"* was –and the power it would transfer to her- had literally been forced to thrust her fist into her mouth to prevent herself laughing at the expression she pictured on her husband's face when he was shown the present being made to him.

But first, there was the small matter of his spanking.

The hiss of the mattress depressing reached them and then Tisha spoke:

"Now, pussy-boy, I want you over my knee like the sissy you are."

For a few moments silence reigned as Robin considered her words; his disbelief not difficult to imagine.

"You can't be serious?" they heard.

"Don't make me force you," Tisha warned. "I'll make it even more painful if you don't be a good obedient sissy-boy and do as Ms Tisha says."

Her language was becoming both more derogatory and more condescending. Deliberately. The woman wanting the confrontation she knew such treatment of him – and despite his situation- had to provoke.

She was not to be disappointed:

"This is madness!" Robin had exclaimed. "If you think for one second I'm going to…"
The gasp wrung from her husband and the subsequent and *brief* struggle she listened to with Anderson had elated Corinne in ways she hadn't imagined possible and when Anderson pulled her to him in the hallway as Tisha went about overpowering her husband in the bedroom -the sound of her hand making contact with the pale cheeks of his buttocks evidence of her success- she melted into his embrace and ran a hand over the rod of iron tenting his jogging bottoms. To the sound of the black Amazon's hand falling rhythmically and unrelentingly and the accompaniment of her husband's cries as they grew louder and more imploring before swiftly becoming sobbing of the most piteous kind; her lips sought out those of the man who had only recently taken her to heaven in a swanky hotel suite and kissed him - her hunger both new and orgasmically exciting.

A new and exciting hunger not likely to be lessened any when Tisha finally pushed her wailing husband from her lap and ordered him to kiss her feet and thank her for correcting him. The sheer power of the images conjured up by the prospect of her racist husband being forced to place his lips on the feet of a black woman; giving thanks to her for having supplied him with heretofore unknown pain and discomfort while reducing him to tears; almost sending her over the edge right there and then.

“Good boy,” they heard Tisha applaud as the still sobbing man did as he’d been told and thanked her for correcting his behaviour.

That hunger going off the scale when Tisha took the next step in the subjugation of her husband:

“Now, I think it’s time we got you all locked away in you little gift”…….....

…….Returning from her recap to find him standing before the sink staring at her with undisguised hatred; Corinne could quite understand why her husband had been unable to meet her eye on the drive home; squirming and fidgeting on the backseat of the BMW where Anderson had deposited him; his instructions being not to move as she had taken the wheel for the first time with *him* as a passenger.

He had been soundly spanked and reduced to tears by a black woman before having his cock and balls locked away in what Corinne now knew was a CB6000 to which Tisha had kept the key and -even more demoralising for him- he knew she knew about it; the fact he could meet her eye now had nothing to do with moral indignation for what had been done to him but the anger he felt for his previously downtrodden wife having struck him.

Twice!

“You don’t get it, do you; you sad bastard,” she hissed at him; gratified at the backward step he took in the face of an anger he had –despite the slapping- yet to experience from her. “From now on, if there are any warnings to be handed out I’ll be the one giving them.”

He stared at her as if she had gone insane; so used was he to overriding the many small rebellions against his authority she had made over the years; the sudden look of worry in his eyes in her regard telling Corinne he was beginning to sense it wasn’t just Tisha and Anderson who had a hold over him but his ill-considered and previously inconsequential wife too.

“Screw morality,” she had thought. *“In this instance, revenge would be nothing but sweet.”*

“Tisha and Anderson are coming round soon to explain things to you,” she told him. “You can either do as they say or; make no mistake; the panties covered in your sperm and the evidence of Malika will send you down for a long, long, time. They don’t want to subject their daughter to such an ordeal but…”

“For god’s sakes, Corinne,” he came in, desperate; “you don’t really think I raped that girl do you?”

“Of course I don’t, Robin,” she assured him, amused to see a glimmer of relief cross his features before she lowered the boom of irony: “I think it was a lust-filled tooth-fairy who crept into her room and sprayed his disgusting semen into her vulnerable and virgin pussy.”

The *'Glimmer'* of relief left him in a rush.

"Or perhaps her Dizzee Rascal poster came to life and decided to take some pleasure?"

He looked beaten.

"What do you think?" she went on. "Are they lines of defence worth pursuing?"

As she knew he would –the man nothing if not utterly predictable- he changed tack; deciding to employ the charm that had seldom let him down in the past and which he placed such great store in.

"Corinne, you're my wife. You know me better than anyone. Do you really think I could do something like that to a defenceless young girl if I was sober and aware of it?"

She had kept her counsel; extending a little hope to him she had every intention of crushing.

The invitation seized upon immediately:

"I…" he began, as talented at faking sincerity as he had always been but having visited the well once too often. "I know things haven't been good between us for a while but…"

Again he allowed his voice to trail off, a penitent embarrassed to be confessing his sins before mastering the emotion of the moment and continuing:
"But, well, it's at times like these that you appreciate what you have and how important…"

"Oh, save it before I puke, you cardboard bastard," she cut him off, unable to take any more. "I'm about as important to you as a foreskin is to a Rabbi. Get it in your head, Robin: you're *fucked*. Unless you fancy some prison time, I call the shots now. That's another one of the reasons Tisha and Anderson haven't gone to the Police. There is, as they say, a new Sheriff in town. And it ain't you.

"In fact, whichever way you cut it, I win. You either stay here and do exactly as your new boss tells you; or you and your arse take your chance on B-Wing for the next ten years or so. You'll either be in my life the way I want you to be in it; or you'll be out of it – for good."

The cheeks, smooth and unlined by dint of a trouble-free life lived at the expense of others –mostly her- had taken on a sickly pallor as the substance of what she was telling him –and the knowledge she had a stick big enough to implement it- sank in.

"As of now, your life is about to undergo a complete overhaul," she told him with growing rapture, ecstatic to be speaking to him in such a way and, for once, looking to their future together with anticipation rather than dread.

“When Tisha and Anderson get here they’ll explain how things are going to work – and I promise you this; it won’t be in a way you’ll enjoy – but then you always have a choice, don’t you?”

She could see he was having trouble reconciling himself to her new assertive and take charge persona Tisha and -though not to so large an extent- Anderson had coaxed out of her since that first meeting at Covent Garden and the subsequent revelation of what sex could actually be in that Savoy hotel suite.

He hadn’t, she had assured herself, seen anything yet.

“Before they get here though,” she went on, pre-empting any more of his puerile self-justification; “there’s something they insist you do for me.”

Robin had stared at her expectantly; certain this couldn’t be anything good.

Corinne had given her husband the smug, self-satisfied look of a woman who knew she couldn’t lose before lowering the boom on him:

“It’s a deal-breaker I’m afraid, Robin,” was her ominous opening. “Tisha insists –and I agree with her- that we need to see some evidence of your intent to do as I say from now on. Something, she says, you wouldn’t normally do.”

Something in her tone had given the game away to him; something she had asked for in the past and he had told her, in no uncertain terms, *never* to ask for again.

As she unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the kitchen floor before stepping out of it; she could see his head begin to roll from side-to-side. By the time she’d kicked off her shoes and unpeeled her pantyhose he was beginning to mumble his misgivings:

“No, no, no, no…”

Placing her hands on her hips she stared him straight in the eye; never in her entire life having felt so empowered and extending a heartfelt thanks to Corinne and Mandy whose urgings had set her on the path she now found herself on.

“I’m going to count to five,” she told him in a voice he hardly recognised. “If you are not kneeling between my legs and taking off my panties, prior to eating me, I shall take that as a decision on your part to take your chances with the authorities.”

“For god’s sakes, Corinne,” he spluttered; “you know how I feel about doing… that. It… It’s not… *clean*.”

“One…”

“I mean it, Corinne. This has to stop. You’re letting these black perverts ruin our…”

“Two…”

“You don’t even know them that well. How do you know they’re telling the truth about me being…?”

“Three…”

“I won’t do it! I’ll go to prison first, before I allow you to…”

“Four…”

“Never! Read my lips, Corinne: *never!*

“Five…”

Crouched on all fours in front of the full-length wall mirror stretching along one wall of his own bedroom; Robin Beswick looked at the reflection staring back at him as if it belonged to a stranger. The expression plastered across his handsome features one he had *never* expected to see written upon his own, or any, face. An expression consisting of so many differing components it was impossible for him to describe it with any one word.

Shock?

Certainly.

Anger?

Definitely.

Sheer, nauseating and stomach churning, disgust?

Take it as read.

The coal blackness of the naked young woman standing behind him with hands on hips and a sneer on her lips as she met his reflected gaze served only to underline the change his life had undergone in such a short passage of time and was –even more than her youth- the prime factor in his humiliation.

Along with his friends: the tragically departed Ron, and Nigel –the only other member of their former triumvirate still standing, and someone he was now forbidden to see- he had been set in his distaste for anything other than white and Aryan. Anything but politically correct; interracial relations and those who indulged in them had always been frowned upon by the four golfing antediluvians. And yet –and this was another huge factor in his humiliation- as much as he tried to convince himself otherwise, something in him responded to the girl in her late teens who stood above his pale if still trim and well-kept flesh so regally and disdainfully.

A response on behalf of his subconscious angering him as much as it mystified him.

So what if the coal black skin leading from her shoulders to the impossibly full breasts and down to a pair of equally sensuous legs was smooth and flawless? Wasn't the simian physiognomy of her sneering face with it's flared nostrils and large teeth enough to offset any attraction he might otherwise feel? How could it not? given the way it pointed up the ancestry he found so… *inferior*.

That the abomination standing above him so regally and proprietorially wasn't even a *"Girl"* yet another fact this dyed-in-the-wool heterosexual could have expected to predispose him against attraction.

Unable to either move or speak, held in thrall by the tractor-beam of her eyes in the mirror, he watched as her sneer widened and she threw an impossibly shapely leg over his body to bestride him, the smooth black skin of her calf caught in transit by the light from a bedside lamp and seeming all the more sensuous for the illumination; knowing the handsome Englishman was too far in terror of her by now to even contemplate rebellion.

"It's not possible," he told himself for the umpteenth time, as if repetition would somehow alter the inconvenient fact of what he now knew rested between those magnificent legs.

His ruminations were cut short as she settled a capacious arse on the small of his back and took in the tableau reflected back at her before giving out a little giggle that betrayed both her youth and her delight at the picture she had created. Excepting the premises of professional dominatrixes and those who paid to be treated in such a fashion; the tableau before her, she knew, was not of a kind one expected to find in the bedroom of a respectable middle-class neighbourhood. The unbelievable actuality of a young African girl sitting astride her older white mount in the midst of white suburban respectability was something highly unlikely to even occur to the prosaic mindsets of the respectable citizens inhabiting the area – let alone be believed to be happening.

But that was a world away and here, in the *master* bedroom of the man's home, there was no way either of them could mistake the symbolism turned upon its head they saw reflected back at them from the mirror The one in command, the other commanded. Age, race and *"Breeding"*, as the older man saw it, nothing before the superior will of the girl who seemed to gain more authority over him with each passing day.

But it was not just the warmth of those curvaceous black buttocks settling on his back he could feel.

That was the least of the degrading sensations assailing him.

Fat and unfeasibly long, it was the *"Girl's"* semi-erect penis as it slapped against the pale white skin of his back on it's journey towards his neck that threatened to make him void his stomach.

As if sensing his impending crisis, the *girl's* hand came out to stroke him behind the ears; soothing him as if he were no more than a skittish little mount and she his rider.

“Good horsey,” she told him, continuing to stroke. “You and Mariah going to get along just fine. ‘Fore you know it you going to be doing all kinds of tricks for me.”

Still being stroked, Robin Beswick felt the black shemale’s monstrous cock extend along his back as her excitement at the power she had over him increased. Gazing down at the carpet, he could only marvel at the picture he must make. He was on all fours in the home he had once ruled with a rod of iron, serving as a seat for an aberration of nature barely a third of his age and with a penis twice the size of his own.

His head shook from side-to-side imperceptibly as he tried to get it around the fact that *he* could find himself in such a pitiful condition. It was *too* incredible to inspire belief. Had the vengeful fates somehow conspired to combine all the elements most likely to crush his pride and crucify his manhood they could not have come up with anything much more excruciating than the agonies he suffered at precisely that moment.

“Must be tough for you,” the boy/girl astride him sympathised as if reading his thoughts, tone of voice redolent of anything but compassion for his plight. “Look at you; on all fours like a little bitch. A handsome man of your years and me a young girl.”

Only his fear of her and what she had already shown she could do to him if he displeased her stopped Robin Beswick from refuting the assertion that someone less than half his age with a cock twice the size of his in both length and girth could be deluded into describing themselves as a *“Girl”*.

“Look at me,” she demanded and he raised his head.

“That’s all you are now,” she went on, voice dripping with the triumph of young over old; of black over white: “my *bitch*. The handsome English pussy-boy old enough to be my daddy.”

As if to emphasise her point she reached back behind her and gave his full balls –not to mention the ring encircling his scrotum to which her mother had attached his cock-cage on the morning after his fall- a squeeze.

Unable to prevent himself, Robin Beswick screwed his eyes shut to block out the sight if not the sound and the feel of the aberration bestriding him.

“Keep them open, bitch-boy!” she/he barked, giving Robin’s restrained balls a firmer squeeze. “You don’t do anything unless Mariah gives you permission first. You have no say in *anything* anymore. Those days over for over you. Close those eyes again without permission and I take off your cock-cage and stick needles through your balls.”

To emphasise the threat she delivered a couple of slaps with the palm of one black hand to his lily-white buttocks; smiling as he squealed.

Knowing all too certainly that the threat was *not* an idle one, Beswick opened his eyes, even as he squealed, to be greeted by a smile of approval for his obedience.

He watched as Mariah edged backwards along the seat his back provided her. The older man shaking his head at the tableaux provided by the mirror of a handsome mature Englishman being ridden by a simian featured black teenager with the most amazing breasts. His in-built prejudice ensuring the impossibly full and perfectly formed orbs with nipples jutting out like replica penises would do nothing for him - with or without her *added* equipment.

“You just keep looking in Mariah’s eyes,” the teenager told him as her own arse slid from his and she rested behind him on her knees. “They leave mine once you going to be one sorry little pussy-boy.”

Totally cowed, he found her eyes with his own and kept them there; the joy she took in her control of him all too readable in the look reflected back at him.

As he felt her engorged cock slide over his buttocks and she took up a kneeling position behind him, he knew what was coming; his whole body beginning to shake with horrified anticipation of the imminent as he felt the tip of the shemale’s monstrous cock make exploratory stabs at the entrance to his anus.

“Aaaah,” Mariah cooed with mock compassion. “is Mariah’s little bitch-boy frightened?”

Maintaining eye-contact and too terrified to even think of responding, the older man felt her slender fingers rest either side of his hips and watched as her Negroid features broke into a smile of triumph. When he felt the head of her cock begin to press against his opening as he just shook on all fours without moving and allowed it to happen. So scared was he to either distract or lose eye-contact with the young girl/man who was in the process of enslaving and humiliating him.

As the cock entered his anus, Robin Beswick gasped, struggling for all he was worth to maintain the position demanded of him by the teenaged shemale defiling him – continuing to do so even as the contents of his stomach threatened to surge into his throat and he lamented what he saw as the death of his life as a self-respecting man.

“That’s Mariah’s good little pussy-boy,” she applauded him returning his stare demonically – almost daring him to break off. The pure pleasure of mastering the handsome and unwilling older white man as she forced him to accept the invasion of her steel hard black cock was threatening to tip her over the edge – and this before she had thoroughly explored and defiled his rear entrance. The look of defeat and self-disgust mirrored back to her from the once-proud, arrogant and overbearing husband only serving to take her nearer that particular – and delightful - precipice.

“That’s right,” she went on, her own breathing becoming a little ragged now; “you Mariah’s boy now as well as your wife’s. You going to obey both of us from now on and become the helpful little cuckold we want you to be. Least you can do after putting your tiny white cock in my little sister and treating your lovely wife like a skivvy.”

A surge of bile entered Robin Beswick's throat as Mariah accompanied her words with a further exploration of his back-passage, her fat ebony cock only halfway inserted but still inserted enough to make him feel as though he were being split apart.

"Oh, yes. That's my good white fuck-toy. Corinne got you by the balls now but your arse is all mine. When I finish getting my big fat dick up there you going to be begging me to return to it like the obedient little pussy boy you meant to be."

"The fuck I will," Beswick assured himself, even as he maintained eye contact with the she-boy intent on owning him and tried to stop himself from projecting his stomach onto the surface of the mirror. So far –and he told himself he preferred it that way, so small the male-pride he had left he was grateful for anything that made him feel even a little more manly- rather than any unsought pleasure from the invasion, his only experience had been pain. If the perversion of nature riding him who managed to both appal and terrify him at the same time thought he would be begging for a repeat of…

The air left his lungs with a rush as the monstrous black prick embedded itself a few inches further in and his bravado vanished with it.

"P-P-P-Please!" he gasped, voice high enough and pitiful enough to almost make him believe he was indeed the *"Pussy boy"* his *rider* told him he was. "I can't take any more!"

The shemale's answer was to lean forward and reach beneath him to give his ringed scrotum a far from gentle squeeze; assuring him when he stopped screaming that:

"You are not the one who decides what you can or cannot take. Your new master Mariah here will do that."

"Master?" Robin Beswick asked himself, the appellation penetrating his consciousness despite the agony of the cock intent on dissecting him; such a description on the lips of the young black shemale at least giving him something else to think about.

Even if it wasn't pleasant.

That the word revolted the older and racist white man was a given. How could it not? Perverting as it did the language of those anti-bellum days when white plantation owners insisted upon the term of address from their purchased and enslaved black slaves as their natural right. A term of respect and ownership revived over a century later with him as the one – if not purchased exactly – being enslaved and treated as a sexual toy by a black teenager young enough to be his son/daughter.

The truth, he could do no more than acknowledge, was that he was being *mastered* by this young woman with a cock the size of a horse. And effortlessly. Neither age nor social standing could disguise the ease with which the abomination of nature currently occupied in penetrating him was facilitating his submission.

He was not given long to dwell on either the changes wrought by time or his submission however. All ruminations on the role reversal and his inability to fight it were halted abruptly as another brutal thrust embedded the cock intent upon impaling him further inside.

“Noooooooooooo!”

Losing eye-contact and beyond caring, the older man raised his head to the heavens and screamed as the monstrous black ramrod thrust past his innards and into his throat to burst past his tongue and…

…“Noooooooooooo!”

Robin Beswick woke in a sweat with the actual taste of bile in his mouth.

So real had the dream been.

Though it wasn’t often he was pleased to see the four walls of the tiny spare-room Corinne had assigned him since their role reversal this was certainly one of those times and, as he allowed his sweat drenched head to flop back onto the pillow, the sheer horror of his situation and the events leading to it began to replay themselves.

Since his life had been taken from him after the events of *that* night, and both Corinne and the black couple he had begun to find more terrifying by the day had decided to exact their own form of retribution rather than leave the task to the authorities, his sleep had been punctuated by such dreams. And on a regular basis. In fact, it was hard for him to pinpoint which of the players holding his future in their hands terrified him more.

Was it Anderson: the massive husband who had already been called upon to punish him in a way guaranteed to make him feel physically sick at the prospect of a repeat?

Perhaps it was Tisha: the wife who seemed to rule her beast of a husband and the black Amazon bitch who had not only taken him over her knee on the morning following *that* night and spanked him until he blubbered and begged like a schoolboy, but had encircled his balls in the infernal restrainer and imprisoned his cock into the accompanying cage before securing it with a tiny padlock?

Or was it their son/daughter? The exotic shemale with the amazing breasts whose fat cock now entered his arse and mouth on a regular basis and took so much pleasure from ruling a handsome older white man and making him perform the most degrading acts imaginable to a man with Robin Beswick’s self-regard and arrogance.

Make that: *former* self-regard and arrogance.

In truth, he told himself, though he was loathe to admit it and the fact of it demeaned him even more than finding himself a chattel to a family of blacks, it was his subservience to his formerly downtrodden wife that concerned and terrified him most.

It was Corinne, after all, who could bring the wrath of all three black bastards down upon him if she so chose – whether he'd displeased her or not. Her hatred of him seemed boundless and he knew that –though she might protest disgust– his drunken actions with the young girl had given her just the hold over him she needed to make his life a living hell and pay him back with interest for his neglect and dismissal of her. Why else would she have used her new friends to strip him of everything he held dear? The life he had once enjoyed was a memory; along with his savings, his car, his job, and even the golf he loved so much.

"You won't be going to work from now on and you definitely won't be playing golf," she had informed him; "so you certainly won't be needing a car."

"But, Corinne…" he had attempted to protest.

"That's why I made you give all your savings and investments to young Malika," she had cut in. "The least you can do after what you did to her." The smile she had directed towards him then had been purest malice. "What do you need money for anyway when you have a loving wife with a house and an allowance of her own?"

"But…"

"Now, now," she had overridden him – unheard of only days before; "I know what you're thinking: how can I ever repay my lovely generous Corinne? Well, I've been giving that some thought and I think you can start by taking care of the home on a full-time basis from now on."

If hers were any guide, his own face must have made an absolute picture; the pleasure she was receiving from taking him apart unmistakable.

"Just think," she told him; "no more silly government office for you with all those petty regulations. "You can stay here and look after your wife now. Won't that be lovely? I know how badly you want to repay me for giving you another chance and not sending you to prison. So I thought what better way than for you to do all the domestic chores you once insisted were mine."

"You…? You're not serious, Corinne. You can't expect me to…?"

"Oh, but I do, Robin," she assured him. "And I'll expect you to do them to the very best of your abilities: cleaning, laundry, cooking; everything."

"But…"

She came in with the clincher:

"After all, we wouldn't want Tisha and Anderson to think you weren't taking the arrangement seriously. You know how angry they can get and I'd really hate to have to watch them punish you again."

She let the threat sink in before continuing:

"Oh, don't look so worried, silly. I know you don't have any experience at being a skivvy. Starting as of now I'll be showing you just what to do. Before you know it you'll be my perfect household servant."

And so his new life had begun; every day bringing with it fresh domestic responsibilities and fresh humiliations as his thoughts dived this way and that in fruitless attempts to seek an avenue of escape that left him feeling more and more dispirited.

So demoralised was he, in fact, that when Corinne informed him his golf-buddy and friend of over thirty years, Ron, had taken his own life, he had been tempted to follow the same route – even if he was ignorant it was a situation similar to his own that had prompted his friend to do it and he swiftly realised he would never have the courage to follow that example.

Staring up at the hated ceiling of the spare room that seemed to symbolise what had become of his life but, nonetheless, was preferable to having himself penetrated by the cock of a shemale who insisted his arse belonged to her –even in a dream– his mind went back to that morning in their kitchen when; after he had been soundly spanked by the black bitch and had the hateful cock cage placed on him.

He pictured himself in the kitchen after Corinne had driven him back home and, to his amazement, peeled off her pantyhose and insisted he get on his knees to lick what turned out to be her freshly bald pussy; outlining what he could expect to happen to him if she couldn't feel his tongue by the time she reached the count of five…….

……Corinne, please," he had pleaded with her as she reached the end of her count, amazed to find himself doing so; the man who had left the same kitchen the night before as lord and master returning the morning after as a supplicant. "I know things haven't been great between us for a while but perhaps this is the wake-up call we needed."

For the second time that morning; his previously cowed wife had stepped in and slapped him. The fact she was naked from the waist down doing nothing to diminish the impact of the blow. Neither physically *nor* symbolically.

"You put your pitiful excuse for a cock in a defenceless young girl's pussy and call it a *'Wake up call?'*, you pathetic bastard!"

"But, Corinne, I…"

The third slap she delivered was even more powerful and rocked his head to the side.

Her voice when it finally reached his benumbed brain had nothing in common with the amenable and browbeaten woman who had left the house with him the evening before.

“Either you get on your knees now and lick my pussy or I’ll call the Police myself .”

After a pause to allow it to sink in she allowed herself a smirk:

“But not before I’ve had Anderson” – her smirk became even more contemptuous – “or Tisha, take you over a knee and spank you like the baby you really are first.”

She had paused again to let the threat sink in further, then:

“Only this time I’ll get to watch.”

The sense of disbelief he had been unable to shake since the events of the morning had first kicked in was not so great he was unable to see his mousy and unintelligent wife was serious.

Sensing this and emboldened still further, sensing the scope of her power over him, Corinne’s lip had curled:

“Your choice,” she told him contemptuously. Police and prison…”

Again her smile was purest malice:

“Or…”

With the index finger of her right-hand, eyes never leaving his, she pointed downwards at her expectant pussy.

Robin Beswick’s own eyes had flickered downwards and received a start when he stared at her pussy for the first time since she had peeled off her skirt and saw the thick bush of hair he had expected to greet him had been depilated.

“You…” he began, her hairlessness making the task she demanded of him no more acceptable though it did shock him enough momentarily to take his mind from what she expected he do for her. “You’ve shaved?”

“Well spotted,” she smirked. “Had you taken the trouble to show an interest instead of cheating on me and paying me nil attention you’d have noticed it’s been that way for a while now.”

“But…”

“Enough!” she snapped, revelling in her new and growing position of authority over her husband; confidence –just as Anderson and Tisha had told her it would– enhanced by every backward step she forced him to take. “Do it now or you’re history.”

Beswick felt anaesthetized, so much had happened in the space of a few short hours he could barely take it in. Events had downward spiralled out of his control and sided themselves with his wife that she might supervise his descent. And she seemed in no way reluctant to do just that.

It was surreal. Where not hours before he had been the dominant partner and the driving force behind both their lives he was now standing before her with his cock in a cage as she demanded he perform an act for her he had told her he found repugnant. An act he had always promised himself *never* to perform for any woman at any time.

"As I said," he heard her say – ominously; voice reaching him as if through cotton-wool: "it's your choice."

He looked at her, feeling already half-beaten from the events of the morning and the reminder constricting his groin. And only then did it strike him; the epiphany going hand-in-hand with the bald pussy awaiting his attentions expectantly – nay: *demandingly*. Too self-involved to be the most prescient and observant of men; he suddenly realised - as if it was not enough on its own - that it wasn't *just* the growth around her cunt that was missing.

Something else was absent.

With a jolt comprised half of shock and half of irritation; it finally occurred to him – though the slaps and the fact she had demanded he kneel down and eat her had been something of a clue in this respect- that he could detect no sign of the deference and lack of confidence his presence had always seemed to bring out in her and he had done so much to cultivate over the years.

"Look, Corinne," he began, by way of making another appeal.

Not even bothering to listen, she reached inside the handbag she had placed on the table and retrieved her mobile.

"Wh-What are you doing?" he asked, coming to his senses.

Robin Beswick's senses sharpened still more when, by way of an answer, she punched in what he knew were the digits that would connect her to the emergency-services.

His stomach found its way to his mouth as the finality of what she was about to do and the consequences for him if she did became real for him.

"Don't, Corinne!… Please don't call the…"

"Hello?" her voice cut into his plea. "Police, please."

The impostor's resolve – what still remained to him - left him in a rush; pride, self-respect and, yes, the sickening distaste inspired by what she required of him, taking a backseat to the fear of what would become of him should she go through with the call she was in the process of making.

This, even he knew, was irrevocable; if the call were completed there would be no way back; the law would have been kick-started and due process would not rest until it was served.

A due process in which all evidence of both a physical and a verbal kind was against him.

In much the same way a deck of cards folds in upon itself and hardly aware of how he got there; he found himself on his knees before her, the smooth and powerful tanned thighs he had neglected for so long rising up in imperious columns either side of the bald cunt she expected him to service.

“Just a moment, please,” he heard her say before covering the mouthpiece with a hand.

Reaching out, she took a handful of his hair and yanked his head back until he was staring into her eyes.

What he saw there did not bode well for him.

“Do it!” she ordered.

For a few seconds their eyes locked in conflict.

And it was Robin Beswick who blinked first.

Knowing he was on the verge of capitulating and amazed at how easily she had brought him to this point, amazed that she could ever have allowed such a specimen to rule her life for so long, she released his hair and waited for him to comply.

It took a few seconds, but *“Comply”* he did.

Though he had closed his eyes to block out the sight, the demoralised husband could not prevent the smell of her aroused pussy finding its way into his nostrils and he fought the urge to gag.

It was the same feeling of nausea he had experienced as a young man when he had made his first and last attempt at cunnilingus and baulked at the first hurdle. The smell as revolting to him now as it had been then. The knowledge there were men who actively sought such… *service* out even more baffling to him now he was being forced to it than it had been after that one aborted attempt.

“Now!” she barked at him when he hesitated, hand still clasped over the mobile and cutting them off from the ears of the emergency-operator. “Do your duty, you pathetic excuse for a man!”

Stung by the level of contempt in her voice and in a state of shock to find himself in such an… *abject* position before a woman he had not only ruled but for whom he felt nothing but a superior contempt; Robin Beswick screwed his eyes shut.

Guided by the potent aroma that threatened to make him gag at any second, he extended his tongue until it made contact with his wife's freshly smooth labia for the first time in the whole of their courtship and marriage.

The sigh of pleasure and triumph above him was no consolation for the revulsion he felt at being forced to the act for the first time - other than the youthful attempt he had shied away from almost as soon as he had set about making it.

"Sorry," he heard her say into the phone breathlessly. "I thought I had an intruder but it turned out to be my husband."

Repulsed but relieved; Beswick heard the mobile connection cut and felt relief wash over him as he made tentative stabbing motions towards the moist cavity awaiting his attentions with the tip of his tongue.

"Use the flat of it," he heard her command from above.

He forced himself to comply.

"That's it. Long lapping licks the way a dog would do it."

Relief at his reprieve of a few moments before was short-lived as his pride shrivelled still further to hear himself compared with a canine and ordered in the same way.

And by *her*.

The smell; given his very limited experience and former reticence; was indescribable and he wondered if he would be able to give her what she wanted before his fastidiousness kicked in and he vomited.

Fair to say that, had he known he was about to be licking and sucking the stale semen of the young man who had tended bar in the home of the black bastards the night before, the voiding of his stomach would have been a foregone conclusion. At this point however, and a stranger to the flavour of either man or woman, he believed he was tasting the cunt of his *loving* wife alone. Which, even on its own, was almost too much for his distaste to work past.

His ignorance would not be of long duration.

Oblivious to what awaited him on the inside, Robin Beswick steeled himself and took the course of least resistance to do as his wife asked; flattening his tongue as if he were a pet Labrador to take long sweeps of her bald labia; encouraged as he did so by the sighs of pleasure and, yes, *triumph* above him.

Despite the anger inspired by the way her hand found it's way to his thick greying hair to stroke him; the gasps coming from above that signified he was at least having some success at the unwanted endeavour gave him hope that something could be salvaged from the situation in which he found himself trapped.

Having always been a cunning man, he knew his only way out of his predicament was to think and –acknowledging as he did the disgust he felt for what he was being forced to do- he knew the obvious pleasure his none-too-bright younger wife was taking from having him in his current position could supply him with an opening of some kind down the line.

An *opening* which might just see him extricate himself from the clutches of both her and her new African *friends*. In fact it was fair to say -and by way of illustrating just what kind of a man he was- that at no time since waking next to the sobbing girl in her bedroom, and oblivious to the fact she was playing a role, had he felt concern for the effect of his supposed actions on the minor.

Robin Beswick, it can be said without fear of contradiction, was and remained fixated on the subject that had engrossed his thoughts for the whole of his life thus far.

Robin Beswick.

For her part, Corinne was astounded that he had conceded so readily to licking her freshly fucked cunt.

And a cunt still filled with young Marlon's *black* jizz at that!

Not that he knew of course – not yet anyway – but the idea of her husband servicing her orally after she had spent a night being used and penetrated by the young black lover -whose cock was everything Coral and Mandy had assured her it would be- was as major a turn-on as the fucking itself.

Beforehand, when Tisha had asked her not to clean herself afterwards and her reasons for suggesting it, she had found the prospect a little *too* near the mark. Nonetheless, so far had she come to trust her new friend in so short a space of time, she had acquiesced just the same and was glad that she had. Tisha had called everything to perfection so far and this was no exception.

As she had forced the back of her previously masterful husband's head towards her hungry and used snatch she recalled Tisha's words:

"The sooner you get him used to the taste the better. He is going to be swallowing a lot of it from now on."

After she had stopped laughing -and despite the attraction the prospect held for her- Corinne remained dubious that Robin could fall so low as to consent to doing such a thing knowingly.

Or perhaps he could.

The speed of his capitulation up to this point had, she could do no more than admit, and exactly as Tisha and Anderson had assured it would be, been nothing short of a revelation. If he could be brought so low so quickly who could say just how low he could be forced to go? And why not?

Perhaps Tisha had been right when she told her how docile a cuckolded husband could become and how quickly he could be brought to such a pass. The behaviour she could expect from him and she had found so incredible to start with now seemed eminently do-able After all, she had only to think of Ron and Nigel and how pussy-whipped Mandy and Coral had them to know it was possible to get Robin to the same point – or at least close to it.

"I wonder if they get their husbands to eat a cream-pie?" she had asked herself, reminding herself to question her friends on the subject even as she knew she would do no such thing.

Some things, despite all that had happened and was happening, were just too personal.

"Ooooh," she squealed as his tongue found her engorged clitoris, friends and personal questions forgotten.

"Very good, Robin," she breathed. "You're a natural cuntlapper."

No reply came from below.

"In fact, I think that's what I'll call you from now on – amongst other things… Higher now," she urged. "Suck my fucking clit."

As she knew it would, her obscene language made her husband flinch as he went about the task he had always described as humiliating and unmanning - though her gratification when he barely missed a beat after her colourful instructions and did as she asked was almost as arousing as the attentions of his tongue itself.

"That's it, pussyboy." She urged him on, words coming in a breathless rush. "Just as if you're trying to suck the flavour out of an ice-lolly."

She felt her clit being hoovered past his lips and pronounced herself amazed that her husband with the aversion to oral sex could be such a quick learner as he vacuumed it into his mouth without further instruction.

"Yes, yes! That's the way, you pathetic bastard. Give your wife some of the pleasure she's missed out on for all these years while you were screwing around with everything that moved except her."

Robin moaned softly, revulsion waning a little as he concentrated on giving her the pleasure she sought in order to supply himself with the beginning of some kind of *sexual* hold over her. Not to know the idea was a non-starter and he would never have anything resembling control over her ever again. The self-involved and oblivious civil-servant assuring himself she would pay for making him do this for her -along with every other insult she heaped on his head- a thousandfold.

Which was when, despite himself; still devising revenge scenarios as he continued to suck at Corinne's penis in miniature; he felt his cock attempt to become erect in its prison.

He gave out a little yelp and then screamed as his cock met the bite of cold steel, his hands clutching ay his imprisoned prick as he doubled over.

The understandably *preoccupied* Corinne gazed down at her husband with a puzzled look that soon turned to amusement as she realised his problem.

“What’s wrong, sweetie?” she asked in a voice dripping with sarcasm. “That little dicky of yours isn’t trying to get all nasty and hard, is it?”

Robin was doubled over by now, too preoccupied himself to register her disparagement of his equipment as he willed the erection to go down and ease the discomfort that was becoming more acute by the second.

“But I thought you hated going down,” she continued in a tone of mock puzzlement. “At least that’s what you always told me. So what can possibly be getting you all hot and bothered?”

He gave no answer but heaved a sigh of relief as the absence of his tongue and nostrils at her pussy and the distraction of her voice allowed his erection to wane; knowing, just the same, that he needed to be out of the contraption.

Sooner rather than later.

Unable to know the truth would be more like: *rarely*, if *ever*.

The hapless husband’s relief as his penis shrank to more manageable dimensions not surviving his triumphant wife’s next words:

“I’ll let it pass this time,” she told him magnanimously; “but don’t ever take your face out of my pussy again in future until I tell you or you won’t enjoy what happens to you.”

He stared up at the stranger above him wonderingly. His wife. The very same wife whose life he had ruled so effortlessly for so many years, had just warned *him* he would face repercussions if he ever…

It was inconceivable!

“Now,” she began, cutting through his wonderment to get back to business; “get back up here and put that tongue to work before Tisha and Anderson arrive.”

For just a second he thought he must have misheard. Surely she had heard and seen the discomfort such an act caused him? She surely didn’t mean to put him through it again?

“But Corinne,” he pleaded; “can’t you at least take this contraption off of…?”

She had already snatched up the mobile before he could finish his request and was staring down at him with a fury and implacability of which he hadn’t believed her capable.

“If I make the call this time,” she assured him, eyes holding his, “it will stay made.”

Again; their eyes remained locked for a moment until -once more sensing his capitulation- her lip curled:

“What’s it to be? The child-abuser’s wing, or…?”

With one red-painted nail, she pointed at her freshly denuded mound.

The expression of triumph and vindictive self-confidence she beamed down at him told Robin Beswick she had no doubt in regard of the decision he would reach.

Even more sickening to her husband was the realisation, when it came to him, that neither did he…….

Switching on the tiny bedside lamp in the spare-room his wife forced him to occupy, Robin Beswick’s watch told him it was still only 10.15.

He slumped back onto the thin mattress of his cot with a sigh and gazed up at the ceiling dispiritedly. Already, he had been in the little room since 7.30 and the arrival of…

The handsome middle-aged man winced, unable to bring himself to even *think* the name of the abomination who was probably inserting its fat black dick into his wife’s bald cunt at that moment. The same way he/she had inserted it into his own…

A sob of self-pity surged up from his throat for the life he had known and was now gone; not sure who he hated most. Was it the black family whose youngest daughter he had raped – though he still had no recollection of the act - a family intent on making his every waking moment a living hell of humiliation and submission by way of retribution? Or was it the treacherous wife who, far from believing her husband’s protestations of innocence –or at least, obliviousness– had sided with the black bastards and used the hold they had over him to reduce him to little more than a beast of burden who could expect punishment from either her hands or theirs if he failed her in any way.

A recent image of himself, draped across her pantyhosed thighs as she tarred him into a blubbering mass of tears and contriteness with a hairbrush, was almost as hard to contemplate as the insertion of the shemale’s massive black weapon into his most private and unwilling of orifices.

“Bitch!” he hissed out loud, feeling a tad better for venting his anger; even if he knew he would never dare do so in front of either them – and especially not in front of Tisha and Anderson.

“We’ve decided,” Tisha had told him on that first day as she stood in his kitchen on the same spot where he had been forced to pay oral homage to the newly bald cunt of his empowered wife, “that sending you to prison for ten or fifteen years would be too easy – though you can always take that option if you wish.”

They had arrived not minutes after he had brought Corinne to a screaming orgasm with his tongue.

Three of them.

Tisha, Anderson and the eldest daughter Beswick had still considered a girl at that time. Shown through to the kitchen by Corinne as he sat at the kitchen table and tried to make sense of what was happening to him while attempting to ignore the taste of his wife’s secretions upon his tongue he had been prevented from removing with either toothpaste or mouthwash. His growingly dominant wife refusing to allow even a sip of moisture to pass his parched lips.

“A taste of the future,” she had told him with a smile.

He recalled, it was Tisha who had been delegated as the group’s spokesperson.

Dressed in a two-piece suit in grey, with a skirt ending just above the knees and powerful black legs bare, she looked even more formidable to him than she had earlier that morning when she had burst into her youngest daughter’s room to find her crying hysterically and him trying to comfort her. The breasts thrusting against the cotton of a black shirt seemed intent on providing its buttons a challenge they seemed ready to concede at any moment. As she had stepped towards his disconsolate and intimidated form he had no option but to admit to himself –as soul-destroying as the admission was- the woman commanded his fear.

If not his lust.

Unsurprisingly –and heedless of the disgrace he felt for it being so- the entrance of the same black woman who had taken him over her knee and spanked him until he sobbed like a child before locking away his cock and balls, unmanned him. The presence at her side of the mountainous bald-headed husband; while not disgracing as much; intimidated him no less. Even if that was not the worst of it.

But it was the presence of their daughter – the same teenager who had been throwing him such flirtatious looks the night before as they drank al fresco – that disconcerted him more.

People of colour, as stated, holding no attraction for him; he had found, just the same, that the young teenager with the incredible breasts and the sleek and muscular legs did arouse him somewhat – even allowing for the composition of a face that seemed to him, with its splayed features, stereotypically African.

And, if he had shown a modicum of attraction towards her, she had *certainly* returned the compliment with interest.

Now, to have her there to witness his… powerlessness, seemed to put the seriousness of his position in perspective.

As if to add some perspective of her own and deciding to set the ball rolling; Tisha had taken his silence to mean acquiescence and that he did not wish to go to prison.

"You appear to have made your decision," she told him and was not contradicted. "So, that being the case and seeing as how we are going to be overseeing your punishment for raping our daughter from now on, I think we should start as we mean to carry on."

She smiled at Corinne who, still basking from the unwilling attentions of her husband's tongue, smiled back.

"You okay with this, Corinne?"

There was no hesitation:

"Totally, Tisha. The disgusting bastard has it coming. He's lucky you're even giving the chance to keep his raping arse out of B-Wing."

Tisha nodded and turned her attention back to the demoralised white man perched on the edge of his seat.

"For a start," she began, "we need to have some rules. Things are changing for you white-boy and you had better sign-up to the programme. We all know you are too much of a coward to do time which means you're only hope of staying out of prison is doing exactly what any one of us in this room tells you to do."

Beswick's eyes had flickered towards the teenager whose own eyes were fixed on his. Expectantly. Surely she didn't mean for him to have to…?

"Got it?" the woman's whiplash tongue cut into his reservations.

Tearing his eyes from the voluptuous black teenager who was about to play such a pivotal and growingly dominant role in his life; Robin Beswick's head moved up and down, unable to make eye-contact with the woman who had mastered him so easily in her daughter's bedroom as he bowed to her wishes yet again.

The fear that was becoming more and more a terror he felt in the African woman's presence did nothing to bolster his besieged pride. In fact, had someone told him prior to the events of the past twenty-four hours that he would find himself intimidated by the proximity of a black woman who was his junior in years and, *he* considered, his inferior in both looks and intelligence, he would have looked upon the assertion as the ramblings of either the stupid or the inebriated. It was, simply put, *inconceivable*.

Yet there she was and here *he* was.

The one all African and unnatural female muscle –even if her breasts remained impossibly full and maternal– and in complete possession of herself.

The other all soft male Caucasian and gradually being possessed by what he had previously considered inferior and worthy only of being patronised.

“Answer me when I speak to you,” Tisha said, not raising her voice, knowing how cowed she already had the older man.

Stood in his own kitchen, on the same spot where his own wife had forced him to pay oral homage to her womanhood not minutes before, faced by a black woman who had already proved her ability to master him by tanning his backside with the palm of her ebony hand before placing his manhood under lock and key – not to mention the monster of a husband and the teenage daughter *yet* to be registered as a threat - he tried to recall her question.

“From now on,” the stepmother to that daughter reminded him, stepping closer until her face was close to his, at least his equal in height and way beyond him in terms of physical capacity; “you do exactly what we tell you.”

In truth, and despite his obvious deficiencies as a man; Robin Beswick could hardly be blamed for the feeling of unreality supplying the encounter with the sense of a dream sequence in a film.

At any second, he consoled himself, he would surely wake in the comfort of his own bed. He would shower then pad downstairs for a leisurely coffee provided by his compliant wife. Then, after that, he would dress and take an unhurried drive to the club and its waiting first-tee.

“Got it?” his new and *black* club captain snapped.

“Y-Yes,” he began, kick-started by fear; “I have it.”

“You have it, what?”

Beswick was at a loss and looked to Corinne for help, only to receive a mocking grin.

“I… I’m sorry. I don’t know what you…”

“You’re sorry, *Ms Tisha*,” he was told.

His mouth fell open with horror. Bad enough to have been spanked across her knee and cock caged; but to be expected to address the black bitch in such a way?

And in front of his own wife?

He looked to Corinne for some kind of assistance and knew immediately that he was wasting his time.

“The bitch is enjoying this!” he told himself.

“Say it,” his wife said, as if to confirm his suspicions in her regard. “Show your superiors how respectfully you can address them.”

Beswick's mouth fell open with stupefaction. Had Corinne really just said that? His…?

The thought became sound: "Su-Superiors?"

Corinne's expression had again been malice of the purest kind as she nodded confirmation. "Everyone in this kitchen," she told him. "From young Mariah there to Tisha and Anderson."

"And especially the beautiful wife you have led a dog's life these past years."

It was Anderson this time, moving to his wife's shoulder to beam into the already petrified white man's eyes and add another layer of intimidation to the mix.

"You have her to thank for your lily-white arse not being in a cell right now," the behemoth went on. "And you're going to repay her by doing everything she says from this second on."

As much as the ludicrous prospect of a man of his ilk allowing himself to be told what to do by someone like his wife appalled him; a sense of relief flowed though Beswick. All things considered and given what he had done – even if he couldn't remember having done it – he was getting off light. In his experience, people didn't change. There were those who had an aura of command about them and those who followed it. Corinne might well enjoy the novelty of control for a while, he told himself, but her true nature would soon kick in and she would be looking to him for the guidance and decision making he had supplied throughout their marriage.

Something in his expression must have given his thoughts away.

Suddenly, he was lifted off his feet as the giant clamped one massive hand around his neck to cut off his air-supply and jerked him upwards, effortlessly, handling him as if he were made of bubble-wrap.

"Think this is a game, white-boy?" he demanded, bringing Beswick's oxygen starved face close enough to his for the captive to feel the warmth of his own on his cheeks.

The white man struggled in his grasp to no avail.

"Think the nasty black people just going to give you a warning to do as your wife says and then leave you alone to go back to your old ways?"

Beswick began to see spots before his eyes.

"Think you going to treat your wife like shit again and rape some more young girls do you? Think you're going to be the big man on the golf-course while your wife takes up the slack here and gets nothing in return do you?"

By now, he was on verge of losing consciousness, and would have done if the black man hadn't released him as suddenly as he had captured him and allowed him to collapse to the floor in a heap; the sucking in of desperately needed air overriding the white man's urge to scream as the buttocks made tender by the hand of the man's equally monstrous wife thumped down on the unyielding terracotta floor-tiles.

"You know," Tisha began; "I think he might start to get a better idea of what he has in front of him if Mariah explains it to him. Is that okay with you, Corinne?"

"Whatever you think is for the best is alright with me, Tisha. The filthy bastard's lucky you're giving him a chance in the first place after what he's done. However you want to handle this is fine."

Tisha nodded, as if grateful for having received this, pre-arranged, permission. "Then we'll let Mariah take your husband upstairs and explain the situation in more… *detail*. We're all angry at what he did to our little Malika but her big sister has a cool head and won't let what he's done cloud her judgement."

At a nod from her stepmother, the young black girl with the svelte but powerful body, breasts thrusting against a red lycra-top, nipples visible, moved towards Beswick and took his hand in hers.

Firmly.

The strength in her hand surprised him and even had he been of a mind to at that point he wasn't sure if he could have broken her grip.

Taking a step forward on her open-toed shoes with the low spike heels, he was compelled to follow before being brought up short as the teenager leading him stopped and gave Corinne a questioning look.

"Use the spare-room at the end of the top landing, Mariah," she said without missing a beat; having obviously thought it through beforehand. "That's where he'll be sleeping from now on."

Beswick threw his wife a look of entreaty and was ignored as the black girl moved off and yanked him along behind her when he hesitated.

Things were not humiliating enough, he had complained to himself bitterly; now he had to be led by the hand as if he were five years of age and take a lecture from a teenager barely sixteen..

Had the handsome middle-aged Englishman known back then what that sixteen-year-old girl had in store for him in the spare-room to which he had just been demoted by his wife; a simple *"lecture"* would have seemed a sight more appealing to him.

As Robin Beswick used his time alone in the spare-room to review the events that had led him to his current sorry condition; the girl/boy responsible for taking his anal virginity and dismantling any lingering sense of manhood he felt in the process was running over them herself as she cuddled his sated wife in the bed that had once been his.

The sixteen-year-old's emotional and physical perspective, it has to be said, being as far apart from the older man's as two separate responses to the same events could be.

"What's wrong, Mariah?" Corinne asked, sensing her lover had something on his/her mind other than the warm glow experienced in the aftermath of incredible sex.

"It's nothing," Mariah told her, stroking the top of the older woman's head where it nestled against one smooth and unshaven chocolate armpit as her lips planted affectionate kisses on the side of an impossibly full breast.

"There is something then?" Corinne persisted as her free hand continued to fondle the incredible cock that had just filled her cunt and sent her soaring skywards; knowing from experience it wouldn't be long before her attentions had the desired effect and the teenaged hermaphrodite was ready to launch her into the stratosphere again.

Usually, anyway.

But this, she sensed, was *not* usual.

The cheating white wife was not to know that the whole time her young lover had been taking her to heaven his/her thoughts had been on her husband in the spare room that was, to all intents and purposes, his cell.

In fact, the black hermaphrodite seldom thought of anything else these days and she had lost count of the times she relived that first time in the spare-room.

Just picturing herself as she had led him upstairs from the kitchen by the hand, as if her were a naughty child and she the authoritative adult was enough to stir the cock between her legs into awesome, and demanding, life.

Shutting the door behind them she had released his hand and with the other hauled off and slapped his face with such power he fell backwards across the tiny single-bed.

The shocked look on his face, more than the pain of the blow –which had been considerable- telling her he had neither expected her to strike him nor the strength she could put behind it. Everything was all in his expression as she placed her hands on her hips and towered above him.

"Enjoy putting your little white cock into little black girls do you?" she had sneered.

"Th-that was a mista…"

He was unable to finish as Mariah had made a ball of her fist and punched him in the midriff, the air expelling itself from his lungs with a whoosh as his knees came up reflexively and he curled into a ball on the mattress.

“From now on, I don’t want to hear you speak until one of your betters give you permission.”

Trying to suck air into his lungs, understandably preoccupied; Robin Beswick could barely believe what he was hearing.

A sixteen-year-old black girl?

His better?

“Just cos I’m younger than you,” she told him, reading his thoughts, “it don’t mean I’m not your superior. Ask yourself this, pussy: if I’m not your ‘*Better’* then why is it you’re the one on the bed with a slapped face and a cage around your tiddly white balls? How comes I’m up here and you’re down there?”

Even if he had possessed the answer Robin Beswick would have been unable to give it as he struggled to get his breathing back onto an even keel. Unlike the stepmother and the father; this girl was svelte rather than muscular –even if her thighs and calf muscles contradicted this a tad- but the power behind both the slap and the punch he was trying to recover from was real and… *worrying*.

She had snaked a hand out then and taken hold of his shirt-collar to drag him from the bed until he was in a kneeling position before her; the twin columns of her –he could do no more than admit- shapely legs rising above him as she forced him further down until his arse rested upon his heels and issued a demeaning one word command:

“Stay!”

Sickened, the white man had lowered his eyes to the carpet and her feet in their open-toed slingbacks with the low spike heels filled his view.

“What you looking at, white-boy?” she demanded.

Unsure if she expected a reply or not, and amazed and ashamed at how readily he seemed to be complying with her wishes; Beswick stayed silent.

She cuffed him across the ear.

“Answer Miss Mariah when she asks you something.”

Beswick couldn’t remember the question.

“You like Miss Mariah’s feet, is that it?”

His eyes came up with horror, wanting to tell her there was *nothing* about her he liked, let alone her feet, but all he could do was stare at the young girl in silence.

“You going to answer Miss Mariah or do you need another slapping?”

His lips moved but nothing exited.

“You not going to insult my lovely black feet, I hope?” she continued, perfectly serious. “That would be very disrespectful and make me really mad.”

Robin Beswick felt as if he had somehow wandered into another person’s nightmare; a simple case of mistaken identity; any time soon awareness of the mistake would kick in and he would be allowed to…

“Well?” she snapped, the awareness he crave elusive. “Do you think Miss Mariah has nice feet or not?”

Swallowing back the pride he would far rather eject into the young bitch’s face and knowing he wouldn’t, he tried to frame an answer. Aside from the ego destroying suspicion that this young girl was more than capable of handling him on his own; even were he to somehow find the balls to stand up to her there was the problem of the monstrous parents downstairs in his kitchen. The stepmother being the very same bitch who had already spanked him across her knee until he howled and locked away his cock and balls. And, if that wasn’t enough, were he to somehow get past her and the behemoth husband there remained the small matter of his having raped a minor to be negotiated.

“I, er…” he began. “I, hmm, think you have very nice feet,” he lied.

“Miss Mariah.”

He stared up at her, puzzled.

“I think you have very nice feet, *Miss Mariah*,” she schooled him.

Yet more pride slid down the oesophageal tract as he complied.

“I think you have very nice feet, hmm, Miss Mariah.”

“Better,” she congratulated him. “Don’t forget again.”

On his knees before the hateful black teenager who had seemed so taken with him the night before, Robin Beswick felt sick. In the way of many weak characters whose looks and birth had lent them a superficial sense of superiority; deference did not come easily to him unless the recipient –normally those of favoured birth or position- was deemed worthy and had something to give in return for his own particular brand of fawning. Bending the neck to a splay-featured girl of African descent did *not* qualify.

“Well, as you like them so much,” she went on, “and as I don’t want you to think I won’t reward you when you’ve pleased me, you can place a nice big, respectful, kiss on each one to show me you know who the boss is between us.”

The older man's jaw had hit his chest. Was she serious? So much had happened in the last few hours that would previously have seemed unthinkable to him, incredible, laughable even; and now here he was, kneeling in front of what was little more than a child and being told to kiss her feet.

As a reward!

"What is it, sweetheart?" Corinne's voice penetrated he/she's thoughts, bringing he/her back to the moment; the older man's wife he/she had just fucked to numerous orgasms missing the small frown of resentment for the recall that flitted across the youthful, if undeniably simian, features before they arranged themselves into a smile.

"I told you, Corinne: it's nothing."

"The big boy in my hand doesn't seem to agree," she contradicted, lifting the huge dong up and away from the denuded scrotum that made it seem all the more massive and allowing it to flop onto his thigh. "He's normally a *lot* bigger by now… Come on, Mariah. Tell Corinne. We're friends as well as lovers too you know?"

Even as the insatiable white wife pressed him/her on the subject of what was so troubling he was unable to come to erection for yet another time the young shemale's thoughts were returning to that first time with her husband when she had stood above him in the spare room he occupied at that moment and forced him to lower his lips to the bare ebony skin of her foot.

"That's more like it," Corinne cooed next to him as the cock she adored so much began to show signs of life for which she believed herself responsible; unaware it was the husband she had turned into a docile and obedient, cuntlapping, houseboy in the tiny room at the end of the hall whose image was triggering the penile revival in her hand.

As ever, the sight and feel of that incredible tool coming to full-girth and length before her eyes filled Corinne with wonder and she complimented herself for still having what it took to rock a teenager's world and make him/her perform with such… *gusto*.

The smug white wife might have felt a little differently had she been able to picture Mariah's thoughts and see the head of that same wondrous cock as it played about the lips of her husband as he knelt in submission before it, hands clasped on the shemale's coal-black buttocks as instructed with eyes open wide that he may see what he would soon be sucking upon.

"Close your eyes, just once," the young girl –the same *girl* who had not minutes before made him worship her feet before revealing she was not truly a girl- told him, "and I will take down your trousers and underpants, call your wife up here, and take a belt to that pretty white arse until you squeal like the little piggy you are."

Having felt the strength of… *whatever she was* before, Robin Beswick had no illusions in regard of her ability to do exactly as she promised.

The realisation was mortifying and, even if he could somehow prevent her, there were people downstairs in his kitchen who could *definitely* make sure he was punished and humiliated in such a way before his, no doubt, *delighted* wife.

Reliving what she correctly assumed to be the white man's thoughts as she had teased at his lips with her cockhead; Mariah found the mixture of her thoughts and the white woman's hand bring her to full-mast.

"Taste it," she remembered ordering him; delighted by the imploring look he sent her way and encouraged at the way he kept hands to her taut buttocks and eyes open as she insisted.

The older white man truly was a weak willed pussy.

Even then, she remembered, after so short a time, he had already been hers.

"P-Please, Mariah," he had looked into her eyes and begged, pride a memory. "Not this. Anything but…"

His entreaty had been cut off as she took hold of his hair to hold him in place and began to beat at his cheeks with her engorged cock.

"You…"

Smack!

"…do not question…"

Smack!

"…me…"

Smack!

"…ever…"

Smack!

Yanking back his head she beamed into his eyes, high with the euphoria of dominance over another human being; his superior age and social standing only serving to increase her sense of superiority. Here, in this tiny room, there was nobody -not teachers; nor even parents- to whom she needed to be answerable. She was determined that before either she or the man she had just cock-whipped left his new room he would be in no doubt that she –along with her parents and his wife- owned him in both body and soul.

Replacing her cockhead at his lips her eyes seared themselves on his retinas as she repeated her demand:

"Taste it."

Back in real time, the recall of his beaten face and the half-sob of utter defeat that left him as his tongue left his mouth to take its first taste of the incredible black cock intent on dominating his life sent the intoxicated shemale over the edge and for the third time that evening her seed erupted from that same cockhead she was picturing being served by Robin Beswick's tongue.

When the young shemale recovered from the intensity of her orgasm her return to planet earth was greeted by a curious –not to mention disappointed- Corinne; her hand still clasped around the slowly wilting weapon she had hoped to have inside her once again.

"Sorry," Mariah told her sheepishly, her thick lips glistening with saliva that had dribbled from her mouth at the strength of her explosion; impossibly glorious breasts still heaving from the experience as, even now, she pictured herself inserting her cock into the white man's unwilling mouth.

Corinne was sulky:

"I was rather hoping to have it come insi…"

"I know what you was hoping," the shemale snapped sullenly, voice still impossibly female for one with such a prodigious growth at her groin. "I'm not a fucking machine, you know?"

Corinne was doubtful of that given his/her past performances, but she was hurt by he/she's curtness anyway.

Rolling onto her side, Mariah stared into Corinne's eyes, "Sorry. I didn't mean to take it out on you."

Corinne was puzzled.

"Take what out on me?"

Mariah's eyes were moist now, Corinne noticed; no longer was she/he the dominant teenage girl with the cock of a titan who could take over the married woman's body and control her with such ease but simply a teenager with all a teenager's insecurities.

"I think…"

Corinne waited as Mariah hesitated, before taking a huge gulp of air and letting what was troubling her out with it.

Corinne and Mandy were on their second glass of Hardy's before Mandy managed to get a handle on the news.

“I know,” Corinne told her. “When Mariah told me I found it just as difficult to take in.”

“Is she serious, you think?”

“Who can say?” Corinne shrugged. “She’s sixteen. Were you serious about anything at sixteen?”

Mandy nodded: “Only Rick Astley.”

“Wow,” Corinne said, accompanying it with a derisory snort. “Precocious little thing, weren’t you? Stock, Aiken and Waterman’s finest; weren’t you the cutting edge one.”

They sipped at their Chardonnay’s in silence for a few moments, both thoughtful.

Until:

“Rick Astley?”

Corinne laughed and Mandy waited for her friend to finish. “Let’s forget Rick for now shall we?” Corinne’s eyes were still full of merriment for her friend’s tastes of a youthful musical nature.

“When she says she’s in love with your husband, what is it, exactly, she professes herself to be in love with? She hasn’t feelings of an emotional nature for the dinosaur, surely?”

“No,” Corinne answered emphatically. “She’s a sixteen-year-old girl, as I said.”

“A sixteen-year-old girl who also happens to be in possession of a monster dick!”

The two middle-aged ladies at the table next to them pricked up their ears at Mandy’s less than discreet observation and sent puzzled looks their way; winning Mandy a look of rebuke from Corinne.

“What’s wrong?” Corinne asked, voice lowered. “Couldn’t fit the megaphone in the handbag?”

“Yes, well,” Mandy replied unconcerned, though her voice had also lowered a few decibels; “what I’m trying to say is, that what a sixteen-year-old girl with a dick considers love is a long way from what she considers it to be as an adult whose hormones aren’t in a rage.”

Corinne was already nodding agreement:

“Oh, I think we can say it’s certainly a long way from that. In fact, I’d say Mariah’s feelings for Robin have as much to with love and romance as Cameron and Clegg’s coalition have to do with fairness and equality.”

Now it was Mandy's turn to shrug. "They have been very fair to bankers. And you can't deny they treat all billionaires the same."

"Be that as it may; what Mariah calls love is no more than lust and a teenage desire for control gratified. Believe it or not; my husband is the first man she has had any real intimate experience with."

"You can't be serious! She fucks like a stallion on crack!"

Again heads turned at the next table and Corinne sent a foul look her friend's way.

"Sorry," Mandy said when the two ladies returned to their lattes.

"I use this place a lot," Corinne reminded her. "In case you've *forgotten*?"

"Point taken… But you can't be for real. You're trying to tell me that he… *she*… hasn't had any experience before Robin?"

Corinne looked a little bashful.

"Well, she's a quick study and Marlon has kind of been helping her out in that direction… The point is, Mariah's asked me if…"

Mandy waited for her to finish before realising her friend had drifted off into her own thoughts.

"Asked you, what?" she prompted finally.

As if noticing her for the first time; Corinne came back to earth and tried to recall where she had been when other thoughts had overtaken her.

"Don't mind me, Mandy," she apologised. "I'm just… just…"

"Just, what?" Mandy demanded, becoming, as was her way, a little irritated with her friend's indecision.

"I'm just not sure how I feel about it. I mean, god knows I haven't any romantic feelings of my own for the arsehole. Marriage to the slob took care of that."

She smirked:

"Though I have come to find a new appreciation of him lately."

After a few seconds the two of them burst into laughter and fetched more expressions of distaste from the next table a somewhat *stern* look from Mandy sent scurrying back to their coffees.

Face becoming serious then, Mandy went on:

“I absolutely love how attentive of me he is now and the fear he feels if I even so much as hint I’m displeased with him. Life is good in a way I would not have dreamed possible a few months ago. He really is a different man.”

“He certainly is,” Mandy agreed. “At one point he wouldn’t countenance eating pussy, now -not only is he doing that and becoming a master at it- he’s also sucking cock as if he were born to it. Between you and Mariah, his training has made him unrecognisable.”

Corinne grinned, knowing where this was headed after Ron’s death had left Mandy without an outlet of her own.

“Is this shameless flattery your way of asking if you can have the use of his tongue again?”

“You know me too well,” Mandy smiled back. “This time though, do you think I could have the key to his cock-cage?”

Corinne was taken aback:

“What on earth for?”

Mandy threw her the kind of look one throws a half-wit:

“I want to unblock a drain… Duh!… What do you think for?”

She took a sip of wine as Corinne tried to come up with an answer.

“I find a man applies much more concentration to the task at hand if a reward’s in the offing and the key needed to supply it is dangling across my tits in full view as he goes about it.”

Expecting her friend to laugh and supply permission; Mandy was surprised to see hesitation cloud her friend’s face.

“Of course,” she began, a little miffed; “if you’d rather not then…”

“No, no! It’s not that, Mandy. You’re welcome to use him anytime. I told you that after you lost Ron. It’s just that…”

“Here we go again!” Mandy sighed. “It’s just that, what?”

“It’s complicated, Mandy.”

“How so? It wasn’t complicated last week when you sent him around to mine to do my household chores and let him use his tongue on me. What’s changed?”

Corinne was staring at her as if she were a slow-witted student with retention difficulties.

“What do you think I’ve been trying to tell you?”

Mandy’s eyes crinkled with bemusement.

“Mariah?”

“Yes. Mariah. She thinks she’s in love with your husband. So?”

Corinne was hesitant once more and this time, sensing she was genuinely troubled, Mandy waited for her to begin in her own time rather than helping her along with another irritated prompt.

“She’s asked me for something and… Tisha and Anderson have been so good to me and Mariah too… But…”

Mandy forced herself to wait, knowing her friend well enough to know she would get it off her chest in her own time.

“She…”

Corinne’s eyes were fixed on the table’s surface, thoughtfully.

“She’s asked me to…”

Over the past six months; Robin Beswick’s life had become unrecognisable from any semblance of a life he had ever read or heard of –and, had he been familiarised with such a life in the third-person- the prospect of ever being forced to live with its consequences himself would have been regarded with less belief than the risible science-fiction films of the fifties his friend Nigel had collected at one time – much to the amusement of his two friends and golfing companions.

Since *that* fateful night, he had been forced to perform the unthinkable and service the private parts of his wife, her friend Mandy, and the black bitch who could now bring him to his knees with no more than a sharp look, so great was his terror of her. He had also been forced to taste, suck, and pay homage to the shemale passing for Tisha’s stepdaughter and had his anal virginity taken by the teenager.

Add having to address the husband and father as *“Master”* into the mix and his fall from grace was about as pitiful as a fall can be.

And yet, as soul-destroyingly sickening as those events were, they were by no means the most hated of the many indignities to which he was forced.

If being treated like the most no account flunky by one’s own wife in one’s own home was humiliating –hand-washing laundry, delivering pedicures and cleaning toilets; not to mention wiping her fresh after she urinated- it was multiplied a thousandfold when there were visitors.

Especially -for a man of Robin Beswick's self-confessed sense of racial superiority- when those *"Visitors"* were black and of African descent.

"Fetch me a Pepsi-Max."

The order was unaccompanied by a please and, he knew, its successful accomplishment would stand no chance of a thank you either.

That the demand was spat at him by a fourteen-year-old he had supposedly raped –the action that had led him to his current predicament- was yet another indicator of how far he had fallen in so short a space of time.

"Yes, Ms Malika," he answered immediately, careful to keep his tone obsequious and his expression neutral – unwilling to give the little devil the opportunity to get him into trouble with the adults.

Once a month his home –Corinne's home- was thrown open to these monsters who had thrown his life into disarray and *he* was forced to serve them. They had stripped him of his job, his car and money, and, most important of all, his self-dignity and, by way of thanking them for their largesse, he was expected to bow and kow-tow to their every debasing wish. His one compensation, strangely enough, being the presence of the youngest daughter which meant there would be no humiliations of a sexual nature – even if she loved having an adult to lord it over and was well progressed in the supplying of humiliations of a more everyday kind.

"Malika," Tisha said after they had eaten and their flunky was in the process of tidying away, handing the girl a twenty-pound-note from her bag; "take a walk to the shops for an hour or so while we speak to Corinne and her husband."

"Her servant," you mean, Malika had scoffed, none too pleased to be sent off and miss out on the adult talk; though the extra ten-pounds her father added to the note already clutched in her hand with the twenty soothed her sense of injustice somewhat.

When she had left Beswick was called through from the kitchen, still wearing the pink apron Corinne insisted he wear when *"Waiting-on"*.

There were four of them, sipping at the coffees he had provided before stacking the dishwasher and cleaning the surfaces; chores he was grateful to perform if it kept him out of his tormentors proximity.

Anderson: as massive and menacing as ever in a shirt and jeans, bald-head reflecting the sunlight as it streamed in to the living-room from the garden. The thighs Beswick had found himself draped across before being reduced to little more than a sobbing girl by the hand of the giant serving as a reminder of what the white man could expect if he was less than… *pleasing*.

Tisha: as monstrous and imposing as ever in tight ski-pants outlining a pronounced camel-toe and backless shoes with pointed toes and high-heels, a designer sweatshirt doing its best to disguise the massive breasts that put even her stepdaughter's into the shade size wise.

Corinne: smug and self-contained, a different woman altogether from the wife he had found it so easy to intimidate and cow; black pantyhosed legs crossed and a patent shoe dangling from her foot as she watched her former lord and master enter the presence of his new masters.

And, finally:

Mariah: splayed features and magnetic eyes never leaving him, the perverse joy of ownership seldom far from the girl's expression; dressed in black ski-pants –though minus the camel-toe- like her stepmother with a tight black tee-shirt, almost indistinguishable from her skin tone, that highlighted a pair of firm and wondrous breasts most women other than Tisha, let alone a teenaged shemale, would commit genocide to have in their possession.

"Should you be standing?" Anderson asked when the red-faced flunky entered and stood before them, cheeks flaming at the humiliation he could never seem to come to terms with and sensed he never would; his sense of impending doom and foreboding fed by their presence.

"No, hmm, Master," Beswick answered before dropping to his knees and lowering his head in the way he had been taught to behave before them, but not before seeing the look of satisfaction on his former wife's face at hearing him address the black man in such an obsequious fashion. On his knees before them; he thought back to his time with the Civil Service when he had been the one addressed with respect and felt only pain for its loss and the knowledge they were days never to return. Not for the first time, he wondered if prison could really have been any worse?

"Tisha and Anderson have decided it's time Mariah here had a place of her own."

It was Corinne, voice reaching across to him as he stared at the carpet, continuing to adopt the *"humble"* posture they insisted upon when he was inactive but still at their disposal - though why she was telling him of the black bastards plans for their abomination of a *daughter* he had no idea.

"As you know only too well, white-boy," Tisha took it up; "Mariah's mature for her age and more than capable of looking after herself."

Had Beswick been gifted a semi-automatic and the courage to use it he knew how he would have liked to look after her.

On the carpet below images played themselves out of himself on all fours with Mariah behind him; her fat cock invading his *"Man-Pussy"*, as she called it. Unable to prevent these unbidden reminders; he watched as he was forced to lick that same cock before having it inserted into his mouth for him to suck upon until what seemed like gallons of sperm were deposited down his throat and he fought manfully to avoid the punishment that gagging or throwing up would earn him at the shemale's hands.

“Just the same, Anderson wants –and so do I- nothing but the best for his daughter. Neither of us like the idea of our princess being on her own and having to take care of all those tiresome little everyday chores more suited to others of a less… *superior* kind.”

Alarm bells were beginning to ring in Beswick’s head.

“You should be flattered, Robin,” Corinne chimed in, using his first-name for the first time since *“Pussy”* and *“Cuntlapper”* had occurred to her as pet names for her domesticated servant. “Mariah’s taken a real fancy to you. How many men of your age can say such a delightful young girl has feelings for them?”

Had he thought it would get him anywhere at that point, Beswick would have broken down and cried. But he had tried that before and received only more pain after Corinne had substituted his cock-cage for a contraption called *“The Gates Of Hell”*. After four days in the thing he would have eaten his own foot if she had told him to and, when it finally came off, he knew he was a broken man and his assurances that his whinging was a thing of the past were in part heartfelt.

Sensing his thoughts, it was the hulking Anderson who came in, voice promising all kinds of nasty things if he did not receive the answers he wanted in respect of his *daughter*.

“I do hope you’re not thinking of insulting my Mariah,” he began, framing it as a half question though Beswick saw it more of a statement. “That kind of disrespect would make all of us angry with you. But *especially* me. You don’t want me angry with you do you pussy-boy?”

So unmanned was he by what he saw as the latest twist in the debacle that was now his life, Beswick shook his head and neglected to voice his answer.

Anderson was not pleased:

“I don’t hear you, pussy-boy,” he snarled. “Nod at me like a dumb animal again and I’ll treat you like one. Try again.”

“N-No, Master,” Beswick managed to answer; supplying the demeaning address while still eyeing the carpet wretchedly; bereft of all hope and energy.

Beaten.

“Good boy,” he heard Tisha say from the side, just as if he were a dumb animal. “You know it doesn’t make sense to anger your masters. Think we’ve been strict with you up to now you won’t know what’s hit you if we really get mad with you. Behave like the nice obedient pussy-boy we want you to behave like, though, and you will find things becoming much easier for you.”

If she had intended her words as a consolation they failed dismally. No man with Robin Beswick’s misplaced sense of pride and superiority could experience what he had experienced and ever find things *“easy”* again. Rock bottom had been reached.

Or so he thought.

“Corinne has something to tell you now,” the woman went on. “Then she is going to join Anderson and myself in the garden and leave you and Mariah together. Make sure you listen to what she has to say very closely.”

There was a pause before Tisha prompted her hostess:

“Corinne?”

“Yes, sorry, Tisha,” he heard Corinne say. “Thanks.”

Another pause followed then, until:

“I want you to look at me as I tell you this, Robin,” she told him; again using his first-name and triggering, as she had known it would, a small stirring of hope within him.

Hope she was about to dash.

His moist eyes trained themselves on hers, nothing more indicative of their altered relations than her comfortable position on the sofa, shapely tanned legs crossed, and his: knelt on the carpet in the living-room of the home he had once ruled; forced to wear a pink apron while serving his wife and her guests as that same wife prepared to tell him what was to become of the life he already hated and hadn’t the courage to take.

“Now,” she began; “for some inexplicable reason, this beautiful young woman,” she indicated Mariah and his eyes followed the same path to find the shemale who had destroyed his vision of himself as a man regarding him, as ever, hungrily, “has seen something in you that seems to have escaped the rest of us in this room.”

So much for the *“Robin”* he thought self-pityingly.

“I told her that you made my life a living hell for many years and any feelings she had for you were misplaced,” Corinne went on. “But she was adamant. She insists –and she may have a point- that you are a different man now.”

She appeared to give it some thought.

“Well… not a man at all really. How could you be?”

From behind and to his side he heard murmurs of assent from Tisha and Anderson.

“Mariah, is of the opinion –and so are we- that any belief you had in your own masculinity has been well and truly shown up for what it is. You are –and always were- an impostor, Robin Beswick. It’s to my shame that I didn’t realise it sooner.”

“Better late than never at all, Corinne,” Tisha consoled her.

“Thank you, Tisha,” her gaze turned back to the *‘Impostor’*. “Anyhow, Mariah here believes the role of a husband was one you were never really suited for.”

Beswick’s eyes implored his wife’s as he began to get an inkling of where they were going with this and just what it could mean to him. There would be no reprieve forthcoming from the woman he had once tyrannised and who now found herself liberated by those same Africans he had always considered inferior. And yet, such is human nature, a part of him still hoped for just that.

“All those years of boasting at the golf-club with your friends. The man’s man. All those one-night-stands you left as unsatisfied as the wife who once loved you. And all the time you were just a little pussy-boy in the making. Waiting to be taken in hand by a strong girl like Mariah who would use you in any way she wished while your wife was having herself with the real cocks of real men.”

“No, Corinne!” he cried, unable to prevent himself, knowing it was useless but driven on by the sheer desperation of his situation to make the attempt anyway; heedless of the contempt aimed his way from Tisha and Anderson.

“I was a fool,” he began. “A selfish, inconsiderate fool. But I did love you. I do love you. It’s taken this to show me just how much. Don’t let this continue to happen. We can…”

His impassioned, pathetic, and completely disingenuous plea was cut of as what felt like the side of a wooden club made contact with the back of his head and he sprawled to the floor and rolled onto his back. When his head and eyes cleared enough for him to see he realised it wasn’t a club that had hit him but Tisha’s hand. Hands on hips she peered down at him as if he were apiece of vermin she were about to exterminate between the powerful thighs rippling beneath her ski-pants.

“You truly are the most pathetic piece of shit, I have ever come across – and I have seen some examples of the breed,” she said. “How dare you insult this wonderful woman you walked all over by pretending to *‘Love’* her. Do you really think she will ever take you back as a husband now she has seen you for exactly what you are?”

“Not a chance,” Corinne confirmed.

“Of course not,” Tisha agreed. “Now, let’s cut to the chase here.” She kicked the man at her feet in the side to get his attention. “Mariah has asked Corinne for your hand in marriage.”

Beswick looked up in a state of shock.

“That’s right. Corinne has accepted and divorce proceedings have been started. As soon as they have been completed you will become Mariah’s…”

She paused for effect:

“…*wife* and Anderson and I will become mummy and daddy.”

“Don’t worry, Robin,” Corinne told him. “You’ll still be seeing a lot of me. Mariah has graciously consented to you being my manservant on a part-time basis. Of course, there’ll be a new man of the house once Marlon and his wonderful big cock have moved in, but you won’t mind that will you?”

“He’ll have me to answer to if he does,” Anderson said menacingly.

“And me,” Tisha concurred. “Not that young Marlon would need our help to put this pathetic specimen in his place.”

Anderson’s laugh was contemptuous.

“All you have to do now,” Corinne told him, “is convince young Mariah that you want to be her obedient little pussy-boy wife and we can all move on with our lives.”

As he tried to come to terms with what was being asked of him Tisha took Beswick by the shirt-collar and hefted him to his knees effortlessly. No man, he told himself, no matter how thoughtless, deserved what was happening to him and he prayed for the mercy of death to deliver him from his torture, knowing as he prayed that he would never have the strength to deliver himself into its embrace.

“We’re going to the garden now, pussy-boy,” Tisha told him, holding his eyes. “If you haven’t shown enough respect to convince Mariah to take you as her wife when we return your life is going to get a whole lot worse.”

A jangling noise sent Beswick’s eyes towards his traitorous wife and they bulged from his head with fear as he saw what she was holding.

“Remember this, sweetheart?” she asked, holding up the Gates-of-Hell device that almost made him want to dismember his own genitalia. “Fail to persuade Maria you’ll be a docile little pussy-boy for her and you can stay with me.”

Beswick waited, certain she wasn’t finished.

“But, if you do, you’ll be locked in this the whole time.”

He stared at her.

“The *whole* time,” she repeated with extra emphasis.

“Thank you, Corinne,” Tisha said after giving the demoralised excuse for a man at her feet time to take it in. “I believe he has the message. Now, I think it’s time we retired to the garden while your soon to be ex-husband shows Mariah what a good boy he intends to be for her.”

Within seconds, Beswick found himself alone in the room with the shemale intent on owning him and again he pondered both death and prison as she/he eyed him hungrily.

Both, he knew from past consideration, were beyond both his courage or endurance.

For what seemed an age there was silence between them, Beswick's eyes averted as the younger girl/boy made no attempt to open their dialogue.

When he finally raised his eyes *hers* were waiting to meet him. Hard and cold; yet excited at the same time. All the confidence of the fresh-faced conqueror for an older and hopelessly outmatched foe present in both look and body language.

Beswick realised he hadn't a clue what to do and stayed on his knees facing her in an agony of indecision.

Until, slowly, mockingly, the young shemale intent on making a wife of him flicked a glance towards her groin and the cock covered by the ski-pants.

He knew what she wanted. What she expected. What she *demanded*.

Little by little, movements made as if by another, he shuffled towards her until he was between her legs, eyes flicking towards the bulge at their apex.

Robin Beswick waited.

And so did the shemale, their eyes locked in unequal combat that was not combat at all but purely and simply a lull before the inevitable. He was being devoured whole by this abomination of nature and could do nothing to prevent it. And she/he knew it.

It took a minute or so for it to dawn on the older man that the teenager expected him to free the cock he was intended to serve from the restriction of the ski-pants. When it did his soul died a little more and his shoulders stooped under the burden. *This* was a new twist to their time together up to now.

Previously, she had taken him.

Now, it seemed, she fully intended for him to seduce her.

And that was when it finally happened.

The waters of his resistance that had been leaking from the dyke so gradually burst forth with a rush and he felt himself give way. He was breaking and he could do nothing to prevent it. Neither age, race or gender mattered anymore. He had been mastered by a girl with a cock and for the first time he acknowledged it, feeling as he did so a great surge of release as he caved in to the inevitable and admitted to himself the obvious; that his life was no longer his own and would not be again.

He was a piece of property of which a number of people had shares; but first and foremost the imperious and utterly confident teenager looking down at him with an expression made up of equal parts derision and the sheer joy of possession.

A smile crossed those thick, sensual and derisory, lips as she sensed him move past the tipping point and shuffle his knees nearer to her.

Finally, as he reached out to take the waistband of her ski-pants in his hand he felt his shemale master raise herself off her seat slightly to allow him to ease them over her thighs more smoothly.

She/he was not wearing panties.

As that massive cock sprang free, head pointing up at him expectantly, thrilled at having brought him to such a pass, Robin Beswick gave a final sigh of capitulation and, for the first time of his own volition, took a cock in his hands that was not his own.

Sliding the foreskin back, he planted a reverent kiss on its head before extending his jaws and taking as much of his new master's black tool into his mouth as he could manage.

From above him came a huge satisfied sigh at his submission and he heard the teenager breathe in what would soon be expelled as an endearment:

"Pussy boy!"

The End
