Venus in Norfolk

A Work of Erotic Female Depravity

By
Sydne Albright

SFPG

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PROLOGUE

My oldest friend sprawled lazily in her chair before the fire and remained in that comfortable silence so often present when we were in each other's company. It had been twelve years since we had last seen each other and, as is so often the way when an ocean separates friends from one another, the correspondence that had started so enthusiastically, and with many vows on the subject of forever remaining in contact, had gradually reduced from a deluge, to a trickle, into…

Fiona's email, telling of her arrival in the old country for the first time since she had left with her Bostonian husband had delighted as much as it had surprised me; given I had no idea she was even aware of my online presence. We had much to catch up on and, as is so often the case, absence had led to no diminution of our feelings for each other. Quite the contrary. An enduring status quo, in fact, that gave me no qualms in offering the use of my home for the duration of her one-month visit.

Though I did wonder how receptive she would prove to the secret I was about to drop upon her unsuspecting head.

A secret that had been languishing beneath us in the secure space below stairs she, as yet, had no idea existed for the length of her stay up until now.

I was also not to know that she had a secret of her own that was not a million miles from the situation shared by the occupant of my basement.

But that would come after the divulging of my own.

For now, though, here we were, on the third night after her arrival, seated in my Heacham Beach home as the fire sang in the chimney and two large cognacs warmed both our cupping hands and our appreciative throats. A salt spray from the Norfolk Wash peppered the front room windows as we spoke and the effect was one of great comfort and cosiness. The previous two days had been full of the obvious taking in of old sights and shared experiences in Kings Lynn and Norwich – she, like me, had lost her parents and had never been much taken with her extended family - and now we were sat before the fire, replete from an excellent meal in the village pub and with tongues loosened by the chianti we had chosen to accompany it. Both of us ready for a more intimate and revealing catch-up and heart-to-heart.

Fiona had seen the picture before, I must tell you – this was her third day in my home after all, and, as it hung so prominently above the fireplace she could hardly have missed it. But only now, I could tell, with the aid of the vino and the cognac, was she ready to comment upon it more… *fully*. Her still fresh and unlined face, bathed in the flickering warmth of the fire, assured me the depicted scene was making a profound and indescribable impression upon her.

It was a large pastel for which I had commissioned a talented but – surprise, surprise – cash-strapped art-student. It's sensuous, some would certainly say *'depraved'*, subject matter in no way diluted by the softer medium and, if anything, adding something of the erotically ethereal to the already decadent scene it depicted.

I studied her expression as she in turn studied the pastel and assured myself there was more in the way of appreciative curiosity than the usual judgemental distaste one has come to expect from… *the little people*. In truth, despite the gap between our last meeting in the flesh, I had been confident the above appreciation would prove the case. Though I did have some small doubts as to her reaction when the story behind the pastel was hers in full.

A haughty and coldly attractive woman, wrapped in diaphanous silk of the purest white, and with a self-involved smile upon the sculpted but angular and severe contours of her face, raven black hair tied into a classical knot, was resting in classical repose upon an ottoman. Her chin was supported by the elbow of her left arm and it was plainly obvious that she was naked beneath the flowing folds of her gown.

But that nakedness alone did not supply the pastel with its decadence.

And neither did the rather obvious fact she appeared to be missing that the woman herself was me.

For a large part of that particular honour was owed to the lash with which her right hand toyed.

But, even then, it was another aspect of the study that lent the pastels such a sexually… *disturbing*… air.

For where her bare foot should have rested upon either rug or carpet, it was placed carelessly and without self-consciousness on a man. Resting upon the top of his head as if he were of little more account than an over-trained canine, the creamy sole of her foot keeping the side of his face pressed to the patterned weave beneath it. And yet, despite the woman's undeniable insouciance and untroubled air, there was in the handsome and well-formed lineaments of this man a kind of brooding melancholy that did not sit comfortably with the obeisance he was being forced to make turning out to be… *willing*.

Even more puzzling to my friend, I told myself, must have been the fact that this handsome man was a decade or so older in years than the female he was allowing to show him such… *contempt*.

"Your tastes in respect of men haven't changed in the intervening years, I see?" she said, following her comment with a sip of cognac; no trace of her second country discernible in her accent and reassuring me that she remained the no-nonsense girl she had been when we both shared rooms and studied Business Economics at Lincoln.

I simply smiled.

So obvious an observation must surely be rhetorical – especially as she had yet to realise the haughty woman in the pastel was – if a somewhat idealised version - her friend.

"Still plagued by the same old fantasies we shared in college, Wanda?" she asked in a somewhat one-up and irritating tone, switching to an approach that required answering.

“You think you’re looking at a fantasy?” I asked her, feigning bemusement before her immediate puzzlement fetched amusement to my lips.

I gave her a tut-tut.

“You always knew I was serious in my tastes, Fiona” I told her with just the mildest hint of rebuke for a tone that, while it had not been judgemental exactly, had seemed ever so slightly superior. “As I recall, the prospect of virtually indenturing a man of your own didn’t seem too trivial at the time either.”

Her face flushed as she recalled some of her own and more outlandish flights of fantasy she had decided to share with her best friend at the time.

Though she recovered herself swiftly.

“Please, Wanda. We were no more than girls. Not fully formed. They were just silly adolescent dreams.”

“Perhaps, but I seem to recall you getting quite worked up over them, Fin,” I reminded her, using the diminutive I’d always substituted for her first name.”

She shrugged; embarrassed, no doubt, by her former reactions to some of the literature we had shared with each other.

“And besides,” I went on, “some of us prefer to dream with our eyes open.”

Her eyes narrowed at this quote from Masoch and I waited for the expected interrogation.

It followed on the back of her finishing off her cognac and offering her glass for a refill.

“Are you saying this picture is…”

“Real,” I finished for her. “Posed for in front of the art-student I commissioned – and much to my *‘male model’s’* reluctance and humiliation, I might tell you.”

“But…” She looked at the pastel version of me more closely and then laughed and shook her head playfully. “You’re sending me up!”

Then, less confidently:

“Aren’t you?”

“No,” I agreed, straight-faced. “My beliefs and what I wanted back then are – refined by age and wisdom, of course – exactly what they were then. Nothing since has really showed itself to me that looked likely to prove superior.”

“You mean…?” She stared at me as if I’d sprouted another neck, though it struck me that there was something in her expression that was… *excited.*

“That’s right, Fin,” I told her. “The *‘male model’* below me on the rug is not modelling at all.”

Her vibrant and cobalt blue eyes grew wider.

“He is there because it was what I wanted and I have trained him to such a level of obedience that to refuse was unthinkable to him. Even though he hated every second of having to pose in such a way before a young woman less than half his age.”

“A…? A woman painted it?”

I nodded.

“Twenty-three and in her final semester of a four-year course in the fine arts at Norwich.”

“Did…? Did she…?”

“Know it was real?” I finished for her.

It was her turn to nod.

“She did by the time it was finished,” I said. “Seemed quite taken with the idea too. Broadminded young woman, obviously.”

“Obviously,” Fiona parroted back at me.

There was a brief silence between us and I waited for her to sample yet more of the cognac before breaking it.

“Are you shocked?”

She thought about it, pantyhosed and still shapely legs pressed together at the thighs telling me that even if she was taken aback by my admission she was no less excited for the fact.

“I’m not sure I believe you, Wanda,” she told me eventually.

“You’ll meet him soon enough.”

“He is on his way to the house?”

“No.”

“Then how…?”

“He is already here.”

“What?... When?”

“He was here when you arrived and has been here the whole time.”

My friend’s eyes darted about the room as if he was hidden in a corner of it.

“Don’t worry,” I told her. “He is all safe and secure in his quarters – they’re self-contained, by the way – and he will stay there until I think you’re ready to meet him.”

Fiona looked at me as if I had just pronounced myself clinically insane.

“His quarters?” She looked about her for dramatic effect. “And just where would they be? And how could I have missed them after having been here two days already?”

“Think upstairs, downstairs,” I told her, referring to the old show she had so enjoyed seeing repeated when we were at uni together.

“You’re kidding me.”

“He’s right below us as we speak. And that’s where he’ll stay until I decide otherwise.”

I caught her look of worry and smiled.

“And yes, he has food, water, and even his own laptop down there. So it’s not exactly a great hardship.”

“So, he’s a masochist,” she said as a statement of fact, tone a tad dismissive. “You always maintained you were only interested in men who weren’t that way. Something about not being prepared to *‘give the bastards what they wanted’* as I recall.”

She smiled at the memory while I remained impassive.

“Though I also recall you saying their masochism wouldn’t bother you so long as *you* were the one who had introduced the concept to them.”

I nodded, recalling that particular conversation very well.

“In case you have forgotten, Fiona, I just got through telling you that he was humiliated to have to appear at my feet like the chattel he is in front of a young woman as she captured his shame. Hardly the reaction of a masochist… Or not, at least, one who was born with the inclination.”

“I can’t believe it, Wanda. Why would any man who isn’t that way suffer such an indignity?”

“If men are broken in correctly there is nothing you can’t achieve with them.”

“For heaven’s sakes, Wanda. You speak of him – whoever he is – as if he’s an animal.”

Acclimatised as she was to the dubious joys of matrimony and motherhood, and the narrow avenues of respectability by which those conditions were defined, she was trying to take some kind of moral high ground. But I knew her too well. Her thighs

remained clamped together and I knew the gusset beneath them would be sodden. The life she led back in New England may well be one of respectable and by-the-numbers domesticity, paradise even. But the *"strange"* continued to compel her just as it had when we were younger.

"That, Fiona, is exactly how I see him. As an animal. My animal. But an animal with far more uses to the owner who has the imagination to use him correctly."

"And what about love, Wanda?" she asked, though it seemed to me she was going through the motions because her position as a wife and mother demanded she do so. "What companionship and children? Does your imagination supply these necessities?"

"And what of excitement and fulfilment, Fiona? The satisfaction that comes with knowing one is the captain of one's own ship and is free to steer a course of one's own choosing?"

She had no immediate reply and I continued:

"I live in a home I own now that my parents have passed, and in an area I love. My services as an economic analyst are, without sounding boastful, much sought after and I work when I choose. Added to this, I have my very own man to take care of all those irritating chores that come with the maintenance of a home. Does love, companionship and child-bearing supply that?"

A redness at the cheeks told me I'd hit upon a tender spot.

"Because, if it does, then I'm pleased for you," I went on. But, if it doesn't, then there is not the slightest chance I would even consider swapping my own life for yours. Though I care for you enough to truly hope your excitement, in its own different way, is a match for mine."

"I love my husband," she said defiantly; despite the fact I had not questioned her feelings in regard of him.

"I should hope that you do. Sincerely. I also hope that your life is everything you wish it to be. I'm simply saying that, unless it contains the elements of personal freedom and control present in mine, it is not for me. No implied criticism, I can assure you."

She looked away, unable to meet my eye.

"Be truthful with yourself, Fin," I urged in a soothing voice. "Is there not something in the situation I'm just beginning to describe that you find… *exhilarating?"*

"Well, if you enjoy living in such an off-the-wall relationship – and I'll believe it when I actually see it – that's your business. But we're no longer teenagers and I'd appreciate it you don't lay down your life-lessons for me."

"Is that what you think I'm doing? Trying to convert you to my lifestyle?" I asked with mock hurt. "Only, I was under the impression I was simply explaining my life to my

closest friend on the planet I last saw some seventeen years ago. Forgive me for believing I could still confide in you in such a way."

She looked immediately guilty and I sensed for the first time that there were matters troubling her; though I remained silent on the subject and continued upon the same line.

"And why shouldn't I treat him as an animal? Have your views changed so much over the years that you forget the vile shit the beasts attempt to lay on us from time to time? Remember how we used to quote Goethe?"

I could see her making a vain attempt at recall and refreshed her memory to save her the effort:

"'You must be hammer or anvil'," I reminded her, again quoting Masoch. "Remember?"

Her eyes flashed with cognizance.

"Did we not find those words absolutely appropriate – even if they did originate with a man - to the relations between a woman and a man? Didn't we always insist that our power rested in man's passion for us? That the trick to making something civilised and useful of these base brutes was to use our power wisely?"

I could see Fiona's expression taking on something of the animation it used to hold during our lengthy discussions on the subject of womanly superiority and male failings, and realised that, perhaps, her subsequent marriage and child bearing had not changed her views so much after all.

I also sensed even more strongly that something was amiss in her personal life and that maybe not all was flowers and roses in her Stateside day-to-day.

Though I also sensed she would prefer to introduce the subject under her own steam rather than have me prod her to do so.

"Nothing has changed for me since our time at Lincoln, Fin," I continued. "Hammer or anvil. It is the only choice available to us if we are not, ultimately, to find ourselves used and abused by the brutes – no matter how charming and attentive they might prove in the beginning. That's our choice. To be the slave or the tyrant."

I allowed her to think about it, then:

"My choice is to use my knowledge of his passions to bring him to the point of surrender. And then, just as soon as he gives in, to place his neck under my yoke and make him accepting of my right to supply the lash. Should his performance in my service fall short of my standards, that is."

"And what of equality?" Fiona asked in a voice chock full of emotion; much of which was sexual, though I could tell she was struggling not to acknowledge it as such. "You don't believe a man and a woman can share equal footing in a relationship? Even if they happen to love each other?"

I answered her question with one of my own:

“You know my answer to that. But what’s your experience? How has equality worked in your loving partnership?”

Her nostrils flared and for a moment I thought she was about to take me to task for what she probably perceived as flippancy on my part.

Instead, she sighed.

Dispiritedly.

Then, in a voice so small I had to struggle to discern it:

“Not well, if you must know, Wanda.”

She let out a huge sigh that contained much pain in the expulsion.

“I said *‘love’* when it would have served more truthfully to have said *‘loved’*,” she confessed with a strained expression.

My silence was sympathetic in nature and certainly *not* of the *“I told you so”* variety.

“The bastard’s cheated on me almost from the time we first set-up house together,” she went on, anger growing. “Before my pregnancies. After my pregnancies. Even during them. That’s why I’m here. I’m divorcing the bastard. By the time I return it will be all over bar the shouting. The boys have said they want to go with their father and, to be frank, the older they get the more they become like him, so it’s not as big a loss as it might have been.”

Her eyes were moist but I knew the look of determination in them and was grateful for it.

A positive outlook would bring her through it all.

“So now you know,” she finished. “You always said he was a sleaze at heart and I wish I’d listened to you. If only the heart itself had ears, eh?”

I left the comfort of my chair and crossed over to give her a hug.

No words were necessary.

Leaving her, I stepped into my study and retrieved a small printed manuscript from my desk.

“There,” I said upon my return, plopping it down on her lap.

“What is it?” she sniffled.

“Some bedtime reading to take your thoughts from the shitbag you married.”

The eyes scanning the manuscript's cover were puzzled.

"The story of how I pretty much indentured my very own man."

Her eyes came up from the cover with wonder.

"In my own words," I told her.

The eyes staring up into mine were already brimming with a curious excitement that was banishing her surprise and I felt sure would reduce her domestic situation to that of a bit player.

For at least a while, anyway.

"There's no need for us to rise early," I reminded her, so take all night if you want. Read it in front of the fire with a cognac or in your bed. Your choice. You'll find he is handsome and, as we so often used to envisage, older than us in years."

A colour in her cheeks I knew had more to do with arousal than embarrassment told me I would soon have her thinking of something other than the divorce from a faithless husband and two ingrate children awaiting her when she returned back across the pond.

"You'll also find," I informed her, "that he is every bit as docile and subdued – though he hates his human bondage even as he finds himself helpless to escape – as we pictured our captive to be back then."

I leaned in to kiss her forehead.

"Afterwards, if you find what you've read to your… *taste*… I told her, "it might be time to introduce you to my manservant…"

ONE

The margin of the manuscript bore as motto a variation of the well-known lines from *Faust*:

"Thou supersensual sensual wooer
A woman leads you by the nose."
MEPHISTOPHELES.

Fiona Hemsworth poured herself another liberal measure of cognac, brushed off a certain light-headedness, and turned the title-page to read:

"What follows has been compiled from my diaries covering my first meetings with Edward Maybank and out interactions. Though I keep the diaries private, you may be sure that what is compiled between these covers is the unvarnished truth of the lives we now live together; even if by the word "together" I do not mean to suggest in any way whatsoever that our living arrangements are based on anything resembling that of two lovers sharing.

Perish the thought!

Wanda Tremaine
Heacham Beach
Norfolk

October 2015

For a few moments, Fiona pondered why her friend would have taken the trouble to print the document out when she could have had her read it off her computer. But then she recalled her friend's love of books and the printed page, along with her preference of sitting comfortably before a raging fire with a drink as she read.

The same preference she herself was exercising at that very moment.

One sip of cognac later and she was into the body of her friend's tale itself…

*****

I have a very curious feeling as I peck away at my keyboard in the dead of night. The house is squared away and secured and its only other occupant is below in his quarters. It is just me, the muted refrains of some Concerto Grossi of Geminiani's and the waters of The Wash surging and then retreating across the sandy beach some two hundred yards from my study window. The atmosphere, given the subject matter I am intent upon transposing, seems almost surrealistic, but remains none the less real despite my strange sense of unreality.

My story – this part of it at least – begins in a rather upmarket health-resort in Cornwall. The resort itself was made up of a number of plush chalets separate from the main complex of sports and beauty facilities to be found in the main building along with, as

might have been expected, a plush restaurant serving *very* healthy cuisine. It is about a mile inland from the fishing village of Porth Levon and its position on a high promontory affords excellent views both east and west along the Cornish coastline.

It is also – a part of what drew me to it – extremely private.

You see no one, and no one sees you, if that is your choice.

The perfect place to read, walk, and tone up a body approaching its forties, without puerile and unwanted interruptions from strangers. Here, I would have leisure to complete a whole host of titles from the fiction of Le Carre (he actually lives not a million miles from the resort) to the historical tomes of Lady Antonia Fraser and Peter Ackroyd; as well as a few recent works by some contemporary female economists and an older piece from JK. Galbraith. And, when I wasn't reading, I could spend some time on my laptop, courtesy of the resort's Wi-Fi capacity, jog along the downs or take advantage of the spa facilities. All this before electing to take what meagre rations of food my health plan assessor advised in my own chalet.

Almost, I say *almost*, on a par with my Heacham home as a small piece of heaven.

It was two days into my stay when I first saw *him*.

He was in the chalet nearest to me – some fifty yards away – and my first sight of him is as he strolls past my chalet towards the distant sea. Quite youthful looking still, though I suspect he is older than the mid-forties his appearance suggests. He is handsome and preoccupied and immediately sets me to fantasising of him before me with my collar about his neck. A tingling at the back of my neck and a feeling somewhat akin to that of a swoon throughout the rest of my body seems to tell me that here, in this out of the way Cornish health-resort, I may just have found my ideal.

I sensed both my fingers and the eight inches of vibrating latex I brought with me for just such a purpose will be busy the moment night falls.

They were.

*****

My neighbour, I discover later – this through the out-of-character device of actually introducing myself and exerting the charm I can summon when absolutely necessary – is indeed older than he looks and informs me he had only just entered into his fifty-first year. His name is William. Up close he is even more handsome than he appeared at a distance, with unlined and smooth skin and a full head of hair only slightly flecked with grey that he kept in a short French-Crop without a parting. Tallish, I put him at something like seven inches above my five-feet-and-four.

The height, within a range, of my ideal.

How greater the demoralisation for a beast to know that he is controlled and overmastered by a woman not only physically weaker and younger in years than he, but in terms of stature also.

The insertion of him into my frequent sexual fantasies of night or day begin from the moment I catch sight of him and begin angling for a way in which we can meet that seems natural, accidental, and uncontrived…

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…The noises he was making were music to my ears.

Noises that were… needy.

Animal.

Pitiful.

So far down the natural pecking order had I taken him.

"Nnnnnggggggh," was the latest of the grunts to exit what was a rictus of a mouth as he tried to make his all too rare pleasure last; knowing it was extremely unlikely I would allow him a more… considered… opportunity to repeat the experience the moment this one was complete and I put his cock and balls back in the cage.

In defiance of his wishes or not.

He was naked, of course, while I was fully dressed, my hand a blur as he knelt in front of where I sat on the edge of the sofa and pumped his steel-hard cock. As per my insistence, his hands were clasped behind his back deferentially while he endeavoured to maintain eye contact with me; knowing my attentions to his now underused penis would stop if he took his eyes from mine.

"Who do you belong to?" I asked, taking his foreskin down to the root and holding it there until I had a satisfactory answer.

"You, Master. You!" he said with a rising note of desperation that threatened to take me over the edge myself.

But not yet.

His tongue would do that when he had spurted his pathetic cream and his baby-making equipment was all safely locked up again…

*****

…To my surprise, he is reticent upon our first *accidental* meeting and does not seem susceptible to me; even in full charm mode; though I do discover he is a *"former"* executive of some kind for a large haulage company.

He does not enlighten me as to the reasons for the *"former"* – though I am determined he soon shall.

And on the subject of much else besides.

Reticent to my charm or not, however, I also know that, despite an oft remarked upon – though not so often within earshot of me – coldness and angularity of face, that my

compact and Rubenesque body; together with the flaming red-hair providing a counterpoint to the glacier below it; attracts the eye of numerous and different men.

Though not this one.

At first.

I find myself for the first time in the unlikely role of seducer. Charming my victim in the way so many men had tried unsuccessfully to charm me and – again at first – meeting with little in the way of success.

Until:

“I am amazed your wife would allow a husband so handsome and attractive to spend time alone in such a place.”

His perpetually troubled brow seemed to crease in further upon itself and it was obvious I had struck a nerve. We were strolling the edge of the downs that sloped gracefully to the sea some two miles away, this after I had expended much effort persuading him to accompany me, and it was only after I had walked on a few paces that I realised he was no longer at my side. When I turned back he was stood motionless with shoulders slumped, looking utterly desolate.

It took me no more than a second or two to realise I was looking at utter vulnerability and my spirit sang.

“I apologise,” I tell him in a voice simply reeling with concern and sincerity that tells me my stint with the dramatic society at Lincoln was not the waste of time I had once-upon-a-time believed it to be. “It wasn’t my intention to intrude.”

I place a hand upon his arm soothingly and, thus, make physical contact between us for the first time other than our initial and briskly formal handshake upon contriving to meet with him.

He does not flinch away.

Quite the opposite.

With an impulsive gesture that all but deprives me of breath, he overlays the hand I have placed upon his arm with his own and I can tell through his own expression of surprise for having done so that he too has felt the flow of static electricity surging through us at the contact.

I do not move my hand but simply stare up into his eyes with the closest features and mindset such as mine can come to an expression of warmth and empathy.

“The two-week stay here was a gift to me from my children for my fiftieth birthday,” he explained to me. “It was due to expire next month so I thought, why not?”

I nodded and allowed myself – and him - a tiny smile, sensing that all is not well in his particular corner of the marital woods and just where this sudden opening up of his might lead.

As if in response to my thoughts:

"It was supposed to be for the two of us. My girls had often heard me say how much I would enjoy a couple of weeks of relaxation and healthy pampering."

I gave him a small smile, wanting him to open up more and expand my knowledge of him; the feeling he was the man I had spent my life searching for becoming stronger by the second – even with a wife in the mix.

"That was when they were speaking to me," he said shamefacedly. "Before…"

He dried up on me and turned away to stare out at the sea as a light north-westerly whipped its surface into white and intermittent foam. To focus his thoughts perhaps. Or, maybe, to camouflage the tears I sensed forming with the light spray blowing in towards us.

I gave him a few seconds then moved to stand at his shoulder.

"Sometimes," I told him, "there's nobody better than a stranger in whom to confide one's problems."

He was silent.

"And I can be a very good listener when I take a shine to someone."

The silence continued for a half-minute or so longer and I was on the verge of attempting a fresh approach when the floodgates holding his personal situation gave way under the pressure and it all came tumbling out, and in such a rush of words and emotion I was forced to ask him to slow down and start again from the beginning. Over a strong coffee in my chalet.

*****

His full-name is William Aaron Bendix and his age you know already. The haulage company by whom he was employed was owned by his wife's father until he joined his wife in the afterlife after she had passed some four years before him. The company that was based just outside London in Epsom, a cough and a spit from the famous racecourse, had been left in trust to his wife Denise and her older brother Tom that it may be kept in the family. A similar arrangement had been made with the houses in which brother and sister spent their married lives and it was hardly surprising that William felt at times a little trapped.

An only child, in common with me and my close friend Fiona, his Civil Servant father had passed in his teens and his mother five years previously, after having sold her home and exhausted her small savings to pay for her care.

Hardly surprising then that he felt trapped, because that was exactly what his over-protective father-in-law had intended. No outsider to his family would ever have a claim to the company he had built or the property it owned. A good salary was one thing – this particular employee was married to his daughter, after all. But there could be no possibility of that daughter being married and then left high and dry by some gold-digger out for nothing more than he could get.

Despite this, William's relationship with his father-in-law, both private and professional, had grown with the duration of his marriage and the introduction of two grandchildren. Terry and Andy. Both girls, no matter the masculine spelling Denise had insisted upon, and born two years apart.

Everything had seemed well between them until a few months ago when he had started to notice some distance between himself and the wife he – so he professed – loved with every fibre of his being. Terry was in her last year in Paris at the Sorbonne studying chemistry, while Andy had just taken up her first semester in Edinburgh – Business and E-Commerce - after a year out in South America. For the first time in an age, it was just the two of them at home.

And it had grown more and more strained; even if the obvious explanation for the disinterest and small disparaging slights his wife began to offer him did not occur to his still very much besotted imagination.

At least not until he went to his office as usual, the day after his fiftieth birthday, and was confronted by Tom in his new role of CEO. There were discrepancies in his expenses amounting to some thousand over the past few years. Either the Police would be called or, out of courtesy for his former standing in the family and to spare his sister's blushes if the affair he had fiddled his expenses in order to fund were to be made public, he could resign.

Guilty of neither fiddling and certainly *not* an affair, William had protested his innocence.

To no avail.

Tom had insisted he either resign or face the Police – and he wanted his decision the next day.

Then he'd had him escorted by security, bemused and devastated, from the premises.

But not before giving him an official looking envelope he was told was from Denise.

An official looking envelope containing equally official papers; including a restraining order that said he was only allowed on his wife's property under supervision in order to pack his belongings and an intent to divorce.

And now he was here, availing himself of what he felt sure was the last gift he would ever receive from his daughters. The same daughters who had taken their mother's side and were not even prepared to give him a hearing. So persuasive had been the suffering

of the mother he had not seen or spoken to once since the false accusations had been heaped upon him.

He was a fifty-year-old man in a straitened economy. No job. No family. A cramped studio-flat for a home and limited savings with which to pay for it.

Somebody had done a very thorough job of stitching him up.

And, if the culprit or culprits were not obvious to him then they certainly did not escape my attention.

"Who was he?" I asked as he finished his tale of woe, the coffee I'd poured him earlier cold and neglected in a mug at his side.

Eyes that seemed on the very verge of a full-blown crying jag looked back at me uncomprehendingly.

"The man she moved you on for?" I persisted.

His bemusement, if anything, became more marked and I could see he truly had no idea of what his wife – and brother-in-law - had done to him.

In truth, if my base desires for him had not been so powerful, I could easily have felt great sympathy for him for having been made a victim of such cold-blooded treachery – treachery that had not only stripped him of a wife, a home, and a livelihood but had also deprived him of two obviously brainwashed daughters.

But those base desires – made all the more powerful and irresistible for having spent so much time in the confines of my head – allowed no such humanitarian luxuries to come between what they sensed as an opportunity for gratification; even if at this time I had not entirely worked out how I could move from concerned acquaintance and confidante to outright and unchallengeable master.

"You really have no idea, do you?"

He looked at me helplessly and I felt an urge to slap the obvious into him.

I restrained myself.

That, I hoped, would come later.

And in many varying and painful forms – at least for him.

"Think about it, William," I urged. "How often were you making love to each other in the months leading up to the accusations?"

His face reddened and my fantasies bubbled under the surface, triggered by having made him react in such a way…

*****

"Look at me; you worthless English animal!"

The command jolted him from his introspection long enough for a scrap of backbone to assert itself.

Bad enough to endure the situation I had fashioned for him; I knew he was thinking.

But to actually be forced to look into my eyes and have his shame mirrored back at him took his feelings of helplessness and dependence to a wholly new and emasculating place.

Before he could consider his feelings fully his body jack-knifed with agony as that fleeting assertion of "backbone" vanished.

All breath left him as my hosed foot pressed his erection to his stomach and I brought the other, still clad in its high-heel, down upon his balls to crush it to the stone floor of the basement.

His intended mini rebellion had become a memory before it had full formed and suddenly he was trying to beg me to stop as his body spasmed involuntarily and I continued to press down upon his testicles, seemingly intent upon mashing the twin cylinders defining his masculinity into the cold stone itself.

"I warned you what would happen if you did not improve your attitude," I said, voice inflexible and eyes merciless as I increased the pressure and his agony increased.

"Let us see if you find it easier to obey your master as a eunuch."

*****

"…We're both grown-ups, William," I told him with a non-threatening smile; even if, in reality, I was positioning myself as the authority figure in our early skirmishes. "We *can* speak about these things."

He stared at the chalet's laminate-flooring for a few seconds then nodded.

"Not at all, really. Not now I think of it," he answered in response to my question on the frequency of the lovemaking he and his wife shared. "She had taken to moaning at me about my snoring and how it kept her awake of a night."

"So she started sleeping in one of the spare-rooms," I finished for him, only to have my assertion met by a regretful – and, unless I was mistaken, *shamefaced* - shaking of the head.

"Not exactly," he answered in a small voice that made him seem most unmanly and, as you can imagine, switched my already hungry pussy into ravenous mode.

"You took the spare-room?" I asked, struggling to keep my contempt for this weak man from both tone and expression.

He nodded.

“Actually, it was my youngest daughter’s. She wasn’t due back from Edinburgh until the end of her first term and I thought by the time she arrived all the silliness would be over.”

“Except it wasn’t.”

His head shook ruefully, but he still remained unconvinced by my argument.

“That still doesn’t mean there was another man.”

To use the word denial would be to make too free with understatement, I told myself, and for the life of me I could not understand how such a weak and gullible man would ever have fared in the world of business.

And in an *executive* position at that!

“Any other reason you can think of for your brother-in-law accusing you of a theft you swear you hadn’t committed?” I asked, enjoying the fact he couldn’t meet my eye. “Any other reason you can think of for your wife accusing you of an affair you insist you didn’t have?”

A long silence followed and I decided I was allowing my understandable sexual excitement to make me press too hard.

“I’m sorry, William,” I began in my most empathetic tones. “I know how much you’re suffering and I don’t wish to seem hard and unfeeling. But you have to see how these people have betrayed you.”

A solitary tear was making its journey down a cheek when his handsome face finally rose to mine:

“But why?” he asked. “I was always loving to her and the girls. A very good husband and an even better father; even if I’m the one saying it. Why would she have betrayed me at all?”

I shrugged, unable to work out how he couldn’t see it.

Had I been made of different stuff I would have pitied him and done my best to restore him to some semblance of manhood.

But I wasn’t and wouldn’t.

Though I had absolutely no qualms when it came to enlightening him.

“Tell me, William. Do you know who took over your position at your wife and brother-in-law’s company?”

“Yes,” he nodded. “I do. It was guy named Tony Hilswift. What’s that to do with…?”

“Did you know him socially?” I asked over him.

“He was a friend of Denise’s brother from way back. We all used to party and holiday together with each other before he and his wife split-up. I don’t see…”

“And I presume he will be at work in your old office even as we speak?”

He nodded and I took out my iPhone.

“Is your wife normally at home around this time?” I asked.

“I… Well, yes, I suppose. Why?”

“You live in Epsom as well, near the company, right?”

He shook his head.

“East Cheam. A mile or two away.”

“And what’s the name of the local council there?”

He looked at me as if I were mad.

“Just humour me, William. I’m trying to help.”

“Sutton,” he said. “Cheam comes under Sutton Council.”

I passed my phone to him and he looked at me as if I’d just handed him a particularly fiendish version of Rubik’s Cube.

“Punch in the number for your old home then hand it back to me,” I said, realising as I did so that, even at this early stage, my tone with him was becoming more and more… *peremptory*.

“Look, what exactly are you trying to…?”

“Just do it, William, and I promise you’ll get to know just why you’re where you are now.”

It seemed like a long minute as he thought it over, though it was probably no more than ten or twenty seconds, then he punched in the digits and handed me the phone.”

“Does your wife have a middle name?” I asked.

“Kylie,” he whispered and I made a face.

The Phone in his former residence rang a few times and was picked up.

“Hello?”

“Good afternoon,” I replied in a friendly but officious voice. “My name’s Rebecca Wells and I’m calling from Sutton Council to update our council tax records. Am I speaking to Mrs Denise Kylie Bendix?”

“Yes, you are, but not for much longer. I’m in the process of divorcing my ex,” she said with not a trace of a regretful note in her voice. “What can I do for you?”

“Just a few seconds of your time will be enough, madam,” I assured her. “So Mr Bendix is no longer living with you?”

“That’s correct.”

“Then I have your permission to remove him from our records? Doing so will, off course, reduce your yearly charge for council services. Unless of course, and without being indelicate, you have somebody else living with you.”

“No, you’re not being indelicate. My daughters are away at university in Edinburgh and Paris, respectively, and yes there is someone staying with me.”

“Paris and Edinburgh! How glamourous,” I gushed, sensing *‘Kylie’* was the kind of woman who placed much store in her social position and was extremely precious when it came the educational attainments of the daughters. “Excuse me if I seem to be prying,” I apologised in advance, “but is this stay likely to be of a short duration or long-term.”

“Long-term, I promise you,” came the instant and somewhat smug answer.

“Then I’ll need to add the name of your, ah, visitor to our records, I’m afraid.”

“No problem,” she said without missing a beat. “It’s…”

I thanked her for her time and rang off. Pleased with my ingenuity. The eyes of William Bendix held mine as if I were a judge about to pass sentence.

I put him out of his misery swiftly.

“It seems your wife has taken in a long-term lodger by the name of *‘Anthony Hilswift’*. And I’m afraid to tell you she seems rather pleased with her new acquisition.”

*****

...He was prostrate upon the floor, hands clasped tightly about my hosed ankles, as if letting go would see him banished to less hospitable climes of Siberia.

“I’m sorry,” he cried. “Please don’t make me leave. I’ll be good. I promise.

“You’ll sign a power-of-attorney giving me control over your domestic and financial affairs?”

“Yes, yes! Anything. But please don’t ask me to leave.”

“I might want to take steps to become your legal guardian,” I told him. “Do you think you could persuade a doctor that you are incapable of taking care of yourself and need my supervision?”

“Yes, Wanda, I’ll do anything you want, but please don’t ask me to leave your home.”

“Will you call me ‘Master’ from now on if I agree to take responsibility for you.?”

“Yes, yes!”

“Say it.”

“Master.”

“Who is your Master?”

“You are, Wanda. I mean… Master.”

“And who is my… slave?”

A tear fell upon my hose and I knew he was in agonies as I stripped him of what remained of his manhood.

Such as it had been.

Placing a foot atop his handsome head I ground his face into that same spot where his tear had just landed and was seeping into my hose.

“Good boy,” I cooed from above…

*****

I felt as if I’d just taken a club to a week old puppy as the man just seemed to collapse into himself at news of just how completely his wife had betrayed him; coffee and his hostess totally forgotten as my words sunk in.

Now there could be no more delusions. He knew now the full extent of the treachery visited upon him by people he had not only loved but trusted. Denial was no longer an option and there was nothing he could do to correct the situation save for a bloodbath and a custodial sentence. An iron curtain had just been drawn across his life until now and there could be no drawing it back. He had been made into a non-person in the lives of his wife, her family, their friends and, most importantly of all, his daughters. The only question he needed to ask himself was what was his life going to be like from now on.

Fortunately, he had his new and very concerned friend to help him reach a decision.

Two

Within a few days my willingness to listen to his problems and provide a sympathetic sounding-board had; along with his admiration for the ingenious way I'd discovered the identity of his wife's lover; ensured he was never far from my side during both day and night.

On a strictly platonic basis.

I had long ago decided – after my very first experience of the act – that no man would ever place his pride and joy in my superior womanhood again unless that pride and joy were completely tame and did so under conditions of my choosing. Allowing him to do so now would give him a false sense; perhaps a superior sense, given his undeniable good looks; of his position in regard of me, and this was something I was determined to resist as a means of gaining his sexual attention. Up to this point, some five days into our stay, we had not even kissed; though you may be sure that in the moments before sleep took me my thoughts were found picturing his lips and tongue working feverishly and slavishly to satisfy that part of me his cock would *never* conquer.

More and more he was becoming used to listening to thoughts on his situation and, even, deferring to them.

And from such small beginnings is the human bondage of man to woman coaxed into being.

And, all the while he was coming to depend upon me, I was picturing him in various forms of homage and submission:

Cleaning my home…

Hand-washing my unmentionables…

Slobbering at my feet…

At my armpits…

At my arse…

And, most gloriously of all, at my sopping and voracious cunt!

From a totally different perspective, of course – my fantasy life running riot and already beginning to obsess over what I could achieve with him – I was equally as eager to seek his company as he was that of mine. More so. Even if I gradually began to draw back after the hard work and persistence required to get him to take that stroll with me and the unlocking of his feelings that followed.

Now I made sure that he was the one to seek me out.

Always.

In fact, everything I did with him from now on would place him on a lower footing – while keeping the fact it was a deliberate ploy on my part from ever occurring to him.

In this aim, I felt much confidence. He was, after all, gullible and trusting in the extreme. An impression I'm sure Denise *Kylie* Bendix, as she remained at the time, would have verified me should I have cared to seek out her opinion.

I began to approach more serious concerns, to me anyway, on the night of our seventh day in the resort…

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"Do not take this the wrong way, William," I began in my most disarming and non-threatening voice and manner. "But, given the way you have been with your wife throughout your marriage, do you think that there might be an element of masochism in your make-up?"

We were seated opposite each other in my chalet, where he had sought me out after I had finished my evening meal. Through the French windows the light could be seen diminishing and the sky above the distant English Channel was threatening to take on a positively Claudian aspect that might yet be coaxed by the climactic conditions to something nearer the Turneresque. I had opened a bottle of decent Bordeaux (we were allowed the odd treat) and was hoping it would lend an *edge* to my intentions.

I wanted to move things along a little more quickly.

It's my way, you see. Call me impatient, if you wish, but I had no intention of embarking on some war of attrition that held no likelihood of success at its end. I needed an indicator to boost my optimism and to get that I needed to be a little more proactive in testing his submissive waters.

His perusal of the growingly fantasian heavens was cut short by my question and I could see from his expression that, despite my advice, he was indeed ready to take my comment the *"wrong way"*.

I headed him off at the pass, or at least attempted the feat.

"That wasn't a criticism, William," I assured him truthfully, noting the high colour of his cheeks and the fact his growing interest in my compact and Rubenesque body I had so subtly been emphasising over the days of our acquaintance had taken a backseat. "We all have certain underlying character traits we are sometimes unaware of until they are pointed out to us."

He did not look convinced and his stubbornly colourful cheeks bore that out.

"I myself had no idea my colleagues and friends found me over-assertive and unbending until one of them plucked up the courage over a drink and supplied the *in vino veritas*."

"What's your point, Wanda?" he asked, a slight tic at his temple telling me he was a whole lot less than thrilled by my observation.

“There’s no need to be so defensive, William,” I snapped at him for the first time – well, *almost* snapped. This was more by way of a mild rebuke.

As well as a little tester.

If he accepted it – perhaps even apologised – I was on the road to my destination.

And, if he didn’t?

Well, if that proved the case then there was even more work ahead of me than I assessed – though the challenge would not find me lacking.

“I… I’m sorry, Wanda…”

Jove, Buddha, and Allah, be praised!

“…not only have I just lost my wife, my daughters, and my livelihood, but thanks to your ingenuity I’ve also found out I’ve lost them to another man.”

I nodded my understanding with a tiny and compassionate smile.

“The old manly pride’s not exactly at optimum, you’ll be unsurprised to learn.”

“And will never find itself in such a way in the future if I have any say in it,” my thoughts declared as I filled his glass with yet more Lynch-Bages.

“If you ask me,” I began as he took a large swallow, “that whole *‘manly pride’* thing is much overrated.”

His eyes narrowed.

“How so?”

“What I am saying is, what does it matter where the power resides in a relationship between a man and a woman so long as it is natural and in keeping with the temperament of each partner?”

He thought about it, looking a little grateful for a diversion from the truths I had just laid upon him.

“What you’re suggesting seems to go against nature to me?”

“Really? Why?”

He shrugged.

“It just does,” he said unconvincingly – not to mention lamely. “Ours not to reason why, and all that. You know? The earth revolves around the sun; oxygen keeps us alive; man is stronger than woman. Natural truths, all of them.”

Had I been in any doubt I was light years his intellectual superior – physically too, perhaps, at least in a sexual sense – this less than inspirational response to my question would have sealed the deal for me.

"Your first point is a given – though even that was a subject for religious, scientific, and academic debate back in the day. As is your second and more prosaic observation. The third however…"

He seemed surprised.

"You don't believe men are stronger than women?"

"All things being equal, which they seldom are between the sexes in my view," I told him, "superior muscle mass will make a man the physical superior of his direct female opposite."

His expression seemed to say: *"Isn't that what I just said?"*

"However," I continued, delighted to have moved our conversation onto such fruitful ground so easily and determined to make the very most of it, "the physical strength of the male and the superior capacity in the female to endure both pain and effort is but one facet of a debate that's raged since Eve first overmastered Adam."

"Seduced him into sin, you mean?"

"If you prefer," I agreed. "But you take my point: superiority in one area of human capacity doesn't imply superiority in all."

"So no man can have the powers of seduction possessed by a woman. Is that what you're saying?"

"Not in the slightest. I simply make the point that all such observations are comparative, and that being a man does not automatically bestow superiority over a woman; whether physical, mental, or emotional."

His startling blue eyes took on a look of animated intensity for the first time since I'd met him as he got caught up in our – admittedly one-sided – intellectual jousting and he began to consider just what exactly I had meant with the remarks that had opened the tournament.

"I see absolutely nothing wrong in a relationship where one takes the lead and the other follows," I offered truthfully, careful to omit the fact that it was only acceptable in my view if it were the man doing the following.

"What are you saying?" he asked, a hint of irascibility in his voice telling me he was less than enthralled at the inference he had taken from my words. "That I would still be married if I'd only allowed Denise to rule the roost?"

My head shook emphatically.

“That’s not what I’m saying at all,” I protested. “From the sound of your ex-wife on the phone and what you’ve told me about her so far, I would say she’s far from equipped to be the driving force in a marriage or relationship – even less so than you.”

He winced, but I ploughed on anyway.

“Unless her new man is the type to take a firm hand with her, rather than giving in to her out of love, I don’t see her new dalliance lasting anywhere near as long as the one you both shared.”

An imperceptible nodding of the head told me he was at least a little appeased.

It would not last long.

“That said,” I began, holding his eyes unblinkingly with my own as if I were drilling down into his very soul; “I don’t think you are any better equipped to be the driving force in a relationship; whether love be present or absent.”

He stared back, eyes a mix of puzzlement and affront, unsure whether he should question my meaning or tear me off a strip for even suggesting such a thing.

“It is not a criticism,” I went on quickly, “but a simple statement of fact from what I have observed over these past few days of our deepening acquaintance.”

He was yet to be convinced – a long way from such a concession, in fact - and I knew, if I held firm to my intention, as all my instincts screamed at me that I should, then he would soon be hearing much more that would shock him.

“I am at an age where I know myself,” continued. “My weaknesses as well as my strengths. Yet you, a decade or so my senior, not only appear unaware of your own but seem to have little in the way of a desire to discover them.”

I could see he was preparing some kind of a rebuttal to this and knew it was important I injected some carrot into the mix to make the effect of the stick less likely to stand on his dignity and leave.

“I find you uncommonly attractive, William Bendix,” I told him, eyes still holding his while hoping the clothes I had deliberately chosen to cling to my womanly curves and enhance them were having an effect upon the sexuality that is forever forming our make-up beneath the surface; even as we are involved in mental or physical conflict above it. “As well as being a handsome man for your years, I am convinced that you are good and well-meaning and of no small intelligence.”

I waited for his facial reaction and could tell that at least this was favourable – and especially the observation that completed the triad; the very one which had been made with a tongue firmly in the cheek.

Consolidation made sense at this point.

“Forgive me if my own well-intended words of comfort seem a little harsh, but I have taken a great affection for you since we met and consider myself your friend. And in my book, a good and sincere friend tell you what you need to hear, while it is only a semi-engaged acquaintance, or one with an agenda, who will oblige your hearing with what it *needs*.”

There fell a silence between us and I was determined not to be the one to break it. The next words were his to speak. And I confess to a little nervousness that they might not be of the kind *I* wished to hear.

I need not have troubled myself.

“I… I can see how my… *indulgence*… of Denise may have made me seem weak, Wanda,” he began, still unwilling to accept my premise in his regard but, whether he knew it or not, moving closer to an accommodation all the time. “But I assure you it was offered out of love – misguided as it has proved itself – rather than weakness on my part.”

“You truly believe that, William?” I asked, combining feminine sympathy with a little scepticism.

“Look… Wanda… I know how it looks, but…”

“There is no shame, William,” I cut in over him. “And have no fear of me judging you either. I find your desire to please the woman you love wholly praiseworthy and admirable and only wish there were more men like you. Unfortunately, you appear to have wasted a relatively large part of your life on a woman without either the intelligence or strength of character to appreciate or use your gifts.”

I suddenly crossed my legs in tandem with my words and was gratified to catch his eyes flicker to them and take in the shapeliness I had exaggerated with a pair of form fitting lycra leggings. I had also chosen a pair of pastel coloured sandals with a low-heel that matched the shade of my painted toenails and was again rewarded when I saw his eyes flicker down to where I was dangling one from the bare foot of my crossed leg.

“Do you really think you’re the first man of decency and intelligence to have placed his own well-being below that of a woman?” I asked, preparing to take our conversation – and our relationship – into more… *sensitive*… areas.

My prey’s eyes came up from my swinging foot long enough to assure me my words had been the correct ones. No man wants a woman to think he is part of the herd, even when that’s just what he is, but promote to membership of a more grouping of cattle and you not only praise and flatter but take the sting from the fact he remains nothing more than fodder for the woman with the intelligence and strength of character to master him.

“Think of all the wonderful drawings, painting, poetry and literature on the subject down the years on the subject, William. Was it all brought into being by so-called *‘weak men’*? Or was it the results of a more superior kind of man willing to acknowledge a fundamental truth – or at least, *his* own and individual fundamental truth?”

His eyes flickered from mine, though not down to my legs and feet this time, and I could see he was struggling maintain his depth in our conversation as his thoughts scurried here and there to locate a term of reference that would allow him to both continue it and give the illusion of participation.

I did not wait for his thoughts to conclude their business.

"Think of all those gifted, creative, and cerebral men, from both the distant past and the more homogenised present, William," I said. "Think of how they described their feelings in the service of a woman and how it freed them to truly be themselves."

I paused a moment.

"Is it such an insult to have me confuse you with one of their number?" I added finally, voice sibilant and, I hoped, seductive.

There was no reply and I had not expected to receive one. It was obvious that the longer I spoke the less comfortable he was becoming. But not, I was heartened to assure myself, from any sense of embarrassment and anger that I was beginning to speak of him in such a way, but simply because he was having trouble meeting me on the more elevated conversational ground.

"From my reading of the classics and other tracts from the past," I went on, "I can assure you the men of antiquity were far less precious of their egos and the thoughts of others in their regard than their oh so buttoned-up contemporary counterparts."

It was time to feed him more carrot.

"That is why you are so refreshing, William. You are manly enough and self-contained enough not to be afraid of showing your vulnerability."

I waited for his eyes to find mine, knowing he was discomfited enough at being made so acutely aware of being out of his mental and articulate depth that would not be responding to my words.

A silence that allowed me to take him further towards his eventual… *dependence*.

"These were men who wrote of the tormenting bliss of worshipping a woman who made a plaything out of them; who extolled the virtues of being the utter and complete slave of a beautiful female tyrant who grinds them underfoot even as she loves and cares for them. Remember your Bible. Even great Samson, sensing what would become of him, again put himself into the hands of Delilah, even after she had betrayed him. And was betrayed yet again when she contrived to have the Philistines bind him and put out his eyes – even if that horror was not a part of her original intention. Eyes, I might remind you, that he kept fixed upon her even as the red-hot poker's extinguished his beautiful betrayer from his view.

"An extreme example, wouldn't you say?" he said, finding his voice, albeit a croaked variation on what I knew it to be.

“But salutary when underlining my point, you have to agree,” I smiled.

“*The almighty Lord hath struck him, and hath delivered him into the hands of a woman*.”

The quotation seemed to impress him for a reason that escaped me at the time but would later realise was no more than the fact the words of empowerment coming from the lips of a woman he was beginning to desire - and who had already made it plain she desired him - were beginning to have an effect on what I was already convinced, and had mentioned as much to him, was a huge reservoir of unacknowledged masochism.

“Wise men know that love is never equal, William. It’s simply another facet of nature and conforms to the same rules. The strong and the…”

I caught myself as the word *“weak”* threatened to exit my lips.

At this point, and although I considered he was fast being moved to where I wanted him to be, such a description could easily prove a tipping point to his male ego.

“…not so strong,” I finished. “That’s why they felt no affront to their manhood when accepting a woman as their superior and even felt that the power their partners wielded over them was not only acceptable but natural. They were, in effect, acknowledging the exhilarating sensation of submitting their will to one that was stronger. A form of pleasurable torture, if you will. The emancipating freedom that comes with the submission of oneself to another.”

I watched saw him swallow – with some difficulty it appeared – as my words found their mark.

“Y-You share that view?” he stammered.

“Would you be disappointed if I did?” I asked, still dangling the low-heeled sandal from my perfectly groomed and appointed feet as he squirmed in his seat in such a way as to ease what was surely an erection.

“I… Well…”

“Because I do share it,” I left him in no doubt, throwing back my head so that the hair I had left free flew up like red flames. “The ideal I strive to realize in my life is the serene sensuousness of the Greeks. Pleasure. No matter which form it takes. Be it the wallowing in those sensations the little people amongst us consider base and perverse that have them rushing for their metaphorical pitch-forks and blazing firebrands or otherwise. As an atheist I do not believe in the kind of love which is preached by Christianity or its counterparts in their thousands.”

I laughed gaily, lightening the atmosphere a little and, I hoped, making him feel a tad less… *threatened*.

THREE

“Not so long ago,” I offered, still laughing, “I would have been considered the worst of heretic pagans.

“In human nature there is only the love of the strong for the weak and vice versa. All else is window-dressing.

“And no,” I went on quickly, seeing his expression. “I do not discount the genuine feelings of one person for another and the romantic approach to a relationship such feelings can promote.”

My stare was meaningful and obvious.

“I believe your situation had provided me with ample evidence of such an approach, I think you will agree.”

A hint of colour high upon his cheekbones assured me he did.

“But I am afraid such approaches, no matter how sincere and well-intended, are factitious and self-deceiving. Relationships, no matter how romantically we dress them are simply the battlefield by another means, with at least one – and in many cases two – of the participants vying for supremacy.”

He found his voice at this and seemed to have latched onto something he could actually put into words:

“You were right earlier, I regret to say,” he informed me as I waited for the forthcoming validation. “You do seem sceptical.”

I waited, unperturbed, knowing he was not quite finished.

“You also sound extremely cynical. Which makes me think you yourself have been on the wrong end of a similarly doomed relationship such as mine.”

It was nothing I hadn’t been expecting and was about in keeping with the parameters of what I had already designated a most prosaic mindset.

He was also wrong.

“As much as I would enjoy easing your pain by telling you I’ve suffered in the same way and come through it,” it I said, shaking my head regretfully, “I’m afraid it’s just not the case.”

The handsome features were dubious.

“What? Never? No personal disappointments or setbacks of a relationship kind?”

“Not one,” I told him truthfully.

His expression now was one of frank disbelief.

“Seriously?”

I nodded, my own tension rising as I sensed we were reaching a crucial point in our… *discussion*.

“Except in a professional capacity, when I have found it necessary to be somewhat cagey on the subject of the actuality, I make a point of total honesty in my personal dealings,” I told him; though I did wonder how honest I would be with him if he asked me what my intentions towards him were at this point.

An interrogation, thankfully, he declined to make.

“None of your romantic relationships have disappointed you?” he asked with a hint of his own superiority for someone else in denial.

I shook my head, untroubled to offer what was no more than the unvarnished truth.

“Not one of them?” he persisted.

“Disappointment would have been impossible under the circumstances.”

“What circumstances?”

“William,” I began with an indulgent smile, enjoying the superiority I already wielded over him and more and more certain I could take that particular ball and net it; “what can you think of that would guarantee the absence of disappointment in a relationship?”

“I can’t,” he said after giving it some thought, “think of anything offhand.”

“Not even the absence of a relationship to be disappointed about?” I asked.

It took a few moments to sink in before, with an embarrassed kind of half-laugh:

“You…? You’re trying to tell me you’ve *never* had a physical or emotional relationship?”

“No,” I said emphatically, triggering from him a look of vindication for his perceptiveness. “Not *‘never’* but *‘yet’*.”

“Then you’re…?”

“If not having had a live penis penetrate one’s vagina makes one a virgin, then yes. I am, as you were about to ask, a virgin.”

He looked suddenly ashamed, as if it were tragedy enough for a woman of my age not to have experienced the beauty of a man’s physical love, without having a new friend highlight the exclusion.

“I… I’m really sorry, Wanda,” he faltered. “I would never have mentioned it if…”

Now it was my turn to be puzzled, even if it was deliberate on my part.

“What exactly are you sorry for, William?” I quizzed, as if for all the world I had no idea what he could mean.

“Well…”

My laughter interrupted his attempt at an explanation and I could see his *puzzlement* was entirely genuine.

I put him out of his misery swiftly:

“You ascribe misfortune to me when, in fact, my so-called virginity is a calculated and necessary expression of my personal autonomy.”

“But…?”

“Do you think I am so unattractive no man would wish to make love to me, then?”

He was instantly apologetic, eyes scanning the compact and Rubenesque body that, in sexual terms, was the equivalent of a pocket-battleship.

“P-Please, Wanda! That wasn’t what I meant at all.”

“No?” I asked, placing him ever further back on his heels and loving every second of doing so. “Are you saying you find me attractive then?”

It struck me that if his face reddened any further we might have a scale demonstration of Vesuvius or Krakatoa at any second.

He recovered his wits as well as he could and made a tolerable stab at a believable answer – an answer for which I would not have pressed had I been at all unsure of the growing strength of his attraction to me.

“Wanda, you’re an attractive woman, it goes without saying in my view, but…”

For just a split-second, I thought he was going to tell me that I was attractive but no beauty; that my angularity of feature and the superficial air of coldness it provided my face ensured the fact. A coldness he would eventually come to realise was fact rather than illusion. And be far too late to help him, I hoped.

“…but I’m not exactly over the crematorium that’s just been made of my marriage and my life.”

“Your wife certainly sounded as if she had bounced back.”

His shoulders slumped at what spirit he possessed seemed to drain down towards his ankles.

“But then she’s living in the family home with her lover, isn’t she?” I persisted, laying it on thick for my own self-advancement. “The same lover who now had your job and will, no doubt, soon be your daughter’s new step-daddy.”

With a half-choked sob, he hauled himself to his feet and turned slowly for the door; movements replicating a man some twenty-years older than his fifty.

“I… I’m sorry, Wanda. I can’t do this. I have to…”

He got no further when I left my own seat and closed the gap between us to draw him down into my encircling arms.

“Come here, you poor man,” I said as I pulled him into my embrace and the waiting and outwardly maternal cushions that would never know a suckling’s mouth. “Wanda’s here for you.”

The *“poor”* and simple creature allowed himself to be drawn down so that his head was resting upon my shoulder and his chest against my imposing breasts.

It was not long before the sobs started.

*****

“Better now?” I asked as he once again took a seat opposite me, this after having my having sent him to the bathroom to splash his face and freshen up while I made him a strong coffee.

“No more wine for you tonight, William and I don’t want you wasting any more emotion on that worthless tramp.”

A command and a commiseration in one, dual-purpose sentence.

He nodded a little sheepishly and I could tell he was at a loss as to how to proceed with the woman into whose arms he had just bawled in so unmanly a fashion; not to know the woman herself found his weakness simply adorable.

“Is that what you studied at Uni?” he asked finally.

I crinkled my eyes, genuinely perplexed. I imagined there was a degree course somewhere that led to a certification in both marital counselling and that which came after a crash and a burn. Was that what he meant?

It wasn’t.

“You know?” he prodded as if I were being wilfully slow. “The Classics?”

I mouthed an *“O”* and shook my head.

“Economic was my cross, I’m afraid. Lincoln Uni. Though I was always, and remain, an avid reader of both fiction and non-fiction. How about you?”

“Goldsmith College in New Cross. Business Studies. No longer relevant – the degree, not the college. Called Business Computing and Entrepreneurship these days. I met Denise when we were undergrads togeth…”

“No!” I said in a loud and firm voice.

He looked startled and, if I was right, a little afraid of my sudden passion.

“No more *‘Denise’* when we’re together. She’s your past now. All you’ll accomplish by dwelling on her memory is to make yourself miserable, self-pitying and angry, in order or all at once.”

“That’s easy to suggest and harder to accomplish,” he told me and I could do no more than agree.

“No argument,” I told him. “It’s going to be hard for you, that’s a given. But then the things that come easiest are seldom worth aspiring to.”

“I bow to your superior wisdom,” he responded with a hint of something that appeared almost lighthearted, unaware he was spouting no more than the simple and undeniable truth.

If I had my way with him as I intended.

“So, where were we?” he asked with a smile approaching the roguish, willing to pick up where my thoughts on relationship were interrupted, but letting me know at the same time that he wasn’t placing any great relevance on them.

He soon would, I promised myself, before returning to the crucial point before his short meltdown.

“You were expressing disbelief that I had *yet* to experience a meaningful relationship – a relationship of *any* romantic kind, in fact – with a man.”

It was his turn to mouth a silent *“O”*.

“Believe me when I tell you it’s the absolute truth,” I insisted, my sincerity all the more believable for being based entirely upon fact.

“But…? Why, Wanda? You’re an attractive, intelligent and compassionate woman. I can’t believe there haven’t been men interested in you.”

“Oh, they’ve been interested, William. *Very* interested.”

“Then why?” he asked with arms wide, as if it were one of the great mysteries to stand alongside the Marie Celeste and reality-based television shows.

“Because, William, not one of my many potential suitors held the slightest gram of interest for me.”

I gave myself a few beats and then delivered it.

“Until now.”

As slow as most men when it came to such matters, my prey had to think long and hard about this until his tiny little head could wrap itself around my meaning.

“You mean…?”

“Yes, William. I mean you.”

His face boiled crimson immediately and he could no longer meet my stare, so startling and from out of nowhere had my statement seemed to him.

“I took you to be a man who was not ashamed to be in touch with his more… *sensitive*… feelings, and you have proved me right. Even beyond your looks, which are indisputably handsome, even for one of your advanced years, I sensed the total package I had long looked for in such a man. Your ability to show me your more vulnerable side a few moments only solidified the feelings for you that have begun to grow since we first met and I am half of a mind to send your soon-to-be ex-wife a letter of gratitude for having made you available to the wide world of women once again.”

His startlement had been replaced by what I can only describe as some mild form of shock.

And yet…

I sensed my positive feelings in his regard and the words of praise accompanying him was helping to shore up the masculine ego the cold and premeditated actions of his wife and her brother-in-law – not to mention his daughters – had devastated.

“You are not one of those who wax lyrical about submissive and pliant women whose lives are place below those of their men. Your temperament and sensitivity places you beyond homogenous male behaviour of the kind. Not for you; even if you did land somehow manage to land yourself with one; those miserable and whining creatures who use the new freedoms won for their gender by becoming ladettes and wannabe boys during their formative years. Doing so only that they may convince themselves they had some kind of a life before settling down to sheep-like domesticity with the man of their choice. Their second, third, or fourth, maybe. Vacuous and conditioned airheads who don't appreciate a real man in their puerile quest for what they consider a *‘real-man’* and a masculine ideal. Mostly, in fact, someone who resembles their father. They mistake the overbearing for strength-of-character and would far rather nag, whine, and moan, rather than achieve their domestic ends with a show of some *real* character of their own.”

I paused to snatch a breath and gather my thoughts; as well as to check on the effects of words.

He was still there and appeared to waiting on me.

So far so *very* good.

"You are *nothing* like the men these facsimiles of real women seek and value and it is that fact I find drawing me to you."

"But…?"

"Let me finish. It is only the desire of some men and their egos to keep their women as if they were some form of buried treasure to which only they have access; even as they allow the interest accruing from it to clean their home, wash their shirts, and prepare their meals. You, again, share nothing of a foolishness peculiar to your gender."

"I… I think you attribute far too many qualities to me on short acquaintance, Wanda," he said to his credit; though I suspected it was because he sensed I might be thinking of him as a weak example of his sex.

Again, I gave my head an emphatic shake.

"No. You are wrong. I am certain that you are about as different from the common herd of men as it is possible to be. You are a dreamer and an idealist who needs the firm hand of a female to guide him and has yet to receive it."

As was his way, he coloured.

"Who knows what you could have been at this point had you met the right woman at the right time. A woman willing to harness your obvious attractions to her personal wagon and keep you upon the right track of her choosing."

"Wanda, I…"

"A woman," I crashed on, oblivious to his strangulated protests and what I sensed was a positive response hidden beneath them, "willing to accept complete responsibility for you that both you and she might visit that place both nature and fate intended for them."

"But, Wanda…?"

"You are about to say that it is not natural for the woman to… *rule*… the man. That society is affronted by such challenges to the status quo.

"Let it be! I am willing to take the risk and to hell with the bleating of sheep. My principles are my own and I *will* act upon them. The life I have been given is my own to live and, as far as it is possible in such a judgemental world, I intend to do just that."

I allowed him a window in which to insert his own thoughts and they were not long in coming.

They were also, and just as my thoughts had predicted, predictable in the extreme:

"Wanda," he began, as if he were addressing a deluded child, despite what must have been obvious to him was a huge gap in our respective intellectual capacities, "the

system is *never* beaten. And even if I were the type of man willing to allow a woman to – as you say – hitch him to *'her personal wagon',* I'm sure societal pressures would soon make both of them rethink."

Again, so far, so predictable; and yet I was heartened by a certain subliminal response from him that struck me as a long, long, way from negative. I was more convinced than ever that there was a hidden reservoir of masochism that went hand in hand with his natural weakness and felt convinced I was well on route towards its discovery.

My impression that having a woman *"guide"* was something he found more attractive than his male pride was willing to divulge was becoming stronger by the second.

"Well, William, I think that, like me, your life will be far freer and easier if you were to eschew the approbation of hypocrites and the slow death of following the all too visible footsteps of the herd. I will live my own life as it pleases me and I am willing to do so without the respect of the majority for having followed their lead and simply capitulated to the rules of others. I prefer to follow my own route and be happy, I have no faith in a Christian hereafter and have no wish to live eternally. As far as I am concerned, my life ends with my last breath and, until then, I will concentrate on making the time left to me as joyous as possible."

"And you know exactly what it is that makes you happy?" he asked.

"It is an ever expanding list," I shrugged. "But you may be sure the main components are stamped upon my mind as permanently as the prints to be found at the tips of my fingers."

"Then I wish you more luck than me in finding your happiness, Wanda."

His eyes misted over and he became wistful once again.

"I truly thought I had found it, but…"

His voice tailed off and it did not require a genius to guess who they had fixated upon.

"You will have more luck finding it when you concede to yourself that, through no fault of your own, you had looked in the wrong place to begin with," I told him after a sip of the same red I had proscribed him.

While I was speaking I could almost feel my eyes sparkling with the vibrancy supplied by excitement and before I was even aware I was about to do it I found myself crouching before him to take his hands in my own.

To my delight, he made no attempt to remove them or raise any verbal objection.

"If, like me, you believe that fate can have its own reasons and that the throwing us together was no accident; then, also like me, you must sense the same future I see for us."

"Wanda," he began, and I could see from his manner that he was physically aroused to again be in such close proximity to me – and this time without the tears supplied by his anguish. "This… This all happening so fast. I haven't much to offer a younger woman such as yourself. I find your… *frankness*… strangely compelling somehow, and I'm flattered that an attractive woman so many years my junior would find me attractive also. But…"

"Immaterial," I assured him, moving my head closer to his; so close, in fact, that he could feel my warm breath coming down at an angle upon that still handsome face. "You have far more to offer a woman like me than your imagination can grasp right now.

I pictured his worshipful tongue as it made an unwilling contact with the outer rim of my anus for the first time…

"But…?"

I silenced him by placing my right forefinger over the lips I had just pictured as they paid tribute to my arse.

"There are no *'buts'* William. Fate has seen fit to throw our various strengths and weaknesses together and I for one am not going to allow you to miss this opportunity."

For the first time in a long time – at a drunken office party beneath mistletoe, if my memory of the non-event served correctly - I impulsively pressed my lips against those of another man.

The effect was electric and I immediately felt a rush of sensations that told me I had orgasmed.

And from no more than a simple kiss.

How much more powerful would be my response a kiss from him would be offered to more… *sensitive*… lips?

Any lingering doubts I had in regard of my course as the older man kissed me back with his eyes closed – not that I recall any – were banished to a star system far, far, away and I knew that, from this point on, the pace of my intent to master him was about to accelerate.

FOUR

"I often envy the Greeks of antiquity," I told him. "Free, serene, and happy human beings."

"Free to make chattels and playthings of lesser mortals undeserving of either wealth, citizenship, or a voting privilege," ran my thoughts in concurrence with my words.

We were in my chalet with the lights out, gazing through the French windows as yet another unseasonably warm day ended in a spectacular nocturnal skyline above the strip of sea separating the Angles from the Franks. We were both three days away from the end of our stay at the resort and a degree of intimacy that went beyond simple *"courting"* now existed between us that noth stemmed and was driven by yours truly. Explaining why he was sprawled upon the floor with his back resting against the chair in which I was seated with more comfort, my bare and slightly tanned legs to his side and the flesh of my calf muscles gently grazing his cheek from time to *deliberate* time.

As was becoming more and more marked with our relationship, I was the one speaking and he the one doing the listening. To this point, however, I had not touched upon the areas I intended our future relationship to go. But I would tonight.

"And do you know why they were so happy, William?" I asked, attitude towards him more and more that of a tutor than a friend, and a figure of authority rather than the lover he fully expected me to be at some time in the future.

Picturing his future disappointment prompted a smile above and behind the handsome head I was intent upon owning.

I began a gentle stroking of his still thick hair and he leaned in towards my hand, almost purring in the way of a domestic animal being petted.

I ignored his preoccupied silence and supplied him the answer myself.

"They were free, serene, and happy, William, because they lived in a more enlightened time when superior people were revered rather than envied and placed under the legal restraint of a herd mentality. Beings such as the more exalted examples found at the apex of ancient Greece were and *are* possible only when society permits the superior among us to have slaves and indentured servants who will perform the tiresome and mundane tasks of day-to-day life for them. Even the Spartans, hardly noted for sybarite excess, kept helots that their labour and service might free them for the more warlike preoccupations that were the raison d'etre of their civilization.

"If you'd lived at such a time," he began, leaning back into my caresses and placing his warm cheek against the side of a shapely and muscular calf, "I imagine you'd need a whole army of slaves."

He added a throaty little chuckle to make light of what was one of his less prosaic utterances, but the damage was already done.

My cunt flooded with the excitement of hearing such words upon his lips – meant in jest, though they were – and I realised I was never likely to be as sexually energised in the presence of a man as I was with this one.

It was this… *energy*… that prompted words from my lips I had not intended to utter.

Yet.

"And do you picture yourself as one of my slaves?" I asked.

Suddenly, and despite my aforementioned confidence in his regard, I was frightened the forthrightness he had professed to find *"refreshing"* might prove too much for him.

I felt a strange discomfort and it was only as he let out a chuckle and caressed my calf with his cheek that I took in some oxygen and realised I had not been breathing at all as I waited for his reaction.

"Is that how you see me then?" he asked playfully, obviously seeing my remark in the same light. "As one of your stable of slaves and helots?"

Feeling suddenly unfettered, I tugged his head back gently by the hair so that he was staring up at me from the obverse and drew back my lips in a little smile so that my small white teeth became visible.

"Not one of them," I said as lightly as my eventual intention allowed. "The *only* one."

I leaned down and placed a kiss upon his forehead that I knew he would receive as affectionate, when my intent was to use my lips as a symbolic branding of my property.

"It is the only relationship with a man I would consider and one would be quite sufficient, given the pains I would take to make him the most obedient servant a woman has ever known or is likely to."

"Sounds like I'd have my work cut out for me," he said with a smile of his own, deluding himself still that I was being playful.

"I have every confidence I could train you to my requirements I told him," both tone and facial expression becoming more serious above him; though I knew it would take a little time for the change to penetrate his less than cutting-edge sensibilities. "I think you would flourish when delivered from the tyranny of responsibility and the expectations of society you have taken to heart so erroneously up to this point and feel a sense of absolute liberation to have a strong woman such as me take the weight of the decision making process from your shoulders.

"Would you like to petition me for the position?" I asked, keeping his eyes in position upon mine and exerting a firmer grip upon his hair.

He laughed.

I did not.

“Did you not hear me, William?”

I saw a flicker of hesitation in the eyes below me.

“I just asked you if you would like to become my slave? To worship at the fount of my womanhood and pronounce yourself its creature. To press your lips against the folds of my outer labia and take in the scent of arousal your submission has prompted.”

The moment the words left my mouth, something in his eyes changed and I knew he was in the process of some kind of re-evaluation.

And it was all too easy to work out just where that re-evaluation was taking him.

“No, William,” I assured him. “The woman who has been there for you this past week, as you wrestled with your sense of diminishment after having been betrayed, has not suddenly gone insane, nor was she throughout. She is simply a superior individual with her own sense of what is right and wrong and her own ambitions based upon that sense.”

“You…? You were being serious?” he half gasped, suspecting that everything I had told him of myself that he had thought to be offered with tongue firmly in cheek had been offered with utter honesty and would have to be viewed afresh in the light of such a revelation – even if I could tell from the bulge at the front of his denims that there was a part of him *far* from disapproving of the picture I had just drawn for him.

“I don’t believe either of us is in any doubt as to the fact that certain… *feelings*… have developed between us, William. So please don’t allow the social conditioning that has led you to this miserable point in your personal life to prevent you grasping an opportunity your advanced age virtually guarantees will never be presented to you again.”

I had heard from his own lips how daunting – nay: *terrifying* – he found the prospect of starting again from next to nothing at his time of life and had no qualms reminding him of the fact.

“Think of what lies ahead of you without me,” I told him. “And the life being with me and loving me offers.”

His cheek had left my calf by now and he reached up to detach my hands from his hair before rising from the floor to face me.

“When you spoke of these things before,” he began, about to bear out my certainty as to his thoughts, “I thought you were just being whimsical to raise my spirits. And you succeeded. I’ve enjoyed being with you and, yes, I do agree that I’ve developed feelings for you. But…”

“Oh, William,” I breathed with mock exasperation, his words no more than I’d been expecting. “Try to look beyond the tunnel in which society prefers to keep you. There is a bigger picture inside all of us, if only we have the courage and allow it to reveal itself to us.”

“And my *‘bigger picture’* is to become some kind of servant to you. Is that what you’re saying? Is that what you mean when you speak about love?”

“There is no equality in love,” I replied solemnly. “Whether we know it or not, we are either ruled by our partners or we must rule. You would be surprised at the number of men who actively yearn to be commanded by a strong – perhaps even, cruel – woman and only get to experience via their wallets in the most ersatz of ways.”

“That’s how you see me, is it? As a man who wants to play second-fiddle to his woman? You see me as weak because I allowed the love I had for my wife to blind me to her lack of the same for me?”

“You’re being childish, William,” I scolded. “I made it plain to you from the beginning that I valued your more… *sensitive*... side. Others may see that as weakness but I see it as an attractive quality.”

He was chewing his lip, unconvinced as he glared down at me.

“The selflessness you showed in placing the well-being of a faithless wife and two undeserving daughters was not the response of a weak man and is what first drew me to you when I heard your story. But, because I value this self-denying trait in you, it does not mean I define it to myself as *‘weakness’*.”

I was lying, of course, but unless he had someone available to supply him with an IQ jab – if such a thing were to exist – I felt sure he had not the means to discern my mendacity.

“If you were anything like the men I just described, those men who actively flourish under abuse and are willing to pay a female to provide them with the sensation, we would not be having this conversation now.”

I allowed him a few moments to think it over.

Then, as if he had insulted me:

“Do you really take me for the type of woman who would allow pitiful specimens of their ilk into my life?”

He was still thinking as I continued to provoke, still as certain as ever that I had him.

“Have I really misjudged you so much?”

Now some indecision had mixed in with his indignation and what was, I felt sure, the excitement and sensuousness my words and insinuations had stirred in his subconscious.

I took what I saw at the time as a *small* gamble.

“I feel very let down, William,” I told him. “In the words of a famous actor in his final role as a movie cowboy: *‘I will not be laid hands upon and neither will I be disrespected’*. And you have certainly committed the latter.”

Then, before he could utter the apology I swore was forthcoming; I moved past him to the door and held it wide:

“I think you had better go back to your own Chalet now. I’m simply too angry to be with you.”

He hesitated, unwilling to lose his only confidante and, moreover, a woman who had intimated there just might be a possibility of something lasting between them.

“Now!” I snapped.

FIVE

"Be honest with me, William," I urged him. "Does the prospect of having your life governed and ruled by a woman such as me; a woman with your best interests at heart who is willing to open both her heart and her home to you; not make at least a small appeal to you?"

It was two days on from my having ordered him from my chalet and our stay at the resort was fast reaching its duration. My gamble of feigning anger and refusing to speak to or acknowledge him the following day had paid off the day after when he had turned up penitent and apologetic. Almost supplicatory.

Making me promise myself that, soon, there would be no *almost* about it.

With time at a premium you will not be surprised that I wasted no time in returning to the same subject that had precipitated his ejection in the first place.

"Wanda, he began, choosing his words carefully, having divined my attraction to him offered a lifeline out of his current marital, career, and financial woes and not wishing to offend me again. "I… I understand you are no ordinary woman and… and that you're looking for something… *different*… in a man. But…"

He was growing visibly more agitated and I waited, offering him no assistance, despite knowing exactly what it was he wished to say.

"But I am a man, Wanda. A man some years older than you who has his self-respect still – even if it has taken a battering in recent months. I… I don't think I could look in a mirror if I consented to just move into your home and live off you. What respect could you have for me if I did that?"

I tutted, as if he were a particularly slow pupil rather than a handsome man who had once held down a responsible position as well as being the head of a household – even if the accolade was of a titular variety.

"Really, William. Have you heard nothing of what I've been saying to you? I have already told you that any man self-contained enough to acknowledge his own deficiencies, while doing the same for the strengths of his female partner, is a man worthy of my respect. And as for living off me, I can already think of a full list of things you can do for me that will ensure you pull your own weight."

I knew he would instantly make the connection between those last words and sex. And, within a measure, he was right to do so. But I could also see he had no clue as to the domestic and service based role I intended for him.

"Come on, William," I urged, do not disappoint my faith in your candour and honesty now. Be truthful. With both me and yourself."

His piercing yet melting blue eyes questioned my own.

"Are you really going to try and convince me that the prospect of being ruled by me – and believe me, though I have never been in a lasting relationship with a man, you will find that I am more than capable of exerting my will over you – does not enflame your senses? Look me in the eye and tell me you did not spend a part of last night dreaming of me in just such a position of control as you pulled your cock to the image of me, cold and imperious above you as you pulled your cock in a frenzy of desire made possible by the privacy of your own chalet."

It was the boldest approach I had taken with him yet and the gasp he tried to suppress and did not quite manage was proof of its effect upon him and my statement's accuracy.

"You have no need to answer as I already know what your response should be and would not believe you if you were to insist nothing of the kind happened."

To his credit, he did not attempt to deny his nocturnal musings on the subject of the cold and assertive woman who was both his temporary neighbour and a figure of some attraction to him, the reasons for which had yet make themselves plain.

"The truth is," I went on, hoping to enlighten him and make his transition to service that much… *smoother*, at least for me; "you haven't come across a woman of my kind before and are unlikely to do so again – should, that is, you are so careless as to allow me to slip through your fingers. Fate has decreed that our two personal situations should become one and you should be thankful for its largesse. The misery of your life going forward without me should be enough on its own to make you grasp the opportunity fortune has placed in your way by introducing you to a woman such as me. A woman who not only feels affection for you but knows how to rule her man. Calmly. Self-confidently. Even harshly, when the situation merits stern measures. A member of the fair sex who does *not* seek to either gain or maintain her power by means of petty nagging?"

My prey's mouth was gaping towards his chest at the boldness of my words and the undeniable force of my passion and I allowed him the time he required to assess them both and attempt to make some coherent sense of them.

Then, finally:

"W-Wanda, I… I won't lie that my situation when I leave here tomorrow terrifies me. I'm a fifty-year-old man whose life has been stolen from him and I see no avenue going forward that is likely to put it back on an even keel again or even close. But…"

"But you haven't the courage to grasp the one opportunity that will do just that when it is offered to you. Is that what you are saying?"

"For god's sakes, Wanda! You hardly know me. What if I commit to you and accompany you back to Norfolk and you realise you've made a mistake? Where am I then?"

I shrugged, loving the growing sense of helplessness I could tell he was feeling and again feeling my cunt coming to the boil as I extended my control.

“If that were to happen – and I can assure you it won’t – could it be any worse than your situation now?”

His shoulders slumped and I could tell he wanted nothing more than to accept my offer of shelter and sustenance – manly self-respect, or not. The prospect of having someone take responsibility for him – and a female at that – was making more appeal to him than he wished to admit. And he could certainly not be blamed for not realising his consent to it would mean he would *never* be in a position to take responsibility for himself again.

If all went as I intended, that is.

“And you are entirely wrong,” I told him. “I actually know you extremely well and have done from virtually the first time we met.”

His face flushed a little at this and I was unsure if the agitation had been caused by indignation of hearing I found him easy to read or guilt for his thoughts of a sexual nature on behalf of me at that time. And now I am filled with a very curious sensation. I don't believe that I am in love with William – in fact, I’m not sure I’m capable of romantic love for a man. Not for me those lightning-like flashes of passion lovers of a more everyday ilk are so fond of describing. But my needy cunt responds instantly at those times when I override his conversation or lead him in a direction of my choosing. So it isn't any spiritual sympathy growing gradually within me, but purely sexual response of my admittedly warped sense of social interaction and the coming subjection of this weak and handsome made who, it appeared to me, had been placed on this benighted earth simply to feel the weight of my collar about his fifty-year-old neck.

I change my emphasis slightly:

“Do you feel me a woman worthy of your love, should you decide to give it?” I asked.

The question seemed to affect him profoundly and his lips moved unsuccessfully as he attempted to frame a reply, before, giving it up, he simply nodded.

I allowed my calm and clear look to rest upon him.

“Will you try something for me?” I ask, tone neither challenging nor threatening, though my senses pulse beneath my seeming serenity and I feel sure the arousal seeping from my shaven and saturated cunt must not only stain my panties but perform the feat for the designer denims that follow the contours of my legs so closely; all the way down to where my bare feet and red painted nails had planted themselves upon the chalet’s one rug.

“Of course, Wanda,” he smiled, grateful I think for something approaching normal commerce and having absolutely no idea of what I intended.

“Are you sure?” I ask. “It’s very important to me and I wouldn’t want you to agree and then back out.”

I allowed my calm and clear eyes to harden.

"*That* would be *most* disappointing."

He was instantly nervous, divining – exactly as I had intended he should – that what I intended was a test. My offer of a home; together with my none too subtle comments on what awaited him in his personal life should that offer be withdrawn; were obviously playing heavily upon his mind. Hence his trepidation.

"Wanda," he began. "I'm sure you know how grateful I've been for your help and friendship this past week. I'm not sure of what condition I'd be in if it weren't for you; even if this is a health resort."

I remained impassive at this small attempt at humour.

"The last thing I want to do is disappoint you," he added.

Prosaic words and by the numbers syntax suddenly came together as the most beautiful of plainsongs as I continued to reel him in with ever greater confidence in my ability to master him.

"That is exactly what I wanted to hear, William," I praised him.

The smile offered by that handsome face was pleased with itself.

For a few moments, anyway.

"Come and kneel before me, William," I ordered, careful to keep my voice neutral rather than peremptory and demanding.

He looked at me as if I'd struck him.

"You…? You want me to…?"

"Come over here and kneel down," I said. "Yes. Surely that's not too difficult, is it?"

He thought about it, muddled, confused, and completely out of his comfort-zone.

"N-No. I, hmm, suppose not," he stammered, but still making no attempt to do as I asked.

"I'm waiting, William," I said, raising my voice a semi-tone.

I have no idea how long it was before he placed one foot in front of the other and shuffled towards me, eyes lowered and unwilling to meet mine, but the three seconds or so it could only have taken seemed to endure for the length of my stay at the resort so far. In fact, so great was the excitement at both my north and my south when he seemed to cave in upon himself and kneel at my feet, that I had to compose myself before I could trust my words to exit my mouth with any degree of calm and precision.

"There!" I cooed. "That was not so difficult, was it?"

I received no answer.

“I asked you a question, William. Please don’t spoil yourself and be disrespectful.”

I watched the lowered head below me give an almost imperceptible side-to-side shake as his thoughts tried to make sense of the position in which he found himself and the words he was hearing.

“Disrespectful?” I could hear his inner-voice ask as if it had been transcribed by his vocal chords themselves.

“William?” I said, injecting just a hint of exasperation into my tone as a verbal and metaphorical substitute for the whip.

“N-No,” came a croak that sounded like his own voice. “It, hmm, wasn’t difficult at all.”

A bald-faced lie, of course, but one I was more than happy to overlook, knowing the impossibility of him describing the humiliation he felt to be on his knees before me was at this point.

I took him gently by the lobe of an ear with one hand to keep his head steady and employed the other by stroking his hair.

“Really, William,” I told him, pretty much truthfully, “you are as attractive to me as any man I have ever known. More so, even.”

Releasing his ear, I moved my free hand behind his head to pull his face into my denim covered crotch, heedless of the fact the scent of arousal below decks would be unmistakable and that his nostrils would be filled with it.

“The loss of your unmitigatedly stupid wife is both my gain and yours and I see nothing but a long future ahead for us.”

I felt his hands cup my buttocks that they might force my camouflaged cunt into greater proximity with that handsome head.

It was a unilateral act and *not* what I wanted.

Not from *him*.

I gave the top of his head a light smack and used his hair to drag his head a few inches from pussy.

“No, William,” I told him sternly, eyes blazing down into his own.

“W-What?” he stammered, face red and aroused but concerned too.

He was on his knees at the feet of a woman he had known little more than a week.

A woman who saw his position as nothing more than the genuflection made by a supplicant.

How he regarded it of no interest to me.

A woman, moreover, who had not only ordered him there but had then forced his face into her covered cunt; only to thrust him away when he tried bring himself into even more contact.

And *he* looked worried.

So far had I come with him.

"That was not very… *respectful*," I told him in an even voice but with eyes full of intent.

"But…?"

"But, nothing!" I interrupted, allowing my voice to rise a little and inspiring from him what was, for me, a most gratifying wince. "Did I ask you to thrust your face into my cunt?"

The effect upon him of hearing the *"C"* word upon my lips was almost profound in its effect and I saw him suck in a great lungful of shocked air I knew was almost certain to be just as equal in its excitement. He was a vanilla man who had just been jettisoned from a vanilla marriage to, what he himself had told me, was an unadventurous wife – even if she had proved herself adventurous enough to take an outside lover while still married to him. Hardly surprising the word *"Cunt"*, on the lips of another woman, would fetch such a startled reaction.

"I just thought…"

"But I didn't ask you to think, did I William?" I overrode him again, conditioning him to the fact it was now my right to do so and that his words and thoughts were of less account than my own.

"But I…"

"No, William!" I snapped, allowing what I wished him to see as my vexation with his behaviour full rein. "Please don't interrupt me when I'm speaking."

I watched as his eyes marvelled at the fact he, a mature man of fifty, was being warned not to interrupt a woman over ten years his junior.

It was time for more carrot.

"This is a thrilling moment we are sharing for the first time and you must not let your male ego spoil it for *both* of us. If you had any idea of just how wonderful having you in such a position feels to me, you would be amazed. You are the first man – and possibly the last – to whom I have unburdened my inner sentiments in such a bald and

obvious way. But it is only special if you allow me to take the lead in the way I have intimated during our many conversations over the past week."

He was still on his haunches at my feet, even more youthful looking than normal in a baggy tee-shirt in electric blue and a pair of faded denims of his own. A little irritated, a little ashamed, certainly mystified still at how he came to be in such a position. But the eyes that raised themselves from my crotch; the same eyes that were now peering into my own over the swell of my breasts and the projectiles that were now my nipples as fought their confinement beneath their own lycra singlet; held something else that led me to take a small gamble.

Pure and unmissable excitement.

"Can you honestly say your cock isn't as hard as it has ever been at this moment, my lovely and obedient man?"

Something I couldn't gauge flashed in his eyes and, for a moment, I thought I must have pressed too hard, before and to my own relief, their direction changed perspective downwards and I realised we both knew no words on his part were required to supply me an answer.

"Don't be embarrassed, my beautiful man," I told him, sensing my references to him in such a way was falling on fruitful soil. "We are simply scratching at the surface of a new beginning for both of us. You must put the thoughts of the little people from your mind. What happens between us is our business and only ours."

I bent at the waist and placed a kiss that was more proprietary than affectionate – even if he was not to know that – upon the top of his lowered head.

"Our own reactions and the… *rightness*… between us – something I know you feel as well as I – is all that need concern us as we move ahead."

I allowed some air to gather, then:

"Am I right, William? Do you feel the rightness of the positions we adopt at this moment?"

More air gathered.

Then, not trusting himself to speak it seemed, his head moved up and down in assent and my already elevated reactions soared skywards at what we both knew was a capitulation.

I gathered those reactions in with the use of an invisible, but no less tight, rein.

Now was the time to consolidate, rather than rush forward with the haste borne of over-confidence.

I took a step back, both literally and figuratively.

The short distance of space I had placed between us seemed to heighten his appreciation of the position in which my insistence had placed him and I watched as he averted his eyes, fidgeted uncomfortably, and went red – even redder – simultaneously.

I am going to take a shower in a few moments, William, then I am going to take a brief siesta that I may think over what is happening between us more fully. In the meantime, I suggest you do the same and meet me back here after dinner has been served that we may speak of our situation in more practical terms."

I sucked in a deep breath, about to ask him to perform a service for me that, in my mind anyway, would leave me in no doubt as to the eventual outcome of our fledgling relationship.

"As a way of convincing me I am not mistaken to invite a relative stranger to share my life," I began, noticing the way he flinched as he asked himself *'what now?'*, "I would like you like you to do something for me that confirm the respect you say you have for me."

He flinched again and I could see he was still in quite the state of disbelief that he could be in such a position before a woman; there was a glassy quality in his eyes I imagined had only ever been seen on truly bewildered or the truly punch-drunk.

A disbelief made no less in scope for the bulge at the front of his denims that was all I needed to know he was aroused at what was happening between us.

The feelings of empowerment flushing through me, this as I stood upon the threshold that was complete and utter mastery of another human being belonging to the brute sex, would have proved off the chart - had there been a system in place capable of gauging them – and I could only wonder at just how incredible the sensations would become the more entrenched I became in my complete and utter ownership of him.

My voice was sibilant with desire and anticipation when I spoke next.

"What I am about to say will seem strange to you, I'm sure, William," I began, as if what had already happened between us was not strange enough. "But I see what I am about to ask you to do as completely necessary if I am to be reassured that, going forward, my time is not going to be wasted."

There was no response, either by way of word or gesture, and I went on:

"I want you to lean forward and place yourself on all fours, William."

Nothing.

"Can you do that for me, my adorable man?"

Again, nothing.

My heart leapt into my throat as I suspected I had allowed my understandable eagerness to make me move with the haste I had not seconds before warned myself against.

Until, as my breathing stopped and my southern-most parts took on a life of their own…

With exultant and thankful eyes, I watched as he all but fell forward onto his hands before me, posture resembling that of a particularly beaten dog – even if he was only a pet of the semi-trained variety at this point. He was below me on all-fours, directly above the bare feet I had planted on the rug. Eyes, no doubt, taking in their well-pedicured nails and the blood-red varnish decorating them.

My seriously elevated arousal was an even more serious threat to my composure and it took all my willpower to cage my desire to simply plant the sole of my foot atop his head before driving his face to the rug, this as I placed my hands upon my hips and stood above him in the age-old pose symbolic of conqueror and conquered.

Fortunately, my willpower was victorious.

It was far too early in his subjugation – despite the reservoir of weakness I now saw as even more wide-ranging than I had initially – to take so bald and emasculating approach.

Even if the approach I was about to insist upon was equally as fatal to his manhood in its own different way.

"Before you return to your chalet," I told him, fighting to keep my voice unthreatening and matter-of-fact when, in fact, my own excitement was threatening to derail me, "I want you to prove your respect for me by placing your lips upon the toes of both of my feet in turn."

On all-fours below me, I watched as my words reached his ears and his body went rigid, both with what he was being asked to do and the implication of such a… *submission*.

I prayed that, from a different angle, his response mirrored the wild and perverse sensuousness turning my own insides to the most glorious mush, and that he would have no defence against the power of this new eroticism to which I was introducing him.

The base but exhilarating joy of declaring total obedience to the will of another.

Me!

But nothing was happening below me apart from that same and almost imperceptible shaking of the head with which I was becoming so familiar.

My breath was caught in my throat as I realised just what a pivotal moment I had created and began to kick myself for having proceeded; despite all the warnings I had delivered myself; without thinking through the consequences.

There could no force on my part now, verbal or otherwise, and I knew he had to perform the symbolic act I was asking of him under his own volition or not at all. He had to commit without the presence of a threat on my part and, in my reckless haste to push forward and make real a fantasy that had been with for as long as I can remember having

the facility to dream with my eyes open, I had put the long awaited possibility of it ever happening in real terms in serious jeopardy. I prayed that the new found sexual excitement I could tell he was feeling under my burgeoning authority, and his very real fear of the miserable life ahead of him, now his past existence had been torn from him, was enough to make him concede himself to me of his own accord.

And, I thought to myself with a sense of the most utter loss, it did not look as if he was about to do so.

Except I was wrong.

For, even as I gazed down at his kneeling form and castigated myself for my intemperance, I saw him lower his body at the elbows and dip that handsome head towards my waiting feet.

As his lips brushed the toes of my left foot and my relief threatened to make me lightheaded, the floodgates of my arousal burst open and I experienced a physically unaided orgasm that was about as powerful as any I could remember to that point and ensured it was all I could do to maintain my pose above him.

My long cherished fantasy had finally begun to realise itself.

SIX

As the tyres of my Audio had scrunched onto the gravel and I felt, yet again, that sense of security that comes with once more being on home turf, I could not believe the changes that had entered my life over the past three months.

Could I truly have placed my fantasy in the arena of reality in so short a space of time?

If anything, my week's absence at the International Economics Seminar in Munich had made my achievement and the turnaround in my home life all the more… *unreal*… to me. That sense of unreality not lessened any by the prosaic speeches, meetings, and pontificating, that, to my mind, seemed to be trying to validate itself for having nothing original to offer by parading qualifications, name-dropping, or dressing old thoughts in clothes that, while obviously not new, were at least part-laundered. In the face of such uninspired and mundane drivel for a whole week (my presence paid for by a company wishing my input, I might add) how could what was now awaiting my return seem anything other than… *fantastical*?

I have no idea just what William had been expecting when he agreed to accompany me back to Norfolk and take up residence with me. Though I did not believe for one moment that he had any real idea of just what awaited him. Despite the fact I had been at pains during our Cornwall idyll to make it plain that our relationship would *not* be in any way resembling the norm.

At this point, and to give you some idea of my obsessive nature and just how dearly held was my fantasy of controlling my very own man, allow me to describe the *"quarters"* in the basement of my home he would – and now does – occupy.

You see, even without an object for my admittedly less than wholesome and pure desires, I loved to occupy myself in my spare-time by putting all the peripheral planning in place that would be necessary should the right man come along. Both in the metaphysical and the physical realm. That is why I had actually written out a plan and a procedure to tie my ultimate choice to me as much as our liberal and humanitarian society would allow without its more egalitarian members screaming *"Slavery!"*

Did I ever truly believe I could bring such a feat off?

I suppose, not really.

But the pleasure I got from planning my approach should the opportunity present itself was as close as I could come to the ideal and, I confess, triggered many an encounter with the latest synthetic and vibrating cock I had chosen to replace the real thing.

Hence, my renovating of a windowless and musky basement, still full of the junk of ages, into a fully self-contained – if necessarily Spartan – living-space.

It was devoid of either carpeting or rugs, or any other kind of unnecessary internal touches and was approached through a sturdy oak door – with an equally robust lock – that led into a kind of ante-room which led, in turn, to yet another door of the same ilk.

A door that opened out onto a spiral staircase that led down into the surprisingly spacious basement.

Then again, perhaps not so surprising, given it replicated the dimensions of the house above – and especially as I had insisted upon its original closets and rooms being gutted and having the builders (I told them it was intended to be a working space - implement new joists to support the structure above in which I lived.

Once the work had been done, it had not taken long for me to furnish it.

Hardly surprising, given it consisted of nothing more than a single-cot that would serve as a bed; a tiny desk upon which there was a brand-new laptop that my future guest might have some entertainment when I had no need of him upstairs and he was alone in his quarters, and a wooden chair with a high-back and no arms that he might have somewhere to sit.

There was a tiny kitchen area with a kettle atop a small fridge, and a cupboard to hold what few provisions I would choose for my new domestic servant.

In the far corner, stood a wash-basin and a shower outlet that served as a kind of wet-room (the builders had been a little perplexed at the necessity of such arrangements in what, they thought, was supposed to be an office space; but I told them I intended it for visiting students who would stay over from time to time to receive tuition from me). A long clothes rail stood by the bed and a tall chest of drawers containing towels and fresh bedding below the empty drawers a *guest* would require for underwear and socks.
As mentioned, there were no windows and what air circulated came from small vents high in the walls near the ceiling that led into the interior of the house itself and were not seen from outside the house.

A long, single, radiator ran almost the length of one wall upon the cement floor and would provide the occupant with warmth during the winter.

All that was required was the *right* kind of occupant.

And now I had him!

*****

"I… I thought…"

I had looked at him expectantly as he stood in his quarters for the first time. He had arrived at Norwich via the train with all his belongings. Two suitcases and a holdall. Not much to show for his years on the planet but more than enough to reveal the extent of his wife's betrayal that was as much a material emasculation as it was mental and physical. I had even had to pre-pay for his fare; so little did he have in the way of disposable income.

Loose change, in fact.

A lack that made me extremely happy.

He had looked nervous and ill-at-ease. As well he might have. He was, after all, arriving to take up residence with a woman he had met barely two weeks before. A woman who insisted she would be in total control of any relationship with a man and expected that man to follow her lead in all things. Of course, I was well aware that he was trying to convince himself that I was either testing him or was simply not serious on the subject of my intent, and for straw he gripped so tightly that he might have at least some hope of better things going ahead I was extremely grateful. For I truly believe that, without this last piece of self-deception, he might have resigned himself to the crematorium that had been made of his future and simply stayed in London to eke out the rest of his life as best he could.

You might say that, in a way, my attraction to him was a mercy.

Though, now he knows of just what that attraction and mercy consists and that I was speaking no more than the simple truth to him in Cornwall, his thoughts on the subject might not be an accurate reflection of your own.

"What is it, William?" I asked, as he placed his cases and holdall in the centre, staring about the basement in a condition of mild shock. Given the capacity of the human condition to remain optimistic until the last possible moment, I was certain he had been telling himself that the new life upon which he was about to embark with me would not be quite the way I had described it. Hadn't I been at pains to tell him – quite sincerely – that I found him attractive? That observation in itself must surely have been enough for his own imagination to construct all kinds of scenarios that would prove a million miles from the one I intended for him and of which, when it came to pass, he could hardly say he had not been warned.

"I… I just thought that, you know?"

"Go on."

"Well, I didn't expect…"

"What didn't you expect?"

I was deliberately intruding into his speech pattern so as to keep myself in the ascendancy and build a hesitancy in him; knowing he would not want to offend his new *landlady* and taking advantage of his reticence to keep him on the back foot.

I waited, wanting to hear him say it.

"I thought we… we would be sharing a home together," he said finally. "Not that… Not that I would be living in your… in your basement."

"William, when did I ever mention us *'sharing'* a home. To *'share'* implies some kind of mutual ownership. As far as I am aware, this home belongs to me in its entirety."

"Yes, of course," he said quickly. "I just thought…"

Again I overrode him:

“Did you not understand a word of what I was saying to you at the resort?”
“But…”

“Or were you leading me on?” I accused, allowing a little anger to surface. Leading me to believe you were on board with what I said I wanted from our relationship? Simply so you might win from me a roof above your head. Is that why you were so ready to show me your, so-called, respect by kneeling on all-fours and placing your lips upon my painted toes?”

The memory my words triggered mortified him instantly and I could see the colour rise to his face.

“Did you understand nothing of my words and the kind of relationship I envisaged us having?” I ranted on, allowing myself to become angrier by the second as his mouth worked but nothing came out – or was given a chance to do so. “You led me to believe you were on the same page with what I described to you. What else could have explained your willingness to let me lead during our time at the resort?”

I shook my head with an expression of infinite regret.

“And to think I truly believed I had finally found the man who would make me whole.”

He was shifting from foot to foot above the forgotten holdall and suitcases now, manner that of a man who knew he had a problem.

I was relentless.

“What did you tell yourself? That you would play along with me until you were here and then use the attraction for you I felt – the same attraction I had been so truthful about – to fashion a completely different dynamic?”

My own expression was one of complete distaste as I added:

“A dynamic where you led and *I* followed?”

I allowed some silence to part, knowing he was at far too much of a loss to find the words that would refute my own any time soon and wanting the dire nature of his situation to soak in further and leaving feeling even more… *helpless*.

Then:
“I think you had better leave,” I told him, averting my eyes as if they were offended with his very presence, though I could see from the corner of my eye that the blood which had rushed so swiftly to his cheeks was now leaving them in a hurry.

“Return to London,” I told him, still not looking at him. “Or anywhere you wish, as far as I care. But you are no longer welcome here.”

I could almost hear his thoughts, so obvious were they. He had no money and he was a hundred and fifty miles from the seat of government and its outlying suburbs where he had spent his married life. And, even if he could get back there any time soon, he had precious little in the way of funds or options open to him there. Especially as he had given notice on the hovel duplicitous estate-agents described as a *studio* to travel here.

He was, to put it in vulgar terms, and even more than before, *fucked*.

His capitulation did not take long and my natural need for dominion over him thrilled as he supplied it.

"W-Wanda, you… you misunderstand," he began falteringly, constructing his response on the hoof and finding his wits singularly underpowered for the task.

"Then explain it to me slowly in words I can understand," I responded sarcastically, turning the full power of my gaze upon him and feeling the power burn through my veins as he wilted beneath it instantly. "Only having an IQ in the 150's I can be a little slow on the uptake."

I could see he was becoming more intimidated by me with each passing second and, if he had been cursed with enough temerity to think in such a way, I felt sure he no longer believed the attraction I felt for him would make me a soft touch.

And yet…

Even as the thought crossed my mind I was questioning its validity. This was *not* a calculating man out for himself – his marriage to a conniving and faithless bitch and the commitment he had shown to it had proved that. He was a good, if unsurprising and not overly gifted or intellectual man, I found it difficult to believe would ever, unlike me, take advantage of another human being.

The fact he was an undeniably handsome man ensured one might have forgiven him for allowing his looks to have given his ego ideas above its station. But that plainly was not the case. Not even close.

In fact, had my sexual predilections not exerted such an iron and obsessive grip upon my desires going forward and romantic love been my end game…

Well, I'm sure he would have been equally ideal as a husband and lover as I intended he would be as a slave and sexual servant.

But my end game was different, and though he could be forgiven for mistaking my current attitude towards him as an end game in itself, it remained very much my fondest desire at this point.

"I… I accept," he began, looking thoroughly unmanned and choosing his words as I had advised: slowly and with care; "that you are a… a… superior woman. Different to any I have ever met."

A good start, I told myself. He saw me as superior. And, as observed above, his temperament made him unsuited to flatteries and untruths.

I took his observation for nothing more than the truism it was.

"You… You are a lot younger than me and move in different and, probably, more enlightened circles."

I smiled internally. He would be surprised at how far from the truth he was. Yes, the *economic* and work-related circles I moved in were of a more enlightened and cerebral nature. But, on a personal note, the circles I moved in could never be described in such a way because my semi-reclusive temperament ensured I had none in which to move. The only real and lasting friend I had made down the years had married a Bostonian a few years out of uni and, though we kept in touch sporadically, there was no way our intimacy and the empathy that went with it could survive the distance of miles and different social situations between us.

In short, and as an only-child of only-children who themselves had passed away, my social and personal circle consisted of only one.

Me.

"You…" he was continuing, in his faltering and anxious voice. "You opened my eyes to things that… that…" he was struggling to give his thoughts form and I knew it was crucial I did not lead him. The decision to enter into a relationship with me – basement quarters and all – needed to become from him. I wanted us to both be very clear upon that.

"This is difficult for me, Wanda," he said, as if I hadn't noticed. "I… I can't deny there is something… something appealing to me – something I would never have believed I could find appealing – in having a… having a woman take… take responsibility for me in the way you described when we were at the resort. But…"

I waited, it not requiring psychic powers to know what he was about to say.

"But, at the same time, feeling that way makes me feel like less… less…"

"Less of a man," I finished for him, feeling it safe to break my silence if I were ever to move his halting explanation forward.

He nodded.

"I suppose," he went on, "that you're right. When I got back to London and thought about it, I suppose I did try to tell myself that our relationship would eventually be based upon more… more… normal models and that… and that though you would be the driving force of the two of us we would at least look like partners to the outside world."

I made no comment, sure there was more he wished to say.

There was.

“I suppose that… Well, when you brought me down here and I realised… realised I would not be living with you upstairs, perhaps even sharing a bedroom and… and… You know?... I suppose it just hit me that what you had described in Cornwall was exactly what you intended all along and I had been deluding myself.”

He actually looked so adorable in his anguish – how hard it must have been for a man of his age and stature, at least in terms of looks, to virtually grovel before a woman so many years his junior – I almost wanted to take him in my arms and comfort his dented pride.

Almost.
Though even as I fought an urge that was not overwhelmingly strong to begin with, I was aware that I had made my point and, in his own way, he was already conceding to my authority.

I could afford to be… *consoling*.

“Yes,” I said softly, with a tiny smile of understanding and a nod of acknowledgement for his point. “I can see how a man such as you would feel that way.”

The relief pouring from him was no less tangible for not being visible and any concerns I might have had for realising my eventual goal vanished from my subconscious in their entirety.

“I also see that you are contrite for having deluded yourself in such a way and disrespecting me in the process,” I told him as the colour again rose in his personal thermometer and rushed to his face.

My manipulation of him ensured the blood in my veins virtually sang. Realising in tandem with my thoughts that the handsome man standing before me was as much my possession as if he had been a captured British Captain under Gordon at Khartoum. Ferried by caravan in the company of other human produce into the interior of the desert to become, by order of the Mahdi, the neutered body-servant of a young Sultana and never to be seen again.

To you women who may be reading this, I will not attempt to explain the sensations of unimaginable - and equally indescribable – sexual euphoria the bending of another to one’s will can provoke. But, should you ever overcome your notions of what is civilised womanly behaviour and find the strength to utilise the great gifts with which nature endowed us that we may keep the brute male at our feet and use him as the beast of burden evolution intended him to be, you will *never* turn back from such a course. This I promise.

And remember, as I describe the events in my basement, I was upon no more than the threshold of the joys to be supplied me by his enslavement.

“You *are* contrite, aren’t you, William?” I asked, injecting an audio equivalent of the lash into the simple predicate; keeping my voice even in keeping with long-held admonitions to myself on the subject of losing control with my man.

And to raise one’s voice or, worse, shout certainly qualified in my book as a loss of control.
“Yes,” he replied in a voice of his own that barely carried to my ear not two paces away; again unable to meet my eye, despite his obvious relief at considering himself out-of-the-woods.

“Really?” I pressed, wanting something far more… *tangible*… from him.

“Truly, Wanda,” he began, though it was obvious to me his assertion was made from fear of being asked to leave rather than any real sincerity. Hardly surprising, given he was a man in his fifties without any of the securities a man of that age could be expected to have. A terrifying prospect made worse by the knowledge those securities had once been his. Until the wife and mother of his children who had professed to love him had stripped him of them, that is.

“It… It wasn’t my intention to offend you. I… I apologise, Wanda.”

How demoralising a lack of money and forward progression must be, I assured myself as he all but bared his neck to me, eyes coming up to mine now and telling me, without telling me, just how humiliating he found it to be apologising for something so nonsensical when most men would have reacted with unbounded rage simply to have the possibility of doing so suggested to them.

“Then apologise,” I told him.

His eyes, though still upon mine, misted over with befuddlement.

“I… I thought I just did.”

I shook my head.

“That is not what I consider either an apology or respectful behaviour,” I disagreed.

“But…”

“No buts,” I came in. “I want our time here together to begin in the right manner and *with* manners. Or I will be forced to insist it doesn’t begin at all. Our relationship is going to be based upon respect. Yours for the woman who accepts responsibility for your everyday affairs – we will speak more of this later – and the roof she provides for you and the food and clothes she will be paying for. Hers, for an attractive man willing to show his respect for the home and shelter she provides him by taking care of her everyday needs.”
I knew my phrasing was the perfect blend of educational stick and nourishing root vegetable, without being either so subtle he would miss it or of a kind so obvious his manhood, or what remained of that overrated concept, would have no choice but to take exception to it.

And the longer he went without digging in his heels and trying to assert himself, the greater my hold over him would become.

His colour now was way beyond anything to be seen in the catalogue of the most comprehensive supplier of liquid wall coverings, but I had no qualms about being so… *brutal*… when describing the reality of his situation.

In fact, at this point I was beginning to feel as if there were no limits to what I could say or do with him without being afraid he would simply upsticks and leave.

He had no sticks of his own after all, and to where, exactly, would he leave.

Which did not mean I could be intemperate in these early days of his stay.

Though I could demand a repeat of past behaviour I had found… *respectful*.

"Can you think of a way of atoning for your lack of gratitude?" I asked, this as he stood before me in the way same way schoolboyish way I had so enjoyed seeing during our time together in Cornwall – sulky, bemused, offended and beaten.

As his thoughts raced for a way of appeasing me that would not destroy what was left of his fast diminishing pride entirely, I allowed my eyes to flicker downwards to where I had planted my feet on the stone flooring; resplendent in sheer black hose that accentuated my somewhat muscular but still shapely legs, along with a pair of navy court shoes with a pair of short and spiky heels.

His mind was instantly as one with my intention and I could almost see his thoughts racing back to that time in my chalet when he had lowered himself to all fours and placed his lips upon my toes for the first time; reactions conflicted as he recalled the undeniable humiliation of being compelled to adopt such a position and, incredibly, the unmistakeable excitement a flaw deep in his psyche took from allowing himself to be humbled before a woman in such a way.

No doubt, with thoughts of absence of money in either pocket or bank account and the miserable future awaiting him outside my home, it was not long before his legs were giving way beneath him and his knees made contact with the cold concrete.

It being only a few moments later before he fell onto all fours and lowered his lips to make contact with the top of my hosed instep.

Only a moment or two more was required before this most important of his submissions to me yet made itself known to my victorious cunt and suddenly I became the one whose legs were threatening to give way.

SEVEN

As I stood before the door to my home, the sea of The Wash at my back crashing upon the beach with ever greater volume as a rising wind whipped its tide into a growing frenzy, I realised I was being whipped into a frenzy as I pictured what was awaiting me on the other side.

I had left my luggage in the car – one did not have a chattel and skivvy oneself, after all – and stood before the still closed front-door with what, for me, was a little indecision, key poised at the lock.

I had toyed with insisting he have the door open whenever I returned to the home from wherever, but eschewed the idea when I considered how much more satisfying it would be to make an entrance that could be witnessed by my newly trained and increasingly obedient – if with an underlying resentment – servant.

How much more demeaning for him to have to keen his ears for the sound of his Master's car that he may be ready to greet her in the way in which she had schooled him; rather than be waiting with the door held wide and be able to delude himself – for he was still capable of such denial – that he simply welcoming his partner home.

A delusion and a denial wrapped as one that I was not about to tolerate for a second.

As I turned the key in the lock, I felt a moment of unaccustomed panic.

What if he was not there?

What if he had somehow sold my belongings in my absence and taken himself off back to London with the proceeds?

What if he had found the backbone to…?"

As I tried to cope with the possibility, I was amazed at how genuinely desolate even the prospect of such a desertion left me.

Pulling myself together I opened the door and stepped into the bright and air hallway that served as an introduction to the rest of my tastefully, I hoped, and minimally furnished home.

I was not quite successful in stifling a gasp.

Having been away for a week, the sight waiting to greet me impacted upon my senses with an even greater power for my having been deprived of seeing it – if only for a few days.

He was waiting, as I had trained him to wait, in the middle of the hallway upon his knees. Head lowered to the artificially distressed wooden flooring and with hands clasped behind his back. His bare thighs, below the white shorts, socks, and tee-shirt I had designated as his uniform – so much more in keeping with the light and airy décor of my home than some drab and monochrome servant's attire cribbed from centuries

before – stared up at me in the absence of the eyes above that were not allowed such a liberty.

The unaccustomed panic I had felt not seconds earlier vanished in its entirety and when I closed the door behind me and stepped into the hallway my usual sense of authority and dominion had been restored.

As my heels clicked out the few short steps that placed me above him, I could see he was fairly vibrating with the nervous tension of having his Master home once again and my senses fairly sang with the achievement I had wrought in so short a space of time.

“Has William been a good boy for his Master?” I asked, simply thrilled at being able to address him in a way that must have mortified him.

As if he had received a cue, his eyes raised to mine and I watched him swallow with some difficulty as he prepared to speak.

“Y-Yes, Master,” he replied, continuing on with the speech pattern he knew I expected from him. “William has been a good boy.”

“No sitting on the furniture or eating in the kitchen?” I asked; adding with menace: “You know the security cameras will tell me if you lie?”

“No, Master,” he said, face glowing brighter than lava freshly spewed from an ignited volcano. “Apart from my daily duties upstairs and some time spent in the garden, I have stayed below stairs and eaten only those provisions you provided for me before you left on your trip.”

“Good boy,” I praised him, knowing he would not dare lie and that I really would check the security tapes.
I turned my back upon him and, taking either side of it between my fingers, raised my skirt that he may see my arse in its covering of pantyhose and panties.

“Now you can welcome your Master home properly.”

As he knelt forward and place a respectful kiss upon each of my hosed and pantied buttocks, l took advantage of his obscured vision to gently massage my concealed cunt, careful not to trigger the orgasm I seemed always on the verge of in his presence and allow him to suspect he was not without some power of his own over his *“Master”*.

“I don’t hear you sniffing, William,” I said in a sharp voice that helped disguise my growing excitement and arousal. “Are you trying to tell your Master she does not smell fresh?”

“No, Master,” he replied, such words from me no more than the norm to him now; even if I knew the perverted excitement I had cultivated in him was twinned with an ever-present – and I suppose understandable – hatred and resentment for me.

“Good boy,” I praised. “When you have finished showing your Master her respect you can fetch in her luggage and unpack it as she takes a shower before inspecting your

work about the house. Then, later perhaps, and if I'm pleased with both your work and your behaviour in my absence, I will visit you in your quarters and take your cock from its restrainer."

A gasp was unmistakeable from behind me.

"Would Master's good boy like that?" I teased.

"Yes, Master," came the instant response; if not enough of it.

"And?

"M-Master's good boy would like that," he said, the disgrace he heaped upon himself in the saying of it no match for the prospect of having his cock released that it may know the caresses of either his Master's hand or her foot – after, that is, he had shown her cunt and arse due diligence with his servile tongue.

"That's better," I told him in a stern voice. "Do not forget again. You know very well how you are expected to speak and behave around me. And you don't want to make your Master angry, do you?"
"No, Master," he agreed.

Adding quickly:

"William does not want to make his Master angry."

Again I marvelled at the degree of control and behavioural conditioning I both wielded and had effected in a man so many years my senior and once again considered just how right were the views of those many wise women whose views on the subject of men concluded that the male was no more than a simple vessel, placed on this earth to serve the superior female.

That, somehow, brute strength and ignorance had placed their superiors in a position of inferiority invalidated this quintessential truth in no way whatsoever.

"Good boy!" I gave demeaning praise.

Then:

"Now, what does William have to do before he fetches Master's luggage?" I asked.

Motivated, I had no doubt, by the prospect of being manipulated by either hand or foot to a point where he could do nothing else than spurt the contents of his restrained ball-sac onto the concrete floor from which he would be forced to clean it, his response was as near instant as it was perfect.

"William has to sniff and show his respect to Master's arse and superior womanhood before fetching and unpacking her luggage."

“Such a good boy,” I sighed as his nose poked at my hose and panty clad crack and breathed deeply through his nose.

In a few moments, I would tell him to crawl around and show the same respect to my cunt, knowing that, once he did, it would be all I could do to prevent myself from ripping off my underwear and lowering my pussy onto his waiting tongue right there and then.

It was, however, an impulse I knew from experience I would be able to resist.

One wouldn’t want one’s chattel to know just how important he was to his Master, would one?

EIGHT

The feeling was incredible.

As much as it was my servant who was supposed to be in the process of receiving pleasure, the sense of control and ownership my supplying it to him in such an abject way – for him, at least – supplied me with a most amazing feeling of metaphysical euphoria and intense arousal. A feeling that was at least as great as when I had knelt between his legs and imprisoned his penis and scrotum in a cage and secured the small silver key to its padlocks on a thin chain that rested around my neck. An imprisonment that placed even the gratification of his own male urges beyond his ability to satisfy them.

As he lay below me, with his back against the basements one hard-backed chair and his hand clasped behind his back, my hosed legs resting upon his shoulders as I savoured the sensations supplied by the friction of my feet; this as they manipulated a cock that was not enormous but made up for the lack in length by being pleasingly shapely; my thoughts found the time to relive placing his masculinity under my complete physical, as well as mental, command.

I recalled the pitiful attempts he had made to persuade me the cage wasn't necessary, and the way fought so hard not to beg his way out of the predicament, with as much pleasure as a proud mother fastening her infant into his diapers. Watched the images of his shame play out against the back of my eyes as my feet continued to… *slowly*… bring him nearer to the release he craved and could no longer supply for himself. Saw the involuntary shaking of his body as he lay upon his back on the cement floor, his hands trapped behind him and feel of my busy fingers upon his scrotum as I fed it through the restraining ring that would soon be padlocked to the titanium cage that would render his cock useless save for pissing and was, the Internet had informed me, a tribute to the finest Eastern European engineering.

By the time he had spent a whole day in this new addition to his *"uniform"*. his awe and obedience, both of and to me, had been taken to a whole other dimension.

As had the hatred that did so much to spice the joy I received from my increasing command of him.

Feeling a strange sense of fondness for this handsome older man I had taken from a low ebb and demoted him to one even more… *abject*… I found myself stroking the thick hair I was toying with removing as yet another outward symbol of his servitude to me. For what was the purpose of having a possession if one did not make *all* decisions on its behalf? Clothed or unclothed; masculine or emasculated; a full head of hair or none at all; these were all, surely, at the complete and unchallenged behest of the owner.

"Does that feel nice, my good little boy?" I asked, knowing the last thing he wanted to do at this time was to speak or answer questions.

And knowing also that, if he did not respond, I would simply rescind my decision to allow him his release.

Understandably, his voice when he answered was not exactly… *untroubled*.

"Y-Yes, Master," he croaked with an effort of will, before adding – just like a canine whose IQ soars simply with anticipation of food:

"It f-feels nice, to your g-good little boy."

I kissed the top of his head with an affection I realised was totally genuine.

"You see how wonderful things can be between you and your Master when she is pleased with your behaviour?" I said, trusting him to know this question was rhetorical.

I heard a small grunt from below me and smiled at how easily I could manipulate him; even as my feet either side of his cock and shaved balls slowed almost to a halt that I may prolong both his anticipation and his torture.

"What a fool your ex-wife must have been to have given up a man such as you," I tutted and knew his thoughts as if he had just Morse Coded them to me; urging me to increase the pace of my hosed feet and to leave the bitch who had destroyed his former life out of his new one.

Some chance, when it was such a fruitful avenue of torment.

"I wonder what she would think if she could see you now?" I asked aloud, my tone still enough to keep the interrogation on a rhetorical level. "How she would kick herself to know that she too could have had a devoted and obedient manservant, rather than a waster and user like this new man in her life."

I used both my hands to tweak his earlobes playfully.

"Perhaps I should invite her up for the weekend so that she can see just what she has lost."

It was the first time I had mentioned such a possibility and, though doing so was amongst the very last things on my mind, the impact upon him was galvanising.

And in the most negative of ways.

"No!" he cried.

"No?" I repeated in a dangerously low voice I knew would be all that was required to quell any idea of rebellion.

"P-Please, M-Master," he begged pitifully, unrecognisable as an adult of fifty who had once been an executive supervising the day-to-day activities of others. "Not that."

I stayed silent, allowing his unease to foment, noticing that the erection between my now unmoving toes had lost nothing of its urgency; despite the horror its owner felt for a proposal he had no way of knowing was nothing more than a jest on my part.

I would no more have that hypocritical and faithless bitch in my home than I would give house-room to an incontinent Skunk.

"Don't worry, William," I cooed, still tweaking his earlobes gently, reassuringly. "Your Master is just having a little fun with you. She has no intention of doing any such thing."

I felt his relief instantly – a massive sigh was something of a giveaway – and, so amused was I, that I felt able to ignore the single thrust he made with his cock against my feet that I might be reminded to continue my ministrations.

Though I could not resist saying:

"Unless, of course, her boy's behaviour made her think again."

There was, unsurprisingly, no second thrust.

"Relax now, William," I whispered into his ear, "and allow your Master to show her appreciation for how you have responded to her training of you and the way you take care of her home and…" I gave a throaty little chuckle that made his cock leap against my feet. "…and things of a more… *intimate*… nature."

I allowed my feet to increase their tempo and was rewarded with a sigh and a sagging of the shoulders we both new was complete capitulation.

"That's it, my good little boy. Take your pleasure at Master's feet and feel proud of having pleased her enough to reward you in such a way."

I raised my tempo again.

"You even have Master's permission to thrust yourself against her divine soles if you wish to reach your destination more… *swiftly*," I told him.

He needed no second bidding.

"Then, when you have emptied your balls of all that good little boy cream," I went on, in a voice guaranteed to shame even as it enflamed, "you can clean all your little boy semen from the floor and your Master's feet."

He was thrusting up to meet the downward motion of my hosed feet in the way of a demented thing now, and I knew he would soon be over the edge.

"Then Master is going to lock her little boy's satisfied cockle back into its cage and he is going to follow her upstairs and show her how much he reveres her by worshipping her arsehole and her cunt until she gives him permission to stop.

The *"cream"* that suddenly erupted from his thrusting cock; this as his back arced against the chair and his eyes strained towards the basement ceiling; was nothing like that belonging to a *"good little boy"*.

In fact, so copious and powerful was his discharge, that I thought it must surely reach to the ceiling above and hang from it in the way of a stalactite.

Allowing him a few moments to calm both his thoughts and his heartbeat down to a less frenetic level after his first release for over a fortnight, and that he may be fully receptive to the indignity I was about to insist upon, I then raised the first of my hosed feet to his mouth.

"Some of your little boy cream has soiled Master's pantyhose," I pointed out to him.
I felt his shoulders tense below me, praying I would send him for a cloth and a wash-basin.

As always, the knowledge I was now in a position to exercise such power over him was playing havoc with my womanhood and it was only by expending much effort that I kept my voice reasonably even as I prepared to disappoint him.

"As you were the one to soil Master's hose with your body," I told him, "I think it only correct that you remove it the same way."

For a few moments we were frozen in time: he sprawled below me as the glow of his recent release was tarnished by the knowledge of what was now expected of him; me above him, female sadism expectant and thrilling as I waited for his inevitable capitulation.

It was only seconds later that I watched a tentative tongue protrude from his mouth and felt its warmth upon my hosed instep as it began to lap without enthusiasm at the mess it had put there.

As the first tremors of yet another cerebral orgasm hit and built with intensity, it struck me that my life going forward was complete.

EPILOGUE

After I had locked the door to his quarters behind us – not that I was worried about him trying to leave them without my permission, you understand, but because it was so symbolically satisfying and an underpinning of my total authority in regard of him – I escorted a decidedly wobbly Fiona back upstairs to the comfort of my living room, the warmth of the fire, and what I could see was another much needed cognac.

"I… I thought you had to be joking," she told me, accepting the fortification eagerly.

I simply smiled and shook my head, confident that what she had just witnessed had affected my friend in a way that was – from my point-of-view, at least – *positive*.

Finally, after a few gulps of liquid fortification:

"It's immoral, Wanda. Perverse. Inhuman, even. Evil."

"And?" I asked, the first hint of a doubt making me doubt my confidence as she paced before me with her drink; troubled and disturbed.

"And…" she said after a few moments, finally coming to a halt in front of me and skewering me with her magnificent eyes; eyes that were, on this occasion, blazing with cheeks that revealed a flush of colour I knew from past association meant she was uncomfortable.

"And," she went on, "I've never felt so… so…"

I was on the verge of apologizing for having exposed her in such a way when she finished:

"…turned on."

Relief flooded me.

"I truly thought this was some elaborate joke at my expense on your part," she told me. "Even after I'd finished your description of how you had… acquired him. But the moment we entered the basement and I saw the look of pure mortification upon your servant's face, I knew that not even you would go to such lengths for little more than a prank."

Her charming face had taken on a kind of wistful smile at this point and, though I am not the kind of person to seek the approbation of others for my life choices, the knowledge she was not critical of my actions, and appeared to be taking quite the opposite tack, came as a huge relief to me. She was a friend, after all. My *only* friend. And I had no desire to lose her, even if our contact with each other was intermittent at best.

"You don't consider me a monster, then?" I asked.

She gave me a snort of derision prior to answering.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Wanda! Of course you’re a monster.”

Her expression, again to my relief, was teasing.

“How else would you describe a woman who has done – is doing – what you’ve done to a man?”

I responded in kind:

“Handsome, isn’t he?”

“If you’re in to understatement,” she retorted. “It’s brought back the old fantasies we used to have about older men big time.”

“Well, I’d hardly call it a *‘Daddy issue’*, Fiona. He’s only eleven years our senior. But, yes, I take your point. There is something that is just so much more satisfying in making an older man bend to our will.”

We raised a glass to each other and laughed.

“Did you see how mortified he looked to have a third person witness his situation for the first time?” I asked.

“As mortified as I was shocked,” Fiona agreed. “And I almost swooned when you ordered him to show *‘my friend’* his respect.”

“I actually thought he was going to defy me for a few seconds,” I told her. “Was quite relieved, actually, when he finally crawled to your feet and kissed them.”

Fiona took a quick swallow of cognac at the memory.

“Were you wet?” I asked mischievously.

“I was under the impression we studied economics, not law,” she answered. “You’re asking me a question to which you already know the answer.”

“No need for me to ask if you were as wet with anticipation and excitement, even wetter, than you could recall being up to that point, then.”

She poked her tongue out at me before returning to her drink.

Then, after we had sat in reflective silence for a while:

“How long do you intend this… *arrangement*… to go on?” she asked.

“Indefinitely,” was my instant answer.

“And he has no say in the matter?”

“On the contrary. He knows he is free to leave at any time of his own choosing.”

“And yet he doesn’t,” Fiona marvelled. “Not a particularly prideful specimen of manhood, is he?”

I shook my head to refute her.

“You could not be more wrong, my dear. Had he no pride he would not have been so devastated by the loss of his wife and his children in such humiliating circumstances. For something to be decimated it needs to exist in the first place. And he, believe me, had as much in the way of pride in his own manhood than the next man.”

“Then how…?”

“You read my words on the subject,” I interrupted her. “Simply because a man values his own masculinity and the way others view him, does not mean he is without flaws. I’d wager – though I have not discussed the life he led with his parents prior to marriage, and have no intention of doing so – that his good looks made him something of a favourite with his mother and his aunts; as well as with most other women he encountered. Such approbation at an early age can give a man’s pride a certain inflated opinion of itself and paper over the flaws running in tandem with it. Especially when it continues on into adulthood. But the moment that pride is revealed for no more than the fragile chimera it is…”

“His wife leaving him for another man as an example,” Fiona came in, up-to-speed with my own thoughts on the subject.

“As well,” I nodded, “as having his daughters acknowledge the usurper as *‘Daddy’*, and know that the man in question has not only taken over his wife, his family and his home, but also his career. Well, at that point, and unless he is the most supreme and unassailable egoist, which he certainly isn’t… Well, when that happens his pride recedes towards the vanishing point and all those human flaws and failings its presence covered come to the fore with a vengeance.”

“And that’s what keeps him with you,” she said, statement not question. “The fear of again finding himself in the cold. No family, no home, no money, and, save for the woman who controls him more with each passing day, the absence of a female presence in his life.”

Taking a sip of my own cognac, I a nodded, savouring the bite of the nectar as it made contact with my throat and made its inevitable and warming progress along the oesophageal-tract.

“That and the insecurity of being a man of his age in a society that values only youth,” I told her. “Too tired, too timid, and too demoralised to start again from scratch while knowing his efforts – save a lottery win – would be doomed to failure.”

A long silence followed and I could have sworn my suddenly preoccupied friend was thinking of her own situation back in Boston, with her faithless husband and ingrate children, and wondering if I now regarded her in the same way I regarded the chattel I kept in my basement.

“Your situation is entirely different,” I offered, the way her eyelids flickered with startlement telling me I had divined her thoughts correctly.

When she made no comment, I continued:

“Apart from the fact you are not without means,” I reminded her; “the divorce laws in the State of Massachusetts are not exactly… *husband friendly*. Unlike my slave in the basement, you will have a number of options the absence of money or a career make impossible for him. Whether you stay where you are to be near your children and the life you have built in the States, or prefer to return to a certain Norfolk location and begin afresh with the help of your oldest and best friend, is a decision that is yours to make. A luxury my poor William did not have to begin with and certainly does not have now.”

Fiona was giving this a lot of thought and, knowing my friend as I did, I felt certain she was giving the *“Norfolk”* option some serious consideration.

“Property prices are still a sight more reasonable here than in most other areas of the country,” I reminded her truthfully. “Resettling would not be a problem for you. In fact, the construction of a new development of houses, not a mile’s walk along the beach to our East, is in progress as we speak.”

“And are you offering to help me find my very own *‘William’* if I were to return here?”

I gave her a look of reproof:

“I think you know just how difficult that would be, and that it was only the serendipity of fate, time, and circumstance that led me to my own slice of heaven on earth. To think such good fortune could be repeated is stretching credulity a little, don’t you think?”

“I suppose it is,” she agreed with what I knew was a sense of deflation.

A deflation I had no intention of allowing to endure for long.

“Which does not mean that your most intimate friend would have any objections to sharing her good fortune,” I told her.

“You…? You mean?”

I nodded.

“Do you think I could be so mean, Fiona? To deny the person on this planet closest to me the chance to share in those dreams we swapped with each other back in our student days?”

She looked at me with both hope and enthusiasm.

“I’m disappointed with you, Fiona,” I chided her playfully.

“You mean…?”

“I do,” I confirmed with an emphatic nod. “Though, of course, I would remain his commanding-officer. But, apart from that, he would be as much your servant as he would be mine. There really isn’t enough work around here to keep him occupied anyway; so, if you were living along the beach from us a short way, there’s no earthly reason he couldn’t be as responsible for your domestic chores as he is for mine.”

Her cheeks were flush with the animation only desire can explain now and her normally clear and concise voice was choked from the pictured imagery these *specific* desires provoked.

“I… I must have admit, I have been considering a return home. There’s so much I miss, both in terms of familiarity and culturally.”

Her look was suddenly calculating:

“I suppose I just have to be convinced the move would be worth my while – *if you know what I mean?*”

I could not refrain from laughing.

“Well, Fiona, you’re very vague, but I think I’m getting your drift.”

She smiled.

“What exactly would you have in mind?”

“Ah! Now that’s a difficult question. I suppose I’d have to pick your brains on that one.”

“You’re my guest,” I reminded her, feel free. What would you like to know?”

“Hmm,” she pretended to think while running a finger around the rim of her glass. “I suppose what I want to know, is just how well you have him trained – apart from kissing feet.”

We were both smiling at each other now and I felt certain somehow that my friend would soon be joining me on the Norfolk Wash.

“I mean,” she went on. “If you had to say in what way of serving you he’s most proficient, what would it be?”

“That’s simple,” I told her without wasting a second thinking it over – though I did make her wait for just what it was I found so readily answerable.

“Well?” she demanded finally, unable to contain herself any longer and fetching much delighted laughter from me in the so doing. “Are you going to tell me, or should I just upsticks back to Boston?”

When I had my laughter under control I fixed her with a look of the utmost sincerity and told her.

“Without a shadow of a doubt,” I began, “the sexual service I most prefer receiving from him – and, believe me, he was hopeless to begin with and required much patience and doggedness on my part before he came anywhere near his current prowess – is that pleasure he provides my cunt with his tongue.”

Fiona nodded breathlessly; it had always been our preferred method of receiving sexual pleasure from men – even if it was mostly of the imaginary variety in our uni days – and it was obvious nothing had changed.

Her difficulty breathing and her almost uncontainable excitement becoming more marked when I added:

“But only after he has earned the right after showing me his respect and using that same tongue to rim and clean my superior arsehole.”

Suddenly, she seemed to go rigid in her seat and, having experienced the same hands-free completion from no more than words myself, I knew exactly what had just happened.

Using the time she spent preoccupied – perhaps *‘recovering’* would be a better word – I rose from my chair to refill her glass with the cognac I knew she would be needing at some time in the next few seconds.

Then, after re-taking my seat and watching both recovery and refreshment take place, I asked:

“Would you prefer to visit him in his quarters? Or should I send him up to your room?”

THE END