WIFELY CONTROL

By

Clarice Darling

An SFPG Publication

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Simon

“Oh, that’s so nice,” my wife of eleven years told me, “you really do want to show me how respectful of me you can be...”

Her words registered but, somehow, *didn’t* register. Not so surprising really, given I was seated on the floor with my back against the sofa, her legs to either side of my naked body as she sat fully-clothed above me and breathed the words into my ear as her soft hand manipulated the engorged penis those barely registering words seemed to inspire from me for some reason. We hadn’t had sex for more than a month now and, where once I would have demanded it as no more than her wifely duty, I couldn’t seem to summon up either the energy or her former wariness of my quick temper that had been enough in the past for her to oblige me.

What with the business that had gone down the toilet and my inability to find a job to replace it at the ripe old-age of forty-seven, energy and anger had become just two more items to add to the list of things I couldn’t seem to summon up.

A lack that seemed to have empowered my previously obliging wife, even as it had entirely – and understandably – the opposite effect upon me.

It was getting out of hand, I told myself – even as it was *in hand*, so to speak – and I would need to nip it in the bud soon and return things to normal, but…….

“Oooooh!”

“Yes, that’s my lovely respectful boy,” her breath in my ear pushing me closer to a completion I was enjoying but would rather have made inside my wife’s pussy.

“You do want to be respectful, don't you?” she asked when I made no reply, caught between the somewhat, demeaning, pleasure she was providing and the more conventional way in which I wanted her to provide it.

“Y-Yes,” I responded, too close to voice my concerns.

The manipulation of my needy cock slowed, if not to a standstill then to a pace unlikely to bring about the desired result and, giving in rather than fighting the response I knew she wanted from escaping my lips:

“Y-Yes… I want to be respectful.”

“Of course you do,” she breathed, returning the pace to her hand, unable to prevent the small note of – well, not so small really – triumph that infused her tone and even her far gone husband couldn’t miss; suddenly changing her approach and releasing her grip use fingernails instead to stroke the length of my shaft.

A change of approach and pace that, far from lowering it, sent my excitement skywards as I gasped with pleasure, telling myself for the umpteenth time that I would deal with the situation and the lack of penetrative sex between us soon.

“All that play-acting with me,” she breathed into his ear. “Pretending to be the big masterful man when all the time you wanted to be my nice respectful husband.”

I knew I had to call a halt to the line she had placed our sex-life upon – well, mine anyway; she didn’t seem the least interested in having sex with me and seemed content to just get me off and talk in my ear.

But *this* was *not* the time.

“And respectful husbands obey their wives… Don't they?”

The pattern had emerged over the weeks since she first started getting me off this way and, true to what had become form, kicked in again when I made no reply, the cessation of her fingertips scraping at my foreskin as I hesitated fetching yet another frustrated groan from my lips that could only have highlighted her sense of growing power.

“Your wife asked you a question, Simon,” she said, voice a little louder and slightly away from the ear, and indication of distance of a more serious kind should I not…

Concede.

“Don’t you want to be completely respectful to your wife?”

“Yes,” I breathed, a reed exposed to a force far too strong for it to do anything else but be moved in a direction of another’s choosing.

Her manipulation of my manhood resumed:

“Yes,” she cooed. “Of course you do. You want to be the best little husband you can be for your wonderful wife with the house and job that keeps you, don’t you?”

Sensing she was again ready to curtail my pleasure I cave in yet again, promising myself we would be having a serious discussion about this very soon.

“Y-Yes.”

Hand tempo increased.

“Because stay at home husbands with strong wives who go out to work should always obey those wives without complaint, shouldn’t they?”

“Yes...”

I was too far gone now to do anything but acquiesce.”

“And you want to obey your wife because she takes care of you and keeps you safe.”

“Estelle…” I began, even close to extremis making one last attempt to let her know this game had gone on long enough.

And it had.

Convulsing, as her strong legs kept me in place on the floor below her, I came with a force and power that should have told me *this* was anything *but* a game.

But that would come later.

When I stopped spouting and my semen could be seen in a trail across the parquet flooring, she rose and, flinging one of those strong pantyhosed legs over my head, still dressed in her clothes for the office, moved towards the stairs.

The question of her own satisfaction – again – not about to be addressed.

Not with me, anyway.

“I’m going to take a nice shower and have an early night,” she told me matter-of-factly as I lay sprawled upon the floor where she had left me, stunned by the amount of ejaculate she had coaxed from me.

Not to mention the less than *manly* way in which I had given it up.

“Make sure not to wake me when you come up,” she said over her shoulder, I’ve a day of heavy meetings ahead of me tomorrow.”

As her strong but shapely legs disappeared from sight up the stairs, I assured myself tomorrow’s meetings would not be the only *“heavy”* things on her agenda.

A long overdue conversation needed to be had.

Estelle

“Any progress, Estelle?” Vonda asked me during a break in my report to her on the quarterly-sales figures – all good. As usual, the two of us took coffee with our meeting and, had it not been for that particular gleam of excitement in the black woman’s eyes *no* sales figures, no matter how impressive, could spark it would simply seemed like just another workplace meeting between boss and trusted employee.

Unlike me, with my northern coloration and pale complexion, Vonda was coal black. She had taken over the Temp-Agency business – this after her father had passed away and left her the business her late white step-mother had left to him in turn - and immediately spotted my potential – both in and out of bed. Not so difficult really, given the attraction between us on first meeting, I must confess, had been electric - despite her somewhat off-the-wall looks.

Understand, though, that this was certainly the first time I had experienced desire of such a kind for another woman.

And a woman, still a couple of years from her thirties, some nine years younger than my thirty-seven.

To say I was amazed at the strength of my feelings for this girl, both emotionally and sexually, would be to understate that which was already an understatement. Thin and gawky, legs shapely but on the undernourished side, she had, just the same large breasts that were so firm a bra was barely required. All this below a face, straightened hair kept page-boy short in the way of mine, that was both angular and, without being mean, made less beautiful by large lips and a heavy overbite that – and no racism is intended here – gave her a somewhat… *simian* look.

None of the above drawbacks diminishing my attraction to and for the girl when we, to cut to the chase, first hooked up at a business conference we had attended together.

To this day I’m not sure if there truly had been a mix up between office and hotel that saw us sharing a double but I do know that it changed my life.

Vonda woke me with a kiss at midnight as I lay, in bed and naked and, surprisingly, not at all shocked or taken aback that she would do such a thing. All that day the atmosphere between us had been charged and both of us knew it was nothing to do with tedious speeches and business jargon we had been forced to sit through. When she removed the covers from me I was waiting

Without any preamble I can remember, we immediately started making out with each other.

Unlike me she was still partly dressed and as we kissed I started correcting the imbalance by unbuttoned the white cotton shirt that contrasted so exotically with her coal black skin and the facial shortcomings that shouldn’t have – but did for some reason – add an extra and, perhaps, perverse dimension to my lust for her.

When her full and firm breasts bounced free my throat clogged with desire and my breathing seemed to stop.

Breathing that did not come any easier when she thrust her hips towards me to reveal the wild and untamed young bush that concealed her pussy before crawling into bed on top of me and grinding herself against me.

Soon, as I lay in breathless wonderment, sexual excitement and arousal I had never to that point experienced – and certainly *not* with my self-indulgent husband who had yet to even place his head near my cunt let alone use his tongue to pleasure it - she kissed her way down in a southerly direction; stopping only to pay special attention to my own erect nipples and to take a lick of my navel.

Hairless, the way Simon preferred me to be and – if I'm honest – I now preferred to be myself – she allowed her lips to rest gently upon my labia before smothering it with gentle, loving and sensitive, kisses I could never imagine my husband providing if I remained married to him another eleven years and then another eleven more. It was, he had always maintained - no doubt from watching too many films of the Mafioso variety containing American-Italians who also felt the same way – an unmanly act no self-respecting man indulges in.

How he would have reacted had I taken the same stance in respect of the blow-jobs he always pestered me for we will never know.

Or, then again, perhaps we will.

Anyhow, as my black employer lathed my sodden labia, I was in a heaven I knew at once, that was totally beyond the capacity of Simon to envisage.

Let alone deliver.

Suddenly, deciding a more forceful approach was required, Vonda had spread my legs and wrapped her arms around my thighs and – there is no another word better to describe it – *thrust* her tongue past the folds of my captivated labia and into my pussy itself.

Swirling her tongue around inside before thrusting at me again, we spent a length of time I can only guess before she returned her attentions to my labia and then began lick her way up until her mouth was in a position to suck down on my clit, continuing to lock her lips on my bud as she flicked her tongue over it.

I was in ecstasy.

Sex with Simon had *never* been like this.

And, I was convinced now, was never *ever* likely to be.

Before long my legs started to shake and I screamed out in the throes of the most powerful orgasm I had ever experienced.

And all at the tongue and lips of my less than beautiful black female boss.

We had sex until… well, daylight, I suppose, and I remember there were no boring speeches or meetings listened to or attended on that particular day. In fact, we spent the whole of it in bed, both our pussies throbbing from the orgasms we each supplied the other. Orgasms I enjoyed giving as much as she appeared to delight in receiving.

By the time we made it downstairs for dinner that evening we were, and I exaggerate not one jot, in love.

And, not waiting for desserts, we raced up to our room straight after the main meal for a sweet course not to be found on a menu anywhere – no matter how comprehensive.

We both had to head back to London the day after and it was while we were showering together that Vonda, for the first time, showed some insecurity that served to remind me of the gap – though not a massive one – in our ages.

“Estelle, I…”

She was soaping my back and, for the first time, sounded just like the young girl she actually was, manner uncertain, for once.

“What is it, Vonda?”

“About… About last night?”

“Hmmm,” was all I could respond with, this despite my instant awareness she was looking for some kind of validation.

“It wasn't… You know?...”

I turned around to face her, our soaped up bodies breast-to-breast, my eyes questioning.

“It wasn’t *just* sex, was it?”

“It didn’t hurt,” I said, straightfaced, quickly following up with a smile of reassurance as I saw her insecurity was the source of no small anxiety to her.

“Then…?” she began, hopefully, I remember thinking, “You…? You have feelings for me?”

My answer, in case you are wondering, had not been supplied with words.

That had been just over a month ago, now I sat in her office not just as her employee but her lover.

“Last night I had him naked on the floor as I sat in my clothes on the sofa,” I told her in response to the inquiry in regard of *‘progress’*.

Her eyes in that, primeval looking, face widened and I knew she was picturing Simon naked as he reclined below me.

“He’s still in decent shape for a fortysomething,” I told her, knowing it wasn’t *just* women who instigated the flow of her juices and that my husband had taken her fancy when they had met at a company function – even if she certainly had *not* taken his.

Her interest surprised me but, for reasons I could only guess at but would become apparent later, amused more than bothered; hence my question to her when he had gone off, none too graciously, to fetch us both drinks:

“Should I be worried?” I had asked her when he had left and she told me how handsome she found him.

It had been her reply that had led to the course of action I had embarked upon and was in the process of seeing through.

“No. Only one person has my heart.”

Her toothy smile was as evil as it was mischievous as she allowed her compliment – a sincere one, she assured me - to sink in before:

“But I would never come between a wife and the husband who could prove so… *useful*…

Before I could question her on just how useful my out of work husband could be to me, she saved me the bother:

“…To both her and her lover.”

Simon

The excitement – perverse excitement, I grant you – of the night before that was given perspective by the hours passed since, had changed to irritation and then outright anger that she could take such a humiliating tack with her husband – though I suspect my anger had more to do with my having allowed her to get away with it while putting up nothing that even resembled a fight than the orgasm I had nonetheless experienced.

Even if it had been of a force and power at which I could only marvel.

I confronted her the next morning as she was dressing, knowing she would be unable to dream up an excuse not to listen and would have to hear me out – at least until the pantyhose, navy shirt and two-piece suit she had laid out were on and she could protest her lateness and make an exit.

“I’m not happy,” I told her in the intimidating manner that had always carried the day in the past.

The past unfortunately – for me at least – appears to be a place of which she prefers to make no recollection.

“That’s a shame… Don’t forget to pick up my dry-cleaning, by the way.”

“What??” I exploded. “I tell you I’m not happy and you just blithely continue to put your pantyhose on and throw orders at me.”

“Are you telling me you’d rather put them on for me?” she taunted, totally unfazed.

I swallowed back the urge to give her a slap – what kind of a man would that make me, after all? – and tried again:

“We haven’t had sex for over a month,” I reminded her.

A nylon clad foot slipped into a high-heeled court shoe.

Not really my thing; though her legs had always possessed a capacity to gain my attention no matter how preoccupied with other matters I had become.

“Really?” she answered without looking up as she located the court’s twin. “Only I could have sworn that was my husband ejaculating over the parquet flooring last night.”

And now she did turn to look at me, pale complexion and English rose features strangely… *authoritative*… beneath the black hair she kept cut short, despite my frequent attempts to get her to grow it long.

This to go with most of my other attempts to get her to pander to my… *tastes*.

“Or was it someone else?”

“Estelle, you know exactly what I mean. For the life of me I don’t know why you’ve started acting like such a ballbreaker lately, but give it up. Trust me, it just doesn’t suit you, love.”

Running a brush through a page-boy that hardly looked in need of it, she gave my reflection a stern look.

There was no other way I could describe it; my wife of eleven years, the same wife who had been content to let me take all responsibility and deferred to my decisions, was actually giving *me* a *stern* look.

“That doesn’t sound very respectful and obedient to me,” she told me.

I felt my face colour at her oh, so, *not* subtle reminder of the events of a few hours before.

“That is what you said to me as I helped your little cock to explode its stuff all over the floor, isn’t it? Or is my memory playing tricks?”

“Estelle, this has got to…”

“That was you, wasn’t it?” she asked, mocking me.

“Enough, Estelle,” I snapped, control fading as she pushed at my limits. “That was a piece of fun and nothing more. I’ve let you have your jollies and now it’s time to get back to normal.”

Swivelling on the vanity-stool, she rose and moved towards me, eyes holding mine and, shamefully, I felt intimidated.

“Firstly,” she said, standing before me with hands on hips, every inch the authoritative executive, taking to task a lax subordinate it was her responsibility to supervise; “they were *not* my jollies and neither did you *‘let’* me have them.”

Eyes that suddenly seemed endowed with a capacity to… *compel*… stared straight up into mine – even in her heels she was a few inches shorter than me barefoot and this also added to the shock I was allowing her to take the lead.

“Secondly,” she finished, “it was not, at any time, a *‘piece of fun’*.”

“What would you call it then?” I snapped.

Her jeering smile made me re-consider my earlier refusal to see if a slap would bring her to her senses, but again I resisted the urge.

“Call it a little test,” she told me.

“A test?”

“To see if you really are the pussy I think you are?”

“Fuck it!” I snarled, incensed, but turning towards the door and using the age-old subterfuge of acting as if I wasn’t that bothered and the description of me that made my blood boil molten didn’t really matter.

Even if it did – big-time!

And certainly to her.

“Stay right where you are!” she snapped.

I continued walking and, before I even realised what was happening, found myself spun around by the shoulder and a slender hand cuffing me across the cheek.

Unable to square what had just happened with the obliging wife I had married and thought I knew, I stared back at her open-mouthed.

At which point she backhanded me across the other cheek for good measure and would have come back for more if I hadn’t grabbed her hand in mid-strike, my own hand raised to return the compliment despite my aforementioned hatred of men who struck women. Her blows hadn’t physically hurt but the emotional damage inflicted by them was something else again. I was, as mentioned above, utterly incensed.

“Lay one finger on me and you’re history in this marriage,” she told me, voice puzzlingly calm in a way that doubled my rage for the way I was being treated.

“What the fuck’s going on, Estelle?” I asked her, releasing my grip. “Why…?”

The slap that rocked my head to the side this time *did* hurt.

“Have you gone totally out of your head!” I screamed at her, grateful, at least, that the house was only one of two in a leafy Surrey cul-de-sac and some distance from it even then, ensuring our unheard of contretemps would go unheard.

“Who owns this house?” she demanded, hands going to hips once more and staring up at me so imperiously I could have been forgiven for thinking I was dreaming myself a player in the old Twilight Zone sci-fi serial and she had been body-swapped with some alien with delusions of power.

It was, unfortunately, neither the Twilight Zone nor a delusion.

“We do, of course,” I told her. “What kind of a stupid quest…?”

My question was truncated once more by the palm of her hands making contact with my cheek once more and I knew that if she did it one more time I would punch her out, woman or no woman; wife or no wife.

“Wrong answer,” she snarled in a way that made me think she was truly deranged; wondering next if it was her time of month that had brought on what resembled a psychosis of some kind.

Or at least I would have wondered had it not been for eleven years' experience of monthly menstruation on her part that had in no way resembled the nightmares other guys had undergone when the wife was… *going through it*.

"*We*, don't own it," she corrected me.

My rage was sidelined for a moment as I tried to work out what the fuck she was talking about.

As it turned out, I needn't have bothered as she supplied the answer for m:

"*I do*," she told me with triumph and, for the first time in my experience, an expression of pure vindictiveness.

I could only look at her dumbstruck.

She surely wasn't serious.

The money from the company I'd built from nothing had bought the house and the bedroom we now stood in. Admittedly, that was before some dubious and unsound moves on my part saw it go under and my accountant had advised me to get Estelle to asked her mother to buy it from us and then make a gift of it to her at some point down the line. Something the old dear had done before crossing to the coffee-morning on the other side.

But not before she could sell it back to us.

A happy, I thought at the time, eventuality that ensured her only daughter was left the house in her will and we were quid's in from the money we had already received for it.

At least until the reading of the cagy old biddy's will informed us she had left it solely to Estelle. This with instructions for her to live in it without cost while it, the house, remained in trust until Estelle reached the age of…

Wait for it…

Sixty!

I had suspected the mother hadn't been particularly fond of me but this surpassed my suspicions. For, though she had put the house off limits to anyone coming after it, Estelle's mother had also ensured it couldn't be sold in an emergency like, say, me wanting to fund another business and start again.

Which had, of course, been my exact intention looking ahead to that time, some eight months later, when the inevitable shit had hit the fan and my creditors had taken every asset of mine the courts would let them get their hands on. Which was pretty much everything. Car, credit-cards and, yes, even overdrawn debit-cards, as I was made officially bankrupt and reduced to basic banking.

I didn't even have a cheque-book!

And now, after I'd selflessly taken the one course of action that ensured we – *she* - had a roof over our head, she had the gall to tell me the house wasn't mine but hers.

"Legally, yes," I told her, the first intimations of things being more wrong than my wife going on a simple sexual power trip evidencing themselves by a slight queasy feeling in the pit of my stomach to go with my stinging cheeks. A temporary power trip of a sexual nature at least being something I could understand her going through, given I had always been the one to make the decisions. Now though, it seemed a sight more complex than just that.

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said, feigning puzzlement. "Is there any other way for a person to own property? Do tell."

"How about an obligation to the husband who bought the house in the first place?" I asked, those first budding shoots of unease, to go along with my dissatisfaction at the way she treating me, ensuring I calmed myself, even if I could feel hysteria building.

"Would that be the same husband who gambled with our future and required my mother to buy the house from us?" she came back with a question of her own, triggering in the process that disastrous and drunken night with some clients in a West-End casino that had ended leaving me in possession of a massive gambling debt. The same debt that had triggered all the ensuing problems with my business as I took the usual short-cuts and ill-advised moves in order to make good on it.

The people who owned *this* particular gambling emporium were not the kind on whom one welched.

Trust me.

"So," she began, favouring me with the kind of look a nanny bestows upon a recalcitrant seven-year-old who has just wasted his pocket-money and had the temerity to ask for more; "let's get this in perspective:

"One: you're a forty-seven-year-old man living in the house his wife owns.

"Two: you are a bankrupt with no money of any kind to call his own with, unless he fancies joining the growing ranks of the country's burger-flippers, no possibility of gainful employment.

"Three…"

She paused, making me wait for it, until, deciding the moment apposite:

"Three: it would take very little at this time for your wife to be persuaded to kick your arse out onto the streets and let you take your chances as a lowly part of Mr Cameron's and that *nice* Mr Clegg's *'Big Society'*."

Those *"first budding shoots of unease"* had swiftly become terror as I saw from her expression that she was not joking and, armed by personal exposure to the change in her recently, I could not be sure she wouldn't make good on her threat.

"I'm off to the office now and, while I'm away bringing home the bacon that feeds you, I'd advise you to have a good hard think about the situation you're in."

She was on the move now, picking up keys and purse and slipping them into her bag as she managed me, just as if I were a wayward secretary she was putting on a first verbal warning for unacceptable behaviour.

"If this marriage is going to work there has to be a new captain at the helm."

She came to a halt in front of me, ready for the drive into the Reigate office and studied me, reassuring herself that I wasn't about to confront her any further over the way she was treating me.

She had just slapped, humiliated and threatened her husband of eleven years

The same husband she had sworn to love, honour and *obey*.

And, wonder of wonders, she looked empowered by the fact.

It was only after she had left the bedroom, and as if to underline the power she now seemed to think she wielded, that she stepped back to add:

"And when you pick up my dry-cleaning, get wine. I'll leave money in the kitchen."

"What are we celebrating?" I asked, my somewhat *hissed* irony not surviving her reply.

"Vonda, my boss, has some company matters she wants to discuss with me and as we won't have time today she's coming back here to do it over a few drinks."

My day was going from dire to diabolical.

And it wasn't nine yet.

"You might want to get some snacks in as well," were her last words as she left for another day at the office and I began another day of futile pottering at home.

Something, I told myself, had to give.

What I was not to know at the time was that this *something* would be me.

Vonda

My lovely Estelle looked pleased with herself that morning, but it wasn't until I almost dragged her to our usual bistro for a salad and a white wine, bursting with curiosity to know what had put my white lover in such a good mood and hoping that mine would improve along with it.

As a big believer in fate, I see nothing else as responsible for the chain of events that saw my father leave *me* the business my detested white step-mother had left to him. There being, it seemed to me, some natural justice in the fact it was the woman who had supplanted my Kenyan birth-mother in my father's affections – the same step-mother who had shown me not a scrap of affection – who was responsible for the joy that had arrived in my life in the shape of Mrs Estelle Weston.

And the joy of a different kind – a *much* different kind - that would shortly arrive in the shape of the husband who had been so dismissive and condescending towards me when we had met.

Almost from the very beginning – the moment I had laid eyes on her handsome spouse for the first time, in fact - it had been a ménage a trois of a most strange kind I had pictured taking the relationship of Estelle and myself forward and, to my delight, found my lover equally as receptive to the idea as me.

Even if she wasn't quite as convinced the future I had in mind for him as part of our lives was achievable.

"He confronted me this morning," she began, pale cheeks infused with colour by the joy she was receiving for finally taking the reins of power in her marriage into her own safekeeping. "Just like you said he would."

She paused to sip at her Oyster Bay and I knew she hanging it out deliberately.

"Is it me," she said, staring about the bistros interior at the well-heeled diners, "or is it busier in her than usual?"

I gave one of her strong and delightfully shapely legs a kick under the table.

"Don't be a tease, Estelle," I chided her, our relationship very much one of equals and my position of employer counterbalanced by her greater age and experience – if not greater experience in sex; though she was catching up fast.

Ask her husband.

"My, we are impatient to hear about Simon. Anyone would think you had a crush on him or something."

"You know exactly how I intend to handle your *'Simon'* once it's all in place," I assured her. "Now tell me what happened."

It transpired that he had confronted her on the rather humiliating sex he had been receiving from her lately – sex he would soon be recalling with a fondness he would not believe if it were put to him at this moment – and received the comeuppance we had both planned he should be given when he finally snapped and attempted to take Estelle to task over it.

Estelle, of course, had only hinted at the changes that were about to occur for him and it was not difficult for me to picture him shaping them in his head as to be more acceptable and more understandable now that it was his wife who was, to all intents and purposes, the head of the household.

It would be a delusion that would not last.

“He knows I am coming home with you tonight?”

“Last thing I told him,” Estelle nodded. “I told him to pick up wine and some nibbles.”

My delightful white lover sipped at her own wine before giving out with a little schoolgirl giggle.

“He didn’t look happy about it either, I might tell you.”

Her giggling was infectious and I found myself following her example:

“You mustn’t worry, Estelle, once I am installed in your house and working from your office there, I will swiftly become his very good friend.”

Giggle turned to snort of derision:

“Then you’ll be his only one. He hasn’t had a friend since his golfing cronies declared him persona non gratis after his money went the same way as his business. He loved their company too.”

She had shaken her head as if marvelling at her husband’s capacity for self-delusion:

“A bigger bunch of uninteresting and insincere prats it would be hard to find.”

“I can imagine…” I told her, being familiar with neither the sport nor those who played it to have formed an opinion.

“Oh, and by the way, just to sweeten it a little for you,” she informed me, “that office of mine you’ll be working from?”

I waited for her to finish.

“It used to be his.”

Smiling, her foot played with mine beneath the table and it struck me just how much she had emerged from her shell since our first night at the hotel.

“And we are on the same page for this evening?” I asked.

She nodded.

“I will introduce my… *plight*… into general conversation and allow you to develop it?”

“Just as we said,” she agreed.

“No second thoughts?”

The English rose head and its page-boy hair shook emphatically:

“None whatsoever. I do believe, in fact, that I’m as excited as you about the life you started to plan for the three of us after we first met. More, perhaps. ”

We clinked glasses and sipped, spirits high.

High or not, she was, however, wrong.

The prospect of a lovely lesbian lover who was attractive, older and English had long appealed to me and had not been given birth upon my first sighting of her.

Likewise, the intentions I now had towards her husband and the part he would play in our lives from now on once he had been… *domesticated*… were of an equally older provenance. Even sitting opposite the wife who was now my lover, in fact, she was not, despite the undeniable strength of my feelings for her, both physical and emotional, the sole focus of my thoughts as those old fantasies kicked in again. All the stronger now for actually seeming realisable and explaining the image of her handsome husband’s head between my legs. This as his unwilling but compelled lips lapped at the completely bald pussy I had shaved soon after Estelle told me he preferred the look – even if he wasn’t *“much of a one for going down.”*

He had, I told myself, better learn to enjoy it; because, if he didn’t, he was in for some distasteful interludes.

All in all, I told myself, he was a fantasy *and* a challenge, all combined in one masculine, if growingly dependent, package.

Bliss!

“To our future,” she clinked me again and from the gleam in her eye I knew her own intentions in respect of the handsome man who had been – and still was in a legal sense – her husband these past eleven years were not so far removed from my own.

I joined her in a sip then, unwilling to invoke the old Danish superstition – don’t ask me where I picked that one up - of inviting misfortune by not doing so after clinking glasses.

“The future!” I said.

Estelle

"Pour Vonda some more wine," I ordered my husband – unthinkable only months before. No *'thank you'* was added and certainly no *'please'* when he indicated my glass with his eyes and I simply nodded for him to fill it.

I had taken him aside in the kitchen shortly after Vonda and I had arrived back from the office. In all truth, though, I was pleasantly surprised that he'd laid out some nuts and crisps on a table in the front-room – his choice of nibbles not exactly inspiring but better than the absence of any I had been expecting – and I was coming around to what I had originally seen as Vonda's outlandish idea being possible. Certainly, the image of my once proud husband kneeling between my black lover's legs to eat her pussy had been a constant one since she had first mentioned her desire to have him there but, just the same, and despite being pleasantly surprised at his having done what I had told him – my dry-cleaning, he assured me when Vonda was settled in the kitchen and we entered the kitchen, was hanging upstairs – he had not shown my boss sufficient respect and cordiality when she had entered and it needed to be addressed.

When on a roll, as they say.

"Vonda is not only someone I'm very fond of on a personal level," I told him, "but she's also my boss and her company provides the money that keeps us."

I could see him turning over the substantial sum my mother had left me along with the money she had already forked out for the house she had left to me in trust and knew he thought I should have made it available to start another business.

Another time and a different woman, I felt like telling him, knowing that, before Vonda arrived on the scene I had been thinking of doing just that.

"You might also want to consider," I went on, sure it would make the self-serving element of his nature kick in and get him to behave differently towards her, "that Vonda is the owner of a large temping agency and just *might* be able to help you."

The look on his face had told me that he didn't much like the idea of being helped by a… woman of colour - and a woman of colour twenty years his junior – and I knew what was coming next.

"But you work for the same company, Estelle; yet when I asked if you could do anything for me you shot me down."

I shook my head at him, as I would have shook it at a display of petulance from our children – assuming he had allowed me to have any.

"The *truth*, Simon, is *not* shooting someone down. I simply told you that I work in sales-management and have no input into the recruitment side."

"But…"

“Vonda though, *does*,” I overrode him. “So perhaps you might want to be a bit more *respectful* if you’d like her help.”

I actually emphasised the word I’d used so freely while pulling him off the evening before and he actually winced at my use of it.

“Be attentive if you want her help,” I led him as Vonda and I had agreed. “Make her feel at home. That way she’ll be bound to wonder why such an agreeable man can’t find employment.”

And, what do you know?

Just as my young black lover said he would, the husband I had always considered something of a closet racist went into charm mode. Nothing was too much trouble for him and I felt certain that if I’d told him she’d had a long day and her feet were sweaty and aching he would have offered to give her a foot rub – despite never having shown the least interest in my own.

Something that would soon change, in respect of not just me but Vonda also.

And, if he continued to have no interest and not like performing such a chore?

Tough!

The above attention lavished on my lover, you understand, made without an ounce of sexual attraction being felt for her on his part. Absolutely nothing about Vonda was designed to invite lust from him, in fact. Not only was she facially unappealing to him but the legs that were, nonetheless, curved and sculpted in the right places were not the more powerful but shapely matronly type such as my own he always professed a passion for. Her skin-tone, given the racism I had always suspected he harboured - even if that prejudice was not at a level advanced enough to have Klan membership forms arriving on the mat - yet another turn-off.

The fact she was running a successful business of her own, inherited or not, would be another sticking point his jealousy and sour grapes would be unable to get over and be compounded by her age.

All the above, you understand, exactly as Vonda and I both wanted it.

Making life easy for him just wasn’t on our agenda.

Just the same, despite his lack of physical interest, and if the sly looks I caught him sneaking of my lover’s wonderful breasts spoke true, she at least had something to work with.

The denuded pussy to which she had taken razor and depilatory, pretty much the instant I told her he had a thing for the *“schoolgirl look”*, yet another plus.

Another amongst *many*.

Lack of sexual interest in her or not, however, the hint she might be able to help his efforts at getting back into the job market paid-off and he was charm and courtesy itself and it was after she had asked him for a nice ice-cold glass of water and he, with the intention of impressing a young girl who might be able to put some employment his way, smiled and scurried off to the kitchen that, Vonda gave me a little wink and a smile of her own and pushed things on a little.

"…looks as if I'll be staying in a hotel now it's sold," she began with perfect timing, "but, if I don't find a place to buy soon I'll be renting until I do."

"That's not good," I told her.

"What's not good?" asked our Prince Charming, returning in his disguise of water-carrier exactly on cue, just as intended.

"Vonda's just sold her house," I told him, trying to tread a fine line between civility and authority that would continue to keep him on the backfoot.

His look said: *"So"*.

"They paid the full asking price but wanted to move in as soon as the solicitor's gave the green-light," Vonda told him as we had agreed.

"But that's a good thing isn't it?" he asked, not seeing the problem.

Yet.

"It would be, Simon, if Vonda had managed to find a place of her own to buy."

"That's right," Vonda took it up. "I want this move to be right, so I don't want to feel hurried. But the shortest rental is six months to a year and I don't want to commit, so it looks like a hotel for now."

"Nonsense," I told her. You can't stay in a hotel for that length of time," statement made knowing how much my husband had loved to do just that in the past – preferably *without* me – and for reasons I could, having no proof, still only guess at but by which I was readily convinced.

I gave him a look of reproach.

"Though I do know a man who could."

"Does Simon like hotels then?" Vonda asked, our script working as if we'd been rehearsing it a month or more, it's unknowing victim coming in on cue as if he'd been right there rehearsing with us.

"Love them," he told her, oblivious, or plain not caring, that his regular frequenting of them with the so-called golfing pals; the same *'pals'* who'd dropped him like hot plutonium the moment his business hit the skids; was still a sore point with the wife who got left behind.

“Perhaps I should pay for Simon to go to a hotel if he likes them so much and I can stay here,” Vonda laughed, exactly as if she’d just thought of the idea.

“Actually,” I chimed in, “that’s not a bad idea.”

Both faces turned in my direction: the one, young, toothy and in puzzlement; the other, handsome still but middle-aged and *hopeful*.

“That’s hardly reasonable, Estelle,” Vonda rebuked me. “I know Simon says he likes hotels but I wouldn’t feel comfortable forcing him from his own home; whether I was paying or not.”

“Not to put too fine a point on it, Vonda,” I corrected her, about to rub my husband’s nose in his loss again, “but this is my home and I didn’t mean for Simon to go to a hotel anyway.”

“Sorry, Estelle,” said Vonda, her look of bewilderment as good as anything to be found on the boards. “I don’t understand what you’re…”

“Stay here with us,” I came in over her, arms held wide as if it were a no-brainer. “It would be a pleasure to have you and I know Simon would like it.”

Both our eyes turned to my hapless husband at that point and it took all our willpower not to burst out laughing at his portrayal of a floundering goldfish.

“Wouldn’t you, Simon?” I pressed him, his back already hard against the metaphorical wall he into which we had backed him.

“Well, I…”

“There you have it,” I told her, not waiting for his spluttering to reach a conclusion and take the risk he might say something that contradicted our script.

“It’s lovely of you, and I’d really like to accept,” Vonda said, “but…”

“But what?” I pressed.

“Well… I’m sorry but… Simon doesn’t seem too happy with the prospect.”

“Nonsense!” I told her. “Simon would love the company.”

At that point I turned my eyes on him full bore and, mindful of my treatment of him that morning and our pep-talk in the kitchen after Vonda and I arrived, he behaved exactly like a well-schooled pony responding to but the merest possibility of attracting the whip.

“N-No,” he spluttered. “Estelle’s right. It, hmm, would be a pleasure to have such a charming young woman staying with us.”

Vonda pretended to be unconvinced still.

“I’m not sure. I mean, it’s very generous of you both and all that but…”

“Persuade her Simon,” I told him, feeling his pain and utterly unconcerned by it.

“Yes. You must stay Vonda,” he urged her with an expression I knew from experience was the queasiness he felt when forced into a corner. “we couldn’t think of letting you go to a hotel.”

Vonda looked to me, as if double-checking we were both on board with it, then favoured us both with a big toothy smile.

“This is so generous of you both,” she gushed before, face becoming serious, “but I’ll pay you exactly what I would have paid at a hotel.”

I was about to protest but she held up a hand to forestall me, knowing, as she did, that her lover was not about to let her pay *anything*.

And, even better, her lover’s husband was in no position to know whether she would be paying for her stay or not.

“I know that…” She turned to my husband with an apologetic look. “Sorry Simon, but Estelle did mention that you were having trouble finding a situation; which, frankly, I find amazing given what I’ve seen of you tonight – you only have the one wage coming in and some extra money coming in for food and bills won’t do any harm.”

Again, she had delivered the script perfectly and, between us, we were leading my poor husband by the nose as if had a ring through his septum and the chain dangling from it was held securely in our clammy and excited hands. With a few carefully chosen words she had made sound economic sense while, at the same time, passing on to him the false hope that she saw some employment potential in him.

Well, not entirely false.

We did, after all, have a position in mind for him.

It just wasn’t of a kind he could ever have imagined himself accepting.

In truth, I was sceptical on the subject myself. Down on his luck or not, my husband was a man who had known no small measure of authority and responsibility in his day-to-day life and had managed, hired and fired, others equally as independent as him. But that was then and if his acceptance of my recent behaviour had told me nothing else it told me he was a far weaker and more malleable man than the one I’d allowed to take me down the aisle.

The place he occupied these days, far from being a man with his own company and in control of his own destiny – mostly spent at the nineteenth-hole with his disgustingly dressed golf friends and their attempts to replicate the wardrobe of the most style-free of Harlem pimps whilst boring the barmen and waitresses forced to serve them witless with their interminable Jimmy Tarbuck type stories; was a very demoralised *now*.

Out of friends, family, money and options.

And *out* of a home should his wife decide she no longer wanted him in it.

“Is it settled then?” I pressed Vonda.

She looked first to me and then, turning another huge and toothy smile on the ambushed Simon, held her arms wide:

“When do I move in?”

Simon

Knocking on her door gently and waiting for her to give me permission to enter – this to a room in a house that belonged now to my wife and had once been mine – I could hardly help but be amazed by the changes the buck-toothed black girl had effected in my life since her arrival five weeks ago.

The short stay while she looked for her dream house had become long-term and Estelle had already informed me that Vonda wasn't looking anymore as she was comfortable here with us.

The nightmare I already considered my life to have become went, from the first day of her arrival, swiftly downhill into…

Purgatory.

Though I didn't connect the beginning of my descent to her arrival until later – and, by that time, I was altogether far too gone.

As, indeed, I remain.

For, to begin with, her arrival had been pleasant – even if I told myself I wasn't too happy at spending the whole day in her company when Estelle informed me her boss was going to be working from home – *our* home – in what had once been my study in better times and had been commandeered when Estelle became not only the householder but the breadwinner also.

Of course, I was under strict instructions from my newly domineering wife to make the black girl's stay as nice as possible and do everything I could to make her comfortable – which was another instruction that miffed; especially when even the one-way and demeaning sex Estelle had been providing me with recently dried up.

"We have a paying guest and she doesn't want to hear your… *noise,*" Estelle told me contemptuously. "You'll just have to wait until she goes out for an evening and then, if I think you've been *respectful* enough, I might take your little cock in my hand and give it some pleasure."

One problem:

Vonda *never* went out.

Or at least not in the evening when Estelle was home and I might hold her to her promise.

"Noise" not being an obstacle if we were on our own.

We just never were.

In fact, given the errands I was expected to run to the shops at the weekends while they remained at home, the two of them spent more time in each other's company.

Especially as I drew out my trips in order to savour having a few pounds in my pocket – even if it was expressly for shopping - and perhaps have a beer at a local pub.

Surprisingly enough, Estelle didn't seem too bothered at the length of time it took me to get to the nearest town centre or out-of-town mall and if she noticed the discrepancy in the change she insisted I hand over to her she didn't mention it.

One thing I did notice, however, and wasn't, as you can imagine, very thrilled about, was Estelle's insistence, every time she mentioned my *"cock"* these days, to prefix it with the adjective *"little"*. My dick, if not a massive source of pride to me, then at least something I had received no complaints about in the past. She was saying it simply to belittle me and emphasise her control of me. Making up for lost time it seemed.

But then, if someone keeps telling you something often enough…

The change began one lunch-time when I heard Vonda calling *me* into what had once been *my* study and was now her temporary (at least I hoped it was temporary) office. She spent three days a week working from home (*our* home) and I had heard her telling Estelle how she liked the change of pace and scenery. Something I would have liked to experience myself.

"Yeah?" I said, none too thrilled to see her sitting at my former desk at the computer I'd bought, pissed off that my catch-up on the latest sports news from Sky had been interrupted.

"I could do with a coffee," she told me.

For a moment I stood looking at her – blankly; feeling more than a bit like De Niro's Travis from Taxi Driver as the words left my lips:

"You want *me*, to make *you* a coffee?"

"White with one sugar, please, Simon," she said, unfazed by my tone.

"I'm right in the middle of something now, Vonda," I told her as diplomatically as I could – which wasn't very at that moment, having already decided that there would be no job forthcoming from this girl the way Estelle had promised and feeling a little set-up.

Not to mention miffed that they would see me as such a gullible mark.

What also surprised me when I looked back on it was why Estelle bothered trying to ease me in to the girl staying when she'd only told me that very morning that the house belonged to her and I was there under sufferance.

Was hardly, if she was to be believed, as if I had a say anyway.

"I'll fetch you a cup when I make myself one in a bit," I said with far more politeness than I felt.

“No problem,” she said. “Sorry if I interrupted your sports programme. It was just that I haven’t had a drink all morning and I was in the middle of something really important.”

She clicked off something or other and rose to her feet; a short thin black girl with, I had to confess, despite my lack of interest in her and brought on, no doubt, by the sex ban her presence had seen enforced upon me by Estelle, a pair of fabulous tits that looked out of place on her wiry body.

The face, and the somewhat forced smile she favoured me with, was, as it had been from first acquaintance as off-putting to me as ever and her pronounced cheekbones, oversized lips and teeth were never going to change that perception on my behalf.

“I’ll just make it myself,” she offered, coming around the desk on sick thin legs that were, nonetheless, shapely and would even have been erotic by way of a much needed counterpoint to her face had they been ten pounds fleshier. For some reason – she was working out of home, for crying out loud! – she was dressed in what I took to be her usual working outfit of white cotton shirt and knee length grey skirt. Stick legs ending in a pair of navy shoes with a pointed toe and a low and spiky heel.

“I wouldn’t have asked but Estelle said to let you know if I needed anything.”

Thanks Estelle, I cursed to myself; unenthused by the girl’s presence in our – *her* - house without being expected to wait on her.

“I’ll just tell her it’s not fair to expect you to interrupt whatever you’re doing just to do things for me.”

She was out the study door and halfway across the hallway when Estelle’s words of warning fired off in my ear along with her reminder of how pissed she’d be with me if I failed to make our *“guest”* completely welcome.

Call me a gutless pussy, I know I did, but the thought of the wife I had once lorded it over and who now held my security and my future in her hands finding out I’d refused to make her young boss a coffee and getting pissed off with me was enough to have me chasing out into the hallway after the young black girl.

She was already in the kitchen when I reached her.

“Sorry, Vonda,” I apologised, causing her to turn to see exactly what I was apologising for. “That was rude of me. Not in the best of moods I’m afraid.”

She waited and, like the obedient little houseboy I felt, I jumped straight in:

“Of course I’ll make us a coffee,” I told her, the addition of myself to the mix an afterthought designed to take the edge off the fact I would be serving her.

“I don’t want to disturb you,” she assured me.

“Like I say, it’s not a problem. You go back and get on with your work and I’ll have it with you before you know it. Black no sugar, right?”

“White with one,” she corrected me without a trace of a softening smile.

“Be right with you,” I told her, turning to take up the kettle and fill it that I wouldn’t have to look at that disaster of a face I felt certain – this for the first time – was mocking me; almost as if she knew the hold Estelle had upon me and my fear of being thrust out into the world alone – friendless and totally broke.

Without a word of thanks for my change of heart I heard her heels tap their way from the kitchen before they were smothered by the hallway carpet leading to my former study.

“Black bitch!” I told myself.

My mood was no better and was not about to be improved any when I took her the coffee she had requested from me – to no word of thanks – and prepared to return to my interrupted sports programme.

“Stay and have a chat,” came her voice at my back, an invitation that angered me less for preventing me from returning to what I had been watching – though that pissed me off enough – than from the tone of voice in which she’d made it.

It sounded to my, admittedly insecure and sensitive, ears like an order.

“Perhaps a few minutes,” I smiled wanly, turning back to her, the look on her face, though not overt, telling me she knew she had a captive – if, that is, I didn’t want Estelle getting a bad report on me.

Seating myself on the two-seater Chesterfield under the window while she re-took her seat at *my* former desk, I waited for her to begin our *“chat”*.

“Must be difficult for you,” she said after a considerable silence during which I stared out of the window into the garden Estelle now insisted it was my job to maintain and had let our gardener go to underline the fact to me and she sipped at her *“white, one sugar”*.

“I’m not with you?”

“This,” she said, referring to her coffee cup as if it were a dossier of war crimes I’d committed in another lifetime and in another skin.

“I’m still not with you,” I told her.

“Come on, Simon,” she chided me as if I must be a little slow on the uptake. “You know exactly what I mean.”

“You’ll have to tell me I’m afraid,” I told her so genuinely that, looking back, I can only think my suspicions in regard of her thoughts about me were bang on the money.

“You don’t find it difficult then?” she pressed. “Not so long ago you were a thrusting businessman with employees of his own. Now your wife’s the one with the house and the job and you’re here, waiting on her boss with coffee.”

I swallowed back my anger with her for bringing the subject up and made the best fist of it I could:

“I’d hardly call it waiting on you,” I told her. “I think you’ll find I’m just being a good host.”

“But that’s just it, isn’t it?” she kept at it, unconcerned by the coldness I’d attempted to inject into my voice and body-language as a way of getting her off a subject I found it distinctly uncomfortable to discuss with one of her age and… *type*. “You’re not my host, are you?”

“That’s a bit rude towards someone whose home your living in.”

“But I’m not being rude to the one whose home I’m living in, am I?”

“Now you’re being…”

“At least that’s what Estelle told me,” she said, peering at me over the rim of the coffee-cup as she brought it to her lips.

“Estelle told you that…”

“That I was to think of you as more of a… *helper*… during my stay than her husband.”

“I don’t believe you,” I told her, having reached my feet without being aware of having done so. “Estelle wouldn’t speak like that about…”

“Give her a ring and ask her,” the girl demanded.

I stood rooted to the spot, indecisive, knowing what the little black bitch said was true and not wanting to believe it.

“Come on, Simon,” she chided me. “You’re not a stupid man. You’ve surely realised your relationship with your wife is changing – has changed.”

“Look, Vonda,” I began, none too self-assuredly, it being an indication of just how weak I felt my position in the house was that I didn’t simply give the little bitch a mouthful and tell her to leave, “you’re a guest here and I really don’t think it’s your place to be commenting on…”

“She told me she is this close,” she interrupted, holding up two fingers with a miniscule and barely discernible gap between them, “to kicking you out.”

My stomach flipped. Somehow I knew the girl wasn't lying. Then again, I'd seen enough of Estelle's recent behaviour – from the receiving end of a lot of it – to make what Vonda was telling me all too believable.

"I really think," our black guest, *Estelle's* anyway, went on, "that if she found out you'd been rude or inattentive to me it would be the last straw."

"My god!" I exclaimed as clarity decided to kick in alongside my recognition of the rightness of her assertion. "You're enjoying this."

She neither confirmed nor denied the accusation but simply shrugged.

"Think what you want," she offered finally.

Then, more gravely than one of her age and… *type*… should have a right to be with a man who was, by rights, her superior in more things than simply age:

"You might want to bear in mind that you're only here now because I interceded on your behalf."

"What…? How…? In what way?" I finally managed to blurt out, unmanned by what she was saying and what it could mean for me; despite having seen plenty of evidence leading that way even before she had arrived to stay with us.

"She's come to the conclusion you're a hopeless case," the girl went on, emboldened no doubt by my beaten look and the fact I hadn't simply told her to *'fuck off and keep your nose out of our business'*.

I did, however, feel as if I'd taken enough and moved towards the door.

"Leave if you want…" came her voice from behind me.

I continued on my dispirited way, too tired and without options to even acknowledge her let alone turn back.

"…but if you do I won't be able to help you."

These, of course, and as I see now she knew only too well would be, were the magic words and now I did stop in my tracks; hoping she meant what I thought she meant and was about to put some kind of job offer on the table.

I was, of course, delusional and you may be sure I'm aware of it now.

"She told me she was sick of you lazing around the place all day while she, her words: *'brought home the bacon'*," the girl went on, echoing words I had myself heard from my wife's lips and could well believe she would have repeated to our… *guest*.

Then, encouraged by my slouched and motionless back:

“She said she was tired of your unwillingness to try and help yourself.”

“That’s unfair,” I heard myself say, mostly to myself, still facing away from her. “I’ve done everything I know to get a job with a salary so I can help out. She knows that. I’ve tried the lot.”

“She does know that and…” she broke off with a little sigh that sounded mildly exasperated. “Look, Simon, I’m trying to help you here and it’s not an easy thing to do when talking to your back.”

She allowed me a few moments to consider this, then:

“Come back and sit down and we can talk it all through. I know I’m younger than you and of a different… *background*… but I’m really trying to help and, when it boils down to it, does it matter about age and cultural differences when the one trying to offer assistance has one’s best interests at heart?”

It would only be later that what she considered to be my *“best interests”* became apparent but at that moment, and so well had she feigned the sincerity that convinced me to resume my seat as she had asked, it was understandable that I would prove so susceptible to what appeared to be the first sympathetic shoulder aimed in my direction for some time.

“For what it’s worth,” she told me, the little black girl with the buck-teeth seeming to grow in stature before my eyes as she led our discussion, “I think Estelle’s being a little hard on you and I’ve told her so. Pretty much what you just told me, in fact. That you’ve done everything you could to find work, etc.”

Believe it or not, but this first extension of sympathy and understanding towards me in recent memory caused tears to gather at the back of my eyes.

I fought them.

Even I had my limits.

At the time, at least.

As *‘sympathetic and understanding’* as Vonda appeared she was, when all was said and done still a little black girl many years my junior.

Allowing her to see my tears was *not* an option.

“What…?” I croaked before clearing my throat of the unmanly emotion prompted by self-pity, “What did she say to that?”

“She said, and she was really worked up about it, that you had *not* done everything and that not *once* had you made any attempt, other than the most basic kind, to take over all the household chores you insisted were hers when you were working and she was only part-time at my mother’s agency.”

“But…” I expostulated, searching for the right words, “I was working flat out to build a business and she was, as you say, only working part-time. Didn’t that make the home her responsibility?”

“Totally,” she agreed with me, to my surprise. “She was the one who spent more time at home and it was only right that the household responsibilities became hers.”

Of course, from where I am now, it’s easy to see how and where I was being led but, at the time, I was too wrapped up in self-pity for the nature of my self-inflicted situation and the, seemingly, sympathetic shoulder aimed in my direction to take it on board.

Evidence of just where the little black girl had been leading me not long in coming.

“So,” she went on, crossing her stick-shapely legs beneath my former desk and making a steeple of her hands as if she were giving consideration to which role an employee was best suited in her company, “given the fact she was holding down a part-time position and still took complete responsibility of the house, and the equally undeniable fact that not only do you not a have a part-time position but are at home all day, each and every day, who do you think that responsibility should fall to now?”

Call me thick, or perhaps it had been years of ingrained male behaviour preventing me from seeing what was totally obvious to a young black girl twenty years lacking in age and experience – even if she did frame her words in a kind of corporate speak cum dull accountant’s patter too old for her years - but what she pointed out truly hadn’t occurred to me.

It felt – at the time, at least – as if a pair of glasses with frosted lenses had been taken from my face.

Suddenly, Estelle’s recent behaviour seemed explicable to me and dreams of her returning to the loving – and more malleable, I confess, so great was the level of my stupidity, stemming from hope as it did or not – kicked in with an accompanying surge of optimism that made me feel lighter of spirit than I had in months.

Wholly typical of a woman not to just come straight out and say – the way a man would, the way *I* would – what was on her mind. But no; they expected us – us men that is – to divine what was lacking and put it right. If we could.

A feeling of gratitude towards the black girl currently occupying my old desk in what had formerly been my study made me look upon her in a different light. It was a feeling you’ve probably guessed wouldn’t last but, at the time it was genuine on my part and, probably, made what was to follow and where I am now all the more inevitable. What can I say?

“That explains a lot, Vonda,” I said, nodding. “I should have picked up on it for myself but…”

I smiled apologetically – like I said: *“thick”* – feeling as if in our unwanted - unwanted by me, anyway - houseguest that I had a confidante.

“I told Estelle that in most probability it had not crossed your mind,” my new friend told me. “You have lived so long in a man’s world that such an adjustment would not have come naturally to you, but…”

A frown of what I took to be concern saw large teeth withdrawn and accompanying oversized lips pursed.

“What is it, Vonda?” Simon-the-thicko came in, donkey following carrot and utterly oblivious to the stick waiting to be applied to his rump.

“I…” she began, as if preparing herself to say something I would find uncomfortable. She was right.

“Look, Simon, I’m sure you know it is far easier to assess a situation when one is not directly affected and can take a dispassionate stance towards it, and it is obvious to me that what Estelle sees as your insensitivity to her needs was no more than a simple ignorance of what was required.”

I found myself nodding. Not thrilled to hear myself described as ignorant but understanding how it could seem that way. The little black girl was beginning to make a lot of sense to me.

“The fact that she had always kept the house, vacuumed, polished, cooked meals and made sure the laundry was done, had become such a routine part of your perception of her that you saw nothing unusual in her continuing to do so while, at the same time, holding down a demanding full-time position while you remained at home and – apart from the efforts to find full-time employment of your own we have touched upon – barely lifted a finger to ease her load.”

It struck me – such is the power of optimism to shield the evil and the venal from our eyes – that the girl could have had a highly successful career as a counsellor. Had she not owned her own reasonably successful business, that is. The same business employing my wife and for which I was at least a little grateful for having supplied us with an income after mine had not just dried up but had decided to simply give out completely. My spirits were becoming more buoyant by the second and I was, in fact, already laying out an approach designed to let Estelle see I intended to make good on my recent… *oversight*.

My one concern at that moment being the frown of concern that was plastered across Vonda’s face still and those oversized lips that remained pursed in my direction.

“Vonda,” I began, her donkey once again moving at her request, “you’ve already said so much to me and been a great help that I hardly think you need stand on ceremony.”

She waited for me to finish.

“If there is something you want to say to me then please do. I’m sure you have only my interests and those of Estelle’s in mind.”

The look passing across her face and changing those features from concern to relief could, I know now, just as easily have been taken for contempt for the ridiculously easy way the older man in front of her was allowing himself to be manoeuvred and manipulated.

And by one of her age.

Contempt would be, it would turn out, *exactly* what it was.

“Thank you, Simon,” she began. “I am exceptionally fond of Estelle and want only her happiness. That is why I am, perhaps, more forthright than I should be.”

“No need to apologise, Vonda,” I assured her, it not striking me at that moment that she had only mentioned *Estelle’s* happiness, “as I say, you’ve already been a massive help by pointing out where I’ve been lacking.”

“You are sure you won’t mind if I speak… well… *candidly*?”

I smiled benignly, the great man willing to accept he could be guided.

Then, still smiling, I delivered the words that, ultimately, sealed my fate.

“Everything you’ve said up to now has been well-intentioned and made good-sense,” I told her. “I welcome your thoughts and…”

I can almost see the killer words as they fell from my gullible lips.

“…your advice…”

Estelle

"Simon," I said, looking down to where he was applying a coat of varnish to the nails of my right-foot as I sat above him on a chair at the kitchen-table and sipped at the coffee he had made me before setting about his new duty..

He stared up at me, face a mixture of concentration and self-disgust he was, to his wife's delight, unable to conceal entirely. Not surprising really, I told myself, taking what I knew was an unfair and perverse pleasure in the position of thrusting businessman he had occupied at one time and occupied no more. A perverse pleasure not diminished by the images my thoughts conjured of his employees and former golf *'buddies'* witnessing him in his new role of manservant to the wife who had once played such a long distant second-fiddle to him.

"You don't think I'm being unfair asking you to do this for me, do you? I know you've never been keen on women's feet – amongst other things." The latter added sotto voce and a direct reference to his refusal to eat pussy.

Then, keeping my tone light and with a little smile:

"Not as if I married a foot fetishist, after all, is it?"

The way his eyes lowered and his head ducked back to a task he would once never have undertaken with a gun aimed at his head gave me my answer, even if his words described another response.

"Of course I don't think you're being unfair, sweetheart," he said, re-loading a tiny brush with a rich pink varnish. "It's a good way for me to make up for having taken you for granted for so long."

He was, I knew, only parrot-fashioning the words Vonda had briefed him with but the knowledge that, between the two of us, we were manipulating my husband towards the position we intended he occupy in our home – myself and *Vonda*, that is – was still intoxicating. With every day that passed I saw my control of him grow just that little bit more and I found myself wondering how, for so long, I had allowed a weak individual of his type to have such a pervasive influence over my life. Though the still lean body and handsome face knelt at my feet as my nails were pampered was an answer of sorts.

Not that either his body or his handsome features would ever be any kind of a bargaining chip with me again.

"I think if you're honest," I began, "you feel a lot better and more productive now you've started picking up around the house instead of just sitting in front of the TV all day, bored and getting more and more demoralised."

I knew that, though he might be doing the chores, he hated having to and was simply going through the motions until he had me on-side again and could ease me back into the old role of working housewife which worked best for him.

In this, as in so many things throughout his life, he was delusional.

It would *never* happen.

“I’m relieved, Simon,” I told him, my every conversation with him these days geared to leaving him in an even more dependent – not to mention *obedient* – position than he found himself when that conversation began. “The way things were going I thought our marriage was shaping up to be eleven years and out.”

His ice-blue, but strangely warm, eyes raised themselves to mine again, alert as always nowadays to anything from my lips that sounded remotely like… *amour*.

“You know I could never live without you ‘Stelle,” he told me, truncating my name in that way I had always hated and from which I felt unable to ask him to refrain.

Unable then, that is.

“Simon, could you do me a big favour?” I asked and could almost see in his eyes the response: *‘I’m already kneeling in front of you like some flunkey to paint your nails. What could be a bigger favour than that?’*.

He had no idea!

“I never told you before,” I began, voice deliberately low, “because I didn’t want to hurt your feelings, but I’ve always hated it when you call me ‘*‘Stelle*’. Could you stop it, please?”

“Don’t raise your voice to him,” Vonda had advised, far older than her years when it came to these things and certainly more advanced than yours truly. *“If you’re forever shouting at him over the less important aspects of his service to you he gets wrong you’ll leave yourself with nowhere to go when it’s verbally necessary – at least in terms of volume – to express your anger when he messes up the more important tasks we set him. It’s not only unproductive but tiring. Far more effective to seduce him to his… slavery.”*

Her use of the word *“slavery”* had set my pulses racing. In truth, I had been getting off – a *lot* - on the thought of Simon as my househusband, catering to my every whim as I had once catered to his. But a *slave*?

As intoxicated with the idea as I was, I knew such things were impossible and wrote it off as a piece of hyperbole on my lover’s part.

I was wrong.

Slavery, Vonda had told me - no doubt by dint of her A-Level Psychology Course and the C-Plus pass she received for her efforts – was more of the mind than simply chains and shackles; though her antecedents, I neglected to point out to her, might not have agreed with her entirely upon *that* aspect of the subject.

My husband, she assured me, if we went about it in the right way would soon look to us for approbation and guidance the way a dog looks to a master and come to view us as the sole arbiters of his existence.

It had sounded fanciful to me and I had told her so.

But then, if it was such an outlandish prospect, why was I wetter simply from her mentioning of the possibility than at almost any time either in the past or recently.

And you can be sure that, since the advent of Vonda into my life, I had been *very* wet.

“You never said before,” he ventured, somewhat sulkily, I thought, a long at least from the man with the quick temper who would fly off the handle at the mildest criticism from the wife he preferred to be doting and biddable.

“Well I’m saying so now,” I told him in a voice that was still pitched conversationally but remained authoritative and expectant of being obeyed.

I was, Vonda assured me, taking to the life of an assertive woman like a swallow to a Gulf Stream current.

“Fine,” he said, still sulky. “I’ll not call you it again. What’s this favour you mentioned?”

I could tell he was put out about no longer being able to use a term of endearment he had addressed me with since shortly after our first date and, true to form, was hiding his irritation beneath a change of subject.

Much good it would do him.

“I know it’s silly…”

I giggled, as if what I was about to ask was preposterous, certain that not only was it *not* preposterous but it was something I fully intended to become as natural to him as the intake of oxygen.

“Not to mention pussy-juice,” I added to myself with a malicious glee that only made me giggle some more.

“What is it?” he asked, smiling himself as he responded to the laughter I had always been told was infectious, seeing it, no doubt, as some kind of a return to our former intimacy.

“Well,” I began, still feigning amusement while my thoughts and actions remained sober and serious. “It’s really been nice lately the way you’ve started picking up around the house and being more… attentive to me and… and…”

“Go on,” he came in on cue, his every forward step pre-ordained by me and serving to ensure he fashioned for himself the cage in which I would keep him.

“When I was a small girl,” I began, “I always used to dream of having… of having…”

“Yes?” he said, drawing the inquiry out playfully, never having looked more handsome to me than he did at that moment on his knees at my feet with my foot between his warm hands.

I waved him away as if the whole thing was just too ridiculous, letting out a short laugh of self-mockery that I could even have thought such a thing at one time, let alone in regard of my big masculine husband.

“Oh, come on ‘Stelle – I mean, *Estelle*,” he instantly corrected himself, sensing I was on the verge of divulging a sexual fantasy that might involve him and, like a dog when food is introduced into the equation, finding his capacity to learn new tricks undiminished and in good working order. “If my gorgeous wife has a dream and I can do something to give it to her she only has to ask.”

I allowed my expression to become serious as a means of both sucking him in and committing him at one and the same time.

“Do you really mean that?” I asked.

“When have I ever lied to you?” he had the brass-necked nerve to ask after all he had put me through with his gambling and business indiscretions.

“Let’s not go *there*,” I warned him, the look of discomfort clouding those handsome features assuring me he wouldn’t.

“I mean it though, Estelle,” he went on, the prospect of some, *perhaps*, kinky sex with his newly empowered wife supplying necessary motivation.

“I’ll be telling you something I’ve never told another living soul,” I lied, having devised the approach only that morning with Vonda while he had been at the shops and we had taken our usual advantage of his absence to indulge what seemed our ever increasing lust for each other. “If you promise and then try to back out I’ll be really disappointed.”

“Estelle, I’m your husband. You can tell me anything.”

“Really?” my thoughts asked. *“How about the fact I intend to turn you into a household flunkey and sexual servant for my lesbian lover and myself?”*

Instead, I answered:

“One last time, Simon,” I warned, severity of expression leaving him in no doubt I was deadly serious. “Do you mean it?”

By way of a counterpoint to the words he was about to utter - and to highlight his intent, no doubt - he placed a hand behind my calf and began to stroke it.

“I said it *and* I meant it,” he assured me, looking up into my eyes with all the sincerity he could muster.

I nodded, as if giving myself the go-ahead, and began:

“Like I told you, it’s silly, but… Well, when I was little girl I used to dream I lived in a big house and I had my own manservant to look after me.”

The face below me was a picture. He was not, I could tell, enthused. Whatever lurid sex fantasy he had persuaded himself was about to come his way from the perverted recesses of my dysfunctional and repressed imagination it certainly was *not* this.

“I always used to picture him as a very handsome man much older than me,” I went on, upping the ante to get him over his disappointment. “Little girls can be very… *imaginative*… shall we say, and in my dreams this man was so devoted to me I could get him to do anything I wanted.”

A spark of interest re-ignited in his eyes and I inflamed it by looking directly into them.

Lewdly.

“*Anything,*” I added, leaving it to his own less than healthy imagination to provide images and words of its own choosing.

“The thing is though,” I went on, “and this is where it gets silly, I suppose, but I always used to make this man address me as Ms Estelle or Ma’am when I made him do… *things*… for me - even though I was only a child and he was old enough to be almost my grandfather..”

“And…?” he swallowed back some non-existent saliva that was, in fact, his own excitement, no doubt picturing me in some St Trinians’ outfit as I asked him to roger me. “And, you want to pretend to be a child again and…”

“God no!” I came in with a derisive laugh. “A child again? I hated it the first time around.”

“But…”

“I think it’s the way you’ve been lately,” I spoke over him. “So attentive, doing all those chores about the house I used to do, that triggered it.”

“I’m not with you, Estelle,” he said, genuinely perplexed. “Triggered what?”

I sighed, a teacher dealing with a slow pupil:

“My manservant fantasy. Duh? What do you think I was talking about?”

“Well…”

“It was you painting my toenails for me that really did it, because that’s something I fantasised my man did for me whenever I wanted him to.”

“I’m sorry, Estelle. This isn’t making sense to me. I’m already doing that for you, so where does the fantasy part come in to the equati…?”

“I’ll tell you where,” I said, cutting him off.

There’s nothing quite like talking over someone to make them feel… *lower*… and if my husband’s face spoke true it was working like a charm upon him.

“From now on, when we’re alone,” I said, judging him ready, “I’d really love it if you addressed me as *‘Ms Estelle’* or *‘Ma’am’*.”

To judge by his horrified reaction *this* certainly hadn’t occurred to him, and the prospect of indulging me in such a way – in private or not – didn’t look as if it were about to become any more appealing soon.

“You did promise,” I reminded him with just a touch of the whip in my voice, “and it would really be fun for me. Almost as if you were making me a gift by bringing my little fantasy to life.”

I could see him thinking about it, unaware of the momentous consequences his compliance would eventually force upon him and balancing his distaste for what I wanted him to do with the need, fed by his fear of my new power, to please me.

“Is that really too much to ask?” I pouted. “I mean, you’re waiting on me hand and foot these days – and don’t think I don’t love the effort you’re making to get our marriage working again – so is it really such a big deal to pretend like you’re my manservant when you do it?”

The carrot in the middle of my statement struck him just as I had intended it would and the sense of power I felt over my husband, this as I virtually ordered his reactions and manipulated him into adopting positions of my own choosing that would normally have been alien to him, was a rush like no other.

“You’re right,” he said, reaching the decision I had already convinced myself he would make. “I did promise and where’s the harm in a husband helping a wife with her fantasies or a wife helping the husband in turn?”

I assume he felt he was being subtle with this ham-handed attempt to introduce a quid-pro-quo into our relationship and wondered how he would feel if I were to tell him that from now on, and for as long as he remained with me, it would be *only* ‘quo’.

Any pleasure of a sexual – or any other kind, come ti that – he would have to earn.

But that was in the – near I hoped – future and there was still work to be done before he was reduced to such a condition:

“You’ll do it then?” I said with a cry of delight that wasn’t all playacting, clapping my hands together as if I truly were a little girl having her wishes acceded to.

Made optimistic by my delight and perhaps seeing an opening in his helping me achieve my little *fantasy*, he smiled and ran his hand a little further up my leg to stroke the underside of my thigh.

“Anything,” he assured me and, for the moment anyway, meaning it, “if it’s going to give my beautiful wife pleasure.”

So far he was following every little signpost I’d mapped out for him so I decided to let him have a little feel of the thighs he hadn’t been allowed to touch recently and used the optimism I knew would be triggered by his small triumph to push things on a bit.

“That’s not a good start now, is it?” I scolded him.

“I’m not with you?”

“And that’s no better,” I said in all seriousness.

He looked puzzled.

“Tell me, Simon,” I began, manner becoming less little girl than demanding teacher, “where are we?”

“What do you…? We’re in our bedroom, Estelle. Where else would we…?”

“And still he doesn’t get it,” I sighed, highlighting my disappointment by lapsing into the third-person. “Yes. We’re in our bedroom. “Exactly. And, when we’re in *our* bedroom, what are we?”

His face was a picture of pure bemusement.

“We’re ALONE,” I told him with heavy emphasis. “And what did you just promise to do for me from now on when we’re ALONE?”

I held him with my eyes as the coinage dropped from his own and he began to see what I was driving at.

“You *did* promise,” I reminded him tone even but ominous as I endeavoured to let him know that the consequences would not be pleasant if he went back on his word.

“Yes, yes,” he said a little too quickly, his way of letting me know he wasn’t rattled and, at the same time, giving away the fact that was *exactly* what he was.

“Tell me what you promised,” I demanded, still in ominous mode and totally focused.

“I… I promised to stop calling you ‘Stelle,” he began.

I favoured him with another impatient sigh.

“Yes. We’d already ascertained that. I meant, what did you promise to call me from now on whenever we’re alone?”

The last of the pennies dropped to the floor with such force they almost made a clatter – even though the bedroom was fully carpeted.

“Sorry,” he began shamefaced; not from having forgotten but for having been reminded of just what it was he given his word to do. “I didn’t think we’d started.”

“We’re alone,” I told him, firmly but without the ominous overtones now he was back on the track of my choosing and, I mentally gave him my own word, would not be leaving again, “of course we’ve started.”

“Sorry,” he repeated. “I didn’t know.”

My sigh was even bigger this time and contained a fair size chunk of exasperation.

“You’re sorry and you didn’t know, *what*?”

Again he was at a loss, remembering having given his wife his word but having already forgotten exactly what he had just given her his word to do.

I know I should have expected him to have been a little slow on the uptake – it’s not, after all, every husband who gets asked to address his wife the way a child would address a teacher or a nineteenth-century flunky a lady-of-the-manor – but the rush of power I was feeling as I felt myself gaining more and more control over him was a devil in my ear.

A devil, I’m glad to say, I had the willpower to resist and stop myself from going too far too soon – even if a part of me suspected my husband was *already* a beaten man.

“You can choose,” I told him with about as much largesse as he would be able to expect from me after this. The desire to be truly cruel to my husband and grind him under my heel until he squealed for mercy and confessed he was nothing more than my property in the same way as the car, the house, *and* its furnishings growing. The years we had spent together until now and the times – not all of them unpleasant and demeaning for me – counting for nothing.

Not to me, anyhow.

Making him bend his neck to me was, after Vonda, *all*.

For my female lover was right, I told myself, and the power experienced from control over another human being – especially one who had once seen himself so far my superior he had felt entitled to treat me in just that way –was the ultimate in sexual rushes.

“Well?” I demanded, voice again even but brusque. “Made your mind up? What’s it to be?”

“Estelle,” he began in that wheedling tone that was new to him and had now replaced the old *‘take it or leave it’* response he had previously adopted with me.

I didn’t let him finish.

“You’re going to weasel out of it, aren’t you?” I jeered, the curl of my lip letting him know just how despicable I found men who gave their word only to withdraw it.

And barely seconds after having done so in the first place.

My contempt – and the cold-shoulder and possibly worse he knew would follow – struck exactly the right note.

“I was just about to say that, if it’s all right with you,” he began, thinking on his feet now he knew I had backed him into a corner, “I’ll call you *‘Ms Estelle’* from now on when we’re alone.”

With a little start of delight that wasn’t all playacted, I threw my arms around his neck and planted a big kiss on his lips. The first time I had done so in months and taking him by surprise. Pleasurably so, if the half-smile of anticipation greeting my show of spontaneous affection spoke true.

“You’re serious now?”

“Yes,” he nodded solemnly, energised by the kiss and what it could mean for him and still bathed in the afterglow of my unusual show of affection.

Then, as I held my breath:

“Yes… *‘Ms Estelle’*…”

Vonda

He really did take my advice on board after that day in his old study when I had filled him in on just how precarious his was his continued stay; both as Estelle's husband and in the house itself.

But then I'd had no reason to expect otherwise.

Everything about this handsome man who had once known a large measure of independence – despite his marital status – screamed *terrified*. The world beyond that had once seemed a challenge to him was now nothing less than a threat were he to be forced to experience it from his new reality of home and fiscal insecurity. He was, I told myself, nothing more than a dependent pet waiting for an owner to slip a collar around his neck.

It was a metaphor that gave me much pleasure when my thoughts framed it and one Estelle was equally delighted with when I repeated it to her during one of his shopping trips and our subsequent love-making sessions.

"You and Estelle seem to be getting on much better now," I observed as he placed my coffee on my desk, no longer having to be asked or reminded now but fetching it at exactly the time and in the way I preferred.

"Yes, Ms…"

He caught himself in mid-gaffe and I had to struggle to keep my mirth hidden and my expression neutral. A necessary acting job. I was, after all, meant to know nothing of the way he now addressed his wife in private.

"Things between me and Estelle are getting back on track," he agreed, collecting himself after his near slip and even managing to look grateful to me for having helped him achieve this… *reconciliation*.

I truly found it hard to believe and individual as easily manipulated and governed as he could ever have had the gumption to even start a business let alone run it in a half-successful way.

For as long as it had lasted, anyway.

"Hate to say I told you so, but…" I smiled to take the edge from what I suspected he might take as smugness.

"You couldn't have been more right," he said. "I just can't believe I didn't realise it for myself. I owe you a big one."

"No need to thank me," I told him, arms wide, generosity of spirit towards him compelled by the ideas I had queuing up in my head for just how he *would* thank me. "I'm just pleased you and Estelle are back to normal."

Instead of leaving to get on with the chores he had now taken over – this after I had taught him how; without lifting a finger myself, of course – he did what I had expected him to do and hesitated.

I adopted an attitude of concern:

“Things are back to normal, aren’t they?”

He shrugged.

“They’re… They’re a lot better than they were, that’s for sure, but…”

“You have to give it some time,” I told him.

“Of course,” he agreed, nodding, though I could tell there was something he wanted to get off his chest to me in my new and unlikely role marriage counsellor.

“What is it, Simon?” I asked voice and manner a masterclass in concern.

“Nothing,” he said in the way people say *nothing’* just prior to breaking down hysterically and spilling the whole tin of beans.

As it turned out the tin of beans was somewhat depleted when he finished but in all honesty I can’t describe the way he emptied it as *“hysterical”*.

“Look, it’s difficult, Vonda?”

“What is?” I asked, an innocent who just happened to be one or ten steps ahead of him.

“Your Estelle’s friend as well as her boss and you being so young and everything…”

His voice tailed off and I knew, *“young”* or not, I would need to prompt him.

“Is this about sex?”

Incredibly, this handsome Englishman, with twenty years more experience of the planet than the little black girl who fully intended to enslave him and was in the process of doing just that, coloured red.

I will not even attempt to describe the cocktail of high-octane feelings invoked in me from the way I was manipulating him; save to say I would, once he had left of course, *need* to attend to myself.

“I’m your friend too, Simon. I might be younger but just because I’m no beauty it doesn’t mean I have no experience with sex.”

“Don’t be silly he began,” preparatory to an outrageous lie, before I saved him the trouble.

“It’s alright. I’m not so stupid I can’t believe what the mirror tells me,” I told him. “Anyway, it’s not just physical beauty that makes a woman attractive.”

“That’s exactly what I was about to say,” he lied – well, not lied exactly; he *was* about to say it most probably but he certainly would *not* have meant it.

“There’s still no sex between you then?” I asked before he felt obliged to say something else he didn’t mean, delighted once again to be responsible for the high colour transfusing his handsome cheeks.

Unable or unwilling to speak, he simply shook his head.

“You’re still sleeping with each other though,” I reminded him. “That has to count for something.”

“Yeah, that is something… I suppose.”

“She still feels betrayed that you gambled away that money and didn’t tell her, Simon. Not only that, but you then did… *questionable*… things to try and make good the loss. When you were in the driver’s seat you didn’t exactly let her drive up front with you so, perhaps, she’s just giving you a taste of your own medicine until she feels the lesson has got home.”

“It has already, Vonda,” he said, sounding almost genuine as came to stand at my side, hesitantly, I thought.

Sure enough:

“Do you…?”

“Do I what, Simon?” I asked, loving his uncertainty in my presence now – such a difference from our first meeting when contempt could virtually ski down his nose in my direction.

“I was hoping if, perhaps, you could … could drop a word in her ear… You know?... About how I knew how badly I treated her before and the fact I would do anything to make things… better.”

I expelled air.

“I’m not sure about that, Simon. Do you think it’s a good idea to let her know we’ve been talking on the subject. I can’t think she’d be too thrilled to know I was the one who suggested you should take on more responsibility for the house while she was at work. *Or* that I was the one who showed you how to use the washing-machine and iron properly – not to mention all the other domestic tips I’ve given you.”

I could tell he was already thinking this, maybe, wasn’t such a good suggestion to have put to me.

“At the moment she thinks it was your idea to make yourself helpful around the house and take up the slack. She might not feel so warm towards you if she finds out I was the one behind it.”

The look on his face said *“why didn’t I think of that?”* and his demeanour was that of a man who had just dodged a bullet.

Yet another reason for him to be grateful to me.

Gratitude of which I would certainly take advantage.

“Phew!” he exclaimed, expelling a rush of air before going on to express the gratitude I just mentioned. “You know, I hadn’t thought of that,” he told me with a big relieved smile.

“No harm in me trying to get the message of your remorse through to her more… subtly though,” I told him with a conspiratorial smile designed to draw him in. “Is there?”

He looked *pathetically* grateful.

“That would mean a lot to me, Vonda. I really do want Estelle and myself to start getting back to what we were.”

“Can’t say she’d go for that, if I’m honest, Simon. It was the way you *were* that was the problem.”

He was instantly on the backfoot:

“Well, yes, of course, I meant more on the lines of… you know?... Being… *intimate* with each other.”

“Even there,” I told him, it striking me that a stranger who knew neither of us listening to a recording of our conversation would take me for the middle-aged mentor and him as the twenty-something ingénue. “Just from little things she’s said I can’t see her going back to the way you were in… sorry, there’s no diplomatic way to say this… But I can’t see her wanting things to go back to the way they were in bed.”

“What little things?”

“Sorry?”

“What little things did she say, Vonda?”

In my, admittedly youthful, experience, mention the word *“little”* to a man in the same sentence as bed and insecurity instantly kicks in.

Estelle’s husband being the living proof to back up my experience.

“Simon, I really want to help, but as well as working for me, Estelle’s become a really close friend. It just wouldn’t be right to speak of things she said to me in confidence. No more than it would be right to let her know the confidences you’ve entrusted to me.”

It struck me that I was really getting into this counsellor-client type relationship we had going and even my language was becoming more serious than it should be for my years as I explored my new role.

If it bothered Estelle’s husband though it didn’t show.

“No, no, of course not,” he said quickly. “I wouldn’t expect you to and I certainly wouldn’t ask.”

I refrained from reminding him that he had, not seconds before, done exactly that.

“It’s just the more I know of the way Estelle’s feeling and the way she wants our marriage to go the better chance there is I can make her happy.”

“I understand that, Simon,” I told him, “and I want to help. But I can’t betray the confidence of one friend to another.”

He looked disappointed and I let him stew a while.

“Just the same though…”

His eyes, as intended, flickered to mine, hopefully.

“…I can’t see the harm in…”

“Go on, Vonda… Please.”

“Well, without betraying Estelle’s confidence, I can tell you that it won’t do your cause with her any harm if you… if you…”

“What Vonda?” he pleaded, too far gone in his desperation to have even the most minute suspicion he was being led by the nose.

“You’re sure you want to hear this?” I asked. “It takes a really special man to want to please his wife the way Estelle told me…”

“No!” I snapped at myself, sitting bolt upright in my chair. “I’m going too far. This should be between Estelle and yourself. It’s one thing for me to offer a sympathetic ear to you both but I shouldn’t be interfering like this.”

“But you’re not interfering, Vonda,” he protested, about as near to pure sincerity – or at least as near as he could get - as I’d ever seen him. “If it weren’t for you we might already be separated from each other.

I pretended to give it serious thought.

“Please, Vonda,” he began again after a few seconds contemplating me contemplating him. “If you can help our marriage be stronger it can hardly be called interference.”

I gave him a look intended to let him know I was close to being persuaded.

“You’d be helping both of us.”

Allowing my head to take on a slow, imperceptible to begin with, nodding movement, I then increased the speed and vigour of the up and down and could see the look of hope it produced from him.

“The thing is, Simon,” I began, “that because you – being the strong man that you are – led the marriage right from the beginning, Estelle hasn’t up to now had the opportunity to express the strength of her own personality.”

I had learned early in my manipulation of him that by allowing his ego a small step forward, as it were, it was then possible to take several, or one exceptionally huge, leaps forward. My dishonest description of him as a *“strong man”* being the base-camp from which to make another. The biggest so far.

“Women have a fantasy life too,” I told him deliberately and was rewarded by the look in his eyes that told me he was already re-constructing the scene of a day or so ago when Estelle had first told him of the *“manservant”* fantasy from childhood that had never existed and his subsequent agreement to address her as *“Ma’am”* or *“Ms Estelle”* from then on.

“Most men are so wrapped up in their own sexual worlds and…”

The expression I aimed up at him was one of regret but accompanying determination.

“…I’m sorry, Simon, but you’ll have to agree that up to now, you’ve been no different in this.”

A look comprised of half-shame and half-agreement told me he agreed with my assessment.

“The thing is,” I rushed on, not wishing to lose the momentum his fear, curiosity and need for sexual contact with his wife, provided, “now that Estelle has tasted the same freedom of being in control of her own day-to-day situation and the forward thrust of her life, there is…”

Again I gave him that look of regret he was beginning to realise would not prevent me from telling him an uncomfortable truth.

“…You probably won’t want to hear this, Simon,” I told him, voice dripping with commiseration for his loss, but, from what Estelle’s told me, there is absolutely *no* prospect of there ever being a return to what she describes as the bad old days when you were in control of the relationship.”

It was, I could tell, something of a blow to him – despite agreeing to the *"Ms Estelle"* – and again I could tell it was time for the ego to be thrown a *small* bone.

"She still loves, Simon. I don't mind telling you she told me that much at least. For Estelle there will never be another man in her life unless it is you."

The cretin puffed up like some peacock-cum-popinjay at a nineteenth-century cream tea under the praise of a gushing admirer, but then he wasn't to know his friend and counsellor *Vonda* was the new *man* in his wife's life now.

The *only* man.

Whether *he* remained here or not.

"But she feels she should have taken control of the marriage from the start instead of simply falling into the old traditional role. She really believes you would still have your business now and be thriving if only she exerted more influence over you."

"She probably has a point, Vonda," he conceded, though I could tell he didn't really believe it.

Allowing me in – again.

"And that is exactly the problem still remaining to you," I told him.

"I… I'm not with… What problem?"

"You said *'probably'*," I reminded him. "To me, that indicates you don't really believe it was your stint at the helm that put you where you are now. And if I can sense that, so can your wife. She needs to see total contrition from you and an acceptance of her as the head-of-the-household from now on if you're ever going to make her think of as a husband again."

"Head…? Head of the household?" he spluttered, still so caught up in stereotypical role apportioning based on gender that he couldn't get his head around such a development – no matter he was already – to all intents and purposes – no more than a domestic in his wife's home and was already pedicuring her feet and addressing her deferentially.

"How else would you describe her?" I asked, making up my mind and assessing him as ripe enough for me to take a bolder stance in respect of him.

"Well I…"

"Come on now, Simon. You asked for my help and advice and I'm trying to give it, but it's not going to be any use if you bury your head in the sand."

It was the first time I taken a firm line with him and allowed it to surface in the tone of my voice.

And, instead of biting back at a young girl in his own house, seated at a desk that used to be his in a room he had seen as *his* study, he took it.

“Estelle owns this house and you have no claim on it. She has a responsible job with my company and I pay her a good salary she more than earns. It’s not my intention to be cruel, but what do you bring to the table? Your business and working future is now in the past and you are dependent upon Estelle for… well… *everything*. At least that is the way I see it.”

His face was ashen as he listened to his one confidante of late outline the bleakness of his position and I decided again that it was time for a bit of ego nourishment.

“Oh, Simon, you know how fond of you I’ve grown since we got to know each other better and I’m not trying to hurt your feelings. I’ve seen enough in you to understand what made Estelle fall in love with you in the first place. She said that when you were first together you were such a good listener and attentive to what made her happy and I can tell from the way you listened to me and allowed me to guide you that it’s not just memory playing tricks on her.”

He seemed to perk up.

A little, anyway.

“But it’s not just me you have to listen to. Estelle has to be convinced now that you accept how things have changed and, instead of dreaming of how they used to be or, worse, trying to get them to return there, that you intend to go along with them and be a part of her life in this new way.”

“But isn’t that what I’ve been doing? I clean, vacuum, do the laundry and the shopping? How much more do I have to do to convince her?”

And there it was, the very opening I’d been edging him towards providing me.

“I can tell you if you want to know,” I assured him with an unquestionable conviction and confidence he was unlikely to find… questionable.

“You know I do, Vonda.”

“It might be uncomfortable for you to hear but you have my solemn promise that it is the only way I can ever see Estelle restoring you to her life in the way you say you want to be restored.”

“Whatever it takes,” he told me.

I gave him my thoughtful look, the one I always gave him before taking him even further down the road to complete and utter subservience.

“It’s not a conventional approach and you might find it too hard to hear let alone act upon. Talk, as they say, cheap, and actions are what she wants to see from you most of all.”

“Try me,” he said, a would-be hero volunteering for a mission his peers considered suicide.

And, for the next ten minutes that what I had done, his look of initial shock, then incredulity and then appraisal becoming, incredibly, acceptance as I outlined the approach he needed to take to convince his wife of both his sincerity and the strength of his conviction to do whatever it took to remain in her life.

So persuasive was I and so hopeful was he that, at the end of my award-winning performance, he was actually full of gratitude.

If not totally without reservations.

“You were right when you said it wasn’t *‘conventional’*,” he breathed, one of the few breaths he had taken during my outrageous outlining of the approach he should take.

“Life is not always about straight-lines,” I shrugged. “There are times when we have to act and to be… *different.*”

The look I had fixed upon him and been blatantly challenging:

“Can you be… *different*… Simon?”

He actually blushed. My words, and the course of behaviour from him they had described, of such a kind I would have been surprised if he hadn’t. The fact he had heard them through to the end bolstering my confidence he would act upon them – had it needed such reinforcement.

“What you’re asking me to do,” he began finally, “is… well…”

My expression said: *“Yes?”*

“Most people would not only find it strange but a little… a little…”

“Kinky?” I finished for him.

“You’re saying I should wait on my wife like some kind of… slave. I mean, I’m already doing the chores and giving her pedicures.”

“You give Estelle pedicures?” I asked with surprise I again acted beautifully.

Again he blushed.

“But that’s marvellous!” I exclaimed. “It’s just the beginning of you making yourself useful to her in a more… *personal*… way. She won’t be able to resist.”

“Do you really think so, Vonda?” His tone was truly needy and pathetic. “I… I really miss her… You know?... *That* way.”

“If a man cared for me enough to want to look after all those little intimate things we women have to do for ourselves I’d absolutely thrilled,” I assured him. “You have to remember, Simon, that there’s no going back to the way you and Estelle once were. I know you’re from a different generation than me where it was the man who ruled the roost but that’s all changed now. You won’t like what I’m about to say but it’s true. Estelle has tasted what it’s like to be in control of her life and she thinks you’ll be happier if she controls yours too.”

“But… I’m a man, Vonda. It’s just not… *natural*.

“Who cares?” I said, arms spread wide as if it we were discussing an issue no more important than who takes the rubbish out. “And who’s to know anyway? You say you love Estelle so who better to allow to make decisions for you?”

I gave him a few beats to think about it.

“Think about it, Simon. You’re desperate for Estelle to feel for you the way she used to, so isn’t her desire to take control and care for you evidence that she’s beginning to feel that way again?”

Even as he pondered it I marvelled to myself at my capacity to just conjure such nonsense out of the ether.

“I hadn’t really looked at it like that,” he said finally, mood, incredibly, brightening, “but, now I have, it does seem like evidence that she still has feelings for me.”

“Of course she does,” I assured him. “The problem you’ve had is getting your head around the fact that she now cares for you in a different way. Your relationship’s changed is all.”

“Tell me about it,” he said ruefully, it not taking much to fetch his self-pity racing to the surface.

“Where once you had all the power,” I pressed on, “now Estelle has it. That’s the way it is and, if we’re both honest, given your personal circumstances, we know there’s nothing you can do that will alter the fact. But just because she has the power now it’s not to say doesn’t love you still. She just cares for you in a different way.”

“And you think,” he began hopefully, “that by doing this it will make us closer… You know?... In bed?”

“I think it will, Simon, but even here you have to be clever. It’s no good whining to Estelle and trying to force her into it by making her feel guilty. That will never work.”

“But how…?”

“As I said: you have to be clever. Instead of whining about it, don’t mention it at all. In fact,” I acted as if a fabulous idea had just suggested itself, “tell her you think you should move out of your bedroom.”

“Move out of my…?”

“Yes!” I cut in excitedly. “Don’t you see? By telling her she should have her own space and that she needs her sleep to be able to cope with the pressures of her work, you make yourself appear selfless; even though she knows how much you miss your sex life together.”

“Yes, but…”

“It’s simple human nature. Stock a cupboard full of chocolate and the likelihood is the simple fact you know it’s there and available will stop you from wanting it. The moment it’s gone though…”

I left the sentence open-ended deliberately, certain he would add the required suffix for himself and I wasn’t to be disappointed.

He had been nodding to himself through the last part of my speech and, amazingly, seemed to be buying its import.

A suspicion confirmed when his eyes met mine and he gave me a smile full of gratitude and, equally amazingly, *optimism*.

“You really are wise beyond your years, Vonda,” he complimented me.

Now it was my turn to deliver a blush.

Of the *feigned* variety, of course.

“Thank you so much.”

“My pleasure,” I smiled back in return before he asked the question that would allow me to set my own… *scenario of domination*… rolling.

“Enjoy your coffee,” he said making for the door. “If there’s anything you need just let me know.”

And so he provided me with my opening:

“Well…” I began, looking at my watch with consternation. “Chatting away with you I lost track of the time. I have to be in town for a meeting in less than an hour!”

This was no lie and, in truth, I was running late to meet an important client for whom we provided hundreds of temps on a yearly basis and who was, self-evidently, a good revenue source.

“Do you want me to drive you?” he offered.

“No, that’s fine, Simon, I can drive myself,” I told him pretending to be preoccupied before, as if I had only just thought of it:

“There is one thing you could do for me that would be a real help, though.”

“Just name it,” he said with a big smile.

I pointed to where my black Fendi courts rested on the floor.

“I was going to polish them after I’d had my coffee, but I won’t have the time to do them *and* my makeup now.”

“Yes?” he said, not having twigged what it was I was asking of him.

Yet.

“Do you think you could…?”

“Give them a shine?” he asked, the humiliating aspects of being asked to shine my shoes not occurring to him and making it seem like a favour between friends.

“Would you mind? I wouldn’t ask, but…”

“Consider it done,” he said with a mock bow I promised myself would be second-nature to him before long, exiting towards the kitchen as I took a compact from my handbag and gave my face a cursory once over.

When he returned five minutes later I had my jacket on and was pretending to talk into the telephone.

“…I should make it on time but if I am late it will only be five minutes or so...”

He was about to place my freshly polished and buffed Fendi’s on the carpet when I stretched out a foot towards him.

“…I’ll be heading across as soon as we finish speaking…”
I placed a hand over the mouthpiece and whispered to my, frankly uncomprehending, *host*:

“Slip them on for me, will you please, Simon.”

Not waiting for his reaction, I placed my foot down on the carpet next to its opposite number and continued to speak with my non-existent caller:

“…No, the figures you mentioned sound fine, we just need to fine-tune some of the details…”

Though I tried to sound professional – well, as professional as you can sound to dead-air – my heart was in my mouth as I kept my head turned from Estelle’s husband and prayed I hadn’t pushed too hard too soon.

Which is the exact moment I felt a warm hand take hold of the heel of my right-foot to raise it from the floor, toes pointed upwards.

When I chanced a look down and to my side, my imaginary phone-call was forgotten.

He had actually knelt before me to do what I asked and the sight of him below me in such a subordinate position almost made me swoon with desire.

At that point I knew beyond all reasonable doubt that the older husband of my lover was mine.

Correction:

Ours!

Estelle

“I can't help it, Simon,” I told him, towering above him as he lay supine on the mattress of the marital bed upon which – and on occasions that were both numerous and joyless, for me anyhow – I had once lain in pretty much the same way.

It was precisely three weeks after Vonda had suggested what he needed to do to regain my trust and, more importantly to him I sensed, my sexual attentions. Three weeks in which he had given and we had taken. Taken so gradually, in fact, that he had barely noticed how much he was giving and how what he had seen as a temporary situation was showing no sign ending any time soon and, if anything, was getting worse.

For him.

“It’s just that no matter how much I appreciate the way you’re trying to make it up to me for being such a disappointment all these years and let me realise some fantasies of my own…”

I broke off, wanting him to prompt me to it.

I did not *want* for long.

“What is it, Ms Estelle?”

I waited a few seconds, mainly to regain the equilibrium lost whenever he addressed me that way; despite his having been doing so for over a month – the sight of his head trapped between my legs, nose not an inch from my denuded pussy not exactly bringing calm with it either.

“I have to be honest with you, Simon,” I said finally, tinging my words with a regret I did not for a moment feel. “When I'm up here looking down on you, watching as you service my pussy with your tongue after it’s just been licking my arsehole, I can’t help but feel… No. It’s not fair. You’re only trying to please me. I shouldn’t say this.”

“Say what?” he demanded, something of the old Simon surfacing; despite the position he was in with the taste of both my arse and my cunt coating his tongue.

“Pardon?” I said with an injection of verbal whip.

His eyes looked away, unable to meet mine.

“I meant, what shouldn’t you say… Ms Estelle?”

“Better,” I told him, voice full of threat for what would happen if he forgot again. I had already had him over my lap for what he had thought was a spanking that was a part of our new kinky bedroom regime. The throbbing arse I had made him display to me as he stood with his nose in the corner afterwards certainly made him rethink on that score.

“Don’t forget again,” I warned. “This isn’t just you indulging me in a little childhood fantasy any longer. We both know now that you respond best to a strong female hand and that’s how it’s going to stay.”

There was no sound from beneath me.

“Isn’t it,” I demanded.

“Y-Yes, Ms Estelle came barely audible agreement from below that tempted me to order him to start lathing my freshly attended pussy all over again.

“Very well,” I said in my best headmistress voice. “We’ll let it pass this once. Now, as I was saying…”

His eyes came up to meet mine again at that point and I absolutely adored the look of complete and utter defeat in them; knowing that he would go on accepting whatever I cared to dish out to him – and Vonda too very shortly – because there was no other option to him. Knowing also that it would soon – was, in fact – seem so routine he would come to regard his slavery as…

Normal.

“You have to know, Simon, that though I appreciate what you have offered to do for me these past few weeks and feel it is the way our lives together should progress, I’ve lost almost all the respect I once had for you. Just because I enjoy what you do for me doesn’t make it any less self-demeaning and... unmanly.”

The fear in his eyes as I spoke was palpable now; not so much for the behaviour I described – though he did find it as unmanly and demeaning as me – but for the worry I might be about to call time on his continued residence in *my* home.

“I had no idea when I was letting you run things you were so weak at the core. Let’s be truthful, you’re hardly a husband I can admire and look up to. If anything I’m the man now.”

He winced and I felt a thrill of pleasure from my verbal torture of him that was so great it completely swamped the small voice in my subconscious berating me for my cruelty towards him.

Swamp it so completely I felt a little min-orgasm thrill the nerve-ends of my system.

“Look at you!” I sneered. “Who would recognise you now? And to think of all those times I asked you to use your tongue to pleasure me the way you used to insist my mouth pleasure you; only to be told that it wasn’t ‘*manly’*.”

I laughed in his face.

“And now you lap at my arse and my pussy like a little trained lapdog. I bet I could even pee into your mouth and you'd let me. You would, wouldn’t you?”

The face of the man I had once loved and for whom now I felt nothing but an unholy desire to subjugate and own as much as it was possible for one person to own another, was the face of a man in purgatory who had just been informed by the big authority he would *never* be leaving it.

“Wouldn’t you?” I repeated, my very own Pavlovian canine responding to my threatening tone in a way that threatened yet another mini-detonation.

“Y-Yes, Ms Estelle.”

There were actually tears in his eyes now, the same tears I had expected – and hoped – to see after tarring his behind with my hairbrush and he had managed to hold back.

“Look at you, crying like a little boy. How can I ever again be expected to admire someone like that?”

It was, obviously, and in the position he currently occupied, a question he was patently unable to answer.

“Seems to me that, as you like being my little pussy boy so much, you might want to practice your talents during the day while I’m at work.”

Through his moistened eyes I could see he was asking himself what fresh hell I had in mind for him now.

I didn’t think it was fair to keep him waiting too long.

“I think it would be really polite of you to offer to show the pussy and arse of our lovely houseguest just what you can do with that nice servile tongue.

Simon

I've been waiting now for over an hour.

The windowless basement Ms Estelle and Ms Vonda insisted I work so hard to convert into my new servant-quarters isn't cold but, when you've been kneeling naked, save for the plastic cage imprisoning your penis for long enough, goose-bumps are likely to accompany the sore knees and restricted blood-flow brought about by remaining immobile in the same position for so long.

I could move, of course. But I don't take the chance. If they tell me to stay put then I'll stay put.

In fact, it's easier to do exactly as they tell me and, the more I do just that, the more natural it is to do just that – even if the regular tongue-baths Ms Vonda insists I perform for her from head-to-toe and arse-to-armpit seem resistant to being considered routine. The odour of her is more pungent than Ms Estelle and I fight my impulses to gag, especially when my oral attentions are focused upon her anus or – worse – the underarms she thankfully keeps free of hair.

It was Vonda herself who locked the cock-cage upon me after Ms Estelle had purchased it for me and insisted it be the young black girl who had saved our marriage who should get to fasten the ring around my scrotum before attaching it to the cage covering my penis and securing it with the padlock.

Both of them wear a key to my chastity around their necks but it is Ms Vonda who seems to take the most pride in hers. Having a symbol of the power she wields over a white man many years her senior dangling from her throat is a constant source of self-approbation and achievement for her and, although Ms Estelle seems equally delighted have me caged in such a way and have a key of her own, the black girl's pleasure seems just that more pronounced.

I am, needless to say, and in ways far more dispiriting than before when at least I could satisfy myself with my own hand, desperate for the release of sex I have now been conditioned to expect once a week – and only then if I my service to them had been *totally* satisfying.

To them.

By a series of graduated submissions drawn from me they have, first Ms Estelle and then, increasingly, Ms Vonda, relegated me to the position of a lowly household flunkey whose only mission in life is to be useful to them and provide them with pleasure. The life I had once known with Ms Estelle seems no more than a fondly recalled dream and there are times when I seriously doubt that such a state of affairs between my all-powerful wife and the cringing cur I have become could have existed at all. So great is my awe of both her and the black girl they have but to alter the timbre of their voices a semi-tone to bring me instantly to heel.

So low have I fallen.

I recognise it.

I acknowledge it.

And can do nothing about it.

The life I knew is now over and it will, I know with utter certainty, *not* be coming back.

They have wrung from me what should be unthinkable in this day and age.

Complete surrender to the ownership of one individual – in this case two – by another.

My life is lived at their behest and I should, they tell me, find all the fulfilment it is necessary for one as lowly as me to take from making their lives as trouble free and smooth as I can. I realise now, of course, that it was the black girl whom was the driving force behind my demise and see now just how easily she led me towards my subjugation at the hands of both her and the wife and employee she had fashioned into a lover. I picture her growing stance of confidence and control as she went from confidante to teacher to authority figure so seamlessly it is only now I look back and – just about – discern the joins. Backed up by the ever growing control my wife exerted over me it was not long before I was equally as intimidated by this young woman and finding my life while Estelle was at the office ruled more and more by her.

All roads leading to a kneeling position in the windowless basement of a home I had once owned and a basement in which I now lived.

Everything, should they request or desire it from me, is my responsibility - everything menial, that is.

From dressing them in the morning to toilet service at night.

Amongst other indignities becoming more and more… *normal*… to me

Every day contains torments and, yet, weak specimen I now know myself to be, a part of me rejoices in the fact that I no longer worry about being kicked from my wife's home and her presence into the cold embrace of the world outside. Responsibility, other than that I owe to my two owners is not something I need be troubled by. Life is simpler for me now and all I need do is obey. I leave thinking, save for that of the most dreamlike kind and that necessary to perform my chores – both domestic and personal – to my betters.

And there are… *pleasures*.

Such as the one I will soon experience.

Degrading and inhuman as it will be.

And witnessed.

For it will be a humiliating pleasure – as are all the pleasures they concede to me – but I'll take it and savour it just the same.

There is little enough in my life these days save for complete and unconditional service to my female masters and anything – be it ever so pitiful – resembling pleasure is something to be worked towards, anticipated and, if considered merited, savoured.

Today bringing with it, hopefully, just such an earned pleasure.

For today is Friday and, any time now, they will finish their lovemaking in the bed I had once shared with Ms Estelle and make their way down to my quarters where, if they find me in the position they insist I adopt for the occasion and their inspection of the toilet, shower-cubicle and small kitchen-area with washing-machine and ironing-board is considered satisfactory, one of them will take a key from their neck and…

The door opens and I hear them step through, head lowered in exactly the way they like to see it.

The peck of heels as they descend the stair to my quarters come prison thrills me to my core and from the corner of my eye I am bold enough to sneak a glance at their legs as they descend.

Ms Estelle's: powerful and shapely in the sheerest of black nylon pantyhose she knows I love to see her wear, arches raised by the spiked heels of her expensive footwear with the pointed toes.

Ms Vonda: just as shapely but so much thinner, smooth and shiny black skin absolutely bare in the Fendi heels she loves so much and insists I keep buffed to perfection.

There are few words.

But one or two are required.

"Heel."

My lips attach themselves to the pointed toes of my owners' shoes.

"Up."

Still with head lowered, as required, I scramble to my feet with the difficulty a restricted blood-supply insists upon and wait, hands clasped behind my head.
A tiny black hand comes into view and cups my full balls.

I feel myself beginning to grow in my plastic prison.

A key comes into view and then…

"Aaaaaaaah!"

The bliss of having my manhood free is too great to remain silent under and I can't prevent a sigh of pure relief from escaping my lips, even as I worry that in doing so I may have flouted one of their rules – rules they appear to make up as they come into their heads – and deprived myself of the release for which I pine.

"Heel," the command is repeated and I again sink to my knees with head lowered as the side of Ms Vonda's calf is presented to me.

Peripheral vision presents to me the sight of Ms Estelle's glorious legs, powerful and imperious in high-heels and black pantyhose as she watches the latest episode in the dehumanising of the man she had once called husband, and my recently released manhood rises to its full, if enslaved, glory.

Then, as I savour the feeling of being a man again, if only fleetingly, Ms Vonda utters *that* word:

"Hump!"

END