

A woman with long, wavy blonde hair is shown from the chest up, looking upwards and to the right. She is wearing dark sunglasses and a thin, gold-colored chain necklace. Her right hand is raised towards her chest. The background consists of diagonal blinds, creating a pattern of light and shadow. The overall lighting is warm and golden.

# The Ruination of Men

Lutheran Maid

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## **About this book**

What started with ignorance for William became servitude. Just how and why he spent a long time working out. Nothing in his world warned him that Annette would have an affair. Nothing suggested that she could become quite so highly sexed and avaricious. Annette shocked him and then she dominated him. She dominated him in a way that left him wondering whether he understood women at all! Still, he did what he could. Being ruined had its tribulations and its rewards. You never secured the latter without an unpleasant dose of the former. To be ruined was to learn a new and a humbler set of values.

This adult only (18+) novel deals with themes of intimate sexual relationships both heterosexual and lesbian. It explores interracial sexual themes and the world of the high-class call girl. The characters within this book are entirely fictitious and do not represent individuals living or dead.

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Another Kind of Bitch

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The Bitch Diaries

## Chapter 1

Annette just said it. 'I've had enough of you OK. Just fuck off.' It wasn't as though there was a preamble. It wasn't as though we had fought a series of rows. There hadn't been a terrible moment when she found me fucking some girl from work. Admittedly there was the stash of old porn mags that she found in the cupboard. There was the little book of letter clippings from those mags, those featuring bitch women who cheated, but that had been months before. If *that* was the reason that she was binning me then the decision had a fucking long fuse, that's all I can say. She must have been brooding on it for ages if that was the only reason for giving me the heave ho.

We live in an up and coming area of south London. I know, south of the river, no tube stations and its not exactly chic, but it was a spot where the property prices were soaring. Annette owned the place that we were living in, a house that she bought from her mother Karen. Mummy was a property developer and Karen had sold her the house for a song. The point though was that Annette said that I had to get out. Even though she was leaving me I was the one that had to go. Annette said that I could have seven days to sort a place out elsewhere. I said that wasn't enough notice. I probably had rights or something and that it would take her a darned sight longer to evict me from a shared residence. She though said that she knew someone. That someone had a few muscular friends who would come and put me out on the street. They would come and dump me on the side walk ...with menace. I couldn't believe that she said that.

She just stood there in her leather jeans and threatened me with a hiding if I didn't move out quick time.

You can imagine the shock of that! I mean the girl and I had been married five years. We weren't at a seven-year itch. I still had two years to work on the marriage. I HAD TWO MORE FUCKING YEARS DIDN'T I? It wasn't as though Annette was just a kid and still sorting herself out. My wife is thirty next month. She should know who she is and what she wants. She should have been able to talk to me about any worries or complaints. Of course I had a go at her about it. I shouted back at her. I've never used my fists, never felt inclined to get into a proper physical bust up, but I did shout at the bitch.

'Look, I've met someone OK. I've met someone. Now fuck off quietly!' she bawled back at me.

I felt that sink in like a dose of weed killer. I let it soak into my brain and it made me fucking fume. Do you know what it made me do? It made me look at her hard. It made me watch the girl every moment that I was around her. How did I not notice things before? How did I miss it all? Now, now that she had told me to leave I saw that she dressed real smart. There were still the jeans, but now they had Versace on the label at the back. Now she had four pairs of tight leather jeans instead of one. as well as the black pair, there was a burgundy pair, one in tan leather and then another in sage green. There was a new pair of boots as well and with heels so high and so fucking fine that you could skewer a rat with them. They looked as though that they had cost north of five hundred quid. The woman painted her nails now, never before. She wore some incredible new perfume, which I smelled around the house but never properly connected to her trips outside. Some bloke was fucking her and it was making her headstrong and arrogant.

When I thought about it there were signs. She started claiming that I snored too much. For that reason, she would start in our bed but then spend a lot of nights in the guest bedroom. She said that I

watched boring television and so she went out more with girlfriends. Look, I like documentaries right. I'm a serious sort of guy. I like to think about the world. I'm not obsessed with boxing as she is. I'm not wrapped up in the thrill of spending a few hours in a pub and then going to watch a series of men belt the shit out of each other in the ring. She said that I was 'risk adverse'. I took my thrills through a documentary. I had more chance of falling off the edge of the sofa than taking a flight over the Grand Canyon. I suppose that Annette was becoming bored with me. I suppose that she was starting to think of me as a slob.

You can imagine can't you. You can imagine that I quizzed her about who this special person was! I wanted to know everything about the bastard. I wanted to know who he was, how they met, what he did and **WHY THE FUCKER WAS PUSHING HIS WAY INTO OUR MARRIAGE!** Sorry, I shouldn't shout. It's not your fault...I know. Sorry. I would interrogate the bitch when she least expected it. It wasn't when I watched her dress to go out with him. No, I did it over breakfast, or when she got home from work. I did it when she was tired. I was crazy in my head and I thought may be she would say more when she was tired. You know, I thought she would fess more just to get me off her back.

She didn't.

She just didn't.

It amazed me. It was like she was a secret service agent and had been trained not to talk. There was one time, it was on the Wednesday night when she was painting her nails. I had another good go at her and she just gave me the coldest of looks. Instead of answering the questions she just picked up her little nail file and whammed it down between my fingers on the table. At first I thought she had missed me but then I felt my wet fingers. She had caught the side of my ring finger, my fucking wedding ring finger and I was bleeding from the neat little incision the file had made through it's side.

'Do I have to ask my friends to march you out early?' she asked. She asked without shouting. Her eyes just narrowed and she spoke in this terribly measured way. She sounded like some posh bitch in a shop asking you to leave because you smoked a cigarette there. It was as if in that split second she was back in that posh boarding school that Karen had sent her to. It was as if she was a lady and I was a red neck.

'Where the fuck do you think I am going Annette? I need to live local. I work in these parts!' I almost spat the words at her. You know, they were said with real venom. By then not only was my finger bloody sore but I was feeling that she had slipped back into her old demeanour. She was treating me as her bit of rough, her working class amusement. The only difference was that it was no longer fun to fuck me it seemed.

She said, 'go and see mummy, she sometimes has places too rent'.

I was surprised. I mean, asking *her* mother for a rented gaff. Her mother! Did Mummy know all about her dirty little assignation?

'Mummy knows' Annette said, anticipating my objection. 'Mummy knows and she has said that she will rent you a place if you leave quietly and agree to a divorce nicely and as quickly as possible.'

'Mummy knows?'

Annette scrunched up her face in the way that she can.

'Yes! Do you think that I would make this big a decision and not talk to my mother? Mummy made me think about it for a month, then she met my friend, and then she said it was for the best. Sometimes a girl moves on.' Annette said it that way. It made me feel like a battered suitcase that had been dumped when the lock wouldn't work anymore.

'Please Annette...please don't do this, I adore you' I said to her. I didn't whine the words. I didn't beg on my knees or anything. I didn't growl the words either. I just weighted them, you know, emphasizing the please, don't and adore.

It seemed to reassure her that I could stay calm. She apologized for jaggng me with the nail file and fixed a plaster tight around my finger. It covered my wedding ring. You couldn't bloody well see it anymore. Then she said that the only way we could remain friends was if I left quietly, allowed her to keep all the nice things that we amassed and agreed to the divorce discreetly and sensibly.

'You haven't told me why you're leaving...you haven't given me a reason to be nice' I said acerbically.

She pursed her lips. I thought here it comes, the list of complaints. There would be my TV watching, my lack of get up and go.

'Will...I'm sorry, I've just found someone better than you' she said.

'So you're trading me in!'

'Yes' she said and left the table. It was a 'take it or leave it' explanation.

Two days before the heavies were due to call I called Karen and asked for an appointment. I wanted to avoid the hiding but there was a little matter too of finding it difficult to get a place through the letting agents. Nothing suitable was out there on the open market. Nothing was remotely within my travel distance to work or my budget. I talked to the bank about a mortgage and they laughed. You know, this part of London, my income as a freelance gardener. It was going to be the rental market and I had better pull in my horns. I'd be looking at little more than a bedsit given my budget.

I'd imagined that Karen would meet me in her office, but she chose the *Waterman* pub. I didn't know how many properties she owned

but one time Annette had intimated that it was approaching a hundred. The woman must have been raking in the money, through rents and reselling properties on once her refurbishment people had renovated them. It was a sticky situation. Time was running out and quite probably Annette's mother was the last deal in town.

The pub wasn't that busy, not in the mid afternoon. It was in any case raining and people usually came to this place to sit in the garden and watch the river go by. I went and found a quiet seat well away from the slot machines. We'd agreed to meet at three but it was in fact nearer a quarter past when Karen walked in and found my table. I suppose she was may be fifty years old. She dressed power bitch, because that was how she thought businesswomen should look. Honestly, if padded shoulders blouses and jackets were still in vogue she would have worn them. That day though, she wore a black silk blouse and tight black jeans, which made her look really slim. She was carrying the tablet device on which I knew she held all the details of her properties.

'Karen,' I said, 'thanks for your time. Can I get you a drink?'

I wanted to be civil. You know, she was getting me out of a mess. I was going to be out of Annette's hair, but if I got a gaff, then perhaps I would slowly settle to the divorce. It was potentially a valuable trade and I prayed that she knew it.

'Vodka and orange' she said, which I got and sat back down beside her. She seemed distracted. She was flicking through what seemed endless emails. A glance at her screen told me that her business was doing better than mine.

'So,' she said, 'you need a place to rent?'

There was no mention of buying from her. There was no mention of a specially discounted place to buy. But then why would there be. I guess that she and certainly her daughter would hope that later I'd move further away.

'Do you know why Annette's leaving me?' I asked. I know... that was inept. It was too abrupt. It was too desperate sounding. It put our conversation down the wrong track in a way that could irritate her. But I felt that I had to ask.

'Yes William' she said. Karen calls me William. She says that Will reminds her of funerals. It was her little joke and I had heard her say it a few times. It was the explanation she used for referring to me in what sounded more formal terms.

Well? My look questioned her.

'She has found someone that she wants to be with. She has found someone better.' She paused for a moment and then added, 'Don't ask me to explain William, you have to search your soul as to why a woman like Annette might judge you that way.'

Her expression said, don't go there. Don't press the enquiry.

'I don't want this to get dirty,' I said, 'but Karen, the more I understand the easier it is that I can come to terms with things. If I can do that then the divorce seems easier all around doesn't it?'

She checked her watch. May be she had another appointment. May be she was already bored. Maybe she was being mummy bitch and I wasn't going to break down the wall of silence.

'Karen...I need a gaff. I need it in this area, its where all my gardening business is. I can't afford to be commuting a bloody distance, nor does that battered old van of mine seem up to lots of miles on the clock.' I put my cards on the table. I thought, alright, I'll just be straight with you. But remember, you want me out of the house too. You make that easy, you make the place acceptable and we all move on.

'I suppose that it has too be cheap' she said calmly.

'No, I'd like a Kensington penthouse please...' I know, I know, I shouldn't have said that.

'Annette earns the salary William and she will share none of it. You are on your own and given that I haven't seen your work at the Chelsea Flower Show we'll assume that your business is hardly thriving.' It was a neat put down. She was right of course. I employed a kid once, straight out of school. I had enough work for him for a season, that was all, and then it was back to me doing the chore work and the paperwork as well.

'Yes,' I said, 'let's keep it cheap if you can.'

She nodded and started looking through her portfolio. I would need somewhere to park the van. That meant it couldn't be a smart district. I needed to come and go early and late. In the summer I worked all the hours that God sent me. She seemed to flick on through the pages forever and then she paused.

'I can do this for twelve hundred pounds a month' she said.

'Twelve hundred pounds!' I gasped.

'I'm doing you a favour' she said, 'I'm offering you a two hundred quid discount each and every month. It's to get you out of the way.'

I looked at the place. It was a top floor flat above a shop. For fuck's sake it was above a kebab shop! The kebab man had arrange storage for his business elsewhere so she had converted the upstairs into a flat. There was just one advantage, a back lane to the property and a space where I could wedge the van at the end of the day.

'Can we go and see it?' I asked.

‘What...now!?’ she exclaimed and checked her watch again. ‘You’ve seen the pictures of the interior.’

I pulled a face. It was one thing seeing pictures and quite another to get a feel for the place. I mentioned that she did want me out of Annette’s house at the end of the week. I tell you, the bitch was as hard as nails. She said that Annette’s contacts would beat me out of the house and down the road if needs be. I *would* be leaving the house on schedule.

‘There’s still the matter of a divorce...I’m going to need to see the place’ I told her.

With that we left and she agreed to give me a quick look at the flat. I watched her walk before me in the tight black jeans and the studded boots. She looked as though she was trying to be Olivia Newton John in *Saturday Night Fever*. As I used to remember it Karen drove a sensible estate car but what she had now was a Maserati sports car, in a midnight blue. I whistled. Her fucking line of business was certainly better than mine!

We reached the place soon enough and parked her car where my van might sit in future. Then we walked into the Kebab house. She said that there was a back entrance but as we’d gone there straight rather than to her office, we would need the key from Marmaduke. Marmaduke turned out to be the kebab house owner and he was mixed race heritage and built like a brick shit house. I mean that the guy was huge! You know what those Kazakistan weight lifters look like with bulging biceps... well he was like that. We met at the shop door and he squeezed my hand so that my nails felt as though they would pop off. He introduced his daughter to me a girl aged 18. She was called Felicity and she smiled shyly at me. Felicity I learned was doing A levels, but would then go on to medical school. Marmaduke said that families had to aspire to better things, through their children.

'Marmaduke will act as my local agent' said Karen without the glimmer of a smile, 'he is your first port of call for complaints and of course he will regularly inspect the flat to make sure that you are looking after it correctly.'

'Shit Karen,' I said when we had collected the keys from the guy and ascended the stairs, 'you didn't tell me that you employ gorillas as agents'.

She didn't seem to think that funny. In fact she warned me that if I made a nuisance of myself in the flat then Marmaduke was quite capable of breaking fingers. Looking at one damaged finger already I wondered what these people had against my pinkies. The corridor to the flat smelled musty, damp I guess. Karen got the door and stepped inside. It was already furnished with old corduroy covered chairs and sofas and there was a chocolate coloured set of drapes that made the place look darker than it needed to be. The kitchen was a galley cubby hole and the bedroom was just big enough to hold the standard sized double bed.

'It's tired and shabby' I told her.

'If you're rich you can furnish it better than William' she said curtly. 'Marmaduke will inform me if you ask to make furnishing adjustments. If the place becomes palatial then perhaps your rent will need to go up?' The bitch smirked. She smirked and handed me the keys.

'I take it that you're eager to take the flat William?' she said. 'My people will drop by to have you sign the necessary papers. We do six month rental periods, you know, just in case you find it's time to move on.'

I took the bloody keys. I took them. The bitch had me by the balls and I guessed that Annette knew all about it too.

## Chapter 2

When I got home that night Annette was already painting her nails to go out again. It was as if the house was an aircraft runway. I set down and she got ready to take off. It was as if it was just too uncomfortable to spend any time in the house with me anymore. Just how you become absolutely vile overnight I don't know, but that was what was happening. I was that Kafka character that work up one morning and turned into a bug beneath the bloody dining table. First I would perhaps be a curiosity, but soon enough I would be something to be despised. As I looked at her there, painting her nails, I thought shit, all my friends are really *her* friends. I'm just a regular bloke. We don't make our own friends. Once she had binned me presumably those shared friends would disappear from my world. They wouldn't say goodness Will and Annette have split, we'll have to find a way to stay in touch with both of them. They'd say, Annette got rid of him. He must have done something wrong. That is how marriages work isn't it? If there is blame to be carried that is the bloke's role.

'Did you accept the kebab shop flat from mummy?' she asked me.

Mummy, for Christ's sake, the woman is thirty and her mother fifty! Interesting though that she already knew. Interesting that the particular flat had been singled out. I wondered how they had selected it. It wasn't that far from the house. If distance, a hygienic cordon was required, then I was sure that Karen had other properties further away.

'Yes' I said peevishly. Right then the flat shouldn't have been an issue. It shouldn't have been necessary to look at the damned flat.

'Did you meet Marmaduke and Felicity?' she asked.

'Yes' I said and made a cup of tea. I would normally offer Annette one, but on this occasion I didn't feel inclined. If I had have made one the likelihood was that I would have thrown it in her face.

'Don't cross Marmaduke...he would cripple you' she said.

I thought about the man's big fists and the handshake that nearly did for my fingers.

'Marmaduke enforces the rules on the flat. You're not allowed guests overnight unless he has approved of them first. He, or Felicity will check that little matter regularly' said Annette.

I stared at her. I'd not seen the paper work yet but if that was a condition of the rental, then it was one that I would contest.

'You won't be allowed girlfriends there William until you have given me my divorce' Annette said.

Fuck you, I thought. Now the flat was sounding more and more like a monastery. William had to be denied his pleasures until he caved in and did as his fucking wife told him.

'Do you think that not a tad one sided Annette!' I sneered at her, 'you get to fuck around but I get put in purdah?'

She blinked at me. Now the glam top coat was going onto her nails. She was dressed like a biker chick too, leather jeans, the short jacket and a white blouse. Against her peaches and cream complexion, her blonde hair, it all looked the business. It didn't though make me feel good.

'You chose to take one of mummy's properties, you play by mummy's rules' she said crisply. She didn't even look up at me. She didn't even give me a glance!

'Tell me,' I said, 'the heavies you threaten me with come the end of the week, they wouldn't be some of Karen's bailiffs would they? You know, keeping all the dirty business in the family?'

She smiled at me. It was one of those so there, smiles, the sort when she was proven right. She used it sometimes in our marriage when I had prophesized something, and then her prediction came right instead.

'It doesn't matter whose they are Will, you are just going to leave and do as you are told. I am fed up of you swanning around all hours fixing up gardens. I am fed up with you not thinking about what I would like to do. I am fed up with you reading those dirty little magazines and then tossing your load, so that the pages stick together!'

I blinked at her. It was something. She was saying something about why she wanted to end our marriage. You might hate the invective and you might hate the message, but at least, if you know something. It was a start.

'I haven't looked at those magazines in months' I said.

She laughed.

'But you didn't throw them out did you? After I told you that I had found them you didn't throw them out! You fucking toss pot!'

That stung, it really stung. The truth of it was I had been wrestling with my foible. There had been a letter, a first letter. It was from one guy who had persuaded his wife to fuck other blokes. He drove her around clubs in Manchester and watched as she got fingered by other men. Then he had lurked in the shadows when his wife went

with the other guys, fucking casual up against a wall. He said, in the letter, that he had taken a fist in the face once, but seeing her fuck was brilliant. She hated it, she despised him, but they had got into the habit of 'trick nights'. It had developed into a game. She hoped that some suitor would give him a good hiding and he hoped that she would play the slut for all she was worth. That was the letter that did for me. I kept reading that stuff. I kept looking at the horny pictures of women in that context. It became the modus operandi of my thinking. That was why I couldn't throw the mags away. It was why Annette had discovered them a second time in a new hiding place.

'I'm not going to ask you about him' I said. I couldn't could I? She would think that I was trying to persuade her into doing tricks with him. She would see it as my way of trying to manipulated the marriage back to something that I wanted.

'Too right you're not!' she insisted, 'if you interfere you'll get left unfit for work a month or more!'

She said it with such certainty. She said it as if it was a fact. Whatever I did interfering would lead to one outcome. I wondered who the fucking hell she was seeing? It sounded as though the guy was from the criminal world. It sounded as though she was taking the wrong risk. However much she liked a thrill, there were good risks and bad risks. This one sounded the bad sort.

'Don't let him get you involved in anything illegal' I said.

'Fuck off!' said Annette.

I said sorry. I said that it was none of my business. I said that I would do my best not to pry. That is bloody crazy I know. It is my business. She is my wife. She is the woman who spent the last few years with me. I had a right to know something. But right then she seemed so waspish about it, so irritable that I didn't want to do anything that would blow our marriage away in an instant. You see, you hope. You hope that you can mend it. You hope that a woman will forget some

things. If I binned the magazines, if I arranged to buy a decent van, if I set my prices right and made a better income with the business. I know that I wouldn't earn what Annette does but a better income might enable her to respect me some more.

'I'm going up to London with a girlfriend, and then meeting someone. I'll be back in the morning.' She said it calmly. My apology had enabled her to climb down the anger ladder, just a rung or two.

'Yes, of course' I said.

I went upstairs to change and you know what I did something, I went into the ensuite and packed her washbag for her. I packed the best perfume, the personal items that she always took when we went away. I put them on the bed and then went downstairs and out into the garden. I needed air. I needed a lot of fresh air. Annette went upstairs. I heard her feet on the stairs. I heard the wardrobe open as she collected a change of clothes. I heard the music go on within the sound system of the bedroom. There were no shouts. Nothing was said through the window about not 'fucking well interfering with my wash things'. She just seemed to accept that gesture. She just seemed to accept that I wasn't going to fight her about this. By the time that Annette came down she had changed her blouse for something glammy. She wore a slouch belt around her hips and the buckle sat on her crotch. She looked as though she needed a dirty great dick between her thighs. She looked on heat.

The woman who came to pick her up for the evening was auburn haired. She was no taller than Annette and of similar slim build. She wore a leather skirt that was trying to be a belt itself and high heeled strappy shoes that changed the angle of her pelvis. The heels seemed to push her pert bottom out. She was a posh looking woman, carrying a designer shoulder bag and wearing a Cartier watch on her wrist. You know the type. They work in media, in theatre, in something arty or cultured and they talk like children as though the bloody city was a playground. I'd imagined that the two of them would take a bus up town or may be a taxi. But no, the woman

had parked her Porsche outside. It was a 911 of some sort, with a rag top and probably vintage. It looked as though someone had spent a life time polishing its red skin to bring it up to show ground standard. I saw the car draw up and the woman get out, stepping slowly through the gate and towards our front door. Whoever she was she looked as though she had a smell beneath her nose. Our district, well, it didn't seem quite good enough.

Annette went and answered the door bell. I stayed clear. Right then I guessed that I was meant to stay in the shadows. I was the dirty past, the disgusting mess over which Annette stepped. It just seemed better to avoid aggravation. I watched the two of them hug and then the auburn haired woman asked if Annette had got all her things. Annette showed her the overnight bag. The auburn haired woman looked across at me. She was watching me, down the hall, into the kitchen to where I stood preparing a baked potato for my supper. She looked at me as if I was an oddity.

'Has it all been comfy enough?' the woman asked her.

'As it can be' Annette said and then they left.

You know something, I ran to the front door as the Porsche drove off. I ran to the front gate and squinted at the registration number of the car. Then memorizing it for all I was worth I hurried back into the kitchen. I knew this guy, someone whose garden I did. He worked as a civilian for the police. May be he could do a check on the number plate. If the car was stolen, if it was on a wanted list, then may be I had an angle on things. I checked what I had written down. Yes, that's right, I was sure that I was right.

I didn't wait to eat my modest dinner. I went and found my contacts book and the guy in question. He was someone called Alistair. I wrote his address down and took the van around to his place straightaway. I could have called him on the phone. I could have done that but it was too easy to refuse a phone request. Alistair needed to see my face. He needed to register my concern.

Alistair had finished his dinner by the time I knocked on the door. He smiled when he opened it and said that he was still thinking about the stumpery that I had suggested. Dressed in ferns in the shady part of the garden it would look great! I assured him that there was plenty of time for him to ponder that one. I had an unusual and a difficult request. Would he look a car registration up on the police system?

'I'm not stalking anyone' I said with a smile, 'it's not some bird who's given me the old heave ho!'

Alistair smiled and said, sorry, that was impossible. It was a data breach. It could get him and me into a lot of trouble.

'Promise' I said breathlessly, 'I don't need the address of the owner. I just need to know that the car isn't stolen, dodgy or anything like that. Annette has a new friend and I'm anxious she could be mixing with the wrong sorts'.

Alistair sucked in his lips. He was going to say no again.

'I'll do the stumpery for cost of materials' I said quickly.

'You will?' he asked.

'Of course' I said with a willing smile.

'Wait here,' he said, and took the slip of paper on which I'd written the car registration number down.

I waited. I waited a good ten minutes.

I thought bugger it, he's going to bail out on me.

When he came back, he was smiling.

'It's a red Porsche a 911 targa,' he said. I nodded. I damned well knew that much. 'It's not reported stolen nor is it on a police surveillance list,' he continued.

'Thank you!' I said with a sigh.

'Annette has some posh friends Will,' he said then, 'it's registered to a lady Caroline, you know someone titled. She lives near Hampstead Heath, but you're not getting the address out of me.'

'That's brilliant' I said, 'thank you.'

He nodded, 'stumpery, end of this month?'

'Yes' I assured him, 'yes of course.'

## Chapter 3

Alistair's information set me thinking. Just what circles was my wife moving in now that one of her girlfriend's had a title and drove a vintage Porsche for goodness sake? It set me thinking about 'someone better'. Presumably the bastard had a lot more money than I did. Perhaps he was part of a network of ex private school chums that assured him privileged career opportunities. Hell, the bastard might earn in a week what I earned in a year. It made me prickle and you know why? It was because I had no purchase on that world. I had no means of saying money is fine but what I bring to the table is.... I had this sickening feeling. Facing that sort of competition I brought nothing to the table. I wasn't a business success and Karen, 'Mummy', had said that I never would be. I wasn't hard headed enough.

I started researching Lady Caroline. She featured in a few places, mainly in articles about the city come country set that partied at big houses. She was pictured looking superior at cocktail parties. She looked a bit of a snob, a toff, you know. She was I guessed a few years younger than Annette, a year or two, but with a privileged look about her that suggested that life came to her on a plate. I imagined her introducing Annette to party friends. I imagined her showing her how to snort a line. Fuck it, Annette's lover could be Caroline's brother.

A day or two after I moved my things out to that flat, Karen and Annette came to visit me. I'd arranged things neatly. I was

determined to make what looked like a dull shit hole something better. I even got a lick of paint on the walls quick time. So when Karen said that she would pop around to see how I had settled in, I had the place looking presentable. I didn't expect Annette to be with her. I didn't. I thought that she wanted shot of me like I was a dirty smell in the bin. I suppose there was a dirty smell about me, you know, a suspicion. I couldn't get rid of those mags. They lived now rolled up inside a pair of my wellington boots, not a place you would usually search.

Karen was being very businesslike about it all, inspecting the flat, the modest adjustments that I had made. She asked whether I had asked Marmaduke's permission and when I curtly said no, she gave me a warning frown.

'You do as you're told William or first he will hurt you and then I will have you thrown out on the street' she told me coldly.

I felt vulnerable, guilty, weak, all the things that I said to myself that I shouldn't feel. I'd done nothing wrong. I'd conducted my business as best I could. I hadn't slept around like my bitch of a wife. Still, the two of them looked at me, they dressed in their posh boots, wearing their posh jewellery. Annette was watching and listening to the way that I responded to mummy. I thought handle this brusquely, get aggressive with them and she will just think, yes, he's so common, so unsuited. So I was polite.

'Yes Karen,' I answered. I felt like a bloody schoolboy promising to be good and stay out of the orchard. No more scrumping apples. Annette seemed to approve my demeanour. She had a smug little smile on her lips.

I said after I had fixed them both coffee, 'please may I arrange some new lighting in the place, its pretty dark in here if the weather's poor.'

Karen looked at her daughter. Of course she could respond but Annette knew her business, the rules almost as well as she did.

There probably seemed a frisson letting Annette reply to me.

'You must ask Marmaduke William. Don't assume that he will always agree to your requests. He is mummy's agent and the condition and the safety of the flat come first. After all it is directly above his business.' Annette crossed her legs and placed her manicured fingers on her leather jean knees. I wanted to hit her and fuck her at once. She looked so fucking superior. I know why, I do, it was because I knew now that she had new snooty friends.

I said, 'yes Miss.' It was a stupid thing to say. It was doffing your bloody cap stuff. It was everything I hate about our society. I hate bloody deference. But I suppose I was used to it through business. Clients were sir, madam or miss. A friend had said that was the way to work. If they felt posh, if they felt having their garden landscaped elevated them in some way, then you got more business.

'I think that you will be fine here William' Annette said, 'it is perfectly comfortable and big enough for your needs. Then there is Marmaduke and Felicity to keep an eye on you too.'

What were they, my jailers? I found myself prickling again. But I suppose she meant something faintly compassionate. She meant that I could get so depressed by being dumped that I would do 'something silly.'

I looked at her and at Karen. They were studying me. They were watching how I reacted to the downgrade. They wanted to see whether I capitulated nicely. Women like that sometimes are angry about men. They think we're unduly proud, selfish, smug and self-centred. There are women who listen too much to women's programmes on the radio who think we need to be brought down a peg or two. So may be this little visit had a dash of that within it. What did the Germans call it... schadenfreude.

'Please Miss...I need to see you sometimes...just to cope with this. If you cut me off dead, then I might not handle it at all' I said. My voice

trembled. I felt pretty cut up. I felt desolate.

'Would that be appropriate William'.... She queried, 'we're divorcing.'

She didn't smirk. She didn't do that. But the lines were said without an ounce of concern. She just reported it like it was the news.

'Please Miss!' I exclaimed. It was almost a yelp, you know like a dog lets out if you stand on it. It just came out fast. Before I knew it I had launched from my seat and I was on my knees, down before her, licking her boots. It was lightening fast and it was as if my instincts, my fucking weakling instincts just shot to the top and burst onto that dull little stage. I expected her to kick me away. I expected her to say how disgusting that was. But she just stared at me as if I had performed a miracle or something. Look at what William did! Real men don't do that. Real men don't react that way.

Karen placed a hand on her daughter's arm. I suppose that she thought that Annette might slap me one.

'Let him, he needs to do it. It's part of the surrender' she said quietly.

Annette let me lick one boot. It tasted of fresh polish. She was making herself look madam. She was making the most of her appearances. She was doing it for Mr Snooty whoever the fucker was. When I glimpsed up her look of disgust had slipped and been replaced with one of mild amusement. She recrossed her legs so I could lick her other boot.

'I'm afraid that it *will* hurt William...Annette is leaving you. She is moving on to better things and sometimes life is like that. You have to be adult and accept that life involves knockbacks' said mummy.

I kissed my wife's boot buckles, the little brass ones that sat so prim on the side of her boot ankles.

'I don't want him doing something stupid' Annette said to her mother, 'I don't want him loading *that* on my conscience.'

Karen shot her a look of caution. This wasn't her preferred way. But I suppose she thought, there is a divorce to be got through. If you get a burr stuck to you when you walk through the woods, then you have to pick it off. You can't just lift it and cast it aside.

Mummy directed my attention to her boots. I was to lick those as well. It seemed a stupid humiliating act, but one that depersonalized this whole sordid moment for Annette. I debased myself before them both. I wasn't clinging on to Annette. I started to lick Karen's dark brown leather boots. They tasted of the street.

'You've always been a weakling haven't you William, in your head. That is why Annette needs to be with someone stronger. That is why you are being dumped.' Karen delivered the judgement with venom. I thought, fuck you, but I'm not giving up. If you're orchestrating this cruelty then you have to doubt yourself. You have to feel the shame of hurting an innocent guy. I started licking the sole of her boots the dirty bits and Annette just watched me.

'You'll have to wean him off you Annette' mummy said, 'the clean break would be best but if he did something theatrical, then that would be embarrassing.'

My wife nodded. There was a huge rush of relief in my head. At the very least I needed some time to adjust. I needed to understand just whom she had left me for.

'You're dirt William. Annette will treat you like dirt. There will be no way back in to a marriage because you are such a pathetic shit'. Karen issued the warning. She looked at her daughter. 'Did he used to lick your boots before?' she asked.

'No' said my wife, 'he has always cleaned my boots. He did the chores. I did the family accounts'.

Annette watched me lavishing a wet tongue over mummy's boot heels. She moved her foot across and drew my mouth back to her boots.

'Alright William...alright' Annette said, searching for her preferred solution, 'I will have you do chores for me, some shopping, some cleaning and we will talk then. I will help you cope with the loss. Then you will agree to the divorce.'

'Don't have him visit the house darling, keep him away' said mummy.

'No...he needs to learn. He needs to learn why he is being put out of my life' Annette insisted.

She looked down at me, tapped me on the head and said, 'do you understand?'

'Yes..... thank you....thank you very much' I said.

'This isn't a thrill for that dirty little peep show mind of yours' she warned, 'you will do this simply to understand that I have moved on from you. I've found someone better'.

'If he misbehaves I will have my men drop by and teach him some manners' said Karen, touching her daughter's hand in that reassuring way again.

The women stood as one and this time I was shoved off Annette's boot. She did it the way that you kick off an amorous toy dog that is trying to hump your foot.

'You haven't forgotten the rules about visitors to the flat have you?' asked Karen as she walked towards the door. 'Marmaduke won't warn you about it. The visitor will be thrown off premises and you will then take a hiding.'

I shook my head. No, I bloody well hadn't forgotten. How could I with such a promise ringing in my ears?

Annette studied me. I hadn't yet sprung to my feet.

'You can come around to clean the house tomorrow evening,' she said. 'You will have to ring the doorbell. I've changed the locks and no I won't give you a pass key to snoop around my home.'

'Thank you...and can we talk then, please' I said.

'No begging to come back! You can't be my husband any more' she said.

'Understood' I said.

I nodded.

She walked to the door too. Before leaving she looked back.

'Oh...by the way, the little listening device, the one you left hidden in the vase inside my bedroom, I poured water all over it and the thing burned out.' She spoke softly with a smile. May be that was why she was agreeing to handle the transition differently. She didn't want me stalking her. She didn't want it to be a nasty few months. I thought about the vase. It was a large Chinese affair. No one ever put flowers or water in the thing.

'I'm sorry, that I was stupid. I was jealous' I said.

'I know' she said, 'that's inevitable isn't it. It's what happens. If you had tried before for us, if you'd been more successful...but then you couldn't could you.'

She left without a further word. She left without waiting for my reply.

I can feel it now, thinking about how I sat in the flat afterwards, guessing what you think of me. He didn't do that out of loss and anxiety. He did it like the dirty little voyeur that he is! You thought I was perving didn't you? You think, deep down inside he's fascinated by the idea of his wife turning tricks. That little measure was still about control. I still wanted to control her in some way. If she wouldn't be my harlot then she had to be a harlot that at least I listened to.

Are you right? May be. May be there is a smidgen of that. May be I wasn't just interested in finding out about her lover. May be I wanted to hear her moan as well as call his name. Well...I needed something. I needed to cope with the sudden imposition that my life now consisted of this fucking flat and a second hand van that had an alarming habit of refusing to start on a cold winter's morning. But may be it was something about loss too. What would you do if you lost so much so damned fast? I'd say that you would cling to a few things. You might even feel snide and vengeful on occasion. If you had been metaphorically kicked in the crotch that way, *you* might react that way.

## Chapter 4

I went around to clean her house after work. To be honest I was tired and had rushed through a shower in order to get over to my previous home. I didn't want Annette moaning at me from the moment I reached the door. Walking down the street, with a bucket full of gear I felt like a window cleaner. The red Porsche 911 was parked there again so I knew that Lady Caroline was in. That was a bit of a surprise I must admit because I imagined that Annette would want to keep me well clear of her new friends. It was a bold move on her part because presumably they wouldn't go out and leave me to snoop around the place. I might deposit another little device picked up from the small ads paper.

Annette came to the door wearing a flared leather mini skirt. It was the horniest thing. You wouldn't imagine that you could get leather to do that but this one was cut perfectly. They must have sectioned and pieced the leather to sustain the slight flair. The skirt was in a mid brown and her blouse was a caramel colour. It made her look very chic, with her blonde hair worn up and a chocolate brown velvet choker about her pretty neck. She was wearing a different perfume, an expensive perfume of some kind or other.

'Oh...it's you' she said tartly as though she had forgotten the appointment.

I blushed and said that I could come back another day if it was inconvenient. If she had guests then I could clean any evening.

These days, well, these days I wasn't doing so much after work.

She didn't pick up on the implicit complaint of that.

'No, you'll have to come in now I suppose' she said off handed, looking down her nose at me, 'but you will leave the master bedroom for me to do myself'.

'OK' I said. I was willing to accept anything.

Realizing that Lady Caroline was there disappointed me in some regards and offered hope in others. Disappointingly I wasn't going to manage a heart to heart chat with Annette if someone else was around. Against that though I could clock her pal and perhaps learn a little more about where Annette went and who she saw. It would be a listening evening rather than a talking evening.

Annette led me into the house and I could hear rock music playing upstairs. It reminded me of student digs, the way a house could sound back then.

'You may make yourself one coffee whilst you are here,' Annette said, 'but you're to work rather than gossip. Do you understand?'

I did. I did all too well. It felt like the little bitch was using me. Instead of offering some speakeasy time she was putting me to work. I'd have to arrange other visits to the house differently. The woman who I knew as Lady Caroline was in the kitchen when I got there. She was sipping a glass of white wine and had just finished a call to someone on her mobile. She was certainly a long-legged bitch with a turned up nose. She wore designer jeans and for all I knew designer boots too. Her top was black, sequined with batwing sleeves. She wore several grand's worth of Cartier watch on her wrist.

'This is William the cleaner' Annette said, introducing me. I didn't even warrant 'he is my ex.' Of course technically I wasn't her ex. I WAS STILL HER FUCKING HUSBAND! Sorry...you know.

The woman already knew of me, she knew exactly who I was.

'I hope that you are going to be accommodating and agree the divorce William' she said. She talked as though she was sucking a toffee. I mean, the voice was refined, but it sounded as if it was all a bit of an effort to converse.

'You are?' I asked tetchily.

Annette glanced at her and then nodded.

'I am Caroline' the woman said. There was no handshake, no air kiss, no hug. May be I was too dirty, you know, from the day job.

'Nice to meet you Caroline' I said evenly. She could fuck off if she thought I was going to answer her own question though.

My attitude didn't freak the woman. On the contrary she just smiled and suggested that she and Annette retire upstairs whilst I cleaned. She came past me and eyed me.

'Boot licker' she whispered, and smiled.

Quiz time, what would you have done then? Smack the bitch one? Told her to mind her own bloody business? May be you'd have spat in the bitch's perfectly made up face? Something. You'd have done something. But I did nothing. I did nothing, said nothing because the cow took me unawares.

I got on with the cleaning, dusting, polishing and hovering. I started with the lounge and the dining room leaving the kitchen until last as that was where I obtained the hot water. I'm not a cleaner, but I'm used to tidying up after garden reconstructions, so I was methodical enough. A couple of hours on and the downstairs were done. It wasn't spotless, but it was pretty clean. I took my shoes off and tentatively padded up the stairs. I had the bathroom to do and the

guest bedroom. I was simply to leave the master bedroom. The rock music was coming from there. Don't ask me which band. I know none of them. It was really thumping away. I started to clean the spare bedroom. I was transfixed by the rhythmic beat of the music and by the rhythmic banging of the bed head against the wall. I stared at the wall. I stared at it as though a spectre would walk through. I stared at it like the house itself was alive somehow.

Then something occurred to me. You guessed. I didn't.

They were fucking in the bedroom. Can women do that? You know, fucking in the humping sense? I thought shit. She's a lesbian! Caroline is a lesbian. The rush of that idea through my head was like an express train. It was as if the idea had entered an ear and just blown clean through.

'Thump, thump, thump, thump' the bedhead banged on.

Most of the time the beat was in direct synchronization with the music. Every so often though it went off beat. I stuck my ear to the wall. Someone was gasping. There was the sound of someone sucking down a lungful of air. It sounded as though the next breath was never certain.

'You are so fucking pretty Netty darling' I heard the Caroline woman say.

I stood back. I stood back and I felt fucking sick.

Annette...she chucked me over for another woman? She is having a lesbian affair? It seemed incomprehensible. There had been times, yes, there had been times when we had talked about lesbian scenes in films. Annette had commented on the butch looking women. She didn't like what she called the 'donkey jacket' look. I said that was a typecast thing, not all lesbian women played roles like that. Not every lesbian woman aped a male role. I didn't know about that stuff

back then but it wasn't something I thought likely, that all lesbian women were the same.

I stuck my ear to the wall again. The knocking sound had gone now and someone was playing a guitar solo instead. You know it was that sound when it seems as if the guitar is being strangled or something. I could hear the women laughing. They laughed and their voices were husky as though they were out of breath.

'What are you going to do with him?' Caroline asked.

Him? Me, presumably she meant me.

'Get rid of him' Annette said.

My heart sank. Alright, that wasn't news, but it still caught me hard and I staggered for a moment. I stuck my ear to the wall again. I didn't want to make any sound. I didn't want them to know that I had begun work upstairs.

'We could play with him' said Caroline, 'if he's a perv then use that against him'.

I listened hard. There was a sound but it was indistinct. May be they were kissing. Either way I felt sickened by the possibility.

'Lincoln would like it' suggested the woman called Caroline.

'Would he....seriously?' Annette sounded doubtful.

'I think that he would' said her companion.

There was the sound of footsteps. One of them was going to the bathroom. I went to scarp across the landing and down the stairs before she got there but I was too late. I was just at the top of the stairs and facing downwards when Caroline came out.

Dear God, she was wearing a strap on dildo, a foot long and slimy looking, buckled to her crotch. I stared at it and she looked at me.

'Were you invited up here?' she asked. It was like ice being poured down the back of your shirt. It stopped me dead.

'To clean the bathroom and the guest room...but I guessed that I might disturb you, sorry' I said. My grin must have looked stupid. It was the lamest answer that I had ever heard.

'Clean the guest bedroom, leave the bath room' said Caroline.

'Yes Miss, sure' I said and started to retrace my steps from where I had just come. She glanced inside the door and saw my bucket there. I had obviously already made a start. She nodded.

'You'll get used to it William' she said quietly, 'it will freak you for a while, but you WILL get used to it'.

She referred to 'it'. But I knew its proper name. Annette and Caroline...in a relationship, having an affair, fucking, it was properly called something like that. Did posh people fuck their own sex then? Christ, I didn't know. May be they did all sorts of things.

'You're someone better' I said ambiguously.

She frowned and didn't know what I was talking about.

I shook my head and tried to explain again.

'You are lovers, I have to get used to that' I said, hoping it was clear enough now.

'Yes' she said, 'It's not going to change William.'

'No' I agreed. I tried to think of something relaxed and wise to say. I wanted to sound cool and hip about it all. But I wasn't that. I couldn't

be that. The thought of Caroline using that thing on Annette freaked me. I could barely imagine what it was like to be fucked with something so big. I'm not tiny, I'm just your average bloke. But what stuck out proud from her crotch looked massive by comparison.

'Would you like to go home now and perhaps talk to Annette another night William?' Caroline asked me.

'Yes' I nodded, 'do you mind? I can clean the upstairs another night' I said.

'Of course' she said, 'just as long as you accept that nothing is going to change. We fuck, you don't, alright?'

'Yes, sure' I said.

I grabbed the bucket and almost tumbled down the stairs. I half ran and half hopped down the steps. From the bedroom I heard Annette say,

'Car...is everything ok darling?'

There was a pause and then Caroline said, 'yes, sure...just had a brief chat with William. He will finish cleaning another night.'

'OK' said Annette. She sounded hesitant. She sounded like there was now a problem.

## Chapter 5

I felt stupid that night and I didn't sleep thinking about it. I had been tossed over for another woman. Annette was a lesbian. Well, if she was that, why hadn't she tried to say something? Why hadn't she shown a sign of disgust, or discomfort in the days when we did make love? What was it that stopped her coming out and having a decent conversation with me in an era where being gay is celebrated? I didn't understand. I felt as though I was constantly behind the play in a game where the rules were written in Swahili. To say that I felt a bloody idiot was an understatement.

As the dark hours crawled by that night the thoughts about them fucking gnawed at me. Consider, I had listened at that wall and hadn't clocked that there were ways for women to fuck in that headboard banging way. They didn't just pet or lick, they fucked. It didn't surprise me that the superior looking Caroline wore a strap on, she looked as though she was used to getting her way. She had that look which said daddy had always fixed life for her. She was privileged and arrogant. Whether they always fucked that way, rather than turn and turn about I hadn't a clue, but it made me queasy thinking about it.

I don't know if you have been confronted with a different sexuality close too...I mean in your face. You see it's a different thing to accepting people's rights to express themselves individually. It's one thing to say that we should all respect sexuality in its different guises and another to meet it face on. Caroline's rights, Annette's choices,

impinged now on my notion of self. If they were 'that' then I was a new 'this'. It somehow downgraded my self. OK, OK I wasn't the greatest male catch in the world, but to be considered less attractive than another woman, when (crucially) I'd assumed that Annette was heterosexual, that was difficult.

Around 1a.m. I got a text from Annette. They must have been talking. Maybe they had even had an argument, you know about handling me. Caroline- *he was always going to find out some time soon, I'm not going to hide how I feel about you! Annette, but he is so traditional, so straight, so bigoted, he needed gradual handling!* Did they row? I didn't know. I didn't know a thing about the Caroline woman other than money and a red sports car. Now I wondered what the hell I knew about Annette too. The text said that Caroline and she would visit the flat the next evening at six. I was to be there for a frank conversation. If I wasn't there, then Marmaduke was going to make life pretty difficult. I wasn't going to answer right then. I didn't want the bitch to know that I was awake at that time of night. Still, I needed to hear their story, so I said yes I would meet them.

You can garden as a zombie. You can landscape half awake, although it's pretty dangerous. Don't give a chainsaw to someone who is half asleep. I was clearing an overgrown garden for some old bat out towards Putney. It was bloody hard work. She wanted me to do the donkey work and then her daughter who thought that she 'knew gardens' was going to 'design something special'. That was it wasn't it. People thought that they knew your trade. They had seen garden makeovers on the television. How hard could it be? I did the work in a tetchy mood and added fifty quid to her bill I said for clearing builder's rubble from under what was once called a lawn. The rubble consisted of three bricks, but what the hell, I was in that kind of mood.

I got back to the flat around five, washed and changed into a white shirt and black slacks. I went and bought a packet of cakes from the local corner store. Marmaduke eyed me as I came and went. He

said that 'the ladies were coming around to see me' and I had better be polite. The fucker seemed to know everything. He was their minder. He knew that they were in a relationship and that I had been pushed out. Fuck! What didn't the guy know? I detected the vile hand of mummy at work there. The kebab mauler's daughter Felicity was outside the shop too. A couple of her teenage chums had come to sit around and talk out there. It was something teenagers did.

I watched the front of the place from my flat window. Marmaduke had put out some cones to protect a parking space on the pull in for Caroline. I guessed that she would drive Annette round. Bang on six the red Porsche drew up and Felicity went to the drivers door. She looked as though she had been told to go there. She went direct. I watched Caroline get out and from her shoulder bag, slip her a ten quid note. It seemed that the little bitch was to mind the car. In districts like ours, there was a chance of vandalism. You should have seen the woman. Christ, she looked like a bitch from a space cadet movie. She was in a black pair of leather hot pants, below the knee lace up leather boots, a short black leather box jacket. She wore a gold torc about her neck. On her wrist was another Cartier watch, a gold one this time. Madam was power dressing.

Annette was dressed to the nine's too. She wore the burgundy leather jeans and black leather boots, with a burgundy blouse on top. Eventually I thought Madam would buy the girl matching boots to go with the pants. Annette looked different though and it took me a second to work out why. Then I knew. She wore her blonde hair up. She wore it up and she had a collar about her throat just like Caroline's. It made them look like a couple, it made them look like an obvious couple. I wondered whether Annette was nervous? She didn't look it. She didn't walk nervous. They strode towards the shop and presumably a consultation with Marmaduke on the way up to the flat.

The knock came on my door. I'd asked Marmaduke to fix the doorbell and he said that he would contact someone. Caroline stood

there when I opened the door, Annette behind her and behind them both Marmaduke. He was the folded arm backdrop.

'How are you feeling right now?' Caroline asked. She glanced back at Marmaduke as if to confirm that he was the reason for the question. I might have to be interviewed with the kebab mauler present.

I said that I was fine. I was feeling fine and shot my own look over at the minder. We didn't need muscles, not to talk about what had happened the previous night. Caroline seemed satisfied and then nodded for Marmaduke to go. He could return downstairs.

Caroline wore the sexiest perfume. I got a whiff of it as she passed me, stepping into the flat. She looked about her as if it was a surprise that one could live in anything this small! There was a definite air of aloofness about the woman. Annette looked cautious. She came in too but she wouldn't give me eye contact. I thought yes, Caroline is going to do the talking here, isn't she!

'Can I make you tea, coffee or pour you a drink? I have some vodka somewhere' I said to them.

Annette scowled. I'd forgotten hadn't I. The flat wasn't meant to stock alcohol either. It just needed bars on the window I thought.

Caroline said no and Annette followed suit. It was like she was the woman's echo. She didn't seem to move, to act or speak other than as a repeat of the stance the posh bitch took.

'Sit down' said Caroline.

They weren't sitting down. I didn't feel inclined.

'Sit down....you want to listen to us, so sit down' Caroline repeated.

I guess you learn that sort of stuff at a posh prep school. If you want to have authority either stand over the opposition or else require them to stand whilst you sit the other side of a desk. It was that sort of thing.

Still, I needed to hear what they said, so I did drop onto the sofa.

'Last night you intruded upstairs when you were told not to' began Caroline.

I looked at her, the crazy bitch. That was a lie. I said so.

'I was told not to clean the master bedroom' I insisted and looked at Annette.

'You were told not to come upstairs' Annette lied. I could have wrung her bloody neck!

'Don't you have any manners?' Caroline asked, 'this is the sort of ignorant thinking that got you thrown out.'

I wasn't aware of any good manner deficits. I didn't immediately grace the woman's question with an answer. I waited a moment and then said,

'You've come over here to announce your terms. Now I know about you two, what you do, you're kicking back and pushing for space' I said. It was the one stance that I had planned. I wasn't going to be shocked by them. I wasn't going to rant at them. I was going to see this as a territory negotiation. I still had cards. I could make Annette wait a couple of long years for a divorce.

Caroline smiled. 'We've come over to leave you with a decision to make William' she said. The bitch seemed pleased with the counter argument. Whatever I did she had a different way of portraying things. It wasn't only that we focused on different things she would determine the approach too.

The bloody woman looked shifty. I wondered if the bitch had ever worked. She probably had an allowance from daddy. The Lady Caroline and her thick wad of notes! She probably didn't know what it was to graft.

'Go on' I said and glanced at Annette. I was curious to what extent she had made this coming offer? Was she a doll in the bitch's hands or was she thinking for herself?

'Annette and I discussed this last night' Caroline began. I smiled. 'We have decided that if you are going to live here, and remain in any way close to us, then you will live our way. If you don't accept our terms then we will work with Marmaduke to have you decanted outside of London.'

'Exiled!' I said with a sarcastic grin. This was sounding like something out of a Russian novel. Off to the Gulag with him!

Caroline wasn't being put off though, she just ploughed on. 'You will treat Annette and I as your mistresses. You will be our servant. You will learn a great deal about respecting other people's sexuality William. It will be painful, informative and perhaps for the likes of you liberating.'

I looked back to Annette. Are you really a dyke? my eyes queried. I know, I know, non pc term, but that was where my heart led. That was what I thought. I said to my wife.

'You want that too, to have me turned into some sort of skivvy?' I asked her.

She blinked at me. She wanted to look back at Caroline for guidance but I wouldn't let go of her gaze. I waited for her answer, eyes narrowed.

'Yes' she said and then after a second's pause, 'it will do you good William. Your dirty little letters were always about putting a wife out to fuck. Well, if you live our way we will control the fucking. You will do as you are told.'

I winced. I'd rather she didn't talk about my magazines or the letter cuttings. This sort of stuff in front of the rich bitch could cause all sorts of complications.

'So what are you demanding, in return for me seeing my wife?' I asked. My hands were wet. I was sweating.

'You will encourage our relationship and any others that we contract. You will take orders from either of us.' Caroline paused, 'yes...before you ask, that could mean intimate things too. Annette wasn't keen, but I have told her, you will only learn, only let go and submit to the divorce, when you are humbled.'

My gaze darted back to Annette. So there was a chink between them. Annette didn't do all that the bitch told her to. Inside, deep inside of me there came a wild relief. The life ahead was daunting. It wasn't kinky in *my* way. Hell, they might have me turn tricks, but at least there was a chance of subverting things. I could gain a foothold.

'I need to work' I said, 'I can't be your slave'. It was true. I still had a business to run.

Caroline took a large folded piece of paper out from her designer handbag. I stared at her crotch in those hot pants. The bloody leather was tight to her skin.

'We've thought about that. This is a letter from Karen. She is offering to buy your business out. You will work for her, maintaining properties and gardens. You will have a new van to drive, new tools, but she will employ you. Take a look at the terms' said Caroline handing over the sheet.

I looked at the document. It was already in legal talk. It was a contract. But the terms were crippling. First off the business was valued at a pittance, just fifty five thousand pounds. Then I didn't get more than the fringe benefits of even that. The majority of it was to be spent on Porsche boxster for my wife. I was to think of this as a necessary recompense for all the financial support she had afforded me the last years. Caroline and her thing for Porsche's was all over that little ruse. Still, I pictured Annette driving a sport's car. She was a bitch. She was playing the bitch now. It made me want to lick her cunt.

I read on down. My base salary was just twenty five grand a year. That was way less than the national average for god's sake. I was a businessman and a skilled one. I pulled a face, but Caroline waited. She put a hand on Annette's shoulder. I read on. The base salary was for three days work a week. The other two days I was to allocate to my new mistresses. If I satisfied their exacting requirements then I could earn an extra ten grand a year.

'This puts me in cuffs' I said and handed it back.

'Yes' said Caroline.

'I'll take the alternative may be' I said leaning back. The bitch looked horny in her gear. She needed a good hard fucking I surmised. Annette looked unsettled, but Caroline didn't.

'So, broken fingers, an accident with the door. Then may be the police are alerted to a crop of marijuana that you are found growing in the spare bedroom of your flat. That ruins your reputation, you do some time inside and start at the bottom again, trying to find work outside London.'

I glared at her. The bitch was threatening to fix me up. I'd have dismissed it save that I knew that they, Karen, Marmaduke all had pass keys to the flat. It was easy to fix things.

'And if I sign over the business, pay for the Porsche and work for Mummy and her two female friends...' I was feeling sick as I spoke. I really did feel the sick start to erupt in my stomach.

'You learn that our sex takes precedent over your dirty little agenda. We have you do some useful for work for Karen. We break you and then when you only see life our way, we discard you. The divorce will have happened on the two year rule anyway. You'll start again, humbly, someplace else, but with straight fingers and without a criminal record.'

Did they teach that to her in a posh Swiss finishing school? Was it learned in Oxford or Cambridge? She got it from somewhere.

'Lick Annette's boots whilst you think about it William' said Caroline.

Annette started. This was all a bit rich for her I could see that. Probably she just wanted rid of me, not a kinky subjugation. Still, Annette stuck out a boot and waggled her foot. I was to do as Caroline said.

'Lick it.....' Annette said calmly.

I looked back at the other bitch. She needed a cock or a fist. One or the other! She needed to be taught a lesson.

I started to lick Annette's boot as directed. I performed my trick again, this time for madam Caroline. I knelt on the warn carpet and licked my wife's boots. Caroline smiled. Then she sat down beside Annette where they had settled and they started to snog. Watching the woman kiss my wife open mouthed, luxuriously and slowly made me want to retch. It got my dick hard too. I was licking Annette's boots all over. Caroline played her fingers over my wife's crotch.

'Is it so bad, submitting to us?' Caroline demanded.

I grimaced. It was. It was and it wasn't. Listen, any contact, any intimacy after the shock of the last days seemed a bonus.

'We fuck, you serve. No more worries about a business, you do what Karen, Annette and I tell you to' Caroline whispered.

She waggled her boot under my nose too then. I kissed her boot.

'No William, lick it properly' she insisted.

I wanted too say fuck off to hell with you bitch, but I didn't. I licked her boots. I licked them and Annette watched giggling. The tension broke. I hadn't fought back. She sought out Caroline's mouth and they tongued some more as I cleaned boots in turn.

'It's sexy....isn't it William....to know that Annette wants me, not you' said Caroline.

'No' I mumbled and licked on as they kissed and petted. Fingers eased inside zip fly's and they were touching each other now.

'It will come to seem sexy William....I promise!' said Caroline. She smiled sweetly, goading me as she teased Annette's clitty through the diaphanous material of her panties.

'Why don't you sign the contract?' Caroline said, 'you could keep your fingers intact. I could have you tease Annette's tits when I fuck her'.

That was huge information. Co operating with them. Helping that bitch turn Annette into one. My cock spasmed and I hated the treacherous little worm.

'Worship Annette, how we live, and you could lead a humble but meaningful life William' Caroline insisted. Annette was grimacing. The finger play on her clitty was really taking effect.

‘Just sign it and stop fucking around’ said Caroline, who seemed to hook my eyes to hers.

I took up the document again. I scanned the ruinous terms. My head said don’t be fucking mad and my dick said sign it. I scrawled my signature in place and added the date. Then Marmaduke was summoned to witness the signature. OK, he’d not seen me write my name, but they didn’t seem to care.

‘Why don’t you go down and clean my car whilst Marmaduke and we discuss some security issues William’ Caroline said smoothly. ‘Felicity will let you do that if you take down your bucket and cleaning cloths. Remember to be careful on the alloy wheels.’

I looked at Annette. There, it was done, I’d signed what they wanted me to. They had got what they came for. I could guess what security discussions entailed. Marmaduke was being briefed to make sure that I didn’t bad mouth the new life. He was on hand to ensure that I didn’t try for a parallel existence.

I gathered together some cleaning things, wax and the like which somehow had never reached my wreck of a van. I went down the steps feeling ashamed of myself. Outside Felicity and her friends were watching me as I approached the Porsche.

‘I’m cleaning the car, alright?’ I said when they looked suspicious.

Felicity nodded and grinned at her mates. They started to watch me lather the car, running a hose around from the side of the shop.

‘Annette’s got you to heel now...hasn’t she William?’ Felicity said. Her little bitchlet friends laughed.

‘You’re going to be Caroline and Annette’s slave!’ said Felicity.

I thought about turning the hose on them. I thought that I shouldn’t, it could spell trouble with Kebab bruiser. I thought that and then I

hosed Felicity and her little vixens anyway. Fuck them!

## Chapter 6

Later that day after Marmaduke pushed me against the wall and threatened to 'rip my privates off' for soaking little Miss perfect Karen rang and summoned me around to her house. Believe it or not, even though she was my mother in law I had never been there. It was as surprisingly large place inside a walled garden with a collection of Acer trees that gardeners would die for. I had to take my signed contract around to her and she said that we would move fast on getting me fixed up with a proper van. She sounded amazingly sanguine given that only a day or two before she had been set on excluding me from her daughter's life. I arrived at the gate, punched in a code that she had given me for the day and parked the van on the back drive.

Karen was married once upon a time but now her Steven was gone. I'd formed the opinion that she had probably worked the poor bastard to death. Much of what was now her property empire started with the hard graft that her husband had put in. He did the property maintenance side and she ran the business. Inevitably, in practice, she became the boss and he became the worker. Now the drive lacked Steven's wonderful Bristol car. There was only Karen's Maserati and, on this occasion, a black Mercedes saloon. Annette told me once that mummy fucked men. I think by that she meant that mummy didn't have a steady partner. I didn't see a problem with that. The woman was single so she needed to check the market out.

'Would you like a drink William' she asked affably walking over to the drinks cabinet and fixing herself a bourbon on the rocks. I accepted a

glass of malt whisky. 'I'm glad that you're going to work for me, I seem to have worn out all the past employees. There's a lot of work but I think you should manage it three days a week. I want the girls to have your support too.'

She invited me to sit and then positioned herself opposite. When she crossed her legs her tiny leather skirt rode up and you could see that she was wearing stockings and suspenders. She took my signed contract, called for someone called Israel and a tall black guy in slacks and a white shirt emerged from the study. He was a very sophisticated suave looking guy who shook my hand and checked the contract over too. He smiled, and then shook my hand again. His look, well, it seemed amused.

'All in order?' Karen asked him.

Israel said yes and I watched her kiss him. It seemed that Karen was getting more than her legal work done for her. The way she kissed him suggested that the guy was fresh from her bed.

'You knew about Caroline...didn't you' I said when Israel had gone.

Karen sipped her drink. 'Yes, of course she answered.

'You knew they were having a lesbian affair?' I continued.

'I knew that they were having an affair William. Labels, the sort that you use, don't usually matter. Someone better applies to a woman of Caroline's calibre wouldn't you say?

Another little put down.

'I think that woman corrupted Annette, she has a hold over her' I suggested.

Karen smiled. 'You mean that Caroline fucks her...that sort of hold?'

'Cute,' I said, 'but you know what I mean, she corrupted her.'

Karen sighed. She swished the liquor in her glass. 'Sometimes William you are terribly parochial. You assume that everyone is straight. You cannot imagine a woman falling for a woman. You cannot bear a woman outclassing you.'

'I cannot bear bitches with money thinking that they can buy love' I said acidly.

'It's not about money William. Caroline has sex appeal, you don't. Caroline fucks Annette properly, you never did. Caroline is well connected and you...well you're connected to a hose pipe and that's about all.' Karen cocked her head as she concluded the assessment. The look said, 'well?'

'Yes, I'm jealous of her' I said.

'Thank you! That was honest,' said Karen. 'If you were honest, really honest, if you were Annette would you prefer a jobbing gardener to Caroline?'

'No' I said, 'but this isn't a CV contest, this is about love. We are married, she and I. It's about character and not a sexy cunt' I protested.

'Don't use that language here' Karen warned, 'I won't have vulgarity.'

'OK, sorry!' I said.

'Who is Lincoln?' I asked remembering a name from the overheard bedroom conversation.

Karen looked at me. That was a shock! That was a surprise to her. She was going to play dumb, but now it was too late. Her expression was out in the open. Her face spoke volumes.

'Is some guy fucking them?' I demanded.

Karen pulled a large cushion forward on the sofa and revealed two brochures. One was from the local Porsche dealership and the other was from a company that sold second hand commercial vehicles.

'Come and sit beside me' she insisted, still red faced from her little mistake. I repositioned myself and looked at the brochures in her hand. She took up her electronic pad and swished through the pages until she got to an accounts spread sheet.

'There,' she said, pointing to the entry. The fifty five grand had been transferred to my account. It was there already. The bitch had moved at lightening speed after Caroline or Annette had telephoned her.

'Let's shop sports cars' she said firmly and opened the brochure at a page that had been marked. 'This is the 718 Porsche boxster, the one that Annette wants is in blue. She has made a list of the extras to be added and I've jotted the price down in the corner of the page.

'Fuck!' I said, 'that comes to nearly seventy thousand pounds. It takes all of my money and more.'

'But it's the one that Annette wants' Karen said primly.

'Well Annette can't have!' I trilled back at her.

'You will pay the deposit of fifty five thousand pounds and I will pay the remainder. I have had Israel prepare a loan agreement for you. Provided that you please Annette the payments can be made interest free. But if you make a fool of yourself then the loan APR rate becomes something in the region of sixty per cent.'

'That's bloody ruinous!' I snapped.

'Think of it as a backstop William, it's a clause that need never come into play provided that you cooperate.'

Yes, i thought, a backstop. I'd heard that sort of manacles language before.

'So!' she said briskly, 'shall we get you to just confirm the order electronically here' she moved pages on her tablet, ' then have you sign the loan agreement here, then we can get to the real business of the day, finding you a reliable van to drive.'

I signed when I shouldn't have. I signed when I should have said fuck you, fuck Marmalade or whatever he was called, fuck the flat, and just walk away. But she wasn't reading my body language. This was business. It was just business. So we moved on to the Ford Transit vans and I chose the best of the bunch. She said I could pick it up in three days when her property development logo, had been printed on the side.

Business done she lounged back.

'How do you feel now?' she asked, 'a bit more secure, knowing where the next pay check is coming from?'

'Hog tied' I said bitterly.

'Really? How long do you think that your pathetic little business would last William?' She pulled the hem of skirt higher. She wore stockings and suspenders, but no knickers nor yet even a thong. Her cunt was on show. She was watching me, very calmly, almost serenely.

'Do you want me?' she asked.

I stared at her. I looked at her sex. Israel had been busy.

'Do you want to lick me out?' she asked, 'Israel's spunk is fresh.'

My mouth went dry. It did it in an instant. I was staring at her sex.

'You might as well learn, the girls will make you do it. It's one of the ways in which they will break you.'

I nodded. I meant that I had guessed that. But Karen read the nod a different way.

'Come on then, come and lick mistress' she said and opened her legs.

'Karen no!' I said sharply.

'William yes. You will come to cunny sooner or later. Caroline will ensure that you do.' Karen opened her peachy sex lips. There was a plug of spunk inside. For all I knew it could reach a foot inside of her. Israel could have spunked her full.

'They're going to make me do this?' I asked.

'Of course they will. Caroline will have you worship your mistress' said Karen. She was playing her fingers idly around and around her clitty.

'Isn't that freaking kinky?' I asked.

She smiled. 'Yes, if that's what you'd like to call it'.

I nodded.

'I want you to enjoy working for me. I want you to remodel your self esteem. I want you to learn to be grateful William' she said. Karen shot me a look.

I nodded.

'Good,' she said, 'let's make a start. Israel will put away that nasty knife of his in the office and you can lick my pussy. What could be

nicer.'

I didn't know what fucking Israel had in the office. But a knife wasn't beyond possibility. It could be something he carried for protection.

'Come on William...I won't tell you again' she whispered.

Her cunt tasted of salt. It tasted of cream, sour cream, which is what I presumed spunk tasted like after it had started to cool and goo up inside a woman. It was thick and sticky and it made me feel as if I was eating something from up my nose. But Karen smelled of sex. Dear God, I thought, your cunt is beautiful. It is utterly beautiful and full of spunk it looks so princess! So I licked lavishly up between her pouting lips and onto her clitty. I made my tongue a sledge that slithered across her contours.

'That's very sweet William, you're being such a good boy aren't you!' she whispered stroking my hair as I tongued her.

'I hate you' I said to her.

'I know' she said, 'but hate is better than indifference isn't it? Because you hate me you can't get me out of your head....can you?'

'No' I conceded.

'Well hate me with your tongue then William. Worship my sex in your own resentful way...' Her voice was like dripping honey. She sounded so smug, so self satisfied. It was as if the world had proved her right, about the likes of me.

'Shall I sit on your face William, do you need that?' she asked.

Dear god, I said 'yes'.

We repositioned ourselves, I lying the length of the sofa and Karen straddling my face. It was a mistake, because as she covered my

mouth, the plug of sticky licked clean she started draining into my mouth. She drained copiously and I could hardly keep up with the swallowing.

'It's like you're feeding off me' she simpered, 'but not like a baby does. You're feeding at my cunt.'

I did some big licks and she moaned. Yes, yes, that was delicious. 'Good boy, lick it out, worship it!' I sucked on her clitty and it was like a huge pea had popped into my mouth. Her clitty hood was pushed back and my tongue massaged her bud.

'That's it, fucking suck it' she snarled. She sounded like the snow queen. She sounded like a woman who turned in a moment. She pressed down on me her sex beaking against my mouth. She wiped left and right up and down as she climaxed on my face. When at last she ground around and around I could barely breath.

'Uuuurgh, uuuuurgh, uuuuuuurgh!' she grunted.

I kissed her sex. I lapped down the juices. At last, at long last, she eased on me. She eased on me as if she had finished feeding herself.

'Alright William.... breathe in darling, breathe in deep. You need the air don't you?' she whispered.

After being used that way you smell of the woman. You smell of her sex and what was in it. You smell of what she has wiped on you. You have been sprainted upon. If you wear a beard, which I do, your hair is matted with her juices. You smell even more of her. You smell used, even owned I suppose. So when I left the house, my money from the sale of my business allocated to Annette's new car, my face used as a sex wipe I felt very different.

What was surprising was how Karen softened towards me once she had won. Once I'd bought the car, got myself in hock to her for a

loan, it was as if I was a keeper. The son-in-law who had been a shove off twat became a useful asset. It was as if you are reassigned. You have stopped being a husband, and you have become an instrument. That was what it felt like to have my mouth used that way. It was as if Annette's mummy had played me. She was getting a tune out of me. That I made her pulse race... that I made her cum in my mouth was some compensation. My mouth felt dirty, exploited, but it had served well. I had pleased the woman and in her own guarded way she was grateful. Perhaps it just made up the thing with Israel. Perhaps it was like the dessert to their dinner.

I was instructed by Karen to drop by the house and wait patiently at the door with the printed off details for the new Porsche boxster. She said that it was hardly likely that Annette would throw herself into my arms with gratitude, but it might at least demonstrate that I was behaving myself. Karen said that life in these circumstances was tenuous. If the reason to go on living was to stay near to someone that you worshipped, then you had to tread with extreme care.

So I rang the door bell and waited. I waited a good long while. I waited even after I had seen the upstairs bedroom curtains twitch. No, I wasn't going away but neither did I shout and cause trouble. Eventually after what seemed ages Caroline came down. She was dressed only in a short silk kimono wrap. She was angry and she slapped me smartly across the face.

'You don't just turn up unannounced, ' she fizzed, 'you ask for an audience.' You could see that she sensed something about me. I wasn't the great unwashed, I was the great used. She looked at my beard and guessed. It seemed to amuse her.

'What do you want?' she demanded.

I took out the sales conformation. Annette needed to book a time to visit the Porsche dealership, test drive her car and take her prize

away. I said it was the blue Porsche that she wanted. Caroline looked through the document and then smiled.

‘That hurt...didn’t it?’ she observed.

‘Your delivery man has brought the Porsche paperwork around’ Caroline called up to my wife.

I heard footsteps on the stairs and Annette came down. She was wearing just a pair of French Knickers. It must have felt cold in the doorway. She looked at the papers handed to her by Caroline and smiled. They kissed and the kiss became a snog. So this is what street theatre can mean I thought. This is their gay pride. Rub it in your face because you have been oppressed for so bloody long.

‘We could drive over there tomorrow darling’ said Caroline.

‘Really, that would be brilliant!’ said my wife. She sounded like a ten year old who had just been given a pony. ‘I love you!’ she added completely unselfconsciously. Caroline smiled back and kissed her again.

‘Sorry to have disturbed you’ I said and nodded, indicating that I would go now.

‘Thank you for bringing the papers over’ Annette said.

I smiled. She might have said thank you for the car she might have said that. But there were no thanks for the car. I was simply the courier.

‘Before you go’ said Caroline, ‘you can take these and clean them for us’. She took up three pairs of leather boots. I was handed them, scuffed, dirty about the heels but otherwise presentable. What she meant was that I was to buff them till they shone. It was a fetish thing, a control thing, it made their sex horny or something.

'They were in the boot of my Porsche when you washed it' Caroline explained. 'If you hadn't been so infantile with the hosepipe I would have remembered to give them to you earlier. Now you have less time don 't you' she said, 'we want them back in the morning.'

## Chapter 7

In my early twenties I did a stint in the army. I knew about bulling boots. So when I got back to the flat I warmed some polish, picked out completely clean polishing cloths, put on some music and made my finger dance the circular waltz over the leather. There was a mirror near where I worked and I saw what state my beard was in. There was Israel and Karen's cum matted there. I was already in a mess and getting into a deeper one. I mean, what crazy oaf gives away fifty five grand, drops into debt to fund a load more and then carries away the leather boots of the bitch who got all the benefits? It was patently stupid, but I did it. I did it I suppose because losing Annette that way, suddenly, so completely just ripped the bottom out of my life. Then when I saw who was taking her off me, I started to fetishize that little bitch. You know something if she didn't look so spoilt and so privileged it would have been easier. If she had been a he then I could have smacked him one in the face and either got a way with it or taken a thump. It wouldn't have mattered then, I would have thrown a punch.

As I polished the boots I thought about Annette getting felt up by that woman. I thought about her fingers between Annette's legs. I thought about my wife strapping that black dildo onto the girl and then opening her pretty legs to take the length inside her. Worst of all I thought about them kissing. I thought about Caroline's fingers running through her hair and her agile tongue playing inside Annette's mouth. Their kissing really freaked me. It was like a true expression of love, of bonding between them. If Caroline fucked Annette then that was sex. May be, a big may be it might even be sexy to watch. But the kissing, uuuurgh!

By 1 a.m. I had all three pairs of boots looking parade ground standard. I was tired and my eyes felt gritty. Felicity was sent up around midnight when they heard my music playing late. I was told to tone the music down. She just stood there on the doorstep in a pair of tight denim hotpants and lace up Victorian ankle boots. She was wearing a boob tube top that didn't leave much to the imagination.

'I owe you an apology' I told her, 'I shouldn't have soaked you.'

'Did dad hit you?' she asked with a smile.

'He gripped my throat for me...till my eyes bulged like Kermit's' I told her trying to sound off hand mirthful.

'He would kill you if you really upset me' she said smirking,. 'so you'd better not do that!'

'I won't' I said quickly. She said it lightly, but the threat was probably real. Felicity was Daddy's little Princess.

'What are you doing up so late? Aren't you working in the morning?' She smiled at me shyly.

'I'm cleaning their boots' I said plainly. I couldn't think of an excuse. It was just too late.

'Caroline and Annette's?' she asked.

'Yes' I said.

'You could clean mine too' she teased.

'No I couldn't' I said, 'you're just a kid and you don't have a hold over me like those two do.'

'I could make you clean my boots. It would be so sexy for my friends. I would tell them that you were my slave' she said.

'Fat chance!' I retorted.

'Don't bet on it. If I asked Caroline she would make you do it. If I told daddy you were irritating me you'd do it or end up in casualty.'

'Yes, OK' I said, 'you could cause trouble.'

She smiled, the verbal contest won.

'Make me coffee' she said.

'Marmaduke won't like you being up here' I told her.

'Daddy will have gone to sleep now your music is down' she answered, 'in any case you're going to tell me how women bitch men.'

I pulled a face. She was a precocious eighteen year old.

'Won't they teach you psychology at medical school. Doctor's aren't bitches' I said.

'I'm a woman and I'll be a bitch if I want. Think of it as a birthright' she said smugly.

I made her coffee and she watched me as I relentlessly polished the boots. Whilst the thought of Marmaduke thundering up the stairs and throttling me was unnerving, the company right then seemed welcome.

'Do they want them polished so that they can both get fucked?' Felicity asked.

I shot her a look. She was too young for that kind of talk. What was more Annette was a lesbian now.

'I doubt it' I told her, but didn't elaborate.

Felicity laughed.

'You're very old school aren't you William. You think that a woman can only bat one way. They might both like cock as well as pussy.'

'No!' I insisted sharply.

'Yes William,' she insisted, 'if I was older I might go bi. I mean there are girls at college that are really hot and guys too.'

I grimaced. The conversation was getting mucky. I'd rather we moved on.

'Women these days are trying out things. We've got the vote now remember William?' She shot me an ironic look as though I was old enough to remember that. 'Now we're trying out how it feels to be in control.'

I didn't answer. The boots were done and I moved them away in case she spilled coffee on them.

'Kiss me' she ordered.

'Fuck off, no!' I said, 'the kebab carver would slice me rather than the meat!'

'Kiss me then, or else I'll complain to daddy that you made a pass at me.'

'Felicity no!' I begged.

'Kiss me and pretend that I'm Annette. Pretend that I am letting you do just that and you ache so much' she taunted.

She pressed her mouth against mine. It was a brush, but it showed real intent. I was to kiss her.

'You *will* kiss me or else you will get you hurt' she said.

I kissed her. I kissed her the proper way.

'That's nice isn't it. Your tongue is so gentle and meek William. Again!' she insisted.

I kissed her tenderly. She wrapped her arms about my neck.

'If my bestie Claire asks what you think about me...you say that you fantasize about me' Felicity ordered.

'You're a prick tease' I told her. I didn't need that teenage kind of agro.

'Yes,' she smiled, 'and I want her to know that I have you by the balls. I want her to know that you jerk thinking about me'.

'No!' I exclaimed.

'Yes!' she insisted and dragged down the zip fly of my jeans.

'No!'

'OK...I'll call Marmaduke then' she announced.

'Alright!' I blurted.

'Get it out then' she demanded.

I felt my face redden. Still, I did as I was told and got my cock out. It was erect. I didn't need that, but it damned well was. She touched it and giggled.

'It's cute but tiny William' she said, 'no wonder Annette's cucking you.'

I swallowed. Please don't do this, I thought. Please just go downstairs and masturbate thinking about some rock idol.

'Jerk it' she directed.

I touched myself and she kissed me. She kissed me demanding an open mouth snog.

'Jerk it until it spurts' she ordered, checking down to ensure that I was pulling on my cock nice as pie. I moaned. She slipped her fingers down inside her shorts, inside her knickers and then lifted them to my nose. A finger went up each nostril like little hooks.

'Breathe,' she said, Claire says that once a guy smells cunt it rules him.'

I jerked hard. Now I was moaning and grunting. I had to share kisses moment by moment but Felicity enjoyed watching my face crease too.

'Someday, when I've got a boyfriend' she said, 'I'm going to train you to lick me out'.

I ejaculated. The fucking mess shot up into the air like an eruption and landed on my hand. She giggled.

'Wow William...your very own Mount Etna!'

I couldn't answer. My brain had creased as much as my face. The spunk was belching out of me. I remembered what Karen had done

to me. Felicity's taunt had triggered that.

'Taste it....off my fingers' said Felicity.

I licked my cum up. I licked it off her fingers.

'You will address me as Miss' said Felicity, 'just like you do your wife.'

I nodded. She smiled.

'You'd better finish the boots' she said walking away towards the door, 'you've been wasting time. I won't ever fuck you William.'

'No, I know' I said, thinking what a teasing little bitch she was.

'Goodnight sweet William' she said, and left.

The next morning I started work for Karen. I drove out in the old van but in the afternoon the new one would be delivered to wherever I worked and I would transfer my gear into that. I wondered whether I would receive my projects from her by telephone. Well, I did, after a fashion. '31 Willow Drive, clear the garden and lay a lawn.' The instructions were clipped to say the least. When I arrived at 31 Willow Drive I found a dilapidated bungalow that she had bought and a back garden that was fit for David Attenborough to explore. The place had been owned by a pensioner. The garden had gone to rack and ruin. This project would take me two days. Day one would be the clear out, working as fast as I could. Day two would be tidy up and lawn lay. I texted the information back to Karen. She didn't demure but there was another instruction for two days hence. Another address and this time there were steps to be repaired and windows cleaned.

'Can I see you?' I asked calling her on my mobile.

'Why?' she asked.

'I wanted to talk about what we did. What you had me do' I said to her.

She laughed. 'You're not begging are you William?'

'No...it's just difficult isn't. You're Annette's mum.'

'At least you didn't call me your mother in law!' she laughed.

'Wasn't it difficult for you?' I asked surprised. 'I mean after you thought about it?'

'Not especially William. I used you that is all. You got something out of it too didn't you?' Her voice was amazingly cool and entirely calm.

'Yes' I admitted.

'So there!' she said upbeat, 'you come to pussy when called. I imagine that Annette will do the same with you.'

I doubted it. The Caroline bitch might, but Annette... there was history. She still wanted rid of me.

'William?' she asked when I let the silence in.

'I doubt it. She despises me' I told her.

Karen laughed. 'She will use you precisely because she does despise you William! Now be a good boy and do some work.'

I put the radio on. In the morning there was Radio 4 for women. Normally they have sensible conversations. That morning though every damned interview consisted of bloody feminists bleating about what bastards men are. I didn't switch the radio off. I was too busy hacking down weeds and digging out briars. I kicked the radio across the grass until it shut the fuck up.



## Chapter 8

When I got back from garden clearing duties there were a pair of severe looking high laced Victorian ankle boots waiting at my doorway. Inside there was a little note from Felicity. I was to polish the boots until they shone and now I would assist her with a prospective boyfriend that she was encouraging. Ambrose was a handsome fresh faced young black guy, may be twenty years old but not much more. The letter was frankly crude.

*I think Ambrose fancies me, but he's going to want me all the more if he knows I bitch a white boy. OK, you're too old to be a 'boy' but you will have to do huh? So remember I am 'Miss' and especially if you see me with Ambrose. You remember all that William. Flic.*

I shook my head reading the note. May be they were teaching women this stuff in sex education classes these days. May be it was being fed to them by crazed counselors. Forget the old feminist cause sister, cast aside the donkey jacket, find a man, weaken him and then rub his face in your sex! I picked up the pair of boots, went in, poured myself a slug of whisky from a bottle I stashed under the sink and sank down in a chair. In truth I could see Felicity bucking with this young dude. He was black and didn't young bitches think that chic? If daddy had been a 'white boy' then he would have been fucking furious right? I laughed thinking it ironic. Felicity wanted to rebel, all young women did. But she was rebelling with a skin when Marmaduke had some of that heritage too. He might still brain poor Ambrose but it would probably be for distracting her from medical

school. I looked at the boots. They would polish up easily so I got out the things. I would leave the polished boots outside, just like the pixie cobblers I had read in a story back in childhood.

That afternoon I had taken receipt of the new van. Not only did it come with new Karen business logo on the side but it came equipped with a host of new gear. There was a new chain saw, a circular saw, nail guns, wire cutters, there was even a mini shredder. I rang Karen and said thank you. She asked whether I had cleared the garden yet. I said yes, but I was sore. There were thorns to pick out of my hands. I'd taken a couple of hits from wasps when I smashed an embryonic nest. She just wasn't interested. The phone went dead. I had said my thank you but that wasn't going to turn into some kind of bond between us thank you very much!

Marmaduke came up. I thought, here goes, I'm about to have my face mashed in because that little bitch was here last night. But it wasn't that sort of visit. The bastard even smiled. He said that tomorrow night after my work I was to go around to the girl's house. I was to be clean and nicely presented. He gave me a parcel that Caroline had left with him. It wasn't so big and I stupidly opened it in front of him. Fuck, you know what it was don't you? No? Well, I'll tell you anyway. It was a fucking dog collar.

I said that to Marmaduke who just roared with laughter. He thought it dead droll.

'It's a discipline collar...look man' he said, 'see this ring on the front, that's for them mistresses to attach a lead. They're making a pet out of you.'

The back of the thing was closed with two prominent buckles. It still looked like a dog collar to me.

'Try it on man!' laughed Marmaduke.

'No' I said.

'Try it on man' he repeated, this time with menace.

I tried the fucking thing on and he took a photo of me on the phone. I knew exactly where that was being sent.

'It tight man?' he asked.

'No,' I said, 'it's humiliating'.

'It sure is!' he responded cheerfully.

I paused. It was the most conversation I had really managed with the man. May be he was ready to reveal some things?

'How did you get involved with this lot?' I asked him.

He gave me a shifty look. He said that he didn't want me poking about. That wasn't allowed. I assured him no, I would accept anything he felt able to share and I would shut up and stop asking things when he told me.

'Back awhile,' said Marmaduke, 'I did a short time inside, you know, dealing drugs. My bitch of a wife left me and I only got Felicity back with difficulty. Then I met Karen. I said that I wanted to start a business. No one would employ me so I told her about the kebab shop plan.'

'She sponsor you?' I asked.

'Yes' he said.

I was impressed. I was impressed by Karen. Hard bitch she might be but she invested in people, she had given this guy hope.

'She bought the property, paid for it all to be fitted out and charged me a rent that only went up slowly. Then she said that Annette

wanted you out of the house and she say that I can keep the place at half rent provided that I make sure you do as your mistress says.'

Hmmm, I thought, less angelic now. Karen was a mix, calculating bitch and good cause savior.

'So you'll do as you're fucking well told' Marmaduke said, 'I have a stake in this.'

I smiled. Yes, he did.

'Given your wife was a bitch to you...isn't this foisting the same for me?' I asked. It was like a test of the guy's humanity. If he had some there was a chance for the future.

'My business runs to make money for Felicity to go to med school. Everything is driven by that William...she is my princess. I'm afraid what Annette does to you doesn't figure.'

I thought about what Felicity was doing to me. This little measure might help fund college in the future but in the meantime it was exemplifying bitch hood to his daughter. By the time Felicity made it to university she could be a horny little cow who enjoyed humiliating men. By then, 'princess' might know how to sniff out weaker men and work them.

'Felicity's a bright girl you think?' Marmaduke said.

What was I to say? She was a conniving little bitch.

'Very bright' I confirmed, 'but may be she needs some things right now. You know, clothes to build confidence with. Those jeans with torn holes in the knees, they're not smart better kind of young woman are they?'

He agreed. It was difficult to know what to invest and what to spend on her.

'Look, ' I said, 'I'm selling some old tools on account of my new van and equipment. Would you mind if I gave the cash to Felicity to buy some new clothes. It's may be £500 or so. May be it would help?'

You just thought, thick fucker, he doesn't learn....didn't you! But think on. Felicity gets the new gear, something sexy and fucks Ambrose. She becomes the sort of taunting teasing little bitch her mum may be bred her to be anyway. May be that would seem sexy eh? But meantime too, I become friends with the meat carver. May be that is a safety valve investment.

'You'd do that William?' he said surprised.

'It won't go far' I warned, 'some jeans without a hole in each knee, a top or two, a pair of boots, something to build confidence through.'

'That would be neat man, that would be really neat!' he enthused.

'OK, we'll do that, just as soon as the gear gets sold. Don't warn her though, best make it a surprise' I suggested. Look, if he ever found my whisky bottle this could stop him mashing my head in.

My friendly chat done I excused myself, had a shower, put on some slacks, an open necked white shirt and that bloody collar. It made me look butch. It made me look as though I needed seeing to, you know, sexually. So I put on my puffer jacket and pulled the collar up so that my neck couldn't be seen when I went around to the house.

That evening there were two Porsches parked outside the place, a sparkling blue one and Caroline's vintage model. You can smell a new car they smell of money. I suppose I mean that they smell of polish, wax and leather. They smell sophisticated, at least this brand did. I wondered how the paintwork would look keyed down the side? But the house was on a reasonably quiet street, with security cameras, one of which pointed almost straight at the cars. If some one casual damaged the Porsche out of envy, the camera would pick

them up quite easily. If I did it, well there was an obvious point of call. Perm any row I had with 'the girls' and the cops could be sent around to interview me.

I knocked on the door quietly and waited. This time it was Annette who came and answered it. She was in new gear. She wore a high waist navy blue leather hot pants with a bib front. It made her look like a sexy presenter from a TV game show. Beneath the leather gear she wore a whimsical white blouse. Now, now the bitch was wearing a Cartier watch too. Caroline must have been rolling in money.

'Come in' she said briskly.

I followed her in.

'Did you ask to see his collar first?' asked Caroline. Annette hadn't but when she looked back at me and I peeled off my jacket to show that I had got the message.

'You look like our bitch now' said Caroline.

The place smelled different. If they had been smoking something 'herbal' then it had been a while ago. I looked about and saw the joss sticks smoking. The smell was a heady, oriental, musky scent.

'Do you like the collar?' asked Caroline.

'No' I said honestly.

'Kiss me your thank you' she ordered.

The woman was chewing gum for God's sake. Thank fully she spat it into a tissue and smiled at Annette. It was time to show her just how far a man like me could be pushed. I approached the bitch and she smiled again at Annette. She was going to enjoy shaming me.

‘When we kiss, open your mouth so that I can tongue you. You never ever tongue me, understood?’

I nodded. She pushed my hands behind my back and she started to rub herself against me. Her arms snaked around my neck and she started to French kiss me. Her mouth tasted of peppermint and she had the most agile, arrogant tongue.

‘You like that William? You like how I kiss? Annette does. She says that you used to kiss like a decaying limpet’. Caroline inspected me as she spoke.

‘I do like it’ I admitted. That was the truth. She was one spoilt sexy bitch. I would have liked to fuck her.

‘Annette and I can kiss you whenever we like. You always put your paws behind your back, you always open your mouth, so that we can tongue you. William never takes the initiative right...we are the mistresses.’

‘Yes M’am’ I said.

Caroline smiled. She looked at Annette to see whether she might like to try. But she wasn’t ready. She wasn’t ready to mimic that sort of romantic touch. I was the discarded and her face said it all.

‘William, you’ll not only clean over here, you’ll bend the knee and heighten the bitch life for us. You’re going to be our slave’ Caroline said swanning about me with her drink in hand. ‘You’ll do all that we say or else Karen will make your life a bloody misery’ said Caroline.

Now, now, Annette seemed more comfortable. She liked the taunting. She liked to see me insulted. It was the kissing that she didn’t like. I seemed too equal or something. It was something like that.

‘Take everything off bar your collar’ said Caroline.

I flinched. That was a tad swift. I'd anticipated a chat about house rules. I'd expected more contracting, but it seemed now that Caroline operated on the basis of show and tell. She would show off my body and then tell me how it was to work. I glanced at Annette, but she didn't seem perturbed this time. It was as though they had rehearsed the evening pretty much completely.

I took my shoes and socks off first. Do you realize how ridiculous a man looks naked save for his socks? I wasn't going to look an idiot. I took off my trousers and then my shirt. I folded them neatly to one side.

'You fucked that?' Caroline laughed toward Annette, pointing in my direction.

Annette smiled. 'Once upon a naïve time,' she said.

'Did he ever make you come...on his cock I mean?' Caroline persisted.

'No, just on his tongue' Annette said.

'OK, ' said Caroline, 'let's start there. William, you will lick mistress's cunt and give her an orgasm. You are to keep your hands behind your back or otherwise I will handcuff them there.'

I wanted to lick Annette's sex for her. I wanted to give her an orgasm. I just didn't want it in this context. I wanted to reconcile things with her. I wanted privacy for us. I thought for a second that Annette was going to refuse this too. But with another kiss from her bitch lover, she unbuttoned the leather hot pants and slid them off. Then she sat back on the sofa and exposed her sex. I knew it, I remembered it and I wanted it. But this time it was different. Caroline fucked her not me. I wasn't allowed to fuck her any more.

'That is out of your league' Caroline told me pointing to Annette's sex 'you worship it, never ever try to fuck it'.

'No M'am I won't' I answered.

Annette waited, watching my mouth near her pussy. When at last I kissed her sex she closed her eyes in pleasure. I doubt that it was about regaining contact with me. It was much more that I would be humiliated. I started to lick my wife's quim. I licked it until her bud started to swell. All the time that I did it I kept glancing behind. You can imagine my concern. Caroline might have fucked me with her toy. She went to her shoulder bag and I thought here we go! If she does that I'm going to fight! What came out of the bag though was not the black dildo. It was a cock cage. She watched me for a few minutes, making Annette squirm against my mouth. Then she said,

'William.... it's time we locked your cock up. You'll want to lick mistress so much more once we've shut down all of that wanking.'

I got to my feet. The cage she had in her hand was an open variety. It was a stainless steel, highly polished scaffold for a cock provided that it never stiffened. If you tried to have an erection, then the scaffolding became a prison. I guessed this, I guessed that it would come. I mean Annette knew about my magazines and the letters. She guessed that I jerked off thinking about bitches who fucked with other men. Now, she was going to make me concentrate on what she and Caroline did. May be I would never see them fuck. May be. But the rationale for the cage stood. I understood how their minds worked.

'You put it on him Annette sweets' said Caroline, 'you need to handle his cock feeling in control.'

'It looks disgusting' Annette said eyeing my cock. My little man was stiffening. The smell and the taste of my wife had aroused me.

'I know darling, but we'll soon have it locked up and useless' Caroline soothed. As if to confirm her assessment she went to the freezer and took out a small pack of frozen peas. I thought she was going to clamp it around my swelling cock. First though she smacked it one with the bag of veg. I yelped. Then the bag got wrapped around my winky.

'Stop struggling' said Caroline in my face, 'kiss me whilst your wink becomes redundant.'

It was a brutal demand. I struggled for a second whilst she clamped my cock hard. The ice took effect although the smell of her perfume and the taste of her tongue made it a struggle.

'You will become our slut' she said. She clenched her fist tight on the peas. My erection collapsed. 'There,' said Caroline when my cock was again a soft bundle, 'clamp the cage on him Annette.'

Have you ever had your cock fed into a cage? Let me tell you it is humbling. Annette took my willy and pushed it into the cock housing. It was hard to keep it there but once the metal bar came around and up behind my balls too the whole was locked in place like a tiny haggis. It pulls your genitals forward and holds them tight. I winced when the lock was shut.

'Tight?' wondered Caroline. She felt my genitals. She felt the pulse working down there. She took a picture of the colour of them. If that changed in the next minutes, if they started to go blue then they would release the cage and begin again with the next larger cage.

'It's going to hurt like hell if you get aroused William,' said Caroline, 'best think of this as your sex organ'. She waggled her tongue at me in a lewd way. Annette smirked.

'He was only ever any good with his tongue' Annette commented.

'I guess so' said Caroline. 'Now', she said, 'my turn'.

I watched her settle back on the sofa, hitch up her pleated mini skirt and bare her sex at me. Her cunt looked wet. It looked swollen and excited. She opened the lips so that I could see the peachy interior and smell her scent.

'Lick it' said Caroline.

I swallowed. It was the first time. She demanded it. Annette was assigned to check my genitals. They would strain through this little episode. Of course if they went blue, then they would know.

I started to lick her sex. Her cunny lips moved luxuriously when I tongued them.

'That's it, lick it bitch' she moaned.

I grunted. She had a hell of a scent. She smelled like a bitch on heat.

'Do you wish you had a cunt William? Your cock's worthless after all' Caroline sneered.

I flicked her flaps with my tongue. Fuck you! I thought. But my cock wanted to swell. It wanted to move and all there came was a pinching tightness as the cage took over.

'It's knotting up' laughed Annette. She had relaxed now, she was even laughing.

'It wants to squirt' Caroline said, 'it wants to squirt and squirt inside me. It wants back inside you. But all he can really do now with it is piddle.'

'It makes him look silly' said Annette.

Caroline moaned.

'He licks nicely doesn't he' said Annette.

'Yees! What a little slut he is!' gasped Caroline. I had her near the edge. Pant you bitch, pant I whispered in my head. I sucked her clitty and then she squirted herself. Her glands just shot lady cum in my face.

'Uuuuoh!' she gasped enjoying the orgasm.

I felt her spasm and you know what, that gave me a thrill. It made me feel good that I could make her sex clench like that. Caroline clamped her sleek thighs against either side of my head and she twisted as the pleasure swept through her.

'You dirty little cunt lick!' she growled as the orgasm surged upwards.

'You posh fucking bitch!' I snarled at her.

She laughed. She laughed and twisted my head left and right, as if she was wrestling my face.

'Now lick my butt' she ordered.

I watched her angle higher, her legs going back towards her head. Her botty hole was pushed in my face.

I licked it. I have never licked a woman's bottom before but I licked hers. My licking stimulated a little burp down there, but she had hold of my hair and my mouth was kept hard against her.

'That is all you're good for!' she snapped at me.

I ran my tongue in circles. She rode the circles with me, angling her legs around the cock so that her bottom stayed against my mouth.

'God I want you!' I gasped.

'Want doesn't get William...you lick you dirty little slut' taunted Caroline.

'He's leaking!' said Annette staring wide eyed at my crotch. I was leaking. I was coming not that it afforded me an ounce of pleasure.

'You have him so much to heel Car!' Annette enthused.

I was breathless. I couldn't keep licking her, tasting her rear. Thankfully she pushed me away.

'That's enough!' she said at last.

'This is so fresh, so horny!' said Annette. 'Make him lie on the floor!' she exclaimed.

I was kicked by Caroline down into the floor. Annette was giggling. She straddled me as I lay there. I knew it instantly she was going to piss on me. Right at that moment she was going to wee on my locked cock. It was her insult.

'Piss on his face' said Caroline.

Annette sidled higher above me. Her crotch was straight over my head. She put one foot up on the chair and started to pee. The golden liquid splashed all over my head and straight in my face. It was warm and disgusting.

'Is that bloody necessary?!' I snapped at them.

'Yes' said Caroline calmly, 'Annette is showing you what she thinks of you. She is showing you how low you have sunk William.' She drew breath and kissed her lover. 'You've got a mess on the floor William, its time to clean it up' Caroline said.

Annette looked down at me. Her face was a picture. She looked astonished that she had just done that to me. Surprise, disdain,

amusement, all played across her pretty face. She reached up to brush a blonde lock to one side and her fancy watch slipped down her wrist. She looked so fucking spoilt, so bloody well corrupted by that bitch.

'I wish you'd never met her!' I swore at the posh whore who drove the red Porsche. I wanted to spit in her face. But I looked ridiculous, naked save for the collar, cleaning the pee from the floor. Caroline definitely heard me as she received a glass of wine from her lover.

'To bad William' she said, 'I did.'

## Chapter 9

The next day I got an invitation. It was from Annette. Yes, I know, that shocked you didn't it! I mean, the bitch who had just pissed on me suggested that we meet up at a local park for a walk and a talk. She said that she wanted me to then meet someone. When I got the invite I thought at first it was that bitch Caroline playing psychological games but apparently not. She was away overnight on some business or other and Annette definitely wanted a heart to heart discussion. She confirmed it in a second text message. May be it was guilt because she pissed on me? I was still trying to figure it when I turned up at the park. It was a tricky thing because not only did I not know what she wanted, but I was going to be stretching my lunch hour a bit. Karen could cut up rough if her relentless work schedule wasn't met.

I sat on this bench watching this old woman feed the local sparrows and waited for Annette in my work clothes. My jeans were a bit scruffy, my check shirt a bit dog eared on the collar. I suppose the old girl might have imagined that I had slept in the bushes! When Annette strolled towards me she looked as though she was on a catwalk. I mean, tan cavalier boots in a really butter soft leather, suede chocolate brown breeches and then a gold coloured blouse and tan leather box jacket. She wore her hair up again and had a gold collar about her throat. She looked as though she should have been starring in the Milan fashion week. If you met a bitch like that and didn't realize what a cow she could be you would want to

worship her. May be if you knew she was like that *you* would want to worship her anyway.

She looked at me and said, 'you could have tidied yourself up William'.

The old woman was listening. She was intrigued by the exchange. The look on her face said that her money was on the idea that I had been thrown out and was now dossing around suffering depression. She wasn't far wrong was she!

I apologized, resisting the temptation to say that the smell of wee doesn't seem to leave your hair even after shampooing it. The old woman smiled. She saw the look of disdain on the younger woman's face. Ah, she must have thought, times had indeed changed. Women held the reins these days.

'Let's walk a while' said Annette.

I nodded. Yes, let's do that. Let's leave the old girl behind.

We started towards the bandstand, and after a few steps Annette said,

'You don't walk beside me...you walk two steps back. You don't stare at me, you look down at my boots. There are new manners to learn.'

I did as I was told. I didn't want to loose this little chat. I wanted to understand just what drove her to humiliate me.

'Yes Miss' I said. I tell you she didn't have the collar on me, there wasn't a chain between us but she might as well have done. She asserted her authority in a flash.

'I'm not going to apologize for last night' she said firmly, 'I enjoyed doing that to you.'

The urge to check her expression when she said that was immense. Consider it, we constantly read people's faces to add clues to what was said. You might get something from their intonation but facial expression adds more.

'I know Miss, you've changed' I answered quietly.

'I love Caroline and she loves me' she continued as if this explained everything.

'Yes' I said. Looking at her clothes, smelling her perfume, it seemed a rewarding relationship. It was must have rewarding at so many levels. My Annette, the old Annette was considerate by comparison. It was as if that posh bitch had taken a syringe full of attitude and shot it straight up Annette's vein.

'You don't understand it do you?' she mused. She smiled at people who passed us. The way that we walked made it obvious she was in charge. Her dress, my dress, she ahead and I behind, head down.

'You wanting a woman?' I asked hesitantly. Of course I didn't understand that! But how do you explain sexual attraction? If your wife fucked off with someone else, how would she explain it? OK, the Caroline bitch was rich, but the actual sexual attraction is impossible to voice isn't? It's impossible if you've gone over to the other side... just like that.

'Yes' she said.

'I don't understand it Miss. I don't understand how you can be so confident, so poised and superior so fast.' I panicked a second. I didn't wish to convey criticism far less contempt. 'It makes you look beautiful, desirable.... Unattainable.'

'She doesn't care what people think. She doesn't worry about what discomfort she causes. She accepts her own needs and desires and pursues them. It's the way that she doesn't cower from life. That is

horny' Annette said. She paused to hug a female acquaintance. 'My you look great!' the woman said. They exchanged pleasantries and as the woman walked on past us she said, 'hi William'. I was an afterthought. 'It's not because Caroline is rich. It's because of her attitude, her energy, or devil may care way of living' continued my mistress.

Nothing to do with dildos and getting fingered then I thought. You fucking resent this. You really do. Much as you need to hear it, long to hear it, you hate every fucking word that is then spoken.

'I accept it. I accept it all.... I'm just begging to play some small part in your life.' I said it without thought. It was a plea straight from my soul. It came from what was left of me after she ripped the rest out.

'Do you really mean that? Ignorant, self centred William, begging to serve me...begging to serve Caroline too?'

'Yes' I insisted. 'I know fuck all about lesbian life. I know bugger all about the dynamics, but I will learn. You keep something back for me and I will surprise myself as well as you. I can learn.'

She smiled. It was an ironic smile and I couldn't tell why. Glimpsing up beneath your eyebrows you learn little. Now, having looked back at me that way she turned and took my face in her hands. She started to press her lips to mine and I opened my mouth to her, submitting to her tongue. It is a very strange experience to have that done to you. Figure it, a kiss, a passionate kiss is usually initiated by the man. The woman usually gets a frisson from provoking such desire. This was different. She took, I submitted and it emasculated you. It emasculated me just as much as when she pissed in my face.

'I own you' she said after the kiss. 'If you don't run away now then I will own you completely. I will give you to others to play with as I choose.'

'You own me already. I can't stop loving you' I admitted.

She laughed. 'So nothing I do will damage your devotion?'

'You wee'd on me last night' I observed.

'You liked that. You needed that!' she exclaimed, 'all your dirty magazines, all those letters, they all featured headstrong women enjoying sex... using their sex to tease men.'

I blushed.

'The husbands thought that the girls were playing whore for them, but really William, they were ruining their husbands, weren't they. They fucked men with a disdainful glance back at their spouse.' Annette whispered the words. She summed it up so well.

She watched me for a second. I didn't have any clever words to say. I was just staring down at her boots waiting for her to raise my gaze up again.

'Kiss them' she said. It was nothing more than that. There was no rationale nor an apology for shaming me as one young couple approached us, arm in arm lost in their romance together.

Bereft of dignity, clawing at any hope, I bent down. At first I was going to pretend to retie my bootlace. But the couple were walking too slowly towards us. I couldn't make that subterfuge last long enough.

'I'm testing myself too William. I want to know whether I can treat you like shit anywhere.... Kiss them' Annette said.

I kissed her boots. I kissed them each in turn, new boots, impeccable boots. I pretended in my head that this was gallant. I told myself that this was like kissing the back of her hand. We were in a different age when such manners were normal. But it didn't work inside my

head. I was still kissing her boots when the couple walked past us and glanced curious in my direction. They didn't look at her. She was beautiful and graceful looking. No, they looked at me as I debased myself before her.

'You can get up now William' she said. As I rose beside her, I saw her hand trembling. The Cartier on her wrist moved as her hand shook. That really had been a test, for her as well. She had tested her resolve, breaking convention. Nice women didn't do this to men.

'I'm going to have you meet someone' she told me and made a call on her mobile. 'It is going to change your life' she added as she waited for the call to be answered. She talked for a moment on the phone. Whoever was on the other end was 'darling' and there was a lot of mewling and laughing. We would meet at the coffee stand at the far end of the park. No, William seemed well behaved, and she was keen to make the introduction.

I frowned as the call ended. What to make of that? Caroline... I'd met Caroline. It must be another spoilt bitch. May be they fucked in packs or something.

We started to walk again, she ahead and I behind. I watched her pert arse move in the breeches she wore with the boots.

'I'm going to introduce you to Lincoln' she said, 'you will always address him as sir. You won't ask him questions. You will respond politely when he asks you things. You will not challenge his gaze. For your health's sake it's best if you look down, as you do for me'.

Lincoln! That name again. I searched back for a context. Caroline knew Lincoln too.

'Please Miss.... Before we meet...is he a friend?' I asked her. I wanted to know something. My last days had been spent knowing next to beggar all.

'He is my bull William' she said without a backward glance, 'he fucks me.'

I halted.

I stopped dead in my tracks. My feet seemed incapable of moving.

'Your lover?' I asked, utterly confused.

'No, he is my bull William' she said softly. She too had stopped now and turned to look at me. I expected her face to be laughing. This was just a game right? This was another twist in the tale. Caroline had probably concocted it. But her expression was perfectly sincere and serious. If anything she seemed a little sad, or perhaps nervous.

I gawped at her. I gawped at her like the village idiot did in Ryan's Daughter. I could still see that poor halfwit, chasing and trying to reason along Inch strand, the sea huge beyond him.

'A bull?' I said rudderless.

She nodded. She checked her watch. We had to move on, but for now, this moment I was robbed of volition. I could walk nowhere.

'Lincoln fucks me, he is the man who sticks his cock in me. Caroline is the woman who loves me. I need both William' she said, her voice trailing off with the short explanation.

'But you're gay' I said in a trembling voice.

She smiled at me. 'You're white, but you're a gardener rather than a pilot. What you do, how you live, doesn't define you completely.'

I mouthed a question that never made it out. Right then I felt as though I'd just discovered that my tiny village was in fact a scene set in a snow globe. It was as if I'd just glimpsed something massively

bigger and was now being given a shake to make the snowflakes whirl.

'If we're late, if I complain about you, he will hit you William' she said.

I still couldn't move. I was glued in place to the path.

'Look...if you have to use labels William I am bi. I have great sex with Caroline and great sex with Lincoln. Caroline isn't jealous of Lincoln,. He fucks her too. We fuck the way that we chose.' She said it was exasperation. It was too blunt, too coarse, but now she had to make me move.

I lasted another moment or two and then checking the time again, she said, 'you come along now, or else run away. But he would find you, I promise you.' She turned and walked purposefully on. I followed, my feet dragging each in turn. I followed feeling as strange as hell.

How far was the coffee stall? I didn't know. I didn't frequent the fucking park. I clearly didn't frequent the bloody world either. Where did all this come from? How had she chosen all this? Inevitably I thought of the bitch Caroline again. She had introduced Annette to Lincoln. A bull, what was that save for something with a penchant for wrecking china in a shop? You are going to think me crazily naïve but I had never ever heard of 'a bull'. There were affairs, there was cheating, people played around, they didn't have a bull. Did that make Annette a cow...oh fuck I didn't know. No, I guessed that Annette was a bitch. A bitch did things that said, fuck the world, fuck what you think.

When she could hear me walking behind her she said, 'he won't hurt you as long as you do as you're told.'

We walked some more. Somehow the old girl who fed birds had traced a new route and we passed her again. She smiled at me as we passed. It was like I was being led around a maze. For a split

second I thought the old girl a prop. She was in the game too, the crazy crazy game.

In the distance was a large wooden hut with wooden seating areas around it. There was a large hatch from which coffee and muffins could be purchased. We were walking towards it. There weren't many people there, something that I noted with a massive sense of relief.

'You'll get used to it William...you will, eventually' she told me. She waved to someone in the distance. A really well built, tall black guy waved back to her.

Fuck, I thought, the guy is every bit as big as Marmaduke. He looks as though he could smash cars in for a breakers yard. He could just smash them down with his fists.

'Call him sir, William...' Annette rehearsed, 'then there won't be any trouble.'

She was accelerating now. She wanted to run and fling herself into the man's embrace. She looked entirely swept up with the idea of seeing him. He walked towards as well and then she couldn't stop herself and ran to him. I paused. It was gutting. I watched her run the last yards and launch into his arms. They seemed to envelope her so easily. They were kissing, kissing, kissing.

I felt fucking stupid. I felt like my whole life lacked an ounce of useful learning.

They were still kissing when at last, my heart aching, I walked hesitantly forward. The guy let go of her lips and pulled her to his side. He had his huge arm still around her. It was like she was a little girl ready for bed and the toy bear had grown up to be a grizzly. For pity's sake! I shook.

'This is William, my cuck' said Annette.

Cuck?

The man looked at me. He was surprisingly calm looking. His face wasn't scarred, or brutal looking. He looked educated and sophisticated. He was wearing jeans, a white shirt and a cord jacket.

'Hello William' he said. His eyes danced across my face. I must have looked drawn of the last drop of my blood.

'Hello sir' I said. That felt strange. It felt so strange. No...it felt shameful.

'Netty told me that you're still learning... not to heel completely but on the way' he said calmly.

I nodded.

'We locked his dick up darling' *Netty* said to him. 'Caroline said that would have an effect.'

'It will,' said Lincoln, 'he'll lose hope. He'll never dream that he could fuck you again. He'll learn to beg'.

'That would be so sexy Lincoln!' she responded. Her eyes were wide. It was like she had to drink him all in.

'He'll start to respond to you eagerly... but its going to require discipline. You'll have to want all that' he warned.

'I do!' enthused Annette. She pleaded with her eyes for a kiss, which he granted.

'If he stays around babe, then he has to live the bigger picture too' Lincoln said.

'He will. I haven't told him things, but he can learn little by little. I want him bent to your will first' Annette said.

Lincoln nodded. Fine. That seemed fine. But his look was cautious. He clearly thought I had loads to learn. I was going to take a lot of bending about.

'How do you see Annette?' he challenged me.

I jumped. The question was stark and very direct. Annette studied me from the grasp of the man mountain.

'She is my mistress' I answered lamely.

'She beat you?' he asked.

'Not yet sir' I answered feeling sick in the stomach.

'She love you do you think? He quizzed.

'She owns me sir' I answered, picking up on Annette's earlier hints.

'She wants to watch me fuck you sometime soon' said Lincoln.

Dear God... what was that but what I used to fantasize about my wife. It was simply the fantasy in reverse. The irony lanced through my veins.

'Yes sir' I answered.

'You ever fuck that way before?'

'No sir' I admitted. How would he feel if I vomited, there on the path?

'Shall we walk with him for a while?' Annette queried. She was watching others near by. More were gathering for coffee and cake. I

was directed to go and buy them both coffee and then we set off on a new path.

Walking behind them was humiliating. It was as if I had suddenly tagged on behind the lovers we had passed and become their sulking and silent shadow. What was astonishing was the ease with which they talked, the way that they touched. It seemed like I had missing out a chapter in the growing up book of life. I wasn't required to talk with them I wasn't interviewed. Apparently I was just to recognize that they were as much an 'item' as Annette and Caroline were. So I walked and I listened intently to everything. I sucked their conversation dry.

'Caroline still in Berlin with that trade delegation?' Lincoln asked her at one point.

'Yes...but she's back tomorrow' Annette affirmed.

'I want you on some trips too. You know, may be we start with New York. Would that seem sexy?' he asked Annette.

Annette glanced at me. 'Yes...that would be brilliant. I love you... I'd love that too' she told him and they kissed again.

'They won't want him along until he's trained' Lincoln said, 'some wouldn't ever want him along, it's a cultural thing'.

I tried to make sense of it but I couldn't. It sounded though as if Caroline travelled a lot and Annette would now follow suit.

'I have him working for mummy, and Marmaduke makes sure that he behaves at home' she assured him.

Lincoln glanced back at me as I walked along quietly behind them.

'We're going to teach you to fuck our way' Lincoln said to me.

## Chapter 10

That evening I was summoned to attend my mistress and Lincoln at the house. Caroline was still away in Berlin but it seemed that Annette felt that she had more than enough muscle to control me with Lincoln there.

'You're to wear your collar and if you have it a pink shirt' she told me on the phone.

Annette knew that I had a pink shirt, it was one of the ones that she had watched me bundle up when I took my clothes out of the house. She hadn't ended the call abruptly after that instruction so I grabbed the opportunity.

'You amaze me' I said quickly, 'I never dreamt that you could be this adventurous'.

You could almost hear her smirk down the end of the line.

'We never really had sex William. You never did sex properly... I didn't know what a fulfilling part of life it could be. With you sex was 5% of life, now sex is involved in 80% of life. You figure it.'

'Lincoln, he's impressive' I admitted. I thought of Felicity's Ambrose and wondered what he would grow into. Once the young guy got used to taking pussy because of his attitude and skin. I said that because I didn't want conflict. I couldn't bear to think about losing Annette.

'He's going to become your boss, just like Caroline and I are. We are an elite and elite's control what also-ran's don't.'

'Yes' I said limply.

'Miss, about the travel assignments, where you might go and where Caroline is now...' I began. But now the phone went dead. Some things were forbidden for discussion. Perhaps they were meant for later, once my soul was in hock to their erotic hell.

Whilst I was getting ready to go over to the house, Felicity came up to the flat. She was wearing a little leather skirt the depth of a slouch belt. Honestly, it looked designed to stiffen cocks for miles. How Marmaduke let her out wearing something like that I will never know. She seemed made up with the polished boots that she now wore and she was doubly pleased when I handed her £200 to go clothes shopping with. I explained that I had disposed of some old work gear and I had promised her dad that I would help fund her wardrobe. There were a couple of bigger items still to sell so she would probably get another £200-£300.

'Did daddy threaten to hit you unless you spoiled me?' she asked coquettishly.

'No!' I said and laughed, we were grown ups. She was just a teenage kid and men related to each other differently. It wasn't only just power. Marmaduke and I could relate to one another.

'Ambrose liked it that I made you wank' said Felicity.

Shit! I didn't need to hear that. I didn't need to hear that she was gossiping. Besides I couldn't wank now could I? I can tell you I wasn't about to show her my bits again any time soon.

'Tell me, do husbands always suck cock when black men take over?' Felicity asked.

‘What?!’ I exclaimed. It wasn’t nice. It really wasn’t nice. What was alarming was that for a moment I thought that she knew about Annette and Lincoln. I thought that she knew I was about to embark on a situation that she fantasized about.

‘If the black guy has control... if he’s bigger than the husband’ I said.

Felicity smiled. She liked the idea of a male being made to suck cock for her lover. It was kind of nasty sex.

‘Ambrose is a kid Felicity, never in a month of Sundays’ I told her.

She smiled again.

‘Ambrose carries a blade William. He knows how to use it too’ she said sweetly.

‘Listen I need to go out. I’m going too be late for an appointment’ I insisted.

She seemed peeved. She caught my arm as I went to stand.

‘You have to kiss me before you go’ she insisted.

‘No’ I said.

‘Yes. Daddy might think that you made a pass at me in this skirt otherwise’.

I looked at the blackmailing little bitch and kissed her. It was going to be a peck on the lips but she turned it into something more. Her hand came around behind my head and wouldn’t let go until I tongued with her.

‘Touch my sex’ she ordered.

'No!' I protested.

She cocked her head. She didn't have to repeat the threat again. I watched her hitch the skirt hem up, pull her lacy panties to one side and then guide my hand there. My fingers touched her pussy. It was wet. She was already a woman wanting to have it filled.

'I might practice fucking on you' she said, 'so that when I go with Ambrose he enjoys me more'.

I gasped. 'Perhaps another time' I blurted. Perhaps another time in a century far far distant from now, I thought.

'You *will* fuck me if I tell you to. Daddy has a hold on you. You will do as I say' she warned.

I shooed her out of the door and then locked it behind us.

'I bet you need a fuck don't you' she said primly, 'now that Annette doesn't go with you anymore!'

I just ran down the stairs, I couldn't listen to her now.

It was a hurried drive over to my mistress's house, the place that I used to call home. I knocked on the door, having checked that she was at home. The blue Porsche was there and in addition a sleek black BMW saloon as well, which I guessed was his. It was Lincoln who came to the door. It took him a moment to recognize me and then he put his hand out. I wasn't to shake it he said, I was to kiss his signet ring.

'Greeting?' asked Lincoln.

This wasn't a game of code words was it? There wasn't a secret password now.

'Good evening sir' I tried. It seemed to work.

'Get inside' he told me crisply.

'Have you let him in darling?' Annette called from the bedroom.

Lincoln affirmed yes. 'I'll bring him straight up' he added, 'the guy has a lot to learn.'

It was a bit of a shock when I walked into the master bedroom. The lights were turned down low and soft and Annette was dressed in a black basque with stockings. She wore a velvet choker about her neck and her Cartier watch. She looked like a posh slut. She went to him as soon as he entered the room and they kissed. Lincoln turned back to me and he made a downward gesture with his thumb.

'This means kneel' he said and pointed in front of my wife, indicating where.

I went and knelt in front of her. The whole situation was charged up and racing ahead.

Lincoln made another gesture with his fingers this time. For a second it looked like a simulation of rain falling.

'This means lick' said Lincoln.

Annette seemed amused by the little rituals. She held her pussy lips open and I started to lick her. He had already fucked because she tasted used just like Karen had done. This time though the spunk was sticky and cold, it was a while back. I had to lick hard to ease it off her pubic hair.

'This means suck cock' said Lincoln and he made a gesture thrusting one finger into a circle that he had made with two others on the opposite hand. I watched him unzip his fly and pull his cock out. It was circumcised, his helmet dusky pink against the ebony shaft. It was a big and a cruel looking cock.

'Please, no!' I begged.

Lincoln repeated the gesture. His face was hard, his eyes intent on mine.

'Do as you're told, he won't tell you again' said Annette.

I wanted to stand and run. But he already had one big hand on my shoulder. The other could become a fist in my face so quickly.

Annette held his erection close to my mouth.

'Lick it first' she instructed.

Dear God, I was about to get my head caved in. Lincoln ran his glans down the side of my cheek. It was as if he wanted to trigger a rooting reflex. Annette looked down at me and nodded.

'Go on, it's better than having your face messed up' she said.

I gulped. Then I turned my head and just sucked the head of his cock. It was warm and very hard. He smiled at me and Annette kissed him.

'I told you he would' she said.

'Can you taste her on me?' he demanded. I nodded. I could taste what I had just licked.

'It taste nice, now that you know she's getting cocked as well as petted by her lover?' he asked.

'Yes sir' I mumbled.

'Why is that fag boy?' he asked, his eyes quizzing me afresh.

I thought hard and fast. With a mouth full of cock now it couldn't be a cute answer could it. I had to submit.

'Because she deserves the best' I said, 'Annette deserves perfect sex.'

It pleased my wife come mistress. It pleased her a lot. She pushed my head from the back so that I slithered back and forth on his cock. It was difficult. When his helmet hit the back of my throat I felt as if I would choke.

Having me suck his cock didn't seem a problem for him. I wasn't biting or resisting and the sight clearly turned Annette on. He grinned at her, showing off with his casual thrusts.

'He takes it nice' he said.

'He does' she agreed.

'You should keep him on, we'll use him' he said.

'OK, if that's what you want darling' she whispered.

The man dragged his cock out of my mouth and gestured with the flat of his hand as if he was pressing down a pad of some kind.

'This means lie down.... Up on the bed' he said.

'Do you want him naked?' Annette asked.

He smiled, and circled his finger like a helicopter blade, I was to loose my clothes first. I undressed before them and then got up on the bed and lay face up, with my head near the end.

'It's dinky isn't it' Laughed Annette referring to my caged cock.

'Yeah, sure is' he said and prompted her to straddle doggy fashion above me. Now her sex peeped out below that basque just above my head.

'Lick her up' Lincoln ordered. Annette dipped down and I started to lavish attention on her sex. She really smelled ready for him and her quim was already dripping a scent rich fluid. I lapped at it as it oozed out of her.

'OK babes' he ordered, lifting her a little higher. I watched his cock head nuzzle between her spittle smeared lips and then he just drilled it inside her. It went in, smooth, deep and in one. Annette gasped. She took the whole juddering length, without a sheath, without a warning. I heard her panting.

'Nice huh bitch, that nice eh?' he sneered.

He started to thrust her. He pushed it in and pulled it back almost out and it was covered in her glistening juices.

'Lick her clit as she takes it' Lincoln ordered.

I couldn't at first. Annette had to spread her legs wider so that I could get my head into the right angle and then I licked her clitty as he rode her. She grunted. She grunted like a beast discovering something very dark and very needy within.

'Lincoln, God....Lincoln!' she whimpered.

'OK babe' he said and pushed it back inside her. His balls swung against my cheek. I turned to lick those too.

'I love it, I love it, making him lick me whilst we fuck' she moaned. Her tits were swinging. With every punishing pump of his cock they swung forward and returned like cathedral bells. Her nipples were bolt hard beneath each.

'Please darling, please Lincoln.... Oh please!' she gasped as he pumped up the rhythm. Now he was fucking her beautifully. The squelchy slup, slup, slup, slup sound echoed in my ears.

I kissed his balls, licked them and licked them hard. I wanted him to shoot his load deep inside her. It was unreasoned, crazy, impulsive and instinctive, but I wanted my mistress to have the fuck she so richly deserved given how she looked and how she acted now.

'Suck my balls' Lincoln bellowed at me. I put my lips around them capturing them as best I could. They were huge in my mouth but I licked and caressed them relentlessly. I could feel them pulsing. They were throbbing and soon they would give his bitch what she deserved.

'oh god, oh god, oh god!' Annette moaned.

His balls popped out of my mouth. They jagged upwards and I saw them spasming as he shot wad after wad of his spunk inside her. She bucked with every load that he delivered.

'I adooooore you' she panted feeling his gift. Her thighs were spasming too. Annette was climaxing hard.

Annette was groaning sooo hard. I wished that I could fuck her properly. I mean fuck her so that she begged for it like she did on Lincoln's cock. Now, moments passed and his cock seemed to go on jerking. His semen kept erupting from those ample hanging balls and squirted inside her.

'That better bitch?' he asked.

'Yes.... Yeeees!' she whimpered, 'I love your cock!'

His cock dragged slowly free, covered in their coupling slime and it was so heavy at the bell end that it dropped to my mouth. I suckled on it greedily whilst Annette drained all over my face. Lincoln

groaned. He liked his cock sucked this way, now that he had won with the bitch. May be he had fucked Annette countless times but it was sweet to do so now with the husband worshipping beneath him.

'Smell her' he demanded of me, 'smell what she stinks of. She's fucking well full of my jizz!' He almost bellowed the taunt out at me. It was as if he roared and thumped his chest.

'OK,' he said to her when I had licked enough, 'sit on his face and let the goodies drain'. Annette complied. She sat upright, positioned her sex over my mouth and settled there as if she was sitting the nest. I got a mouthful immediately and swallowed the sticky warm soup. I swallowed and swallow whilst Annette poured it into me.

'Give him a quick breather' Lincoln said when I flayed my arms signaling that I was asphyxiating.

Annette lifted a moment and then when I had inhaled she dropped her sex straight back down to feel me licking her clean.

'Now your arse' Lincoln said.

She shifted forward as directed and I licked again, worshipping, hating, reveling, above all else, struggling to make sense of it all. I had wanted it. I had eagerly licked them as they fucked. I wanted her belly full of his sperm. The way I made noises licking Annette's body made Lincoln observe that I sounded like a fucking dog. I would be perfect for the future he had planned for me.

'Go and wash your face' he said afterwards, 'she leaked on you. Go and fucking well clean yourself up' he ordered.

Gratefully I did as I was told. I went and scrubbed my face, rinsed my head over and over and over again. I was still doing that when Lincoln walked in on me. Oddly, surprisingly he held out a glass of whisky to me.

'You needed that...didn't you? She's a bitch in your head. You need her to treat you like dirt'. He murmured sampling his own whisky.

I looked at him alarmed. I was meant to deny it. I was meant to up his frisson by denying that any of that had been vaguely pleasurable.

'Annette obsesses me' I admitted.

He nodded. 'She's too good for you isn't she? Best she is with me and that other bitch Caroline.'

'Yes' I said and blushed again. He was still staring at me, waiting for me to say something more. 'There was a time,' I said, 'when I used to fantasize about her fucking other men. Back then I thought it was a power buzz. Now...now I know different. I've always felt inadequate beside her. She's always needed a better man. So what you did there, well.....'

'Caroline and I will fuck her. She has more sex in her little finger than you have in your body' he said. 'You'll worship her. If I tell her to fuck someone else she does. If I tell you to help them out like you just did, you do so.'

I blinked at him. He intended to put Annette on the game? He intended to pass her around. If he wasn't selling her, then he was at least sharing her.

'That's why Caroline is in Berlin isn't it, you've given her to someone for a few nights' I said drily. My mouth was so salty, so full of the taste of them.

'Beautiful women deserve beautiful clothes, fine jewellery, really nice things' said Lincoln. 'I put the bitches about to ensure they get the baubles they deserve. I'm no fucking pimp cucky. I do the introductions and they form the relationships and take the rewards. Black diplomats, black businessmen who like snow bunny cunny.'

'Always fucking black guys...you get off on that or something sir? You like getting them hooked on black cock?' I said it before my brain caught up.

I thought shit, he's going to hit me. His hands tensed into fists. Now I rescued the conversation.

'Annette wants it. She wants to be like Caroline. She wants sex to be 80% of her life' I said quickly.

'Good' he said and at last, he relaxed.

## Chapter 11

How much sex can a beautiful mature woman handle? Have you asked yourself that question? Have you really considered what her capacity is to eroticize life? When I left the house that night I pondered questions like that a good deal. The wife who I thought I knew had in only a short time revealed her capacity to love another woman and hook up with a black dude. Lincoln had probably seduced Caroline and got her on the black cock road and then in turn Annette had been snared. But don't see my wife as a victim, because I don't. She pissed on me and she demanded that I suck Lincoln's cock. Annette had as much sex drive as any man I had ever heard of and for years she ran silent in our marriage.

I'd be lying if I claimed that the turn of events wasn't doing my head in. It patently was. I wanted Annette to be a bitch and I then hated the privations of that. I hated being forced out of my home, living in some doss flat above a kebab shop with another little bitch exploring her appetite below. I hated working for Annette's mummy. Those next days were some of the hardest grafting days of my life. She had me by the short and curlies because of the loan and because I lived in her fucking flat. If I worked only three days a week for her I put the graft of five days into the projects that she gave me.

A few days after my humiliating introduction to Lincoln I was called over to my boss's house again. The Maserati was outside but no other motor. Israel wasn't there that day. I rang the doorbell and she

let me in. She was wearing a midi dress with exquisite shot through strands of gold in the material and a pair of soft leather boots beneath. She really did look lady of the manor and I stared at her appreciatively. She said that I looked rather haggard. She wondered whether I was burning the candle at both ends, socializing too hard as well as working for her? I didn't like to say that the schedule of work she gave me was blistering.

'Are you pleasing your mistress?' she queried leading me through to the large conservatory where we were going to have 'a little chat' about the next project. I wondered what 'pleasing' meant. At one time, so recently, it meant working my way to a discreet divorce. Now though it seemed something rather different.

'I'm trying to' I said honestly enough, and then I added, 'she introduced me to Lincoln'. I just dropped it in like that. You see I was curious just how much mummy knew. Was she in on everything?

'Did she have you suck his cock for him?' Karen asked. She said it very casually, you know!

'Yes' I admitted feeling queasy. It was odd, I could admit the act to myself but sharing anything about that with others made me feel like shit. It was like the admission put me square into a little box alongside all their prejudices.

'I would fuck him too,' Karen said, 'but I think that Israel might cut up rough'.

I smiled. She was in a relaxed mood and that was a relief.

'You all fancy black guys. It's becoming a fashion' I ventured.

She smiled, I wasn't going to unsettle her.

'Once fucked always reserved. Once one has had you....' She let my mind fill in the blanks. They were she inferred, simply superior, in the

sack. Slowly, without particular design, simply through women's instinct it would change the shape of society. Women would simply advantage black lovers over white ones and the skin of human kind would change.

She served coffee in the conservatory and ordered me to sit.

'How are you getting on with Felicity?' she asked.

I blanched. I didn't need that conversation thanks.

'Well?' she asked, crossing her legs and wagging a boot beneath the soft drape material of her dress.

'She's horny and dangerous' I said, 'honestly, she'll get my face mashed in by Marmaduke. You should have him rein her in.'

She laughed. Life was full of risks wasn't it! That was the look on her face.

'I want her hooked on black cock. I was... much at her age. She is legal you know' Karen said.

'I know she's legal' I hissed, 'but you're not thinking about my health. If you want me in a fit state to work for you, then you need to rein her in. Marmaduke wants her off to medical school.'

'You make me smile' Karen said, 'you seem to think its either or. Either Felicity has sex with her boyfriend or else she has a good career. There are thousands upon thousands of white women having perfect sex lives with black men AND fulfilling their career potential too.'

I wondered about career. Annette made a very good salary in her job but her new hobby had the potential to earn her thousands of pounds a day. If she was bedded by the richest and most generous

bucks well the there were no limits. What she did with me, to me, could augment that even more. Lincoln had a plan.

'I want you to encourage Felicity. I want you to teach her to use her sex in an arrogant way. She will always go with a black man but she may marry a white one, you know, for image reasons' Karen reasoned.

The idea disgusted me.

'Marmaduke' I said. I wasn't willing to die for her mentoring plans.

'I will deal with Marmaduke. Just lick pussy for Felicity and teach her to realize what power she has down there' Karen continued.

'But I'm serving my mistress' I protested. How many hours in the day are there!

She laughed again.

'You flatter yourself William. Annette isn't as obsessed with you as you are with her. She's fucking with Lincoln, with Caroline. You're just there to be used, sometimes, Annette time, when *she* chooses.'

That jolted me. I wanted Annette's attention in any form, however derogatory it was.

'Yes Miss' I said.

'The more malleable you are, the more responsive you are the better. Sometimes a response is to sit and wait and be ignored William. You have to live with doubt. She may never want to use you again'.

I nodded.

'So' said Karen brightening, 'service comes in many forms. You can teach Felicity to become a little bitch, encourage Ambrose in his ambitions. This isn't an issue of loyalty. You are just something to use. Annette isn't loyal to you, she owns you. I am quite sure that she would be pleased to learn that you are encouraging another young woman along the way.'

'Please,' I said, 'don't tell her. You might be wrong, she could bin me!'

'Alright then, we'll leave that mention to Annette for now William. I realize that you have your own anxieties.' Karen gave me a knowing look and then calmly eased up the hem of her dress. Her pussy was framed by the suspender straps and by the tops of her stockings.

I went and paid my respects to her. I licked at her sex, which was pretty potent smelling. As I licked at her lush quim I realized that I needed to read about a woman's scent. It was starting to seem addictive and the more so now that my cock was locked up.

'So, you'll do this for Miss Felicity won't you' Karen whispered, teasing my hair as I nuzzled. 'You'll tell her about Lincoln, about how black men always win'.

I nodded and hated myself. I loathed myself with a passion.

Karen took the lightest of pleasures, the softest of teases. I wasn't required to lick her to orgasm. She seemed relaxed and very assured about that. If I always secured her orgasm, then that could encourage reliance. I realized that this was the antithesis of female control. I gave what madam wanted.

'Now' said Karen, 'I want to show you a very large house with a lot of work attached'.

She took up the tablet and showed me a massive house. May be it had eight or ten bedrooms and a very large and tired looking garden.

The window frames needed rubbing back and painting, part of the deck needed replacing and there was a koi carp pond to sort out.

'This little job is going to take you the best part of ten days William' she said, showing me the following pictures of house and garden decay. She flicked on through the pages on her tablet. 'And these are the owners' she said, coming to a picture of a rather decrepit man in his seventies and his frankly obese wife somewhere in her sixties.

Karen looked at me. I was meant to guess something. I stared blankly back at her.

'I'm meant to service the wife' I said at last. It was a sickening thought.

'Of course not!' Karen giggled, 'you can't fuck Elizabeth can you? You're not equipped! No, you're to worship her in your special way.'

The woman was probably sixteen or seventeen stone in weight. She would smell. I was sure that she would. I must have shown my disgust because Karen was quickly on with her rationale.

'Poor Charles has a catheter in so he can't fuck her any more. But if she had charge of you.....'

I couldn't resist. There would only be another threat. Annette would learn of my extra chores. You know.

'Have you said something to Elizabeth?' I asked.

'I've said that she can use your mouth. She knows that winky has been locked up' Karen answered. She and Annette talked. They talked a lot.

'Is Charles in on this?' I queried.

Karen smiled.

'Yes poor dear he is. He won't make a fuss. I think he will be grateful that Elizabeth has her needs met. You know.' Karen patted my hand. There, that was settled. She didn't wait for my answer.

Karen was prophetic about Annette. Caroline came home and suddenly she didn't want me for a few days. I wasn't summoned to the house, I wasn't texted a taunt. There was just nothing and just as Karen had predicted a terrible gnawing anxiety started to clamber its way up inside my head. It was as if I didn't exist. I promised myself that I wouldn't do this, but I needed desperately to get glimpses of my mistress and so I did a bit of spying. One of the houses that I had worked on for Karen was obliquely opposite the house and I still had the key so I took a pair of binoculars up into the darkened front bedroom. There were times when I spent whole evenings up there, the van parked well away in another street, I leaning on the window sill, staring across the road at the house.

You can learn a fair deal from watching comings and goings to a house. I realized that Lincoln came and went as he pleased. He had a pass key to the place. There were lots of evenings when his car was outside. Each time he got the key in the door though Annette was there to greet him. I watched her fling her arms around his neck and kiss him eagerly. She always wore the poshest, the sexiest clothes so that she looked on heat for him. Then one Thursday night I saw something else. Lincoln brought with him two black visitors. They wore smart suits and they talked in a foreign language. I didn't know what that was, but Lincoln was being expansive and suave, showing them to the house. Annette came to the door. She was wearing leather hotpants, fish net tights and her posh watch. She looked really vamped up. I watched her kiss the taller of the strangers. Caroline emerged and she kissed the other one. Then they went inside.

I slumped down that bedroom wall I can tell you. I didn't need to be wandering around the house to know. I didn't need to clock the kissing and the cuddling. Annette was being trained as a high-class whore. She was going with black businessmen that Lincoln introduced them to. The sex wasn't just on trips abroad. I started to cry. It was terrible.

Ten minutes later I heard the front door open again. I trained the binoculars and saw Lincoln emerge. He wasn't staying to superintend. Annette emerged arm in arm with the tall businessman. It was surreal. It was bloody surreal. The visitor reached inside his pocket took out a roll of notes, a massive roll of notes. I zoomed the view in on the binos. They were the fifty quid colour. The guy peeled off maybe half a dozen for Lincoln and then gave the rest to Annette. She was probably holding several thousand pounds cash. I gawped at them. Annette kissed Lincoln good bye and then she planted a thank you kiss on the mouth of her visitor. I started to retch. Soon, soon I thought, that guy is going to be inside her and night by night Annette was going to become one very rich, very cynical little bitch.

You know something, that night I stayed on there. I kept watching the house. It was as if I imagined that I might be called suddenly for a rescue. I wouldn't know whether the black guys were tooled up but in my imagination the call for help could still come. Then I would be a hero. I trained my binos on the bedroom windows. Both were lit with small table lamps and no more. There was no silhouette sex for me to observe. The sash windows were closed, and even when the cars stopped driving past, and the drunks had all staggered home there was no sound of fucking from across the road. I sat in the dark, bedroom of an empty house.

## Chapter 12

The next morning I did something pretty stupid. Having slept fitfully in that empty bedroom, I wrote a note on a scrap of paper, folded it and before anyone stirred over there, I went and dropped it through the letterbox. It was addressed to Annette and it was incredibly simple.

*Mistress, I adore you, worship you, I will do anything for you. Please summon me, please mistress. William.*

Did that make you sneer? Do you think the worst of me now? I know, it is pathetic... It is utterly pathetic. She would call me when it suited her. She would summon me when it was time for me to be used again. But the waiting, even for a few days was crippling. My mouth was dry, my cock knotted in the cage and I wanted to tear my brain out. That note though was stupid in so many ways. For one thing I could have been apprehended by one of the visitors. May be they didn't like other people snooping around. May be Annette or Caroline might have seen me and became angry that I was messing up their territory? It was quite possible that they had security cameras fitted now. If Lincoln had arrived to take the men away when I was at the door, I could have taken a battering. Still, I did it. I did it and for a mini second I felt like the Scarlet Pimpernel. I was a shadow that moved where I would. I was a dark force for good... however much that makes you laugh.

My mobile rang soon afterwards and I thought Christ, here goes... the retribution. But it was Felicity. I'd not given her my mobile phone number but Karen probably had.

'Hi! William....how are you! You weren't around last night when I came up to see you'

I'd forgotten. My flat was a prison. She and her dad probably knew of my comings and goings. Staying out overnight could signal a sleep over. It could signal my escape.

'No...no I had to work late on a renovation and I slept at the property,' I apologized, 'it's left me pretty tired'.

'Poor you!' she cooed in what I assumed was mock sympathy. I found it pretty hard to read the little bitch and especially when I couldn't see her face. 'I wanted to show you my new leather hot pants. They cost all the money you gave me, but goodness they are sexy'.

'Good' I whispered. I felt emotionally drained from the vigil. I wasn't in the best of moods.

'Listen I'm out with Ambrose tonight, at the Red Unicorn on Lark Street. I've decided that you will join us.' She paused. I was meant to confirm of course yes, I was at her bidding. I wanted to say fuck off. 'He knows that you do as you're told William so it won't be a problem'.

No, no, no, no! My head screamed the response.

'I saw Karen yesterday, she said that you admired Ambrose and I. She said that you wouldn't be a problem at all'. Felicity was waiting. She really wanted the expected response.

'What time?' I asked irritably.

Felicity sucked down a breath. You could hear it on the phone. Maybe boyfriend was even with her.

'Eight o'clock. You're to wear the collar William' she said.

'OK' I said.

'Yes Miss' corrected Felicity. 'Remember what I said William, I am Miss and Ambrose is sir'.

'Yes Miss' I answered.

'Good!' she chirped, 'we'll see you this evening!' She made it sound as if we had arranged a fun date. We were going to stuff ourselves with candy floss, visit a fairground, talk about Fulham's crap football and become palls of some kind.

'Thank you Miss' I said.

Felicity laughed. 'Bye!!!' she said.

That morning I made my first visit to Charles and Elizabeth's place. It felt old and it felt neglected. The old guy answered the door, shook my hand and said that he would ask Elizabeth to show me around. I thought shit, I could look like you a few decades on. This is how life ends then is it, with a sagging face and a catheter leg bag. Elizabeth appeared down the stairs. She was wearing what looked like a pair of culottes and boots. At any rate she looked more presentable than she did in the pictures. She had a jolly hockey club expression on her face and I could imagine her being one of Karen's bosom chums on some committee or other.

'hello William, I'm Liz' she announced happily. I thought she should have shook hands but she insisted on a hug and I missed her cheek on purpose and kissed her neck. She looked at me with a smile.

'Good, Karen said that you were biddable' she said.

I nodded.

'Charles isn't a problem at all,' she informed me, 'if you weren't the locked up kind we could fuck. He's never really worn the pants'.

The locked up kind! So I was a type now. I guessed that Karen and she probably talked socially, you know about men and their status. They probably weighed and measured us like fucking livestock at an auction.

'I can't I'm sorry, I hoped that Mistress Karen explained' I said. I didn't want a show and tell explanation of my circumstances.

'That's OK William...if you lick nicely we can find other jobs for you after the house and garden are brought up to scratch.'

I didn't say yippee! I smiled a rueful smile. I must admit it she read me pretty fast.

'It's proving hard work isn't it, women can be a bit brutal. Well here we will take things gently, no spanking or caning' she promised.

I started. Clearly there were degrees of brutal! I had been humiliated over and over, but so far, thank goodness there had been no paddling, no caning.

'I'll show you around first, fix you a coffee and then have you start in the garden to work up a sweat and then I thought we might relax in the summer house for a while. If you're comfy with that, may be another time Charles can watch.'

I felt like a circus animal. This though was how I used to think of sex. It played as an entertainment in my head. Now though Annette had set buffers on that little idea. I worshipped and I entertained. If Lincoln was there I did tricks on cocks.

'I'd like that' I lied.

'Good!' she beamed and led the way up the stairs.

Do you know what, it was no fun at all licking Elizabeth's sex. OK she was moist and smelled nice, better than I thought a woman would at her age, but it was becoming a ground hog day for me, licking pussy. All of the women had their own special scent, and if they had fucked like Annette and Karen had, then that was augmented. But I found that I was obsessing over the smell and taste of one particular woman, my mistress. So after Elizabeth had discarded her boots, eased down and neatly folded her culottes I came to her rather hairy sex and licked and sucked fantasizing about how Annette would taste given her recent cocking by the black businessman or diplomat.

'Are you alright William' Elizabeth asked, 'it's just you seem distracted, even sad.'

'Sorry' I said and sucked gently on her clitty.

'Eventually you will be grateful for all the cunt you can get' she observed, rather peevishly. 'I suppose it starts with an ache for the woman who cucked you, but eventually, after your head has been rearranged, you will be hungry for any sexy gift.'

'Sorry, I'm disappointing you. I'm really sorry miss Elizabeth. I'm feeling wretched.'

I know, I know' she soothed and touched my head as I licked against her cunny.

'Please may I lick your bottom out afterwards?' I said feigning a sincere interest in the chore.

That seemed to please her. 'Of course you may' she said pleased at last.

So down in the summerhouse, I tongued the bitch front and back. Elizabeth climaxed when I rang my wet tongue around and around her botty hole. She said that was delicious. She was kneeling on a whicker chair and she thrust her butt repeatedly in my face. I listened to her groan. She jerked and grunted when she climaxed.

Afterwards something inside Elizabeth prompted her to play counselor. It was as if she wanted to play mummy to me. She suggested that we walk in her sprawling garden a while. She could point out shrubs that she wished to keep but more importantly we could talk about me. Yes, I said me. She wanted to talk about William. It was surprising to say the least.

‘So tell me William, from your perspective what has been happening? What made you so ruminative when we had sex?’ she asked gently as we walked. I could see Charles up in the conservatory. He looked as though he was dusting the place for heaven’s sake.

I wasn’t sure that I should talk with her. I mean, she was a comparative stranger. What was more she was one of Karen’s friends.

‘Karen must have said Miss,’ I answered, ‘you probably know my situation.’

Elizabeth smiled. ‘I know that your wife is cucking you and you are being bent to that arrangement. There is a black guy involved isn’t there’.

I laughed. That was as simple as you could put it wasn’t it! But it was a bloody sight more complicated than that.

‘My wife is bi...she has a girlfriend as well as Lincoln, the black guy.’

‘That’s a big load.... Psychologically I mean’ Elizabeth mused.

'Yes, yes it is' I conceded.

She touched my arm. It was really strange. I had just had submissive sex with her and she was expressing concern for me. The two somehow didn't seem to fit. You couldn't be a bitch and then be kind.

'Your wife, and I suppose Karen too.... they surprise you. About sex. They like it so much' she supposed.

I looked at her. Yes, that was it. All of the women that I currently knew had revealed a sexual attitude that was far more aggressive, far more arrogant than I ever thought possible. They were, well, they were discerning. Even the young bitch Felicity was showing the same traits.

'What started in the sixties is coming home to roost' Elizabeth said.

I wasn't following her. She had lived in the sixties and I hadn't. I knew it had been a crazy time, but more than that, well.... What?

'Back then,' Elizabeth mused, 'we got the pill. Women could enjoy sex as pleasure and pastime. It was the first real time that we could fuck men. Do you know what I mean by that?'

The plump old lady was surprising. She was clearly thoughtful, clearly inquisitive and speculative too.

'You didn't get pregnant, you could take a few risks' I suggested.

'No,' she said, 'much more than that. We could want and take men for our pleasure. We could see men as objects of desire in much the same way that men saw women that way. The pill gave us cynicism and a pleasure in using men to explore who we were. Women talk about fucking men now. We talk about enjoying them. Before the pill

we waited and worried. The taking was always the other way around.'

'You became harder about sex' I suggested.

'Yes' she said. 'We could fuck without it necessarily being bound up to love. You could fuck without romance, if you had enough attitude! You know something, we didn't tell the men that. We changed and didn't let the men know that we were changing.'

She was right. I had to admit that she was. Annette at least seemed to have encapsulated that in one lifetime. She took my smile as affirmation and went on with her account.

'So, despite the church and the priests, despite all the magazines suggesting how ladies should cling on to their manners, angry women started created a new code in their head. It must have spread William, because it produced women like your wife and my dear friend Karen.'

'Bitches' I said without very much thought.

'Yes, they are bitches and the key thing is, they like being a bitch' said Elizabeth.

'It's impossible to read them' I said with a sigh.

She laughed. 'You read them well enough. You mean it's impossible to control them. If you were more masculine, more attractive, then you might have a chance, but if you're not, then you have lost from the start. They don't need your money, your protection, they don't need the levers that they felt you once used to manipulate them.'

'Are you a bitch?' I asked her. Wasn't she just replicating what the younger women were up to?

She nodded. It was time for a pause as she thought about how best to put things.

'I'm a bitch to Charles. I'm using you to remind him that he doesn't satisfy me. These days (and she laughed), he could never satisfy me. Ideally I need a man like your wife's boyfriend. I need to fuck, properly. The contraceptive pill got me too!'

We both laughed then. She continued,

'But I've got older and much as I must have sex, much as I demand it for myself, I can appreciate how a used man feels. I used to cheat behind Charles' back. That was the code back then, subterfuge. But now, when we openly fuck other men, I think, we need to find a gentler way to manage the discarded ones.'

'You're quite nice' I teased.

'I'm only quite nice William. I'll never be fully nice!' she insisted.

'But you're the first to ask how I feel. Annette hasn't. It's like she can't let her guard down. To be a bitch is to wear armour or something.'

I got another touch to the arm.

'Once she is confident she has you under control, she will probably talk to you. She will tend you like a garden, so that you keep giving the best to her.' Elizabeth looked about at her garden. It seemed a metaphor maybe. She hadn't tended her own garden that well.

'Her mother won't, she seems as hard as nails!' I observed.

Elizabeth nodded.

'Karen always was. When she was young she had a hard life. She doesn't like men quite so much. Besides, you are an incidental

pleasure for her aren't you? You're a some time amusement. You fizz up her sex with Israel. She raised her eyebrows to me. There, you see, she seemed to exclaim.

'More women seem to go this way. You're all becoming harder' I suggested.

'Yes' she said with a look of regret on her face, 'I think we're finding fewer and fewer men to admire. Then when we discover that you are weak, or untrustworthy, then we trample you down. Life will change. Women will have men who serve them and a few that they compete for, the ones that they really want.'

I nodded. She pointed to a large hydrangea and said 'keep that one'. It seemed that the psychotherapy couch was closed.

I got home that night in better shape to meet Felicity and her beau than I could have anticipated. Yes the work had been hard, but the chat with Elizabeth had liberated me. It was the first time that a woman had talked to me about how they sometimes saw sex these days. It was like I'd been played some tapes from the powder room. I was being told the new rules to the game. Sure I could still walk away, but if I played then it would be to the womens' rules. The trick then was to determine whether I could embrace that, even secure some pleasure from it. I was grateful to Elizabeth. Yes... I was grateful to her.

I put the leather collar on and then dressed casually in jeans and a dark brown shirt. Worn with a leather jacket of the same colour the collar was partially camouflaged. It was just something that blended in. If someone asked, I would lie and just say that it turned my wife on. I was a Roman slave who fucked her. No, I was a gladiator who took her. My imagination did the business. The pub was busy, very busy, but I collected a dry cider from the bar and made my way to the back lounge where Felicity had indicated that she would probably play pool.

You know something I felt that I had aged overnight in that place. They all looked like kids to me. In some other room a band was playing strident racing music. There was a lot of shouting and a lot of laughter. I weaved through the drinkers trying not to spill the cider and found Felicity bending over the pool table her ass tight in the new leather hotpants. She looked as horny as hell. My cock tugged in the cage. The pool room was packed with onlookers and the men, their gaze was cemented to Felicity's sexy rear.

'You're William' said a husky voice behind. The black guy was the one that Felicity had showed me on her phone. He was dressed in jeans and a white shirt. Close to, he looked may be twenty two, just older than I first thought.

'Yes sir' I said and we shook hands. He smiled. He liked that kind of start.

'She needs those boots polishing too man' the guy said. He spoke without irony, or obvious malice. He was just observing that Felicity's boots didn't shine like the Victorian lace up pair.

'Yes sir...I'll see to it tonight' I answered and he nodded. He was getting another pint and offered the same to me, but I still had the cider. Before he left he gestured to a heavier built guy, someone almost ancient (ie in his thirties too) who was eyeing Felicity as she took her shots.

'That one, watch him William. He's been leering over my girl' said Ambrose.

'Yes sir' I responded.

Whilst the young black guy was away at the bar I studied the heavy ogler. He certainly was staring at Felicity's rear. He was staring at it a lot. But then I reflected that Felicity dressed that way to get that sort of attention. She wanted men's cocks to stiffen. The only problem was that she wanted them to ache too. It was firmly look but

don't touch. Coarse blokes, like fatty there were certainly not invited to get beyond the look and ache stage.

Having played two more shots Felicity noticed me and paused to share a kiss. She tongued my mouth for me and she felt, well, she felt little madam in control. A couple of other young women near the table giggled when they heard me address her as Miss. Maybe they were some of the pals who I had soaked with the hosepipe. I couldn't tell because they were now dressed to the nines. Every one of them looked as though they were teasing the hell out of cock.

'William bought me the hot pants, didn't you William?' she said before them.

'Yes Miss' I answered and the girls smiled.

'I'm your muse....aren't I William?' she taunted me.

I nodded dumbly. It was a little game that sometimes women seem to play. It's called my cunt has bigger pull than yours does.

The fat guy changed position. He was angling around to listen to the conversation. Felicity scowled at him. He was even the wrong sort to stand and worship. He was she whispered to her girlfriends, 'utterly gross'.

'Have you met Ambrose yet?' she asked me quietly.

'Yes Miss.'

'And did you address him correctly?' she quizzed.

I replied that I had. Sir had required me to keep an eye on the heavy guy who had shifted position.

'Please don't cock tease him Miss' I whispered, 'we'll have to hit him if he makes a move on you. Has he been drinking?'

Felicity professed not to know. She had barely noticed him. Still, in any case, what business was it of his how she looked or played pool?

You know, I thought, you know what effect you're having on that sap of a bloke. You know that you're cock teasing. That's why you wear gear like that. It makes your cunt look hot. It makes you look like a madam.

'If he keeps staring at me William, I want you to take him outside and sort him out' she said calmly. One of her girlfriends listened in. She was grinning with a shameless pleasure.

'Please Miss' I protested.

'Do as you are told' Felicity hissed quietly under her breath.

Another game of pool started and having won the last, Felicity had a new challenger. He looked like a college kid, his face marked by acne. Still, he seemed pleasantly spoken and Felicity didn't seem to mind him a bit. Ambrose came back to watch her.

'You do all she tells you?' Ambrose asked watching that pretty rear bend over the green baize.

I looked at him. He looked too young for all the attitude stuff. He was too young to take a bitch. But that was what I saw in his eyes. He didn't want Felicity to be his sweet interlude girlfriend till she left for Med school. He wanted her as his bitch.

'Yes sir' I admitted.

He grinned.

'She got you pretty young. She knows how to handle herself huh?' he quizzed.

'She's intelligent, headstrong, beautiful' I observed, and then thought, and her dad doesn't know half of what she gets up to.

'She ever fuck you?' Ambrose asked. There, that was a mistake. An older stud would never ask that. He'd have looked me over and known.

'No sir, she's too good for me. She's way out of my league'.

Ambrose nodded. Of course, yes of course. I was one who ached, may be tugged off a load dreaming of her.

'I'll have you lick her cunt' Ambrose said.

I might have answered that, but the fat feller made his move. He sidled around the table, drained his glass but on passing Felicity he brushed his groin hard against her rear when she was about to take a shot. He grinned when she protested. I stepped forward to the guy.

'You...outside now' I threatened, my voice low.

'What's your problem mate?' he barked back at me. Even with the music next door several people heard.

'You're my problem. You upset the young lady. She was playing pool. You've been looking at her like some fucking ox' I said prodding his chest.

Felicity watched on her eyes dancing. This was delicious! You could see it in her face. She wasn't especially annoyed by the ox. She was turned on by the conflict though.

'Best you come out side and apologize to the young lady. Otherwise William will have to teach you some manners' said Ambrose. No personal risk there then sir, I thought.

The ox grinned. 'I'll screw yer fucking head off man' he threatened me.

We left the boozier and went through to the back car park. A fine mizzling rain had started to fall. Felicity followed, holding onto her young beau's arm. We arrived in the car park and the ox was turning to ask what my complaint was when I swiped my fist through his face. It was like a golf swing and I took my club head knuckles up through his chin sending his head back. My left then jabbed his fat belly. Watching him reel back was a total surprise. He looked too big to go over. I imagined that I had to get several blows in to have any chance of surviving the bout. But his footing caught on a boot scraper and he tumbled back. I was on him like a shot.

Felicity watched the lesson in manners for a second and then she snogged Ambrose. It was fucking bizarre. As I glanced at them Ox fought back. From his prostate position he brought his knee straight up in my groin and I staggered back. Metal cage, scrunched cock and a kneeling from a bloke like a bull did not reassure me. It fucking well hurt! For a fat guy he was up quick and got a fist into my nose. It felt as though my snout bust open like a melon hit with a hammer.

I kneed the bastard back where it hurts and then punched him there too. When he went down winded and probably drunk I followed in with the boot to that sensitive little spot. He bellowed in pain.

'You saying sorry MATE?' I demanded, 'you apologizing to the lady?'

Another kick hovered where it mattered. The big bloke lay still. I think that he realized that his balance was shot. A few beers had given me a chance.

'Well?' I shouted at him.

I looked at Felicity who slipped her arms back down from around Ambrose's neck. She looked petulantly down at the man.

'You're disgusting' she snapped at him, 'leering at women that way!'

'Sorry!' he said angrily.

I kicked him in the thigh. It could have been higher.

'Sorry, I said sorry' he yelped.

I looked at Felicity. I was furious with her. Luck had got me through this, luck and the ox's fucking drink.

'Sorry Miss' I demanded.

She smirked.

'Sorry Miss' he repeated.

'For gawping at you and being a nuisance' I insisted.

He repeated the line.

'Please can we leave before there is more trouble' I asked Felicity.

She looked at me contemptuously. I'd missed the M word hadn't I? Still, she smiled at last.

'We'll go back and fuck at your flat' she said triumphantly, before kissing Ambrose.

## Chapter 13

That night, another night in what was starting to feel a little like purgatory, I sat in my flat and listened to Ambrose fucking his little filly. I don't know where Felicity got the idea, but she was making the most outrageous noises just as soon as Ambrose stuck her with his cock. It was like she had to moan and groan and grunt the place down. The young guy was well hung, handsomely hung for sure, but did she really need to make all that noise? I imagined Marmaduke storming up the stairs, discovering Ambrose, pushing him down the stairs and then munching up the rest of my face with brutal fists for letting it happen. It wouldn't matter a jot that Felicity lay there with spunk pouring out of her provocative little hole. She was his Princess. Everyone else would be at fault. Frankly, I was terrified.

When we got back to the flat I said that they could have it for an hour and that I would take a walk. I thought, you know, I'd give them some privacy. If Marmaduke discovered them then I would claim that they just snuck up there. But Felicity was having none of that. She wanted me to attend them. She wanted me to help make it 'sexy'. I protested that I had a nose that felt two sizes too big and Ambrose observed that I still had my front teeth. He could lighten the weight of my face if I didn't do what my young mistress required. I said yes sir and then watched them neck outside the front door of the flat. They weren't in a hurry. He unzipped the fly of her hot pants and fingered her till I thought her scent would be apparent a mile distant. Suddenly I was frantic to get them inside.

Karen told Felicity how to handle 'someone like me'. I was to suck cock, lick pussy and then kneel beside them as cock nested inside her. Going beneath them to catch the drips was probably too advanced an intimacy, so Karen said that having me suck her toes or fingers was a sexy alternative. Felicity anticipated that Ambrose might be too rough for me to stay in touch with her toes, so I was to suck fingers. Afterwards, well, afterwards, there was the usual clean up duties.

I could tell from the off that Ambrose was nervous. Maybe it had unsettled him what a provocative and dangerous little bitch he had taken on. This time I was around to risk the punches, but another time I might not be. What he was certainly nervous about was sticking his cock in a white guy's mouth. Bigger and older bros had told him this happened. You subdued the white guy and took the bitch. But then again, how did you *really* know that this husband, this weakling male, was the right submissive type?

'He'll suck it for you Amb,' she assured him, 'he is such a lap dog. He licks his wife out. He sucks cock for her lover too.'

Still the young guy wasn't sure.

'Show him your caged winky' said Felicity. Fuck! Someone had told her nigh on everything! Felicity grinned impishly as she ordered the exposure.

I got my meat out. It looked like a stringed joint. It looked trussed up in the cage. I don't think that Ambrose had seen that kind of thing before. Nobody but nobody was putting his tool in a contraption like that!

'Kneel and beg for it' Felicity ordered me. 'Beg to lick Ambrose's cock'.

I knelt. I looked up at the young guy's face and begged him to get his tool out so that I could lick it up for him. He was going to fuck the

young mistress and I wanted to ready him.

That give Felicity such a buzz. You could see that it did. Whilst Ambrose undressed she did too and for the first time I saw her pert little cunt. It was about to feed on black cock, a rather large young black cock I noticed as that sprang free. Had Felicity fucked before... I wasn't sure. If she was about to loose her cherry on *that* the noises she made would be warranted.

Ambrose held his cock and I licked it. No one has written this down, but I sensed that you reassure the master if you lick cock first. If you grab that thing with your lips you could be about to bite. But if you lick first, he kind of knows who will be in charge. So I licked his cock until it glistened and then I licked his young balls. Felicity lay back on my bed, her legs wide, and played with herself watching us.

'He is just sooo to heel!' she giggled watching me lap.

Ambrose grunted yeah. Slowly he was relaxing. I wondered how many husbands would suck this cock over the years. I wondered how many marked white bitches he would own. Some of them would carry kids for him. That was where this inflated ego always ran.

'Please.... I need to suck it sir' I said. Crazy, crazy I know. But right then, in my head, he was Lincoln. He was Lincoln and it was Annette on the bed behind me goading him on. I just so needed to watch Lincoln fuck my wife again. It was branded inside my brain.

Ambrose caught hold of my bruised snout, which made me wince, and then stuck his cock in my mouth. If I misbehaved he said he would twist my nose clean off. He started to thrust my mouth and I cradled the shaft of his manhood with my tongue. You can't help it... it makes a sucking sound, which bitches love. It sounds like puppies feeding.

'He's kind of cute isn't he' Felicity enthused, stroking her man's arm, 'and he sucks so nicely.'

I guess she wanted her turn or more likely she wanted that tool inside her. So my sore face was turned to her sex. She hadn't learned to taunt, by opening her cunt lips and directing me where to lick yet. So I gently suggested that she do that. If she was in charge then the rule had to be absolute. She ruffled my hair and said that I 'had it bad... probably I was hooked on lady scent' and then did as I suggested. She opened up her slit of delight and showed me the peachy moist interior. It really was the most exquisite wet cunny that I had ever seen. So I started to lick and to nuzzle and she moaned softly that this was 'sooo smooth!'

Ambrose should have waited a short while. He should have let me lick his bitch up properly as they respond so much harder that way. But he was impatient. He pushed past me and shoved the top of his cock inside her. She literally froze on him, going rigid on the bed. She's never felt that before. Even when she had fingered herself she had never felt that kind of pressure, you could tell. I started to suck her fingers. I tease each up and down with my wet tongue and then at last she relaxed enough to let him bury the rest of the meat where she wanted it.

The noises started. It wasn't just the slup slup song, it was the grunts and the groans. As I say I was terrified that she would wake daddy. Ambrose was like a guy possessed though he just rammed her. He rammed her as though he hated her. He rammed her as if she was just a contemptible cheap white bitch. It was as if my sucking, her sweet wet cunt triggered something primal and competitive within him. He was going to take her come what may. He was going to spunk her quick time.

Felicity climaxed on him. Despite the pain she looked as though she had been hooked up to the national grid. I watched her thighs clenching as the force of her orgasm surged inside her. Ambrose was squirting her. I'm not sure that he knew so much about it. She was tight, smelled horny and she was wet. So his cock did it all on autopilot. Soon he was grunting too.

'Gently sir' I whispered in a daze myself, 'she is your bitch, she will always come to you.'

They seemed to pump to a softer rhythm and I watched Felicity's face flush puce. Yes, now, she was getting the goodies. It felt so fine for her. The young stud cock inside her. It wasn't in some other bitch it was inside her. If she dressed and acted like she did that night, then she would get lots more of this.

'I want it all' she mewed.

Yes, I thought. That was the motto wasn't it and it didn't just refer to sex. I thought of Annette and who she might be screwing now.

Ambrose was still squirting when his cock came out. There were matters of finesse to perfect. I licked his cock clean though and he held it proud for me to do so. He was shaking, with the exertion and the excitement of it all.

When I turned to Felicity to lick between her quivering legs, there were spots of blood on the sheet. He had bust her hymen for her, and taken her cherry. She was now a woman and his woman to boot. I didn't show him. He might panic that he had damaged her. I didn't have to tell Felicity, she knew. She felt it. She stroked and patted my hair with relief as I cleaned the warm spunk from off her sex. I hoped to hell that she was on the pill, else the load that I licked from down there was going to have profound consequences.

'Honestly, you are beautiful' I told her when I had done.

She giggled and kissed my forehead.

'And you're a very very well behaved cucky' she said.

They left the flat and then I had a date with a bag of frozen sweet corn from the freezer compartment of my modest fridge. I gently shaped it over my sore snout and lay face up on the bed and

moaned. It wasn't my nose that triggered that. I wanted to come so bad. I wanted to bang my hand up and down my erection and hose the fucking walls. I wanted to blow the eruption, landing jizz against the wall, but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, that I could do. I bit into the bloody bag of corn and frozen niblets fell incessantly over my face.

The next day I was working for Elizabeth again. It was a relief. It was an utter relief I can tell you. On the way I detoured past my old house and saw the pair of Porsches parked outside. If there was no black dude in residence then there was always that bitch with the dildo I thought. I resented Caroline. I resented her for taking my wife away as much as any man. Of course I'd had no response from my begging note put through the letterbox. Dead people can't post notes. They only think that they can and as far as I knew, she hadn't even bothered to look at the offering.

'You damaged your nose' said Elizabeth when she unlocked the side gate and let me, and my wheelbarrow, into the garden. She touched it tenderly. It was such a gentle and a welcome gesture. She was fat for sure, plump at least, but now wearing jodphurs and boots she still looked desirable. Today, I *would* ensure that she enjoyed the tonguing. She seemed the only human being in my life.

'I got into a fight' I said.

'Did Annette cause it?'

'No' I said, 'the little bitch who lives downstairs from me. Her dad Marmaduke is my minder, ask Karen. Felicity required me to chaperone she and her black lothario out at a pub. She then cock teased a lout there.'

'Chaperoned?!' smiled Elizabeth.

'Yes' I said with a wry smile. We both knew. Elizabeth certainly knew. I wondered whether she had ever caused Charles to take a bloody

nose. Perhaps it was a sexual instinct. Perhaps it was something about proving the allure of your body? If you thought about it the whole thing was daft. In most species it was the male who displayed for sex. But in humans, women displayed for sex. They attracted males to the rut and then watched on straight faced whilst the poor bastards locked antlers. If there was a god, then he had a nasty sense of humour.

‘She must be young... women can be so coarse and provocative at that stage’ said Elizabeth leading the way through. I had no reason to disagree with her.

Once I had started work and then drank the coffee that Elizabeth kindly brought to me I said to her,

‘Yesterday, I didn’t attend you properly. I want to do better today. I want to lick your sex. If you want me to do it in front of your husband, then, that’s fine’.

She came to me and kissed me on the lips. It was a sincere and yes even a loving kiss. The woman was entirely affectionate and given my recent circumstances, that nearly blew me away.

‘That would be gorgeous William’ she said. ‘I want to ask Karen to have your cage unlocked. I want you to fuck me in front of Charles.’

I kissed her back, eagerly on the lips. I was frankly lost. Women and what they did, what they wanted, what they demanded just short fused my head. I couldn’t figure it. I couldn’t figure out how a woman this gentle and this kind could still want to be a bitch that way. I must have frowned when she said that because she continued,

‘William, he needs it. He needs to know that I haven’t changed. I am still like I was when we were younger. He needs me to be the siren that wrecked him. It’s complicated.’

'I want to fuck you' I told her. 'I want to fuck you as often as they will put me to you'. There, I had said it. I didn't want to analyse it. I didn't want to make Elizabeth analyse it. I wanted to do just as she required. I wanted to encourage our bond of kindness. Goodness knows I was pretty much in need of it. In the garden then, we snogged. We kissed in a way that was hot, warm, sensual and kind. It was the strangest thing right then.

'I guess your mistress holds your key. I can ask Karen to let me borrow it occasionally. I want you to service me. I don't think you could run too far without your cage on. They would always find you... so they're not risking so very much' Elizabeth mused.

'Thank you' I whispered.

'You'd better get on with your work' Elizabeth said, 'Karen is popping by today to check that you're getting everything done'. She smiled.

Karen's Maserati arrived soon after two that afternoon. I heard its characteristic growl whilst trimming out briars from the nearby edge. The woman stepped out from her sports car dressed in navy blue leather pencil skirt with an exposed zip that ran its entire length up the back. She strode across the gravel in high heeled shoes that were surely impossible to drive in. Israel was with her and he grinned as he watched me working through the unruly hedge.

'Come down here!' Karen called to me, having spotted me up on the bank.

I dropped the billhook where I worked and made my way down to her. It was difficult to judge her mood because her face was just so calm. When I arrived before her I must have looked disheveled. There were leaf clippings and cobwebs in my hair.

Elizabeth came out to greet her just at the moment when she slapped my face for me. It was a real belter too. The hand was up

and across my face in an instant. My poor hold nose caught the edge of her ring as the blow was followed through.

'Don't you EVER bother Annette with your silly notes again!' she snapped at me. Her face had gone stone like, in an instant. It was as if anger was cemented there.

'I'm sorry Miss....I'm really....' I started to bleat.

She slapped me a second time and behind her I saw Elizabeth wince. Karen's authority was absolute and yes, it was sometimes brutal. I felt my face smarting, tingling from my ear forward.

'Annette is your mistress. She is NOT your wife. No wedding notes are going to change that!' I was brusquely informed.

I nodded. I couldn't argue. She was right and I didn't want to see Elizabeth wince again. I didn't want to look a beaten wretch before her.

'I was stupid and jealous. I had no right to judge her. She owns me' I said. God, I didn't mean that literally, but if you want to avoid more slaps.

Karen glared at me. Further scolding seemed beyond her. I thought at moment she was going to set Israel on me.

'Kneel' suggested Elizabeth, coming to greet her guest.

I knelt before the woman. I knelt like I was praying, head down low.

'Darling, how are you!' Karen cooed as they embraced. 'I've come over to inspect the garden.' They kissed cheeks. It was as if nothing had just happened.

'Israel has been talking about you Lizzie.... I wondered, you know....' Said Karen. She smiled first at Israel and then at Elizabeth.

Elizabeth stared wide-eyed at the woman. I stared up at them both.

'Perhaps I walk William around his work and direct a few improvements. You and Israel might enjoy some quality time.' She smiled a knowing smile. Israel smiled too.

Elizabeth looked down at me. It seemed that I wouldn't necessarily be a priority now. She was surprised, you could see that, but do you ever look a gift horse in the mouth? How do you say no when Karen brings along a sexy black guy to share? Karen wanted something. Charles wasn't going to go on living forever I supposed. It might be nice to have Elizabeth in her pocket by then. With Karen, there was always an angle.

'William has been working very hard, he has been no trouble' Elizabeth said. She smiled sadly. Perhaps that wouldn't be enough.

'I am sure that he has' Karen said, 'I'll come and join you both for coffee, say at three pm?'

Elizabeth smiled. She looked in shock. She looked in a blissful shock.

'You wear boots so well, do you know that?!' Israel said to Elizabeth and steered her towards the house.

'Get up' said Karen. She wanted to inspect my work.

## Chapter 14

Hands up those of you who think that Karen gave a resounding thumbs up to my gardening work. No, I thought not, none of you. She picked holes in it. She pointed out where stretches of the hedge needed more attention, where more stone needed to be added to the rockery and she insisted that I steered clear of pruning the Acer trees in the garden. To be fair some seventy per cent of her exacting assessments were fair criticism. The problem then was not her comments on the work, it was the time frame she allowed for it to be completed. Even scheduling in 'service to Elizabeth' time slots make it much better, I was meant to run from job to job. There was no time for a pee and only twenty minutes for lunch.

'Are you going to improve?' she asked beneath the back bedroom window of the large house.

I found it hard to concentrate because upstairs Israel was giving Elizabeth a bloody good seeing to. May be she was too plump to fuck in the missionary position, but if she was pushed forward over the bed then Israel could shaft her from behind. I pictured her pendulum tits swinging rhythmically as he acquainted her again with what she thought she had forgotten. I wondered whether Charles was made to watch? Israel wasn't shy, he would fuck her before an audience easy as pie.

'Well?' demanded Karen.

'Sorry Miss I was distracted' I said bowing almost imperceptibly with my head.

'What happens upstairs is none of your business William. Miss Elizabeth fucks, you lick, that is all that matters.'

'Yes Miss, 'I said, 'and I will improve, I promise.'

She eyed me quizzically. 'If you don't work harder I will recommend that Miss Annette cuts you off completely' she said.

'Please no!' I begged.

'Alright then' Karen said, 'but I will check again next week.'

I nodded.

'Miss.... Elizabeth wanted me to cock her. I could do that if you wished. You have plans for her I know. If it helped....'

Karen laughed. 'Don't be silly William, you're not fit to cock a woman. Those days are gone!'

I nodded. Yes, of course. Israel could pop over. Elizabeth wouldn't suggest what she had again. Not once she was getting what she needed.

I was put to work quick time after that. I had a set patch of the garden to clear. If I hadn't succeeded doing that by that evening, then I had to call her and make my excuses. She seemed to think that by breaking the work down into smaller chunks I would speed up. By working flat out, I managed it. I worked like a dog whilst Karen, Israel and Elizabeth took tea on the patio.

That evening I did get a summons but it was not from my mistress. Caroline called me and told me that I was to report to the house and

to be prepared for some humility training. She was enjoying a 'little fun' with Lincoln and intended to teach me a thing or two about worshipping boyfriend cock. Listening to her I prickled. I'd thought the bitch a dyke, a lesbian but she was way more complex than that. She was fizzed up on sex, fucked up maybe. Before she put the phone down on me I blurted,

'Where is Annette.....my mistress?' I added the mistress bit in just on time. I'd never have got an answer without it.

'She's away with a boyfriend...' remarked Caroline, idly, casually, 'somewhere in Europe, Amsterdam I think.'

That made my heart plummet. The more she did that, the more she went with black bastard strangers the more I receded into the distance behind her. If she was away for a few days what might she come back with? Five thousand pounds and expensive trinkets, easily that and more! She would come back with an attitude that I could barely afford.

'Please Miss.... What is happening?' I asked. It sounded like a question some kid would ask after they were just sold at a market. But I felt that denuded, that disorientated.

'Annette has boyfriends now William' she said smoothly, 'we are the same, you know, amour femme, but she has boyfriends too. Are you pleased?'

'She is so much more powerful' I said. What a stupid thing to say. It made my wife sound like a dictator. She wasn't that, but she had found a new life. I was simply a distraction, or an amusement. I had to work on being useful in some way.

'Yes.... She is,' mused Caroline, 'she's having a very good time. I think she enjoys life now.'

The phone was put down. It just cut off and I was left in the flat, spinning around in a world that had lost its usual bearings. I sat there for a few moments, playing with the leather collar that I would soon put on. I thought of the swish hotel room that Annette would stay at. I thought about the profile of the stud that would be cocking her. I guessed that she could become a favourite of his. Then her rewards would soar. She would receive calls asking her to travel with him. May be a private jet? May be a week in the Caribbean? She was learning how to fuck with finesse. I bet she gave head perfectly now. I bet that she knew how to siphon the spunk out of those pounding black cocks.

I touched my dick in the cage. I touched the flesh of it through the metal bars. I realized something. I could not get a whole finger print against it. The metal was so arranged that I couldn't entirely touch it. If I tried to wank it then I simply banged my finger nail beds against the metal scaffold. I so wanted to ejaculate. I so needed to spurt a load. It was like drowning in a sea full of water, fresh water that you couldn't somehow drink. I mean, I was involved in so much sex now. I augmented the sex lives of three other women as well as those that lived in my own home. But I still hadn't ejaculated properly. I still hadn't felt relief.

I put my leather collar on and looked at myself in the mirror. I swiveled it around my neck so that the buckles sat at the front. That made me appear more butch than ever. It made me look buckled, encase, strapped in for the ride. I looked at my image and imagined Annette pulling the collar tight about my neck. She pointed to Lincoln's cock before me and I closed my eyes, opened my mouth and searched forward for it. Soon it was in my mouth and I was sucking it luxuriantly. My head would bob eagerly on the cock, sucking and sucking the goodness of that thing, something that really did know how to satisfy my mistress. Through the metal frame of my cock cage I started to play with myself.

Ambrose's cock was smaller than Lincoln's. But it was properly black, and masterful with an insouciant upward curve that suggested

success to come. Felicity had responded to it, aching and grunting and gyrating on it. Why not, she was a beautiful young woman and this was a master prong. It would soon secure Ambrose countless curious and then addiction prone white women. It would secure his rightful place in the sexual pecking order.

I touched myself and wanted to suck black cock.

I wanted to show Annette what a little bitch I could be for it, doing anything to do my share of the worshipping. I teased myself. They were just micro brushes from my finger tips, the very ends. I stroked tiny bits of winky through the cage and thought about black cock, filling mistress, filling Caroline and Miss Karen, filling the little bitch Felicity.

I gasped. I wanted to come.

In the mirror my face had contorted. I had become Hyde. It was as if my face had contorted into something monstrous.

I shook my self and forced my hand down into the duvet. I twisted my fingers there around and around. In Amsterdam now, my wife was probably dining with another man before retiring to the hotel for cock. There would be desultory conversations. Your husband, he does not matter? *No, not at all. He was always disappointing. Do you humiliate him? Yes, I like that, I like to do that.*

It was time to go over to the house. I dressed casually with the collar clearly visible. Before I left though I penned a note for Miss Felicity and then put that in a stamped envelope. It just said how beautiful she was, how smoothly and elegantly she had fucked with the young sir. It said that she deserved the very best and that she had the great foresight to realize that came inside the pants of men like Ambrose. Frankly, it was disgusting. It was repulsive, but with my cock locked up and Annette away, I wanted to debase myself. I signed it William and posted it on the way over to the house. The moment that I had let go of the letter, and heard it drop inside the post box I wanted to

retrieve it. I wanted to hook it back out and to tear it to shreds. I kicked the post box, wondered if I could use a wire coat hanger to fish it out. A guy looked at me strangely as if he thought me tripping out in some way. Maybe he imagined that I was deluded. The post box had insulted me!

Then, Caroline studied me. I stood uncertainly on the doorstep. I couldn't remember the short walk from the post box to the house. I was just there, seemingly in an instant. She wore a black basque but with a pair of designer jeans covering the bottom half. The basque made her breasts look big. That which gave succour to babies ruined men. It was like breasts accented women's power. Tits, pussy, it was the stuff of the goddess.

'How has it been William, permanently locked up down below?' Caroline asked leading the way through to the back garden. Lincoln was waiting there, relaxing with a drink.

'I can't stop thinking about sex' I admitted.

'Sex?' asked Miss Caroline. She sounded genuinely curious.

'Mistress pussy.... and cock' I admitted.

'You need to lick and suckle?' she asked.

'Yes' I admitted.

'Is there a smell in your nose, a permanent smell that makes you ache for a little tonguing?' she queried.

'Yes' I said.

'What do you conclude sweet William?' she asked, playing on my gardening sensibilities. I was just a flower wasn't I? I was planted and swayed this way and that. I could simply be pulled up and dumped on the compost heap.

'I'm becoming addicted' I said flatly, 'I have started to develop a habit'.

'Yes' she smiled, 'you have.... haven't you. You've entered the new world. Kiss me'.

I kissed her the submissive way. I opened my mouth to hers and let her tongue sweep around inside. She explored me her hand playing below against my crotch.

'There are places in the middle east William, where men like you are kept by bitches and their masters. There, they cut their balls off to make them Eunuchs. We'll just shut this down so that you think and act like one.' She tugged on my cock. It hurt when my hair caught on the cage.

'I keep thinking about black cock' I admitted.

She smiled, 'naturally' she said. 'It's a nice thought, a sexy thought isn't it. You need Lincoln to fuck your face for you.'

'Yes' I admitted crestfallen. I felt read. I felt as if she has thumbed through my pages and got the gist of me in an instant. I was simply an example of my type. I wasn't nuanced and I wasn't individual any more.

'I think around about now,' said Caroline softly, 'people like you are like saucers. You get reduced down to what we want you to be. You focus down, on pleasing us. That is how it is'.

'yes Miss' I confirmed.

In the garden, beneath an apple tree Lincoln sat on a swing. It had been there for ages, before the time that Annette and I came to live at the house. She wanted it kept. She wanted me to trail clematis around its sturdy ropes. The evening was already cool but he wore

shorts and a singlet vest, all in white, which made his skin seem darker than ever. I went and knelt before him. Could Mrs Drew the busybody neighbour see us from her bedroom window? May be, may be she could. But I was oblivious to that. I was tired from work, ashamed that Karen had headed off my hopes as regards Miss Elizabeth. I was sunk and just needed to obey.

Lincoln held out his hand for me to kiss. I kissed the signet ring that he wore there.

'How's tricks William man? How it going eh?' he asked.

His voice sounded a bit slurred. He'd been smoking a joint.

I looked straight at his crotch. I looked straight at the tiny bit of black cock flesh that I could see up a leg of the shorts.

Caroline laughed, 'look,' she said, 'he's begging.'

'Yeeah, he is ain't he!' said Lincoln.

Casually he stood, kicked off his shorts and sat back down on the swing. His thick cock hung down, heavy and imposing. It wasn't yet erect. He lifted the bulbous glans and held it under my nose. Soon my breathing deepened.

'Nice little licks, gardening boy' Lincoln said.

I nodded and did the daintiest licks that I knew how. Caroline watched and stroked my hair.

'You come to any black cock when you're told?' Lincoln demanded. He scrutinized me as I fondled his hardening member with my lips.

'Yes sir' I admitted.

He smiled. Caroline kissed the guy and then smiled at me too.

'Karen said that he serves Felicity and her buck too. The kid's called Ambrose' Caroline said.

'Marmaduke's little Princess right?' asked Lincoln.

'Yes' said Caroline.

'How old is my man Ambrose then?' Lincoln wondered.

'He's twenty three' said Caroline.

Lincoln chuckled, 'you like it don't you son.... You like to suck the black man's cock. You taken a load down your throat yet pretty boy?'

I shook my head. I wasn't used to that.

'Well you'll learn to son' said Lincoln, 'you'll learn to because Annette's boyfriends will want to use you that way.'

'Yes sir' I whispered. I was to be an accomplice. That was where this headed.

He started to gently swing against me. His now stiff cock pushed to the back of my throat. Caroline came and stood behind me. There was no escape, his cock was pushing where he wanted it.

'Breathe through your nose William, try not to fight it' Caroline whispered. Lincoln's black cock was shoving deeper. It started to nudge against the roof of my throat and the panic reaction set in. I felt as though a snake was wedged down there and it couldn't retreat. Caroline held my head rock solid. Cock was going in and out as it pleased.

'Spunk him.... He'll be fine' said Caroline.

She started to push my mouth down his cock. The movement of the swing and her position behind me made it easy. We were pumping together. I rolled my eyes. I felt as though I was going to die.

'There bitch, suck that down!' Growled Lincoln.

I felt the slugs of semen hit my throat. They had the consistency of wall paper paste. After the first belches from his cock though the semen sprayed into my mouth and that was difficult. I swallowed it down as best I could. I must have looked like a kid who you were trying to spoon baby food into. Some went down my throat but more ran down my chin.

'Good boy William, that is such a good boy!' enthused Miss Caroline. She kissed my head as I swallowed. 'it's creamy isn't it! Lick up the drips then!'

I licked up the drips, from around my lips and off his glistening cock. It tasted bitter, sour. But I did my best. This was what squirted inside mistress when she climaxed on him. I thought about that, only about that and continued.

'Will you fuck him or shall I?' asked Caroline when I had at last caught breath and cleaned off Lincoln's cock.

I shuddered. I knew she could do that. I had seen what she used. You know something I was resigned to it. Right then it seemed the only way to get close to Annette again. This training was too vulgar for Annette to begin. Caroline and Lincoln knew how anyway. But once I was trained, then may be I could be taken away by my mistress and her 'boyfriend'.

'You take him babe, 'I'll watch a while' Lincoln said.

## Chapter 15

I got off lightly. There in the garden, beneath the apple tree, in my suburban Eden, Caroline didn't fist me before plunging the strap on dildo in. No, she popped on a blue latex glove lubed up the black dildo that I had seen sticking out so aggressively before and then rubbed more lubricant inside me with two fingers. It was, I am ashamed to say erotic having her fingers working there. She knew exactly how to stimulate me, so soon I was grunting and gasping against her caress.

'This will be sex William' she said teasing me gently, 'this is what serving a master will feel like. You lick mistress out, suckle cock and then if master wants that, you pop up your botty for his attention'. I groaned loudly and Lincoln smirked.

'You got the key for his cage babe... if you fuck him with that still on he might blow a blood vessel' said Lincoln. He mimicked with his hand what exploding genitalia might look like. It looked rather more like a mime for an atomic bomb. Caroline told him where it was stored and kept fingering me.

'How do you feel about Nigerians William, oil rich wealthy Nigerians? You like them huh? Annette does. Annette has a boyfriend, a sexy Nigerian one' taunted Caroline. 'Ask her about her new Rolex when she gets home. Ask her what she saw him pay for it at the jewelers in Amsterdam.'

The way that Caroline handled me was exquisite. It felt as though my brain had been uncoupled from my body and everything below my neck did as she commanded. I rocked gently back and forth on her two teasing fingers and my cock tried too emulate Houdini.

'God!' I grunted, 'I worship her!' I panted. Caroline smiled.

'So you will put botty up for her boyfriend then' Caroline insisted, 'that is what mistress will require.'

Lincoln strolled back across the lawn and the net curtain next door twitched back into position. He took hold of my genitals and unlocked the cage. When it came off the relief was immense! It was as if my cock was a flick knife, it just jacked straight as soon as the cage came free.

'There, that's better isn't it William. Now darling, would you like Annette's boyfriends to fuck you?' Caroline cooed.

'Yes' I shouted.

'And will winky spurt to show them what a faggot you are?' she continued.

I didn't know. But I nodded. Just do it, fuck me, I thought desperately.

She slapped my bottom and laughed.

'OK sweetie, lets pop you on this' she said and pushed a third of the dildo inside me. I groaned loudly. I groaned like an animal with a spit roast fork shoved well in.

'Ooooh, you're tight aren't you. We'll loosen you up though sweetie' she promised and started advancing the thing inside me with gentle thrusts.

'Here's the thing,' said Lincoln, 'getting Annette a rich boyfriend is easy peasy, but putting a ruined husband into the mix is like gold dust William my friend. You boy are going to make Annette very rich indeed'.

The thrusts deepened now and I felt Caroline's hands on my hips. One felt like latex and the other was soft and warm. What she drove inside my bottom though was bloody hard. I grimaced as the pumping took hold. Lincoln was a blur now through my squinting eyes.

'When they fuck you man, they enjoy her more' said Lincoln, not entirely cryptically.

Caroline knew how to handle the dildo. It slid so smoothly and I was grunting rather than yelping. She knew how to press the buttons. My cock was jerking around like crazy.

'You're going to be Annette's little bitch boy William. You are going to be black dude plaything.' Lincoln stood and went and got himself a glass of Scotch. He waggled it in his glass whilst I edged through a climax.

I spurted and the semen fairly leapt out. It squirted in spurts first through the air and then in desperate little gushes down onto the grass.

'Oh, oh,uh,uuuuuh!' I moaned.

'OK sweetie,' insisted Caroline reaching forward and down to my cock, 'let's have it all out. Make those balls ache.'

'Please sir..... please' I begged.

Lincoln looked across at Caroline. She must have nodded because the dildo pulled out and his bare cock pushed in. It felt exquisite. To

feel a bare hard cock inside me, it made my skin tingle. I was breathless.

'Thank you sir.... Thank you' I panted.

'Make sure that you thank *them*' Lincoln insisted and rammed in deeper. 'Going to give you an arse full my friend'.

Your body there, inside, can feel the pressure difference. I felt it as he inseminated me. I watched Caroline as he did so. She strolled around the apple tree with a dildo doing a Hitler salute. The net curtain next door twitched again.

Once Lincoln had taken me, I felt his. Ok his edict was to worship my mistress and do the bidding of both the girls, but deep down psychologically he had overrun me. His cock would take what it wanted from me.

'There you go Willy boy' said Lincoln dragging his cock out. 'That feels better doesn't it!' In truth, it did!! The chance to ejaculate, to surrender and to think of Annette whilst I did was powerful medicine. Caroline locked my cock back up. It could be months or even years before it was free again.

Caroline was prepared for all that they had planned ahead. As soon as cock came out a butt plug went in. The thing was tight at first, but I understood its purpose. The pink plastic was there to keep my rear nice and stretched. That way I would be a comfy ride for the next black dude that Annette directed me to.

I slept well that night. My cock didn't ache. The relief was magnificent. I cannot tell you how frustrated you get if your cock is locked in a cage for a long period of time. You dream, sleep and eat sex. You think about it all the time and the thinking relentlessly starts to focus on pleasing the person who controls that cage. When then your mistress sees so little of you, then hope starts to go down the

pan. I felt left behind and that made me despair. Alright there were the other requirements, I certainly learned to lick pussy, but the sense of abandonment by the person who mattered most was devastating.

I realized again that I desperately needed Annette's attention. It could be derogatory, cruel, dismissive, casual, but if it wasn't there, well, I was going to go mad. But the time in the garden altered things. I was to have a purpose and it did align closely with Annette. I suppose that I was to be her pet. If she wanted to accent her sex with a boyfriend, then I was there to do that. I could help make the guy feel macho. He could play at being the bull. She was his bitch and there was even a subdued husband to prove it. Hell, when I thought about it, being married to Annette, formally being 'the husband' might even help! If I was just a slave, just a beta male, then that may be didn't have the same frisson for a randy black guy.

You can't easily imagine how that made me feel. Alright Annette was away in Amsterdam, alright she was with a boyfriend there. There would be other boyfriends who fucked her. She had a girlfriend too. Annette would grow rich through the lifestyle, but at least I had a role. I started out from a position where I was turfed out into a shabby little flat over a bloody kebab shop. Progress comes in many forms.

I lay in bed and felt different. I had been roundly fucked. Caroline had fucked me and then so had Lincoln. You know why that mattered? It mattered because it proved to me that I could take cock. It proved to me that I wouldn't pass out, run or die. I was able to hang on in regarding what would keep me close to Annette. Going with Lincoln, bending over for him was like a precious bridge over a raging river. It was what took me to Annette on the other side.

It was surprising to ejaculate so bloody hard when Caroline fucked me. Sure there was the gliding, dominant sensation in my butt, but it was more than that. The feeling of her prong working there did chemistry in my head as well. I needed to submit. I needed to

capitulate, over and over and over again. Caroline and Lincoln trained me. But I was arguably always ready to respond. My mouth and bottom were my sex organs now and my cock was for peeing with. Fucking a woman, no matter what I fantasized about in the past, wouldn't make it into the future lexicon.

I thought about that, hugging a pillow. The fucking in the garden had started to produce an attitude shift. I wanted to cooperate. I was to value and adhere to my mistress's new lifestyle. I was the small complimentary detail in something vastly bigger and more sensual. If she achieved a harder climax, if she enjoyed sex a minute longer, then that was to register in my rationale for living. It was an astonishing demand and a frightening realization. In crossing that bridge to the other side of the river I was meant to savour the crossing. I had to change completely to reach the other side. Giving myself to men like Lincoln wasn't just a strategy, it was a lifestyle adjustment.

Miss Caroline said that my mistress would be home in two days time. She would tell her that I was now getting cock regularly and submitting to it. I wouldn't have to do any embarrassing little speeches. That way Annette could proceed onwards, and expect my cooperation. I knew what would happen. Lincoln would fuck me in front of her. Then, then all would be sealed.

The next day I worked on Miss Elizabeth's garden. I worked bloody hard on it too, running rather than strolling from job to job. Elizabeth watched me from the window. It was as if a frost had settled. She seemed to hold back now. It was as if the sex with Israel made her feel embarrassed about encouraging me. The idea of me cocking her had become a shameful dalliance. Still, I waved to her and she waved back. I affected a cheerful demeanour whistling and singing as I worked. I made it impossible for her to feel that I was brooding.

She came out. Shit, she looked good for a plump woman. She wore the tightest jeans you can imagine. Hell, you would have to pressure

hose someone into those. She wore a pair of black leather cavalier boots too. They were stiletto heeled and dangerous looking.

'Do you need coffee?' she called.

'Yes, thank you Miss' I answered.

She nodded. 'You will have to come up here to drink it, I'm not getting my boots dirty down there'.

Yes Miss' I confirmed.

When she returned with the tray of coffee and a plateful of biscuits I was directed to seat myself on the wrought iron chair opposite her. She was smiling now as if she had decided that it was indeed OK to talk to me. So confident had she become that she lifted a boot up onto the patio table and looked at it. I was meant to lick it. I began, licking carefully around the pointed toe which could have done a lot of damage applied strategically.

'You seem cheerful, despite the hard work' she observed watching me.

'I am' I said, 'I was sorted out last night.'

She frowned just a second. Sorted out? Then she smiled.

'Annette fucked your bum' she said brightening. She thought that she had guessed right.

'No Miss. My mistress is in Amsterdam with someone. Her boyfriend fucked me.' I sipped the coffee. I wasn't sorry whether coffee cleaned boots too. Still, I licked with a coffee froth mouth.

'Was that nice? Being fucked by him?' she wondered.

'He stopped me feeling precious, about sex Miss. It's an activity, a pleasure, as long as we know the roles and our places in life...'

'Quite' said Elizabeth quickly. The conversation was running down a wayward track. 'I think we should forget our little conversation about unlocking your winky William. You would be quite unsuited to my needs.'

'Yes Miss' I said. It didn't the right time to ask whether she had enjoyed Israel's attentions. Our relationship had slipped back to a rather more formal distance. But I guessed that she has reviewed her options. She had realized what a man like Israel brought.

'I suppose that you are slowly coming to terms with it, being a fag' she said nibbling a chocolate digestive.

I looked at her, inviting the other boot to be put up. I guessed that I was required to answer. It wasn't simply a muse.

'Yes miss'.

'I used to find that disgusting. I had a boyfriend once who offered to fuck Charles. I couldn't bring myself to have it done. Women are curious about the sight of sex too you know...'

'Watching a bull male take a weaker one. Watching the weak one spurt' I whispered.

'Yes' she said, 'exactly. You know, I don't think that being a fag is necessarily the same thing as being gay. It can just be ultra submissive. It can just be the weak male submitting his body to play time.'

'I think so Miss' I said.

We paused for a while. Two green woodpeckers had landed on the lawn and were prospecting for wireworms.

'I think too though that you have to be wholeheartedly what you are. If you fudge it and be a sort of you, then that looks terrible.' She smiled as she spoke.

'True' I said.

'Are you Annette's slut William?' she asked.

'Yes Miss'

'And Karen's slut too?'

'Yes Miss'.

'Good,' she said and stood. I watched her unbutton the waist band of her jeans and literally peel them down. There were stretch marks across her buttocks and her thighs without the denim looked fatter. Still, she stood and pushed her rear my way.

I was to lick her botty hole.

'Gently, slowly, so I can enjoy it' she ordered. She bent forward and parted her ample buttocks. Her pert botty hole came into view. I kissed each buttock and then began for her. I had to finish the garden, I had to finish the garden, my mind raced. But this was what I did. This was what Karen wanted for her friend, so I luxuriated at the licking.

'That's very sexy William....the way that you curl your tongue and push in and out so quickly'.

'Yes Miss' I mumbled.

## Chapter 16

When my mistress returned from Holland I held my breath. It had just been a phonecall, a short one to say that she was driving over to check me at the flat. So I sucked in a breath and held it there, experiencing the discomfort in my lungs as I held on to it. For a second I imagined that I could float up into the air, inflated with the breath. I didn't float. Instead, I started to feel giddy and so I let go of the air. I breathed out and thought, no, you control next to nothing. The flat was reasonably tidy and presentable but I still did what the humble do. I raced around and rearranged cushions, swept cups into the dishwasher and wiped my hand over a windowsill, removing the dust that had settled there. It was as if the Queen of Sheba was dropping by for coffee.

As well as checking on me she said that she wanted to see Felicity as well. So I rushed down the stairs, knocked softly on Marmaduke's door and waited impatiently for the response. He looked groggy and irritable when he came to the door and I realized that I had woken him from a nap. I asked whether Felicity was at home. I nearly said mistress Felicity, but that would have sounded odd. I remembered just in time to change the term of address. He called her and she came out beside him. She was dressed in jogging pants and a sweat top. She looked soft, in a down time from her real self. It surprised me.

'Annette would like to see you' I said, 'you OK to meet her at my flat?'

She smiled. I think that she had heard so much about Annette. She had met her a few times. A bitch who controlled a man, Annette was a role model. Felicity said that she would dress and put some lippy on. Marmaduke asked whether she was going to abandon her books again for that? He wasn't happy. She scowled at him and said it.

'Don't worry daddy, I will study, but life has to be more than that!'

There was rebellion in her voice. She might have even blurted something about Ambrose. Change was afoot and it came to men like Marmaduke too.

Sitting in my flat, waiting again, the twenty minutes until my mistress arrived I fretted. She had been with the Nigerian, the oil man. She had spent time with him and could have altered again. Right then it seemed that I was always racing after her. If I caught glimpses of her at all it might simply be fleeting reflections in a mirror.

The doorbell rang and I rushed to open, finding Felicity there, standing in her leather hot pants and the highly polished lace up Victorian ankle boots. She wore a boob tube top and a short corduroy jacket as though she was going out some place.

'You look as though you're going to wet yourself' she said curtly, 'calm down.'

She walked in. There was the faint smell of weed from the last time she had borrowed my flat to smoke a joint or two with Ambrose. They had left a sticky mess on my bed as well.

'Have you incense sticks?' she asked me.

I lit one.

'Fix the coffee things ready,' Felicity ordered and then when I had done that she said, 'don't gabble. Listen and look respectful. She is your mistress not your long lost girlfriend'. Shit I thought. It seemed

as if a good fucking had propelled Felicity into womanhood quick time.

I tried not to worry but nothing would keep me from the window. Marmaduke had reserved the parking space outside the shop and he kissed Annette politely on each cheek when the blue Porsche drew up and she stepped out. She looked resplendent. It was if she had only ever worn designer clothes. This time those consisted of expensive looking high heeled court shoes, immaculate stockings and a black leather dress with a hem northwards almost to her crotch. Her hair was worn up and looked fresh, her nails were painted and the Rolex that I was warned about draped chic on her wrist. She looked the immaculate stranger.

'Breathe' said Felicity.

Yes, I had forgotten. I had forgotten to do that.

The steps on the stairs came our way. The doorbell rang and Felicity prompted me forward. I opened the door and my mistress smiled.

'Hello William' she said.

I nodded. I couldn't speak. My eyes were too busy.

She stepped in and I closed the door behind her. I thought for a moment that I might kiss her hand. But she saw Felicity there and walked immediately towards her. The two women hugged.

'You're looking well... love the hot pants' Annette said.

'Not as well as you!' Felicity responded and they both laughed. I stood back from them, witnessing it all. I must have looked a bit of a lemon, because Felicity ordered,

'Make coffee for your mistress'.

I did as I was told and they started to chat. There were questions about studies and Med school, about Marmaduke and whether he was fussing still? Felicity was asked about her new clothes. May be they weren't entirely coordinated? I thought, you mean expensive enough. That's what you really mean mistress. I served the coffee to both ladies and was about to bring my own over when Annette's mobile rang. It was an abbreviated 'Ode to Joy' ring tone that sounded pretentious.

'Hello?'

Her face lit up. It was him, the black Nigerian who had taken her to Amsterdam. He was asking whether she was home safely. He was going to be in London in two weeks time. May be they could meet up. Annette wanted that. She wanted it very much indeed! I listened as she set the date.

'Kambili,' she explained to Felicity when she ended the call, 'he is very very attentive!'

'He sounds marvelous' said Felicity.

'He is' Annette confirmed. She told me to sit down. I was to listen whilst she chatted with Felicity. I shot the girl a look and she looked so fucking smug.

'You have a boyfriend... Ambrose' said Annette.

'Yes' Felicity said.

'And you're fucking?'

Felicity nodded. It was a very casual interrogation. Annette seemed entirely, calm.

'Daddy doesn't know...you use the flat to fuck in?'

'No' Felicity confirmed.

'And you've brought William to heel for that purpose?'

Now Felicity froze. She sensed it. Censure was coming. I wondered what the hell was going to erupt. There were no etiquette rules here.

'Yes.... Sorry I did. I should have asked your permission shouldn't I? He is yours' Felicity whispered.

'Do you make him suck cock for Ambrose?' Annette enquired.

The younger woman nodded.

'And has Ambrose fucked William yet?'

'No'.

Annette looked across at me. There was a momentary expression of scorn there.

'You've been naughty William, not asking Ambrose to take you'.

I dropped my head. That had been recent, so recent. I wasn't about to go begging for it everywhere.

'You must mind, I am so sorry for trespassing' said Felicity.

There was silence, just for a minute.

Annette smiled again.

'I think that a young and beautiful woman tries out her powers. I think that you did it instinctively. He is weak and he was there for the taking' she said.

Felicity nodded.

'Does Ambrose fuck well?'

'Yes' Felicity confirmed. Her face didn't blush. The assessment was calm and appreciative.

'OK' said Annette, ' If I was you I would ask Ambrose to fuck William. William will be as good as gold won't you William?'

I blushed. I blushed enough for everyone and then some. I nodded.

'You don't mind?' asked Felicity.

'No, I don't mind. You may use William' she said and touched the young woman's hand. 'but I think it will be good to get Marmaduke on side. You will need to demonstrate that you're working hard at studies as well and I will assure him that you are helping me out by training William with your young man.'

Felicity hugged her. It was entirely spontaneous.

'After I've finished talking with William, would you like to come out shopping with me. It would be my treat?' Annette enquired. 'We could share some girl talk'.

Felicity nodded enthusiastically.

'Swop the boob tube for a nice blouse over your hot pants. Have you a slouch belt?' Annette asked her.

Felicity confirmed yes.

'Put that on too darling... it will convey attitude.'

I watched Felicity leave. There was a bounce in her step. That which could have proved awkward had really not become a problem. The girl must have felt elated. The door closed and I knelt before my

mistress. She didn't order it, I just complied with the custom. I wanted to fill the silence with words but Felicity's advice stuck inside my head. I held my tongue. Eventually Annette said,

'Lincoln is fucking you regularly now?'

'It has started Miss. He has started to train me and Miss Caroline has too. She uses her dildo on me.'

'Do you like being fucked?' she asked me slowly.

'Yes Miss' I lied.

'Are you ready for me to fuck you that way?'

'Yes Miss' I answered. There was a heaven with a resident God.

'So you want to be an asset... to make my life better?'

I glanced up at her. Yes, yes I did and nodded.

'It will be very hard to live that way' she said.

'yes Miss'.

'But you want it... you want to serve me?'

I nodded again.

She took out her phone and started to flick through the screens. There were photos there, pictures of the front of the Anne Frank house, the picturesque canals. She turned the phone towards me and showed me the picture of a suave looking black man in a sharp suit.

'That is Kambili,' she said, 'he is a boyfriend. There will be other boyfriends. I will give you to him and to others.... to fuck'. She let

that warning settle in. Her gaze never left mine, stunning blue eyes beneath her fringe of blonde hair.

'I'm still learning...but I want it. I need cock that way' I said without a hint of subterfuge.

'You need it up your bottom as well as in your mouth?'

'Yes'

'Why?' she demanded softly.

'Because it makes you seem sexier than my head can possibly imagine right now. Because you get all the power and can use me like a tool to get what you want' I said. I said it firmly. I wasn't ever going to pretend that I was gay for I damned well wasn't.

'Kambili could fuck you when he visits. He doesn't have a moral code as regards white men. He would just use you' she said.

'Yes Miss'.

She uncrossed her legs.

'Well, if that is what you are... we will try it out. But you will behave impeccably.'

I nodded. I wanted to lick her sex then. I wanted her to part her legs and to welcome me there. But she stood instead, her body scent rising with her.

'You can tongue pussy another time' she said, 'I don't want my dress messed up and I'm going shopping with Felicity.'

'Of course Miss' I acknowledged.

She walked over to the door and smiled.

'What do you think William,' she asked, 'I could show Felicity a way to earn her way through college couldn't I? That would be a relief for Marmaduke! I could introduce her to my sort of boyfriends and you could be her plaything too.'

I nodded. Yes, of course. She left the flat and the door went gently clunk.

## Chapter 17

I commenced my training in earnest the next evening. I thought that my mistress would superintend it but in fact she went out clubbing with Felicity. It was patently obvious that my mistress wanted to corrupt the girl, turning her into a hot little vixen. Lincoln had become interested in coaching the girl to take boyfriends in the coming year or two. My training then started with Lincoln rather than Annette picking me up from the flat. He was very calm, very quietly spoken and we drove out towards a country pub. He said that we had to bond, as master and servant and that this was what my mistress's boyfriends might require as well. I wasn't just a butt to fuck I might be a mind to subdue as well. Really arrogant alpha males would want to see that I was completely broken, malleable to my mistress and to them.

'Why aren't you fit to fuck your mistress?' he quizzed as he drove.

I admitted that I could never satisfy mistress; I wasn't masculine enough. I didn't have the sort of cock that she wanted between her legs.

'She's too well bred for you' Lincoln informed me. 'She comes from a good family and you are just scum who managed to deceive her.'

As far as I knew Annette came from a pretty standard middle class family just like me. But that was the point really, I didn't, Lincoln

insisted. I came from a council estate, my dad had been a labourer. Annette came from culture, and money and good schooling.

'My bros abroad Willy boy, they like that kind of snobby British bitch thing. They like it when a lady treats your kind like rural shit.'

I nodded.

'I'm trailer trash' I said.

"Yeah, just cheap scum' he said. He wasn't smiling. He didn't want me to think of this as our little joke, our little subterfuge. When Annette was with a boyfriend this was all real.

'Why aren't you good enough to fuck Felicity?' he challenged.

I guessed that it was much the same reasoning. I blinked at him.

'You're too old, too ugly and weak brained' he told me.

I felt irritated. 'You lot are going to turn Annette into a snooty little whore too' I said.

Lincoln slammed the brakes on. The car stopped, and he came around dragged me out and hit me once in the face. None of the ladies were whores. They were discerning women who deserved the best cock. I apologized profusely. My top lip was swelling. Looking about then he took me away from the road and into woodland.

'Are you fucking gay?' he snapped at me as he pushed me along.

'No fucking way!' I retorted angrily.

'Then why do you put your butt up for the black man?' he barked.

I was sore and angry. My mouth throbbed.

'Because you're all fucking my mistress' I snarled back at him, 'because I don't have a cock big enough to do that. So I get fucked too!' I shouted the words at him. I felt bitterness, resentment, rage inside of me.

Lincoln slammed me against a tree. He held his thick arm across my throat and with his other hand unzipped my fly. He started to fondle my caged crown jewels.

'A lady or a bull get to play with your cock whenever they want Willy boy. We cage it so we own it! Do you hear?' His face was inches from mine and there was menace in his eyes.

'Yes sir' I trembled.

He started to tease downstairs and I needed an erection. The absolute power of the man drove me back into thoughts about my mistress.

'You think I'm her pimp don't you? You think I'm some kind of criminal' he bellowed at me.

'Your mistress's lover' I quavered, fearing a punch.

'So how does it work then son...how does the dynamic work?' he sneered.

I shook my head. I didn't know anymore. I seemed to know beggar all.

'I want her kind reserved for the likes of my kind' he growled at me, 'I want every sexy bitch to want that'.

'Yes sir.....yes.... you have the cocks. We don't sir, we don't' I bleated, feeling a growing panic inside.

'You accept that Willy boy?'

'I do sir... I...I.. accept it' I stammered.

He pushed me down to my knees. Ferns brushed my face. Somewhere in the distance a Magpie took flight. Lincoln clicked his fingers and immediately I unzipped him and got his handsome cock out. It smelled of his conquests.

'Look up, beg with your eyes before you suckle' he ordered. I imagined it, my mistress with a boyfriend casually watching the tableaux unfold.

Lincoln shoved his cock roughly into my mouth. It was already pretty stiff but as it swelled there I felt my heart racing. The tighter was the fit, the greater the panic.

'Breathe through your nose. If you retch then we go again until you get used to it back there' he warned.

I breathed a yes and he started to casually fuck my mouth. It wasn't a brutal pounding. It was a casual easy taking like I was an interlude before slipping it back inside mistress.

I did retch, my body convulsing. Only spit came out though and after a moments respite he pushed his cock back home inside. The gliding thrusts resumed.

'You gotta learn boy, your mistress likes watching this. You gotta learn to please any of her boyfriends' he said more quietly now.

I blinked yes again and now, yes now, the even pressure against my throat, the measured bump bump bump of his helmet back there wasn't so threatening. I knew he was going to spurt and I knew something more vital still. Lincoln would quietly persist with me until I learned to take it.

'Ready boy?' he asked staring imperiously down at me.

He spurted. I swallowed. I swallowed his load in surprisingly good order. When you don't panic that is possible. You learn to do it. Up and down went my Adam's apple, down and down went the slugs of his semen.

'Good boy' he growled, 'stroke with your tongue now, like you're encouraging it all out'.

I blinked yes and cooperated. He moaned.

'You got a soft mouth boy, they going love fucking your face' he said.

His cock slid out and he watched as I cleaned him up. I licked lavishly around his cock and his bulging balls. He dropped his pants and turned. I had to lick his rear as well, deep inside the crack.

'You gotta learn to do this without constant orders boy. You gotta look ready for it all the time, at their beck and call.'

'Yes sir' I responded.

Then I did it. Once his ebony buttocks were glistening wet I turned, dropped my own pants and put my butt up to be fucked.

He didn't comment. He didn't remind me that this wasn't gay or something, he simply pushed his cock inside me. My bottom started to make that sucking sound on his cock. If he had pulled back far enough his cock would have made a pop sound like your finger being flicked out of the side of your mouth. He held onto the back of my shirt and casually stroked his whole length inside me.

The feel of it was exquisite.

I felt fucked.

I felt owned and used.

I felt very very submissive.

'Good boy' he coaxed, 'you do some grunting OK, the bros like to think you loosing it on the cock'.

I made little animal noises and he increased the stroke.

'Norm time boy, you get your winky unlocked for this. The bro's like to see you spurt. But casual fucks, they might forget. You gotta try not to climax, else your wink will feel as though a flood tide pushed through the sluice gate.'

'Yes sir' I gasped. I wanted to come. I wanted to come hard. The rhythmic teasing within made my spine tingle.

'Just going dump a load so you smell right boy then we can head home' Lincoln announced.

I felt the deposit being delivered. I felt his cock jolt inside me, pushing my body up and around and then everything felt slippery inside.

'Good little fag' he said to me and pulled his slimy cock out. There, I was dribbling down my legs. He gestured for me to pull up my trousers.

I wasn't meant to revel in his approval. I was meant to follow him meekly back to the car and simply accept that this was what alpha men did with their women's fags. So in a strangely quiet way we proceeded back to the road. Some youths in a car gestured to us as they drove past, inferring that we had just done exactly what we did. They knew nothing. They knew nothing about what it meant in my head, how it wired me to my mistress and her new life. They were just pig ignorant, arrogant fucking kids.

'Everyone will despise you' said Lincoln, 'even your mistress. It comes with the territory, understood'.

I nodded. That was it. The frisson of all this for her was not simply watching my capitulation to master's cock or girlfriend's strap on, it was the opportunity to despise the likes of me. I was the living affirmation of their decision. After all, what normal man would put up with such humiliation? It was a self-fulfilling prophecy. I got fucked this way ergo I deserved to be used this way. This was what William was put on the earth for.

'You sore' he asked me.

'Yes sir'.

'Vaseline, some grease of some kind, make it supple' he told me.

'Yes sir'.

'The bros' will stretch it out boy. A problem for when you're old, but right now, you'll get to be a comfy lay'.

'Thank you sir' I mumbled.

Another night came on and I anticipated it as I worked hard for Karen. This night, I was to be the plaything of Annette and her bitch lover. I was going to have an education. I was going to appreciate just how horny and varied sex could really be. So I went to the house and I knelt before the pair of them.

Then Caroline kicked me in the ribs. It wasn't hard. It was casual and a lesson that contempt by a woman came in many forms.

Sometimes it was a slap, but if you were down on your knees and she wore boots. Well... Of course I yelped but importantly I didn't keel over. That would have occasioned another swift kick. No, I panted down the pain and watched my mistress peel off her sage green leather hot pants. Now her bush was neatly trimmed and she

had a tattoo down there, a queen of spades to signal her proclivity for black cock.

She clicked her fingers too and I came to pussy meekly. As with Lincoln I looked up begging and she nodded.

Her sex was bliss.

It was utter bliss.

I made little slurping noises as I licked. She visibly relaxed, putting her hands behind her head. I wanted her to speak to me, to encourage or taunt. But she simply indulged in my tongue. She could easily have relaxed with this for ages, inhaling incense, reading a book, listening to music. My ministrations were a tiny part of the drama in her head.

'You look perfect Netty darling! I love you. You have such complete control over him.' Said Caroline

My mistress moaned. She was luxuriating in the sex.

'I love it that men like Kambili are fucking you. I love it that we share Lincoln. I love it that you love sex' enthused Caroline.

'And I love you Caroline!' gasped my mistress. I was pulling at her clitty with my lips. They started to kiss, slowly, their mouths open and then locking. Caroline pushed her fingers down the side of my cheek and then softly, moistly into mistress's sex. In and out they slipped and I licked all before me.

'Lie on top of me darling' whispered Annette.

I shifted back and Caroline slipped on top of her, one pussy atop another.

Caroline pointed to her pouting sex.

I begged to proceed and she pulled my mouth onto her quivering crotch. She gasped too. That was sweet.

'Pull with your lips' she demanded.

I caught gently hold of her labia, pulled them and rolled the flesh between my lips like a fag paper. She moaned and stretched her legs wider so that I could lick top and bottom pussies. I was breathing faster and faster, sucking down the intoxicants from their sex. Caroline was naked save for a choker and her watch and now I saw that her nipples stood as proud as doorstops.

'Open your mouth, eat her cunt' Annette demanded.

I obeyed my mistress, gobbling noisily at Caroline's quim.

After a few moments of delicious bathing Caroline said,

'I'm going to fuck him'.

My mistress patted the sofa. I was to slide up on the sofa, naked but for my collar and cage, with my legs up so that Caroline could fuck me in the missionary position. To get my botty in just the right position, mistress pushed a cushion beneath me.

'Show your butt to Caroline' ordered my mistress.

I lifted my legs and pulled my buttocks apart. My bottom was exposed.

'Lincoln's been working you hasn't he?' she smiled.

'Yes Miss' I said.

I was fearful. OK I had been fucked by a strap on before, but it was always more uncomfortable, it was always less flexible. With a black

cock inside you there is a chance to flex and move in unison. The alpha can manipulate you. With a strap on you are simply impaled. I watched Caroline strap on the dildo, buckling it behind her back once the straps had been run beneath her groin. She must have judged me stretched now because there was minimal lube applied.

My mistress unlocked my cage. Thank god! Then she ran her dainty fingers up and down my dinky cock.

'You must fancy Caroline, you stare at her so much!' Annette said.

I nodded. Why wouldn't you? She was arrogantly beautiful.

'Too bad. You can't fuck her but she will fuck you' said my mistress.

'Yes Miss' I conceded.

Caroline pushed it inside me. I grunted. I grunted involuntarily. There was no need to make up animal noises, the bitch provoked them from deep within me.

'God!' I groaned.

She slapped my face.

'Shut up and take it!' she demanded.

'Yes Miss'

Mistress worked my cock. It felt bloody massive now. It felt like a proper cock.

In and out the dildo went. I felt delirious. I started to writhe about. God I wished it flexed, but it just went curve up me forcing my body upwards with each thrust.

'Please, please, please, please!' I gasped.

'Ruin his orgasm' said Caroline.

I felt Annette slacken her grip on my cock. The touch was there but so fucking light. Suddenly she gripped my cock harder and jerked hard. I thought for a second she would help me spurt.

Then she let go.

My cock belched spunk.

It just belched.

'Christ...fuck you. Just fuck you to hell!' I snarled.

Caroline slapped me hard.

'Shut up!' she snapped, pumping the semen out of me.

Annette was giggling. She laughed out loud as the creamy eruption ran down my cock and onto my shaven skin.

'You fuck him beautifully!' mistress enthused and kissed her lover.

There, she had used me. She smiled and pulled the strap on out. She pulled it out, unbuckled it and sent me to clean it with hot water and soap. The mistresses poured a drink and I marveled at the length of what she had shoved up me.

My mistress came in as I rinsed the weapon.

'That was nice wasn't it William. You wanted Caroline to take you!'

She kissed me and I surrendered my mouth to her.

'Gently' she said, 'let my tongue control'.

I nodded and opened my mouth again so that she could tongue me.

## Chapter 18

The next morning the police popped around. There was this grey haired sergeant and a fresh faced young female police constable. They knocked politely on the door and my mistress went down to answer it. I was already up, cleaning the conservatory when the visitors arrived. What they would make of me, still dressed in just my jeans, with a butch collar about my throat I didn't know, but my mistress didn't seem unduly phased by it all. She ordered me to make the visitors coffee and then to put out a selection of biscuits as well. I did it all silently, pouring the coffee and proffering food whilst she seated herself cross legged on the whicker sofa. That morning she was back in a tight black leather skirt and severe looking boots.

'It's really a cautionary visit' said the sergeant, glancing at his assistant as if demonstrating how things were to be handled in these circumstances. He drew breath, accepted the coffee and began. 'There has been a neighbour complaint about sexual goings on... in the garden' he said.

My mistress looked blankly at him. She sincerely didn't know what the man was referring to. The sergeant coughed and glanced at me. 'It seems that a young man was being serviced out beneath the orchard trees. She expressed the concern that this was obscene.'

I blushed. I knew what he was referring to. Lincoln and Caroline would too. The female constable looked at me with interest. What sort of fellow was I that I got my back side filled in a garden? She wanted to smile, you could tell, but the sergeant remained stern faced.

'That's disappointing' said Annette ambiguously. My mistress could have referred to a matter of distress caused to a neighbour. She might too have referred to the fact that the old bitch had made a complaint. Mistress hurried on,

'I am sorry to hear this. We are of a liberal disposition sergeant Jarvis. I don't know about the incident personally, but I can assure you on behalf of the household it won't happen again'.

The sergeant nodded and eyed the biscuits and I offered up the plate to him. He seemed to think twice about it then and declined. Presumably it had been made clear to him that I was a star of that little show. The female constable smirked when he refused the offer.

'The police aren't inclined to intervene on private premises, or to prematurely judge practices amongst consenting adults,' Sergeant Jarvis said, 'but you will appreciate that a garden is public. If it is overlooked it is'.

'Yes, of course' said my mistress.

'So all intimacies are best conducted out of the line of sight madam'. He coughed. This had started out well but now it seemed to unsettle him more and more.

The sergeant looked in my direction.

'Sir, you fit the description of the male who was being serviced in the garden. If it were you sir, am I to assume that it was with your full consent?'

My mistress studied me intently. I was to answer in just the right way.

'If it was me officer...' I said, my ears reddening, 'any sexual acts would be consensual. I think that important.'

'Quite' he said. The police constable was openly smiling now. This was just so silly, and sexy and no, nothing like it had been explained in her training.

'Alarmed neighbours sometimes keep cameras to hand madam.' Jarvis continued, 'so if evidence of that kind was produced, then a prosecution might follow'.

My mistress said, 'of course. We shall ensure that nothing offensive, or confusing is seen again Sergeant Jarvis.'

The policeman nodded and set down his empty coffee cup. He said that they would be going then and I showed them to the door.

'Does she fuck you too?' Jarvis suddenly asked me as I held the door for them. He glanced back to where my mistress still sat.

I frowned. It wasn't a question I wished to answer. It was impertinent.

'She wear the pants, is it like that?' asked the police constable.

I told them that it looked likely to rain. I said that I had an old umbrella that they could take. Jarvis grunted no thank you and then they left.

By the time I got back to the conservatory my mistress was clearly angry. She didn't need to ask who had been fucking in the garden. She did need to just check who I thought the concerned neighbour was.

'Mrs Drew mistress' I said. I had seen her watching us.

'I thought so' my mistress whispered. She picked up her phone and called mummy. It seemed that Mrs Drew had forgotten something. She rented the house from Karen. She would have been on much firmer ground had she owned the property. I listened to mistress and Karen talk. There was clearly anger on both sides. That night Karen's associate Israel dropped by with his witness to see Mrs Drew. She was served her notice to quit the property within the shortest possible time agreed within the tenancy. Then Israel began an inventory check of the house to see how much damage there was and what would be left for Mrs Drew from her deposit. It turned out that Mrs Drew was owed just a couple of pounds. Somehow Israel had charged her several hundred pounds costs. Twitching the curtain it seemed came at a price.

Listening to my mistress that morning taught me just how ruthless she could be. Mrs Drew had no living relatives and virtually no one seemed to visit her. She would be out on the streets and looking for a flat or a bedsit much as I had done. No one, just no one was to criticize my mistress's life style. Of course everything done operated strictly within legal limits. Karen I learned was planning on redeveloping the next door property. In fact walls were going to be knocked through from this one so that more guests could come to stay. Each of the mistresses living there would have their own boudoir so that they could receive guests and there would be a room for Lincoln as well. Of course the plans had been drawn up a month ago. There was an architect's signature and date to say so. No one could argue that Karen had been vindictive.

Now, being closer in to Annette terrified me. It wasn't just that I was learning how to be fucked in the right way, it was that she clearly saw me and others as commodities. If a commodity could be used, then it could be discarded as well. It was perhaps lucky that Mrs Drew had been dealt with using an eviction rather than a different sort of contract. Karen knew some very hard men indeed. They were the guys that she contracted as bailiffs.

'I'm going to continue your training today' my mistress said, 'we will go for lunch down in the town. You will attend me as my slave.'

I stared at her. Today was a workday. There were things to finish off at Elizabeth and Charles' house.

My mistress smiled. She had guessed my anxiety.

'We will lunch with mummy silly. She expects you to be there. She's coming along with Israel and I wanted to tell her about your new party tricks' said Annette.

My heart sank. I could handle the humiliating sex, even want it in some instinctual way, but being publically shamed was much harder to bear.

'Felicity will be there, but we haven't invited Ambrose. I'm not sure that in the longer term he is going to be suitable for her William. What do you think?' she mused.

It was obvious wasn't it! I thought what my mistress thought. My life was to be spent second guessing what would serve her best and please her most. The basic principle was that the right things in life advanced her pleasures and secured her power. That was what 'mummy' wanted for her too.

'I think probably Miss, that he is a bit young for her. He isn't that much older than she is and perhaps a young mistress needs an older guardian' I ventured, watching her reaction like a hawk.

'Yes, I think so too. Of course her boyfriends later on will be older and vastly more powerful and sophisticated than Ambrose. But I think she needs a bull, a guardian or trainer who teaches her how to be a bitch.'

'Yes Miss' I said.

‘So that is why I thought we might luncheon with Karen and Israel. I thought perhaps that Israel might handle her.’ She checked my expression. I was to be woven into the erotic realms of her world still further. ‘You would suck cock for Israel, put that cute botty of yours up for him and Flic could learn to fuck you as we do.’

I thought it a hideous idea but I didn’t let it show. I paused a moment and thought of an objection.

‘Mistress, I think that Karen has Israel fucking Elizabeth already. I’m not sure how busy your mother will wish to make him’. I whispered the point.

‘The woman married to that cripple Charles?’ Annette queried.

‘yes Miss’

‘He won’t be around for long!’ mistress observed.

‘But perhaps Karen will want to see Elizabeth well and regularly serviced’ I suggested.

Annette pursed her lips. ‘Well I’m not sharing Lincoln with Flic. She will learn the lifestyle without stretching my resources.’

‘Of course Miss’ I responded.

I was required to help dress my mistress for luncheon. She seemed distracted, one by the annoying old busybody next door and two by the perplexing debate about how to have Felicity coached properly about sex. If a young woman was to learn lifestyle, the importance of great sex, then she needed a master to teach her. I almost smiled, this was sounding faintly like Kung Foo. Grasshopper needed a guru.

Dressing mistress was erotic though. It was like being asked to help out in a sweet shop. The most desirable things were in sight, in

hand's reach. I waited whilst mistress showered herself and then gently toweled her dry. She had the most sensuous breasts and they seemed perkier, prouder than ever before. Her partly shaven sex needed a little trim so I did that for her, working nervously with a razor. Any hope that she might let me tongue her sex was quickly dismissed. I was to help her do up her black basque. Then it was time to roll stockings and clip the top of them to her suspender straps. I went to the wardrobe in the master bedroom and searched for the black leather skin tight pencil skirt. You didn't step into it, rather you buttoned it about her waist and ran the full length zip along until it closed behind her. I could imagine every man in the restaurant wanting to unzip that skirt. Her blouse was donned and then I painted her fingernails.

'What's it like having your arse fucked?' she asked me playfully.

She kept making sexy little enquiries. I think that she wanted to assure herself that I was capitulating without too much panic. The calmer I was the easier it was to involve me with boyfriends. I told her the truth. It hurt, it aroused me and it made me ashamed of myself. That was all you could say really. Men weren't meant to have cocks or strap ons wedged up their bottoms. If you did then the word man edged towards something else, something much less masculine.

'What shall we do with Marmaduke do you think?' she asked me.

I didn't know. How could I know? She had a set of values and objectives that were as strange as anything I had ever known. I had to guess then.

'Marmaduke's concerns are really about college and the costs Miss. If he was to understand that Miss Karen was willing to help Felicity, in a way that would require a social education too....'

I was thinking about young women being presented at court. Women who were to be bred by the aristocracy competed for attention. They

were debutantes. In a way, Felicity was becoming a debutante. Before she could be put to boyfriends and make her own financial success, she had to be prepared.

Annette smiled.

'Yes' she said, 'Felicity is a debutante! I don't suppose that Marmaduke has to understand all the details.... Well, not until Flic is very well established and earning more than a doctor'.

'Yes Miss. Pussy has more power than a stethoscope. Marmaduke would be disappointed, even a little ashamed. But if Felicity was doing so well.'

'Yes William' said my mistress.

'I imagine that Miss Elizabeth might persuade Charles to bestow an annual allowance on Felicity mistress. If Karen was to speak to her.' My mind was racing away. They were all corrupt and I was learning to corrupt. If I got shafted then why shouldn't others? It was a bitter, an erotic and a nasty thought.

Annette studied me.

'You're not fighting this are you? You know that people like you need to be treated with contempt?'

I bowed. 'I've traded needs Miss. I need to be near you. That is more important than everything else.'

We drove first to my flat where I changed my clothes into something smarter and then on to the restaurant. The Porsche was sleek and all encompassing. When you sat in the leather seat you felt it hug you. It very privileged. It felt Annette world.

Miss Karen and Israel were already there and they were quickly joined by Felicity who had made a brief visit to the powder room. I

stared at the young mistress; she looked stunning. She wore a skin of dark brown leather jeans with a matching slouch belt. The handsome heavy brass buckle that sat against her crotch depicted an ace of spade motif. Her blouse was in a burnt gold colour and she wore a Frey Wille torsade about her throat. For a moment I couldn't stop myself staring. My Mistress had dressed her impeccably. She had dressed her for the powerful black cock market. Women who looked like this got superior cock and developed arrogant attitudes.

Miss Karen held out her hand for me to kiss and then Felicity did the same. She told me to close my mouth less a fly buzz inside. I apologized quietly. All the other guests hugged and kissed. A table for four had been booked and I wondered whether I was meant to wait outside. My mistress though ordered me to stand beside the table and wait. It made me look like a lemon. When the restaurant manager wanted to offer me a seat elsewhere Israel shot him a look indicating that he was to leave well alone. I was left standing.

The social gossip followed. There was conversation about property, the dreadful busybody next door. Apparently Mrs Drew had cried when Israel visited but what was one to do when the property was due for development? Miss Karen described the planned rooms afresh, largely I think for Felicity's benefit. Apparently there was a 'William storage room' too with a holding cage inside. I saw Felicity smile. She smiled at me shyly as if to signal that I had no hope at all. My destiny was ordained.

Food and wine was ordered and the conversation settled towards what really mattered, Felicity's future. Karen said that it was time to draw her into a 'better social circle'. I was studying Felicity all the while as the conversation progressed. Trying to judge how she saw the women was difficult, but you could see how impressed she was by their absolute authority. Even Israel, an alpha male was quietly attentive whilst the women wove their web.

'We want to help you my dear, as you complete med school' said Karen. 'It's a long hard course and you will need extra funds that

Marmaduke cannot easily provide. You will need your social education too.'

Felicity smiled gratefully.

'Would you like to be more like Annette, to enjoy the better things of life?' Karen asked her.

Yes, of course, inevitably, she would.

Karen dabbed her mouth with her napkin. The important matter was approaching.

'What about ruining some men and exalting others?' Karen asked.

'Life is competitive' said Felicity glancing at me, 'some men fail because they don't make the grade.'

'Quite' said my mistress who beckoned for more wine and mineral water.

'I don't think that you should be afraid to judge men....white men' Felicity said glancing quickly at Israel.

I thought she looked as though she was begging for sex. She needed a cocking and knew you looked to the black dude for that. It wasn't simply a polite reassurance linked to her words.

'But also rans have their uses... if they accept their training' Miss Karen said, planting a look on me. I blinked yes. I wasn't meant to talk, my mistress had warned that.

We really were heading towards the delicate territory now. If my mistress had significant charge of Felicity's debutante training, then there couldn't really be a place for Ambrose.

'How are you getting on with Ambrose?' mistress asked the girl.

Felicity blushed shyly. She was enjoying sex, young fresh faced sex with a well hung young male.

'What did you say that Ambrose did?' Karen asked.

Felicity explained that he was at college. He was reading history.

Karen tutted, one couldn't secure a career that way. 'Does he have career plans?' she wondered.

Felicity seemed unsettled. What kind of plans could Karen mean? Presumably he could teach history. May be he would go into the civil service?

'I mean business plans, something that will produce you a good income darling' Karen opined, before savouring the scallop upon her fork.

'I would work too' said Felicity.

Goodness, I felt for her then. The women were pressing her.

'But only part time Felicity dear! There are other things that a lady needs to advance don't you think?' asked Miss Karen.

It seemed clear that Felicity had no idea of the scope, the richness of life that a bitch could enjoy if she was arrogant and determined enough.

'Perhaps there will eventually be someone else, someone better than Ambrose?' Karen mused. It was the critical question. Felicity had to answer it correctly.

'Someone more successful?' Felicity asked.

I started to fidget. This was making me uncomfortable. Ambrose, whom I thought personable was about to become history. Felicity had to learn to fuck for money, power and influence. The world was that raw.

'Excuse me' said Israel and rose from the table. 'You.... With me!' he beckoned. Felicity looked up in alarm. Israel smiled. 'I'm just taking William out for boy talk Felicity. We won't be long' he assured her.

We left the table and headed straight for the toilets. I was lead through the two sets of doors and into the empty men's room. Israel found an empty cubicle and said 'kneel'. I dropped to the floor, which was thankfully not wet with pee. To my horror though, next door, in the adjoining cubicle some bloke was finishing his nature's call. Israel got his dick out which was circumcised and big and he pushed it crudely into my open mouth. He didn't fuck me gently as Lincoln did recently, he jagged his cock to the back of my throat.

'Suck the fucker' he demanded.

I sucked it for him. I sucked what he drove in and out of Karen's sex. I stroke the underside of his cock with my submissive tongue.

'Felicity will be raised our way you white piece of shit!' he sneered at me. 'She'll ride black cock. The right black cock' he warned me.

'Yes sir' I whimpered and sucked again. He pulled my hand. I was to stroke his balls, encouraging the eruption in my mouth. I stroked his scrotum gently, feeling the heavy balls move. Then his cock spat several thick wads of spunk against the back of my throat. I just about managed to get it down me without gagging noisily.

'Thank you sir' I said afterwards, licking my lips so that he could see I deferred to him in the right way.

Next door, the toilet flushed. The call to nature was ended. I imagined the man rising, dressing and wondering about us next

door. I guessed that he might take a while washing his hands, curious about who would emerge from next door.

## Chapter 19

For days and days later I wasn't told of the outcome of the conversation between my mistress, her mother and Felicity. It seemed that if you entangle someone in a web, then that must be done quietly, without fuss or outside commentary. I had come back to the restaurant with my tongue covered in Israel's semen and promptly been taken aside by my mistress to check that I had behaved myself correctly. We went out beneath a pergola and I was required to kiss her in my submissive way. I felt her tongue sliding over mine. She kissed me with her eyes open. She studied me like a toy played with. When she broke the kiss she said,

'He's delicious isn't he William?'

I nodded.

'He fucked my mouth Miss' I said ashamed.

'They're so dominant with their cocks' she mused, 'there is no resistance any more. You'll suck or fuck on anything they demand won't you?'

'Yes' I said simply.

'Israel will drive you home William, mummy, Flic and I are staying on. We're going to share coffee and then a long walk down by the river'

mistress said.

I was dismissed then. I went back to the flat and sat and stared at the wall. I could have read, watched TV, but I stared at the wall. I wondered whether Felicity would come and tell me what had transpired. But she never appeared. There was no Felicity that day nor the next. It was as if she was embargoed from me.

The next day I was put back to work at Elizabeth's house. The work needed doing mistress told me curtly and in any case she had a new boyfriend visiting for the day. I wondered who it was this time? It could be a diplomat, a businessman, even someone from a secret service. It made me fret to think of the risks. I didn't know what kind of men that she saw nor did I know whether she fucked bareback with them. She is bright, intelligent, she knows about health risks. If a buck lover doesn't check out as clean precautions are vital.

I realized as I started work that morning that this made Annette promiscuous. She didn't just have a relationship with Caroline and Lincoln, a series of other men would bed her. With every new boyfriend, with every established relationship she would become progressively richer and arrogant. Kambili was pretty fervent. He phoned her regularly and twice that week she received expensive pieces of jewellery.

Elizabeth watched me work. I must have seemed ruminative, introspective for I didn't say so very much that morning. I knew that Israel was about the house dominating her husband and taking her to bed once that morning already. I had been summoned up to her bedroom afterwards to lick her sex clean. Israel had wanted that done by Charles, but apparently he had seemed too breathless that day. So I licked and tasted again what I had met in the restaurant.

'How is your mistress treating you?' she asked at last, when I had ripped some briars out from the rose bushes.

'Well M'am,' I confirmed, 'of late I have seen her most days.'

'But she picks and chooses doesn't she William, how much you can attend her?' Elizabeth was curious.

'Yes Miss' I said.

'I wish I had someone like you. To attend me at whim' she mused. 'There is a pleasure in subjugating a man.'

'I'm already owned mistress' I said politely as I could. There was a limit to what I could do. If my mistress put me to her, then I would serve. But I was owned by Annette. I looked at her. She seemed a little sad. 'You have Charles Miss. There are better days for him, when he can attend you.'

She smiled ruefully.

'Sometimes he bores me' she admitted. 'Sometimes you need a cuck with just a little more spirit.'

'Yes Miss' I said.

'I liked watching you lick Israel's cock when he had finished with me' she said.

'Can I ask you something miss?' I said.

She nodded.

'Women, they don't like porn. They don't like erotic films. But you liked watching me lick Israel clean. How does that work?'

She chuckled. 'We don't like the reduction of porn, the way it reduces women by removing a context to the sex. Watching you suck a cock of a man that I have a relationship with is entirely different. The sex is discreet, intimate, your mind is bent to his will

and that relates to my pleasures. Women get a frisson from watching that.'

'yes Miss' I said.

We moved on from the roses and now I had to clean the green house which was wooden framed and covered in moss. She followed me thoughtful, amused at spending time with the fellow that her bull had just humiliated. It was like letting an animal out on a lead and then reeling it back in to check the collar catch.

'I was wondering something too William. Say if you think it impossible. But I wanted you to have Charles come out and work on the garden with you. I want you to talk to him and make sure that he accepts things. If you work him in the garden he might even get fitter' she said.

I wasn't sure that Charles was fit enough to do anything much. He seemed very incapacitated. But that wasn't the entire thing anyway was it?

'You want me to taunt him Miss, reminding him that you are fucking again?' I asked her.

It was a pretty shocking question. It took her aback. But she had the good grace to nod.

'It makes me feel alive. He seems almost dead and I don't want to live in is morgue' she said.

In the end, I thought, we are all alone. We die alone, we become frail and shrink alone. OK a woman like Elizabeth might support a husband, but she does so thinking of him as an invalid. She tended him like I tended a garden.

'I wouldn't mind having him work out here Miss,' I said. 'But I'm not medical. I wouldn't know how ill he is at any one time.'

'That doesn't matter' she said, 'what happens, happens. That is life William' she said.

Charles started work with me on the greenhouse that afternoon. I had cleaned down the glass, swept away the moss and then rubbed down the white paintwork over the wood. Now it was time to paint it a pleasing white once more. It was work I imagined that Charles might do a little of. I smiled at him and handed him a pot of paint and a brush. We set to work.

Nothing happened very fast with Charles but after a few feet of wheezing paintwork he stopped to admire his efforts. Splatters of paint lay on the stonework below, but he had covered the sill in a thick layer of paint. He seemed to be thinking as he worked. He kept beginning a conversation and then dropping it. He seemed to lose the thread of his thoughts.

'Do you know a girl called Felicity?' he asked suddenly, 'is she your girlfriend?'

I smiled. It was a surprise to hear him refer to my neighbour. But I assured him that she wasn't my girlfriend. She was a friend of my mistress and her mother.

'She's being groomed you know, to live like Liz has done' he said, dipping his brush in the can again.

'Has she?' I said. Could you lose a conversation for good I wondered? I hoped not.

'Yes' Charles stammered, 'she's being put to a black man. Liz persuaded me to give the girl a sum for her adventure.'

'I thought she already had a boyfriend?' I ventured. Well, you never know, he might have answers.

'She's binned him. They found someone better' Charles said.

I waited. I waited for a name.

'Liz always preferred black bucks, you know for sex' said Charles. He stared vacantly up at the glass. A peacock butterfly frantically tried to escape from inside the greenhouse.

'Yes,' I said, 'they fuck better. What is the new guy's name then?'

'Israel fucked her this morning. She's been happier since he started to drop by' muttered Charles.

I waited again. It was frustrating.

'So Felicity has a new boyfriend?' I prompted again.

'Yes' said Charles, 'he's a man who runs a security company. I think it's his own firm. He's older than she is. I was trying to recollect his name...' Charles followed the butterfly's journey along the glass. Its miniscule brain couldn't compute why it couldn't fly forward.

'Liz said that there was a row. The girl's not going to university now. That seems a shame.' Charles looked across at me. 'Am I painting alright William?' he asked.

'Yes Charles... you are' I assured him.

'Good' he said, 'never got the hang of DIY myself.'

We worked on. The sun was pretty warm and I stopped to ask Miss Elizabeth whether I could get her husband a drink. I went to the back door and saw her in the kitchen kissing with Israel again. The guy had his hand inside her knickers. When at last the door was answered it was Israel who stood there. I made my request and he told me to fuck off as they were busy. I looked at Elizabeth. She didn't seem inclined to countermand the response.

'I told you to fuck off William' said Israel and he shut the door in my face.

I looked back at the greenhouse. Charles was pottering on with as much paint on his trousers as the greenhouse.

'Here, ' I said, 'wear this, the sun's hot now'. I handed him my hat. He took it gratefully and sighed saying that his back ached.

'You need to sit down for a while' I told him.

'I can't' he said ruefully, 'Liz said that I have to work out here. She doesn't want me in the house.'

I nodded. Yes, of course.

'But you can sit down' I suggested.

'No' he said, 'Liz will watch to see that I'm doing my best.'

Christ, I thought. You're a fucking donkey. She's turning you into a donkey.

We finished work soon after five pm when the heat of the day had abated a little. Charles looked done in. I telephoned my mistress and hoped that I wasn't interrupting anything. She answered the call though and assured me that I wouldn't be required that evening. Her boyfriend was still there. I was instead to call Lincoln and beg to suck his cock. I made the second call and thank goodness Lincoln didn't pick up on the call.

When I got home I wanted to go and see Felicity. I needed to know what was going on. This wasn't though the sort of thing you could just go down and 'chat' about. She was a young mistress and the etiquette was that you never interrogated. I thought then that I might

have a chat with Marmaduke instead. I went down and requested some things about the flat. I wanted his permission, I said to hang new curtains and paint a room. Thankfully he came up so that we could talk.

We toured the room to be painted and he said that I could paint it magnolia. Bland colours were what Miss Karen permitted. I said that I wanted a sage green and he said no, she wouldn't allow that.

'You look fed up' I said.

He admitted that he was fed up. He scowled at me. Everything was irritating right now. He grunted and told me to clean a skirting board as it was dusty.

'Felicity isn't going to University' he said.

'Oh' I said. Had I put on my sympathetic face? I hoped so.

'She's seeing some nigger' he said, 'a bloke called Oscar.'

I couldn't ever remember Marmaduke using the N word. Not only did that seem repugnant to me but it seemed illogical for him. He was of mixed race, however that was phrased politely these days. Felicity had come out peaches and cream and stunningly beautiful, but I supposed that everyone was a little more of one parent than the other. You didn't mix people like you mixed paint.

'Wasn't she seeing some lad called Ambrose?' I queried.

He nodded and found a new area of the room for me to dust. He showed me the offending dust on his fingertip.

'Yes, there was a kid. Not a bad kid I think. But Oscar hit the boy and sent him packing and then he took Felicity over.'

I imagined the brutality of that, men fighting over Felicity. Of course I knew all about that, not that it was something that I could share with Marmaduke. I suspect that Oscar was a different kettle of fish to the lout who I had nicknamed Ox. But perhaps that was what the world was like. Perhaps that was how it was at least when friends of my mistress and her mother moved in.

‘The bloke has a security company and makes good money, very good money’ Marmaduke said, ‘but he’s somewhere in his late twenties and she is just a kid. She should be going to college. She....I... wanted her to become a doctor.’

I asked the obvious question.

‘But did Felicity *really* want to become a medic?’

‘She used to’ complained Marmaduke, ‘she used to. Oscar though is big in her head right now. She’s wearing so many sassy clothes William. He’s probably fucking her.’

‘She’s a young woman Marmaduke... that’s what young women sometimes do.’ I put it as kindly as I could. I didn’t know who exactly Oscar was but as sure as eggs were eggs he would teach Felicity to fuck her brains out. Then she would ascend to bitch hood. There would be ‘boyfriends’.

‘The girl’s developed a sassy mouth William. Said that if I interfered then my business would get the wrong reputation’.

‘What?!’ I said.

‘Apparently Oscar knows people who can spread stories. He knows all about social media and hacking. He knows how to ruin a business’s reputation’ said Marmaduke glumly.

‘Did you smack him one?’ I asked tapping one of Marmaduke’s substantial fists.

Marmaduke spat. 'The fucker is as big as me. He looks like a bloody boxer, a bloody big boxer'.

That unsettled me. It unsettled me a lot. Just who did Annette know? Where did Lincoln find his friends?

'So?' I asked.

'So I had to say I wouldn't make a fuss about her seeing him. She wore this smug little face William. You wouldn't credit it' said Marmaduke.

There I thought, fishing trip over. I said to him,

'OK my friend, I'll look out some magnolia paint'.

Marmaduke smiled wryly.

'OK,' he said, 'sorry to share that worry. It's just that I sensed you looked out for Felicity too. I wouldn't mess with this Oscar bloke William, he would paste you one.'

'I won't' I said.

## Chapter 20

A day or two after the chat with Marmaduke I built up enough courage to ask my mistress about Felicity and Oscar. She seemed in a very good mood indeed. That was surprising because Caroline was away in Montreal servicing a black diplomat that she had established a long-term relationship with. My mistress was getting a lot of cock. Black guys came and went at the house, ones who drove sports cars and ones who were chauffeured there in limousines. My mistress was getting a trinkets habit too. Piaget, Rolex, Patek Phillipe and more came her way, so that she looked very spoilt indeed when she went out. I overheard her talking to her mother. She had made her first hundred thousand pounds and it had been no more than four or five months since she started seeing boyfriends. By my calculation my mistress was on track to make a quarter of a million pounds that year and that was without the presents. She would have to watch out for the tax man.

'Marmaduke mentioned Oscar the other day M'am,' I said, painting her toes nails for her. 'He was struggling a bit with Miss Felicity's change in direction.'

I was slowly improving at this, offering aside observations that could be answered like questions but ignored if my mistress was peevish. I'd found this a good strategy because to ask too many direct questions was to challenge her. Given how accustomed she had become to absolute authority that could become dangerous.

'Will you keep an eye on Marmaduke please William... if he doesn't cooperate with his daughter and Oscar, I want to know immediately' mistress said watching my efforts. I was getting better at toes nails but I wasn't perfect by any means.

'Yes Miss' I said. What an irony. Once Marmaduke had been assigned to keep an eye on me.

'I don't want a whining father distracting Felicity from a successful career, meeting boyfriends' mistress said.

'Of course Miss' I said.

'You're curious William aren't you' she whispered, reaching down so that I could kiss her dress ring. 'You're curious about Oscar.'

'I'm nervous Miss' I admitted, 'Marmaduke said that he just pushed Ambrose out.'

'Lincoln said that he put Ambrose in casualty' said mistress, 'he was slammed against a wall and there was a bracket there of some kind. Ambrose got his arm broken.'

'So Oscar is fucking the young Miss now,' I said softly, 'I wondered how I was to respond?'

She smiled. She could read anxiety on my face a million miles away.

'Respectfully William. You do as the young Miss says and if Oscar wants to fuck you, then of course you cooperate' Annette said.

'I wondered whether it would seem useful to have me live here mistress, away from where Felicity and Oscar meet. I mean, it would enable Oscar to manage Marmaduke however he wished.' I waited hopefully, but my mistress laughed.

'No William, you live at the flat. If they wish to use your accommodation, or they wish to use you then you do as you're told. I won't let you run away. Felicity will need to learn how to manage the likes of you, so I want you to be available to her.'

Dear God no. If he had a temper, if he was brutal, I didn't want him to knock me into line. I didn't want to be between Marmaduke and Oscar either.

I used my yes Miss, under duress look. She didn't see it too often. She was looking so rich, so superior these days that it was becoming increasingly difficult to resist her will.

'How have you been getting on, working with Charles?' mistress asked next. Her ability to change tack at a moment's notice always caught me off balance. The strategy was one that her mother used as well.

'He's done a little gardening with me Miss' I said. It was light stuff I explained, on account of his age and his infirmity.

'I think that its time to push him along William. He really should take more exercise so please work him briskly in the garden' my mistress ordered.

I thought about Charles and how he wheezed. If I worked him hard then pretty soon he would be dead. Of course that was convenient wasn't it. If Charles dropped down dead then the only person to blame was yours truly. Elizabeth wouldn't take the rap, I would.

'When Charles passes William, Elizabeth will go to live with mummy so that she can be more easily serviced. Felicity will get an inheritance gift, enough to buy her a sports car. That seems generous doesn't it!' Annette said.

My mistress wanted the old guy dead. From the sound of it Elizabeth didn't care much either. She had had her use of Charles over the

years and now he was shrunk and shriveled. Sports cars were part of the kit it seemed. If you were going to become the right sort of bitch, then you needed the right clothes and the right set of wheels.

I bowed my head. Somehow I was going to have to push Charles along and avoid the rap too.

‘May I enquire mistress, whether Miss Felicity will take a servant?’ There, I had done it. I’d broken my rule and asked a question. Yet it was a ruse, I was asking to ask a question!

‘Felicity will probably marry someone who can be broken and then introduce him to Oscar and the boyfriends arrangement William’ mistress responded comfortably.

I supposed that there were a lot like me. Many of them were closet cuckolds, waiting to accept the right woman as mistress. It might not be too hard for Felicity. She did have a snooty appeal.

‘Kambili is coming over for drinks tonight,’ mistress said, ‘you will attend us’.

There, that was the reason for her happy disposition. She knew what was promised this evening. She felt ready to introduce me to the boyfriend scene.

‘Yes Miss’ I said.

‘Are you excited William. It has been a while since you watched me fuck. That will be a treat won’t it, for a dirty mind such as yours?’ She smiled as she spoke.

I nodded yes.

I didn’t know what a Nigerian oil man was supposed to look like but I did formulate the opinion that he would be brusque and arrogant. I suspect that etiquette was different in Nigeria. It was a pretty

dangerous place and terrorists could easily target oil assets. Kambili probably had to be suspicious too. A quiet suburban bolt hole when he came to London must have seemed very appealing.

In the end Kambili turned out to be somewhere in his forties, broad built and a little paunchy. He looked as though he had lived comfortably. But he had the hard eyes and the mouth that was used to barking orders. He surveyed me when I opened the door to him. I was wearing the tightest possible pair of jeans, but with the zip fly down and my caged cock pulled out on show. That way mistress said my status was obvious. Kambili could play with my cock or blat it if he chose. On the top half of my body I was naked save for the leather collar about my throat. Mistress had waxed my chest and ripped free any sign of hair. Anything that made me look too masculine obviously had to go.

The man smirked.

‘You must be Annette’s slave right?’ he asked. It sounded as if he was affecting an American accent, but I suppose that was the English men like him heard spoken.

I confirmed my status calling him ‘master’. It was another of my mistress’s several requirements.

‘I can see why *that* got caged boy. Do they make cages that small?’ he laughed.

I opened the door to him. I looked beyond onto the road as he passed me. No Mrs Drew... she had gone. She had gone to a shabby little hostel place for frustrated old spinsters.

Mistress wore leather hot pants, red leather ones. They were combined with a provocative red lacy balcony bra that pushed her tits up on show. She wore high heels with the ensemble, a red velvet choker about her throat with a cameo pendant, one of her Cartier watches and a slave cuff on the other wrist. The look made me feel

horny, but almost instantly disarmed too. It was so aggressively vamp, so sex on offer that I knew I couldn't answer it. I couldn't handle a woman that was so sexually confident. So when Kambili brushed past me inside I was actually grateful. He had the attitude. He would 'sort her out.'

'Kam darling, I have been waiting so long' she purred when he found her and pulled her into his embrace.

They necked immediately, comfortably, his hands running down to her leather pants bottom. He had big hands. For a guy who probably now wielded nothing more than a mobile phone, they were very big hands. I saw that he wore a wedding ring. I tried to think of his wife back home. What was she like? I imagined fat, unhappy, bored and abandoned. She had probably tended to weight like some women do and then he had sought a proper woman. He had sought a woman with style and attitude.

They talked about his trip, about the journey over and how the day's business had gone. Annette seemed surprisingly knowledgeable and relaxed with the world of oil and its deals. Barrels, crude, guessing the best time to release more oil, at the higher price, it was the stuff of the conversation. I served master his glass of bourbon on the rocks, mixed and served a gin and tonic for my mistress and then went out and fetched the canapés from the kitchen. Setting them down on the table I then stood like all the best butlers do in any bloody period drama you ever remember.

'So what was he again babe?' asked Kambili glancing across at me. He wasn't enquiring about my profession or trade. He was talking about my identity.

'My husband....but I tired of him' she said as though it was just another of those life developments.

'You broke him?' smiled Kambili. He seemed to like the idea. May be that it was here in smug Britain where people thought themselves

better than they really were, it was neat to know that a husband could be crushed. It was like crumpling up an empire or something.

'I kicked him out and let him stew a while. He begged to come back and I said that he had to be my bitch' mistress explained.

'He all trained up that way now?' Kambili asked, his face breaking with the smile. The man had incredibly white teeth. If he had developed a paunch but he hadn't damaged his dentition in the effort.

'He sucks cock, puts his butt up. He takes a knock or two if you please' she said idly.

Kambili had to try. I was like a toy unwrapped. He beckoned me over. My cock in a cage was sticking out before and he grabbed hold of it and tugged hard. That made my eyes water. Annette giggled. She watching my eyes crease. She was watching the pain. She stood then and as if too demonstrate slapped me smartly across the face. It was hard enough not only for my cheek to smart but for the bone beneath to stab with pain.

Mistress signaled for me to kneel. When I was down she slid down her leather hot pants and pushed her peachy rear against my face. I pushed my hands behind my back and pushing into the crease of her backside started to lick her hot little botty hole.

Kambili kissed her. 'Like the hand signals babe, like how quick the bitch responds' he said. 'The bitch humble about the black man's cock.'

'He knows what I crave. He knows what women crave. He's in that cage most days and nights. I only take it off to spurt if I fuck him with my strap on' mistress said.

'You done good girl' the guy said to her and fondled her breasts.

I was sent to quickly wash my mouth out and to bring some carefully roasted quail from the oven. The birds are tiny, but of dainty flesh and I served them with pieces of honey glazed parsnips and bite sized roasted potatoes. There were napkins for sticky fingers and a bottle of expensive red wine was uncorked. I watched them eat. When the bastard didn't have quail up to his mouth he had his hand down inside the leather pants of my mistress. The room filled with the scent of food and petting sex.

'Come here bitch' said Kambili. He smirked at my mistress and pulled out his cock. It was big but not yet fully engorged. Then he took a piece of quail dipped it in the honey and mustard glaze and rubbed the meat over his cock. His appendage was soon covered in the food dripping. Kambili clicked his fingers and I knelt before him. My mistress held his cock up and I started to lick it. I licked around and around it, down to its base and across his very full looking scrotum.

'You own men like this back home?' mistress asked.

Kambili smiled. He was watching me lick his cock like my life depended on it. The smell and taste of cooked quail on his cock made me want to bite, but I sucked humbly instead.

'There was this Dutch oil worker. He was over working our field and had his wife left back in Rotterdam. I knocked him into submission and he would suck cock.'

Annette laughed. 'Then send him home as a faggot!' she said.

'Yeah, like that' said Kambili, 'but then the little fucker broke. He developed a conscience, caught religion some place and started resisting'.

'You belt him back to sucking then darling?' Mistress was bewitched. She wanted to know.

'For a while sure. Got him back on the cock, sucking like this one. But he was never going to put his butt up.' Kambili took hold of my hair and started to pump my mouth on his cock.

'So what happened?' Annette kissed his lush lips daintily.

'He had an accident. It was a new drilling down through some shale. He got mixed in somehow' Kambili said.

'William is very well adjusted aren't you?' my mistress said with obvious pride, 'You love black cock!'

I said 'yes mistress'. Then my mouth was pulled back onto bobbing duty.

Kambili moved me up and around onto the sofa beside them. I was made to kneel forward like a dog, to suck his cock. Then he fondled my caged member as he pushed my mouth up and down. I felt like a well being pumped for what lay within. He fondled my cock, playing with my marbles, feeling the knot that was my dick.

'Why don't you fuck him' suggested my mistress.

I jolted inside. My mouth still slid, nice as you please, but inside it was as if a spring broke.

'Get his mouth on your cunt' said Kambili.

I was required to stand and drop my jeans. I watched mistress get out of her hotpants. Her sex looked perfect with its queen of spades tattoo and her pouting lips. She spread her wet lips and I was directed down, down to worship her with my eyes. It was an awkward position. As I leaned down to worship her, my butt stuck in the air.

Kambili fingered my hole. He was greasing it from the dish of food that I had set out.

'You want his cage off so that you can watch him spurt?' mistress asked as I nuzzled between her legs.

'Yeah' said Kambili. My mistress reached to her hotpants and took out the key for my lock. The cage came off to my great relief. She looked at me and her gaze said, 'you slut... you dirty little slut'.

I didn't yelp when Kambili took me. I didn't yelp because Mistress had warned me not to. Only sounds of submissive pleasure were permitted. Kambili started to stroke me, dragging me back deep onto his stalk. He pulled in a rhythmic way that made me grunt with every deep insertion.

'You adore it William don't you... having a proper master' she taunted.

I groaned. The man's cock rode across my prostate and it was bliss. I didn't seek this, I didn't want this, but now he was inside me. God!

'Good boy, lick mistress's cunt. Worship it!' demanded my mistress. I slide back and forth on cock, back and forth against my mistress's succulent sex. Soon that perfect piston medley, that rhythmic to and fro posting had its effect. I couldn't help it. The first squirt of spunk went everywhere, causing me to gasp and then it flowed relentlessly out of me as if I was incontinent.

Kambili chuckled. 'Yeah...so fucking horny babe! Milk the fucker's toss'.

I felt Annette reach forward and work my cock. It was a finger tip reach but her divine touch kept it coming. I was emptying everything.

'That nice Kam...that you got him this way?' she enthused.

'Yeah' the guy said, 'yeah, so fucking rude. It's so fucking right as well!' he shoved crudely inside me as if to buck the last of it out of

me. The man had not climaxed. He had immense control.

'I want it... don't load him. You can do that, later tonight' begged my mistress.

He dragged what felt like a boa constrictor out of my rear. He dragged it free and I collapsed to me knees, trembling. Kambili looked down at me grinning. I was done, taken, exercised and now he felt mastery.

'Soap, water, a flannel' he ordered me. The man was meticulous. He didn't want his bitch infected from something up my rear. If he had thought to have me suck him clean, he decided on balance that his bitch meant too much. Annette must remember his visit with pleasure rather than discomfort.

I cleaned his cock meticulously and kissed his hefty glans as I did so. Erect it was a brutal looking thing. It stood up proud, swaying as I licked and kissed the cleaned skin.

'Let's go up' said my mistress. She took his hand and beckoned me to follow.

'I love what you did with him' she whispered as they started to neck again in the bedroom.

'Like it huh, you like the black guy to rule?' Kambili burred.

'You're absolute master,' she said fondling his cock. 'You can do anything with him. I want you sooo much!'

Master put my mistress on the bed, held her legs high like she was to be hoisted upwards and then stuck his cock in her. She writhed on it twisting this way and that causing his glans to dance around her insides.

'God! Darling!!!!' she groaned as he started to stroke.

Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup, the noises began. He worked her cunt till it made the dirtiest wet sounds. She was creaming herself on him, the smell hot and suggestive. I knelt on the carpet beside them and watched in complete awe. I watched him bury his cock into her.

'Please Kam, please Kam' she begged.

He laughed at her. He could ride her on the edge like this for ages. My mistress shook her head back and forth, her blonde locks on the pillow.

'Like it bitch? Like it buried inside you?' he sneered.

'Yes, oh god yes!' she moaned.

Slup, slup, slup, slup went the cock. Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup.

Mistress climaxed. She climaxed and looked as if he had stuck her with a lance.

Then he filled her up. He filled her with what I realized to my horror I had wanted up my rear.

## Chapter 21

The next morning my mistress was five thousand pounds richer. I know, that is crazy! It is utterly, completely, astonishingly crazy. I don't know what high class call girls cost. But it is surely not what mistress was given. Kambili simply left the rolls of notes on the side having taken it out of his designer leather shoulder bag. Perhaps you cannot put a price on this. The whole night of intimacy, the subjugation of a husband, the quiet bolt hole in a British suburbia. May be my mistress cut Kambili a slice of heaven and popped it on an earthly plate. May be it was something like that.

There must be places, people within the world where oodles of money is just the stuff of day to day living. There must be princes, despots and the like who live that way. It was simply that I hadn't met any of them before. Whether the money was dirty and had cost lives, whether it was legal or corrupt money I didn't know. I simply knew that my mistress could secure in one night of sex what I took months to earn. That put a ratio to us. I was worth this much and this was what mistress was worth. Beside the money there was an impeccably wrapped present as well. I witnessed mistress open it to reveal an Audemar Piguet Royal Oak watch. It had a beautiful blue leather strap and was gifted to match her 'sassy jeans'. For God's sake, that probably represented thousands more of income from a night of pleasure.

Mistress kissed me her way. She kissed me lavishly, exploring me. She had buckled the watch on and ran her fingers through my hair.

'Do you see' she whispered, 'this is how it is. This is what you are for'.

I couldn't stop myself and ran the back of my hand against the crotch of her leather jeans. I wanted to finger her and feel the creaminess of her sex. She kissed me again feeling the ache in my body.

'Get your winky out' she ordered me.

I did so and watched her wedge it back inside the cage. When she locked the retaining bar behind balls so that they bulged forward the metal pinched me. I winced but the bar stayed in place anyway.

'It's time for you to go to work' she told me.

I nodded.

I must have looked disappointed because then she said,

'This autumn I am taking you with me to Lagos. Kambili has a place there and we will stay a few weeks.'

I kissed her hand. I knew that I was meant to be thrilled. I was a jobbing gardener on his travels. There would be a private jet, one that Kambili controlled from the company. In truth though I dreaded that.

Charles was waiting for me when I got to the house. He was dressed in a denim blue overalls and a worn looking check shirt beneath. He seemed pleased to see me. If the work was crippling then at least he said we could talk. He's forgotten just how much he missed that.

'We're getting near the end of it' I told him. I hoped so too. I wanted to get rid of this responsibility.

Then Charles produced a new plan. It had been drawn up for Elizabeth, by Karen. The plan called for several new flowerbeds and a rockery on the higher ground behind the house. I stared at it. This was a lot of extra work. The note appended to it required a completion date just four days away. I had not ordered the necessary stone, I had not booked the gear to skim off the lawn and to rotivate new flower beds. We were going to have to dig it like navvies, ourselves, with picks and shovels and a lot of backbreaking effort. The bitch knew what she was doing. Karen was not just humiliating me by pressing me against an almost impossible deadline, she was also increasing the chances that Charles would drop down dead in the effort. I excused myself from Charles and called Karen immediately.

'We can't do the deadline on the extra garden work at Elizabeth and Charles's place' I insisted. I didn't greet her or anything. I just said it.

'You can do it William... you have Charles to help you' Miss Karen said.

'He's both ancient and frail Karen, this is hard manual labour!' I exclaimed.

'You have your deadline William' she answered in a clipped voice.

'I'm going to hire a couple of subcontractors in to help me' I told her angrily, 'and Charles can sit all this out!'

'You will do no such thing William. If you disobey me then I will have people come around to teach you a little lesson about manners.' She sounded so fucking cold.

'You're trying to kill the old guy' I insisted.

'Don't be silly William, you will be there to monitor him and to get the work done'.

'You're putting me in an impossible position!' I shouted.

But the phone went dead.

'Fuck you bitch, FUCK YOU!' I shouted up to the sky. Charles stepped around from behind the conservatory. He wondered who I was shouting at. There was a puzzled frown on his face. The old guy just didn't know did he? He just didn't know! This was a guy that went a strange colour in the face even if he accelerated beyond a saunter.

'Charles, I'm popping over to see an old friend about some gear and when I get back we will make a start on the extra work.' I knew a mate, Gerry had his own part time landscaping business. It was a pottering hobby sort of work. But still he had a turf slicer and a rotivator and he might even have a day's work to help out an old friend.

Charles nodded.

'Grab yourself a cup of coffee, put your feet up in the summer house until I get back' I said.

Upstairs I saw the curtains move. I guessed that Miss Elizabeth had been watching us. I ran away from the back lawn, grabbed my jacket and made for my van parked in the lane. When I got there, the keys were gone. I always hide them in a hole I found within the upholstery of the driver's seat. I've never trusted myself with keys. I put them down and forget where they are. I scabbled around feeling the seat for evidence of the keys. They were gone.

'What are you looking for?' came the question from behind.

It was fucking Israel. I'd forgotten that he was there too, upstairs with Elizabeth making the bed springs creak.

'The van keys!' I snapped back at him.

'You should be working' observed Israel. 'get back there and get that old bastard working too.'

'I am getting some gear, give me the keys' I demanded. I had guessed who had taken them. He knew about the hiding place.

'Give me your mobile phone and get back to work William. Do as mistress Karen says. You are wasting time.' The guy scowled at me.

'Fuck you Israel... I'm not putting the old guy through that!'

He came at me, grabbed me by the collar about my throat and jabbed me twice in the belly with his fist. The blows winded me instantly. I bent double and staggered backwards.

'Do I have to tell your mistress that you cut up rough William?' he asked. He was shaking his fist because his knuckles had caught my belt buckle. Fuck him, just fuck him, I thought.

'Keep her out of this!' I grunted.

'Do as you're told then. Put Charles to work and roll up your sleeves. Show us what you're worth'. Now the bastard's words sounded more measured.

I went to brush past him and he grabbed my by the sleeve this time. His hand shot forward and he grabbed my mobile out of my pocket.

'Work today, not gossip' he said and shoved me back towards the gate.

Plodding back to the garden, my guts as sore as hell I wondered what to do. We couldn't manage the work on time. It would probably kill me never mind the old man.

'That was quick' said Charles, 'was there a problem?'

'Have you got a mobile phone with you Charles?' I asked.

He nodded, 'why yes, did yours suddenly pack up?' Charles frowned as he spoke.

'Just need to phone a friend of mine called Gerry' I said to him.

'My wife came down' said Charles, 'she said that she and Israel would be upstairs today. I wasn't to go near them but help you in the garden. She said it was important'.

'I bet she did' I said.

I tapped Gerry's number into the phone.

Gerry answered. He sounded jovial. He was making his own beer and suggested that I do too. Could I borrow his turf slicer and rotivator? No I didn't want his help but he could he quietly leave the gear near the back gate of the address that I was about to give him.

'No problem Miss Money Penny' he said theatrically. He liked that the help sounded James Bond.

'Thank you Charles' I said and handed him back his mobile phone.

'We have got a lot of work to do but I am going to give you the smallest spade that you have ever known. You are also going to promise me that if you get a single twinge in your chest, you are going to sit down and I am calling an ambulance.'

He laughed. 'on my mobile phone' he said pleased with the irony of that.

'Exactly' I said.

We started work. Periodically Elizabeth came to the bedroom window. She was devoid of a bra and Israel kept drawing her back into the shadows. Thankfully Gerry pulled off his mission. Both bits of kit were deposited where I requested and I wheeled them inside before Israel could lock the gate. I started up the rotivator with a smile. Israel, listen to that you bastard!

Of course I guessed that there would be trouble later. A report would go back to my mistress. I had been obdurate. I had found ways to frustrate their intentions. If Charles survived this, a chance to clear the way for Miss Elizabeth to live the lifestyle would have been missed. More importantly the money wouldn't have been secured. It was all about the fucking money. Black cock and wealth were their credo. But I had to take that chance. I couldn't bear to have the old guy's death on my conscience.

Around about lunchtime it started to rain. At first it was as the Irish say, just 'soft'. The rain caressed our faces as we sweated over the work and it cooled us down. Then though, the rain got worse. A steady downpour developed. You cannot rotivate soil in the rain. It becomes a quagmire. You turn the garden into a recreation of a Ypres. Charles was soaked and stumbling about in the mud. I told him to go indoors, to strip off and have a hot bath. I even followed him to the conservatory doors.

They were locked.

I ran around to two other doors into the house and they were locked too. Charles was locked out in the garden. He was locked out in the rain to die. Swearing I ran over to the gate to find that had been locked too now. We were both trapped in the garden. Swearing I took Charles to the summer house out of the rain. On the table there, I had left the new garden plans, but they had disappeared as well. That was convenient wasn't it? That was very convenient.

There wasn't anything in the summer house that you could wrap an old guy in and he was shivering violently now. Three cushions on the

whicker sofa wouldn't wrap him up. I thought fuck them, I would start a fire in there, but there was nothing to burn.

Then Charles passed out. He just dropped like a stone and cracked his head on the floor where he landed.

'Christ!' I shouted as I turned and saw him on the floor.

I went straight to him, felt his pulse, which was just about there and got a cushion under his head. Then I pulled out Charles' mobile phone and rang for the ambulance.

Explain the locked doors and gates you fuckers, I thought. Israel, you are going down for this.

## Chapter 22

At the casualty department the police wanted a quiet word with me. Apparently one of the staff had called them. The old man, who was covered in mud was suffering from exposure. His heart beat was erratic and his chest sounded terrible to them. If I had worked an old guy that hard, then I had been at best negligent and at worst guilty of actual bodily harm. I blinked at the police officer who waited with his notebook. It had all happened so fast. The ambulance got there pretty quick. Suddenly the house wasn't locked, the gate hadn't been padlocked. Miss Elizabeth came out in wellington boots (telling I thought) to wonder what the hell I had done to her husband! I nearly smacked the bitch one across the face. Israel though grabbed me and told me to get in his car because he was driving me to the hospital.

As I was about to be interviewed the officer's radio summoned him and he took the message in private. Another police officer came in to interview me and it was the young female who had visited the house because of Mrs Drew's complaint. She recognized me instantly. Yes I had a soaking wet shirt on but the leather collar was still there. I still had she said a resentful look on my face.

'William isn't it?' she asked taking out her notebook.

I was shaking from the cold too, so she asked a nurse for a blanket, which I wrapped about my shoulder and then the interrogation began. Was Charles my employee? No! What was he doing in the garden then, working in those conditions? He was fucking well helping me, I said. I was fizzing with anger and feeling set up by then. He was sent to work out there by his bloody wife who was having an affair with the man Israel. Now I will die I thought. Make an accusation like that and you will die. I should simply have said that the old guy had wanted to help me. He had volunteered to dig the garden. That was the truth as well. But it was the soft side of the truth. It was the polite side of a lie. All of his married life Charles had been a cuck. Now he was being discarded and it infuriated me.

'You resent that.... You're very angry' the police constable noted. Perhaps the conclusion was obvious. She remembered the accusation of what had been done to me beneath the apple tree. Perhaps I hated them all. Perhaps I hated anyone associated with them.

'What she did behind the old guy's back was none of my business,' I insisted, 'but I did worry that she was pushing her husband to work hard in the garden so that he was out of sight.'

The young police officer who was called Susan smiled.

'Is this just about an old man collapsing in the garden William?' she asked.

'He collapsed in the summer house and hit his head' I corrected her. 'He landed on the tiled floor, that was how he got the head injury.'

'Was he taunting you William... because you are a slave?' she asked.

'What!?' I exclaimed.

She pointed to my collar. 'Don't you play sexy games? Aren't you one of the sort that ask their wives to take black boyfriends?' She didn't sound shocked and neither was she joking. The stupid girl was serious.

'Charles worked in the garden with me, pushed there by his wife. She sent him out to work hard in the garden knowing that he was ill. She set work projects that would break the man.' I protested.

'Presumably there was a garden plan sir' said Susan the constable.

'Yes there was but it's gone missing' I said shaking my head.

She waited, watching me with her head cocked to one side. She wondered things now. Whether I had gone bonkers under the duress of the games. She wondered why I might hate the old man. Possibly working him to death would get back at the bitch who was also fucking a black guy.

'How did it go missing?' she asked.

I sighed and shook my head again. This was going to sound unconvincing.

'Because they took it away and stashed it somewhere! They wanted to remove evidence that they had set an impossible schedule.' I stared wildly at her.

She made some notes. I could guess what they said. They said that I was trying to wriggle out of something. I was the guy who had been fucked in the garden. There had been a black guy there too. Now another black guy was being accused of something. A pattern was emerging and I was always at the centre of it.

'Ask Charles' I said to her, 'ask him about the gardening. Ask him about the garden plan. Ask him about his wife and that black fucker Israel.'

'We can't right now William... Charles is unconscious. I'm afraid that it is touch and go' she said slowly.

My heart plummeted.

Fuck. They could assume that I had murdered the old man. They could assume that I had smashed his head on the tiled floor, as some kind of revenge. Convincing them that Charles was another victim was going to be difficult.

The constable left me a short while. She wished to consult with her colleague. Apparently Miss Elizabeth had arrived and they would interview her as well. Her story would be different. Her story would be very different. She might paint me as the heartless gardener exploiting her husband. She might get me put away.

I tried to reason it through as I sat there shivering. Would they do that? No, may be not I was an asset. I was mistress's toy. They would only do that if I attacked them. What I had just been blurting out to that young bitch police officer could seal my own fate.

Shit!

SHIT!

The truth of it was that I had to let my indignation go. If I wasn't to trigger their revenge, to avoid a counter claim, then I had to let their plot take its course. I wanted to talk to Elizabeth. I wanted to confer with her. We needed to provide a reasonable, no blame explanation of events.

I went and found the police constable. I said that I wanted to talk to Charles' wife and to be interviewed with her, together. This would clear the whole mess up.

'I'm afraid that you can't' said Susan, ' she is with her husband who has just died.'

That was when the police took me down to the station. They took me away quietly, gave me a change of clothing into something nondescript but dry and they took away the leather collar. Apparently anything around the neck on a prisoner could be used to self harm. Susan assured me that I could have it back again if I came out of all this. She smiled and said that Sergeant Jarvis sent his regards.

The next twenty four hours were miserable. I sat in the cell, saw the duty solicitor and rehearsed my 'story'. I knew that I had changed that, it was different to what I had claimed when Susan first interviewed me, but now, now it was a matter of self preservation. You can't be indignant about a dead man. He is out of it. They had won and he was gone. Felicity would get her sports car, Elizabeth could move in with Karen and learn to be a proper whore and Israel and his kind would benefit. My new story then was one of mishap. There was a commission for extra gardening work and it was on a tough schedule. That much could be proved if they checked Karen's phone. Could they do that? Well, they could prove that I made a call. I could call Gerry as a witness, showing that I had asked for gear to do the extra work. Then I would explain that Charles had wanted to help out in the garden but that I had constantly encouraged him to rest. I had no proof of that. Charles wasn't there to give testimony. It was going to come down to what Elizabeth said. It was going to come down to a postmortem. Was the head injury commensurate with a fall, or did it fit best with a head smashed on the tiles.

'Did you kill him?' the duty solicitor asked me. She said that she was on my side, but any brief would need me to be entirely honest with them.

'No I fucking didn't!' I said angrily.

Three days later they let me out. Apparently they didn't think now that I would abscond. They didn't even think it seemed that I had

done Charles in. The postmortem result was back. Charles had a heart condition and a vertigo issue associated with a hearing problem. The difficult weather circumstances, his over exertion and then the sudden cold were commensurate with a fall. The head injury fitted with a fall too, there was no evidence of excess force being used to bang his head against the tiles. I learned that Miss Elizabeth had given a bland testimony. I was such an enthusiastic gardener and had assured her that the new work could be achieved on time. I was enjoying working with Charles and the gardening seemed to give him a new lease of life! It was such a tragedy that I had underestimated just how frail her husband was.

Susan the police constable waited by the desk for me.

‘That was close wasn’t it William’ she said. ‘That was very close. Someday though, you will see red because of what you started with your wife. We’ll see you then shall we?’

I smiled wanly at her. I didn’t have the energy to complain about her quip. I just needed to get out of that place. I needed to get out into the fresh air. Sitting in that cell I had realized something. Prison for a gardener would be absolute hell. To be locked inside, away from the fresh air would be a torture beyond imagination.

Elizabeth and Karen waited for me in the car park. There was no mourning black. Mistress Karen wore leather jeans and a polar neck top with a lavish pendant hanging from her neck. The jeans and the top were in burgundy. Elizabeth wore a leather pencil skirt in grey and a matching silver coloured blouse with pearls about her throat.

‘Did they give you back your collar William?’ Karen asked.

‘Yes Miss’ I said.

‘Put it back on please... you look undressed’ she said.

I buckled the thing about my neck. Then I was directed to the car and they both got in the front. We drove off down the bypass.

'You didn't make any silly accusations in there did you William?' asked Karen.

I felt uncomfortable.

'No Miss' I lied.

'It's just that if the police were to focus upon our lifestyle... well... you might not seem an asset any more William' she said.

'I understand Miss' I whispered.

## Chapter 23

I met Oscar the day after the funeral. He and Miss Felicity had been out testing the second hand Ferrari. It had been a vanity purchase for an eighteen year old woman and impossibly expensive to insure given her age. The mileage restrictions that were slapped on it to comply with the insurance conditions were severe. Still, she had wanted a Ferrari and whilst the Charles bequest would have afforded her a new Porsche she wanted the iconic red sports car. I knew that Marmaduke was livid with her choice. It seemed emblematic of everything she had done recently. All sensible career plans had been abandoned and she was spending time with 'that man' and my mistress rather than pursuing a career in medicine.

I guess that we were all tetchy. I had gone to the funeral riddled with guilt and watched Miss Elizabeth hand in hand with Israel as Charles' coffin was lowered into the ground. Perhaps Elizabeth had been honest all along. She had always fucked other men. She had been honest about her needs and her values. Still, it irked me to see her pretending grief at the grave when she had comfort literally to hand. I had gone along and stood behind my mistress and Lincoln, with Karen at their side. Felicity hadn't attended declaring that she didn't know the man, whilst Caroline said that she wouldn't let Lewis an arms dealer from the states down. He was so rarely in England.

When I came to the next day then I was irritable and I came upon the encounter between Marmaduke and Oscar ill prepared. Felicity had

parked her gleaming red car at the front of the shop. It was so clearly a statement of arrival. It was a 'look what I have' gesture and understandably for Marmaduke, the hard working self effacing kebab man that was a bit much. He asked Felicity to move it to another street close by. She though fumed that she wanted it in eyesight, in case someone damaged it. That seems the perennial problems with premium cars doesn't it? Owning one is a nightmare. Oscar butted in and told Marmaduke that he didn't give lip that way to his lady.

I thought shit, here we go again, the ox round two. It was just like I said it could be if Felicity dumped Ambrose. My mistress hadn't listened. The two men started to shove and push in the street, outside the kebab shop. Soon enough Oscar caught Marmaduke a blow across his ear. Then the fighting began. Felicity was just watching it happen. There were no pleas for the men to stop fighting. There was no effort made to untangle them. She seemed content to let it just happen. It was as if this was a play that had to acted over and over again. Two men fighting because of a woman. I glared at her and did my best to untangle them.

'Please guys... no.... not out here!' I begged. You can imagine. I didn't want Sergeant Jarvis to drop by and find me starring in another public display. Trying to prize arms apart, to get them to stop shouting at one another was impossible though. Both men were bigger than me. The tussle seemed to go on for a couple of minutes and desperately I looked about for someone who might call the police. Then Oscar got the upper hand. He used his feet better than Marmaduke and caught the guy off balance. Marmaduke went down and Oscar was on him like a shot. He pinned Marmaduke to the pavement sitting on his chest. Two jabs went into Kebab dad's face and then Marmaduke stopped struggling. Felicity just watched. She stared at them!

'Flic's Ferrari stays put man and you keep an eye on it' Oscar bellowed.

Marmaduke's lip was bleeding. I watched him nod.

'You give the little lady any more lip man and you're going to bleed plenty from everywhere!' Oscar insisted.

I heard Marmaduke mumble 'yes sir'. Felicity must have heard. She was standing almost on top of him. Her black leather boots were inches from his head.

'Sure you'll remember that?' challenged Oscar.

Marmaduke nodded.

Oscar was completely hyped by that little encounter and he eyed me when he stood up. May be he thought that I needed a punch too. He was about to grab me when Felicity said,

'This is William.... He bitches for us'.

The grab on my collar weakened. It was like watching a sprung coil relaxing.

'William, this is Oscar... you new master' Felicity said. She said it like she was introducing us at a cocktail party. It was done just as sweet and as simple as that!

I bowed my head quickly, looking down so as not to challenge the guy. My young mistress held up her hand so that I could kiss her ring in the way prescribed by Annette.

'Let's go up,' said Felicity, 'daddy will look after my car'.

I led the way to the flat. It didn't seem mine anymore. It was simply a venue. It was Felicity's now and any arguments on my part would meet a punch immediately and then a swift referral to Karen. I would be reported as trouble making again. I think that Felicity was on edge because of the encounter. She wanted to assure Oscar that I really wasn't a threat. There wasn't an ounce of masculinity left inside me.

She lifted her tiny tartan pleated mini skirt and presented her sex for me to lick. I began immediately, kneeling and coming to her sex even without the customary glance upwards. I too wanted the situation to ease. She started to rock her body against my mouth, almost as though she was hugging a comfort blanket. I felt her running her fingers through my hair as if to reassure herself and Oscar that all was just fine now.

'There.... You see.... He won't resist. He's just a cuck..... Annette says that we can use him' Felicity told him.

Oscar though was still prickled. You couldn't dampen the adrenaline in an instant.

'Get your cock out Osky... he'll suck it. He's a slut.' She promised him.

Oscar unloaded his tool. Then, within twenty minutes of meeting the man I was sucking his prick. I sucked it using lots of spittle and soft little strokes of my tongue. I wanted to soothe the man. I wanted to soothe him right down!

At long last they started to neck. They started to neck in that way that signaled what was coming. For someone like me that is a good signal. It means that I don't matter. I am the side show, the overture and the finale, I wrap up with my lips what they did. Sucking cock and watch Felicity kiss him I saw it immediately. She was older, more confident in her attitude. She was become woman, you know, she was wiser now. The guy was way bigger than Ambrose and in his muscular arms Miss Felicity looked perfect. Metaphorically, he was going to rip her open with his cock. She would loose it to hell once he was poking her.

'Come and lie on the bed' she told me.

I did as I was told and she straddled my mouth, dropping her sex onto my mouth.

'Play with my tits' I heard her say to him. She started to move wriggling her sex against my mouth. It seemed a different pussy now. Since going with Oscar it had been exercised. A man with a big cock drills a woman out. He makes her sex comfy for his manhood.

'I love you Oskey' she moaned. She started to dash her sex across my mouth and then across my nose. I felt her clitty bump over my face.

'God I love you! I love the way you tease my teats' she groaned.

I couldn't see anything. There was just her voice and the intoxicating scent of her body. She was rubbing and grinding herself against my mouth now. Only the tiniest breaths were possible when she slid to one side for a moment.

'Thought we'd take your car around to Winston's tonight' said Oscar, 'he has always fancied your ass'.

Good alone knows what Felicity thought he meant. May be she imagined it would just be cock teasing. Well, she would find out soon enough. First she would be required to go with Oscar's mates and soon enough he would wean her onto proper boyfriends. He would introduce her to bucks that would spend a lot of money on her and turn her into a cynic just like my mistress.

She lifted up and shifted forward just a foot or so and then she giggled to him, 'look what I can make him do!'

She settled her bottom on my mouth and I licked that too. She had such a pert little botty hole. It wouldn't stay that way forever, either Oscar or a pal would open a new frontier. Now I heard Oscar laugh as she wriggled on my face, causing her young buttocks to splay and her botty hole to press against my mouth.

'I'm getting you marked up as a black man's bitch' Oscar said casually.

'A tattoo?' she asked.

'Yeah' said Oscar, 'on your buttock so I can see it when I fuck you' he growled.

Felicity spasmed. That was soo sooo sexy she told him.

Thinking about being marked up, owned that way, really did something to Felicity, she needed his cock and she needed it now!

'Please Osky..... I want it' she mewed.

He made her wait a moment. His cock glided down her cheek and she sucked it. She tugged on it with her soft wet mouth. Her butt rocked against my mouth as she bobbed her mouth on his tool.

'You like how Annette lives bitch?' he asked her.

'Yes' she admitted. She was really tugging at him.

'You ready to take a few bro cocks to live the style that you're set out for?' he demanded.

'If you want me to' she mewed.

'Want you snooty, and posh, and spoilt, ready to suck and fuck for gain' he growled.

'I love you.... I want what you want for me' she moaned softly.

Yeah, that was what he wanted. That was really what he wanted. He wanted her whoring. I wondered whether this guy was going to be the gent that Lincoln was. I wondered whether Felicity would keep the trinkets but loose the cash? He seemed a harder, a nastier

proposition than Lincoln. Still, even as a kept bitch Felicity would be richer than that possible prodding and treating sick bodies. The bodies she would handle would be fit, and mean and virile.

Felicity lifted up off my face, moved about and presented her sex up for the filling. Directly above me, just inches away Oscar's cock slotted home. It slid all the way down to the base inside her and started to orchestrate the slup slup tune immediately. I was dragging down breaths as deep as I could. Felicity nearly asphyxiated me. I must admit that Oscar fucked her perfectly. The guy had the rhythm and the manhood to make a woman perspire. He thrust in a way that made a woman groan right down to her soul. Watching them, smelling them couple, I knew the Victorians had it right. If you didn't control relationships with a strict code women were dangerous. Their capacity for desire was endless, their appetite for lust insatiable. Women were quite capable of corrupting anything and everything to feel this way inside.

Slup, slup, slup, slup, the sensuous sounds rang in my head too. It was like a lullaby to submission. I started to lick them, her clitty and his swinging balls. I licked with wet lips of my tongue. I wanted her to have the hottest, horniest orgasm. Her lover had just thumped her dad into submission. Pussy ruled. She would be madam in the home downstairs forever more now. Oscar would see to it that she was Princess there in a way that Marmaduke hadn't planned. Oscar was going to turn her into a selfish little bitch, just like Annette. He was going to kick any morality clean out of the woman. Licking them I started to leak down below. My winky was cheating on me. I was coming in the most fruitless endeavor possible, accenting *their* orgasm together.

Felicity grunted and even as she started the spunk surged into her. I saw Oscar's balls wrench upwards like the head of a hanged man. They jolted that way four or five times and I knew he was giving her a hefty load. Little Miss Ferrari was getting her young belly full of it. She was getting a body full of goodness. When at last his cock dragged out of her I was literally splashed with the drippings. Warm,

smelly semen, salty and bitter to the taste landed in my eyes, on my nose and some, just some, in my open mouth. Oscar watched her dripping into my mouth and then lowering herself onto my face so that the smeared gift could be wiped progressively onto my tongue. I must have licked the little bitch for five minutes or more to make sure that her pussy looked nice and clean after he had done.

When I had finished that chore I was kicked out of the flat for an hour or two. They told me to go sit in my van and 'toss or something'. It was a stupid remark. You can't masturbate with your cock in a cage. If you did you would probably rub your fingers raw against the metal and leave your cock sore and bleeding too. In a cage all you can do is leak and ache. In a cage all you do is yearn and serve. Your head sex, what little relief you get comes through your tongue, licking, always licking. Yet the terrible thing is that such purgatory is what gnaws, eats and sustains you at the same time. You have to have the cruelty.

Do you know something, something terrible? Whilst I was licking those two through their hot little coupling I was thinking about how Elizabeth had used Charles all through their life. I thought about what an absolute bitch she was. The smell, the taste and the thoughts in my head ruined me. This was what I had been reduced to. That was why I leaked down below. I didn't want it that way. I hated it! But still.... It happened.

I didn't go to the van. I went and found Marmaduke instead. When he opened the door I could see that his nose had swollen from where Oscar had hit him. He looked anxious, as though Oscar had sent me down with an instruction. May be he was to go up there and watch what his bitch daughter had become? May be he was meant to go and clean the Ferrari. Marmaduke looked nervous. I remembered him telling me about his wife. Well, now Felicity was becoming much the same. It must have sickened him.

'I came to see how you were? I was sorry about all that' I told him.

He opened the door and let me in. I hadn't noticed before but in his living room there was a cage with a pair of canaries hopping about. The birds were lemon yellow. I supposed that they sang but clearly not loud enough to drown out the rhythmic banging of the bed head board in the flat immediately above.

'She doesn't have to do that' he said to me making the coffee. 'She doesn't have to whore.'

'She thinks she loves him' I said. I couldn't bring myself to signal where the sex was going after that. I wondered whether his wife had whored around.

He laughed. 'These days she thinks a lot of things. I used to think for her. She'd let me steer her a bit till she was wiser.'

'It's like a blue touch paper gets lit' I said, 'when they realize what they enjoy in sex, what a certain type of man can trigger for them.'

'Yes' he said. He had a distant look in his eyes. He was reliving painful memories.

'When that guy was hitting you, she actually smiled' I said, appalled at what I had noticed. It was only a glimpse and only a momentary expression.

'She likes the power he gives her' said Marmaduke.

'You must regret getting involved with this mess?' I asked.

He glanced at me. No... I wasn't gloating. We both occupied a similar cage. Mine was locked on my cock and his, well his was the business about his neck. His centred on the dreams he had held for his daughter.

'I regret Karen. I regret taking that bitch's loan to set up my business. It was fine for a long time and then they put you in the flat above.'

'Thank you' I said, registering his loss.

He laughed. 'Sorry.... I'm not blaming you. You're just the symptom of what's inside that woman.'

'Karen?'

'Yes' he said. 'She has to be bitter in some kind of twisted way. Look at her. She has a huge business and she wants more. She wants to manipulate people, you, and me! She wants to orchestrate what your wife does, what that bitch did to the man Charles.'

I pondered it. Was Karen the cause of all the problems? May be. She had made things ten times worse but I didn't suppose that she had set Annette and Caroline up. They had found their own frisson. No, what ruined men like me was not a Karen, it was something about an instinct. An instinct left unchecked, misdirected in a woman, well, it ran rampant. As I started to think of it then men had been battering down their own instincts and those of alpha women for ages. Instinct prompted competition, inequality a sexual elitism that thrilled and sickened me in equal measure. Instinct was what pushed women up and up once the world had told men they shouldn't be so misogynist.

'There was always a potential inside Felicity and one inside Annette too. Men need to be different with women. We need to be stronger, wiser and more certain. They hate men who dither, who look weak. That's when they look for more.' I said it as gently as I could to him.

'You think that I looked weak to Felicity? I thought she saw me as controlling' said Marmaduke.

'She saw you using just one mode of thought. Your wife ruined you, broke your imagination. You could only see one direction for Felicity and that seemed weak. It seemed inconsiderate. I guess she wanted you to ask her to be whatever inspired her.'

He raised his eyebrows. I know. He was about to say that inspiration drove her to this. It always came back to this, sex and the power it gave a woman who dared look in that mirror.

## Chapter 24

I decided something. After that chat with Marmaduke I decided that I would find Ambrose and try and get him back with Felicity. I was going to teach him how to be with a woman, to nurture the good things in her. I was going to teach him how to stop that blue touch paper getting lit. Look, religion was done right? It was left in a dusty corner where guys dressed as priests and where sex lives and values infiltrated anyway. Religion wasn't the way. How many young girls had been abused by priests? Religion had tried to insist how people should behave. It hadn't tried to help people to learn to live with their sexuality. The world in which religion operated was one where instinct got called the devil and where the 'solution' to that was prayer and lots of trips to church. There was no recognition of sex as something human. Religions, well they hated the body and loved the spirit. That was all.

As I thought about it over the next few days I started to think about it all in terms of balance. You couldn't ignore instinct and calling it a name, one with horns, didn't make it go away. You had to find a way to live, which seemed sexy but realistic as well. Monogamy was bonkers. The genes inside your cells just kept pressing you to mix it all up more and more. Somehow then, that instinct had to be recognized, respected, and directed in a way that the priests had failed to do.

I thought about Felicity. She wasn't hooked into the whoring world yet. Perhaps if I could help Ambrose represent an alternative to that, a viable, mature, a better alternative, then Felicity could be protected. It seemed too late for me, and for Annette. She had so many sexual outlets and I was now getting glued into that world. Frankly, if I didn't get to lick and worship at my particular church, I was sure that I would die. That was the truth of it.

I knew that my ideas were dangerous. If I interfered, then I could get a hiding. There was not only the risk that Oscar would use his fists on me but that my mistress would let rip with sanctions too. Consider, suggesting a modicum of restraint, perhaps something polyamorous but not exploitative, criticized the posh lifestyle of Annette and Caroline too. It was a criticism of their greed. As far as I could see, my mistress was addicted to wealth as well as her life with Caroline and Lincoln. She was addicted to the package and I was meant to fit in there. If she knew that I had somehow unhitched Felicity from their burgeoning world, well, there would be repercussions. There is but one God called sex and cuckolding sings his praise.

I didn't tell Marmaduke about my plans. I didn't want him to get dragged into another fight. In any case, he was a busted card. Felicity wasn't just going to accept his direction again. Med school was dead unless Felicity wanted that too. No, it was just better to work my magic quietly and privately. Doing that would provide some satisfaction. It would cock a snoot at Karen and her conniving ways. May be it would remind Elizabeth too that sex could be sexy without being exploitative.

Finding Ambrose wasn't easy. He had moved home. Someone had told him that Oscar knew a lot of bad people who did unsavoury things. There had been threats and a realization that he wasn't in a league with the likes of Oscar. So Ambrose went to ground and I had to find him through the college. He was pretty hard to persuade to a meeting. He reckoned that it was a trap. I was just going to spring Oscar on him and watch him get wiped out. I said to him, look

Felicity is getting sucked into something too big. For a lady her age it was too much. He listened to me. Eventually he agreed to meet, down at the Shire Horse, a pub on the canal.

No one that I knew went to the Shire Horse so it seemed the perfect venue. That early afternoon it was quiet as well. I had a gardening job over in the same area so it was easy to slip away for a lunchtime pint without Miss Karen becoming alarmed. I bought the beer for Ambrose as despite his arrogant attitude towards me in the past, the kid, well, he was still a student. He came in looked about, saw me at the bar and we shook hands. I ordered his ale and we retired to a quiet corner.

‘How have you been?’ I asked him.

He gave me a rueful look. Yeah, he had been fine, but it had been a difficult few weeks. The man Oscar had come out of the blue and he had come with a nasty attitude. There was no discussion, the first time that Oscar met Ambrose he used his fists on him. I listened to the account of that encounter and shook. It seemed all the more important to get Felicity out of his clutches. Marmaduke would thank me for it. Whatever he thought of Ambrose it was a good deal more than he thought of Oscar. Ambrose asked about me. It was a remarkably sincere question. He knew what I was and wondered how on earth I lived with it?

‘After a while you need it’ I explained, ‘you need to be treated like a piece of shit. They train your mind to it. I didn’t start out this way. It’s not in my nature’ I know, it sounded like a sermon from a pulpit. It sounded like I protested a bit too much. Still, Ambrose listened for a short while and then asked the question.

‘Why did you want to see me?’

I had to begin. I had to sell the argument. In Oscar’s clutches it wouldn’t take more than a month or two to turn Felicity into a callous

little whore. Whether Ambrose would believe me I didn't know. Whether he would have the nerve to act was a bigger question still.

'Do you think Oscar the sort of man that Felicity would usually chose?' I asked him.

Ambrose squinted at me.

'No' he said. 'She's too intelligent. She knows that the guy is a monster. He might be good with his dick and his fists, but he is still a monster'.

'I reckon so too', I said. 'He doesn't cut Felicity any slack to think for herself. Eventually, one day she's going to wake up and realize that she is in his canary cage.'

Ambrose grunted, 'a posh cage. Heard that the bastard bought her a Ferrari.'

I shook his arm. 'You heard wrong' I said. 'You heard a lie. Felicity got the car from an inheritance. It was something my bitch of a mother in law arranged. Oscar has a fair fortune, he runs his own business, but it doesn't extend to passing Ferrari's around.'

Ambrose nodded.

'Sometimes... well... I think Oscar scares her. She felt that she needed to be with a big man but this one came with a bit too much attitude. Don't get me wrong, she wants to please him, she fucks with him, but I wouldn't call it love.'

Ambrose sucked in his lips. 'You think that Felicity is still inside, the girl who was going to med school?' he asked.

'I don't know about med school any more,' I confessed, 'but I know deep down that she is still capable to responding to kindness. She can still be a romantic woman. I won't say that she buys into

traditional marriage you know. She might like to fuck playfully as part of a set up with someone like you, but its not in her nature to become a whore.'

'He doing that to her!' Ambrose was suddenly animated.

'Not cheap stuff. He would put her on the game with very high class clientele. She would fuck for a lot of money each time and for a while most of that would be ploughed back into her clothes and look. After a while though, someone like Oscar makes a woman work for less. May be he hooks her on cocaine. May be it would be something like that.' I know, I have ramped up the threat, tweaked his anxiety, but if you need someone to act, well this is what you do.

'That's what your wife does, she fucks posh men' Ambrose said.

'Yes' I admitted. It wasn't something that I wanted to dwell on.  
'Felicity is in danger. We're hooked on the lifestyle, but she needn't be. She can escape, but she is going to need your help.'

'You're serious aren't you!' laughed Ambrose, 'you want me to do some kind of Romeo and Juliet balcony scene and then she comes away with me. You think it could be like that!'

'No, it can't be like that. You will have to argue a case with her. You will have convince her that she is so important to you that you will take some risks to get her. You could get your face punched in and so could I. But sometimes a life deserves better than the easy path.'

'William' he said, 'I am still at college. Where am I going to take her? Oscar would find us. There aren't many Ferraris on the campus?'

'You're going to have to sacrifice college and start again. May be you both go to college later. I have an old friend, Angus, after living down here a while he went back to Edinburgh. He has a rental cottage nearby to the city that you could use for six months whilst you get work sorted. Once you're safe, once you're settled, I can

then let Marmaduke know where you are and he can come visit you both’.

Strictly speaking Angus had offered me the use of the cottage when Annette threw me out. But I didn’t want to live that far north. I didn’t want to leave my wife. Angus said to ask again any time. He insisted on that. May be then he could shelter someone that I was worried about.

‘So we drink whisky and get plastered New Year’s Eve’ Ambrose said. ‘How do they feel about black boys up there?’

‘Probably better than you being English’ I quipped.

I bought the kid a second pint and explained that phase one was having Ambrose meet his ex girlfriend again and testing out the attraction. That itself was risky but you had to start some place. I said that he shouldn’t ring her mobile phone, he should only go through me. I would be the go between. If there was a phone message from Felicity then that could be a trap. We had to step back to an older time and a more basic method, word of mouth.

‘You’re going to get me killed’ Ambrose said.

‘May be’ I admitted, ‘but if you make the offer right, then you might get her interest. No shackles, no marriage, the chance for her to fuck elsewhere on occasion and hey, a bloody good medical school in Edinburgh. She wouldn’t be rich but you would both be able to feel decent about the choice.’

Ambrose smiled.

‘Why are you doing this... for me.... For her?’ he asked.

‘I’m ruined’ I said, ‘I got ruined a good while ago. I just sunk deeper and deeper, and this is the only chance for her to avoid getting hooked on the life. It’s her only chance to escape Oscar.’

'Yes' he admitted.

My mistress was away with Wesley that week, a cosmetics and perfume executive from Boston Massachusetts. Wesley was touring the fashion capitals of Europe, Paris, Madrid, Milan and he wanted a rich looking bitch on his arm. Lincoln knew someone, he knew Annette. My mistress would return with a year's supply of the most expensive perfume, ten thousand pounds in discreet cash and her belly awash with his semen. I hated it when she went away with men. There was this fear in the back of my head that she would never come back. There was the fear that a steady and very rich life with a multi millionaire might seem better than bitching a gardener like me. The more money she earned, the more cock she took, the less significant I was. It was as if I was becoming a speck of dust on a windowsill that she forgot existed. Even Caroline was tetchy about Annette's travels now. Where was the time for her, for them? I watched her flounce around the house feeling irritable. One night Caroline was feeling so bitchy about life that I got put in the metal cage that had been fitted in the new bedroom. Then Caroline got drunk on a bottle of designer gin, she sat on the top of the cage and pissed on me. I slept the night on the wet blanket within the cage, smelling of her pee.

The morning after that little event I went for it. I started the work on Miss Felicity. She had moved out from the home beneath my flat and now lived with Oscar at his place. Marmaduke felt wrecked by that. I decided that we had to get her back. We had to put her on the straight and narrow. I needed an excuse to contact the young miss and the best and most sincere one was to beg to lick her sex. I was craving it with Annette being away and Caroline in such a vindictive mood. She found the request amusing. She said that it would cost me a three hundred quid pair of Jimmy Choo boots and I acquiesced to that. The little miss was testing her powers and realizing her worth.

It was a tricky meeting, not because we were meeting without Oscar present, but because I had to judge how best to broker the Ambrose offer. It might be inept to broach it at all at this meeting. It might cost me a good deal more to get around to the topic. I had to play it by ear. Lay it on too thick about Oscar being a threat to her well being and she could repel me. Hint too little about Ambrose and the window of opportunity might shrink.

We met at this country hotel and I took the boots along. She arrived in her Ferrari and I was at the front of the hotel to meet her as directed. When she got out of the car she looked a million dollars. Not only did she wear a new alluring scent but she wore an immaculately tailored business suit. On her wrist there was a Gucci swirl watch and on her heels a pair of court shoes that had probably cost as much as what I had just bought. Oscar had started to mould her as the executive bitch. Fucking her was going to cost someone thousands of pounds. I kissed her hand as is customary and we retired to the suit that I had paid too much for.

I wanted to go down on her immediately, but Felicity insisted on coffee first. She wanted to watch my discomfort. She wanted to see me stare at her and how she looked now. She looked a million miles from any college course. I watched her cross her legs and glimpsed the top of her stockings for but a microsecond.

‘Marmaduke misses you’ I said gawping at her, ‘I reckon he realizes the error of his ways. He should never have tried to control you. You’re way too clever, too sophisticated to put up with that.’

The compliment was accepted without comment. But she did have a view on her father.

‘When he calls Oscar and apologizes for locking me up in that Kebab cave, then I will think about him’ she said icily. ‘Tell him to thank Oscar for nurturing me and then I might remember who the hell he is.’

That was ruthless and it didn't bode well.

I got the boots out and she looked them over appreciatively. They had a stupidly high heel and looked entirely madam. She flicked off a court shoe and pointed her foot. I was to slip the boots on for her. Dear God, when she stood up in them she looked perfect. The heels tilted her hips enough to make her rear look cock achingly seductive.

'I've told Annette that when she becomes bored with you... I will take you on' she informed me. She walked around the room, trying out the fit as she talked. 'I'm afraid that Oscar will be more brutal than Lincoln, but I expect that you imagined that.'

I hoped that mistress would never ever tire of me. I was desperate to be kept on. Yet another fear rose before me now then, something to populate my dreams. I nodded to her.

'Yes Mistress' I said. It was an acknowledgement that possessions could be discarded or given away.

She returned to the bed, sat down and hitched up her tailored skirt. She hitched the hem up till her black suspender straps showed. Then she peeled off her thong, and revealed her neatly trimmed sex. I don't know if she had a queen of spades tattooed on her bottom, but she had a neat miniature one etched above her clitty.

'Ambrose is still infatuated with you' I whispered, starting to lick her sex. It was the wrong word. I needed to say love, but that word was strange to my mouth now. It was a word that hardly ever registered in my head.

'Even after Oscar beat him?' she asked me softly, lying back to enjoy the tongue bath.

'Yes Miss' I whispered, pursing my lips and gently pulling on her clitoris.

'I like that... Ambrose craving me' she said, as if to assure me that my oral efforts were purely an amusement.

'I think he hopes to protect you. He wants to give you.... your head room, to help you be the sophisticated lady without feeling exploited.'

That was too much. I knew that it was. It sounded too calculating and too earnest. It made it sound as though Ambrose could stand up to Oscar and that was just crazy.

'I could enslave him' she said.

There, yes, fuck, that had been too much.

'A black boy miss?' I asked. It seemed the block that might work.

'A black boy who doesn't use his dick on a woman properly' she mused, wriggling slowly against my mouth.

'You'd do that!?' I asked. It was a surprise. My understanding was... well... that girls like Felicity worshipped black guys period.

She moved up onto her elbows and watched me licking her. She stroked my hair.

'Yes of course I would' she said softly, 'it might be sexy... if I had a white boyfriend one night. It might be a frisson in his head... me having a black kid as my slave.'

My head buzzed. It literally buzzed. I had never got the measure of such women, their attitude potential. I had never appreciated the potential, the power the threat of Annette. Then I had been holed beneath the water line first shot. Now I was underestimating Felicity too. I opened my tongue and licked her sex luxuriantly. She was utterly intoxicating.

'I think that you should lure Ambrose back William. I think that it would be fun to break Ambrose, don't you?' She was pulling my mouth up and down her slit. She pulled it so that my tongue ran deep. I couldn't lift my mouth from her. I needed to lick her out so bad.

'Oscar will break him in. If Ambrose resists, well, may be Oscar will just make him disappear' she moaned softly as I licked her.

I suckled on her wet sex. I suckled hard, lancing my tongue in and out to give her a sweet sweet orgasm.

'I worship you Miss' I moaned as I tongued her pussy.

'Good' she moaned as she climaxed.

## Chapter 25

My plans were I suppose erratic. I had anticipated spending several weeks bringing Felicity around to the idea of a meeting with Ambrose. I had planned to spend several sensuous meetings with her setting up a date. The young Miss was still thinking in Oscar mode as I tongued her in that hotel room, but who knew what might be possible if she met Ambrose and rekindled a memory or two. Puppy love could be powerful. Two things accelerated matters though. The first was that my mistress summoned me to Paris the following Thursday. Wesley wanted to fuck my ass for me and he was thrilled by the idea that she had me on 'some kind of mental chain'. The second thing was that Felicity telephoned me to say that she wanted to see Ambrose. There were things to chat about, a past to make good in some way. Listening to Felicity you could easily have believed her nostalgic. This time she didn't have a tongue in her pussy and she sounded more her old self than the Oscar puppet.

I met with Ambrose at our favourite canal pub and we discussed things again. Naturally he was cautious. Some bruises ran deep, right inside the brain. But he wanted to see Felicity and he wanted to try and save her. I told him that he should be ready for a totally different looking woman. She didn't just drive the Ferrari now; she dressed in some style. She had poise. The fun loving, sexy teenage girl that he had known had blossomed quickly into a considerable young woman. Whatever he thought about Oscar, the cocking had

contributed to her. Now her attitude was assertive and confident. He would have to be ready for that.

‘Do you think I can handle her now?’ he asked me.

I looked at him. How quickly do men mature? It wasn’t at the same rate as women was it? Women accelerated ahead of young men and guys caught up later. That was why women often went with older men. Ambrose would have to try. Feint heart never won anything, let alone a lady. I told him that Felicity was well worth the pain and the effort. She was one classy woman.

‘I’ve spoken to Angus’ I said, ‘he still has a place in Edinburgh. It’s not the original cottage he told me about but the flat is very central for work and amenities.’

His face brightened. It seemed to give him hope. If you were going to make a fresh start sometimes it was better to do it some place else.

‘How is she now... in her head?’ He asked me.

I imagined that he meant how was she emotionally. Was she still infatuated with Oscar? I decided to be honest with him.

‘He still has a hold on her. She is headstrong, arrogant and he fuels that to his own end. He could start setting her up on dates pretty soon too’ I admitted.

Ambrose ordered us two more pints. It was he told me time to act. There was may be too little time to do this gently. He needed to see her, tell her how he felt and then give her just forty eight hours to make her choice. Telling her that he would give up college and work whilst she went to uni in Edinburgh would be his offer. There would be a place to live and breath as well.

It seemed a convincing offer. It sounded like a viable alternative. It was a good thing that there were people like Angus in the world I

said. He said that it was pretty good that there were also people around like me. I smiled. Ambrose had the challenge ahead. He had a big challenge ahead.

We set the meeting up with Felicity at the Shire Horse for the Wednesday, the day before I flew to Paris. OK, for a couple of days after that I would be away, getting my butt filled, but if he really had a strong conviction about the woman then he would cope till I got back. I thought shit, what had I done? But I had to carry it through. I'd started. I suppose that it sounds a bit freaky to tell you that I arranged to be at the pub too, well in the background and out of sight but not ear shot of Ambrose and Felicity. He asked me to wire him up for sound so that later we could discuss how she had responded. Hearing how she spoke, was he thought as important as any summary of what she said to him. I said, OK, we'd do that.

The meeting was set for just before eleven am. I arranged to sit in the next bar and listen and to watch through two windows, one into his bar and one outside. Ambrose was nervous. Of course he was nervous. You could see that he was imagining how she would look now, how she would sound. He hoped that she would let him kiss her. I was pretty nervous too. All sorts of things could go wrong. There could be a deal of aggravation if things went badly.

Six minutes past eleven and I saw Felicity's Ferrari draw up in the car park.

'Go out to meet her' I whispered on the wire to Ambrose, 'she'll expect that. She's not a girl any more.'

I saw Ambrose step out into the fresh air. He looked very anxious indeed. You could tell by the way that he walked that he hadn't built the confidence yet despite the double whisky he had sunk in the bar. When I looked across at Felicity rising from the red sports car, he had every reason to feel outgunned. She wore black leather jeans, the boots I had bought her, a black silk blouse and a slouch belt buckle on crotch. She had a string of pearls about her throat, which

made her look plummy as well as a rock chick. It was a devastating look. She didn't walk to him. He walked hesitantly to her. She waited smiling, checking her watch. She might have planned to apologize for being a little late but I rather doubted that. She looked, frankly, she looked as though she expected him to drop onto his knees in front of her. She looked as though she owned a dungeon.

'Hi...Felicity!' Ambrose began, 'you look pretty good'.

I wondered what 'really good' would look like but I understood, the guy was so nervous and she was so beautiful.

'Ambrose' she whispered and she drew him to her. She kissed him in that way that Annette kisses me. It was a bitch in charge kiss and I imagined Ambrose's heart racing. A woman only kisses that way when she knows that she is utterly desirable. She kisses that way because she has power. They kissed for a minute or more, Felicity running her fingers through his tightly curled hair.

'I've been wanting to see you for ages' he told her, 'I've never stopped thinking about you'.

She nodded. 'Really?'

'Yes' he said, 'I know, I know, there is still Oscar, he gives you some kind of thrill, but I want to talk about us. We're unfinished business.'

Oscar came and stood beside me.

'Romantic ain't it?' he smiled.

'Yes sir' I answered.

He chuckled. 'The bitch has him by the eyes Will boy. Look at the way the bastard stares at her'.

I was listening to Ambrose stammer through his offer. They would go for a drink and talk about things. Boy he was fucking it up. In any case, she didn't care about him in that sense. She didn't care about him as a man. No, she was curious about what else he could be.

'Set this up nice Willy boy... didn't think you would be so pliable. You set this up real neat' said Oscar. He clapped me on the back and I felt sick. I felt sick and ashamed. Still, I didn't want him as my master. I didn't want to be passed along because Felicity didn't have a slave. 'Listen, I thought maybe *you* could tell Marmaduke that Flic has taken Ambrose back into her life.... You know, in a humble capacity.'

He didn't wait for a response. Instead he signaled to two of his burly security associates and they all stepped out of the pub. I heard the door swing and then watched Ambrose through the window as they stepped towards him.

He just froze. He froze like a rabbit in headlights.

'Don't be silly Ambrose' Miss Felicity said, 'Oscar won't hurt you if you just go along with him and his friends quietly.'

Ambrose looked back and forth now at Felicity and now at the men. He had nowhere to run to. My van was parked some way off and I held the keys.

'You and I *will* have a relationship Ambrose and Oscar and his friends are just going to teach you what that will be. They are going to take you to a house and educate you. If you learn nicely, then after the week we will begin. If not....' Felicity gestured as if the future could then be bleak.

Ambrose took two steps away. He started to move towards the canal.

'This is a trap! This is a fucking trap...Oscar set this up. William! William, where the fuck are you?!' Ambrose yelled.

I felt wretched and so ashamed. I felt gutted watching it unfold. But it was pointless fighting it, when she was so beautiful and he was already so infatuated by her.

'Sorry Ambrose.... I'm really, really sorry....but don't fight it. You'll get hurt. She is your mistress. She's going to be your mistress' I bleated.

It was disgusting and vile. But I hated blood. I hated the mess that Oscar had made of Marmaduke's face. It was simply better that Ambrose cooperated.

'Hello Ambrose' I heard Oscar say on the wire. 'Don't be a silly boy. You don't need to go to Edinburgh to have a new life with Felicity. You can have one right here boy.'

Ambrose was crying. I could hear him crying.

'Fucking stop that!' I snapped down the wire at him. Why did men have to do that? He was going to be broken and it would hurt. But look it was better than being dead. It was better than not having the woman of your dreams somewhere in your world. The sooner that he bent the knee to Felicity the easier it would be. I couldn't stand watching the agro. He should just get on and do it. He was going to become another me. What the fuck was wrong with that! I had a role, a life didn't I? Don't give me your moralizing twaddle. You would have done the same thing in my circumstances.

I watched Ambrose dart off to his right. The canal was that way. How far could you run down a towpath? How fast could you run with two big security guys on your heel? He should know, he would be brought back and he would kneel before his mistress. Of course he never made it to the towpath. They grabbed him and one wrenched his arm way up his back. I heard Ambrose yelp. Fuck, that could be

me I thought. If I was pressed into that service that could be me! I shuddered.

'Why don't you kneel for mistress?' suggested Oscar when they had firm hold of him.

Ambrose was struggling and Felicity, well, she was just patiently waiting. In a minute they would smack Ambrose one in the face. Kneel, you stupid man. My head rattled with the words, but I was too ashamed to speak them over the wire. The men forced Ambrose to the ground and as he hit the deck he snarled, 'fuck you William' down the wire. I felt terrible, you can imagine. I wished that Ambrose was stronger, less gullible. I wished that I didn't need to worship her almost as much as my own mistress. I wished all of those things.

'I'm sorry Ambrose' I snapped back down the wire, 'but this is your destiny. Kiss her boots'.

Felicity couldn't hear me down the wire, but as if on cue she put a foot forward. Her left boot was now just a foot from his mouth.

'Do you know something Ambrose,' said Oscar, 'sleep deprivation makes a mind malleable. You'll want to do whatever mistress wants after three or four missed nights and a little instruction.'

I didn't know how they would break Ambrose, honestly I didn't. But by the time they had finished with him he would want to serve Felicity. It was a just a matter of redirecting and humbling his existing desires. Love becomes worship when you aren't equal to a woman.

'You will bend Ambrose, you will come when mistress calls, do what she says' Oscar continued and he pointed to her boot.

There, thank goodness, he kissed it. He kissed it tenderly. Felicity put her other boot forward and he repeated the act.

'Honest Ambrose... you will cope. This is for the best' I pleaded over the wire.

I watched Oscar kissing Felicity. It was slow and casual. Felicity didn't seem nervous. She looked as though she was going to handle this just fine. Oscar told me that they worked alone with Ambrose for the first three days and nights and then mistress came to visit and add her refined touches. It would be too vulgar for her to watch the first teachings.

'She is your mistress. Kiss her boots again. It is healthier that way Ambrose. I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!' I apologized. He kissed the boots afresh, whilst she snogged with Oscar. 'If you learn to please her, you can stay safe Ambrose, honest' I said.

Oscar gestured to the window in which I sat watching. It was time to bring my van around. Now that Ambrose had had the cuffs applied to his wrists we were going to take him away and train him to be just like me. I looked at Felicity as I helped lead Ambrose to the van. She didn't smirk, or laugh, she didn't apologize for involving me. There was nothing.

'Three days darling,' she said to Oscar, 'I can't wait for you to come home'.

He kissed her. Ambrose winced. One of the guys bent his hand back.

'Shouldn't be longer than that should it Ambrose' said Oscar, 'you're a quick learner aren't you boy!'

I went and got the van door. Thank God, it would soon be over. I would have made my delivery and could drive off with my guilt and shame.

## Chapter 26

Wesley proved a gentleman. Let me define that for you. It means a dominant male who doesn't hit the fag and who only fucks him in front of his mistress. There is nothing more shaming than being taken elsewhere to be fucked. When an alpha does that he doesn't just dominate you, he makes you fear that you are becoming homosexual. I have no distaste for gay folk. On the contrary we all have our sexuality to express. But when you spurt on a cock alone with the guy, it can be misconstrued. When you do it in front of your mistress the symbolism is unambiguous. You are emptying a load because he has control of you in front of her and that is such a hot little turn on for your mistress. You are engaged with her sex, her thrill. It is simply more humane.

I was away in Paris with mistress and her man for three days. During that time Wesley fucked me casually five times. It was always after enjoying my mistress and it seemed an insouciant gesture. Look, I can sort him out too. Look his rear his dripping thanks to what I loaded there. Men can be arrogant in different ways and this was Wesley's way. It made my mistress feel ultra horny. On two occasions she insisted that I licked her out whilst Wesley was posting me. I gave her clitty a bumping lick as black cock filled my rear. Mistress held my head straight so every Wesley thrust pushed my mouth against her clit.

I wanted to think about Ambrose and what I had done to him but for most of the three days I was consumed with Wesley and his domination of my mistress and I. This wasn't a gooseberry on rare occasions sort of trip, I was to follow them everywhere. The more I followed them the more he touched her. Watching mistress climax on his fingers told me something. A bitch can't fake orgasms such as I saw on Annette's face. They were sincere, deeply felt spine tingling climaxes. I watched them snog casually his hand all over her bottom. Once that would have seemed dirty if a whore was doing it. Now it just seemed plain sexy. My wife wanted him, took him and received rich reward for what was simply hedonistic for her too. She fucked in a way that told you her body was directing life. She didn't pretend that she wanted it. She took cock eagerly.

'Wesley was pleased with you' she told me at the airport as we made our way home. 'You were comfy to fuck and no fuss at all'.

'Thank you miss' I said and nodded.

'If Ambrose fucks as nicely as you do then Felicity will have a treasure' Mistress said.

I'd forgotten. Of course she knew. They all knew. It was a very effective network. People who enjoyed sex this way in their circle compared notes. I suppose people like I, and soon, Ambrose were scored on our performance.

'You helped recruit Ambrose to his education week' mistress observed, 'that was very obedient of you. You just did as you were told as soon as Miss Felicity indicated her desires.'

'Yes mistress' I answered. Well, I had. The fact that I had other plans before Felicity said what she would do if she didn't secure a slave of her own, was neither here nor there. I had sincerely planned to help Ambrose and Felicity escape to Edinburgh, but it was clear that the young mistress preferred Oscar. Someone like Ambrose was never

going to be good enough. It was best then he became what I was and the young mistress rose amongst the ranks of arrogant women.

‘Were you embarrassed to do that... to lead Ambrose into a trap?’ Mistress raised her eyebrow as she quizzed me.

‘Yes Miss’ I admitted.

‘But it was inevitable wasn’t it William? As soon as he confessed to his obsession with Felicity she was always going to use him. It was always the case that she would have Oscar break him to her will.’

I nodded. Yes, it was inevitable. But this week, the education week would be terrible for Ambrose. That was what made me feel physically sick.

‘I’ve heard he stuck it out for two days and nights, but that he broke around 4 a.m. this morning. Ambrose came to cock nicely then.’

I thought about the young guy kneeling and accepting Oscar’s cock into his mouth. Just to suck it would seem terrible. To then have it chugging a load down your throat, well, that was almost unimaginable. Later, broken and malleable he would be brought to his mistress and would serve cock and clitty in union.

‘You didn’t find it very hard did you William? You needed to suck cock pretty quickly. But Ambrose will struggle all the way. That will make him seem very cowed when you see him next.’ Mistress mused about the process. She seemed excited by the journey that Ambrose was required to take. ‘It’s a good job that Oscar is a disciplinarian. Ambrose will get a few bumps and thumps before he licks and sucks nicely.’

Right then, in the departure lounge mistress seemed pretty content. She was even richer now, set up with gifts and with lots more boyfriends to meet. She told me to sit down and wait there for the flight call. She went off to the first class lounge and a good stiff drink.

When I got home Miss Felicity came for lunch at my mistress's house and I prepared the meal. I tried to imagine what the neighbours thought with both a Porsche and a Ferrari parked outside. Felicity was wearing a pretty frock. Yes, I mean something innocent and floral. But her stockings were white and lacy and she looked as though she was about to romp through a flower meadow. She was feeling 'very special' she told my mistress as now the teaching of Ambrose would soon be complete. Oscar had been ruthless in his instruction and Ambrose had folded, whimpering and begging to suck cock several times in each day. Now the young miss was to be introduced to rich boyfriends and she wanted to know how it seemed riding different cocks.

I wasn't allowed in on that conversation but watching them seated at a distance in the conservatory I realized what a hell of a difference there was between cheap exploitation whoring and high class call girl sex. Felicity and Annette weren't hooked on drugs, they weren't compelled to work long nights and they could make thousands of pounds in a few hours. I guessed that Oscar was a true pimp and took a bigger share of rewards, but deep down both he and Lincoln were encouraging the women to be a bitch to also ran men. In their different ways the two guys were control voyeurs. They got their buzz and the mistresses were certainly getting theirs. It must have been a wrench stepping away from the romantic edicts, uncoupling sex and love, but once that was achieved, they found their own particular paths.

Felicity came out from the conservatory for a pee. She kissed me the way that these women do. Sticking your tongue in a weak man's mouth was as emblematic as pegging him. It was just more casual and took just a moment. I was ordered to follow her to the loo, and to take down her panties before she urinated. After she had finished I was required to lick her clean. Then I pulled her panties up.

'Does Ambrose hate me Miss?' I asked desperate to know before she returned to conference with my mistress.

She frowned. The question had seemed odd to her, a surprise even.

'I don't think so William. It was Oscar who instructed him, not you.'

'Only I got him to the pick up point' I whispered. I couldn't say trapped him. I felt too ashamed for that.

'Don't be silly,' said Felicity, 'once I knew Ambrose needed me, then it was always going to happen wasn't it? Oscar would find him and teach him to need me the right way'.

I shrank inside. I had simply mentioned that the guy was still infatuated by her. The rest, it seemed was destiny.

'Oscar has arranged with Miss Karen that Ambrose will come to work with you. Karen is expanding her property business so there will be a lot of work for you both to do' said Felicity.

It figured. That was the best way to control both of us. We could be called to service within their circle whenever they chose.

'Will Ambrose live with you and Oscar mistress?' I asked. That was another need of mine. I needed to know.

'Oscar is converting the shed at the back of his house William' she said annoyed, 'not that I think you have a right to know these things.'

'Sorry mistress' I said.

She smiled.

'I heard that you sucked cock nicely for Wesley... you must be very proud' she whispered.

'I am' I said. Relieved that it was over would be nearer the mark. But you didn't share those feelings.

'Oscar went to see Marmaduke,' Felicity said, 'he's arranged that the kebab business will be protected by his security firm.'

Extortion racket I thought. I didn't picture alarms being fitted outside the shop. Who the hell wanted to knick kebab meat for fuck's sake?

'Marmaduke accepts things now Mistress?' I asked.

'Why yes, of course silly!' said Felicity, 'it was only a stupid tiff between the men. But once things were sorted out between them...'  
Her voice trailed off and I felt a little nauseous. To be a mistress you need too see the world through your own twisted prism.

The following week Ambrose started work with me. I told him straight, I would search him each morning for a knife. I would get him before he could stab me. It was crazy wasn't it? We used screwdrivers and chisels, he could stab me with those. He could take a chain saw to my neck. But I was nervous I admit it. I stared at Ambrose's face. I was looking for bruises but could not see any. His face didn't mark like mine did or else they hadn't broken him that way. Lack of sleep could achieve their ends it seemed.

Ambrose wasn't very talkative at first of course. Shame shuts your mouth tight shut. He was quiet about his home life, sucking Oscar's cock and making mistress feel fabulous. He didn't say much after Karen had directed him up to a bedroom to amuse her. I sat outside, in the van, listening to her queen the poor bastard's face. Ambrose came down and said nothing. It was as if he had been summoned in to change an electric plug or something. Nothing more. Occasionally I said to him that he could talk. I would listen and may be I could help him get used to this. True I was still fathoming it myself, a fresher in the ruined man corp. But I was ahead of this kid. I too had been captive through my fascination with a woman. It wasn't a traitor or an alpha male that pressed you down, it was your own mind. You wanted the woman and want became worshipping. You took a wrong turn when partnership was signed left at the junction. No, you went

onward and the more she dressed to the nines, the more arrogant she became the more terrible the fascination was.

Fed up with Ambrose's silence one day I said to him,

'You helped make her a bitch. Accept that responsibility and then you can start sorting out your head and your needs'.

'Yes' said Ambrose, and then, 'sorry'.







