



*A Femdom Marriage*

Rebecca Tarling

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A Femdom Marriage  
Whether He Wants it... or Not  
By  
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## Prologue

*"...Marcia is a very close and highly valued friend of mine, Marty," his wife and now master had told him, loving the way he winced at her childish new usage of his Christian-name; usage that ill-became either a masterful husband or even one with equal status in his own home; this*

*as he slid sheer tan pantyhose up her legs from his position at her feet after having bathed and dried her before applying a soothing skin lotion to the flawless skin he was allowed to serve but not service.*

*“She is going to help you understand your role in my life more fully and I expect to hear only good things about you from her lips. Understand?”*

*He had nodded, not looking up, finding it, she knew, more and more difficult to meet her eyes these days as she gained more and more power over him.*

*“You know better than to nod at your betters like a dumb animal, Martin,” she snapped. “Look at me when I speak to you and reply respectfully.”*

*His eyes, moist, beaten, and wondering, as they always seemed to be these days, came up unwillingly - and more than a little disbelievingly - to meet hers.*

*How had this happened?*

*What had become of the loving wife he had spent so many happy years with?*

*And why in the name of all that was masculine did he not tell her to fuck off and take his chances outside the home she insisted belonged to her alone?*

*It was a question he had asked himself many times and an answer, given it was only weakness and cowardice keeping him there, that he was unable bring himself to supply.*

*He was in enough emotional pain as it was.*

*The woman who was shortly arriving to “take him in hand, that he might prove a more... pleasing ...husband,” had yet to make an entrance and yet already he felt... unmanned... by her.*

*“I will hear good things from her about you, won’t I?” the wife he barely recognised pressed; amazed herself, if the truth were known, that she had managed to place him in the abject position he currently occupied.*

*And occupied unwillingly.*

*And yet, she marvelled, her love for him remained intact; even as she made a war-grave of his manhood.*

*A... different ...love but love just the same she assured herself; knowing that by doing so she was only partly reassuring herself she was not a monster for treating this man who shared her life in such a way.*

*Knowing that, if everything went as she had been assured it would, he would soon embrace his reduced situation in her regard and find certain... pleasures ...in the so doing.*

*"Y-Yes," came his answer, barely audible as he again tried to make sense of not only what was happening but what he had allowed to happen; thoughts again diverting to the wife he had once loved so passionately when his own weakness threatened to take pride of place in his besieged mind.*

*She let out a big exasperated sigh and shook her head with disappointment as if he had failed her in some crucial way.*

*"Tonight, Martin," she began, twisting the knife and receiving every morsel of the delicious pleasure doing so had been promised her.*

*His wince, and the unmanly moistening of the baby-blue eyes that had once so captivated her, only served to embolden her.*

*"I want my head clear to enjoy being filled by a real man and I don't want to have to worry that you're not behaving in the correct way for a close friend who has graciously consented to drop by and help you with your attitude."*

*Deciding a more physical approach was called for when he didn't respond, she snatched at a clump of his hair and tilted his head back so that she could bring her eyes down closer to his own.*

*Menacing.*

*Snarling.*

*Aroused.*

*Looking absolutely nothing like the loving wife he recalled from not so long before.*

*“Remember how you promised me, in this very room, that if I allowed you to stay you would do your utmost for having been a sexual let-down for the entirety of our marriage?”*

*He could barely meet her eyes, as perplexed as he was shamed that she could say such a thing after all they had been to each other for so long. Were her shrieks of abandon and the love-juices that left their sheets sodden in his imagination? Or had she been acting all along in order to protect his fragile male ego?*

*She went on before he could frame an answer, knowing that such a response was beyond him anyway:*

*“It’s a promise I fully intend to hold you to. And do not think for a second that you will have either a choice or a say in how I wish you show me your... penance.”*

*Pausing then, she stared deep into his eyes to assure him of not only her intensity but the deep conviction bulwarking her assertion.*

*“You do want be please me, don’t you, Martin?” she asked, knowing the way in which insisted he do the pleasing was the last thing in the known universe he wanted.*

*Which did not stop him from answering with a positive and taking the contempt she felt for this man she still told herself she loved even further towards the earth’s bowels.*

*“Yes,” he answered, barely believing he was saying it, she knew and both of them knowing he didn’t mean it - knowing also that the fact he consented to actually saying it was an indicator of just how low she had taken him in so short a space of time.*

*“Really?” she snorted, adoring the control she was already exercising over him. “Then, why aren’t you addressing me properly in the way you were told to address me?”*

*The way he literally cringed beneath her words and expression was a delight she was feeling less and less guilty for inspiring in him.*

*"I... I..."*

*"Spit it out!" she snapped.*

*"I... I'm sorry... Ms Hilary."*

*Releasing her grip on the still luxuriant black hair that was only intermittently specked with shades of the portentous grey to come, Hilary ran a hand through it; much in the way one would show affection to a pet-dog one had painstakingly taught a new trick. master.*

*"That's better. And how will you address your visitor when she arrives?"*

*He could not meet the shame he saw in her eyes as he answered:*

*"M-Ms Marcia," he had assured her in a voice he would once have believed impossible to have left his mouth.*

*"Good boy."*

*Then, all business:*

*"Now, hurry with my hose. I know you love to feel my legs through the sheer nylon but they're not for you any more, unless I decide your behaviour warrants it..."*

*"Fetch the shoes I chose and then help me into my skirt and jacket..."*

## Chapter One

To Hilary Bulmore, it had all seemed too good to be true. So good, in fact, she had convinced herself it could not possibly happen.

But...?

What if it could be brought to pass?

Placing the dildo that had just brought her to a crisis never found wanting when she pictured herself in control of the handsome man she had married so many years before on the bedside cabinet she again went over the promises made to her by the internet mentors who were insistent she could have what she wanted from her relationship with her husband.

And *still* keep him at her side!

It was a heady enough prospect for her to back-door her own doubts and misgivings regarding the possibility and steel herself to remain on the course being charted for her by her new friends. They had assured her that the doubts she expressed were natural and to be expected and that each of them had felt the same qualms when embarking upon their different journeys. More interesting to her was the women's insistence that her situation with her husband ticked more positive boxes than their own.

At least at the beginning.

And, if those ticks proved as correct as her Internet mentors insisted, there would be no doubt of her quest proving successful.

A quest that would eventually see her in possession of her very own obedient and subservient domestic servant.

A domestic and sexual servant who would also be her obedient cuckold husband.

"This is not optional," the woman had told her. Her name was Marcia, a woman of middle-years Hilary had spoken to via an audio Skype link but had yet to meet or see - or even be told her surname. "Cuckolding is a vital component of a husband's submission to his wife." Just from her tone of

voice and the delivery of her words, Hilary could sense a commanding and no-nonsense personality, and, in this, her senses would not be proved wrong. “The sooner he is made aware he no longer has any say in the running of your life – let alone his own – the sooner he will come to terms with the new realities of your relationship and buckle down to pleasing you in the way of an obedient and submissive husband.”

Then, when Hilary had not responded:

“What better way for a husband to be assured he is a second-class citizen in one’s relationship than to be sent to his new sleeping quarters early while his wife entertains a lover in the bedroom he had once shared with her?”

The words, and the picture of abject submission they painted, had, as usual, inspired a moist response at the younger woman’s core as she pictured her husband doing her bidding; but they did not quite satisfy her reservations on the subject of being able to make Martin accept such a role.

“I want to believe this, Marcia,” she responded finally. “But...”

“But, what, my dear?”

“Marcia, I can’t speak for your husband, or those of the other ladies, but mine is certainly neither a wimp nor a pussy. He might be out-of-work and in a bad place at the moment, but that alone doesn’t mean he is just going to put up some token and pathetic resistance and then lower his head so I can put my collar on him.”

The answer was instant, if somewhat clichéd; as if her misgivings had been expected:

“Nothing worth having comes easily,” Marcia intoned gravely to her less than impressed audience, before sensing the less than positive response and endeavouring to do better.

“Believe me, none of our husbands were either ‘*wimps*’ or ‘*pussys*’, as you put it...”

A sound that was part laugh and part derisive snort came down the line:

“Though they might well be described in such a way now... In fact,” she went on, “it would be accurate to say that they live in no small fear of our... *disapproval.*”

Again, Hilary had become instantly wet at the prospect of having her husband afraid of her in such a way and the prospect made her more amenable to what she was being assured was possible

Martin’s fear of her, she told herself, would make things a sight easier to manage.

And especially with him having so much to lose.

“This, though, cannot be achieved if he is allowed to believe he has any responsibility in the running of your household. To that end, he must be entirely marginalised.

“In fact,” she went on, “you will be doing him a kindness.”

“Kindness?” Hilary had scoffed.

“Just think how difficult it would be for the poor lamb to continue to think he was an equal partner in your marriage and have his every suggestion undermined by you. Far better for his piece of mind to accept that your word is his law and to keep his opinions to himself aside from those... *rare ...occasions when you ask for it.*”

There was a pause as they both thought about it; before another thought struck the older woman:

“Actually, I have every confidence that you will follow my lead and that of my friends in insisting he only speak when spoken to or with your express permission.”

A sigh that sounded more like a swoon reached Hilary through the headphones she had chosen to use for their conversation.

“The exercise of such control over a man who once thought himself an equal – a superior, even – is, I promise you, beyond mere euphoria.”