



Rebecca Sharp
*A Cuckold Husband...
& Less*

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A Cuckold Husband... and Less
A wife discovers her dominance...
And her husband submits to it

By

Rebecca Sharp

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Prologue

It was magnificent!

Had Elaine Fordham known what she had been missing all the wasted years of her marriage to this point, her husband would have been forced into sharing her long before now.

Though even as her eyes rolled up and backwards, seemingly intent upon making contact with the roof of her cranium itself, she made a correction:

Despite her current condition of thoroughly filled bliss she knew that, when it came to the physical at least, the husband she still managed to love on some obstinate emotional level would not be “*sharing*” so much as “*accepting*” the kind of sex she decided he should have - and just how much - from now on.

A husband who would, she felt sure, hate his own weakness even as he bent his unwilling neck and accepted

theirs was no longer a marriage of equals if he expected to remain a part of it.

As the superlative black cock of Yvonne's husband pounded away at the pussy that contrived to expand to accommodate its superior length and girth, this while still managing to cling to it and provide necessary friction as the black god maintained his relentless piston-like rhythm, she even found space in her beleaguered thoughts to become angry with the man waiting at home for her return.

Had it not been for him, after all, she would not have spent the past thirteen years in a condition of sexual frustration.

As per the instructions of the man's wife who also happened to be her friend and boss, no words had been shared by either the on-loan husband or the grateful thirty-something housewife and Elaine was more than happy to accept Yvonne's edict if it meant having such a wondrous piece of male equipment fill her woefully under-exercised cunt.

Just the same, she couldn't help the moan of loss and frustration that escaped her as the powerfully built black man in his mid-thirties with a scalp utterly devoid of hair suddenly allowed his cock to plop from her gushing pussy.

Only, though, to begin to use the plum sized dark head that had just been exploring her to tease the wet and swollen lips of her slit.

A teasing that was, while enjoyable, no substitute for the sensation of being filled by his all-conquering manhood.

That, after all, had been what had led her to this point in the first place.

Along with Yvonne, the wife and work colleague of the man currently filling her so...

...Completely.

Yvonne or not, however, friend and boss notwithstanding, she was actually on the verge of speaking to him when — loyal to his wife and superior's instructions -

he must have sensed her intention and slid his pole back inside her, eyes below the completely hairless scalp beaming into her own with an intensity that spoke volumes for the level of satisfaction he was taking from dismantling her in such a way.

Despite the enforced silence.

For that was exactly what he was doing.

He was tearing her up!

Reducing both her senses and her pussy itself to mush.

Making her, she knew, totally unavailable for future use to her own husband and his tiny in comparison cock as she stretched to accommodate the partner of another woman.

All the above under strict orders and with accompanying instructions from his own wife.

The man she was meeting for only the second time, no more than a week after their first meeting in the presence of his wife, closed the gap between his hairless chest and her impressive breasts with equally notable nipples and continued to piston her slippery and needy hole, the pink cunt that had been relatively tight when she arrived tight no more as she felt her euphoria build.

She felt his hands go to her hips to gain still more leverage and heard the breath leave her lungs as he drove himself into her even more... *forcefully*... to reach territory she was certain her own her husband had no idea existed.

And would *never* have found himself in possession of the kind of *lengthy* visa necessary for him to take a tour.

The coal-black African skin next to her still flawless epidermis of the creamy white variety only served to heighten her sense of excitement for what was both exotic and illicit.

The "*illicit*", of course, being on her part alone; given the man who was fucking her so beautifully did so with the full knowledge of his better half.

Deeper and deeper he went, thrusting the thick head of his cock past her clenching wet slit and onwards and

upwards into her most intimate and unexplored femininity.

She, Elaine Fordham, wife of Brian these past thirteen years, was fucking another man — or, to be more factual, was being *absolutely* fucked by one.

A black man.

And a black man who was himself the husband of a friend and work superior who had actually given permission for him — correction: *ordered him!* — to place his beautiful cock at her disposal.

She was, she told herself for the umpteenth time, in a world she had not had the slightest suspicion existed.

A world where the usual rules of male-female and husband-wife had been turned on their head and the wife herself was the blissful recipient of the turnaround.

And those with whom she chose to share her own good fortune, of course.

This was a world even the vivid fantasy life that had kept her sane the years of her own sexually dull marriage had not pictured and, had it managed to do so, would have found itself laughed out-of-skull had it suggested the possibility she could ever find herself introduced to such an incredible way of life.

That former would-be cynicism and disbelief, she told herself, and understandably so given what she was currently experiencing, was no longer a factor.

For this, her thoughts gave a huge mental thank you to Yvonne for having effected an introduction.

As she screamed her release to the ceiling above so loudly it would not have surprised her to hear the sirens of rushing emergency-vehicles in the distance as they came to her aid, she knew she had *never* felt so alive.

And she also knew she would be accepting Yvonne's offer to explain more of the lifestyle she and her married friends — the wives anyway — had put in place.

As she continued to scream and the black love-god above her continued to thrust, she knew she would do

anything to experience such a cock and such an empowering experience again.

Whatever the consequences for her own husband.

Chapter One

Life is not cruel.

But it's certainly indifferent.

So had run the thinking of Gordon Fordham, the divorced and no longer extant father of Brian, the son and heir to nothing spectacular in terms of either land or the monetary who was finding those fatherly words of wisdom hard to find common ground with at this particular moment.

If it wasn't cruel then why did his head thump as if a power-tool had just been inserted between his ears?

Elaine, his wife of thirteen years, had just dropped a completely unexpected bombshell in his lap and it struck him over his sense of desolation and the hammering at his skull that if, given the number of the anniversary in question, his much-missed old man had been right and life wasn't cruel then what it *did* have was a warped sense of humour.

Even the mundane and nightly situation into which it had lowered its marital wrecking-ball could not have made his wife's words any more repellent and shocking.

Forget heart-breaking.

Watching television together after dinner, as per their usual routine, had been guaranteed to make what Elaine seemed intent on saying to him seem all the more...

Incredible!

What with its unrelenting parade of weather-reports, bog-basic soaps, more weather-reports, and Simon Cowell productions aspiring to mediocrity only to fail in ways beyond the dismal as they made their progenitor still more wealthy, the nightly ritual of the TV, this after dinner was done and dishes rinsed dried and put away, served only to highlight the shocking nature of the decidedly *not* "bog-basic" words exiting the words of his loving wife.

The weather girl that wife interrupted as she was in the process of warning him to expect severe storms in the North-East of Scotland, the same storms that were about to

be transported in metaphysical form to the South-Coast of England, would seem to him later as symbolic of what was about to befall him. Yet another example of life's warped sense of humour, in fact. Humour that bore out the fact his late-father had been a few light-years off the pace in regard of its non-persecutory indifference.

Hell!

There were stars yet to be discovered by the advances of modern-day astronomy that were closer.

If a lot less disturbing.

Before, however, we get to this revelation that was to change the marriage of Brian Fordham — and in ways that would have once seemed to his somewhat prosaic outlook on life impossible to accept - it would help those of you reading this to be given a fuller picture of the two individuals involved and their life to this point.

They had married those *unlucky* thirteen years ago when Elaine had been twenty-five and he three years older. Not childhood sweethearts exactly, they had, just the same, known each other through their respective parents and frequent gatherings at each other's homes and got on well enough. Even if Brian's youthful good-looks and his precocious gifts as a footballer, along with the age difference that was more exaggerated at such an age, ensured she barely registered on the radar of his adolescent and still forming sexuality.

A registration already made by the younger Elaine who, as is nearly always the case with boys and girls, was way ahead of her future husband in terms of both sexual knowledge and maturity.

An attraction on her part that was to last into their teens and beyond — even if Brian's footballing prowess was destined not to progress upwards to the heightened altitude of professional football those around him, not to mention Brian himself, saw as a given.

Those “*frequent gatherings*”, you understand, having come to a full-stop after his mother had divorced his devastated father and taken herself off to Australia with his replacement — a replacement who, to this day, Brian Fordham had not met and had no idea how he had found a way into his mother’s life.

A mother with whom there had been no contact since and none wanted — at least on his part.

Understandably, given his devastated and humiliated father’s decision to up sticks from the scene of his wife’s desertion - this to move him and his only son away from all the knowing eyes in their neck of the South London suburbs to live near his brother in Northamptonshire - the social connection between the Fordham’s and the Pierce family had been ended apart from the inevitable Christmas and birthday cards.

It was not until Brian Fordham had accepted a new placing at the Department of the Environment in London after being promoted to HEO level, and an intervening period of some eleven years, that they were to meet again.

Life, whether cruel, indifferent, or just plain mischievous, had set Elaine down as a legal secretary in an upmarket chambers in Westminster’s Eccleston Square that was a cough-and-a-spit from the massive and monolithic offices in Horseferry Road of the Ministry employing the former footballer who had been the unknowing recipient of her teenaged desires.

Working in such close proximity, it was inevitable that they would meet at some time and this they did. Both by chance deciding to take a solitary lunch in the catacombs cafeteria of the famous church of St John in Smith Square, renowned for the classical concerts and recitals, amateur and professional, held in the place of worship above.

The square itself equally as famous — or infamous, depending on one’s voting inclinations — for being the long-time headquarters of the Conservative Party.

The twenty-four-year-old who recognised him instantly and came rushing over to his table was no longer the gushing and somewhat toothy twelve-year-old he remembered from his time in Carshalton and was, instead, a full-bodied twenty-something with a *very* definite sex appeal to a young man who, while not unsuccessful with women — most of them from the DoE where he worked — was not exactly tearing up the bedsheets either.

On that autumn day when indifferent life decided to get involved and play cupid, Elaine had been wearing a correct navy shirt in cotton that could do nothing to hide the shape and firmness of the full breasts it struggled to contain and a tight gun-metal grey skirt that hugged her curvy hips and left enough space between black spiky heels and the knees where it ended to show something of a pair of shapely legs - legs with exaggerated calf muscles that were somehow made to seem even more powerful by the opaque tights, also in navy, clinging to them.

The overall effect coming across as a mix of the efficient and the voluptuous.

No catwalk model, for sure, her former neighbour and one-time golden-boy had told himself when they were seated with their lunches prior to catching up.

Then again, he was compelled to admit also, if the erection already tenting his suit trousers beneath the table as they set about reacquainting over their risotto's and lasagne's was an indicator, there was a far more *womanly* magic at work than that possessed by the stick-insect clothes horses so loved by the lens and coming up short in terms of sex appeal.

For him, anyway.

Though there appeared to be no shortage of ageing and ludicrous rock-stars, unable or unwilling to let go of their more vital early years, who had a different take on the phenomena.

At 5'8" and weighing in at just under eleven stones, she was hardly anorexia material and her weight would prove to be an issue for her throughout their married life, but to the instantly smitten Brian Fordham there was so little separating her from the voluptuous goddess that was his ideal as to make no difference.

None whatsoever.

Her hair was so black he couldn't help wonder if an artificial aid of some kind had been called in to create the effect. And he would go on doing so until their relationship firmed up enough for them to move in with each other prior to marrying. After which their sharing of a bathroom, together with the absence of tell-tale roots and over frequent salon appointments, along with no sign of Clairol, John Frieda, or any other like colouring agent, put paid to his suspicions for good.

She was not forward, but neither was she shy. Although she had seemed content to leave all major decisions to him. This despite out-earning his Civil Service salary quite comfortably.

In fact, perhaps because of the age difference and the former golden-boy status conferred upon him by his youthful footballing prowess, she seemed quite in awe of him still.

A response common to most women who finally land themselves the adoration and commitment of their one-time love and fantasy object.

Even if it was equally common that such awe and deference seldom lasted.

The two only children were married a year on from having moved in with each other and their respective families were delighted — a recently widowed mother along with two aunts and a couple of seldom seen cousins on her side, and Brian's father and bachelor uncle in the Northamptonshire village of Wootton on his; the renegade