

The Spiral She Led Him Down



Anise Pemberton

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The Spiral She Led Him Down
Cuckolded and domesticated... and then...?

by

Anise Pemberton

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Chapter One

Life had not always been so good.

So Corinne Beswick mused as she relaxed on the sofa lapped in indolence; her every reasonable and achievable desire catered to by the handsome older man on the carpet before her.

A handsome man whose attention was concentrated on the slender foot resting in his lap, its unblemished and smooth whiteness standing out starkly against the navy apron she insisted he wear when performing his chores. His eyes seldom rising above calf level as he squatted on his haunches and prepared to provide her with the kind of meticulous pedicure she insisted upon and he had been trained to deliver.

That she had “Trained” him at all something she could still be surprised by whenever she took time out to consider it –which, seeing as how it gave her so much pleasure- was often. Her domestication of him something she could still marvel at no matter how numerous the examples he provided of her success on a daily basis.

At just over six-feet tall, he was not only handsome but stood over a foot above her diminutive, if Junoesque, body.

At forty-four years of age, he was not only her husband but her senior by some ten years.

Facts, when she considered them, which did nothing to diminish her sense of achievement and when he did, she was certain, nothing to lessen his shame and outrage.

The clock above the fireplace facing her was saying almost seven-thirty and, with some satisfaction, she realised her day until then had been filled with nothing but pleasure.

A far cry from the deadly dull round of routine and mundane tasks it had been not too long before.

Waking naturally at ten and served breakfast by that same husband whose eyes were currently fixated upon a bottle of flaming red nail varnish and the perfectly shaped nails of her foot to which he was about to apply it; she had

taken a leisurely shower before meeting her friends at the Bluewater Mall and spending the next few hours shopping, drinking coffee and gossiping.

After that, it had been back home for a nap before being gently roused from her slumbers by her attentive spouse, this time bearing a tray with a light snack which she picked at before sauntering downstairs for a little TV and some catch-up phone calls.

Bliss.

Her pleasure, she acknowledged to herself, undiminished by the satisfaction she took in having mapped out such a day of humiliating and unmanly drudgery for her husband.

"Have you finished all your chores?" she asked the top of his head as he applied the brush to her big toe with painstaking delicacy, preferring the sightless digits of her foot to the twenty/twenty and the constant mockery he knew awaited him above them.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered.

Though his eyes did not move from the foot in his lap and his tone was deferential, she was not fooled in the least; aware as she was that he hated her with a fire raging beyond uncomplicated passion that would burn as long as he had a memory to recall the level to which she had reduced him.

In fact, it was his inability to extricate himself from the hell she had fashioned for him that ensured his hatred remained at a white-hot intensity; while giving her ample opportunities to twist the knife in the wound she herself had opened.

An ongoing process that kept him firmly in his place and provided her with much entertainment as she implemented it.

His suffering something from which she knew she would never tire.

"Garden?" she asked; certain there was no need but loving the rush she got from hearing her older husband

address her so deferentially; drawing the interrogation out that she might repeat the experience.

His deference something she never tired of witnessing.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Windows?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Floors?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Only when he had answered an affirmative in reference to: vacuuming and surfaces, laundry and toilets, did her interrogation cease; though this in no way meant a respite for the unfortunate man.

"I'll be disappointed if I check and find you've lied," she warned him. "You remember what happened last time you disappointed me."

"Y-Yes, ma'am," he answered instantly, the quaver in his voice assuring her he was unlikely to forget. "Everything was done as you asked, I promise, ma'am."

"God!" she told herself, "I love it when he grovels to me like this." The over the knee spanking she had given him – together with the ping-pong bat she had bought specifically for that purpose, and the childlike state of sobbing remorse to which she had reduced him- not a memory she was not likely to forget any time soon either.

As well as being something she fully intended to repeat on a regular basis

"Very well," she said aloud, "I'll take it on trust – this time."

There was no detectable sigh of relief from the excuse for a man at her feet but it made no difference.

The workings of his inner mind were as obvious to her as the hatred she could see bubbling away beneath the expression he tried so hard to keep neutral and unreadable.

Her next words, she knew, guaranteed to test both his expression and his resolve to the limit:

“Now, it’s getting late. My visitor will be here soon and I don’t want you here when she...”

She paused in mid-sentence to puzzle over this, before:

“Or should I say: ‘He’?”

The wretch below her remained with his head bowed, eyes for her toes only.

“What would you say, Robin?”

A clearing of the throat answered her and she knew he would rather never speak again than say anything on the subject of Mariah.

“I... Well... It’s...”

“Oh, don’t bother,” she snapped. “Why am I asking you anyway, you’re completely useless.”

“Yes, ma’am,” the ‘Useless’ one -the same poor wretch who had just spent his day toiling like a peon for her- agreed.

“Anyhow, I want you all nice and snug in your little room in the basement before he/she gets here. I expect to have that lovely black cock and the marvellous she/man tits above it all to myself tonight and I don’t want he/she distracted by you.”

Though there was no outward reaction from the man at her feet, Corinne knew he would be relieved at not having to be present when she entertained her lover.

Robin being neither gay nor bisexual, she knew, gave her yet more opportunities to abuse and degrade him.

“We both know how much Mariah enjoys filling that tight little arse of yours,” she finished.

Another thought causing laughter to bubble to her lips not a moment later:

“Not that it’s so tight anymore.”

From below her, as she continued to laugh, there was no reaction and, not for the first time, she wondered what it must be like for him and how he could possibly bear up under the constant reminder of his inferiority – especially as

that constancy was served up to him in what had once been the home they shared and in which he ruled as king.

Not for the first time, she wondered how she herself would react if the life she had known had been stripped from her and given to him in the same way she had taken his - to no longer have a say in even the most trivial aspects of her life and be forced to look to him for everything.

At least when he had been in emperor mode she had been able to enjoy some small degree of self-sovereignty.

Smiling grimly, she knew the answer almost before her thoughts had assembled the question, realising knowledge of it made him even more contemptible to her.

There was always a door, after all, and one needed only courage to walk through it and...

She smirked at the top of his head, thoughts truncated by the certainty her former lord and master would never find the balls to do such a thing.

And, if he did, she was convinced that a few days on his own in the cold outside world would bring him back cringing to her feet, begging to be allowed to return.

In truth, Corinne told herself, the only thing she found perversely admirable about him was the cowardice preventing him from doing away with himself and depriving his wife of her dogsbody, slave, and sex toy.

The same way, as it happened, that Mandy's Ron had deprived his wife of hers.

A course of action her Robin would never have the backbone to take.

"Yes," she congratulated herself, thinking general thoughts of the life she now led:

"Bliss, indeed!"

And yet it had not always been that way.

Not by a long, long, shot.

Only one year ago, in fact, things had been very, very, very, different...

Chapter Two

"I don't get it," Robin Beswick said, puzzled.

"Don't get what, darling?" his wife quizzed her forty-four-year-old husband across the table of the Friday haunt he insisted they visit with his usual lack of spontaneity; picking at her uninspired Fettuccini as her handsome -if dull and self-satisfied- husband tucked in to his Veal Milanese with what passed for him as gusto.

"The guys," he said, shoving in another mouthful.

By "The guys" she knew instantly to whom he was referring and welcomed him bringing the two of them up - knowing what she knew and how she hoped to use it.

"What about them?"

"They've turned into pipe and slipper men all of a sudden. Since when has Ron called off a few beers at the pub to cook Mandy a romantic dinner? And as for Nigel..."

"What do you mean?" she asked innocently when he seemed too disgusted by his friend's behaviour to finish his train of thought - in her husband's mind she might well have been just a simple housewife but, after the example of any lawyer worth their salt, she tried never to ask questions to which she didn't already have an answer.

"I thought Ron was bad, but Nigel's something else."

A look of pure, disgust, as if at an abomination of nature, twisted his aquiline features:

"When I dropped in last week, Coral actually had him doing her laundry."

"Sorry?" Corinne said after another desultory half mouthful of bland pasta that refused to be inspired by an equally unremarkable dolce latte and cream sauce, having heard every word but wanting to make him repeat the sentence and hear his disgust once more. "Who was doing what?"

Her husband had heaved a big, put upon, sigh, intended to let the world know -had it been interested enough to wish to- what he had to put up with.

“Nigel?” he repeated.

“What about him?” she asked, loving nothing more than to get under her pompous prick of a husband’s epidermis.

“For god’s sake, pay attention, Corinne,” he had snapped at her as if she were some spotty and uninterested fifth-former on work-experience with his department at the Department of the Environment.

“Sorry,” she said with mock contriteness, laughter bubbling away beneath the surface; looking forward to the time when Nigel would have company in his chores; envying her friend Coral even as she hoped to have her own husband doing the same soon.

Very soon.

“Laundry?” he reminded her, outrage expanding with the repetition. “Nigel was actually doing his wife’s laundry?”

She waited, knowing her silence would annoy him even more.

Sure enough:

“Did you hear me?” he demanded.

“You seem to be implying that Nigel was doing Coral’s laundry,” she answered.

Her sarcasm, it came as no surprise to her, going completely unnoticed.

“And you don’t think that’s... weird?” he went on, irritation for both their neglect of him and his golfing buddy’s sudden fixation on domestic matters raising both decibels and tone higher:

“I mean: when’s the last time one of them ever called me to do something? We used to play golf at least three times a week. Now we don’t even meet up once.”

With a sudden change of tack, realising a few diners were watching him perhaps; he had sniffed at his armpits playfully before giving her a quizzical look:

“You would tell me, wouldn’t you?”

“Robin,” she began, allowing her husband a cursory smile at what passed with him as humour; “you could always pick

up the phone and call them to arrange something, you know?"

"Don't you think I have?" he snapped. "Each time I do I get either Coral or Mandy and they always tell me my, so-called: 'Pals' are too busy to come to the phone."

"They could always call you back if they wanted."

The look Robin Beswick had flashed in her direction was pure contempt:

"Do you listen to a word I say?" he accused.

Corinne contented herself with silence, knowing him well enough by now to know a return to the topic exercising him was imminent.

Sure enough:

"My whole point," he went on, "is that they don't ring back at all. They both love their golf and we haven't played in over a month!"

"Robin," she said, enjoying his discomfort and hoping to extend it, "not meeting up for golf hardly makes them pipe-and-slipper men now, does it?"

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "So you were listening."

"Quite the opposite I'd say," she continued, ignoring him. "Especially if the clothes you golfers wear are anything to go by."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Nothing," she said sarcastically, deliberately provoking him about his beloved pastime, praying she would soon have him at the same point of non-involvement the other girls had their husbands. "It's a lively and exciting game played by vibrant young men and lovers of haute couture everywhere. Who could think otherwise?"

The cloud passing over his brow gave witness to her success.

"Pipe and slippers?" she went on. "Golf?"

Spearing a strip of fettuccine she gave him a mocking little smile:

"How could it be?"

Cloud maturing to storm; his face had transformed itself into the usual superior and dismissive sneer she had seen so often whenever he was criticised in even the most gentle of ways. God forbid, Corinne told herself, she should ever call his superior age and intelligence into question.

Going on to tell herself, as she observed the unfolding of a mid-life tantrum in its infancy:

“Something he had better get used to from now on.”

“I suppose it is a bit boring,” he said, controlling his annoyance enough to be merely withering. “I know! How about I start staying home with you to do a bit of housework and watch some daytime TV? Who knows, maybe I could get the guys round for coffee mornings? We could discuss world events as seen through the eyes of Loose Women. Perhaps a little shopping?”

Now it was his turn to deliver a mocking little smile, before:

“What do you think?”

“I think your veal is going cold,” she responded, not rising to his bait and biding her time, as exasperated with his condescension and smug assumption of physical and intellectual superiority as ever but –with a cold hatred born of his dismissive treatment of her in the past- willing to bide her time if doing so meant bringing him down.

There would, she knew, and if things ran her way, be plenty of time to make him pay for all the slights of the past years in the period to come.

As they had returned to their respective meals in silence, Corinne had once again taken stock of both her husband and herself.

At thirty-four, she remained, she knew -and thanks to a disciplined regimen of exercise and diet- in good shape still. Never one to kid herself, she also knew that, though she had never been what men described as: “A Looker,” her figure had been her saving grace. Fleshy and voluptuous, attention of the kind most men paid to such attributes had

not been in short supply – even if it didn't extend to what awaited it above the neck.

The most notable aspects of her physical resume, she realised very early in life, were great tits and shapely, if headmistressy, legs - more than one below the neck admirer describing her as reminding him of his primary school teacher.

A coincidental comparison as that had been her very first job straight from teacher training college.

She had met Robin at the wedding of Coral and Nigel. Like Corinne, Coral had been a teacher and they had struck up a friendship, duo becoming triad after the third member of Nigel and Robin's numerically identical arrangement, Ron, had married Mandy.

Her first impression of her husband to be, despite the difference in years, was how handsome he was. Not the scruffy smart good looks of image conscious rock stars and desperate to be cool actors, but, rather, the immaculate and perfectly groomed handsome of someone from a privileged background with the means to maintain such an outward projection.

The above impression one she found to be correct; even if it was a privileged background that had bitten the dust with the rest of his family – none of whom appeared to be alive – after some family setback in the financial arena Robin could neither bear to speak about nor hear.

Leaving her husband with upper-middle-class tastes and expectations to be satisfied by junior Civil Servant finances.

Her fiancé's first failed marriage, she was to discover, made for the same financial reasons he married again. That first wife's family, Corinne had been informed by Coral, who herself had been tipped the wink by Nigel, having had influence enough still over the smitten girl (according to Nigel, she was no "Looker" either) to insist her handsome new husband sign a pre-nuptial.

News of which was unknown to Corinne at the time.

Anyway, the fact he hadn't seemed too interested in her to begin with had not bothered her over much; convinced, as she was, that he was out of her league.

Explaining her surprise when he called her on the Thursday following the wedding and asked if she was free for dinner on the Friday.

By then, of course, she now knew, he was aware through either Ron or Nigel, or both, of the house left in trust to her by a businessman uncle recently deceased. Also realising that, having come out of the break-up of his first marriage with nothing more than he had taken into it, and living in a rented apartment; it had not been the slow burn of her growing allure and sparkling personality that led him to woo, seduce, and marry her.

To begin with though, so smitten had she been with her handsome older admirer -surprise functioning at a similar level- she convinced herself the home she had been left, and the monthly allowance to go with it, were just a part of what he found attractive about her.

Only finding out later it was all.

By the time she began to realise the kind of man she had married, he was fully ensconced in both her life and her home.

And taking over both.

An overbearing egoist with a desire for control who had actually insisted she give up her teaching position to take care of his needs now he had risen to the rarefied heights of a Senior-Executive-officer at the department of the environment. Insisting that -what with the house being hers and the monthly stipend from her late uncle's estate- that she had no need to work and they had money enough to be more than comfortable.

Her money.

His salary, he told her when she had the temerity to complain to him on the subject, was what he worked for. It had not been given to him and he considered it only right he

should be the one to enjoy it – though there would, of course, be treats for the wife.

The only one of these “Treats” she had received with any regularity being that same Friday night in the exception to the rule of all exceptions to the rule: a dull Italian restaurant.

After four years she was awash with boredom, hatred and recrimination. Sex, while it had lasted –and it hadn’t gone on long; even when he could bother to be arsed- had been at least satisfactory for him, while, for Corinne...

Precisely.

That she knew he was getting it elsewhere something that bothered her less and less as time passed – which is not to say, you mustn’t think, that she did not despise him for doing so.

Frustrated and neglected, grateful for the absence of the children she had never wanted, and thankful for this small area of agreement in their lives, she was ready to put him through a second stint in a divorce court rather than suffer the living hell of the suburban housewife.

Which was when, not a fortnight ago, a visit to Coral’s with Mandy had turned her life on its head and led her to consider a whole raft of new and exciting possibilities.

The same exciting possibilities that were currently making her routine Friday Italian, in the company of her golf bore husband, a mite more tolerable...

Chapter Three

"Okay," Mandy insisted, "you've had your fun. You shocked us. Fine. Now you can tell Nigel it's over and he can get down the pub with the other two golfers."

Crossing her legs, Coral Jackman had sipped at her Roc de Lussac and ran a hand through the blonde tresses of the short French Crop she had taken to sporting recently that lent her such an air of authority.

A year older than Corinne, she was two years younger than Mandy herself. All three women shared a certain matronly quality in build; though none could remotely be described as "Un-sexy."

A dissatisfaction with their respective spouses yet another piece of mutual common ground.

"Nigel's not going to the pub tonight," she told them in a voice not expecting to be contradicted as her shame-faced husband topped Corinne's glass with a pleasant little Chilean white before turning to Mandy and doing the same.

Mandy gave the man a half-embarrassed little smile and he made a stab at one himself - the light-hearted part of the attempt not working out too well.

"Are you, Nigey pumpkin?" Coral asked as her two friends observed in a fascinated, wanting to believe eyes and ears but not quite able to pull it off, kind of way.

Coral's use of the: "Nigey pumpkin"; the same pet name she had used once in her friend's presence early on in the marriage -and been shot down in flames for having done so-going without remark.

"No, Coral," he agreed instead, looking everywhere, anywhere, where his eyes were not likely to meet those of either his wife or her two guests.

"No, Nigel," she said with heavy emphasis on the negative. "You're not."

Corinne swore she'd seen the man cringe.

"And you won't," Coral finished, before ordering:

"Tell Mandy and Corinne why?"