

A Henpecked Husband



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Clovis and Kenneth.

1.

Kenneth Downes was an only child. His father, a retired military man that everyone still called “Colonel”, was a brusque man at the best of times. Conversation, especially *affectionate* conversation was beyond his ken.

When the Colonel was not sitting on various important company boards in the City, he was devoted to raising orchids in his glasshouse. Flowers did not ask difficult questions or expect embarrassing displays of emotion

Kenneth’s mother, Adelaide, was an angular woman who doled out distant affection to her only child when time permitted. A successful antique dealer on the Kensington High Street, Adelaide issued staccato instructions to Kenneth when he was a small child and ran her son’s life in an ordered and soulless fashion.

In later years when Kenneth compared his parent’s marriage to his own, he saw that both his mother and father were alike and did not interact at all. It was a small miracle that Kenneth was ever conceived!

Adelaide explained to her son when he was older, that boarding school was the only option as Mummy and the Colonel had to travel to find worthwhile and exciting antiques and orchids.

It was important for Kenneth to be “a brave little soldier” as it was important for Mummy and the Colonel to travel.

Kenneth meekly complied and endured years of tepid showers, cold Matrons in starched aprons, bullying prefects, sarcastic Masters and rough Rugby in the mud.

Sometimes, Kenneth would look longingly over the tall garden wall that separated the boys boarding school from the girls and wished he was safe with the girls in their navy blue tunics and straw bonnets, singing songs and holding hands.

Of course, he never revealed that to anyone. Kenneth kept his mouth shut and survived boarding school.

The Colonel and Adelaide visited the dank halls of the school occasionally and, sometimes, Kenneth even travelled home for the holidays.

Unfortunately, trips home for the hols became fewer and fewer as Mummy and the Colonel were travelling, so Kenneth had to stay at school. This, as always was a mean, dispiriting life but Kenneth silently endured.

In his final year amongst the crumbling hallowed walls of the famous school, the Colonel called Kenneth into his study for a rare chat.

Adelaide left her antique catalogues for a moment and joined them.

The Colonel and Adelaide sat in leather wingback chairs while Kenneth stood before them, hands behind his back in the “at ease” position favoured by his father.

‘There is no question,’ the Colonel said, his handlebar moustache quivering like a hairy worm, ‘that university is a must!’

‘No question at all,’ Adelaide agreed, ‘Kenneth simply *must* go to university.’

Kenneth meekly waited the decision of his parents as they discussed his future as if he wasn't even there.

'He has performed well,' the Colonel told his wife, 'so it is possible for Kenneth to attend a "good" university.'

'Of course,' Adelaide said airily, 'it must be an *acceptable* university. One can not tell people that our son is attending a *provincial* university! It must be Oxford or Cambridge! But what degree should he study?'

Kenneth softly cleared his throat. He had hopes of studying painting and wondered if he should suggest that he attend art school. He had heard the London Art School was rather spiffing but, perhaps, suggesting the actual art college might be going a step too far!

'Architecture!' Colonel boomed. 'No question about it, my dear. A good profession and financially rewarding!'

Kenneth blinked.

Architecture?

'Eh...Sir,' he began and the Colonel's eyes narrowed.

'I hope you are not interrupting me, my boy,' he growled.

'No, sir, of course not,' Kenneth said hurriedly.

'I think architecture is a jolly good idea,' Adelaide said, standing. 'I simply must examine those new catalogues. There are some delightful French clocks.'

'Good-o, my dear,' the Colonel boomed, 'I'll be in the greenhouse.'

And so, the decision was made and Kenneth studied architecture.

Surprisingly, he found he was good at it and graduated in the top ten in his year after a solitary, and sometimes deeply lonely, university experience.

His experiences with women were transient and vaguely unsatisfying. Kenneth wasn't ugly but was not a tall man bursting with athletic prowess.

Kenneth, with unruly hair and dark framed eyeglasses, presented a true picture of a bookish, very shy but kind boyish man.

Years later, when he transitioned to contact lenses, he looked even younger.

Consequently, most of the young women at university outside of the architecture faculty saw him as a potential friend but *never* boyfriend!

The women who attended architecture with Kenneth (and there were very few interested in the industrial art), were either focussed on their work or enjoyed relationships with other females!

Or, so it was whispered.

Kenneth wondered what the whisperers meant but said nothing.

The Arts faculty was a hunting ground for the other male undergraduates as women far outnumbered men there.

Unfortunately, Kenneth was too shy and saw women as naturally superior to him and a rather strange and exotic species indeed.

It was while Kenneth was in his final year at university that he developed his taste for female domination literature and, consequently, a very strong masturbatory habit that was to stay with him for some time.

At least until he met Clovis!

2.

Clovis Shore was also an only child but she was the child of a single parent and that made all the difference. Her mother was a strong professional

woman who declined any continued involvement with Clovis's father after the pregnancy was confirmed.

As a result, under her mother's influence, Clovis became a determined and motivated woman with strong feminist leanings. She was not beautiful in a physical sense and made no effort to be attractive.

While other teenage girls her age were simpering around boys or planning hairstyles, Clovis was in the library doing research!

After completing her masters in psychology, Clovis decided against joining a practice or even starting her own.

Instead, she spent a year writing a book. A self-help book that became an instant best seller!

"Party Girls! How to Live Life to the Full" was a huge seller and Clovis found herself on the speaker circuit in Europe and America as the publishing sales climbed.

Only Clovis saw the irony in the book and the fact that she, the constant wallflower, had written it!

However, Clovis soon became a minor celebrity and earned enough from the first book and the speaking engagements to encourage her to write further volumes.

Clovis had a nose that could sense the winds of societal change and her next two books appeared at exactly the right moments.

"Enjoying Your Inner Slut" was a mammoth best seller but the next book, *"The New Nuclear Family"* was even bigger.

Women lined up in bookstores just so Clovis could autograph recently purchased volumes and there was even talk of her own television show.

Clovis, however, had enough and decided to follow a secret ambition to write romantic fiction. She purchased a rambling manor house in the country and set about researching architects to oversee the renovation.

And *that* was how she met Kenneth.

3.

At first, Clovis was struck by the excellent manners and polite respect that Kenneth displayed. His quietly spoken ways after the boorish men in the publishing industry was, frankly, refreshing.

Of course, Clovis spoke to other architects but Kenneth's excellent listening skills continued to impress.

He listened patiently to her design expectations and when he returned with the drawings, Clovis found that Kenneth had designed exactly what she had wished.

Again, he was quietly polite and Clovis wondered, while he supervised the builders, if he would ever ask her out! She had already established he was single, had no particular relationship and there was an obvious attraction.

Clovis grew tired of waiting and simply asked Kenneth to dinner.

He quickly accepted and Clovis found him to be a well educated, charming companion with a ready wit and shy smile.

They had many mutual interests and both were shy and a little bookish. They loved to travel.

'I don't like to be a *tourist*,' Clovis had said, 'I want to be a *traveller*!'

'I know *exactly* what you mean,' Kenneth had enthused.

Clovis was struck by his willingness to open doors for her and to hold her chair as she sat. The feminist in her wondered if she should point out that, in this day and age, there was no need for old-fashioned manners.

However, Clovis found she liked the courtly approach and said nothing. It made her feel a woman in an age when the lines between the genders were blurring.

On subsequent dates, Clovis became quite used to Kenneth holding car doors open and treating her in such an old-fashioned manner.

After three dates, Clovis decided to take the relationship to the next level. Intuitively, Clovis knew if she didn't act, nothing would happen!

So, she seduced Kenneth!

It was *almost* a disaster!

The moment Kenneth slid inside Clovis's well-oiled sex, he *ejaculated!*

It was mildly disappointing to say the least but Clovis was not deterred. For Kenneth, however, it was extremely humiliating and, strangely, rather stimulating to be so inept.

With a well-practised questioning technique, Clovis managed to peel back Kenneth's protective façade and reveal the first layers of *real* Kenneth!

For many ordinary women, discovering that a potential husband had submissive fantasies, would have rung an entire cathedral of warning bells!

But not Clovis!

She was *not* an ordinary woman!

It made *some* sense when Clovis met Kenneth's mother! Recently widowed, the thin angular woman with tightly coiffed gunmetal grey hair exhibited so many domineering traits that Clovis hurried back to her psychology textbooks.

Clovis also discussed Kenneth's boarding school experiences and Kenneth found himself opening up to her more and more. He had never experienced a relationship such as this with a woman before!

In fact, the quiet affection Clovis showered on him was a completely new experience.

Their lovemaking also improved as Clovis took control and encouraged Kenneth to give her pleasure *before* penetration, which was usually followed by *immediate* ejaculation.

The day they announced their engagement and Clovis informed Kenneth of her plans for their wedding day, Kenneth gave Clovis her first orgasm with his mouth!

He was immensely proud and became quite addicted to orally pleasing his wife to be! Clovis also enjoyed it and that simple act became their preferred method of coupling.

Oral pleasure for Clovis and then Kenneth would ejaculate quickly inside her while locked in a tight and loving embrace.

As they walked down the aisle after the elegant wedding ceremony, Clovis smiled and, taking her husband's hand, whispered, 'I have arranged a villa in Spain for our honeymoon, darling. What do you think of that?'

'Whatever you wish, darling.'

And *that* was how it was!