



# The Good Husband Programme

Colin Milton

Colin Milton lives in the North of England and writes erotic fiction based around the subject of Female Domination; Infantilism and BDSM.

Colin Milton is a pen name, the Milton surname prompted by the Milton Sterilising Fluid so favoured in infant nurseries across the world.

## **The Good Husband Programme**

**Colin Milton**

**First published 2009**

Copyright © Colin Milton 2009 All rights reserved.  
No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form, by any means electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise without the prior written permission of the publisher and author.

(Contact the author – *infantc@yahoo.com*)

Any resemblance to any person, either living or dead, or actual events are no coincidence.

*I dedicate this book to my dear friend Glyn,  
who passed away much too early.  
You were one of a kind & I miss you each and every day.  
Thank you for being a pal.*

"So what do I type?" Samantha asked.

"OK...it's [www.couplesupport.com](http://www.couplesupport.com)" Sarah replied, watching over Samantha's shoulder as she nervously typed.

Typing one fingered, Samantha expressed her anxiety.

"I don't know if this is going to be what I'm looking for you know."

"Isn't it worth trying it and finding out though?" Sarah encouraged. "I felt just the same way when I first went on the site, but I am so pleased I did. There's no way on earth I would go back to how things were for me and Ian. The folks at this site showed me how things could be in a marriage and then made it happen. All I had to do was go along with what they suggested would work. Really Sam, it's been brilliant for me - that's why I want you to take a look. You and Scott are where we were three months ago."

Samantha pressed the 'Enter' key tentatively then sat back and watched as the introductory screen appeared.

'Welcome to [couplesupport.com](http://couplesupport.com)' Samantha read.

The welcome message sat alongside a picture of a smiling couple, looking devoted to one another. The colours on the page were bright and positive and drew the visitor in further.

'So, who are we?' it continued. 'We are a service offering support and active encouragement to couples whose relationship has waned and who want to recapture the joy that that relationship once had. Yes, we offer counselling, either individually or as a couple; but where we differ is that we are able to assist in facilitating the changes necessary to recapture that longed for feeling of love, devotion and interdependency that is so crucial in a happy relationship.'

Samantha turned to Sarah. "Well, it all sounds good so far!"

"You sound surprised!" Sarah laughed. "I wouldn't have mentioned the site if I hadn't thought they were so good! You want a coffee?"

"Er, yes please. Milk no sugar." Samantha replied, her mind more on the content of the web site than her friend's offer of coffee.

'So what's involved?' the blurb continued. 'Couples who join up with us are invited to an appointment

where they are encouraged to discuss, in an honest, open and blameless situation, where they each feel their relationship has deteriorated. Our counsellors and facilitators have a broad experience in relationship support and are able to advise on a wide and varied range of situations which can crop up. Why not make an appointment with us today? Come and see us by yourself or with your partner. The sooner you make that call, the sooner happiness will return! Call today on 0870 367 9264. You won't regret it.'

"Here's your coffee," Sarah said, placing it next to the keyboard.

"Oh thanks," Samantha replied smiling gratefully.

"So...what do you think? Hmm?"

"I'm not sure really. There's not a lot of detail on the site. They just want people to call and make an appointment. There's no real detail about what happens after that. Plus...there's no indication of how much it's going to cost."

"I know! I wondered about that too but the first interview is free and then, once they've decided what needs doing they put a programme together for you.

So each couple is different, they can't have a 'Menu' cost really."

Samantha nodded her understanding and looked thoughtful.

"And you reckon it's been worth trying?" she asked.

"Oh God yes! It's the best thing we've done together in years. We have sex more often than we've had it since before we were married. Ian is far more considerate to my needs and he always wants to satisfy me completely...each and every time we have sex. We cuddle more, we hold hands more, he comes shopping with me now. I just can't leave him behind in the house now! He always wants to be with me! Honestly, it's such a change from a few months ago when all I got from him was a grunt in conversation and a quick two minute fuck in bed. Whenever I tell him that I want him in bed, he just about runs up the stairs!"

"Wow! That's a huge change," Samantha replied almost disbelievingly.

"I know," Sarah continued happily, keen to share her good fortune. "And...he helps around the house now. He even asked if I could show him how the washing machine worked and show him how to iron clothes

properly. I tell you Sam, if you'd told me this was possible, I wouldn't have believed you. Ian's become the most considerate and loving guy I've ever been with. I love him more each and every day. I really do."

"Well," Samantha sighed to herself. "What can I say? I'm gobsmacked! I know how fed up you were with Ian in January. Scott and I thought you were going to split up if I'm honest." she admitted.

"Oh yeah, believe me, I thought that might happen too! It was only after I started looking on the Internet for relationship advice and support, that I found this site. Really, I felt like there was little or nothing to lose, particularly as the initial interview is free." Sarah said.

"How am I going to get Scott there though?" Samantha thought out loud. "The mood he seems to be in almost permanently, I think he would just end up yelling at me. He doesn't believe in 'counselling' and talking about things. I think he imagines that if things aren't discussed, then they can't be a problem. For me," she said resignedly, "bottling it up just makes it worse!"

"Yes, I know. That's how I felt too." Sarah paused and said quietly. "Why don't you just make an initial

enquiry Sam? You don't even have to give them your name if you don't want to...well, not at this stage anyway."

Samantha smiled and sipped her cooling coffee. "Do you really think I should?"

"What have you got to lose eh?" Sarah waited for a reply.

"Well, nothing really. The way we're going, things aren't going to last much longer."

"There you are then. Pick up the phone and see what you think. You're not committing to anything...There's a phone there you can use. Go on! Do it now and then we can talk about what you reckon. Come on. You and Scott are our best friends. I don't want you to split up - particularly when a solution might be just a phone call away!"

"Ummm.. I don't know..."

Sarah cut her short by handing her the phone.

"Go on..." she pressed.

"Oh, OK. I don't know what I'm going to say though."

"Just say whatever feels right. Be honest."

Samantha dialled the number. Raising it to her ear, she inhaled deeply.