A Husband's Demotion

From Executive to Domestic …and Worse

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“Husband to Assistant …and Less”

By
Hillary Marshall

PROLOGUE

Now

Her stygian black hair hung loose over the smooth brown skin of her shoulders and her expression as she regarded him from over her shoulder was of a kind that might be described as: "Haughty"

The above look dispensed from features that were neither beauteous nor patrician and bespoke more the order of Indian horse than Roman Equestrian.

An anomaly that made her power and his lack of it no less… real.

She had sensed his eyes upon her and knew he would be grudgingly aroused by the sight of her rear-view in the grey woolen dress and sheer nylon pantyhose as it tapered down and disappeared into black shoes with pointed toes and sharp heels.

A desire she had cultivated where none had existed before and one before which he had become increasingly helpless.

Probably her greatest triumph.

"Ask," she said simply, not even bothering to turn herself that they might face each other to converse – the way she might have done with an equal.

"Please, Ms Nirupa," he began without hesitation, his need so great, "can I…"

"No!" she barked, enjoying the way the handsome Englishman flinched. "You are standing. Is that the way you should present yourself to a superior?"

She felt more than saw the wince her words produced in him and loved the feeling of empowerment being able to address a man of his years and good looks in such a way produced in her.

"And why are you still clothed if you wish to beg a favour of your… employer? Should you not be naked and upon your knees before me?"

There was no answer and she wondered if he might, even at this late stage, finally find the backbone to rebel against the excuse of a man both she and her friend and neighbour - his wife - had made of him.

A wife who, even at that moment, was probably sharing a drink in a hotel bar before being whisked by her latest partner up to a room where she would allow herself to be taken to places her husband was no longer permitted to even attempt visiting in her company.

"Do it now!" she barked.

His haste to do as she asked would have been touching had it not been so pathetic.

"Look at you," she sneered as his trousers followed his shirt and he was soon down to nothing but bare skin and the metal contraption that took control of his own cock from him and placed it in her hands and that of his wife. "Falling over yourself to obey a young woman that she might be persuaded to release your pathetic little cock and either place her toes around it until it spurts or allow you to squat beneath her and bring yourself off. No wonder Gillian needs to seek out real men to make her feel like a woman."

The barb hit home, as it always did.

But the shame did not prevent him going down upon his haunches and placing a respectful kiss on each of her hosed calf-muscles – so desperate was he to experience what she had in her power to provide him.

No matter how humiliating the hoops he was compelled to jump through before such a favour was granted.

"Still, now we are all in agreement as to the best use to make of you," she went on, "Gilly is at least free to experience what a real man has to offer without having to look into your hangdog eyes when her pleasure has been supplied her."

Returning to the full-length mirror to better appreciate the power-play of her standing, clothed and imperious, while he knelt at her back to smother her legs with pleading and servile kisses, she smiled at the vision of strength and authority staring back at her.

A "strength and authority" she would enjoy displaying for the enjoyment of the friends and family she would be visiting over the next month when she returned with her chattel to Indian hometown and the plush villa she had rented. A villa itself that was a colonial leftover from the days when the view she could see in her own mirror would have been reversed and it would have she, and not him, kneeling to show respect to a master. Days, of which no self-respecting Indian woman with a sense of pride and a knowledge of history could fail to find herself insulted and incensed.

"When we have finished here," she began, in a tone of voice it thrilled her to use upon him, so demanding and expectant of obedience was it, "you can make a start with my packing.

"I have left a notepad with a list of the things I wish to take on my dressing-table. When you have finished, you make pack your uniforms into case alongside your underwear and whatever toiletries you are taking."

She smiled at her mirrored reflection, pleased that, despite the shame he must certainly feel for both his position and her peremptory and possessive way of dealing with him.

That he had not once attempted to move from his unmanly posture and neither had the kisses intended to win him his release lessened in their servile insistence upon hastening her decision into a positive, only enhanced her sense of utter superiority and control over him.

"And THAT, after all," she asked herself, was the pinnacle of her fondest dreams since those dreams first took on sexual overtones, "was it not?"

"Everything else is taken care of," she told him, enjoying the feel of his fervent lips against the back of her legs. "I have your passport and mine and will return yours temporarily when we arrive at boarding."

She paused a moment, savouring what she was about to say next and the pleasure of ownership simply voicing such a sentiment in his presence devolved to her.

"You will, of course, be required to wear your plastic restrainer en-route," she threw over her shoulder as if it were the most obvious of facts and barely worth mentioning. "I would not wish you to set off the scanning equipment, after all."

She laughed.

"Just think how embarrassing that would be for you," she chuckled. "Having to take off your clothes in front of Airport Security – some of them female – and being forced to explain what the device around your cock and balls is and why your Malkin insists you wear it."

Now the intensity of his servile worship of her legs did miss a few beats as the prospect of OTHERS witnessing his shame overrode his need.

Momentarily.

His need too great to be gainsaid by a… "What if?"

"I wonder," she tutted to herself as his kisses resumed, "what would be your friends and family's reaction were they to see how… obedient… you now are for the young Indian neighbour you once looked down on?"

This time the kisses did NOT miss a beat.

Turning slowly as she felt her own arousal build, she pointed to the carpet below and, without an instant's hesitation, he lowered his head to place reverent kisses upon the black leather toes of her shoes.

A tiny and involuntary gasp left her lips.

The feelings invoked by having him below her in such a way were of so great a power and intensity that the young and fleshy Indian woman assured herself, once again, that she would never give them up. The man's wife had given her carte blanche to "Put him under" in ways of her choosing and had proved as good as her word; which was as well as far as it went. She just hoped that same wife would prove as… obliging… when she realised the intentions her young neighbour had for her husband were NOT short-term.

"Kneel up," she said suddenly, thrilling to the sound of the authority in her own voice as she told herself it would not be only his family and friends who would be amazed at

what went on between them. She wondered how her former family, friends, and classmates, in the dirt-poor village in the Uttar Pradesh where she had been raised, would react to see one of their own had risen so high she could command her very own English peon. Just imagining such a reaction fetching a smile as evil as it was fascinated.

He was waiting on his knees by now, hands behind his back and eyes appealing to hers; pride and shame a memory as he fought the pain of metal biting into the flesh of his hardening cock as the prospect of… release… seemed possible.

The need etched upon his features was a joy to behold.

"Ask me then," she reminded him again, as if he were little more than a half-wit rather than a mildly successful former executive some twenty years her senior.

"Please," he begged.

"Please, what?"

His need placed him beyond shame and the term of respect she had worked so hard to instill upon his lips now tripped from them easily:

"Please, Malkin… Please let me… let me masturbate for you."

"And how do you intend to do it, if I give you permission?" she asked, fingering the key to his cage that rested upon a silver chain at her neck.

"I… I… I'll do it any way you want me to, Makin," he answered quickly.
"With your hands?"

"If that is how my Malkin prefers it."

"And what if I don't?" she asked, toying with him and loving every second of it. "What if I tell you that you are not man enough even to masturbate for yourself?"

His face fell and she found it so comical she would have laughed if it had not meant a lightening of the mood.

"What if I said that I found your pitiful behaviour too animal-like for you to be allowed to seek your pleasure in such a way?" she went on. "That I considered you unworthy of even my toes around that excuse for a cock? What then?"

She thought he might burst into tears, so great was his disappointment.

It would not be the first time recently, after all.

The look of disappointment disfiguring his handsome features was almost enough to make her orgasm at this latest exercise in her power over him.

"Well?" she snapped.

“I… I…”

His eyes found hers, imploringly.

“Would you be willing to win your release by humping your Malkin’s leg to show her that you agree with her assessment of you as no more than a dog?”

Tears were forming now and, far from finding pity in her, triggered a desire to take her power and control over the wretch further.

Then, just as she thought he might have located something of his former spine; in a voice she had to strain to be able to hear:

“Y-Yes.”

“Good boy. It is as well that you know your shortcomings. How else will you improve for your Malkin?”

His eyes sparkled hungrily, a primeval need responding to her “Good boy” with a sucking in of breath and a sagging of the shoulders as the submissiveness she had instilled in him reacted to her assumption of authority, oblivious to her taunts as he spotted her taking the chain with the key to his cage from her neck before she reached behind her and produced a pair of pink panties.

She was smiling, relishing each and every moment of her mastering of him as she draped them over his head; making sure to position the gusset over his nose.

“I have worn them for the past three days so they will be nice and…ripe… for you.”

Below her, she watched with amusement as, far from being appalled, his tongue darted out to taste her stale secretions.

So low had she taken him.

“Have you forgotten something?” she asked.

He groaned, beyond speech so great was his need.

“I expect a thank you when I give you something.”

She waited:

“Unless you no longer wish to play with my gift to you.”

The threat was motivation enough to vocal chords temporarily paralysed by lust.

“Th-Thank you, M-Master,” he croaked through the fabric covering his mouth.

“That is my good respectful boy,” she praised patronisingly, kneeling herself then to unlock the padlock securing his titanium cock-tube to the ring encircling his scrotum.

A sigh of the purest, if tainted, relief burst from him through the aromatic gusset of her panties as his cock sprang free of the restraint it had spent the past two weeks contained by and proceeded to grow to its full and unthwarted length.

Five inches!

And a bit.

"Dear me," she muttered, as if to herself. "Such a lot of fuss over so tiny a thing."

She regained her feet and stood over him, hands upon her hips to emphasize to him the authority she more and more wielded over him.

"No matter, though. I have been moderately pleased with your behaviour these past days and I was always taught that a respectful and obedient dog should always be rewarded for pleasing his Malkin."

Turning to her side, she hitched up her skirt to present him with her right leg, the pressure on her calf muscles from the high heels dimpling their length on the upward rise to her powerful thighs and the fleshy but growing ever-more desirable to him body above, rippling beneath the sheer black nylon containing them.

"But," she told him, aware he was so far gone in his need for her that there was nothing she could not do and say to him, "this is how your little doggy cock will be rewarded from now on. There must be no doubts in your mind from this point. You are no longer a man – if indeed you were ever a man to begin with – and by receiving your pleasure from your Malkin in such a way, now and in the future, you will be unable to confuse yourself as to your status again."

She could tell that a part of that manhood she and his wife had not already obliterated between them bridled beneath her words.

But she knew also that the time for him to rebel had long since passed and that even as he hated what was happening to him he saw no escape from it.

They had shown him his weakness and, once having done so, would NEVER allow him to pretend to be strong again.

She reached out a hand to stroke his hairless scalp, loving the fact it had been she who had insisted he shave the still full head of hair of which he was so proud. Had even assisted him in getting it to the smooth and glistening condition in which both she and his wife insisted he now keep it. The tears that had travelled his handsome cheeks as he had been… shorn… had made her sadistic heart sing.

"Now, here, on the floor of your Malkin's study, you are going to hump her leg just like the animal you truly are," she told him.

"And all the time you do so," she went on, as if what she had said was not emasculating enough, "you will breathe through your nose as you take in the wonderful gift of her scent your young Indian Master has made you."

The cock below, free and making the most of it, twitched and bobbed from side-to-side, the veins either side of its unimpressive but rigid five-inches pulsating angrily as they waited impatiently for the ministrations that would empty the bursting ball-sac below of its pent-up contents.

"Then," she said, removing her hand from his denuded scalp to press the stale and soiled gusset of her panties against his face more firmly, "when you have spurted your animal seed and know yourself for the dog you most resemble, you are going to clean your man-juice from her nylons with your tongue."

She relaxed the pressure of her hand and awaited his reply.

Then, when it was not forthcoming:

"Understand?"

"Y-Yes, M-Malkin," came the hesitant and muffled reply from below her, his Malkin only too aware that her… creature… was too immersed in the sensations provided by her soiled underwear and his cock's temporary freedom to find words.

"I do not think, after this, we will have any more confusion concerning just who is in charge here," she told him, aiming her cell-phone towards his unseeing head that she might capture his coming humiliation for posterity and give herself and his wife even more ammunition with which to keep him in utter and complete check.

The "Mate" being implicit in her thoughts.

Reaching down, she pinched the lobe of his ear with her free hand.

"Up!"

Instantly, he rose from his haunches to his knees.

"You may hold onto your Malkin's waist to keep your balance," she told him. "But, if I feel they are taking… liberties… to which a dog like you is not entitled, you will not like what happens to you."

She gave him a few moments.

Then, more to make him wait for his reward longer than to actually hear his response:

"Tell your Malkin you understand what she has said."

Sensing he was on the verge of a release he had thought about virtually to the exclusion of all else for some time now, the "Dog" on his knees did not hesitate.

"I understand everything you have said, Malkin," he told her without stammering, his nose still pressed against the soiled gusset of her underwear and his eyes deprived of seeing her delighted reaction to her… unmanning… of him.

Then, after another pause:

"Do it!" she snapped.

After no more than a moment's hesitation, he wrapped his arms around her hips and pressed his erection against the side of her pantyhose-clad leg, the rasping of the nylon against his foreskin bringing a muffled gasp from him.

"Hurry along!" she ordered him. "I have not all days."

He did as she asked immediately now, no prevarication or sense of shame remaining as the taste and the smell of her soiled underwear continuing to assail his senses.

Breathing through his nose to take in her scent as she ordered, he thrust against her leg in an unholy imitation of a rutting canine as her trusty cell-phone captured his disgrace for posterity in a way that made him even more her indentured creature.

It couldn't have been more than ten to twelve strokes after he began humping, so strong was his excitement, even pitted against his desire to make his reward last, that he let out a massive gasp and exploded against her.

Jet after jet of white semen covered her thigh; his body sagging against her hips as both she and her recording cell-phone looked down with contempt.

"There," she told him when his crisis was over, mockery unmistakable; as was the sheer fulfillment she received from such control: "not such a cruel master after all, am I?"

Stepping from his grasp, she surveyed the semen soaked nylon at her thighs and tutted before tearing her panties from his head – careful to keep her cell-phone in a position to record the whole incident and the identity of the man beneath them.

"Well?" she said, after a few seconds, tone expectant: "Don't just kneel there like an imbecile.

His stared up at her, eyes that were more than just a little beaten showing puzzlement also.

With a huge sigh of the type one makes at the shortcomings of a half-wit, she again took him by the ear and leaned down to glare into his eyes:

"Get your unworthy tongue to work and clean me up, you animal."

It was, she could tell, an order he was nowhere near as keen to obey now that his balls had been emptied of their pent-up load.

An unwillingness that would do nothing to save him from the indignity…

ONE

Twelve Weeks Before

Gillian Marchbanks had been surprised at just how quickly her feelings had changed towards her husband.

Had she always been so shallow?

Since her husband of fourteen years had been *"let go"* by the Pharmaceutical company he had joined from university her respect for him had dropped by the day. Most days he stayed in bed until lunchtime, and then lounged about the house, either in a bathrobe or some sweat pants and tee shirt. Doing precisely nothing!

Gillian had not asked Michael Marchbanks for any help around the house, and he hadn't offered any. He was behaving, she told herself, exactly like one of the children they had both agreed they didn't want when they first got around to making a commitment with each other. And, if she hadn't wanted the real variety back then, she certainly didn't want an infant in a man's body now.

Yes, he was still devoted to her, and assured her of the fact regularly. But this *assurance*, of late, was being supplied completely through speech. Rather than in tandem with the good loving she had come to expect from him when he was confident in his own manhood during those days before he had been passed over for promotion in favour of a woman and she, subsequently, had decided his work was not up to scratch.

For if Gillian was unhappy at Michael's laziness, she was becoming very angry at what he was allowing to happen with their sex life.

A sex-life in which *he* got off.

And *she* didn't.

That they were living in a house supplied by her aunt and last living relation rent-free (a house that would become hers alone when her aunt passed) and a small allowance of hers from her late-parent's estate. Together with the pitiful Jobseeker's Allowance Michael was now receiving under the umbrella of the Tory *"trough-guzzler's"* Universal Credit, they were getting by in reasonable comfort. But she was becoming more and more contemptuous of her forty-five-year-old husband's seeming willingness to accept what she saw as a handout and the way he had simply given up trying to get another position after his first few attempts had been unsuccessful. His parents had left for Australia to be nearer his brothers and their families and this had pretty much left him without a nearby support system. Having always basked in their opinion of him as a high-achiever and a man worthy of respect, asking them for help was out of the question for him. Ditto: the friends who seemed to have dropped him – dropped them – since the loss of his job and subsequent failure to find another.

"Friends", as her neighbour and *real* friend, Nirupa, had said, who were never really friends at all and whose absence in her life should go unlamented.

Just the same, fair-weather-friends or not, Gillian's patience with her husband on the employment subject had long since passed the toleration stage.

His: *"Getting another job at my age in this country is just about impossible,"* cutting no ice with her whatsoever and, if anything, heightening her contempt when she actually interviewed for a position with his old company and, by way of a cruel irony, landed the vacant secretarial position advertised by the woman who had fired him.

An *irony* that did not go down well.

And even less when her increased earnings, together with her allowance, ensured he no longer qualified for State Benefits after *she* had informed the relevant Jobcentre of their changed circumstances.

A change he had not been about to declare himself and was none too happy when she did the deed for him.

Anger increasing when he realised the only money he now had was what she chose to allow him; given she had also decided to pay-off the balance and cancelling the joint credit-card that was the only one he had and that she had always been the one to take care of their savings.

The fact he had spent the severance money he had received on a break to the Seychelles for them both – so confident had he been at the time of landing another position quickly – and virtually emptied his own accounts, ensured that, unless he got a job soon he was dependent upon whatever scraps she deemed fit to send his way.

And, just lately where he was concerned, his thirty-seven-year-old wife of fourteen years was *not* in a giving vein.

In fact, the small taste she'd had of having the economic clout in the relationship – a clout that would only increase when her eighty-nine-year-old aunt passed and her estate became hers – had given her more of a taste for… *taking*.

Which explained a somewhat fateful conversation she'd had with her widowed neighbour, and increasingly close friend, Nirupa Prasad…

"…I would have to have loved nothing better than to be in such a position with Mr Prasad," the somewhat fleshy yet strangely alluring young Indian woman her husband did not like told her, the expression upon features given a cruel look by the defined cheekbones and the curved and chiselled nose next to them as dreamy as that of her friend and neighbours was puzzled.

"Sorry, I'm not with you. What position do you mean?"

They were speaking in the kitchen of Nirupa's surprisingly tasteful home – given her former husband's unwillingness to part with a note of currency. A home rejuvenated in the year or so since her husband had passed away. Gillian had just finished a rant involving Michael and his laziness and inability to find work since being let go.
"Think about it, Gillian," Nirupa had urged her. "It has been five months since your husband lost his position and you became the family breadwinner. Yes?"

"You know this already," Gillian said by way of a gentle rebuke, sensing just the same that her matter-of-fact friend wouldn't have mentioned it if she did not have a point in mind.

"The credit-card you cancelled was his only one and the Seychelles break he paid for and continues to throw in your face virtually depleted his bank balance. Correct?"

"Yes," Gillian agreed, her expression urging the younger woman to get to the point.

"So, the only money he has comes from the paltry amount he is paid by the government by way of…"

Gillian was shaking her head.

"Not any longer. I thought I told you this."

Now it was Nirupa Prasad's turn to be puzzled.

"His Jobseeker's Allowance has been terminated," Gillian told her in response to her expression. "Remember? I contacted them when I returned to the workplace to let them know of the 'changed circumstances' he was not about to come clean with. Surely you remember me coming over and telling you what a sulk he was in about it."

Nirupa nodded, "That is right. But I had no idea the allowance had been taken from him. Only that he was annoyed you had mentioned it to the Job-Centre."

Gillian laughed, "Not 'annoyed' so much as furious. "And especially as I now have control of all our savings and any money coming into the house."

"And he is having no joy finding employment?"

"Not a sniff. As you know, I'm working for the woman who was promoted above him and we get along really well. She tells me that if she hadn't terminated him then the company would have. It appears his work for them wasn't as… 'exemplary'… as he led me to believe and, in fact, actually lost them contracts and revenue."

"I should not think that looks too impressive to possible employers," Nirupa remarked.

"You think right," Gillian assured her. "My husband was appalled when I informed him Gina, my boss, had told me about it. He looked so sheepish when I told him I knew his inability to land another position had less to do with his age than his former incompetence."

The attractive Englishwoman, still lightly tanned from her recent Seychelles adventure, looked a little troubled of a sudden.

"What is it, Gillian?"
"There… There was something else. But… Well, it threw me for six and it's quite confidential."

"I am your friend as well as your neighbour, Gillian," the Indian woman told her. "Whatever you tell me here, stays with me here."

Gillian had smiled, hoping she hadn't offended her younger friend.

"I'm sorry, Nirupa. You're right. But, well, when Iris – my boss – told me about it, you could have pushed me to the floor with a feather."

"Trust me, Gilly, if you choose to disclose what is troubling you to me, I will not breathe a word of it to a soul."

The housewife heaved a great sigh and nodded.

"Well, you know that Iris and I have forged a friendship alongside our professional relationship?"

Nirupa nodded.

"It's the reason she confided to me the real reasons behind her letting Michael go."

"His inefficiency, you just said."

Gillian Marchbanks stared at her neighbour and friend as if evaluating her options, then, letting her breath out:

"That was one of the reasons," she told her. "And enough on its own to see him sacked. But by far the most important of those reasons was the fact he had been using his expense account to cheat the company from money."

Nirupa shrugged.

"From what I hear and my late husband used to tell me, such things are not so rare."

"True," Gillian agreed. "But Michael's… light-fingeredness… has run into many thousands over the years."

Nirupa mouthed an "Oh".

"Remember how I quizzed him on how he was able to afford our brand spanking new Lexus?"

Nirupa nodded.

"He told me that he'd saved his last two yearly bonuses so that he could buy it for cash and surprise me."

Her expression turned sour.

"Not that I ever wanted the thing in the first place," she said through compressed lips. "Which was why I insisted he trade the thing in for the little Peugeot I drive to work these days."

"While he gets to use your even smaller Fiat," Nirupa laughed.

Continuing when Gillian smiled along with her:

"When, that is, you give him enough money to afford petrol for it."

"Yes, well, he won't even have that soon.

Nirupa raised an eyebrow.

"No point of having the expense of two cars when he's at home all day. He doesn't even play golf anymore now his so-called friends are giving him the bum's rush whenever he tries to contact them, so he doesn't need it for that."

A thought struck her:

"Might be an idea to sell those expensive golf-clubs of his as well if he isn't going to use them."

She mulled this over for a second or two as an amused and… very… excited Nirupa watcher her, then:

"The thing is, Nirupa, is that it was Iris who discovered his expenses fiddling and she's pretty sure the Police will prosecute if they are told of it. The amount comes to just over a hundred-thousand-pounds spread over the past four years and that's likely to be a custodial sentence if he's charged and found guilty."

"Oh, my!"

"Of course, if an audit picks up on it then my husband's done for anyway, but they haven't up to now, so there's hope they won't."

"Which still leaves your boss."

Gillian nodded.

"Out of respect for our growing friendship and working relationship, she has declined to take what she knows to the owners of the company – though she could do so at any time."

"And does Michael know his stealing has been uncovered.

"No," answered Gillian with a shake of the head. "For some reason, I haven't felt the need to tell him just yet and, though he is far from happy with life at the moment, he at least thinks he has gotten away from the flight-path of this particular bullet."

"And how do you feel about this?"

Gillian Marchbanks' cheeks reddened a little and she could not meet her younger friend's eyes.

"You'll think I'm evil," she said at last.

Nirupa laughed, "Never! You are a valued friend. And friends share even their most intimate thoughts. Now tell me why you are looking so guilty."

"Well… It's just…"

"Go on," said the younger woman with a smile, the heavy traces of her Uttar Pradesh origins in her English unable to quite mask a certain… excitement. "I promise you I will not judge."

"Well… Since he lost his job and I went back to work, it seems… It seems that I'm the one with all the power in the relationship."

"And you want him to be more of a man?" said Nirupa with a nod and a curiously thwarted look.

"No!" cried the wife abruptly, startling her neighbour a little. "That… That's not what I want at all and probably explains why I feel so guilty."

"Then what is it that you 'do' want?" asked a suddenly energised Nirupa as she sensed where their conversation could be going into the very area she was trying to break into at the beginning of their discussion; the wetness she felt with such suddenness between her legs only serving to underline the effect being in such an 'area' could have upon her.

"I… I know it makes me a bit of a monster," Gillian began. "But… But…"

The younger Indian woman decided to help her friend – and, hopefully, herself – by filling in the blanks of her unfinished sentence.

"…But you enjoy the power you have over him that seems to grow the more demoralised by his situation he becomes?"

The colour upon the white woman's cheeks told Nirupa Prasad that she had guessed correctly.

"Do not be embarrassed simply because I am younger than you," the Indian girl with the flawless and correct English that was marred only by her delivery of it told her.

She paused a moment, then:

"It is, after all, no more than what I was trying to tell you myself a few moments ago."

Gillian Marchbanks stared at the Indian girl who had become a close and most unlikely friend, expression puzzled and, more than a little, hopeful.

"Mr Prasad, as you know, was a disappointment to me in many… areas… but he would never have allowed himself to be… led… by me in such a way. He was older and far too ingrained in the ways of my country to ever allow a mere woman to even have a say in how he led his life, let alone dictate it."

Gillian nodded, not entirely sure where the macho views of her neighbour's late-husband tied in with her own situation but happy that she did not appear to be judging her, at least.

But where her neighbour went next – though she could have no way of knowing it – was about to change her married life almost beyond recognition.

And not for the worse.

Though her husband would be sure to take a different view…

Two

Three Weeks Ago

The Travelodge on the edge of the trading estate was as accommodating if prosaic as ever but, if it wasn't the most romantic or sexiest of locations, it had no effect on Gillian and her partner.

Once they were in their no-frills double, Malcolm really turned his attention to her, almost tearing her white-cotton office shirt from her and rubbing his masterful young black hands all over the creamy and still unblemished skin of her upper body.

Hands, young or not, that were expert enough to send her into a frenzy of desire that soon had her wrapping her legs around his waist and mashing her lips against his as the knowledge of what she was doing while her husband was at the home of her friend and neighbour added an extra… *zest*… to sensations that were already blasting off the chart.

Not to mention what *he* would be doing while he was there.

When Malcolm threw her back on the bed and released his cock all thoughts of her husband vanished.

For a few moments, anyway.

"Your husband this big?" he asked with a self-satisfied smirk, knowing in advance that it was unlikely she'd here at all if what she had at home came up to scratch.

Supplying an answer without the use of words, she spread her legs and gave her first black lover his first sight of the white pussy his cock was straining at the leash to plunder; giving thanks to Nirupa for suggesting she decline panties for the night that she might be *"good to go"*.

It had made her feel like a street-corner prostitute.

And she loved it.

Not bothering to remove his trousers, monster black weapon living up to the hype he had given it and more than ready to impale her upon its pulsing hardness, the man she knew as Malcolm made a miraculous effort at restraint and dove between her legs to feast on her hairless white snatch.

As she feasted upon the sensations of his gifted tongue, Gillian again gave thanks to her neighbour and friend for having helped her find a true pussy hound – what else could explain the deep breaths he took through his nostrils un between using a long and inventive tongue upon her slit if such an observation was untrue, after all?

His efforts only intensifying when she clasped her hands behind his totally hairless head and mashed him up hard against her sopping and hungry cunt.

“Does your girly husband eat his wife’s pussy as beautifully as me?” her masterful and exciting young lover asked as she writhed below him and savoured the feeling allowing a man to control her – temporarily, anyway. The conceited black man not to know that, even as he ate her, she was thinking of the pleasure awaiting her later at home when her cowed and beaten partner performed the clean-up she expected of him and Nirupa had trained his initially unwilling tongue to provides.

“He does now,” she told him cryptically, partly to tease his pride and intensify his efforts and partly to give her husband his due; especially now the diligence he gave his oral duties impacted upon any decision either of his two female masters might make in regard of supplying his caged little cock and balls the pleasure he so longed for since he had been… *chastised*.

“We‘d best see if he fucks you as well too then,” said her slightly miffed lover as he rose to his knees above her to present that incredible black penis before sliding back his foreskin to reveal the wicked and bulbous looking mushroom that would be her pussy’s first point-of-contact.

Despite her bravado, she felt a pang of fear as she realised she would be taking the biggest cock in her life until now.

It was so *‘fucking gi-normous*’.

And then, as it slid the length of her labia before pulling back and probing for entry, she threw caution to the wind to grab his buttock and pull him towards her hungry cunt.

Despite her need, she could do nothing but scream as she felt her pussy open up to accommodate him and drew up her knees beside her head that she might receive him into her more fully.

“Girly pussy-muncher fuck your pussy this good too, does he?” he snarled, her screams an answer in themselves but his pride wanting to hear it from her own lips.

“Keep fucking me, you gorgeous black bastard!” she screamed, unwilling to give him his answer even as the urgency of her voice did just that.

He grinned at her need through bared and gleaming white teeth, not slowing his violation of her for one second. “That’s right, girl. You getting the message. Not many have a cock like good old Malcolm.”

He was speaking in the first-person now, the first and unmistakable sign of a *Trump-like* ego, or at least on the way to becoming *Presidential*. But he had no hair, let alone a comb-over and he certainly wasn’t spray tanned tangerine, so why should she care? All she wanted was to feel that thick and incredibly long shaft as it pulsated inside her, exploring so deep she felt it must either make acquaintance with her bowels before bursting from her throat.

Again, and again, he thrust into her.

Again, and again and again.

With every thrust and slow and deliberate withdrawal, he drew screams of ecstasy from her Michael had *never* come close to hear leave her lips.

And never would!

Every single thrust ensured any fellow guests, and the skeleton staff catering to them, would be treated to an audio sex-show.

Her pussy was stretched around his cock as he pummelled her backwards and forwards, slamming her skull against the headboard with the force of the deep fucking he was intent on giving her.

An intent he was delivering to perfection!

Until even he could not restrain himself any longer and even in her own frenzy she heard the unmistakable sound of shortened breathing that indicated he was about to lose his cork.

"You faithless, sexy, piece of white shit," he gasped as he struggled for breath.

"Shut the fuck up and spill your worthless animal seed into a superior white cunt, you piece of black crap," she screamed back in return, playing the game for all it was worth as his eyes bulged for a moment and anger joined the cocktail of other emotions racing across them.

Until, far from spurring him to violence, Malcolm's breath caught in his throat and refused to go any further as the force of his imminent detonation took him over and, sure enough, seconds later his cock jetted stream after stream of semen into her thoroughly if temporarily vanquished pussy.

Load after load he pumped into her as she wrapped her legs around him and screamed at the top of her lungs; screams that seemed to spur him to an even greater frenzy as his body went rigid and the last of his black-cream spent itself in her voracious and stretched honey-pot.

When he finally removed himself from her and rolled onto his side, she felt as if an old-fashioned Barber's pole had been forcibly extricated from her.

And yet, for all that; what dominated her thoughts at that point, and already bringing her excitement back to fever pitch, was not that of a repeat fucking when her lover recovered himself enough to supply it, but an image of her husband as he knelt between her legs and cleaned away remnants of the cum from another man she had so thoughtfully taken home for him.

As she reached out to cup her black lover's temporarily depleted scrotum, and attempted to coax some life back into the monster cock above them, she knew with certainty that her Michaels tongue, and Nirupa's training of it, would be receiving a strenuous test the moment she felt herself fucked enough to return to the home they still shared together.

THREE

Nine Weeks Before

"When you have finished making my coffee," she told him, "I want you to fetch the shoes from my bedroom to the kitchen, lay some newspaper upon the floor, and polish them."

The look on Michael Marchbanks' face was one of utter loathing – no matter his attempts to disguise it. It had been bad enough when Gillian told him *she* had found him a job, but his intense annoyance for her having taken it upon herself to do so increased exponentially when he was informed the position she had found for him was in the employ of the woman living in the house to the side of theirs that was the third in the cul-de-sac of three.

"Which shoes do you mean?" he asked, trying to keep his voice even; still amazed that his wife could even have suggested he take such a position in the woman's home, let alone threaten to kick him out after he been given it and then refused to take the position up. That he – and, more to the point, *she* - could accept what the Indian bitch demanded if he was to be given a paid job in her home was still a matter of some wonder to him and was, he felt sure, entirely illegal in terms of working practices and conditions.

His thoughts went back to his showdown with his wife on the subject…

"…You can't be fucking serious??"

"Do I look as if I'm joking?" his wife had asked, looking very corporate in the tweed two-piece with matching blouse and hose she had worn to the office that day – to sit in the office where she worked as a PA for the woman who had ousted him from the same company. "And if you want to watch that Champions League match tonight I'd advise you to watch your language."

"If I want to watch…?" he began, leaving the sentence in elliptical form; prevented from completing it by his outrage that she could actually threaten him in such a way. "Who do you think you're dealing with here?" he blazed, unheeding of her threat, "a fucking little…?"

"Child?" she finished for him as his anger clogged his throat and made him hesitate.

"Yes! That's exactly who I think I'm dealing with. A spoilt little brat who thinks the world owes him a living and should be beating a path to his door to offer him the kind of job his inefficiency has just lost him."

Used as he was to her growing confidence since she had found work where he couldn't, the level of anger she was aiming his way was beyond anything she had sent his way before.

For the first time, it had struck him that she seemed to think she was now the dominant partner in their relationship.

A fleeting thought he would have found ridiculous if it weren't for the ever-depressing nature of his own career and social situation. The friends he had been so tight with when his company had been thriving and money had been plentiful were nowhere in sight and, given Gillian herself had always seen through them for the shallow and one-dimensional souls they were at base, it had made their desertion all the harder for him to take and made him question his own… social… judgement. A suspicion of his own instincts that had been underpinned when, to a man, they had refused to either take or return his calls. One man and wife in particular, with whom he had thought they were especially close, even crossing the street to avoid them on one Saturday as they shopped in the High-Street.

No surprise then that his closest friend had become Satellite TV and he would spend his days before the sports channels his new pal offered. He no longer exercised and he seldom went out – not even for a walk. And as for helping with the housework…?

And now she was trying to tell him that she had the right to say if he could watch television in his own home!

As it turned out, she had far more to say than just that.

"I've had enough of your behaviour and it stops now," she told him with a confidence he could not recall having seen in her until then. "You don't bring a penny in to the house – the same house we live in rent-free, courtesy of my aunt, if you remember – and you don't raise a finger to help keep that same house clean or provide fresh clothes for the wife who is currently going out to work to support you."

He had found his voice at this:

"You mean the same way I've been working to support you since we married?" he reminded her.

She was unfazed.

"Oh, yes, I forgot. You went to work and, when you came home, you cooked for me before tidying the house and doing the laundry. Is that what you're saying?"

"Well…"

"No!" she snapped. "Of course it's not. While you were at your job, laying the ground-work that would eventually see you lose it…"

His face had coloured at this but he could find no comeback to her sarcasm.

"…I was here, keeping my aunt's home pristine for when my lord and master returned from his office."

She had towered above him in the front-room, remote-control in hand she had just used to switch-off the television, and for the first time he felt something like fear for his wife of all these years – though he was quick to shrug off such an unmanly reaction.

"In other words," she went on, "I was contributing something. Not just sitting on my lazy self-pitying arse becoming a couch-potato."

"But…? For crying out loud, Gilly," he began, "you can't expect me to work for… that… woman. She's barely more than a girl and… and…"

"And she's Indian?" she cut in, looking more forceful and imposing than at any time since he had known her. "Is that what's bothering you? Your inner racist is finally coming out, is that it?"

"No, it's not," he snapped back, angry himself now as he rose to his feet to confront her. "I don't see colour and you know it," he told her. "But I do see humiliation when it's waved under my nose."

"You think earning a living is humiliating?"

"Don't twist my words. You know I mean nothing of the kind. And I can't believe you'd have me work in such a position for a neighbour knowing how embarrassing I'd find it. I'd never consider suggesting you do such a thing."

"So," she began, unmoved by his passion, "if it's not her race of colour, what exactly is it that you'll find embarrassing about working for her as an assistant?"

"Oh, drop the crap, Gilly," she snorted. "You can dress what I'll be doing for her up with any fancy title you like, but we both know I'd be working for her as a glorified domestic."

His wife's comeback had been instant:

"You mean the way I worked for you back when you had a job?"

He chewed his lip to prevent an outburst he might not be able to take back.

Then:

"I don't know what's gotten into you lately, Gilly," he told her, "but it won't be long before I have another job. And, in the meantime, I won't be acting as your young friend's glorified domestic."

Rather than prompt a rethink in his wife, her expression seemed to harden further:

"Firstly, we both know that any job you manage to get will NOT be in your old field; given the reference you're likely to get from your former employer…"

Again, he chewed at his lip.

“And, secondly,” she went on, seeming totally secure in her ability to handle him, “there will be nothing glorified in your position with Nirupa. You’ll simply be her DOMESTIC.”

“And you can dream on,” he told her, heading for the drinks cabinet and turning back to her with an accusing look as he found it locked.

“You’re drinking too much,” she told him.

“Give me the key, Gillian,” he demanded, face a mask of fury.

“No. I won’t. From now on you can have a drink when I think you’ve earned it.”

“When you think I’ve…?”

“That’s right. And not only are you going to go over to Nirupa right this instant and accept her generous offer of a part-time job, but you are going to be doing all of the household chores around here too if you want to remain my husband.”

“Remain your…?”

“That’s what I said. This is my aunt’s house and I fetch all the money into it. So, if you want to stay you had better get used to doing as I say.”

He had stared at her as if snakes were sprouting from her head and neck.

“Either that, or you can leave and face the alternative.”

His eyes questioned her.

“You know, after I’ve had a word with Iris and she decides to bring your expense account fiddling to the attention of the owners.”

He seemed to instantly deflate.

“You know, the money you stole without me knowing that enabled you to pay cash for your Lexus? The same money you told me you had earned as a bonus?”

“I… I…”

“Iris seems to think it will lead to a custodial sentence if she points the auditors in the right direction,” she went on over his spluttering.

“But…”

“So, you have a choice,” she smiled, all traces of the formerly loving wife he had known absent from her features.

He waited, feeling about as powerless as he had ever felt in his life.

And in the presence of the one person whose loyalty and trust in his ability to lead their marriage he had never felt the need to question.

Until now.

"You either go upstairs and pack yourself a case – I'll even give you some cash as fare to wherever you're going before the Police are informed. Or…"

A sick feeling started deep in his stomach and began a slow and debilitating upward journey towards his throat as he realised his wife was deathly serious.

"…Or, you can do the only thing that will persuade me not to have Iris set your prosecution in motion – with all the shame, disappointment and anger your family in Australia will feel when I, regretfully, inform them of their pride and joy's criminality."

She made him wait.

Then:

"You can go across to Nirupa and not come back until she has agreed to employ you as her domestic…"

…Nirupa Devi looked up from the desk in the study that had once belonged to her husband, fleshy subcontinent features fairly beaming with the pleasure she took from ordering a white Englishman of his age and former position to do something so… *menial*… as polish her footwear.

Triumph that was in no way diluted by the knowledge Gilly had warned him that their marriage could be at an end if he messed this *"opportunity"* up. She squeezed thighs hosed in black together that she might better control the sensations threatening to make her swoon – as they always did in his presence since he took on his new role. In truth, no man she had ever known had affected her the way Michael Marchbanks affected her and she prayed – genuine friendship towards his wife or not – that she could somehow make his growingly servile position in her life more… *permanent*.

The above just one of the reasons she had suggested to Gilly that it might be a good idea to cut her husband off from penetrative sex and find *other*, less manly, ways for him to have his desires met.

One of those other reasons being that, if Gilly took lovers of her own, her husband would soon take on a role of less importance to her and, therefore, of less value.

And, of course, if he no longer held any value for her, she would be all too grateful at her true friend's suggestion that she take that husband off her hands.

It had been a suggested course of action that had yielded mixed results.

For though she was open to the idea of having other men while her husband was cut-off, the white wife was even more excited by the prospect of having such power over

him she could flaunt her affairs in his face, safe in the knowledge she had him too cowed and browbeaten to gainsay her desires.

"If we could get some evidence of him behaving in such a sexually humiliating way," Gillian Marchbanks had told her, *"and threaten showing it to his parents and brothers in Australia, he'd be absolutely terrified."*

The words of her friend echoed around her head and Nirupa Devi was again thinking furiously as to how she might arrange such an… *incentive*… for the man who, though he belonged to a friend, she fully intended to own.

Ownership that would finally enable her to do what was, more and more, becoming her most cherished dream.

Returning to live in India with her very own, dutiful, tamed, and *very* obedient, English manservant.

A scenario had yet to suggest itself as she pictured the reaction of her friends and family to such a scenario, but she felt sure one would as she returned her attention to the man stood before her in jeans and a tee-shirt.

"That," she thought suddenly, would be a start. *"A uniform."*

And then, the memory of her Internet activity of the night before and the delight she had taken in reading some of the male-chastity fiction that was her favourite reinstating itself almost as an epiphany, a *"scenario"* did suggest itself.

For now, though, her thoughts returned to the moment; though she knew she would be returning more fully to the idea that had just suggested itself when she was alone.

Though she did tell herself there was no reason she could not moot her *"uniform"* idea first.

"All of them, of course," she told him, referring to her shoe collection, her own voice taking on a condescending edge as if she were dealing with not just a flunkey but a retarded version of the ilk. "Just fetch them all down and polish them then let me know when you have finished and I'll inspect them."

She saw him turn to leave, but not before chewing back a retort; the wonder written across his all too appealing features making his revulsion and incredulity plain.

How on earth could he not only allow himself to accept such a demeaning position in her home but be prepared to carry out such menial and humbling tasks?

It was, however, a sense of wonder that had, up to now, not been great and off-putting enough to make him rebel against his new fear of the wife who held his future in her hands and the hated Indian neighbour wo had taken advantage of it to win herself a household domestic.

"And we need to speak about the way you dress when you come to work for me," she brought him up short as he turned to leave, his somewhat shocked face turning back to her.

"What you're wearing is simply not good enough. You might be the husband of a friend but you are *not* a guest. I pay you to perform domestic chores for me and you should look the part.

"Look the part?" she could almost hear him question.

"First thing tomorrow morning, we'll go over to the High-Street and I'll purchase something more… *becoming*… for you to wear."

She smiled but it most definitely was not returned:

"We'll call it your… *uniform*."

The look of pure horror that greeted her suggestion spoke volumes of his distaste for the prospect, but it would be as nothing to what he would feel a fortnight later when she put another idea in the head of his wife and was given the go-ahead to run with it.

*****

"Gilly," he began, entering the front-room where his wife was relaxing with the glass of chilled Pinot-Grigio he had served her only a few minutes before, his manner light years from the one he had adopted previously towards her. Seeming now to be more… *diffident*, more… *supplicatory*. The month since she had told him of her knowledge of his embezzling, and his *persuading* the Indian bitch to take him on, having seen a complete sea-change in their marriage.

A marriage, in fact, that barely qualified for the description, given how one-way it was becoming and his inability to set it back on something remotely resembling its previous course when he had been its captain.

A captain who now stood before his wife, still clad in the sober and close-fitting black outfit her neighbour and friend and *his* employer insisted he wear.

An outfit that just screamed *"flunkey"* to all who saw it.

"What is it?" she asked, voice condescending, as if she were doing him a great honour simply in acknowledging his presence. Knowing already what he was likely to say to her – forewarned as she had been by Nirupa's earlier call to the office that she had green-lighted her idea and run it past him. An *"excellent"* and incredibly erotic and exciting idea she had found no trouble agreeing to in the slightest. Agreement that emphasised as well as anything just how far her feelings for her husband had travelled in the face of recent times and events.

"I… I know that you insisted on me taking up…" he swallowed, the simple saying of their neighbour's and his employer's name an effort, so great was his distaste for her, "…taking up… Nirupa's… offer. But…"

“But what?” she came in sharply, manner suspicious as she played her part to the hilt. “I do hope you’re not going to try and convince me to let you stop? I’ve told you once already, that I see nothing unreasonable in her wanting you to wear a uniform. You’re her employee, after all. What’s the big deal? It saves the wear and tear on your own clothes and saves me having to replace them for you.”

His cheeks coloured at the reminder he was dependent upon his wife on even this most basic of levels.

“Why else do you think I asked Nirupa if she would mind you wearing the uniform she supplied you while doing your chores here?” she went on, almost laughing as she recalled her Indian friend’s amusement for the prospect.

“But…”

“But, what?” she cut in, just enough of a threat in her tone to make him stop and pause, even as he wondered how his suddenly amenable and even-tempered wife could ever disturb him in such a way.

“Well,” he went on, buoyed in the face of her possible displeasure by the unthinkable news he was about to impart, “I think you might have a change of heart when I tell you what she expects of me. Have you spoken to her recently?”

“Not for a couple of days,” she lied. “She said she needed to speak to her religious and spiritual advisor at the Temple and that she was delighted at how well her idea of a uniform had worked and how relieved she had been that I considered it a good idea as well.”

Michael Marchbanks swallowed back his indignation at the fact his wife seemed to have no problem with either her husband working as a flunkey or being dressed as one. Certain that even her willingness for him to be put in such a position would find itself outraged at what her bitch friend was suggesting now. Though the look she was aiming his way at that moment was not encouraging.

“I’ll ask you again: is that what this is all about?” she demanded, knowing even as she asked that it both was and wasn’t and that her husband had far more pressing and… *emasculating*… matters on his mind. “The wearing of your uniform?

“Not… Not just that,” he began, realising how utterly ludicrous it was that he could even be thinking of having the conversation he intended with his wife on *such* a subject.

“What then?” she demanded, the hiss of her nylons as she crossed her legs reminding him, and for the first time in a while, just how long and shapely they were and how badly he had once desired them.

A desire, if the hardness of the cock inside his *“flunkey trousers”*, as he described them to himself, that was still alive and kicking after an *“understandable”* dip in his libido.

He tore his eyes from her swinging foot and re-focused on the issue at hand.

"She said," he opened, aware of his cock suddenly taking an interest in his wife for the first time in a while and trying not to let it distract him, "that this… *'spiritual advisor'*… of hers you mentioned had objected to her employing a man in her home and being alone with him."

"So?" Gillian Marchbanks asked, knowing that not only had no such objection been raised but that no such *'advisor'* existed. "Nirupa is a very devout girl who happens to be serious about her religion. It's only natural she would confide in someone older and wiser than herself."

"That… That's not the problem," he told her, uncomfortable now it came down to the nitty-gritty of his problem.

Her look told him: *"Go on"*.

"Apparently, he told her it isn't seemly for a devout Hindu-girl to have a man who is a non-believer in such close proximity to her on a daily basis."

"Oh, I see," said Gillian with what she knew he would be bound to regard as understanding on her part.

After a few moments of pretended thought, she held her arms wide as if in acceptance.

"Ah, well, there's nothing for it then. You'll just have to go back to searching for other means of employment."

Her face hardened warningly.

"Which does not mean I expect to see your efforts about the home drop off any," she warned as his cheeks coloured to be reminded of the new status quo in their marriage - and the Sword of Damocles she continued to hold over his head in order to enforce it.

"Understand?" she said, the tone of her voice making the threat implicit.

"Y-Yes, of course, Gilly," he said, still using the affectionate diminutive of her name rather than the colder fuller versions; despite feeling no warmth towards her whatsoever these days – reinstated appreciation of her legs notwithstanding.

"Good," she said, reaching for her mobile-phone. "Things between us have been much better since you accepted me as the head of the household…"

His cheeks reddened further, in keeping with the impotent anger bubbling beneath them as she went on.

"…and I have no intention of allowing you to backslide."

She waited, obviously expecting a response.

"N-No, er, Gilly," he stammered finally. "Of course, not."

“I also think,” she went on, feeling a desire to torture him that was more and more becoming the norm with her, “that it’s about time we put our sex life back on track also. You haven’t been performing your duties there the way a man should so, now I’m the breadwinner and what I say goes, it’s incumbent upon me to take the lead there.”

She looked him full in the eye and, with complete confidence, told him:

“I’ve been going unsatisfied for far too long and *that* is something I intend to change… Understand?”

His thoughts asked himself, once again, *“who the fuck is this woman who looks like my wife?”*

I asked you a question, she demanded, loving every second of her growing dominion over the man she had once promised to love, honour, and obey; knowing with certainty that all three of those commitments had been consigned to the incinerator and would – at least where he was concerned – *never* be whole again.

“Yes,” he answered finally in a voice so soft and beaten she almost missed it. “I understand.”

“Right answer,” she told him before bringing up her mobile. “Now, I’ll just give Nirupa a call and assure her there are no hard feelings for her having to let you go and…”

“Actually,” he came in, torn and anguished as her eyes came up from the phone.

“What?”

His stomach groaned and he thought he must heave its contents to the carpet now the time had come to tell his wife what the Indian bitch was expecting of him.

“Well? Have you something to say or not?” his increasingly dictatorial and imposing partner demanded.

“She… She…”

“Yes, yes, spit it out for heaven’s sakes.”

“She… She didn’t exactly, you know, let me go.”

“What are you saying?”

“I… I’m saying that she… she…”

“She, what?” she hissed with faux impatience. “Stop gibbering like an idiot and say what it is you want to say.”

Cringing and seething at one and the same time under the lash of his wife’s tongue, Michael Marchbanks attempted to do as she asked:

"She… She demanded I comply with her *'spiritual advisor's'* recommendations if I wanted to continue having a job with her."

What the exact words of their Indian neighbour had been were something different and went along the lines of:

"If you still wish to remain in my service."

Words that, despite the loss of face in his own home, he had no desire for his wife to hear; not knowing that it was a ship of shame that had already sailed.

"So? What's the problem? How difficult can some religious procedure be?"

"You… You don't understand, Gilly."

"Well go-ahead," she said, re-crossing her legs and folding her arms expectantly; the hiss of nylon upon nylon seeming only to underline her growing authority in regard of him suddenly. "I'm ready to be educated."

"If…" he began, still finding it difficult to believe he would be standing before his wife about to relate such a degrading and unbelievable request. "If I'm to continue working for her," he went on, face a mask of the most abject misery, "she expects me to wear… to wear…"

"A uniform. Yes, I believe we've covered that already…"

Now it was his turn to interrupt.

"No!"

"No?"

"That's not it at all, Gilly," he all but screamed.

She waited for what seemed an age as he tried to recover what passed for his composure these days.

Until:

"It's not the uniform so much – though that's bad enough."

"Then what is it?" she asked, still playing her part to perfection. "You're making no sense."

He took a deep breath.

"It's what her and her *'advisor'* want me to wear under the uniform that's the problem."

"Under it? What on earth are you talking about?"

“They… They want me to wear… to wear…”

“Want you to wear what, for heaven’s sakes?”

It took a few more deep breaths and some expectant and warning looks from his wife before he could bring himself to say it.

Then:

“They want me to wear a…”

FOUR

Five Weeks Before

He left the home of the Indian bitch with his cheeks on fire and hatred in his heart.

Humiliation and searing abhorrence that was all the more marked for his reaction to what had just happened.

No!

What *he* had just allowed to happen.

If he had thought that laying naked upon his back upon the cold tiled floor of the Indian bitch's bathroom, while she shaved his genitals, prior to introducing them to the titanium restraint that would effectively place his sex life at the behest of both her and his growingly sadistic and domineering wife, was the most humiliating thing that had ever happened to him – perhaps to any man – in his life then the aftermath of what had been the most explosive ejaculation in that life had disabused him of such a notion.

Not even the emasculating feel of her bony brown fingers, this as they had handled his balls and cock in order to manipulate them into their new prison, could compete with the knowledge of his recent reaction to her management of him.

At least back then, chilled by the tiles and with eyes screwed shut to the unthinkable situation he had been about to allow himself to be thrust – albeit in the knowledge of the dire future awaiting him if he did not comply – his cock had not betrayed him with even a twitch that might suggest he was enjoying having the younger Indian woman handle him as if he were no more than a possession and she was exercising nothing more than her due.

It was a small triumph, but the knowledge he had shown her she was sexually non-existent to him had been something he could cling to. An unspoken expression of distaste he knew, despite the hold his wife's insistence he work for her gave the woman over him, would hit the bitch where she lived and speak to all those insecurities she about both herself, her, race, her gender and her attractiveness to the opposite sex.

And *especially* a member of that opposite sex who was so far her superior in terms of looks, breeding, and intelligence.

Such had been his thoughts.

Now, after his first release since the infernal contraption had been placed upon him, not even that small smidgen of manly and racial satisfaction had been stripped from him."

As he reached the front-door of the home he was increasingly coming to view as his *"second hell-hole"*, he wondered how he could look the woman he hated, but who, ridiculously, he still regarded as his wife, in the face.

Motionless, and staring at the front-door as if it were a cinema screen currently running a film of his recent exploits, he visualised a picture of himself standing in her study before the Indian bitch he hated as she finished a call in her native tongue to someone or other.

The image of himself in his emasculating uniform, standing almost to attention with his hands clasped at the small of his back as she expected, eyes upon a spot on the floor while he waited for her conversation to end, brought a tear to eyes that had experienced many over the last few months.

He was, he told himself – and not for the first time - unrecognisable from the man and husband he had once thought himself to be.

But on this occasion, there was an added wrinkle to his thoughts.

For the first time, he accepted that, barring a miracle or a stiffening of his all but undetectable backbone, his life would *never* return to anything even resembling what it had once been…

"…Good boy," she had said, finishing her call and appraising him, surely not having missed the shudder that ran through him at her first use of such a demeaning and patronising description of him – even as he fought against the ludicrous and perversely thrilling sensations her words seemed to trigger within his beleaguered masculinity.

She turned sideways in her swivel-chair and indicated a spot to her left.

"Come closer to me," she had ordered in a voice a little less harsh and dismissive to the one she used with him normally.

Still trying to make sense of the strange new sensations running through him, he did as she asked, aware his face was a boiling mass of crimson she could not miss and that, more and more, he was responding to her control of him instantly.

And finding a strange and inexplicable excitement in the so doing as the sight of her crossed thighs, hosed in black Woolford's, presented themselves to his slightly lowered gaze, aware of the breasts resting above them inside a white cotton blouse and the long black hair that, for once, hung loose from her scalp aside the spiteful features he hated and – incredibly – was becoming to desire.

His legs, he realised, had a watery consistency that made him fear they might give way beneath him at any moment and there was a lump at his throat that resembled both nerves and a certain submissive need; a sensation he had not experienced since he was a primary schoolboy in the presence of a woman of authority – be she doctor, nurse, teacher or headmistress.

"I have been very pleased with your efforts in serving me these past few weeks," she told him, all too aware of her choice of words and, he suspected, their effect upon him.

"That is why, with the agreement and permission of Gilly, your wife," she went on, as if his mental capacity had been diminished along the same lines as his masculine pride and he needed to be reminded as to the name of the woman he'd married, "I have decided your efforts to please me deserve a reward.

His eyes raised themselves to hers now, puzzled as to just what she had to mind in way of this "Reward".

Was she going to return him to his former position as head of his own household?

Was she going to make the woman he had loved respect him again as a vibrant and masculine man?

Was she going to remove the tube restraining his cock and allow him to function as a man again?

As it turned out, he was right upon the latter score.

But only partly.

For, when it came to his manhood, neither woman had the slightest intention of his ever being allowed to feel manly again.

"Would you like your Malkin to release your penis from its captivity?" she asked.

His breath caught in his throat at the prospect.

Never, in all his years, had he been deprived of access to his own private parts and, now that he had, the out-of-character disinterest in sex that had resulted from the stress of his marital and employment problems had vanished as if it had never existed – replaced by an all-encompassing desire to once again feel the seed leave his cock-head.

Even if it did leave that head prompted by perverse and unwanted desires he would once never have imagined himself holding.

"If that is what you would like," he heard her hated Indian accent intone, "then you must ask your Malkin politely to indulge you."

His cock was already pressing against the extremities of his captivity as he found himself on the verge of uttering the correct and polite form of beggary required of him.

Though he was, as yet, unable to bring himself to ask for what he knew would be an irrevocable disgrace.

"I do not hear you," she told him with just the hint of the whip in her singsong English that sounded almost Welsh in its delivery.

He stared at the woman and marvelled at the desire thrusting his cock against the titanium of his confinement.

How could he feel such desire for a low-grade woman of her kind?

Desire such as he had never felt before.

Even for his wife at the very height of her attraction for him.

"Y-Yes," he heard himself say finally, voice quivering with a mixture of need and shame.

"Yes, what?" she pressed, determined that he ask for EXACTLY what he wanted, expression leaving him in no doubt that she was revelling in his acute discomfort.

And yet, still he could not bring himself to do the manly thing and simply up and leave, the way any man of pride would have upped and left long before now.

Almost as if a part of him had resigned himself to his fall and was curious only as to how far he would allow himself to descend.

"I… I…"

"Stop prevaricating and say it!" her accented English snapped. "Tell your Malkin what it is that you want."

And, as if that were not bad enough, worse followed:

"And look her in the eye respectfully as you ask," she added.

The thought of meeting her eye all but made his already watery legs give up the challenge of holding him upright, knowing as he did what awaited him in their depths and the knowledge of his abject pusillanimity he would see reflected back at him.

And yet he did as she commanded.

"Good boy!" she patronised once again, sending a thrill of delicious weakness coursing through his veins that again had his cock swelling against its confinement and fetched a gasp of pain to his lips he did his best to suppress. "Now tell your Malkin what it is that you wish."

With his eyes upon hers, almost as if compelled by a tractor beam of pure animal magnetism, he did indeed see his disgrace reflecting out from her own.

He also felt her power.

A power he, in his inability to prevent his own emasculation, had ceded to her in his regard and a force that seemed to be increasing exponentially with each period of time spent in her growingly imperious presence.

A POWER he sensed was more responsible for drawing his next words from him than any personal volition of his own – even if he realised and accepted, for the very first

time, that his captured sexuality was responding to her treatment of him and actually WANTED what she was offering by way of a reward.

"I…" he began, in a voice made little more than a croak by the twin effects of his shame and the perverse nature of the desire instilled in him that went with it. "I want to be allowed out of the cage."

The merest curl of her lip at the corner told him she was pleased by the ease with which she was manipulating.

Knowledge that served him no purpose whatsoever.

Whether she was happy with the levels of his submission or not, it struck him with great certainty, made no difference.

The simple truth was that they had won. The wife he now hated, and the younger Indian woman who delighted in helping her humiliate him. The two allied in a pact intended to destroy his manhood and feed the growing cess-pit that was their sadism.

And the fact his manhood STILL strained at the bars of its prison; despite the discomfort it caused him; provided ample and uncomfortable proof of their success.

"Be more specific," she ordered, eyes holding his with such power and intensity he felt unable to lower them without a direct order.

Her meaning was lost upon him.

For a second or two, anyway.

"Whose cage is it you wish to be allowed out from?" she asked with a hint of impatience, as if her meaning should have been instantly and obviously clear to him.

He forced some saliva past the lump of weakness and hateful desire at the back of his throat and croaked a response:

"I wish… I wish to be allowed out from… from… my cage," he got out, the admission, for some reason, despite all the demeaning acts that had gone before it, sickening him with a force the other humiliations required of him had been unable to match.

It was HIS cage.

A cage forced upon him.

And not just by his wife, but the young Indian woman currently staring into his eyes with an unshakable confidence, it seemed, in her ability to… manage him.

A young Indian woman, in fact, who was becoming even more of an authority figure in his eyes than the wife whose base blackmail had set him on the road to his current shame.

"Good boy," he heard again and realised the demeaning words were, for reasons that were becoming clearer – though he was still some way from fully accepting them, stirring his blood to even greater heights of perverse sensuousness with each repetition.

"Come closer to me and lower your trousers," she ordered, sliding the chain containing the key to his captivity over her head as she did so.

The breath caught in his throat and he could not discern which was the greater: the shame he felt for allowing himself to be disgraced in such a way; or the almost overpowering excitement he felt at the prospect of being exposing his manhood to her again for the first time since her capable brown hands had handled his cock and balls into captivity.

Not seconds after he had done as she asked, he heard a click and felt the restraining ring about his scrotum release and the titanium tube slide with difficulty from his expanding cock.

Then, as he reached an erection of an urgency and puissance he had not experienced before now, she placed his restrainer upon the desk and held up the backs of her hands to his puzzled eyes.

"You may show respect to the hand you prefer to reward you by softly placing your lips upon the back of it."

Again, he struggled to take a breath as her words impacted upon his senses; amazed, not so much at the composition of a sentence from her lips he would have once found as pathetic as it was enraging as by galvanising effect it had upon a cock already galvanised.

He stared at the hands still raised to him as all thoughts, save for having one of them wrapped around his recently released cock, were driven from his head – even if a small and nagging voice at the back of his thoughts warned, that the moment he submitted to the symbolic act of deference and surrender she insisted upon, he would be surrendering himself totally to a fate not of his own choosing or control.

Knowing this, he still ducked his head towards its less than manly destiny.

Only for her to withdraw them.

"Not so quickly!" she scolded him, eyes dancing with the pleasure she took from dismantling him in such a way – and with such ease.

"Before I consider providing you with a sexual reward for your recent good behaviour," she told him. "You need to be aware that, from now on, I will consider providing me with sexual release one of your duties as my manservant."

He flinched at her first-time use of the word.

And NOT with revulsion!

Not if the girder protruding from his loins were any guide.

Did he really find the prospect of being her "Manservant" so exciting?

The prospect of providing the haughty Indian bitch with sexual pleasure?

"Not that it will mean your English cock being deemed worthy of your Malkin's superior Indian cunt," she told him, the explicit and demeaning words falling from her lips for the first time within his hearing only seeming to exacerbate his desire for her.

"That," she assured him, "will never happen."

He could not believe the disappointment her words triggered in him, coming as they did from a woman he despised as much as he desired and one who had barely registered with him as an entity in her own right not so long before.

"Your tongue and your nose will, however," she was continuing, "come to know the most intimate tastes and perfumes of your Malkin."

She paused.

Then:

"Do you understand?"

With eyes lowered, he nodded almost instantly, all considerations other than having his cock pleasured – by whatever form she chose – swamped by the totality of his new and shameful desire.

"Look at your Malkin and tell her," she demanded.

Unable to quite believe his willingness to submit so easily, and transfixed by the dazzle of excitement and power radiating from her eyes to his own, he did as she asked.

And was rewarded by the return of her hands and the choice she had given him only a few seconds before.

This time, when his head ducked swiftly to the right that he may place soft and need lips upon the brown skin of her hand, it was not removed.

"Good boy!" she thrilled before immediately reaching out the hand he had just respected to caress his pulsing manhood.

"Yes," she said as a gasp left his lips. "That is Malkin's good boy. It is good and respectful that you are excited to feel her touch."

As she said this she undid the front of her blouse with her free hand to expose the valley of her breasts; restrained as they were by a sheer half cup bra from which her erect nipples fought to escape.

Mesmerized and too lost in his own sexual excitement to give credence to the irrevocable path of domestic and sexual submission this reward of him was intended to seal, the trembling man felt his cock quiver in her hand at the sight.

A quiver that turned to a deep sigh of contentment and anticipation as her brown hand feathered the length of his erection, the contrast of controlling brown against compliant white only exacerbating what was no less than a historical and gender reversal.

He sensed the younger woman he was increasingly coming to refer to as "Malkin" – even in his thoughts - stifle a gasp of pleasure to maintain her composure, obviously as taken with her growing mastery of him as he was unwillingly thrilled by her taking it; picturing as he did so an erect brown clit, throbbing and engorged, beneath her skirt and black pantyhose.

Picturing also, and with her earlier words in mind, his lips clamped around it as he provided her with the service she demanded and a previously distasteful chore he performed for his wife.

But ONLY since she had taken control of both him and their marriage.

A "distaste" he did not feel at providing the same service for the Indian bitch happily emasculating him.

"Now, does Malkin's superior little hand not feel… correct… as it manipulates your needy little penis?"

He closed his eyes as the sensations washed over him, knowing her ridicule of a cock he knew to be at least average was ridiculous but stung by the criticism anyway; groaning with disappointment as her gentle feathering of him stopped and his eyes opened to an expectant look in her own.

"Y-Yes, Malkin," he heard a raspy and pitiful voice answer. "It… It feels… correct."

Another "Good boy" reached his ears as her ministrations continued and he knew, despite his fervent desire to prolong the sensations for as long as possible, that he would not be able to hold his onrushing explosion off for too much longer.

As if reading his thoughts and wanting to show her power by ensuring he completed before he wished to, she increased the speed with which her hand manipulated his foreskin to base and back again; slipping her shoes from her feet, she snaked them around him, using her hosed soles to caress his naked calves, knowing the hiss of nylon and the sensation of it against his bare skin could only accelerate his release.

Sure enough, a moan escaped him as she used her free hand to cup his balls as if weighing them and using her palm as a base upon which to thrust his foreskin down with greater speed and power, his glazed eyes opening to gaze down on her movements and, surprisingly, not fixating on her ministering hands but the hosed thighs to the side and slightly beneath them.

Something she found strange.

But very encouraging.

Suddenly, not relaxing her hold upon his cock and balls in the slightest or slowing her tempo, she rose to her feet that she might stare long and hard into her captive's eyes, wanting to see his submission up close as she drove him towards a fall from which she intended he would never recover.

She was shorter than him, even in the heels she had discarded, but having to stare up into his eyes as she controlled his manhood only seemed to emphasise the dominance she was exercising over him.

Suddenly, she felt his balls begin to tighten against the palm of her hand and she maintained her tempo, knowing he was on the edge of a massive orgasm – probably the most explosive of his life; precum already flowing freely and oozing between her fingers.

Which was the exact moment she released his cock and gave his balls a vicious and orgasm denying squeeze.

As he pulled away from her to groan and double over with a mix of disappointment and understandable discomfort, she re-seated herself in her chair, placed her feet in their shoes once more and crossed her legs, dangling a heel from her toes in a way she felt likely to once again have him erect and ready to go.

He was the first man she had known in a sexual way since her overbearing husband had passed, and her husband had been the very first as part of the arranged marriage negotiations, so she was pretty much in uncharted territory and playing things by ear; the joys of her growing ownership over a member of the opposite sex satisfying to the sadistic nature she had hidden for so long and cementing her in the intention to NEVER give that ownership up – if possible.

"Stroke yourself for me, now," she commanded. "Be a good boy and show your Malkin how far you can shoot your English semen for her. Show her how much you appreciate the opportunity of serving her and how grateful you are to be rewarded by her for your good behaviour."

Incredulity mixed with all the other emotions racing through him, sheer bafflement that he could allow himself to be treated and spoken to in such a patronising and contemptuous way more in keeping with a strict teacher supervising a none too forward pupil.

And a deeply warped and perverted teacher at that.

Yet, puerile patronisation and perversion aside; his most overwhelming response was one of desire.

For the first time since he had known the bitch, his hatred of her was taking a distant second place to another far more simple and straightforward truth.

He WANTED to submit to her.

"What the fuck is happening to you?" his thoughts echoed, bouncing from one side of his skull to the other without inducing a smidgen of resistance to the fate waiting to engulf him in the smug subcontinent features and swinging foot regarding his struggle.

"Do it now," came the words of command from smug subcontinent lips, tone expectant of being obeyed.

And, without further thought, almost as if her tone itself were enough to countermand a lifetime of manhood and self-determination, he did just that.

Taking his own cock in his hand as she looked on with a half-smile of triumph at the concession to his need and her authority, it took no more than a half dozen pumps before the first rope of his eruption spewed from the head of his cock and flew across the room toward the seated and Indian woman who had commanded it, her eyes almost luminous with her own arousal and the pussy between her crossed and tightly clamped legs saturated with female juices inspired by the sight of a grown man – a grown ENGLISH man – masturbating to her order.

Most of his semen had descended in an arc to land upon the carpet between them, but some had actually reached her swivel-chair to splatter over her nylon covered thigh.

A splattering that actually pleased her.

Given how she intended to make him clean it…

…Standing before the door to what he had once considered *his* home as well as that of his wife – despite the fact it had belonged to her aunt and he would *never* have a claim to it, all the events of the past hour played across Michael Marchbanks in no more than the space of a few seconds.

He saw himself scurrying to fetch a washcloth in obedience to her orders and watched himself cleanse her hose of the seed he had just placed there.

Watched himself, unbelievably, becoming erect at the sight of her hose and the feel of it beneath his cleansing attentions.

But if he had hoped for a repeat performance at her hand, he was to be disappointed.

He had been told to kneel upon the carpet then and to scrub its nap clean of the same offending substance.

But the piece de resistance of his abject humiliation came when she commanded him to fetch a fresh bowl of warm soapy water from the kitchen and a flannel and then proceeded to clean his genitals as if he were an infant after an accident.

This before again fitting him with the infernal device that ensured his chastity.

As he stared at the door and pictured the wife on the other side of it responsible for his misery and emasculation, the anger he should have felt in the home of her neighbour and friend resurfaced…

*****

"…I… I can't believe you would do this to me."

Gillian Marchbanks looked up from her coffee and the edition of Marie Claire she was in the process of scanning in a forlorn attempt to find something mildly interesting that might justify her continuing subscription to it; her compassion for his situation made all the more telling by the complete absence of any sign of it.

"Did you finish the laundry before you reported to Ms Nirupa?" she asked; ignoring his both his pain and his complaint totally.

"Fuck the laundry!" he shouted, with a resurgence of spirit that both surprised and pleased her; knowing as she did how much pleasure she found in quelling his little mini-rebellions. "You treat me like shit and let your Indian bitch of a friend do the same, and all you can do when I call you on it is ask if your fucking laundry's done?"

She stood up and went nose-to-nose with him – something that would have been unthinkable to her not months before; the involuntary step backwards she won from him only fuelling the sense of power she had over him that seemed to grow with every similar backward step she forced from him. Dressed in tight-navy leggings and a loose tee-shirt that still managed to emphasise her firm and shapely breasts, she placed hands upon hips authoritatively as the varnished nails of her bare feet savoured the feel of the carpet beneath them. The feeling of empowerment was, as ever, *thrilling*. He was diminished goods to her now and, from what she learned from her neighbour and friend, becoming more and more a nothing by the day – not least in his own thoughts.

And that was without the constant emasculation taking place in the marital home he had once believed was his at the hands of a wife he had once thought loved him.

"*That*," she spat, "in case you've forgotten, is your job."

"My job?" he spat back, alarmed by the sense of fear he now felt in her presence but trying to fight it just the same. "I'm your husband, for fuck's sakes!"

"Only on paper," her comeback was instant. "And that can soon be changed."

She edged toward him a little and was gratified at his flinch, the exercise of even the most minimal power and control over him ensuring the usual wetness between her legs.

"Just pack a bag and leave and I'll start the proceedings immediately if it bothers you so much."

The anger in the eyes that still blazed at her were joined by something else now and she knew instantly what it was, even if he either didn't, or was loath to accept it, as his gaze flicked to the side and away from her own.

Capitulation.

"But then," she began, "to do that you'd have to be a man, wouldn't you?"

He chewed his lip but made no reply, a slight moisture in his eyes already undermining any attempt he might have made to fight his corner in respect of his manhood.

An attempt already doomed by the services he provided for both his wife and the subcontinent bitch who lived across from them.

As well as the contraption currently residing between his legs that had already diminished his manhood in both the women's eyes.

"When did you start hating me so much?" he asked, moist eyes finding hers again, looking, if possible, even more boyishly good-looking than she remembered on their first meeting. "Was I so bad to you?"

"We've already had this conversation," she snapped. "If you are asking if you were physically abusive towards me, then no, you weren't. However, you were guilty of being dismissive of me and that, in my book is far worse."

"But…"

The roundhouse slap that caught the side of his head was not far short of a punch and had the effect of making him stagger to the side and then shake his head to clear it.

Before rage took over and he made towards her with violence in eyes that were no longer moist but… *enraged*.

"Go on," she hissed, standing with hands upon hips and seeming totally unperturbed by his anger. "I dare you."

He drew a fist back and his eyes looked truly maniacal as he considered rearranging the features of the wife he had loved and who was now playing a huge part in making his life a living nightmare.

"Go on, you weak-willed pussy," she taunted him, actually extending her neck that she might make her face an even easier target; her own anger that he could even contemplate laying hands upon her – despite the fact she had done exactly that to him not seconds before – mixed with contempt for the weakness she knew would prevent him following through with his threat. "What are you waiting for? Add spousal abuse to the charge of embezzlement waiting for you if you find the balls to leave me. I'm sure your new cell-mate will be most impressed to share with a wife-beater."

"You… You disgusting bitch!" he said as he lowered his arm, voice beaten as the threat, and not for the first time, went beyond the ability of his manhood to transcend it.

"What did you call me?" she asked unnecessarily… *threateningly*… emboldened enough by his acceptance of her physical chastisement that went hand-in-hand with the mental ascendancy she had put in place to wish to push the envelope further.

Rebellion was already leaving his system in a rush as the wife *he* had once ruled stood below him and stared up into his eyes with a look of evil determination that left him in no doubt she would do everything she threatened – including having him brought up on the embezzlement charges he knew could only result in prison time.

"I asked you a question," she reminded him.

"Please, Gilly," he began, the solitary tear travelling his cheek leaving her in no doubt as to his forthcoming concession. "I don't think I can take much…"

The palm of her hand rocked his head to the side once more and, though anger again flared in his eyes, this time he just stood and accepted it – acknowledging without intending to that she now had the right to physically chastise him.

The recognition was a revelation to both.

To Michael: that he could allow a woman – his wife, and despite the hands he had allowed their neighbour to lay upon him earlier – to lay hands on him and *not* retaliate; was all too indicative of how far he had fallen. Having allowed the Indian bitch who now considered herself his employer to handle him in a far more degrading and offensively intimate fashion when placing himself in the contraption that now governed his sex life. The thought following on instantly from this being that his craven acceptance of such treatment from both women surely ensured they thought there was no behaviour so demeaning they could not make him accept it.

And hadn't the earlier events in the bitch's study proved just that?

To Gilly: that she had not only come to thoroughly dominate her once manly husband, but found a level of sexual satisfaction from doing so that seemed even greater and more powerful than the fucking she received from the lovers she chose for their physical attributes – well above average cocks not the least of their attractions – was all the proof she needed that she had married beneath her all along. Any guilt she had felt for treating a man who once won her heart in such a fashion had been submerged so completely beneath the joys to be had of conquering and owning her husband, she now knew with certainty they would by extremely unlikely to surface again with any real clout. The man she had once loved had become nothing more than a subject: a beast-of-burden, and a domestic chattel. No longer of any interest to her save for household usefulness and the pleasure her growingly sadistic nature took from stripping him of his dignity.

"I'm going to sit down now," she told him. "But, before you leave to take care of your chores now you're back from Ms Nirupa's, you are going to provide me with a most abject apology for your pathetic outburst – because, if you don't, then I'm going to wash my hands of you."

Sick-at-heart, he could only watch as the wife he had once loved, in a home in which he had once been king, returned to her seat and re-crossed legs that, despite his growing

hatred of her, seemed more powerful and attractive to him than at any time in their relationship until now.

The hiss of her nylons – as had those of the Indian woman for whom he was beginning to feel an unfathomable desire - even triggered his imprisoned cock into an attempt at full-erection so soon after his most recent exertions.

In fact, it was all he could do to again prevent a gasp of discomfort leaving his lips as his growing manhood met the resistance of the titanium tube encasing it.

"What the fuck have I allowed to happen to me!!" his thoughts screamed once more as his gaze went to the thin chain around her neck and the locket dangling from it that contained the key to his genital freedom. The same chain and locket that could be found hanging from the neck of the Indian bitch he hated so much. The same bitch who insisted he now address her as *"Malkin"* and who he suspected was the one behind the identity change being undergone by his wife.

Neither of whom he seemed able to confront in any meaningful and lasting way and both of whom seemed able to instil a sense of subservience in him simply by entering his presence; hence his brooding on the cemetery they were making of his manhood and the latest outburst to try and assert himself that would – though he did not know it just yet – make his world of humiliation that much more…

...Deplorable.

A sense of the most profound sadness almost prevented him from remaining on his feet before his authoritative and animated wife; her cheeks red with the flush of perverse triumph; as an acceptance of his new reality and the realisation he had not the strength to alter it finally dawned on him with a frightening and irrevocable certitude.

The words that dripped from her sneering and utterly confident lips did nothing to detract from his profound sadness.

Though they did heighten his feelings of utter self-repugnance and humiliation.

"You can start by showing me how sorry you are, and how well-behaved and obedient you'll be in future, by kneeling in front of me and kissing my feet respectfully."

Michael Marchbanks' expression became one of horror, if not disbelief, as the symbolism and pure unmanning humiliation of what she was asking of him hit home. For a few moments, he truly felt he might empty the contents of his stomach onto the carpet at her feet.

And yet…?

Again, the treacherous and still deprived cock in its tubular restraint – hungry still despite its recent unlocking - refuted the revulsion at the forefront of its owner's thoughts and attempted to become erect in its prison. Taking an entirely different – and possibly more truthful - position on the situation; even as Michael Marchbanks was pleading with himself to be a man; to snatch the key from her neck, release himself,

pack his meagre belongings and allow the dice to fall where they may. To tell his wife to rot in hell before marching across to the Indian bitch and supplying her a reserved ticket also.

So why was he still there? Cock biting painfully into steel and shame stretching to the stratosphere? Why could he not tear his eyes – just as he couldn't from the foot of the Indian bitch - from the hosed leg his wife had slung over a knee and the foot that dangled from its end?

"Then, when I'm satisfied of your sincerity," she told him, "I'm going to read you your future."

With that, she had stretched her foot towards him expectantly; eyes showing nothing but complete confidence in her ability to manage him and have him do *anything* she might take a fancy to having him do.

When he manged to raise his eyes to meet hers in mute appeal, he saw nothing but utter inflexibility and, even more conspicuously, sheer delight in her mastery of him; the two of them joined in the same thought:

The thought that, despite all the humiliating shit that had been heaped upon him before: the menial duties; the uniform; the chastity-tube; they were now at a tipping point.

Her intention to rule him had yet to be voiced with such baldness.

He was, she was telling him, no longer a husband, no longer a partner, and, more crucially, no longer to even be allowed to see himself as anything but the most pathetic of men.

Any hopes he might have had of her finer feelings for him re-surfacing at some time in the future had been decimated by her physical rebuke of him and her desire to have him acknowledge his inferior status in her life by kneeling before her and placing his lips upon her feet in the age old and symbolic way a slave paid homage and acceptance to his owner.

It was sickening and repulsive to him and, even if his anger was not at such a level he could do no more than give expression to it, it was still there, seething beneath other feelings that were, inexplicably and shamefully, taking a wholly different direction.

He had no idea how long they remained with eyes locked upon each other, but what each knew the other was thinking made words completely unnecessary.

In the end, it was no more than the merest downward indication of eyes that were excited and dismissive at one and the same time that ensured his knees began to buckle and he found himself in a position of supplication at the feet of the woman who, to all legal intents anyway, was still his wife.

It was no more than a few seconds later that the suddenly dry lips below marvelling and benumbed thoughts felt the harsh rasp of hose against their dryness as he conceded to her wishes.

Accepting the final humiliation that would seal his fate as a man forever.

Even if he had still to fully accept that fact and just what it was going to mean to him…

CHAPTER FIVE

Now

"I would not have believed it had I not seen it for myself," said the fifty-something lady, conversing with her younger hostess in their native Hindi; assured that the man waiting hand and foot upon them, for all the world like a slave upon two capricious and all-powerful Sultanas from the sixteenth-century with the power of life or death over him, understood nothing, or at least very little, of their mother-tongue.

The lady herself was a native of Jhansi, a historic city in the Indian state of Uttar Pradesh, lying in the region of Bundelkhand on the banks of the Pahuj River, in the extreme south of Uttar Pradesh. A teacher who had spent her whole life in the district and, save for one extended visit to Allahabad, had known no other dwelling and had no intention of knowing one. The original walled city that had grown around a stone fort on the crown of a neighbouring rock and developed out into the modern town in which Nirupa Prasad had been born of modest origins and gone on to be taught at the Rani Lakshmibai Public School.

The lady's name was Anjalee Mirpuri and the young Nirupa had been her favourite pupil – at one time she had entertained high hopes of her young charge entering the Bundelkhand University on a government scholarship.

Hopes that remained high until Nirupa's family entered into an agreement with the older expat businessman, once of Lucknow but transposed to London, and the girl's fate was sealed – no matter her own reservations and distaste for the physically unattractive and overbearing man and the alacrity of her family in selling her in such a way.

A way which gained her family what was, to them, a relative fortune, given her command of English and her new partner's need for a wife who spoke it, and, in the process, lost them a daughter.

Which did not prevent her from writing with regularity to her former teacher and those few friends she had made from her school days.

"It is quite the turnaround from the history books, is it not, Svaaminee, Anjalee?" asked Nirupa Prasad, using the Hindi word for teacher to prefix her former educator's given-name with the due respect; noting with satisfaction that her one-time mentor still retained much of her native Indian beauty and, even in a loose-fitting sari, retained a body beneath her loose and flowing black hair to have captured the interest of her manservant.

Even if he dared not register its existence.

Anjalee Mirpuri sipped at the tea her former pupil's English… *Naukar*… and marvelled at the disturbance beneath the aforementioned brocaded sari. The almost teenage wetness at the vee of her, thankfully unobserved, legs supplying its own answer to her

young protégé. That *"turnaround"*, young Nirupa had referred to all the more… *piquant*… for being the older teacher's first experience of such a thing.

"It is," she agreed, "most… *unusual*."

She took another sip, thoughtfully, and the younger woman knew there was more forthcoming.

"It is also," Anjalee went on, "highly… highly…"

"Arousing?" suggested Nirupa, dressed similarly in a cool and loose-fitting sari that, just the same, revealed more of her powerful young legs via a slit at its side that strayed, the older and more conservative woman though, dangerously close to being *too* revealing in front of a… *Naukar*.

Feeling her cheeks flush with embarrassment, and feeling more like a pupil than a one-time teacher, Anjalee nodded.

"Do not worry, Svaaminee, Anjalee," Nirupa laughed, sweeping her own hair back and revealing the smooth expanse of her armpits as she did so. "He knows but one or two functional words of our language and understands nothing of what we say."

Her gaze fell upon the handsome older man, standing respectfully to attention upon their wishes by the door, shoulders back and hands clasped behind him, dressed in what Anjalee took to be a livery of white collarless shirt and tight-fitting black trousers without pockets - that he was barefooted serving only to emphasize the lowness of his position in Nirupa Prasad's temporary home.

The younger woman's lip curled with a mixture of contempt and ownership:

"And even if he did," she went on, attention returning to Anjalee, "what difference would it make?"

Feeling out-of-her-depth, but as sexually energised as she had been at any time in what had been a surprisingly chaste life, Anjalee Mirpuri questioned just what kind of a relationship her former protégé had with the handsome man who stood so submissively by the door awaiting her orders.

It was no surprise, given the discrepancy in the couple's ages, looks, gender and social circumstances, that she hit upon the obvious explanation; she had, after all, heard and read of such men.

"He is a masochist then," she proclaimed with more confidence than she felt.

"Heavens, no!" Nirupa part barked, part laughed. "Where would the pleasure be in that?"

"But…? I… I do not understand."

“Are you sure that you wish to?” the pupil asked, expression utterly serious, becoming the teacher at last.

Anjalee lowered her eyes, aware of the turnaround but too far gone in her own arousal and intrigue to concern herself with the change – despite the embarrassment.

Raising her head, her eyes met those of her hostess and one-time pupil and was relieved to find only the regard of one equal for another – even if there was a certain excitement and animation in her dark almond eyes that was at least a match for her own.

She nodded at the younger woman and received a smile that was warm, inclusive, and *totally* without judgment.

“I always thought we were cut from the same cloth, Svaaminee, Anjalee,” she said.

“A simple *‘Anjalee’* will suffice, my lovely Nirupa,” the older woman interrupted.

Her hostess smiled and the former educator continued:

“We are, after all, no longer at school. It is only correct that two friends sharing intimacies should refer to each other by their given-names.”

“Thank you, Anjalee,” offered Nirupa with a sincere smile. “You may once have been my teacher, but you are still my closest friend on this earth. It is only appropriate that you should be the first – perhaps the *only* – one of my countrywomen to hear of your former pupils… *triumph*.”

Again, the older woman nodded, impatient to hear the story of how her young friend came to be… *in control*… of the handsome and older Englishman.

She was not to be kept in suspense for much longer.

“Dearest, Anjalee,” her hostess began, stretching a leg before her to reveal an expanse of brown thigh and a dainty sandal clad foot as the slit in her sari parted with the movement. “Far from being a *‘masochist’*, as you describe him, the man standing to attention before his Indian masters you see there hates and despises the position in life he now occupies and the woman – my good self – who has led him to it.”

“But then…? How…? Why does he obey and accept such humiliation if he is not a…”?

“Masochist?” Nirupa asked, smile tiny but indulgent.

Anjalee Mirpuri nodded.

“It is a long story,” Nirupa said, smiling still.

“And, unless you wish me to leave early,” answered her aroused and excited older friend, “we have the whole weekend before us.”

Nirupa’s smile broadened.

“Then let me begin…”

The older woman clasped her hands across her stomach and, without realising it, assumed a position upon the edge of the chair she occupied in the plush drawing-room of the former colonial villa her young friend had rented for the duration of her stay.

“As I well know,” the younger woman began, “you are familiar with the term *‘Indentured Servant’...”*

CHAPTER SIX

Now - Again

Michael Marchbanks was unbearably hot. The Indian woman had her legs clamped around his neck and draped over his back as he knelt before her on the – thankfully – cold ceramic tiles of her bedroom that at least cooled his knees, if not the rest of his naked body and the titanium contraption that had been ever-present at his groin since he'd left the customs hall in Gwalior Airport.

A titanium contraption that was biting into his cock viciously as it attempted to expand in its prison under the provocation of the older woman's scent and the taste of her upon his tongue.

Provocation made all the more painful given his cock and balls had only been allowed from the ring and tubular restraint for supervised hygiene sessions in the last month.

Hygiene sessions that did *not* include a release.

No matter how humiliating.

Her arousal was a tsunami of pent-up frustration that saturated his hair and covered his handsome cheeks as he set about the task of satisfying his Malkin's guest with a relish that had more to do with the carrot of a foot job from his owner should his efforts for the older woman prove pleasing than any desire for the woman herself – though he had to confess she was still a fine-looking woman and one – under other circumstances – he would have been delighted to deflower.

"Yah mera achchha naukar hai," her voice cooed to him, muffled as it was by the pressure of her brown thighs around his ears. The words were unintelligible to him but something in her intonation of them spurred him to greater heights. Motivated as he was – shamefully or not – by the prospect of his Malkin's toes around his manhood as they manipulated his owned cock to a first explosion in what seemed to him an age.

So low had he fallen.

And yet, despite his desire for such a humiliating release and the efforts at pleasing his owner's friend they prompted, there was still room in his crowded and shamed head for his thoughts to return to *that* day.

The day he had finally committed himself to the ownership of an Indian woman young enough to be his daughter…

*****

"…It is a power-of-attorney," his once-beloved and now hated wife told him from her seat opposite Nirupa Prasad as she sat behind the desk in the study that had once been her domineering husband's and was now hers."

He remained quiet, not trusting himself to speak in his anger as he stood, serf-like, before the two women; worried that, if he did, it just might trigger him into putting his hands around the neck of the woman he had once loved and squeezing until the last vestige of life left her hateful eyes.

Of course, he knew it was a power-of-attorney!

Just because he had been betrayed and humiliated it did not mean he had lost either the facility to read or to see.

Though he felt a sense of real dread as to its meaning.

"As last night must surely have proved to you," the woman inhabiting his wife's body continued, "there is no possibility of you ever being any kind of husband to me again."

Anger white in its intensity again made him look at her slender white throat with longing as he recalled the previous evening in what had once been their bedroom.

A night, despite the anger threatening to empower him, that had put an emphatic full-stop to any self-delusions he might be harbouring of ever functioning as a self-respecting male again...

...His name was Marcus and he was, though Michael Marchbanks was not to know it, in a long-term relationship to a girl he truly loved.

He also loved the sex coming his way from the many willing white wives in the area, wanted to keep it that way.

Sometimes getting to humiliate – and even punish – their wimpy white husbands was an added bonus.

Something that suited Gilly Marchbanks' mood and complimented the plans and suited the agreement she had reached on behalf of her blackmailed husband with her neighbour and friend perfectly.

Having told him what to expect – and what WOULD happen if he defied her – she had forced her highly agitated husband to answer the door in a tee-shirt and a pair of shorts that served to emphasize his lack of physical stature when compared to the younger and intimidating black man.

The look of pure anguish on his handsome face as he showed her lover in was an absolute delight to her and imparted such perverse pleasure to her pussy that she almost told herself it was worth keeping him.

Almost.

The white husband looked totally intimidated as the huge and shaven-headed black man stepped into what he had once seen as his home.

A huge and shaven-headed black man who was not only much younger but said nothing and waited expectantly.

This had been agreed between Marcus and Gilly beforehand and, knowing what she expected of him, the mortified closet racist Michael struggled to form the words required of him; terrified of what the response of his once downtrodden wife would be and the consequences that would follow.

Marcus's eyes were boring into her husband's and she was thrilled when Michael couldn't meet his gaze and ecstatic when he lowered his shamed head and the words of greeting she had insisted upon left his, no doubt, incredulous mouth:

"Welcome to Ms Gilly's home, hmm..."

"And?" she prompted when he hesitated, voice a whiplash in the confines of the room as her glowering lover's gaze virtually dared the husband to defy her.

"...M-Master Marcus," he finished, flaming cheeks visible from across the room as the ever-hungry pussy residing beneath his wife's figure-hugging red dress threatened to become a Niagara.

Marcus had simply strode across the room and crushed her into his powerful young arms.

The kiss that followed made her weak at the knees and all three knew this had more to do with Michael witnessing her with another man for the first time – a black man - it than with Marcus's, admittedly considerable, sexual magnetism.

Having set the webcam up in the bedroom to record the coming activities, it would be yet another sword to hold over his head if he ever – and this she now found more and more unlikely to the point of the scarcely credible – rebelled against her domination and control of him.

Even if she had decided to cede that dominance and control to a third party.

Albeit for a financial consideration payable in monthly instalments.

After all, what would his hero-worshipping family in their macho and newly adopted Aussie homeland think of him if they were to be shown a dvd of their boy sucking a dildo before taking it up his ass?

What would their reaction be were they to see him kneeling naked in a corner, cock and balls secured in a chastity-device, as his wife was fucked by a black buck?

And this after he had begged the man to do it!

Into which corner she made sure she placed him after leading Marcus into what had once been the "Master" bedroom.

Naked now and on his knees, shamed head lowered to the carpet and ordered not to make eye-contact or sneak looks until granted permission, penis snug and unthreatening in its be-ringed and sheathed imprisonment.

The sheer and utter disgrace of it as the last pitiful remnant of his masculinity was crushed under her heel evidenced by the whiteness of demoralised cheeks and underpinned by the sheer joy visible upon the smug face of his former beloved.

It would, she had told herself, be kinder to simply murder him.

But what pleasure would there have been in that?

"You've really got this wimp trained well," Marcus said as her husband remained cowering in his corner, not quite believing he was allowing himself to be denigrated in such a way but unable to find the courage – either moral or physical – to end it.

"Not as well as he will be soon," she assured him.

"Glad to hear it," the deep chocolate voice responded. "A pussy like him only fit to take orders from a woman."

Any concern Gilly had that her husband might try to re-assert his masculinity – even if it meant experiencing pain to do so - was quelled by the knowledge her lover was not only twice her husband's size and some twenty years younger but had a reputation of also being something of a streetfighter.

Besides, had Michael been about to man up he would have done so as soon as Marcus arrived.

Men, Nirupa had told her – some of them anyway – were simple beasts and easily conditioned by a master who knew what he or she was doing.

And, unfortunately for Michael, it struck her that not only did she have him by the balls figuratively, but her black lover was more than capable of putting a literal slant on the symbolism.

Already a cuck, tonight he was going to see and hear himself being cuckolded in the bedroom and bed he had once considered his.

And not be able to do anything about it.

"Michael?"

"Yes, Ms Gilly," he responded without looking up, just as he had been schooled.

"While Marcus's cock is taking care of those matters you can't, I want your eyes on the carpet the whole time. If I once look up and catch you watching without my permission I'll have my big strong black lover here take you over his thighs and spank you until your cries can be heard in Aberdeen.

Michael's shoulders sagged at this as yet another piece of his spirit and self-respect was stripped from him, not to know that she fully intended for Marcus to spank him in just such a way whether he peeked or not.

And be filmed as he was over her lover's knees and begged for him to stop.

"Understand?" she pressed, knowing how much more soul destroying it was for him to have to make verbal responses to questions debasing him in such a way.

His voice was so low she almost didn't hear it:

"Y-Yes… Ms Gilly."

She had been about to make him repeat himself when Marcus came in.

"Well, I've seen some wimps but none of them had anything on this piece of crap. He must really get off on being treated like turd."

"Not at all actually," she had told him, gliding a hand over the front of his jeans and the substantial bulge that told her that, "wimp" or not, the situation aroused him. "In fact, he hates it."

"I don't get it."

"Let's just say, that he prefers to take shit from me and the neighbour he works for than the prospect of taking it up the shitter from a cell-mate in Brixton or Wormwood Scrubs."

She had given the black man a kiss before finishing:

"That is, if I were to go public with certain… things."

Marcus was silent for a moment and then smiled as he grasped something of the situation keeping the white husband in place to be treated life dog-shit.

"All the sweeter then."

"Exactly," she smiled in return. "My husband is not naked on his knees with his cock in a cage because he's a pervert who gets off on being dominated and seeing better endowed men fuck his wife. He's in the position he's in because that's where I want him and he's too frightened of making me angry to do anything else."

Marcus gave this some careful thought before the face below that smooth and shaven scalp again broke out in a smile.

A smile that became even broader when she put her lips to his ear and whispered that her husband might not hear:

"And I'm going to have you take him over your knees and spank him when we've finished… Whether he does as he's told or not…"

"…Ms Nirupa and I," Gilly was continuing, "have decided that you're of far more use to her than me."

Michael Marchbanks waited, sensing as soon as he saw the power-of-attorney that the two women had contrived something between them, but only now thinking he knew what it was.

And, if he was right, feeling strangely elated about it as his thoughts went back to his last release in this very room and bringing himself to a juddering climax before the young Indian girl.

A young Indian girl who – and much to his amazement – he was beginning to look upon as a figure of authority.

As well as a perversely desirable woman.

"In a few minutes," said that perversely desirable woman and figure of growing authority, "my solicitor will be arriving to witness our signatures on this document that will give me control of your personal affairs. She will also witness our signatures – mine and yours – on this contract."

She held up a slim two-page document as if he would know what it was.

"It is a contract-of-employment, Michael," his wife informed him. "Between you and Ms Nirupa."

Then, upon noting his puzzled look:

"Yes, I know you already work for her to all intents and purposes, but this will make things… legal."

"I… I don't understand," he told his wife, careful to avoid her eye and the danger he might strangle her after what she had allowed her black lover to do to him the night before; tears stinging his eyes as an image of himself over the black youth's knees, howling and begging as his powerful hand came down upon his tender buttocks.

Again…

And again…

And again…

And all the while, his wife looking on, cheeks suffused with the colour of her arousal as she watched him reduced to a wailing infant by the man who had just fucked her in a way he, her husband, never had and never would.

"Not to put too fine a point on it, Michael," she continued, "but you were of virtually no value to me as a man before last night, and now, after seeing the pitiful way you allowed yourself to be spanked and humiliated by Marcus, that value has been reduced to nil."

Their Indian neighbour showed no surprise at her words and Michael Marchbank's humiliation had flared anew when he realised that his wife had confided the events of last night to his erstwhile employer – despite the fact she gave no hint by either word or look of her thoughts on the matter.

But then, it struck him, after the indignities she herself had forced upon him and he had allowed – including allowing her to lock him in a restrainer after having shaved his genitals; as well as having him masturbate in front of her as a reward for work well done – why would she have been surprised at the depths of his weakness?

And why did it seem somehow less excruciating to have this younger Indian girl witness his shame and weakness than his wife?

"However," his hateful bitch of a wife was continuing, "it seems Ms Nirupa here sees some potential in you and you have her to thank that I'm not simply washing my hands of you and having Iris inform the auditors and authorities of your embezzling."

He waited, not trusting himself to respond to the woman he had married and who had repaid him with a neutering.

"She feels that – with some training – you will make her a most obedient and diligent manservant."

She paused.

"A full-time, live-in, manservant."

Michael Marchbanks felt himself give a little involuntary gasp.

But it was not a gasp of horror.

To his amazement, it was a gasp indicative of some warped and indescribable pleasure.

As if he actually WANTED to enter the girl's service!

"And that is why I decided I needed to have you sign both a power-of-attorney and contract of employment," the Indian girl spoke up, the voice that had previously worked upon his senses like fingernails upon a blackboard stirring his blood to some thrilling and unholy sensuality that left him weak at the knees. "I will be paying Gilly a monthly amount to cover your salary after bed and board, and wish to ensure your… loyalty."

The realisation that she was, in effect, buying him from his wife, far from disgusting him and stirring what – if any – manhood left to him, exacerbated the strange mix of weakness and fire stirring his blood into a maelstrom.

The knowledge he was excited by submitting to the girl all but robbing him of the ability to breathe.

"Don't try and fight me on this," his wife warned, still looking invigorated if a little frazzled after her night of sex with her big-cocked lover as she sat opposite Nirupa

Prasad, dressed casually in leggings and a baggy tee-shirt while her neighbour looked correct and businesslike in her usual two-piece suit with hose and heels as if she were about to start a day at the office. “Leave this office with Ms Nirupa’s documents unsigned and my first call will be to Iris.”

His wife’s expression was one of smug and vindictive triumph; thinking, no doubt, that he would be devastated to have her cast him aside in such a way; given over to another woman – an Indian woman – as her servant while she entertained her lovers in the home he had once thought his as well.

Then she added what she knew would be the clincher – and would have been had he not already made up his mind that being the young Indian woman’s domestic servant came nowhere close to the humiliation he had suffered the night before and, most likely, would suffer again were he to somehow persuade his wife to allow him to stay.

“The second thing I’ll do will be to mail your family in Australia of your exploits with Marcus last night.”

The news that the bitch had actually filmed his shame and the prospect of his family seeing it finally forced his hate-filled eyes to her own; the reaction of those close to him at seeing him draped over the knees of a black man as he was spanked like an infant, together with the crying and begging that went with it, enough on its own to shatter the resolution left to him.

Which was, in truth, minimal.

Further discussion was halted as there came a ringing of the doorbell.

Two pairs of expectant female eyes held his.

“Well?” said his wife when the bell rang again. “Are you going to open the door for Ms Nirupa’s visitors?”

CHAPTER SEVEN

Right Now

Staring down into the yellowing water of the bowl, he felt her urine continue to splash against the back of his head before trickling down his cheeks into eyes and ears and over a tightly closed mouth and dropping to join his Malkin's waste below.

"That is my good boy," he heard from above him and suddenly his self-disgust was as nothing to the praise delivered by her sing-song tones.

He had pleased her.

Just as he had pleased her friend who had left only that morning.

Hadn't his Malkin herself said as much?

"Svaaminee, Anjalee, had only good things to say about you and counts the hours to her next visit," she had told him. "I have promised her that you will make her every wish your most urgent desire and will show her just how obedient you can be for your female owners."

He recalled the frenzy with which the fifty-something Indian schoolteacher had reacted to his worship of her pussy and how she virtually convulsed with lust when – just as his Malkin had taught him – he transferred the efforts of his tongue from gushing and orgasmic cunt to virgin and hypersensitive arse-hole; making her jack-knife when his tongue teased the outer-ring of her perineum before darting his tongue into the dark and earthy confines of her rectum itself and drawing screams from her that would surely have been heard in the capital Lucknow and the more northerly regions of the Uttar Pradesh.

And his reward for having given his Malkin's schoolteacher and friend such pleasure?

The opportunity to have his young female owner truly mark him as her property by anointing the body she owned and the submissive soul now residing inside it with her own wastes.

An *opportunity* the older Englishman would once have found repulsive to the point of offering physical violence to the one suggesting it – be they man or woman.

Now, as his scalp was saturated with her urine and its scent pervaded his nostrils, he actually opened the mouth that had been closed against it that he might taste the essence of the young Indian woman who owned him more surely than the most draconian and unforgiving of plantation owners owned the unfortunate black souls forcibly transported from their homeland to be of service to their white owners.

And revelled in her possession of him.

“There!” she said with unmistakable satisfaction when her flow finally stopped. “You have been marked. From this moment on you are no longer my manservant but my slave. And, as my slave, you will remain.”

Suddenly, he was gripped with an overpowering urge to take his head from the toilet bowl and prostrate himself at her feet that he might smother her toes with grateful kisses that left her in no doubt of his gratitude for having shown him his true position in life.

“Do you wish to speak, slave?” she said, thrilling his senses with this new form of address.

“P-Please, Malkin.”

“What do you wish to say to your Malkin?”

His head began to rise.

“No! Keep your head where it is until my piss has dried upon you. You must recognise the scent of your master.”

Slowly, the head lowered once more.

“Now,” she continued. “What is it you wish to say?”

“I wish… I wish…”

“Yes?”

“I wish to say… Thank you, my Malkin…”

THE END