A PASSAGE TO BRITANNIA

A Femdom Cave Publication

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By

Ms Indira

An FDC Publication

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PROLOGUE

The Present

When I, Aadhaya Bahl, look upon myself today, in the present, I see no connection to either the child I recall from my schooldays or the young woman that child became before the inevitable dissatisfaction with the non-feeding stage of the pupa and the happy coincidence of events that would see her predatory and controlling nature take centre-stage.

That *'predatory and controlling nature'* being the one constant connecting me to my former existence and the very qualities – yes, I truly regard them in such an exalted light - responsible for the position I hold in *his* life now.

A position that must, I know, surprise and torment the man who once thought himself the master of his lowly Indian domestic; the complete reversal of our roles in relation to each other something that would have seemed to him no more than the most outrageous fantasy had he – unthinkably for one possessing his suspicion and contempt of all things *not* Northern European – consulted a Romany fortune-teller and been informed of what awaited him in his future.

That *'what'* being me.

As I stand before the mirror of the master-bedroom and take in the contours of the full and womanly body that had been so influential in my progression from servant to master; I correct myself.

There is indeed another connection to my past and it is staring back at me with the same strength of purpose but lack of beauty with which it has always stared back at me.

You see, in distinct contrast to my body, with its Rubenesque curves and large shapely breasts with narrow and natural décolletage, my face was never, I was told cruelly, likely to be my fortune.

Though that same body, I was also told, might go some way towards making a fortune for another.

I was left, on more than one occasion, in no doubt as to which profession the kindly soul informing me of my facial lack felt I was best equipped to follow and was at an age that ill-equipped me to retaliate against such a disgusting insinuation – even if I was old enough to promise myself that the man who would set himself up as my pimp had yet to be born.

And if he had and possessed the nerve to try, I remember promising myself, he would not be partaking of the joys of life for long.

The face staring back at me now, the instigator of much petty cruelty aimed my way over the years, has been described in many ways.

As strong and purposeful, by the more kindly or diplomatic.

And as avian and off-putting – to quote one of the more acceptable put-downs – by others less caring of the feelings of another whose unthinking cruelty stirred in me a lifelong need to punish and correct those of a similar mindset.

Mostly men.

Face aside, however, and though I do not consider myself *'ugly'*; I soon came to realise how accurate – if disgusting – my early tormentor's description of me and the occupation it should lead to had been. Clothed in the garments of concealment traditional to a child of parents whose religious beliefs were strict to a degree bordering on the fanatical – at least in respect of my father - I was, nonetheless, aware of the scrutiny of male eyes as they attempted to picture the curves below those garments. On many occasions I had both seen and sensed the effect my budding young body could have on the opposite sex when revealed to them.

And in even the most *innocent* of ways.

Those curves below, impossible to conceal completely, making the view awaiting my fair-weather admirers atop the shoulders irrelevant.

As an example, the merest glimpse of my shapely feet, concealed above the ankle by the sari and fine cotton trousers my parents deemed *de rigeur*, could rivet the attention of certain men and, to use the flowery language certain writers adopt to describe such behaviour, have them following the progress of my perfectly shaped toes as if they were a guide sent to earth to lead them to the palace of heavenly delights.

Seeing as how these and my hands and forearms were the only parts of my body I would not receive fatherly punishment for revealing, it is hardly surprising I would invest so much time in their upkeep and relish the quirk of parental guidance that would prevent my wearing of make-up but make no comment on the painting of perfectly shaped and well-tended toenails.

As you would expect, the *'effects'* of my lower extremities upon the opposite gender were something of a delight to me and went some way towards compensation for not having been blessed with a face likely to enchant the men who gazed upon it.

That *'delight'* something that soon became a forensic interest in the sexual psychology of the beast, ensuring that, and before long, my school work and the English in which I was determined to become at least proficient were not the only demands on my time and concentration.

Soon, my studies were sharing equal time with anything on the subject of male sexual response on which I could lay my hands in the State Central Library. The same library so generously left

to my hometown of Hyderabad in 1891. *Not* by the departing Raj and the guilt-ridden benevolence of the rapacious English, but by the Nawab Imad-ul-Mulk and known to all as the *'Asafia'*.

Our culture existed long before the English existed as a racial grouping themselves and neither needed nor wanted their baseless and xenophobic patrimony.

As for the contents of the library itself, it must be said that material along the lines I sought was not exactly profuse. But there was enough to… *inform*. Through translated literary classics such as *'Venus in Furs"* and academic works including Krafft Ebing's *'Psychopathia Sexualis'* I gained much insight into the mindsets of men that may not have been of a practical variety but was revealing to my thirsting young mind nonetheless.

And one insight in particular.

When I finally left my State School I found, much to my lack of surprise, that the only course open to one of my looks and background – at least if I had no wish to become a part of the sordid and degrading sex industry – was in a domestic capacity. Consequently, I bowed to the wishes of my father who, though not for a moment seeing me as a piece of sexual merchandise, had little or no faith in my ability to become something meaningful and signed me to a domestic agency whose forte was the procuring and training of menials for the wealthy. They would, he assured me, provide me with the necessary expertise required to polish furniture, prepare food and clean lavatories to the expected standard; thus ensuring I would become a desired employee of one of the European families living and working in Hyderabad while being paid above the local rates my willingness and diligence.

He also told me, if I were very fortunate, I might *just* be housed, fed and watered as a condition of my employment.

I suspect my autocratic parent was not at all displeased at the prospect of my leaving the nest. This despite the loss of my new and above *'local'* income to the household and, therefore, *his* disposal. It would explain his lack of dismay when I informed him and my poor powerless and downtrodden mother that the position the agency had procured for me would indeed – and as he had intimated - be live-in.

Though in truth, I must confess, I was not exactly dispirited by that aspect of the position I found hateful in all other respects myself.

Just the same, I was, as stated, distinctly underwhelmed by the employment prospects available to me – and *especially* this one. To say I was disappointed would be to place my sentiments at the time on a far more elevated plain than they occupied. But, and regardless of the way I felt, I signed with the agency, completed the training I found so insulting and demeaning and was soon ready for my first assignment.

If not raring to go exactly.

Even at that young age, you see, it rankled with me that I should be in the country of my birth and yet be considered fit only to do the bidding of a white foreigner from a land that had much to answer for in respect of its actions in ours.

That I had been present on many occasions to witness my tyrant of a father turning into a toady of the most spineless kind when confronted with anything remotely English only served to exacerbate my growing anger.

None of which altered the certainty that, no matter how much I despised the prospect, I would soon find myself a dogsbody in the home of a person or persons I resented sight unseen simply because of their race.

Xenophobia, I told myself at the time, was not a preserve of the English and I had no intention of allowing them to colonise this metaphysical fiefdom for themselves as well.

By a miracle of fate and coincidence, and despite my misgivings, the position assigned me would turn out to be my last of such a kind and prove to be the single most fortuitous event of my life.

Believe me when I say I cannot stress the above *"my life"* enough.

For, when it came to the handsome older Englishman to whom I had been contracted, my introduction into his service would be the first of the bars fate was in the process of fashioning as a means of keeping him the captive of a young girl from a race and a country he both mocked and despised.

Bars of silk, nylon, and unyielding subcontinent femininity that would hold him to his new master as surely as if they had been forged by Vulcan himself.

Though I could be forgiven for neither knowing nor suspecting at the time, though, as mentioned, I did sense… *something*, a bountiful and giving fate had chosen me to be not just his jailer but something far more important and irrevocable.

His *master*.

*****

ONE

Sahib

"I insist upon my privacy and, where possible, the gift of silence," my new employer explained to me with the condescension I would soon come to realise was habitual to him.

That he was explaining his requirements to me in my native tongue in no way lessening either his superior manner or tone.

Fresh from my induction into the whys and wherefores of caring for the *superior* European visitor to my own land, and yet to reach my seventeenth birthday, I stood before my new employer and putative *master* in the study of his home with eyes lowered and body covered in a colourful sari and light cotton pants.

Well, as colorful a sari, at least, as I knew the agency who had recommended me for the position of domestic to a *superior* Englishman would allow a servant on their books to garb herself.

The images I had stolen and stored of my new, and instantly condescending, *'master'* when he had not been looking were, despite that condescension, pleasing. For, though I knew from the small information supplied me that he was about to celebrate a forty-second birthday, he was still a handsome and imposing man. The realisation he was by no means difficult to gaze upon going some small distance towards compensation for finding myself in a position in regard of him I despised.

A flunkey.

"I will, as agreed with the agency," he told me, "provide you with a much higher than average income and accommodations, but, in return, I will expect you to discharge your duties to the best of your abilities and *exactly* as I wish them to be discharged."

Careful to keep my eyes lowered deferentially, I told myself – and despite the looks I found so appealing – that if he were to continue on in such a self-important and patronising way I could soon come to loathe this man as much as I already loathed my position in his service.

This before it had even commenced.

"Do you understand, Aadhaya?" he asked, using my forename for the first time while still contriving to remain on a superior and formal footing.

Pompous ass!

I nodded without looking up, careful to adopt a submissive attitude and sensing, even at that early stage, that this was something the obvious self-regard of my English employer would find appealing as well as natural.

His name was Andrew Corbett and I had been told he was attached to the Salar Jung in Darushifa - the museum and art depository formerly housed in the long-time residence of the Salar Jung dynasty, the *Diwan Devdi*.

Since 1968, I knew, the collection of art and antiquities had been given its very own home and it was here my new employer worked – though in what capacity I had yet to learn.

I do remember telling myself, however, that if the spacious and luxurious house he occupied on the south bank of the Musi river was any guide – the same house in which I was intended to skivvy – then his employment was not exactly undervalued.

The expensive linen-suit and pure cotton shirt minus a collar something else by way of a give-away in regard of his financial situation, as were the tan Prada moccasins worn without socks.

Already, and notwithstanding the attraction his looks held for me, the distaste and suspicion for this most fortunate of breeds that had accompanied me into his house was swiftly turning to detestation.

“Yes, Sahib,” I said in a small voice as I glanced up at him from under hooded eyes, anxious to put him at his ease and perhaps make my own life easier in the process. “I understand perfectly.”

It was 1995 and the form of address: *‘Sahib’*, as a means of addressing the superior European had long since fallen out of fashion, Nowadays, it was all but non-existent and rightly so. Especially when compared to those times during which ludicrous films such as “Gunga Din” and “Northwest Frontier” popularised the form and made cringe-worthy kow-towing of the sort something the stiff-upper-lipped Anglo expected as no more than his due from a lowly Indian.

Even at my young age, being something of a cinema buff whose distaste for westerners did not extend to their films – the same ones I watched as much to study and test my English as I did for their content - I was well aware of the insulting celluloid portrayals of my countrymen – portrayals doing much to cement European and American prejudices in regard of us while boosting their ludicrous and unfounded sense of superiority in the process.

Though I coveted the comparative luxury of the lifestyles described on-screen, admiration and envy of a lifestyle, it should go without saying, can be a great distance removed from envy of the person or persons living it.

Just the same, and regardless of my sense of insult, a voice in my head told me *‘Sahib’* was the right thing to call this self-regarding Englishman, Assessing him immediately – and correctly as it turned out - as being of a type who would accept anything that tied in with his belief in the superiority of both himself and his race. This despite the irrefutable fact of his presence in our country and his willingness to earn a lucrative income from both a place and a people for whom he had nil respect.

He was, I recall telling myself, the kind of man who would find nothing ironic or satirical in anything appearing to bolster beliefs and racial stereotypes that had been nonsensical and stupid even before they became outmoded.

Call it female intuition, but I knew such a bolstering would stand me in good stead during my employment with the pompous, self-regarding popinjay and, even at that early stage, saw his stupidity in such matters as less of a drawback and more as a means by which to manage him.

One of the reasons I remained at pains to disguise the full extent of the English I was able to both speak and understand and allowed him to direct me in my own tongue – in which he was proficient but not nearly fluent.

A happy lack.

For me, that is.

You see, at that time, my command of his language was more functional than conversational and I understood a great deal more than I could respond to in the instant way required if one were to engage in a dialogue in the language. It would change rapidly, of course, and before long - and though to this day my English is heavily accented and I am unmistakably an Indian speaking in a foreign tongue - I would understand all and be able to respond as swiftly as if I were speaking in my own language and dialect. But to have let my employer know this would have been to deprive myself of those times when he would speak freely to someone in front of me, either in person or on the telephone, in the belief I would be unable to follow either his words or his train of thought.

The decision to hide my facility with his tongue had been made shortly after meeting him and, even at this earliest of stages, I see now that I was placing myself to become unthreatening and indispensable to both his sense of self-esteem and security together with the running of his home.

Despite his advanced years and greater advantages, I recall almost from the start of my employment with him a certain *'weakness'* in the man that could be to my long-term advantage and, if my memory serves me correctly, it had been at this point during our first meeting that - for reasons I am still unable to pinpoint exactly – the image of a fellow pupil at my State School came to me.

His name was *'Nandi'*, which, as it transpired was entirely apt in regard of me for, in keeping with the origins of his name, he truly did enjoy being *'pleasing'* to others.

And especially his younger fellow pupil.

Aadhaya.

I could not have been more than thirteen when I first noticed the interest of this beautiful older boy from the year above me for his younger and '*hawk-faced*' fellow pupil. The same '*beautiful boy'* who lived on the same street and whose passion I found as fascinating as it was inexplicable as I watched it mature into infatuation. An '*infatuation'*, you will not be astonished to learn, that came as something of a bolt from the blue to the prettier girls whose hearts he had captured and for whom the fierceness of his attraction for their *'ugly'* and friendless schoolmate remained a mystery.

Initially questioning why a boy so beautiful would wish to spend time with one as unprepossessing as me, I soon overcame such misgivings. Facts are facts, I have always maintained. No matter how inexplicable.

It was not long after I shed these initial suspicions of Nandi's motives, when I noticed that the more besotted with me my older admirer grew the more demanding and imperious towards him I seemed to become. Though my father would have been very angry to think I had anything to do with a boy at such an early age, my admirer was soon hiding at the bottom of our street each morning simply for the pleasure of carrying my books to-and-from school. which was pleasing in itself.

To my surprise and delight he was, before very long - and to my every small request he was capable of satisfying - acquiescing to my demands.

I am sure that you, the reader, is ahead of me when I inform you that, very soon, he, found himself acquiescing to a great deal of them and within days of insinuating himself into my good graces, he was spending the money he earned from working in his family grocery on me.

From the time his infatuation for me took root until the time his family moved west to Panaji some three months later, I never lacked for an ice-cold Kachi Lassi or some other treat I desired and he was capable of supplying me.

Not a single day passed, I tell you truthfully, when I did not desire something from my smitten captive.

Of course, I realise now that I was simply testing my fledgling power as a female to entice and manage the brute male. Back then, however, it was little more than a fun game with the added bonus of being highly instructive to a young girl interested in what made men behave the way they did. A game, moreover, made all the more exciting for knowing my father would be incensed with righteous and hypocritical religious rage were he to somehow find out his innocent girl was already familiar with a boy.

An *innocent girl* who, without becoming sexual with him, was intent on learning all she could from the older boy that would further her knowledge of the opposite sex.

Shortly before his departure to the more affluent coastal region of Goa and Panaji, however, the game did become something… *more.*

And, if not overtly *sexual*, then with sexual overtones at least.

For some trivial reason I cannot recall, Nandi offended me and, testing the extent of my power over him, I refused to forgive until he knelt before me and kissed my bare foot.

Distant from the event by a good many years I still picture exactly the look upon Nandi's face as I made my request and he waited to see if I followed it with a laugh as a reassurance to him that I was joking.

No such laugh was forthcoming.

Despite his unaccountable fascination with me, he was a proud boy and at first refused to countenance such a humiliation. He even called me vile names for suggesting such an outrage. But I was and am a wilful girl and refused to have anything more to do with him until he came to me and begged forgiveness before actually asking my permission to show his sincerity by placing his lips upon my toes.

And doing so in the very playground where the girls by whom he was desired and the boys who looked up to him were present to see his display of contriteness.

The battle of wills that ensued was one, I see now, he was *never* likely to win.

On the third day of being treated by me as if he did not exist he came to me in the playground with tear-filled eyes and begged in a soft voice - hoping it would be enough for me to forego the rest of his penance - to be allowed back in my good graces.

Even now, with the benefit of hindsight and greater maturity, I cannot put an exact description to the feelings flooding my juvenile frame back then.

Suffice it to say, that the sensations I felt as, oblivious to the stares and mockery of his peers, his will crumpled before mine and he sank to his knees upon the dusty playground to place his lips upon the toes I was even then painting the deepest red was a physical revelation to me.

Sensations of an orgasmic intensity I have equalled on certain occasions since but have yet to surpass.

It was this memory and my reaction to it that transfixed me and left me to ponder what it was in the manner of my erstwhile employer that had led me to recall that wondrous first experience of making a member of the opposite sex bow to my will.

And in the most demeaning and unmanly of ways.

Whatever had prompted it had, and in seconds, transformed the demeaning position I had been loath to accept into a wholly different perspective.

As unversed, though reasonably well-read on the subject of male sexuality as I was for my years – and even at such an early stage of both my employment and knowledge of my employer himself - I somehow sensed…

Possibilities.

“Good, Aadhaya,” the *‘Sahib’* had congratulated me as my mind returned to the present, totally oblivious to my thoughts and unable to quite keep the pleasure he took from my servile form of address evidencing itself upon his expression.

My bowed head and lowered eyes only served to heighten his pleasure, I'm sure, while making it easier for me to conceal both my amusement and my contempt.

"I do not expect you to grasp the exact aspects of your service to me all at once," he went on, "but I would like to see signs of progress on a daily basis."

The insult to my mental faculties, made simply because of my age and race and the self-evident fact I was in such need of a paying position I would accept a glorified substitute for human bondage, was something I would not forget in a hurry and one I would pay back in spades should I ever be in a position to have the chance.

His voice now was reaching me through a scarlet cloud of barely concealed anger as I contrived to keep my eyes on the floor and my expression neutral.

"Though you will, of course, have me to answer to," he was informing me, "there will be only the two of us and you will find yourself in sole charge of the daily running of the household."

"Pompous shit!" I remember describing him to myself, too angry at that point to see the advantage ceded to me by the above words – though it would not be too long before I did.

"Grasp the exact aspects?"

Condescending clown!

"Service to me!!"

"It is quite a responsibility and you are somewhat young," he had continued on, self-awareness and consideration playing no part in what he no doubt intended as a motivational opening speech - even if recidivism and self-love did. "But the agency spoke highly of you and I can only hope you realise what a marvelous prospect for a girl of your age and background this is. It is an opportunity, Aadhaya, you should seize with both hands."

At that moment I knew *exactly* what it was I wished to *'seize'*.

Maybe it was a delayed reaction against the household tyranny of my father towards both me and my mother, but I remember promising myself that, along with grasping the *'exact aspects,'* of my *'service'* to this English ass, I would also be a less than positive force in his domestic life and, perhaps even, his life as a whole.

Though I would take pains not to let him divine my intentions and give him no chance to suspect I was not the dutiful and obedient servant whose every waking thought was devoted to his comfort and pleasure.

Quite the opposite, in fact.

The above was no more than an inner flash of youthful temper at the time but, before long, I would find myself occupying a place in his life I would have considered inconceivable had someone mentioned the prospect to me at the time.

It was to be a slow process, but the more I managed to insinuate myself into every aspect of his public, private and home life – though he would not have seen it in such a way at the time – the more dependent upon me he became.

There were, however, a number of years between the onset of my growing ascendancy over him and the realisation of my current happy and authoritative position.

*****

TWO

Insight

"Yes!" cried Andrew Corbett to the woman astride him as they copulated on the living-room rug he had been so insistent I shampoo and vacuum earlier that same day.

"Faster!"

From what had become my regular, thrice weekly, vigil, prone on the upstairs landing, belly to the floorboards, I watched and listened to the latest of his sexual escapades I was about to add to the already numerous pieces in my possession that were indicative of both his emotional make-up and his preferences. Pieces that were close to completing the jigsaw of his sexuality. The same sexuality I had been studying almost from the beginning of my employment with him some two-years earlier.

I already knew that, in common with me, he was someone who preferred his own company and, on many occasions, had professed surprise to myself that someone so private would wish to have a fellow human-being share his home and, hence, his privacy with him. But, then, I also knew that he saw me only as a servant. To him I was no more than a functional piece of domestic equipment placed in his service to make life comfortable and convenient for him.

Invisible, in fact.

Hence his confidence that his fornication – and with such a person - in such a conspicuous part of the house would go undiscovered.

When Andrew Corbett told his servant to retire you can be sure she did as he commanded and went to her room.

And stayed there until she was required again.

Except this particular servant did not and far preferred to watch his nightly exploits than the small television he had placed in her room. Not to mention the computer with internet connection I had bought with the money scraped together from the less than magnificent wage he paid me for the *"opportunity"* of serving as his flunkey. A most judicious use of my hard-earned salary and one that was proving educational in all manner of ways I found delightful.

Like most handsome men of his kind of whom I had some small experience - almost entirely through the writing of others on the subject - he was idle and indolent on matters not relating to the making of money or pursuing the opposite sex. And even there he allowed his money to save him the effort of seduction - if you take my drift. But, no matter how indispensable I made myself to him in matters of domesticity – and I had done so with such success in the two years since I had been with him he now looked to me for anything and everything when it came to

household matters – he always maintained his sense of superiority and I knew I would always remain a servant rather than a flesh and blood human-being.

And, as stated, an *invisible* one, at that.

A state-of-affairs I had no intention of allowing to stand.

Not only had he not once shown the slightest interest in me physically but, other than as a tool to make his life easier and more comfortable, I did not seem to exist in flesh and blood form at all. Not *once* in those two years had he revealed even a mild curiosity regarding my background and at no time had he ever initiated a conversation pertaining to anything other than a recital of his needs and requirements. It was as if for all but in a domestic capacity I was *invisible*.

As I watched the candlelight flickering against the smooth skin of her back, the long black tresses of her unbound hair swished from side to side in either her pleasure or her imitation of such.

It was at this point that I saw her raise a hand and bring it downwards in answer to his earlier demand.

The sound of the slap reverberated up the stairs from the interior of the living-room and took my breath away as I realised this… *whore*… had just struck my *master*.

Before I had a chance to fully absorb what she had done and its implications, the woman above my employer drew back her hand again.

Once more, the impact as her palm made contact with his cheek echoed up the stairs towards me.

And, once again, he simply lay there and took it.

“Do not dare tell me how slow or how swiftly I should take my pleasure from you?” snarled the woman. “English filth!”

Though he had let her into the house after telling me he did not require my services further then sending me to my room until the morning, added to which I could only make out her outline by the dim light of a few candles, the broken and heavily accented English – not so far removed from my own at the time – told me, to my incredulity, that she was… wonder of all wonders…

Indian.

A revelation to me.

And a wonderful revelation at that.

Not *once* in the two years of my service to him had he shown the slightest interest in the women of my race; either socially, sexually or intellectually.

In fact, and regardless of the fact he was making a handsome living in my country from the acquisition of antiquities for the Salar Jung – as well, I knew, as selling some on the side to private dealers - he gave the impression of one who was bathing in thrice used bathwater when it came to interaction with anything Indian that did not have a sell-on value and was live, flesh-and-blood, subcontinent.

Yet another inconsistency for which I despised him.

And yet there he was!

Naked on his own living room rug, with a woman of my race not only astride him in the female superior position but slapping his face as she rode him for her own satisfaction.

And doing so, it appeared, irrespective of whether her satisfaction corresponded with his.

For me it was, as they say, a defining moment and one that gave the scene unfolding below me an even greater… *frisson*.

As well as making all my fantasies in which he played such a prominent part seem achievable.

Possibly.

Previously, the women I had seen him with were from the British Club. The club so popular with the Hyderabadi English who considered themselves far too superior and could not condescend for a moment to partake of Indian society and preferred to stick to a once removed version of their own. A dismissal of the country housing them for which right-wing newspapers and thugs in their homeland vilified immigrants who had the temerity to settle there and do the same.

These women, I had noticed with a superiority of my own, had all been of a type: thin, well-heeled and, all of them, fair. I had, in fact, shown many of these pampered clothes-horses into the house and served tea or other refreshments before being banished to my quarters. A banishment enabling me, courtesy of my new computer and the club's website and pictures of various social events, to put a name to the face of many of my *master's* conquests.

Names usually preceded by a *'Mrs'*.

Not *once* had I seen this defiler of the married English-Rose give any indication that he looked upon the women of my race – and no doubt the men – as inferior beings placed on this earth to make the domestic lives of those of the English persuasion more comfortable.

Hardly surprising then that I would not suspect he might harbour *sexual* feelings for women of the subcontinent. Though I had fantasised that he did on numerous occasions and allowed my feverish young imagination to use the knowledge to bind him to me. In much the same way as I had used such an attraction to the detriment of my obsessed school-friend, Nandi.

"You are filthy," she spat at him. "Tell me, Andrew. I wish to hear it."

The mockery implicit in her *'Andrew'* and the heavily accented demands of the woman riding him climbed the stairs to me as I watched my superior employer's humiliation unfold with one hand to an astonished mouth and the other to a cunt made slippery and demanding by the scene below me.

"Yes… I… I am filthy," came his breathy and excited voice, weak and malleable in a way I had yet to hear and underscoring the suspicions I had sensed in regard of his character at our very first meeting.

Until now.

"Yes, what?"

The frantic manipulations of my fingers against my pussy were taking me over the edge now as my countrywoman rode him with more urgency and he answered:

"Yes, Ms Ojaswini!"

I almost went over the edge at that point.

Almost.

What happened next would guarantee it.

Standing, the girl he had just addressed so obsequiously presented her rear to him and took a step back to place her rather thick legs with their muscled calves either side of his head.

My breath had caught in my throat.

No.

What I had viewed on the internet and read so much of while picturing myself doing the same could not possibly be about to…

Surely he would not allow her to…

Without further hesitation, and to my astonishment and utter delight, *'Ms Ojaswini'* dropped to her knees and then her haunches and clamped her pussy over my erstwhile *master's* mouth.

"Yes... English dog," she began, her own voice breathy and excited by now but in no form submissive or malleable. "Lick at the piss-slit of your Indian goddess and know it is all you are fit for. Not that I have any expectation of your tongue proving any more worthy than the rest of your pitiful white carcass."

Unseen by my smothered employer, the open mouth and eyes she raised to the ceiling told me she was already revising those expectations in a more positive manner.

Lit from the front now by the candlelight, her face visible, that small part of me still rational beneath the sensations inspired by the scene and the nature of it told me I had seen her before.

Though I was, as you can imagine, not in the best position by this point to analyse my discovery to any great extent.

“Oooh, yes!… Such an obedient English dog for… for his… for his… owner…”

Here voice tailed off and her large breasts heaved as the ministrations of her captive’s tongue lathed at her young cunt and she reached forward to take his pulsating cock in her hand and bring him off.

To this day I still cannot be sure whether it was her scream as his servile tongue began to take her over the edge that did for me or the way her swift hand extended him the same courtesy.

What I do know is the puzzle of that candlelit face, the same one I seemed to know from somewhere and one that was, if anything, even *less* pretty than his housekeeper’s, had no power to lessen my own imminent eruption.

That my *‘master’* could be demeaning himself before a girl of my own race even more facially unprepossessing than his servant breathed new life into my fantasies and increased the urgency of both my fingers and my passion. The next thing I knew all three of us were reaching a crisis. Each, I knew, reaching it via a mixture of differing intentions, motivations and needs though, whether *‘Ms Ojaswini’s’* orgasm was borne of true ecstasy or was simply a piece of playacting designed to keep a good customer coming back for more, I cannot say.

What I could say with complete certainty was that if it were a piece of playacting then her true vocation lay on the stage rather than the bed.

Make that rug, in this instance.

If I was in some small doubt regarding the sincerity of *‘Ms Ojaswini’s’* reaction the muffled groans of completion coming from beneath her cunt and the seed spraying over my employer’s own stomach left no room whatsoever for ambiguity.

My superior employer had just been treated as if he were a low form of life by one of my countrywomen – and one pretty low on the food chain at that; yet I could still see his response arcing from his manhood towards the ceiling and down again as I considered the situation through a cumming of my own and the ecstatic sounds, both screamed and muffled, reaching up to me from the combatants.

Had I been in a position to vocalise my own feelings, the sounds of my own orgasm would not only have added themselves to the sound-effects but overridden it.

As I recovered from an explosion I feel sure would have been detonated even without the help of my own fingers, I saw that *Ms Ojaswini* had already retrieved her sari and was dressed.

She was, it appeared, waiting for my master who had also moved out of sight.

“There,” he said, moving back into view, still naked and in reasonable shape for a man of his forty or so years.

As I watched unobserved he stretched a hand towards her:

“As agreed.”

The woman I had just seen treat him with such contempt while forcing him to worship her netheregions bowed her head in his direction and I heard a rusting of notes as they were clutched in an acquisitive hand.

“Thank you, Mr Corbett,” she said in a heavily accented English as obsequious as his more clearly enunciated native variety had been a few moments earlier. “You are indeed a man of your word. I am at your service if you require me again. At any time.”

Mumbling something dismissive and waving a hand in her direction while unable to meet her eye, sexual excitement a memory and embarrassment for his need of it in such a way filling the void, he draped a robe over himself to usher her out.

My last thought as I ducked from sight and tiptoed to my room was not that he might have seen me watching – which was highly unlikely anyway – but that I had not until now known my own hand to bring me to such an explosive orgasm.

And with such a minimum of effort.

Back in my room I lay on the bed and brought myself to another incredible completion at the events I had just witnessed, before, recovering a little, I forced myself to analyse exactly what it was I had just seen and how my new knowledge of my *master* and his proclivities could work to my own ends.

Before me, as you can imagine, lay a sleepless night of racing thoughts.

Racing thoughts full of glorious possibilities.

*****

THREE

Small Beginnings

After the events described of the previous night you could say I was a young Indian girl on a mission – though I was extremely careful to keep my renewed sense of purpose from the *master* I had seen allow a woman of my race to sexually dominate him.

I cannot tell you how encouraging the sight of her mastery over him had been to me and it made no difference that he had been the one both instigating and allowing it.

Not to mention *paying* for the privilege.

The whole night long I had replayed the scene I had watched unfold below me upon the ceiling above my cot in the back room allocated me and serving as my living quarters; each revision seeing me in the position of my countrywoman as my employer paid slavish attention to my demanding young snatch; completion after completion arriving swiftly after each visualisation of myself astride the man.

Completions seemingly undiminished by repetition.

By morning, I knew I just *had* to have the *'Sahib'* in such a position and, as young as I was, would devote all my efforts to doing so.

No matter the duration of the time-frame.

The way the woman – *girl!* – had treated him had, understandably given my own nature, intensified longings within me to do the same thing.

But with a difference.

For there was, you see, something of a downside to the previous evening's revelations.

The way the woman had demeaned herself after the act by accepting his money and all but begging for his future custom did put something of a crimp in my recollection of the experience and, to my mind – and as much as I adored the way she had fulfilled her part of their bargain – made the true humiliation *hers*.

He had, after all, paid her. to allow himself to be used in such a way.

Even if he had paid her and given her the wherewithal to be the user after a temporary fashion.

Again, and in keeping with his country's history, it was the Englishman who was truly the user.

And yet, for all that, and despite my distaste for the woman's profession and his exploitation of her, the most valuable piece in the jigsaw of his sexuality – the same jigsaw I had been in the

process of attempting to fashion from the commencement of my employment with him - had just fallen into place.

He may well have paid an Indian whore to dominate him while he remained in control all along, but it did not alter the most revealing fact to come from my discovery.

The *need* he had to be treated in such a way in the first place.

It struck me at that point, that my recollection of Nandi our first meeting had been in no way a coincidence.

On some primal and subliminal level, my employer had triggered a subconscious female prescience informing me of the existence of… *malleability*… in his emotional and sexual make-up.

And the way he allowed it to express itself was of no mitigation whatsoever.

No matter how he dressed it up in the real world - and no matter how many willing and supine Hyderabadi English clothes-horses he fucked behind the backs of their cuckolded husbands - the *need* was there.

And constant!

That he was able to limit it in such a way as to remain in ultimate control, even as he was allowing himself to be abused, was of no interest to me and its existence was all my young but resolute mindset required to confirm me in the course of action that would ultimately see our positions reversed.

And when it was, I promised myself, he would have no control over what happened to him whatsoever.

Ultimate or otherwise.

Then, when it was real and inescapable, we would truly see just how much he enjoyed his *fantasy!*

It was at this point, thoughts racing and sated from my efforts at self-pleasure of the night before, that I remembered where I had seen the whore's face.

Name too.

Which was certainly *not "Ojaswini"*

A piece of knowledge in regard of a girl I now knew as a former fellow pupil of mine, that was to prove most fortuitous to me.

Bogus as her name and as offensive to self-respecting women as her profession was – venerable history or not - it would be that same woman I had seen slap and verbally abuse her English

client, before planting her arse on his face at his own request; who would prove invaluable in my quest to do the same to him for real.

As both her first and family names came to me in a rush, I was not to know at the time it would be the same woman with the less than prepossessing face that mirrored my own – the same woman who had put my employer under before turning into a simpering caricature of the grateful native all too willing to pander to the superior white man - who would increase my knowledge of men.

Not to mention the superior Englishman calling himself Andrew Corbett.

*****

The day following the previous evening's revelations, I was preparing myself a morning drink, somewhat sluggishly after what had been a delightfully disturbed night's rest, when the front-door chimes sounded and startled me.

The master, or *'Sahib'*, as he had grown all too accustomed to me addressing him, had left for the Salar Jung some five minutes earlier and, as was my custom, I was relaxing in the kitchen with a drink and the newspaper.

This being the same, day-old, *English* newspaper he had, after his own morning custom, read before driving his Mercedes to the museum.

Later, there would be a need for me to shop but, for now, and given I made it a point to keep on top of my household duties, my time was pretty much my own.

Normally, I could guarantee nothing would interrupt my own leisure time as – I have already mentioned this – Andrew Corbett was a very private man and, apart from visiting prostitutes and the odd unfaithful English-Rose, it was exceedingly rare for anyone, even tradesmen, to visit the house.

Especially as he insisted all shopping for the household was my responsibility.

Hence my surprise to hear the chimes sound.

Surprise that turned to mild puzzlement when I took in *'Ms Ojaswini'* on the step, dressed colourfully but looking ill at ease.

"How may I help?" I asked, a little patronisingly I must confess. The girl was some two years older than my eighteen years and, despite her obvious lower caste, had not been either kind or friendly to me at school. Times had moved on, of course, and we had been taught that such discrimination was no longer acceptable. My father though had been of a different mindset and

remained at pains to ensure no members of his family – that being my mother and me – should fraternise or be seen with those of a lower…

Station.

If the schoolgirl now prostitute recognised her younger and former fellow pupil she was at pains to give no sign and I felt free to act likewise.

At least until it suited me to inform her she was known to me.

“I am afraid the household is not looking for further help,” I told her, pretending to mistake her for someone in search of a position.

“Then it is as well I have no need for one,” she replied, a little peeved, voice becoming more familiar to me from the playground. “I come here because…”

I waited for her to explain her sudden hesitancy; curious myself it must be said.

“Look,” she began, drawing herself up in an effort at dignity, “I came here last night to visit your employer and while I was here…”

Again the hesitation.

“While I was talking to your… employer,” she went on, “I seemed to have misplaced a jade necklace that is very dear to me. One that has been in my family for many years.

Apart from an internal guffaw at the possibility of such a possession having been in her family *‘for many* years’, I had already tidied the room where they had copulated and she had slapped my *master*. This before sitting on his face and then reverting to form to accept his shilling – for which services, no doubt, she had acquired the missing necklace for another ‘*customer’*.

There had been no sign of any necklace and I knew that if it had been lost it had not been lost in this house and had been mislaid elsewhere.

“And your name is?”

“That is not important,” she said in a grand manner belying both her caste, her profession and, certainly, her form of dress.

“Then I am sorry,” I told her, “But I am not about to allow a complete stranger into my employer’s home on such a pretext.”

The necklace she had mislaid was obviously of some material or sentimental value to her – my money was on the material - because her tone changed instantly.

“Of course. You are quite right,” she told me with a smile meant to be disarming. “My name is Ms Ojaswini and I had business here last night with Andrew... Your employer.”

The insinuation that she was on first-name terms while I was compelled to add the honorific to the surname when referring to my employer was not lost upon me and, of course, given what I knew of her reason for the previous evening's visit, hardly likely to impress me.

Just the same, I returned her artful and transparent smile and stood to one side courteously:

"Please, come through and look, Ms Ojaswini" I offered, knowing there was much to be learned on the subject of my employer from this lower caste former school colleague only a couple of years older than myself.

Knowing it, in fact.

"You are very kind," she said as she moved past me into the hall and onto the scene of the crime, so to speak.

I allowed her to rummage around the front-room for a while then:

"I did not see you arrive before I retired and it is most unusual for Mr Corbett to have visitors at such a time," I told her. "Do not think me rude, but can you tell me exactly what your purpose here was. He would be most angry to discover I had allowed someone into his home without his knowledge."

"It was just business," she answered, understandably evasive. "The necklace is obviously not here, so I need not take up any more of your ti…"

"I shall call him at his place of work," I told her. "He may have picked up…"

"No!"

I gave her a baffled look.

"What I mean is," she said, attempting to recover her demeanour, "is that there is no need to disturb him. I have obviously mislaid the necklace elsewhere."

Realising she was as anxious as me that my employer not know of her presence at his home, I grew bolder and feigned puzzlement as I scrutinised her features.

"What?" she demanded, put out to be the object of my scrutiny.

"Am I mistaken," I began, feigning puzzlement, "but…"

"But what?" she asked patience, I could tell, fast reaching a finite.

"Yes! It is," I cried, as if discovering a long lost friend rather that a pupil from my former school I had not liked and was now a prostitute.

"What are you talki…?"

“It’s Darshana?”

A look of shock overtook her and I ran with the element of surprise:

“Darshana Udhay!” I cried, clasping my hands together as if delighted to reacquaint myself with her once again. “I thought you looked familiar!”

Her face was a picture.

“Do I…? Do we… know each other?”

*****

FOUR

Darshana

We met for coffee the next day near the Charminar, close to where my former fellow pupil and now prostitute plied her trade. The history of this particular region of the city very much in keeping with the profession she now followed; a bazaar selling services of the all too human variety having existed there since the ancient civilisation of Hyderabad at the nearby Mehboob Ki Mehandi. Though, nowadays, the former red-light-district was a very upmarket residential area favoured by the more affluent of native Hyderabadis and, as is the way with the pretentious and upwardly mobile, its former purpose was seldom, if ever, mentioned.

At first, when she had realised I was familiar with her from school, Darshana had been mortified, eyes darting from me to the door of my employer's - and her customer's - home as if hoping to effect an escape; obviously uncomfortable to be in my presence and hoping to leave it before I somehow divined the true nature of her profession and the means, no doubt, by which she had acquired the missing jade necklace.

She was not to know her concerns on that score were far too late.

Though our next exchange would rectify her ignorance.

"I think you mistake me for another," she had told me, eyes continuing to flutter after the example of a trapped bird making futile attempts to take wing.

"No," I told her emphatically. "I remember you from school too well. I am Aadhaya Bahl, housekeeper…"

The way she had trouble holding my eye was evidence enough that she knew who I was alright.

"…And you are Darshana Udhay…" I left some air between surname and profession, "…prostitute."

It took her a few seconds to recover from both the insult and the more important knowledge, to her, that I knew of her profession:

"How…? How dare you?" she blustered unconvincingly as I stood my ground before her. "Do you insult all your employer's guests in such a way?"

"On the contrary, Darshana," I had corrected her. "I insult *none* of my employer's guests. But, then, you neither were nor are a guest. More a…" I smiled disarmingly, "Let us just say you are more a provider of certain personal services."

"I… I…"

“It is not a problem, Darshana. I do not judge you and neither will your family or those people we have in common hear of what you do from me.”

Her eyes narrowed with suspicion, but there was hope in her expression too.

“You… You will not tell them?”

I shook my heads with all the sincerity I could muster – which was quite an amount given that I was totally sincere.

“How you make your way in the world is your business and your business alone. If you wish to keep the nature of your work from your family and friends then that is also your choice. They will hear nothing on the subject from me, I can promise you.”

For a few seconds she remained tense, as if considering flight, but something in my tone of voice and my impression convinced her I speaking truly and she began to relax.

She became even more at ease when I offered her coffee and even professed amazement that she had not at first recognised me – though now she had, she told me, memories were beginning to flood back.

Having an *‘appointment’* across town, we spent the next few minutes she had available making small talk with each other in a friendly manner that had been entirely absent from our school days together before she needed to rush off to meet her next *‘client’*.

Our reunion had finished all too soon for me to quiz her on the subject closest to my heart at that point, but we had agreed to meet the following day when she was free and I knew I would have more time to press her on the subject of men and, more specifically, my the *‘sahib’*.

Hence our presence the next day at an outside table in a bustling coffee-shop on the Hussain Alam.

*****

It was actually Darshana and not me who brought up the subject of my employer and her *‘client’*:

“Do you often spy on your *master*?” Darshana had asked me with amusement and a heavy irony on the *‘master’*.

“Always,” I told her, confident in her discretion – especially as I now knew her family and friends over in Padmarao Nagar, on the way out from old Hyderabad itself and into Secunderabad, were in ignorance of the work she followed and she was equally in need of my discretion.

Though her family were, as my dyed-in-the-wool father described them, *'not of the best provenance'* and followed blue-collar trades unlikely to improve their standing in the eyes of my own assistant-train-station-manager patriarch, they were, from what I recall of them, both devout and clean living and would not be thrilled to learn their only daughter earned a living in such a way.

"But why do you waste yourself on such work, Aadhaya?" Darshana asked, her look of puzzlement genuine. "I seem to remember the rest of us girls making fun of you at school for your determination to go your own way…"

A look that seemed remarkably like guilt flitted across her unprepossessing features.

"…it is why we were not so nice to you. You seemed so… so… aloof."

As compliments go it was not of the highest order but, sadly, it sufficed as the nicest thing any of my former female pupils had ever said to me.

"And then, of course," she went on, "there was Nandi."

I nodded, knowing what she was alluding to and recalling only too well the hatred of the other girls for the feelings I inspired in the object of their adolescent lusts and their bewilderment that one such as I could inspire such feelings of worship at all.

"He was infatuated with you," she informed me as if I had been unaware of the fact, something in her expression telling me the reverse was true in regard of her own feelings for the boy whose heart had been mine. "Yet you treated him with…"

She paused, as if concerned she would offend me, then:

"Contempt."

It was no more than the simple truth and, far from being offended, I smiled.

"Does that surprise you so much, Darshana?" I asked. "Is there not a delicious pleasure to be had from showing a man just how insignificant he is to you and what he must do to become significant – in no matter how small a way?"

"But Nandi was just a boy, Aadhaya," she protested, confirming me in my suspicion in regard of her own feelings toward my playground servitor.

"And a beautiful boy, too, Darshana," I agreed. "All the better to have one so sought after at one's… feet…"

The almost feverish look transforming Darshana's features told me she had witnessed my humiliation of our former pupil in the playground before his peers and admirers and it had certainly not been forgotten.

"…Especially," I went on, "when we are so unused to being sought after ourselves."

Darshana gave this some thought and, for a few moments, I thought I may have given offence; not all women are as *realistic* in respect of their charms as me, after all.

Her laughter both disabused and relieved.

"You have missed your vocation, Aadhaya," she told me, echoing the observations of a number of the opposite sex to which I have already alluded.

"So I have been told on number of occasions, Darshana. But I would find it too…"

I held my tongue, realising I was about to say something not at all complimentary.

Darshana smiled.

"You try to spare my feelings and I am touched, Aadhaya. As I recall, I was not particularly pleasant to you during our school years – though not as mean as some of my girlfriends. Were you to take pleasure in criticising my choice of career I could hardly blame you."

I shrugged. She was right. She had not been pleasant to me.

But that was then and the playground was now behind us.

"I think I know what you were about to say," she told me.

I waited.

"You were going to tell me you would find it too degrading," she went on. "It is a comment I hear often."

I nodded.

"But Aadhaya, is it any more degrading than being at the full-time disposal of a man in order to take care of those menial tasks he is too idle to perform for himself? The usage made of me by a man is of but a certain duration and after that I am my own person."

Her smile looked genuine and her next words would answer the question of whether her reaction to my employer's scenario of two nights earlier had been playacting or not.

"Also, it is not often one gets to treat a man – and especially a European man – with such scorn and condescension."

Her smile was suddenly knowing:

"Did you not enjoy such an experience with Nandi?"

Returning her smile, I nodded. There was no point denying this truth. It was, after all, what I was there to discuss with her – even if she seemed to be the one making the running on that score.

"With one difference," I explained.

Darshana's eyes narrowed quizzically.

"I was not being paid by Nandi to gratify his fantasies. It was my decision entirely to treat him in the way I did. At *no* time was I required to offer him even the slightest sign of respect. He was *my* supplicant and knew it. He could have given me everything he had and was ever likely to have and I would have still not been compelled to offer him either the slightest courtesy or sign of gratitude for his generosity."

A slight nod of her head told me she was getting my point.

"In other words," I told her, "he was not a customer to whom it was necessary for me to show respect in order to keep him coming back for more. With Nandi, though I felt a certain small fondness for him, my contempt for his weakness was real and I was at no time compelled to hide it."

It was the closest I had come to revealing my thoughts on the subject of men to another living soul and, if I am honest, and despite the profession I hoped would provide Darshana with more insight and sympathy than those of more prosaic mindsets, I was a little concerned that even she would consider me… *warped*.

I need not have troubled myself.

"Then you were not simply being cruel to him without feeling," she pointed out, "but being cruel because you enjoyed it."

It was not a question and she had grasped my meaning, it seemed – at least if the conspiratorial smile coming across the table over our coffees was to be believed.

"Then I must take it you enjoyed seeing your *'master'* treated in such a way the other evening?"

A few moments passed then we burst into laughter at the same time, both of us sensing we were on the verge of a friendship. A new experience for me. And, I would discover, not exactly a frequent event for Darshana.

"It was wonderful for all but the very end," I agreed.

Darshana's face clouded and she looked contrite – as well as wistful.

"I would apologise for spoiling your pleasure but…"

"I understand, Darshana. It was a business arrangement and a businesswoman does not disrespect her customer after their business is concluded. It was just that…"

This time it was her turn to finish my train of thought.

"…Just that you would have preferred it to be real."

The wistful nature of my own smile was an answer in itself as Darshana added:

"And you would also have preferred it be you and not me in command of your *'master'*."

Strangely, for me, the more I began to warm to my former school acquaintance the more important her opinion of me – and in the positive – seemed to become.

It explained my feelings of hesitancy.

"I realise this will seem a little silly," I told her, "given the profession you follow, but I would not wish you to think badly of me because of my own sexual…"

I searched for the right word but it was Darshana who supplied it for me.

"Needs?"

I nodded and she smiled before laying a hand over my own and, to my amazement, sending a small thrill of sensual anticipation through me. Up to then I had been unaware of any physical attraction to my own sex but my response to her touch was not to be denied. A response that was not lessened when she gripped my hand tighter and gave it a reassuring little squeeze.

"There is no need for embarrassment Aadhaya," she told me. "I not only understand but share your feelings and... Listen, I have a small confession to make."

Again, I waited, enjoying the contact of her hand and wondering if I were becoming a lesbian.

"That day in the playground when you made Nandi go to his knees and kiss your feet as a way of saying sorry for whatever it was he had done to offend you was…"

She paused, eyes taking on the same faraway look as my own whenever I pictured the event.

"…It was… was… the most exciting thing I had ever seen," she finished.

"That I do not believe," I told her frankly, despite the brightness of eyes that seemed to say otherwise. "You? With all your experiences?"

"My *paid* experiences," she reminded me. "Whether it suits my purposes or not and the money is good, we both know that I am being used and the moment my role is over I return to the powerless condition I was in to begin with."

"Then," I began, "you would like to be in the situation you were in with my employer for real?"

She hesitated and it was now my turn to lay my hand over the one holding mine and squeeze it by way of reassurance.

“You will be admitting nothing I have not wished for myself,” I told her.

“You are right,” she said finally with a nod of the head. “I would love to be in such a situation. To have such power over a white European such as your employer and see if his fantasies were as pleasurable to him when made real and long-term.”

Her head shook from side-to side.

“*That* would truly be something.”

My breath caught in my throat as she elucidated exactly the same intent in regard of him I pictured for myself; we were two young Indian girls in traditional dress – one a little *less* traditional than the other – seated in a busy coffee-shop surrounded by respectable wives, mothers, and workers on their breaks, discussing nothing less than a shared fantasy of owning and dominating an expatriate Englishman.

That we were doing so in full view, if not hearing, of others in a public place did nothing whatsoever to dilute the charge we received from such a prospect.

“How wonderful would it be,” Darshana went on, “to take command of a man such as he and rule his every waking hour? To make him so fixated and dependent upon us that he cannot escape and, even when he tries, comes back with his tail between his legs because his life has no meaning to him without our presence in it.”

“Darshana, I….”

“To wield such power over his existence he cannot make the simplest of decisions without our direct guidance,” she overrode me. “To force him to perform all those degrading and menial chores for which he finds *us* so suited.”

“You are making me wet, Darshana,” I whispered with some urgency, attraction to her growing by the second and, if the look upon her face spoke truly, the recipient of a similar response in respect of myself.

Her smile was inclusive rather than mocking.

“Then you are not alone. For I too have such fantasies.”

“It is all very well exerting control over a man such as your employer who is paying you to do so,” she said with a look of regret. “But that is not the control we seek. When all is said and done, he still remains the one with power when we would prefer him to submit, totally and completely, to ours.”

“If only such a thing were possible,” I could do no more than agree.

“Oh, but it is, Aadhaya,” she whispered excitedly. “Men are really the most simple creatures and once we know which buttons to press and when exerting control over them is a simple process.”

My look was less than credulous.

“You truly believe you could make a man such as my employer so infatuated with you he would allow you to control his life.”

“Did you learn nothing from your treatment of Nandi and the way he responded to it, Aadhaya?”

“Nandi was a boy. My employer is a handsome and mature man. An Englishman with contempt for both us and our country.”

“He did not seem very contemptuous as I sat on his face and ordered him to lick my piss-slit like a little doggie.”

“Yes, but…”

“Would you like my help so that you may have him below you and licking at your own piss-slit, Aadhaya? Is that your real reason for meeting me here? You can tell me, I will not be offended.”

“Darshana!” I said, voice low. “Not so loud. There are people…”

“Well?” she demanded, voice remaining at the same pitch as her free hand joined those piled atop each other on the surface of the table. “Would you like my help?”

I stared deep into a pair of marvelous brown eyes I seemed to notice for the first time and seemed so out of place on that plain face.

For what seemed an eternity, our gaze remained locked, one upon the other, then:

“Yes, Darshana. I would.”

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FIVE

An Unwelcome Interlude

From the position at the top of the stairs that had become my usual haunt when *he* had a guest, I gazed through the open double doors leading to the front-room and watched as the scene unfolded below me.

The room was tidy. I knew because I was the one who had ensured it was so before being dismissed to my room until morning by the *"Sahib"* - always a sure sign he was expecting female company. Company, apart from Darshana, that had always been stick insect thin and white European. Married too.

Up until this particular evening, that is.

On this night, and echoing back to Darshana's presence below me some three weeks before, there was to be another detour from the usual routine.

On this particular evening, his female company consisted of a young girl who was neither white European, a stick-insect, or Darshana herself.

Though she was Indian.

And, like Darshana, a prostitute.

Unlike Darshana, however, who had been dressed in a traditional, if somewhat garish, sari on the night she responded to his summons, the girl below was wearing western fashions. A crisp white shirt, unbuttoned at the chest, and a black skirt that ended just above the knee was complimented by a pair of simple black court shoes with a short but spiked heel. The outfit managed to look both formal and sexy on the young girl who, again contradicting his usual preference for the white stick-insect with non-existent breasts and hips, was of a more fuller-bodied persuasion.

An encouragement.

I noticed the *Sahib* has been busy in the short period between my having been banished to my room and my more furtive return. The front-room was now lit by many candles – his preferred lighting for an *encounter*, it would seem - and cushions had been scattered on the rug upon which he liked those encounters to be made. Not once – not even with the wives of the British Club whose husband's he was cuckolding and who, presumably, were used to the comforts of a bed – had he taken one of his conquests, paid or voluntary, to his own room upstairs and along the hall from the tiny box-room that sufficed as my own.

To my surprise, I saw some lengths of rope had been laid on the rug and my anticipation grew.

In the weeks since he had paid Darshana to sit upon his face and treat him as her slave, not once had he repeated the experience.

Much to my disappointment.

Now, however, it appeared his need for such treatment had reasserted itself and the full-bodied Indian girl below – again, hardly a beauty – was to be paid to satisfy it.

I waited for her domination of him with a mixture of excitement and disappointment.

High excitement at the prospect of seeing my *master* dominated by a girl of my own race and – surprisingly - not *too* dissimilar to me in looks.

Disappointment that it is neither me dominating him and it is *not* real.

As it turned out I was to be proved wrong on at least one of those points.

“Strip!” I heard him bark.

Masterfully.

Immediately confused, I watched as the girl removed her shirt to unhook her bra. She was hour-glass and Junoesque and, as stated, shared nothing of looks, colouring or status with the pampered wives my employer fucked with such regularity behind the backs of their pitiful European husbands.

As she allowed the bra to fall to the floor, I became even more confused as he reached around to squeeze one of her – I must confess; noticing such things more since the advent of Darshana into my life – *magnificent* full breasts. Her legs, as she unfastened her skirt and let it drop to the floor were powerful and, for so young a girl and in much the same way as mine, matronly; though *not* unshapely.

The shoes she kept on.

I watched with rising indignation as my *‘Sahib’* – behaving for all the world as if that were exactly what he was and we had somehow been transported back to the hateful heyday of the Raj – circled her slowly and took in her body as she remained contrite and motionless before him.

Feeling as thwarted as I felt puzzled, all the anger I felt for my own position of powerlessness in his home surfacing as I witnessed a girl of my own age and race being abused by my pompous employer, I watched the candlelight flicker the length of her powerful young body as he moved behind her and she rolled her head back as he bit her lightly on the neck while giving her nipples a firm pinch.

She moaned with the pain, but it was her words that captured my already rapt and enraged attention more:

“Please, Master. I have learned my lesson. Your servant girl Aadhaya is humble and remorseful and will never be so tardy again.

Time had seemed to stand still for me.

To say I was shocked would have been to undersell the levels of my astonishment, as bafflement increased so anger ebbed.

Had I heard correctly?

Did the prostitute being paid by him just use *my* name!

Surely this could be no coincidence.

“I warned you what would happen if you were disobedient, Aadhaya,” he reminded her, obviously working to some pre-agreed script; the use of my name yet again keeping my astonishment and disbelief fresh while serving to keep my anger at bay.

For the moment.

“Words, it would appear, are not enough,” he went on, “so perhaps action of a more… *drastic* nature will correct your behaviour.”

“Please master!” she had cried, playing her part to the hilt and with no small thespian talent. “It will not happen agai…”

“Silence!” he snapped.

She lowered her head and fell silent, my impression being that the *scene* was not an unfamiliar one to her exactly.

“Remove your underwear,” he ordered.

Head still lowered, she slid her panties down around her hips and let them drop to her ankles before stepping out of them.

“All fours!” he barked.

“Please, Master,” she implored, Bollywood, I guessed, having been at least a dream for her at one time before her descent to the streets.

“Do it!”

Shoulders making a theatrical sag, she complied as he watched, hands upon his hips and a curl of the lip combining to make a picture of arrogance.

When she was on the rug below him he took one of the lengths of rope and tied her ankles together.

“Please, Master!” she sobbed. “Do not do this. It will not happen again. Aadhaya will be diligent in future.”

Hearing my name again, and in connection to such a degrading and ignominious scene, the anger my astonishment had diminished re-surfaced tenfold to have me biting my lip with frustration at not being in a position to vent it.

Not uttering a word of response, he tied her hands together then looped a length of rope between them and fastened it to the rope securing her ankles.

With her bound below him, he stood in front of her in commanding and supercilious fashion and began to remove his own clothes.

As always, and despite the demands of my own fantasy life and my anger for the nature of the one being enacted below me, I found myself aroused by the body of this older Englishman, my employer.

Understandably, it was no longer the svelte physique of a young man and the leg, arm and chest hair I could see displayed was no longer *a la mode* – even if a bodily hirsute and sixty-something former James Bond actor had recently been voted by the world’s women as the planet’s most sexiest man. Not surprisingly, given the physical… *softness*… of his profession, he was also lacking in musculature. But, for all my employer’s age and lack of physical activity in his day-to-day existence, it remained a *highly* attractive body.

A body, as you have no doubt divined by now, that I wished to savour for myself.

And on *my* terms.

Uncharacteristically folding his clothes, rather than simply allowing them to drop in a heap for his serving girl – me – to collect, fold and put away for him, he placed them on a low table at the side of the rug. Then, nude, he knelt behind her shapely and capacious arse and stroked it deliberately with one hand. The fingers of the other finding their way between her legs.

She may have been a prostitute, receiving money to be treated in such a fashion, but I swear to this day that I could hear her wetness as his fingers insinuated themselves into her pussy.

“Such a slut, Aadhaya,” I heard him tell her, the repetition of my name, and under such humiliating circumstances, again elevating me to even greater heights of rage rather than promoting anything akin to sexual passion.

Quite the opposite.

To see one of my own – and especially one who went by the same name – receiving such humiliating treatment, bought and paid for or not, did not sit well with me; though by this time, I had convinced myself her name was no more than a simple coincidence and nothing more sinister – even if its usage incensed me.

I was, as you have *again* no doubt guessed already, *delusional*.

The slap that stung her ample buttocks had echoed up the stairs towards me.

But it was the words my employer used next that held my attention and took the breath from my young lungs:

“I give you a wonderful opportunity to better yourself by looking after my home and becoming useful for the first and probably only time in your life and you repay me with tardiness.”

My breath had caught in my throat.

No!

Surely not.

“Perhaps I should just contact the agency who sent you to me and have a more suitable servant sent to replace you,” he had continued as I listened with growing horror from my unseen position at the top of the stairs. “Or are you going to prove to me you intend to be totally obedient to your superiors from now on, Aadhaya?”

There it was again, underpinning my suspicions and exacerbating my feelings of nausea.

My name.

And, this time, there could be no doubt.

The scene unfolding below me had been devised with me in mind.

And with a part even more demeaning and repugnant to me than the part I played in *his* life now.

As the sound of the next slap, and the five or so more that followed, echoed up the stairs, I knew with certainty the use of my name was no coincidence and that my cheating, fornicating, perverted shit of an employer was picturing me in just such a position of supplication beneath him.

“Please, Master,” she cried as his hand descended once again, “take your undeserving servant and fuck the badness out of her unworthy Indian cunt with your superior English cock. It is no more than I deserve.

“Will you obey me in all things?”

“Yes Master. You are my superior in all things. I pledge myself to your service. Just please fuck me with that wonderful and superior, manly and English, cock.”

Sickened by the scene being enacted below me and my unknowing and unwanted part in it, I watched as he positioned himself directly behind those naked buttocks and took his hard cock in his hand before plunging himself deep inside her.

Maddened with rage that he could have such sick desires in my regard – despite the less than healthy nature of my own for him – I watched his cock enter her to the hilt and bring a scream that sounded almost genuine from her lips.

Almost.

He thrust and grunted, thrust and grunted, and used her violently, tugging on her lustrous black hair as he did so while she pretended to struggle against the ropes binding her, moans growing louder as she either approached, or pretended to approach, release.

I almost threw up, such was my disgust, when I heard him order:

“Beg for it, Aadhaya. Beg for your master’s superior white cock, you low caste, low life, spawn of a whore!”

At that moment, and seeing him as I did, all my hopes for the achievement of my fantasies receded and left a taste in my mouth reminiscent of the ashes of the funeral pyre.

My sleep that night was, to say the least… *fitful*.

*****

SIX

Darshana Again

"Why so depressed?" Darshana asked me the next day, this after we had met for coffee and I had described the events of the night before.

We had decided to keep our meetings divorced from the house of our/my intended prey as it would have been very difficult to explain to my employer why the presence of an arse he had paid good money to sit upon his face was now perched upon a kitchen chair taking coffee with his servant.

"After what I just described? Do I really need to answer your question?"

A puzzled Darshana had sipped at her coffee.

"But this is a good thing, surely."

I was becoming a little irritated; despite my being her superior in terms of intellect my new friend was far wiser than me in the ways of men and could, sometimes, be a little patronising.

"If it is, then it might be as well that you explain *why* it is, instead of making cryptic comments and making me feel small."

I am told my anger is quite disturbing to behold and if Darshana's reaction was any guide such an observation is not lacking in veracity.

The hand that placed itself over mine, though, and sent sparks of electricity shooting along my arm and down towards my crotch went some way towards ameliorating the effects of that anger.

Certainly for me.

"Apologies, Aadhaya," Darshana offered, offer accentuated by a thumb that gently stroked the back of my hand in an attempt to soothe that had entirely a different effect. "It is the way I make my living. Not you. If my greater understanding of these things makes me seem a little smug you must forgive me."

My smile and the way I responded to her clasping of my hand reassured her and she went on to explain:

"Yes, I do understand why you would feel… *dispirited*… to witness a man you wish to have control over enacting a scene in which he dominates a young woman similar in looks and build he has paid to pretend to be you. It is understandable. But it also confers upon you a great insight into this man's psyche and sexuality."

My expression was less than enthusiastic.

“It can only be encouraging for your future intentions, Aadhaya,” she tried to reassure me.

“My employer,” I began, dismissively, I confess, “fantasises about having me in even more of an abject and dependent position than the one in which he has me now, and I am expected to believe it is *‘encouraging’*?”

Darshana nodded, as if it were the most obvious thing in the world.

“By all that is holy, Darshana,” I said through gritted teeth, “you are exasperating.”

Her response to my outburst was to laugh and, after a few seconds, I found myself following her example.

“That is better, Aadhaya,” her hand squeezed mine and I returned the intimacy. “We are friends now and friends help each other achieve what they desire. That is why I see nothing to be depressed about after your experience of last night.”

“But…”

“There is no *‘But’* here, Aadhaya. What you witnessed last night was completely positive and does not mean you are any further away from achieving what you… *need*.”

Mollified somewhat, I released Darshana’s hand and raised a Latte to my lips. In truth, I was still acclimatising to the intimacy of friendship; not having experienced the phenomenon before; and remained inclined to be a little on the suspicious side. Memories of the playground still lingered and, Darshana having been no friend to me back then, I could be forgiven for such an unworthy response.

“What did last night tell you?” my new – and only – friend asked.

“It told me that my employer sees me as lower than dirt and wishes to make my service to him even more demeaning and abject than it is currently.”

Darshana was already shaking her head.

“Wrong, Aadhaya.”

My eyes narrowed, amazed she could be so emphatic in regard of my reaction.

“In just about every respect save one,” she finished.

“And what might this saving grace be?”

“Oh, it is not a saving grace,” she sniffed. “Be under no illusions on that score. The one detail of the encounter that has depressed you so much and you have managed to get right is the one, were it to prove factual, that would indeed give you cause to be disheartened.”

“Darshana, you are being cryptic again.”

She smiled apologetically:

“Sorry, my friend, it is not intentional. But it is only too obvious – to me at least – and explains my attitude.”

I waited, irritation beginning to surface; if there was an upside to the sickening turn of events I had witnessed the night before I wanted to hear it.

Now!

“Last night, Aadhaya, while you were watching the employer you wish to see fawn at your feet…”

She paused to give me a flirty little smile.

“…and wondrously sexy feet they are…”

I could do no more than smile myself at this compliment to what I had long considered the most appealing of my physical attributes – or at least those an overbearing religion and a father who adhered to it with all the fervour of the giftless zealot he was would allow to be seen.

“Anyhow,” Darshana continued, “last night, as your employer was paying to spank the behind of a young Indian girl, not too dissimilar from yourself, I myself was in a room at the Marriott having exactly the same done to me by a German assistant-manager who spends his days currying favour with and doing the bidding of people whose behinds he would far rather mark with the whip than serve.”

Looking around the coffee shop to make sure my somewhat *voluble* companion had not been overheard, and reassured by the complete lack of interest, I gave her my most dismissive look.

“So?”

The look Darshana threw me in return was such as I had seen teachers reserve for the less gifted and more backward of pupils in our old school.

That we both knew I was neither less gifted nor backward making no difference.

I remained defiant:

“What has this to do with anything?”

“Think about it, Aadhaya. My German customer may wish to have control – crave it, in fact; so much so he will pay me to be able to experience it – but the moment that experience is over he returns to a life of service to others. It is not servitude of the kind you wish for your employer but it is, if his treatment of me is reliable, *not* what this particular German wants.”

Again my eyes narrowed, I knew I was not stupid but, just the same, I was not getting her point.

She sighed:

“Wake up, Aadhaya! The point is, he does it. He waits hand upon foot, for a pittance of pay by European standards, on people he would far rather have roped and tied and at the mercy of his whip.”

Now it was my turn to sigh for her having missed the totally obvious:

“Yes, but my employer does not wait hand and foot upon people. Quite the opposite. What is your point?”

At this point Darshana had a look about her I twinned with that of a nuclear physicist as he explained the splitting of the atom to an even dimmer than is usual toilet attendant.

“My *‘point’*, she went on, “is that what we want does not matter if a greater power wishes something else for us.”

My patience was nearing breaking point:

“*What* greater power?”

Darshana’s sigh was so pronounced this time that a few customers did indeed turn to gaze at us.

“*You!*” she whispered intently, as if imparting the Vatican’s Swiss banking codes.

“Me?”

She nodded; expression exasperated.

“But… What power do I have over him?”

“For the love of…” She bit her lip and attempted to keep her cool. “The same power we women have always had over men, Aadhaya,” she told me. “*He* wants *you*.”

“I am aware of that, Darshana,” I answered with a heat of my own. “But the way he wants me is…”

“Think, Darshana!” she overrode me. “Just because the way he wants you does not match the way you want him, it does not make your power over him any less real.”

I stared back at her, realising her eyes were willing me to take her meaning.

And then, finally, I began to see where she could be going with this.

A look of relief told me she had divined my grasping of her intention.

“Your task now,” she told me, battle won, “is to make him want you so badly he will forego his own fantasies on your behalf and accede to those you have on behalf of him.”

Again, her hand took mine and squeezed:

“I have to tell you, however, my friend, that the task is half-complete.”

Given that a few minutes prior to this exchange I had considered that task dead in the water, I was less than dismayed.

Elated, in fact.

“You have his attention,” Darshana went on. “Now you must make that attention even more focussed.”

She waited, making sure it was my attention she had.

“You must,” she said at last, “become an obsession.”

*****

SEVEN

A Fevered Night

The knock upon the door of the tiny box room allocated to me as living-quarters was timid and pulse quickened. That I should have a caller at such an hour was not such a surprise after all that gone on between us in the preceding weeks and I knew not only the identity of my visitor but the compulsion that drew him to my door at such an hour.

"What is it?" I called, not bothering to raise my head from the pillow as I sprawled upon my back, naked. My breasts felt as if they were alive and, if the nipples arrowing towards the ceiling spoke truly, there could be no other explanation. With the most feather-light of caresses I stroked my shaven pussy and bent a leg at the knee to make the sight of my womanhood all the more revealing.

The signs had been there all week and had now reached a crisis.

My *'Master'* was ready to capitulate.

"It… It is me, Aadhaya," came the pitifully indecisive voice of my employer; a voice in which need, lust and obsession were all too evident.

"What do you want?" I asked dismissively – derisive even.

"May I… May I come in?"

"I am not decent."

I suppressed a giggle as I pictured him picturing the level of my indecency on the other side of the door.

"It… It will only take a few moments," he told me in a small voice that was on the verge of begging.

I smiled: *that* would come later.

"Very well, but just for a short time," I warned him, enjoying the control I was beginning to wield over both his conscious and subconscious mind and actions.

The look on his face as he entered and for the first time saw my body naked was utterly priceless as I averted my gaze.

"Aadhay… Aadhaya, I… I…"

“There is no need to be bashful… *Sahib*,” I said the word with much irony, knowing as I did that his days as a master of me, his home and himself were fast drawing to a close. “This what you have wanted to see for so long, is it not?”

Still in his dressing-gown, his answer was to try and leap atop me; only to be met by the sole of my foot as I planted it squarely in the middle of his chest while still contriving to avoid looking at him.

“You must remember though, sahib, that this is my room and *my* body. Here we play by my rules and my wishes are paramount.”

A look of anger flashed across his eyes at my unaccustomed assertiveness.

“Aadhaya, I will not be spoken to so. I am your… your…”

“No!” I cried, still not deigning him with a look. “In this room, right now, you are not my employer but just another man with a hard cock who needs a woman to take charge of it.”

“But…”

“There is no *‘but’*,” I came in over him, removing my foot and fixing my eyes upon the ceiling that he may have a greater opportunity to allow his own to linger, unobserved, on the naked body his mind had pictured on so many occasions the possession of it had become an obsession with him.

An obsession from which he would *never* free himself and a possession that would *never* be his.

Though he would, and very shortly, find himself the property of the very girl he himself wished to own.

“When you come to *my* room it is I who say what is and what is not to be done.”

There was silence above and to my side and I realised he needed reassurance.

“When you leave, all returns to normal and I will once again be your dutiful housekeeper.”

I could almost hear his mind turning this over, persuading himself and his ego that all would be as usual and he could have his way with me – albeit with my permission – without compromising his position as superior Englishman and head of the household.

“But,” I continued, “when you are here in this room, *my* room, I am not your housekeeper. My presence in your home is explained simply by my need to earn a living and I need the salary you pay. For this I accept your right to command me. When you come here, to my room, it is because *you* need something I can give you. So…”

My eyes left the ceiling now and took him in.

He was *not* happy.

"…If you wish to… *visit*… me here you must learn to accept my…" I drew out the air between the completion of my sentence, "…*authority*."

Now, if it was possible, he looked even *less* happy.

"You may go now if this is not acceptable," I told him, "and I will understand if you wish me to leave your service."

A look of worry replaced his dissatisfaction.

"Is that what you wish… Sahib?" I pressed him, knowing as I did that he neither wished me to leave nor be anything less than his willing and biddable servant if I stayed; knowing also that of his two wishes he would see only the former gratified

His face was a mixture of indecision but I could tell, as his eyes roamed over the smooth and unblemished brown skin of the young body prone before him, it was his lust for me that was winning out. The realisation coming as no surprise to me as I had cultivated both his interest and desire to be in sexual control of me for a while now, knowing that while my carefully calculated teasing of him would increase that desire the strength of this desire itself would hand me enough power to ensure it would *not* be realised in the way he preferred. The only surprise to me, in fact, was that I felt so self-assured being in his presence naked. For not only had I yet to know a man in the flesh and allow myself to be penetrated by him, but this was the first time, other than with a doctor or with my father at bath-time as a young girl, that I had been in the presence of a man naked.

"Aadhaya, I… I…"

"I asked you a question, Sahib," I snapped at him, feeling totally secure in revealing myself in such a way and growing more confident with each passing second that I could, as Darshana had insisted would be the case, both manage and subdue the will of the handsome older Englishman. "Do you wish to stay?"

His mouth was working but nothing was coming out and, standing there in nothing but his dressing-gown, the greying hair that was slightly too long for a man of his years uncharacteristically dishevelled, I told myself he had never looked more attractive to me.

With an air of experience I had no right to possess in such matters, and knowing his indecision needed… *shaping*… I reached out my right hand to take his left and exerted pressure downwards.

To my indescribable joy, and as if he had been waiting for just such an imperative from me, the handsome man above me began to lower himself to the floor, the dressing-gown opening as he did so to reveal a cock many more times urgent than I had seen it with the white wives of the

British Club or with Darshana and the other prostitute he had paid to enact the part of his servant girl, Aadhaya.

That he was not wearing underpants told me all what I already knew in respect of his confidence that I would succumb to his superior, age, looks, charm and authority.

The certainty it would not be *me* doing the succumbing almost made me giggle.

But I had more important matters to deal with.

“All will be well, Sahib,” I assured him, soothing his doubts with a soft voice and careful to address him in the way he had grown accustomed to me addressing him by way of not making *too* drastic a change to the status quo of his control and my obedience. “Aadhaya, understands what the master needs and is more than willing to help him but he must be willing to accept her… *guidance*.”

For a moment his face clouded with anger at my temerity in suggesting such a thing and I could read his thoughts:

“Accept her guidance? Me? A man of my standing, allow himself to be guided by a lowly servant less than half his age?”

But then, as I moved the hand I still clutched in mine nearer to the pulsating cock protruding so urgently through the folds of his gown, I could see those thoughts vanish as both different look and a different imperative superseded it.

As inexperienced as I was, I *knew* that look.

It was resignation.

As for the imperative, that is a blank requiring no filling from me.

My spirit soared!

I had won. He may not be exactly as I wanted him yet, but here he was: in the tiny room of his servant, on his knees as she lay comfortable on her bed. Was there any doubt now that I would achieve what I had set my heart upon achieving.

The weeks of revealing myself without allowing him to once suspect I was doing so purposely had paid off. I had become a *need* to him. That he wished to satisfy that need through my submission to him was immaterial and as Darshana had said it would be, so it had become.

Once his desire for me reached a certain pitch his own imperatives would take a poor second place to my own.

And my own imperatives certainly did not involve the gratifying of his.

With a knowingness and a confidence I had not expected to feel I placed his hand on the pulsating cock that arrowed up towards me – supplicating, I thought. Other than the one time I had made young Nandi show me his in a secluded corner of the school playground it was the first I had seen. And a man's cock at that.

A man's cock, moreover, that throbbed with need for *me*.

"Take it in your hand and look at me, Sahib, I whispered with authority as his eyes fixated on my breasts, then my hairless pussy, then my shapely feet with their nails of violent red, and then back again.

With an effort, his eyes raised themselves from the glory of my full and firm young breasts and the bullet-like nipples I could do nothing to prevent betraying my own excitement.

As our gazes locked I saw wonderment and amazement in his as he asked himself how he could possibly be in such a position.

Let alone allow it to continue.

Were he to know it, this was but a start.

"Show Aadhaya how much you want her, Sahib," I ordered, knowing instinctively that reference to myself in the third-person together with the dated term of respect would only serve to heighten his arousal. "Let her see how you do it."

Wonderment and amazement turned to shock as he realised what I was asking him to do, but he did not move and neither did he complained and, if anything, the six or seven inches of straining cock appeared to engorge further.

"Show Aadhaya how you pleasure yourself that she may know how best to do it for you, Sahib," I breathed, holding his eyes with my own, the same eyes in which his wonderment, desire and, yes, humiliation were all present at one and the same time.

I placed his fingers on his cock and gave him a tiny smile of encouragement, moistening my lips with my tongue in the way I had seen done in so many films as a way of letting him see my own excitement and encouraging him to indulge in his own.

"Do it for me, Sahib," I urged him. "Show Aadhaya how a real man pleasures himself that she may pleasure him also." There was a look of defeat about him and my pussy almost burst its banks as the knowledge I was overmastering this handsome and superior older Englishman who had previously shown me only disdain took me to the edge.

I knew enough, however, to know my work in this regard had only just begun.

I cannot say how many seconds passed but, at the end of them, he gave a small gasp as his fingers slowly clasped themselves around his rigid manhood.

“Yes, Sahib. It is what you want. What you need. To show Aadhaya how much you desire her.”

As if his own passion was bursting its banks and had made the humiliation he felt at allowing himself to be placed in such a situation before his own servant of no consequence, his eyes closed and he began to slowly jerk upon his painfully erect penis.

“Keep your eyes on Aadhaya’s Sahib,” I ordered and felt elated when they snapped open and met mine. “Let her see how much pleasure her presence can give you. Yes. That is as it should be. Aadhaya knows what you need and you must let her take care of you.”

His breathing was already shallow and he was beginning to pump his hand more furiously as, still holding his eyes with my own, I placed a hand over his and slowed him.

“Slowly, Sahib,” I urged him. “Make the pleasure last. It will be so much more intense when it arrives.” In truth, his pleasure was of no concern to me save as a means of instilling feelings of lust and dependency upon me and my desire he take his time was no more than a simple need of my own to prolong this first submission to me – not that I imagined for a moment he saw it in such a way.

Yet.

I released my grip and he immediately commenced a slower manipulation of his own manhood, another gasp escaping his lips as my now free hand dipped beneath his dressing-gown and cupped his full balls in my palm.

“Oooh, yes,” I breathed. “The Sahib is heavy with need for his Aadhaya, is he not?”

He gave another gasp and his eyes closed.

“Eyes on Aadhaya’s,” I snapped at him and thrilled to see him do just that, almost as if he were coming to attention for a superior officer.

“Yes. That is good,” I said with another *tiny* smile. “This is Aadhaya’s room and here the Sahib must do as Aadhaya says. Must he not?”

There was no answer and a groan of frustration escaped him as my hand left his balls to again prevent his manipulation of his cock.

“Aadhaya asked the Sahib a question.”

“Y-Yes, Aadhaya… he must.”

“Must what?” I persisted, utterly thrilled with the control I had gained in so short a time.

The eyes fixed upon mine were desperate with need:

“This is Aadhaya’s room,” he parroted, frantic to return to his self-pleasuring, “and the Sahib must do as she says.”

“And will the Sahib, in future, ask Aadhaya for permission the next time he feels the need to jerk his cock to her image.”

His eyes widened at the suggestion and I thought I had gone to far.
I need not have worried as my *‘master’s’* body convulsed and a fountain of white semen erupted from his cockhead towards the ceiling before performing an arc and landing on my flat brown stomach as he screamed:

*“Yeee

EIGHT

Possibility Becomes Likelihood

"Sahib, may I speak with you, if it does not trouble?"

It was the morning after the most wonderful and vivid dream in which my master knelt before me and masturbated to my order, this before agreeing to ask my permission to masturbate in future.

Now, in contrast to that dream where I lay naked but fully in control as he gazed upon me, it was I who stood in his study, fully clothed in the usual and traditional sari and cotton trousers and waited submissively for him to transfer his attention from his work to his housekeeper.

Though, as I have mentioned, traditional, this morning I had dressed in my most transparent and flimsy sari. I had been tempted to go bare-breasted beneath it but - Darshana's cautionary words on the subject of not giving my *master* the feeling I was trying to seduce him uppermost in my mind - I had contented myself with a half-cup bra my new friend had donated to me. The result being to thrust my already, even if I say so myself, impressive young breasts, yet more to the fore.

Placing myself before his desk, directly in the sunlight streaming in from the window behind him, I realised that when he looked up he would be unable to miss them beneath the fabric of my sari made transparent by the sun and, yet, would be unlikely to suspect my revealing of them to him as deliberate.

If my arrogant and dismissive employer decided to favour the flunkey he had fantasies of disciplining with a look at all, that is.

Almost a week had passed following my coffee with Darshana and, as we had agreed over our lattes and long reflective walk around the streets surrounding the Charminar, I was about to put the first bricks in place we hoped would lead to the construction of a cell from which he would find no escape.

In truth, I had been eager to start, but Darshana had wisely counselled patience as what we intended, coming so swiftly upon the heels of what had occurred only a night before, when I observed him with the prostitute he had hired to humiliate whilst she pretended to be me, might arouse some kind of suspicion on his part.

Fortunately for my growing impatience – I barely need mention *anger* - the week we had agreed upon before starting did not see another such interlude with an *'Aadhaya stand-in'* and we were free to take the first small steps we hoped would make him ours.

Or, to be more specific: *mine*.

Not bothering to look up at me, as was his usual dismissive way, he pored over the latest news from his contacts that could lead to a new acquisition for the Salar Jung. The expression as he did so one I had long wished to slap from his smug and, undeniably I must confess, handsome features. A desire made all the more powerful for having observed his treatment of a young Indian woman he had paid to treat with a contempt I knew was reserved for me.

"What is it, Aadhaya?" he snapped, head returning instantly and dismissively to the computer screen. "You can see I am very busy with important work. If this is connected with the household you know you have my authority to deal with it."

"Yes, Sahib," I began, "but…"

"How many times have I told you," he offered with a sigh of great forbearance, eyes still fixed upon the screen, "if your decision is wrong I shall take care of it later. I am far too concerned with matters of greater magnitude."

"Soon you will be concerned only with the satisfaction of your former servant's pussy," I assured myself, taking pains to keep my own expression professional and submissive.

It was, after all, what he liked about me.

"Many apologies, Sahib," I continued in a voice as contrite as I was capable, "but I was hoping to effect a change and, as it would my work for you on a daily basis, thought it would be best to make sure I had your permission first."

"What change?" he asked, finally looking up.

It was a struggle to keep my features neutral when his eyes, as I had intended, were greeted by the outline of my impressive breasts beneath the sari – a struggle made harder by the worry of knowing that my nipples were nothing less than projectiles that betrayed my own excitement and might arouse his suspicions.

I need not have concerned myself.

The way his eyes fixated and that dismissive expression I so detested vanished was all I needed to realise my fears were unfounded and he was far too absorbed in the observation of them to feel anything but… *arousal.*

That his arousal was borne, at this time, of a desire to exercise greater control over me was not something I found enthralling but, as Darshana had pointed out:

'Attraction, no matter the origin, is a tool a woman of sense can use against the beast."

"Are you feeling unwell, Sahib?" I asked in my most concerned voice, careful to keep any trace of amusement from either tone or expression; wishing him to see only a dutiful and grateful servant, devoted only to the superior Englishman's well-being.

“Just a little hot,” he lied, contradicting the whirring of the ceiling fan above him and the coolness it conferred upon the room.

With an almost perceptible effort, he drew himself up and re-installed his usual air of pompous superiority.

“You were saying something about a change?” he reminded me, unable to quite keep his eyes from flicking glances towards my sunlit chest.

“Yes, Sahib. I was hoping you would not mind if I started…”

I paused, pretending hesitation, knowing it would buy in to his sense of being the great man who held what I wanted within his gift.

“Go on, Aadhaya,” he urged me, as if giving me wherewithal.

“I… I was hoping, Sahib, that you would not be offended if I… If I…”

“If you what, Aadhaya?” he urged once more, becoming, I could see, a little irritated.

“If I may dress more Western.”

His eyes crinkled – whatever he had been expecting it had not been this.

“I’m not with you.”

“I am asking your permission, Sahib,” I began, enjoying the impression such a prospect had upon him, “to wear clothing of a more European style rather than the traditional garb I have worn to now.”

Eyes still flickering to my breasts and then up again to my face, I could see he was processing this unexpected request, wondering – as such self-involved men always wonder – what the advantages of allowing me to do so would be to him.

Finally – and not entirely expected, I must confess:

“Really, Aadhaya, I’m sure your choice of apparel is none of my concern so long as you look presentable and it does not interfere with you duties.”

I feigned delight:

“Then you have no objection, Sahib?”

His irritation returned:

“I believe that is what I just said, Aadhaya. Close the door behind you on the way out. I shall require tea at the usual time.”

“Yes, Sahib. Thank you so much, Sahib. It will be as you say,” I gushed obsequiously in the way of some servile relic from my country’s colonial past; too pleased by what I had achieved – and learned – in the last minute or so to feel the usual bile his superior treatment of me induced.

As I closed the door behind me and made my way to the kitchen, I exulted:

‘He likes my breasts!’

I already knew, of course, that he liked my shapely feet, most men did, but this was the first time he had been presented with them in anything like a revealing way and his response was all I could have wished for.

I could not wait to tell Darshana and plan my next step.

Especially my new wardrobe!

*****

NINE

Softly, Softly!

"It is all about punishment and reward," Darshana told me the following day; much to my impatience. I had learned this already from my brief and one-sided relationship with Nandi and had expected to hear something more of an enlightened nature from my new and – I thought – experienced in the ways of men, rather than boys, friend.

I was, however, not to be disappointed.

We were sat on a bench across the river from the Salar Jung itself where my employer and intended chattel was currently employed inside on his latest acquisition. It was nice to be in the fresh open air as we gazed across and plotted the future for a pompous and unwitting Englishman. Basking in sunshine, *everything* seemed possible.

Hence my impatience for what I perceived as my friend's prosaic and predictable opening thoughts.

"You must work towards the goal of having him seek your approval," Darshana had continued, oblivious or simply uncaring of my annoyance. "Whether that be a smile or a kind word or, eventually…"

Her smile was purest evil and told me – if I had not known already, and despite my impatience – that I had found the perfect confederate.

"…when you have him at the point of greatest need for you… permission to kneel before you and kiss the toe of your shoe."

My impatience was a thing of the past now as my friend's words conjured up imagery of my employer genuflecting before me so powerful I felt myself grow moist.

"Of all the rewards you offer him," Darshana continued, "sex – in whatever form - is by far the most potent. It is the core," she assured me in a knowledgeable and articulate way I would never have suspected of her from our school-days when she was, shall we say, a less than stellar academic.

Now, though, it appeared she had found both her subject and her metier.

"Under the right conditions, and if you are clever enough and patient enough, the right man will do virtually anything to have sex with you."

It was a nice prospect, but it brought me straight back to my main concern.

“But what if my employer wishes to have sex with me only as a superior and upon his terms only? What if my only attraction for him is to be docile and servile to his wishes? What then?”

Darshana’s smile was both kindly and indulgent, much as one was kind and indulgent to a child who was finding a lesson difficult before being brought to the light.

“You must trust me, Aadhaya,” she told me, stroking my bare forearm with the back of her hand and sending the usual frissons through me as our eyes met and acknowledged the sexual nature of our own feelings for each other. “The most important thing is that he desires you. The nature of that desire to begin with is not important. What *is* important is that it exists and gives you a foundation upon which to bind him to you. The moment you gain such a foothold in both his everyday life and his sexual imagination *his* desires become of no importance unless they are a match with yours.”

It was what I needed to hear and I could acknowledge the sense in her words.

“He must be led to his enslavement with subtlety and restraint. Then, when he is so besotted he worships the dust between your toes, you may do as you wish with him.”

“The subtlety I believe I can manage,” I told her, only half-jokingly. “The restraint may take a little work on my part.”

“You will achieve it, I have no doubts,” Darshana smiled, taking my hand in hers before her expression became serious. “Remember, Aadhaya, you cannot use sex to reward him every time he performs to your satisfaction. There must be…”

I waited as she searched for the correct usage.

“…secondary reinforcements, I believe they are called.”

Now it was my turn to take on the role of teacher – my days in the State central Library and my subsequent perusal of the Internet had not been wasted.

“You are speaking of *‘Behavioural conditioning’*. Respondent conditioning and operant conditioning.”

I could see I had lost her and, I confess, it tickled my sense of intellectual – if not existential – superiority over my less mentally gifted former fellow student.

“In respondent conditioning, a neutral stimulus, such as words of praise, is paired with a primary reinforcement, such as sex. The neutral stimulus takes on the ability to elicit the response required and becomes a secondary reinforcement.”

Now it was Darshana’s turn to be annoyed; even if she was amused:

“If you insist upon showing off, Aadhaya, I will deny you the gift of my greater physical and sexual knowledge of the opposite gender.”

Our laughter was genuine and warm and the kiss I planted on Darshana’s full lips was not the kiss of one friend to another but of one who wished that person to be a lover.

It surprised her almost as much as it shocked me.

In a good way.

“Thank goodness!” she breathed. “I was hoping I would not have to declare myself first. I have been hoping you would do that since that day in your employer’s home.”

“I think we both knew it would happen,” I reassured her, anxious, despite my attraction to her, to continue discussing the prize I valued above all others.

The enslavement of my handsome English employer.

Darshana sensed my thoughts:

“We will discuss it and… perhaps… do more later,” she offered with a dirty little smile. “For now, however, I think we have other goals in mind.”

Giving her a dirty smile of my own, I nodded agreement.

“We know only too well,” she began, “just how highly sexed is Mr Andrew Corbett. So highly sexed that bedding the wives of his compatriots and colleagues at the British Club is not enough and he has to pay people such as myself and the girl he hired to pretend to be you to satisfy the urges those buttoned-up British wives would ridicule him for possessing.”

“You should have seen him stare at my breasts yesterday,” I sneered. “For all his airs and graces he is no more than an ill-schooled animal when it comes to sex.”

“And, as we know, animals can be trained,” Darshana reminded me. “Especially when their need is so powerful.”

I nodded and she went on:

“He is naturally aroused by sex – and in various forms it would appear. With me he wished to explore a need to be used. This is encouraging. With my unknown as yet colleague, he preferred to take the role of cruel and dominant master and make you his victim of choice. This is not so encouraging but, if my reading of his nature is correct, does not make the task of binding him to you in obedience impossible.

Looking across the river to the museum containing my would-be chattel, it seemed somehow unbelievable that we, two young Indian girls from humble backgrounds, could be sitting in the sunshine casually planning the complete and utter subjugation of a man so superior to us in age, looks and education – this without mentioning social standing.

Suddenly I felt a little depressed.

We were simply two young girls deluding ourselves.

"You are quite wrong, you know?" Darshana cut into my thoughts, reading them expertly.

My look was questioning.

"It is not only possible to bring him to his knees at your delicious little feet, Aadhaya, but, if we are patient enough and clever enough not to rush the process I would say it is a certainty."

My expression was frankly disbelieving.

"We are, after all, two superior young Indian girls with something between our legs men such as your *'Sahib'* will not only pay to experience but beg for the privilege of being allowed to do so. Such is always the way when it comes to a clever woman and a man – no matter how intelligent he happens to be."

Having been encouraged by his response to my breasts yesterday and the way his eyes lit up at the prospect of my wearing more *'Western'* fashions that might just allow him to see more of the body he was beginning to notice more and more, I suddenly felt a wave of dejection pass over me. It was just not possible, I told myself. That such a man, so used to his own way, and having spent his adult life without a woman to direct and shape it, would simply succumb to the wiles of a young Indian servant he saw as so far below him she may have been no more than a granule of sand.

"Why so miserable, Aadhaya? Have you not seen enough of this man's weakness to know how easily he can be led to his own captivity to you?"

"This weakness you speak of, Darshana, appears to me as only that which gives him pleasure. Everything he does he does for himself. Whether that be allowing you to sit on his face in the role of dominatrix before once again become the big all-powerful Englishman; or spanking the bare buttocks of a girl he has paid to impersonate me. How does this allow us to lead him to his *'captivity'?"*

Darshana's answer was instant and, I see now, spoke volumes for her greater experiences in matters of sex than I at the time:

“By taking his constant need for sex and using to shape that need in a manner of our own choosing, Aadhaya. A manner he may not find to his taste but, by the time we have worked upon him, will leave him no say in the matter.”

“And what makes you so certain we can achieve this? What experience do you have of making a man so dependent upon you that you can display such confidence?”

“Are you serious?” she asked as an Indian man of my employer’s age passed and drank in her shapely if muscular legs as they protruded from a short, western-style, skirt; her more traditional Indian garb set aside for the day in readiness for a customer with more… *European*… tastes later that evening at the Taj Krishna.

“One look from a passing man at the legs of a young girl hardly indicates a lifetime of service for him at her feet,” I scoffed.

“It is the germ we transform into a virus and, if we are clever enough, into a disease with no cure. It has been so for all of recorded time.”

Unconvinced, I scowled across the river to the museum containing the man who housed, fed and clothed me in return for my own obedience and diligence in the observance of his own greater good and comfort.

The day when *he* would look to me for his well-being as his superior and not a flunkey he dreamed of disciplining seemed as far away as ever.

“You must trust me, Aadhaya. That look you saw upon his face when he caught a partial sight of your beautiful firm breasts was all you needed to know to give you trust in your ability to attract and obsess him. The more you reveal to him in a subtle way without him suspecting you do so deliberately the more his thoughts become full of you. *Then* you can go about the process of conditioning his responses away from his need to command you and impress upon him how good it feels to accept your guidance and give you more responsibility for his life.”

“If only it were as easy as you say, Darshana,” I sighed, still dejected despite her buoyancy.

“You have yet to hear me say it is *‘easy’*, Darshana, and nor will I. But it is completely possible. He is, after all, *only* a man.”

Darshana almost spat the last word, expression twisted, and for the first time it struck me how great was her contempt for the opposite sex.

And especially those like my employer who used her as no more than a convenience for their baser fantasies before throwing some rupees in her direction and sending her back from whence she came.

“I liken the process,” she went on, unremarkable features back to normal, to creating an addiction. As your training of the Englishman progresses, you will see he becomes addicted to any word of praise from you or even the most fleeting of physical contacts, such as a pat on the back or the taking of his hand. Soon he will be actively seeking out your approbation and you can use this to bind him to you further. Eventually, he will experience a deep and irrefutable craving to do things that please you. Even doing your chores will become a thing of enjoyment for him.”

I had, of course, pictured my employer taking on the tasks I currently performed while I supervised him and my friend’s words had buoyed my sagging spirit a little; yet I somehow could not… *believe*… in it.

“You will be, in effect, rewiring his brain to enjoy doing the chores and other things for you. So far will you have him in your thrall by this time he will be willing to make all kinds of personal sacrifices simply to be graced with a smile or the touch of your hand.”

In contrast to my downbeat expression, her smile was utterly beatific as she finished:

“*Then* you can truly do with him as you wish.”

Suddenly, as if the cloudbank obliterating the sun and spoiling an otherwise perfect day had lifted, my mood brightened and I responded to Darshana’s optimism.

“Yes! Why not?” I cried with a renewal of both spirit and intent. “Am I not an intelligent girl, when all is said and done?

“I have never been in any doubt of it,” Darshana assured me – truthfully, I believed.

“Then he is in serious trouble,” I told her. “Between the two of us it will not be long before the smug and superior Andrew Corbett is unable to recognise himself.”

“Though we must be patient,” Darshana reminded me by way of a warning.

“As the spider,” I agreed. “For each of our webs he destroys we will fashion another and yet another until he is held so securely he cannot move without our consent.”

We looked at each other and smiled, knowing as we did that we were at the beginning of a journey that would lead to physical intimacy for the two of us and enslavement for *him*.

“What is to be our first move, Darshana?” I asked, eager now and with a renewed sense of purpose regarding the fate of my *‘master’*.

Darshana was thoughtful for a few moments, then:

“First we shall make a visit to the British Quarter and the charity shops there.”

My look was one of puzzlement.

“It is time you were suitably clothed for you task.”

*****

TEN

An Afternoon With Darshana

"We will still be friends, of course, Darshana said, looking across at me from where she lounged on the *'Sahib's'* sofa.

One bare foot rested on the plump and terracotta coloured cushions of the sofa itself while the other remained planted on the rug. The very same rug upon which she had lowered her luscious arse until it covered the face of my employer and her paying customer. She had painted the nails of both her toes and her fingernails green and I confess, though it was a colour I would never choose for myself, it seemed to work for her and seemed to supply an element of the exotic her less than beauteous face was incapable of delivering – even if those feet were, I congratulated myself somewhat snidely, were nowhere near as shapely and unblemished as my own.

Self-congratulation *not* extending to the rest of the powerful young body she had decided to display for me that was at *least* the equal of my own and supplying me with a fuller appreciation of why certain men would pay her in order to gain access to its unblemished brown skin and youthful curves.

My own employer, as stated above, being one of their number.

"We will," she added, "just be… *closer*… friends.

I was not shocked at her words, in fact I had been expecting them.

Welcomed them even.

The fact she had come to my employer's home while he was away on a buying expedition in Rawalpindi, where he had sourced a number of recently discovered Magadha manuscripts from the time of the great Ajata Satru, and had shed her clothes before me without embarrassment or inhibition precluded shock on my part when she told me she wished us to make love.

In the time since her arrival at his home to search for her missing jewellery, we had grown closer and Darshana had even gifted me a mobile phone that we may keep in touch with greater ease – an ease I had availed myself of the moment my employer had left to make the drive to the foothills.

The power of my own reaction to her suggestion was of a strength I had not expected however - even if I was not unaware of the existence of our attraction to each other - and I speak truthfully when I tell you that, until having met up again with my former school pupil, thoughts of myself with another woman had not occurred to me.

An understandable oversight after my experience with young Nandi and my growing obsession to exercise control and domination over the male sex began to occupy so much of my daydreams and fantasies of a sexual nature.

Such thoughts *were* occupying me now though.

Darshana had come on this day that I may model some of my acquisitions from the charity shops moved in the British Quarter. When my employer returned from his jaunt North it was our intention that he see me in Western clothing for the first time and it was, we considered vital that I choose an outfit that was both decorous and revealing. An outfit that did not breach my pompous employer's sense of propriety while, at the same time, revealed those bodily attributes in my possession that would provide ample compensation for the lack of any real allure in the composition of my own facial features.

Without waiting for me to respond, Darshana rose from the sofa and moved to the wing-back chair in which I was sat opposite, legs crossed. Then, placing her hand at the back of my bare leg, she lifted it from where it rested on my knee and uncrossed it. As my breathing quickened, I felt her hands gently massage the inside of my thighs.

I was very… *very*… wet.

As her eyes held mine, and almost as if from instinct, unaware of having made any conscious decision to do so, I unbuttoned the front of the crisp white cotton shirt we had agreed would look professional while managing to make my breasts eye-catching at one and the same time.

Both elements of the outfit guaranteed, we thought, to appeal to the Englishman in our sights.

Reaching inside and behind my shirt, her sweet breath tickling my nostrils as she came close, Darshana unclasped my bra and drew it from my chest before dropping it the floor at her side.

A smile appeared at the corner of her mouth as my breasts sprang free and drew a similar response from me as I pictured the reaction of my religious and forever genuflecting, forelock tugging, father if he were to be able to witness his young and only daughter about to experience her first Sapphic experience.

Placing the palm of her hand against my sodden panties, Darshana then leaned into me and began to lightly tease my nipples with the tip of a pointed tongue.

My sigh encouraged her and she was soon sucking on my tits as I slid further down and backwards into the chair.

Not once did her eyes leave mine.

And neither did I wish them to.

Soon, she was fingering my pussy and alternating her sucking of my tits with a kind of loving but forceful intensity that sent my desire heavenwards. It was the first time I had been touched in such a way and, though I had some time ago taken my own hymen, the feel of her palm as it applied both pressure and friction through the gusset of my panties was exquisite. The first time a hand other than my own had ever touched me there.

"Where is *his* bedroom?" she asked me breathily, her own excitement as removed from gravity as my own and, though a part of me processed the danger involved should the room's owner ever find any evidence of what we were about to do in his bed, another part assured my misgivings such a discovery was extremely unlikely.

Yet another part simply did *not* care.

Within moments we were in the master bedroom and sprawled across the *'Sahib's'* king-size bed; my guilt for the invasion of another's privacy offset in its entirety by the excitement I felt for what was, up to then, the most rebellious act of my young life and the desire building in me for Darshana herself.

Familiar to me through my daily attentions to it of a housekeeping nature, the *"Sahib's"* room took on a quite different perspective with my back to the mattress.

A perspective I fully intended to be the norm rather than a rare and proscribed interlude once Mr Andrew Corbett was brought to heel.

"Oooooh," I heard myself part scream, part swoon, as my new friend and first lover inserted a finger into my dripping pussy; scream-cum-swoon becoming a groan of disappointment as the finger was removed and Darshana presented it to my lips for me to suck.

It felt so… *natural*. This was not the sex of my female-led fantasies in which I reigned supreme over a man who could do nothing but submit to the humiliations and denials I wished for him. It was a coming together of equals and, never having considered the possibility of sex between myself and a fellow sister until encountering Darshana again, both the intensity and the rightness of our passion for each other took me by surprise.

"Lick me, Darshana," I implored.

Then, more needy:

"Please!"

With a smile that told me she understood my urgency, Darshana placed a kiss of au Revoir upon each of my nipples before slithering downwards towards my virgin pussy.

The same pussy I intended no man would *ever* penetrate with his all-conquering penis.

Though tongue-privileges would be ascribed to the wretch lucky enough to win my heart with behaviour servile and reverent enough.

If you have been following my words there is, of course, no need to name the man in question.

Soon, Darshana had my legs spread wide and I found myself stroking her lustrous black hair as her tongue began to make long sweeping strokes over my outer labia.

Having known only my own hand, I leave you to imagine the heights to which the attentions of another – and a member of my own sex – took me.

I was a sexual novitiate transformed as my fellow, if slightly older and far more experienced, teenaged friend set about taking me to paradise. And yet, through it all, the thought came to me that if this was the kind of pleasure a woman could give me it made men even more redundant to me as a means of sexual release and served only to increase my contempt for them. Contempt, as you have also been made aware, that was already at the lowest of depths.

It would be, I told myself through the waves of euphoria breaking upon the virgin coastline of my young body, a redundancy and contempt that could bring the *"Sahib"* to his knees with even greater efficacy than I had prayed would be the case.

If I used it sensibly.

Such were the thoughts rushing through my calculating young mind, even as the tongue of my friend introduced me to sensations I had read of and hoped to experience for myself one day – never suspecting the one to bring me such pleasure would be a former school pupil who had been no kind of a friend to me during our years in education.

A lack she was compensating for beautifully as her head bobbed and weaved between my legs.

She had taken my clitoris between her lips and was manipulating it expertly as I sensed myself begin to elevate from the launch-pad and, sure enough, not seconds later, a cry I recognised as my own filled the room and my pussy released a flow of cum into Darshana's mouth I thought would never stop as she swallowed without missing a beat

My newest – my only - friend had just introduced me to heaven and was about to show me how I could return the favour. It was, I say without understatement, a different Aadhaya Bahl who left her employer's bedroom some two hours later.

Unfortunately for the handsome and, oh so, superior Englishman employing her, his housekeeper and servant's epiphany of a sexual nature would not alter her intentions towards him.

Quite the opposite.

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ELEVEN

The Grooming Begins

Insinuating myself into the thoughts of my employer – the man whose authority over me was in no way enough for him and whose desire to be in a such a position of power over his young Indian housekeeper was so great he had paid a working girl of similar and looks and build to drape herself over his thighs and accept a spanking – was, as Darshana had insisted, nowhere near as complex as I had considered it.

To the contrary, it was ridiculously easy and served only to increase the contempt I had for both men in general and Mr Andrew Corbett in particular.

You may put the indisputable fact of his lack of attraction to my face, race and class to one side as it impaired the facility of my young body to captivate his attention not one whit. In fact, I soon began to suspect that the inferiority of my features in respect of his own touched upon some perverse chord in his soul. How else would one have described his contradictory need to abase himself before Darshana against the way he dominated my lookalike?

It was a *need* in regard of me, I believe led him to take even greater satisfaction from his attraction to someone he so obviously considered his inferior in all ways and I could only give thanks to providence for the existence of this *"perverse chord"* and promise to pluck and strum upon it regularly from then on.

"You've… hmm… changed, Aadhaya," he said when he returned from his jaunt the following day, the memory of what Darshana had done to me and me to her in his bedroom the previous day giving his words more meaning than he intended.

Unusually, I felt my face flush with guilt – more that my actions could somehow be divined than for my having actually committed them. Other than modelling my new outfits for Darshana, this was the first time I had been seen in anything other than traditional and respectable clothing - respectable for a girl with a father such as I, anyway - by anyone other than my new and only friend and it felt… *strange*. Though the sensuous and empowering feel of my new nylon pantyhose as it clung to my strong young legs went a long way towards side-lining my self-consciousness.

My guilt, however, I consoled with the certainty the recently cleaned, and then cleaned again, bedroom, with its freshly laundered sheets and aired interior, would yield no clue as to my illicit usage of his sleeping area.

Had I been more daring, of course, I would simply have taken the chance and allowed him to take his rest on the same bedding and be surrounded by the lingering scent of his housekeeper's lovemaking with her new friend.

Thankfully though, and with Darshana's cautionary words in respect of patience well to the fore, I passed up the taking of this exciting, if unnecessary, opportunity.

Though patience itself was beginning to prove difficult for my impulsive nature.

"I did mention it to you, Sahib," I answered in a voice I wished to seem concerned. The voice of a person unsure as to whether they have done the right thing. Knowing it would buy into his arrogance and sense of position.

"Mention what?" he said, looking puzzled, even affronted, that I should expect him to remember the words of a mere servant - albeit a servant on whose behalf he dreamed the most demeaning of fantasies and paid girls of the street to satisfy. My every dealing with the man, in fact, was either a calculated or ingrained put down intended to keep me in my place. Could there be in all of white Christendom, I remember telling myself, a man more worthy of the life of service I had in mind for him.

Biting back my anger, I arranged both my posture and my features into a semblance of submissiveness that, as you can imagine, did not come naturally to me and reminded him of my request to be *allowed* to wear more western style fashions as I went about my duties.

"Of course," he said dismissively with an airy wave of the hand, letting me know such a trifle was of no consequence to him, though not quite so dismissively he was able to prevent his eyes lingering on the full breasts to be seen straining at the white cotton of my shirt and the prematurely matronly, but muscular and shapely legs, clad in the black nylon pantyhose I mentioned earlier, he could see protruding from my slightly above the knee black skirt.

"It does not offend you, Sahib?" I asked. "I only wish to be a little more… modern."

Again, there came the airy wave of the hand, as if the only offence he took was from my bothering him with such insignificant trivia; even if he was sneaking covert glances at my pantyhosed legs and the shapely feet I had concealed in a pair of black court shoes Darshana and I had purchased *almost* pristine from a Cancer Research charity outlet in the British Quarter.

In fact, his eyes seemed unable to cope with the dilemma presented to them as they flickered edgily and uncertainly for feet to legs then off into the distance, before returning again to linger on my breasts.

"So long as what you wear is appropriate to your position here, Aadhaya," he told me, managing to maintain a pompous and dismissive air guaranteed to set both teeth and hackles on edge, "I see no reason why I should be troubled by your choice of clothing."

"Many thanks, Sahib," I told him with a slight bow of the head, wanting nothing more at that point than to remove his patronising tongue from his head with a scimitar.

The above desire one I corrected immediately when I recalled the uses I had for that tongue in the future once it had been rendered more... *servile*.

“I promise to dress appropriately at all times and will not trouble you again with the matter,” I finished as he pretended to be disinterested yet continued to sneak looks at the curves below my neck he had yet to see revealed in such a fashion before.

I had pulled my long black hair from my face and tied it at the back to heighten the appearance of the professional and the severe I wished to portray to him as a counterbalance to his fantasies of having me under his control, though I need not have bothered as my face remained of little interest to him.

Especially now it was in competition with my recently westernised body.

“Would the Sahib like me to draw him a bath?” I began, promising my features that they would soon receive the attention they deserved from him. “Or would he care to take some refreshment first?”

“Bath first, refreshment afterwards,” he told me curtly, not bothering to deign me with a look other than those covert glances that took in my legs and breasts and were giving me such encouragement, knowing as I did that the best was yet to come.

He was, after all, and amongst other peccadillo’s, an arse man; having, as yet, not been granted a rear view of the buttocks Darshana assured me were capacious and shapely and “*right up his street*”.

A picture of my friend’s *own*, and by no means inconsiderable, arse as it lowered itself onto the waiting and eager face of my employer threatened to make me smile.

She, of *all* people, could be trusted to know of what she spoke when it came to my employer’s… *preferences*.

With another respectful inclination of the head I headed upstairs to his en-suite bathroom, aware, as I did so, of his eyes burning into the back of my skirt and the buttocks beneath it as the climb set in process a necessary oscillation that could only make my “*right up his street*” arse yet more alluring to him.

Aware of the eyes that followed my derriere’s every oscillation, and knowing he could not see me, I smiled.

It had begun!

*****

TWELVE

An Unexpected Dysfunction

As the woman's well-modulated tones drifted up to me in my usual position at the top of the stairs and out of sight to one side, I was transfixed.

"Picture him upstairs where I left him with orders not to move," she told the *'Sahib'*, as he listened from the sofa opposite.

It was some three days since I had started to wear my more revealing Western outfits and, almost from the moment I effected the change, I could sense a change coming over my previously dismissive *master* (sic). His reaction to the body I had been told *could* be my fortune, were I to place myself at the service of men willing to pay to gratify their needs, underlined the wise, if despicable, advice I had been given on a number of occasions and made my lack of a beauteous face less disappointing to me than it might have been.

Knowing what I know now I realise that, once a man has been enslaved to the charms of a female body, reverence - even for facets of that same female once found unpalatable - soon asserts itself and everything about her becomes kindling to fuel his obsession further.

Given his, for him, erratic behaviour of the past few days I was not surprised that he would be in need of relief. The more he saw of my firm young body through the more flattering and enticing – if completely professional – outfits I had chosen from the charity outlets, the more he seemed edgy and snappy around me. I could only imagine how many times a day an image of me presented itself to him of my *"right up his street"* arse draped across his lap as he brought his hand down again and again before making me show remorse by unzipping him and…

He was, I felt certain, and as they say: *"feeling his oats"*; hence my lack of surprise to learn he was expecting a visitor that evening and that I could retire to my cramped living-quarters the moment I had shown his visitor in and served her a drink.

A drink she accepted as no more than her due, barely allowing her eyes to remain on mine for a fraction of a second longer than she deemed absolutely necessary.

And as for a simple and courteous *"Thank you"*?

I leave it you to supply your own answer.

I was just an insignificant Indian servant and she another faithless British wife who, had she not been of a shape to make a pin look curvy, may well have been the former owner of one of the charity-outlet outfits I was using to entice my employer. Another reason for her to look down upon me had she known. Her lack of, shall we say, *meat on the bone*, making her stand out from the other, more fleshy, varieties of *English Rose* he used by way of illicit diversion.

But it was not her physique alone that made this cheating wife different from the others.

If the words drifting up to me - the same words she was employing to stoke the fires of my strangely muted employer - were to be believed, this one was not only unfaithful but…

W*arped*.

“I see myself walk into our bedroom in nothing but my heels to find him there. Waiting. He is kneeling by the bed as I insisted. Knowing I was serious when I told him that if he disobeys me by so much as a hair’s breadth he will be banished from my life.”

My ears pricked at the first few brush strokes of the audio picture she had started to paint, eager as ever to hear details of a superior white male being humiliated – even if it was at the hands of a similarly self-regarding white woman.

She was seated opposite the *‘Sahib’* in the same wingback chair I had occupied when seduced by Darshana. I could see only her stick thin legs; the more substantial crossed variety of my employer’s visible opposite; the upper halves of their bodies hidden by the frame of the double-doors through which I viewed them as her words flowed like venomous honey. Our visitor was obviously enjoying the fantasy she was relating and, I confess, the nature of it endeared her to me somewhat in the process; narrowing the gulf between us by way of a shared preference.

Even if my distaste for both her race and her class would always be present.

“With beaten eyes he looks up at me and knows our marriage has changed forever. I have finally turned him into the creature he was always destined to be. The fact he is on his knees as ordered tells me all I need to know. From this moment on there will be only one master in this relationship and it will not be him. As of now his eyes will never meet those of another and see equality and respect mirrored back at him. And certainly not from mine.”

She paused and I watched as she leaned forward, coming into my eye line fleetingly to take her glass from the table separating her from my employer.

Appraising her as she leaned back to take a sip, I could not help but feel she was not the *Sahib’s* type.

Not if his previous selections from the faithless British wife catalogue were to be trusted.

This one, despite being obviously stylish in her pastel green heels and expensive beige cotton dress, and in direct contradiction of the others of whom he had availed himself, had less meat on her than a fishbone retrieved too late from a cat – though, if her words up to now were any guide though, I remember telling myself at the time, it was a lack of substance for which she compensated by the perversity of her imagination.

For all that I was distinctly unimpressed with the woman's physical presence, her narrative had, as no doubt she intended for it to do the same to my employer, transfixed me. My aforementioned contempt for her race, class and self-regard were temporarily placed in the background as her description of what was obviously a fantasy on her part gripped me and I willed her to continue. As hungry as ever for experiences where a woman triumphed over a man.

Even when the woman doing the triumphing was a woman of *her* kind.

Her next words, though, puzzled me for a few moments.

At least until I realised they were addressed to the *'Sahib'*.

"Take it out and wank yourself, if you wish," she told him, words that seemed all the more base and decadent for having been delivered in such a plummy English accent.

Another, longer, pause followed, then:

"As you wish, but do feel free the moment you feel the need. You have my permission"

A frisson of excitement sizzled the length of my spine: was she belittling the *"Sahib"*?

Seeing as how my employer's legs remained crossed it did not take a great talent for deduction to realise her offer had been declined and I realised I was disappointed – though the insinuation my *"master"* required her permission before doing such a thing compensated in part.

My frustration at not being able to witness my employer demean himself by masturbating to the image of an English stick-insect, as she sat fully clothed with a Gin and Tonic opposite and watched, eased somewhat when that same stick-insect resumed her fantasy narrative:

"I'm a mess and my cheeks burn from the scene I have just left downstairs. Bites and bruises cover my skin from the animalistic sex from which my husband has been excluded and yet my pale skin glows with satisfaction at being used in such a way. Did my shrill screams of pure pleasure reach him from downstairs? They must have and I pray they did, picturing his anguished face as his own sudras placed their cocks in my pussy, one after the other, to accomplish what his inadequate excuse for a penis never could and, now, never will. He has been cuckolded by his own Indian servants and there is not a thing he can do about it unless he wishes to lose his wife and have his shame made public at both his club and his place of business as well as to all his relatives and friends."

Again the woman paused and her breathiness gave witness to the enjoyment her own tale instilled in her.

My own you may take as read.

"I wonder if he can smell my arousal," she continues as I watch her legs open and have enough of an angle to see her hand reach between her legs and begin to manipulate her pussy.

“He will soon. And more. My sweat and the sudras’, intermingled, together with the cum his servants have just deposited in his wife’s welcoming pussy. The same pussy that will *never* welcome him again.”

Her moan of pleasure inspired by her own imagery was low and primal before she gathered herself enough to continue:

“How can they ever respect him again? From this moment on he will be less than a servant in his own home and it will be his wife who issues his sudras’ orders and commands as he becomes increasingly more like the wimpish little pussy–boy I always knew he was and always intended for him to become.”

The manipulations of her fingers in tandem with the imagery supplied by her words drew a sigh from her – and a swoon from me – as she broke off for a few moments to savour the scene she was acting and directing.

My employer had still to either move or speak.

“I make him look at the rivulets of sudra semen running down his wife’s thigh. I tell him to take a good look. I want him to. Soon it will be on his tongue and there is not a thing he can do to prevent it unless he wishes his shame to be made public.

“I may even order his – I should say *my* – sudras to come up here and give him a good thrashing to ensure he never again thinks to disobey or question me.”

Another sigh.

“It would be terrible for him. The once-proud Lord and Master, taken over the lap of a big strong Indian man of low-caste he employs and spanked on his lily-white arse in front of his wife until he begs her to tell him to stop?

“His face as I describe what I intend is a mixture of shame and pure anguish. He knows I mean what I say and the threat is real. My actions have left him in no doubt that I mean what I say and that, from now on, and if he is anything less than my totally pleasing and obedient cuckold, I will have him punished.”

My employer uncrossed and then re-crossed his legs and I wondered if her story was getting to him. From my angle, I did not see how it could fail to. Though I did ask myself in what capacity he was picturing himself in relation to her tale.

“Come here. Now! Yes. That is as it should be. Crawl to me on all fours and kiss the tips of my shoes.”

My breath caught in my throat. Was she talking to the Sahib? Had she just ordered him to…?

Frustration took me as I realised it was not my employer she was asking to crawl to her feet but had switched to the first-person to torment the husband who was only present in narrative form.

“Good boy!” she continued, mocking her demoralised spouse. “That’s it, take off my heels and worship my toes, one by one. Now kiss your way up the outside of my leg and lick the dimple running the length of my calf. Yes. That’s the way. Show me your devotion.

“But what am I thinking? You poor, poor, man! You must be simply dying to pay homage to your wife’s shit-chute… Yes. I thought so… There you go. All better now. Just run your tongue over your goddess’s buttocks and set yourself free. Do it with reverence then spread my cheeks to reveal my crack... A little more passion please, dearest. Am I not bestowing an honour upon you, after all? Even my sudras have not had me there yet.

“Yes, that is better you good boy. We are coming to an understanding. Does it not make you feel special, husband dear, to know I allow you access before my low-caste lovers?”

The imagery related words of his visitor might not have been having the desired effect upon my employer but they were – along with my own fingers - certainly edging me towards the chasm.

The picture forming for me of the white husband’s anguish at being supplanted in his wife’s life by his own servants and forced to become a figure of ridicule in his own home was delightful and, despite my distaste for the woman herself, I almost felt a sense of gratitude to our *narrator*.

Almost.

So taken was I with the fantasy she was in the process of weaving, and as committed as I was to *never* allowing a male penis to enter my temple, I told myself it might just be a sacrifice worth making if I were an Englishwoman of her class and somehow found myself in such a position.

“But let me lay on the bed and stretch,” she went on. “You were never keen to pay attention to my private parts but, now that we seem to have reached a new accommodation, I want you to be on intimate, if *servile*, terms with them. You know what I want, don’t you?

“You do?… Oh, what a good obedient husband you are becoming for me. And without me even having to tell you… That is *soooo* good… Yes. Lick your wife’s sweaty armpits my husband and get used to it, you will be doing it a lot from now on. Smell how dirty I am from those naughty sudras and suck my pits as if they were the most luscious and moist fruit offered a parched man.

“Hmmmm… Are they juicy enough for you?… Just nod now, no speaking with your mouth full… Good boy. How wonderful!… Blow on them now. Cool them. Oh, yes! You are going to be the obedient boy for me I always knew you could be.

“But what am I thinking, you poor man. Let me turn over so you can worship my arse with your obedient tongue again.

“Oooooh! Yes!!… That is so gooooooooooood!”

From my position at the top of the stairs, entranced by her performance, I could find no argument to refute her as I teased my own labia to her vivid description of what she would, no doubt, enjoy inflicting upon her husband in reality.

“Do you like the way I dip a finger inside my cunt, husband? The cunt you were always so adamant you would not serve with your tongue?

“Well? Do you?

“Look at how creamy it is when it’s removed. Let me place it on your lips and…

“No! Do not move – unless you want your disobedient arse spanked.

“That’s better… There. Does that taste nice? Do you like the taste of your wife and the big powerful sudra men?

“Yes, of course you do. Lick your lips while I get you some more and make sure to look into my eyes while you’re doing it.”

Suddenly, she rose to her feet and came into full view as she stood before my employer, legs spread and fingers still manipulating her overheated pussy as I attended to mine in the same fashion.

“It’s time to lay down with your back to the floor, husband.”

I took this to be an invitation to my employer but, if that’s what it was, he made no move to accept it and remained in his seat.

Not missing a beat and hiding her, natural I reasoned, disappointment well, she continued:

“Don’t be bashful now, I need to see who you really are. You need to… *commit*… to me.

“Yes! Good boy! That’s it. Open that mouth while I place a foot either side of your head and play with my well-fucked cunt until the sudra come deposited there begins to flow downwards. I want to see it drip into your wide-open cuckold mouth and, if you convince me you realise the honour I bestow upon you, I may just let you wank your puny little cock that seems to be taking such pleasure from having me treat you like the.. the… no-account little pussy-boy I… I always knew… always… always knew… you… you were.”

She was, like me I confess, becoming less coherent by the second and struggling to retain her line of thought as her own fantasy picked up even more steam and she reached a crisis point.

My employer remained immobile and unspeaking but this was of no account to me and would only take on a more meaningful resonance later..

“I… I want to… to kneel down and press… press my cunt down on to your hungry… face and… and force… force the last dregs of sudra… sudra cum down your… your cuckold throat. I want to smear my… smear my… smear my cummy pussy all over your… your slave-face and… and... and…

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh!”

The sight and sound of her own orgasm drove me to mine and we both went past the crisis together – my employer, thank Shiva, oblivious to my own explosion as he continued to sit motionless in front of his erotic and twisted storyteller; watching as she came down from the high of an orgasm in which she had, no doubt, fully expected her host to share.

For a long time there was silence as she – and her unsuspected audience, me – attempted to catch both breath and equilibrium.

“What the hell is wrong with you tonight?” she accused after coming down from her high enough to voice a rational thought and smoothing her dress over stick-insect thighs.

“I’m just not in the mood,” he told her without moving, flat and, I thought, dispirited.

“Well you might have told me that before I traipsed all the way over here,” she snarled, not best pleased, if I may be allowed to make an understatement. “If I want to be ignored I have a husband at home more than capable of performing the task for me.”

“Sorry,” he said, in a voice that sounded neither sorry nor interested but simply, and as stated, *flat*.

“You’re not the only man at the club with a cock waiting to have some use made of it.”

“What more can I say,” he apologised once again, not to my ears sounding in the least concerned or contrite in the face of her disappointment. “I’m not a machine, Celeste.

The woman, whose name I now knew and would look up on the website of the British Club the moment I was back in my room, seemed to realise her anger at his seeming lack of interest was getting her precisely nowhere and, deciding on a different tack, allowed her voice to became coquettish:

“Andy-Pandy’s not going to let his little slut go home without a fuck is he?”

The sigh escaping him did not bode well for such a likelihood not being the case and he remained where he was to underline it.

“Not,” she persisted, “when I’ve got a lovely warm pussy here waiting to wrap itself around his lovely hard cock. Wouldn’t my little Andy-Pandy like that?” she continued, still in coquette mode.

There was no response from the *Sahib* and I laughed to myself, pleased by the fact for reasons other than the faithless bitch going without what she came for – if for no other reason than the pitiful and wheedling caricature of a little girl's voice she no doubt thought would gain her what her more forceful and strident dominant bitch impersonation of a few moments earlier had failed to deliver.

"Sorry, Celeste. It's not going to happen," he told her. "It's not you it's me. I suppose I'm just not in the mood."

"Don't be ridiculous," she snapped, petulant. "Tell me when you're not in the mood!"

There was no reply and her hands went to her hips exasperatedly:

"Well, at least you can give me a drink and tell me *why* you're *'not in the mood'*. You own me that much at least."

As I watched him rise – grudgingly I thought – from the sofa and move to the drinks cabinet, I knew I had heard enough and rose quietly from my kneeling position and headed to my box-room.

Exultant!

Everything Darshana and I had in mind for my handsome employer was running to schedule and – despite a warning voice telling me these were early days – I could not have been more optimistic.

You see, the cheating wife with a nice line in female dominant fantasy, the same lady who had unwittingly just supplied me with a very nice orgasm, had no idea why my employer was not in the mood to fuck her.

But, with the recent interest my employer had been showing in his servant,…

I *did*.

*****

THIRTEEN

Seeds of Obsession

During the weeks after my employer's first failure with one of the wives he was so adept at pleasing, my confidence began to soar; though I was careful to keep the advice of Darshana well to the fore and not allow myself to grow over-confident.

The awakening of his interest in me after the adoption of my charity-outlet western fashions was encouraging, but it was hardly a green-light – even if I was finding my impatience to achieve what I wanted with this man difficult to keep in check.

Fortunately, Darshana saw my impatience and organised a surprise for me that would be exactly what I needed and would ensure – after what I saw and heard – that my need for forward motion would be counterbalanced by a fear of what I could lose if I were to allow rashness free rein and move more swiftly than the circumference of the noose we were in the process of fashioning for my employer's neck dictated.

"There is someone I wish for you to meet," my friend told me, not minutes after my employer left to fulfil his duties for the Salar Jung. "I was just waiting for *him* to leave. It would not be good if he were to see us together."

With this I could do no more than agree, though I was puzzled as to her presence on the door at such an early hour.

Especially for her.

"Quickly," she went on, rushing past me into the house. "We have a drive to make."

"A drive?" I queried, going on to add that I had not known she could drive or that she had ownership of a car.

"I cannot and I do not," she answered. "A friend has agreed to takes us. Hurry now. The person I have arranged for you to meet is very busy and will only be able to see us for a while."

"But…" I began to protest.

"Hurry, Aadhaya! My friend has graciously agreed to speak with you but will not wait forever."

Knowing her well enough by now to know that I would get nothing further from her until she was ready to impart it, I hastily gathered together my keys and my bag, made sure the house was locked, and followed her out to the road where a small Renault awaited us.

The driver was a young man of around twenty-years with a nervous smile and, I would discover, a painful condition of unrequited love for my friend.

A condition she used for her own ends without either guilt or shame.

“Prajin has offered to drive us to our location,” Darshana explained, not bothering to introduce us, though I did receive a pleasing smile from the, I must admit, rather handsome young man whose heart she had enchained.

“Go, Prajin! Go! We are already in danger of being late.”

“Of course, Darshana,” he answered, the eyes he turned to her full of the reverence, if not the servility, I wished to see in the eyes of my employer when he gazed into mine.

After a few unsuccessful attempts to get Darshana to tell me where we were going and why I gave up and enjoyed the ride, retreating into my own thoughts as the gradually warming morning air cooled the Renault’s interior through the open windows.

I knew from the signs that we were headed towards Hyderabad Airport and this filled me with a sense of the exotic to go with my puzzlement - were we meeting someone from another country?

The airport, though, was not our destination and, before we reached it, Prajin guided the car onto the new six-lane highway NH-7 that led to Bangalore.

Some twenty minutes later, Darshana turned to me and said:

“Not far now.”

“Darshana,” I began, “you are being very mysterious. Who is it we are…?”

“Patience, Aadhaya,” she spoke over me. “Which is, by the way,” she went on, “my reason for bringing you here.”

Biting my tongue, I decided to accept her guidance and fell silent as Prajin drove on for a further five minutes, continuing to flick glances at the object of his passion through the rear-mirror as he did so, before taking a sign that read:

“Cyberabad College.”

The area in which the college was located was one I had heard of but had yet to visit; an area popular with wealthy Foreigners who wished to locate to Hyderabad for reasons of business and had finances enough to have luxurious homes built to their own specifications on the many and spacious plots available.

The area had been, in other times, rich in farmland. And still was. Now, however, and providing yet more fuel for me to stoke my hatred of the white Europeans – mostly English; who took the

best of our country for themselves while its deserving indigenous population fought over the rest; the lion's share of that farmland was behind electronic gates and placed at the service of the wealthy few.

Indeed, many of the developments we passed were gated with their own security people manning them and it was at just such a development that Prajin pulled the Renault to a halt for Darshana to step from the car and speak with a uniformed guard before the gates swing back and Darshana re-joined us as we were allowed through.

Around a minute or so later, Prajin pulled the Renault to a halt outside a spacious villa in its own grounds.

A villa such as I had only seen via the internet on celebrity sites that dealt with the lifestyles of our more in demand Bollywood actors and actresses.

The first thing to take my envious eye was a front-lawn swimming pool, water pristine and crystal clear, knowing that envy would soon turn to outright jealousy should Darshana have, for reasons of her own and quite beyond me, brought me all this way to meet yet another pampered British wife.

I need not have worried.

The middle-aged woman who rose from her padded lounger to come and greet us was neither pale of skin, stick-insect thin, nor English.

But she was… *Indian*.

"Darshana, how lovely to see you," she said, dialect betraying origins at least as humble as my own and my friend's.

She greeted my friend with a hug and kisses before turning her attention to me.

"And this must be Aadhaya."

She placed a kiss on both of my cheeks and smiled warmly.

They were *not* air-kisses.

Darshana introduced her as *"Saura"* and the lady herself went on to explain that they were former working colleagues; a revelation that made her presence in such a property as neither a flunkey or – I assumed, judging from her lady of the manor attitude – a prostitute all the more intriguing to me.

Within seconds, as Prajin the ignored waited in the Renault we were seated poolside in comfortable chairs at a wrought iron table with cooling umbrella; a jug of fresh orange juice had already been prepared and soon we were partaking of much needed refreshment after our drive.

I did not miss the fact our young driver had *not* been extended such a courtesy.

After a few exchanges of small talk during which the two acquaintances caught up on some gossip, Saura directed her attention to me.

She was, in her bikini with silk, wraparound, robe, fleshy and plump, and was in no way comparable to the Bollywood actresses whose homes I had seen featured on the Internet. Bodily, that is. Her face, though, was - unlike either mine or Darshana's - incredibly beautiful. With her lustrous and thick black hair tied into a long plait that hung down her back almost to her considerable buttocks, her skin was flawless, even without make-up of any kind.

Without any, that is, save for a large red bindi embedded upon her forehead.

She was also short.

Very short.

And yet, for all that she was no siren in bodily terms, she managed, by dint of that beautiful and unlined face, to look both sexy and regal as well as maintaining about her an air of authority.

For, despite the mitigation made by that beautiful face, it was easy to see that it would take very little for those appealing features to become… *stern*.

Very stern, indeed.

"So, Aadhaya, my dear," she began with a chrming smile that served to put me more at my ease "Darshana tells me it is your intention to bring your handsome white English master crawling to you upon hands and knees. A position, I presume, from which you do not intend for him to leave once you have him in it."

It was not a question and I felt a surge of anger rise up in me for my new friend's loose mouth. I had confided in her and she had taken my confidence and parlayed it to another. The look I bestowed upon her was not a pleasant one."

"Please, Aadhaya," our hostess came in, noticing my displeasure – which, I must say, was pretty difficult to miss given the incendiary nature of my anger towards Darshana, "Darshana brings you here only that I may be of service to you."

"And how will you do that, exactly?" I asked, heat unabated at what I saw as my friend's treachery; a *stern* look of my accompanying my question.

Saura's beautiful features lit up in another, knowing and conspiratorial, smile and despite myself I found my anger abating.

"Before I offer you my advice," she began, "let us have some fresher orange-juice."

I looked at the half-full carafe upon the table-top and professed myself puzzled as Saura brought her hands to together to make a sharp and staccato clapping sound before favouring me with another smile.

Just as I was about to ask what in Shiva's name was going on, a man appeared from the open patio doors leading to the interior of the house and hurried towards us.

Darshana was already smiling as she anticipated my response to his appearance.

The man who almost kowtowed towards our position poolside was deference personified and dressed in tight black trouser and a short white jacket; much as the ones I had seen on waiters in films set aboard cruise liners.

Like our hostess, he was also of middle-years if, perhaps, a year or two older.

Unlike our hostess, he was in marvelous physical shape.

He was also handsome, though, to my mind, nowhere near as handsome as my employer who was around the same age.

More importantly though and, again like my employer, the flunkey about to wait on us was…

English!

"Yes, Madame?" he asked. "How may your servant be of assistance.?"

Darshana continued to smile and the purpose behind her bringing me to Saura's home became clear.

As my eyes took him in, waiting respectfully to serve his *Indian* mistress, I realised I had stopped breathing.

"Bring us fresh orange juice, Daniel," Saura ordered without bothering to deign the man with a glance, my own eyes continuing to fixate on the sight of this white man standing docile and ready to serve before us.

"And this time make sure it is sufficiently chilled," she added curtly.

Even through my delighted shock, I realised this was a little powerplay devised as a response to my reservations and to save my hostess a great deal of explanation.

The juice, I was well aware, had been perfectly: *"chilled"*.

"Immediately, Madame," he responded, reaching forward to take up the carafe, careful, I realised, not to make eye-contact with either myself or Darshana and ill-at-ease to be seen in so servile a fashion before two girls so many years his junior.

“Fresh tumblers too, you cretin,” she snapped.

To judge from his response, it was as if he had just felt the first lash of the whip across his back and I felt myself shiver with a more positive response of my own

It had taken no more than a simple change in the tone of our hostess’s voice to place him on the backfoot and unman him.

“Of course, Madame,” he replied, voice all of a quiver. “I shall fetch them this instant.”

Much as I had upon hearing my employer’s stick-insect guest describe the fantasy she had in mind for her husband, I felt my womanhood moisten at Saura’s dismissal of the man as if he were no more than a slave.

Had *that* really just happened? I asked myself.

Darshana, I could tell, was hardly less affected – even if she had been forewarned.

“I ask you again, Aadhaya” Saura began when her manservant had retreated into the house to do her – unnecessary – bidding: “is it your intention to have your English master crawl to you upon hands and knees and acknowledge that *you*, and not *he*, controls his life?”

“Was…” I began, speech affected by a simple scene that had to have been the most erotic I had witnessed up until then – notwithstanding the activities seen at my employer’s, in one of which Darshana herself had taken a prominent role.

Saura was smiling, completely in sympathy, it seemed, with what I was feeling; knowing *exactly* the effect it was having upon me.

“Was *that* real?” I asked.

Her nod was emphatic.

“Completely,” she went on to underline the nod. “Daniel is mine now. He knows no greater pleasure than to bring a smile of satisfaction to the face of his Indian owner – though it was not always thus.”

I looked to Darshana for verification for some reason, praying this was not some elaborate practical joke, I suppose, and her nod was equally as emphatic as her friend’s.

“Not one year ago,” Saura continued, preferring exposition to further questioning on my part, no doubt, “he was a… *client*, let us call him, and it was I who danced to a tune dictated by the money he had and I did not.”

A look of regret clouded her features as she pondered her own words until, finally:

“It has always been so, Aadhaya,” she told me what I knew already. “Those who have-not are used by those who have. It is unjust but, given the choice of being one or the other, the decision is a simple one.”

At this, and as you would expect, both Darshana and I were in complete agreement.

Saura waved her hand at our surroundings and continued:

“He was, as you can see, successful in his working life. I use the past tense because what was once his is now mine. The only success he now covets is the sense of achievement he experiences when he has pleased me and I see fit to allow a few words of praise to bathe him.”

Her words were certainly contriving to *bathe* me; so much in fact that my normal articulacy could not be found as the flow of warm expectation, generated by her description of her servant’s desire to please his mistress, washed over me and was not of a mind to countenance multi-tasking.

“But…? How?” I blurted out, drawing affectionate laughter from both friend and hostess in the process.

Saura placed a hand atop mine and I felt exactly the same kind of energy rush I had felt when Darshana had done the same that first day in the coffee-shop.

And we all know where *that* had led.

“That,” Saura told me with a look of infinite encouragement, “is what your good friend Darshana has brought you here to learn, Aadhaya…”

*****

FOURTEEN

The Wisdom of Venus

"Women are wiser than men..."

I had sat and listened in rapt silence as Saura explained to me how she had brought a once healthy, successful and extremely independent middle-aged Englishman to place his life at her service for no greater a reward than to make her life one of ease, luxury and command.

Command of *him*.

We were sat alongside the swimming-pool of a villa that had once belonged to the man who was now her manservant and now belonged to her and, for the first time in my young life – and excluding my childish domination of young Nandi – I felt myself… *empowered*.

"Men are logical and women are illogically logical. Men *think* they have the answers based on that superior logic but we know how to use illogicality to neutralise their arguments and make both them and the argument itself of use to us. It is true to say that there are some very foolish women who still contrive to manage men far their superiors in terms of intelligence. And yet I have still to be shown or experience an intelligent woman who is managed by a foolish man. Unless, of course, brute force is involved and, even then, the female victim will find a way to bring her persecution to an end without detriment to herself."

We were favoured with an inclusive smile:

"Though the brute in question may not be so fortunate."

Our hostess had laughed and we had joined her.

"So, Aadhaya," she began when our amusement had subsided, "the only question that need concern you now is how do you get the man of your choice to start doing as you say and condition him to wish to go on doing so?"

It was, I admitted to her, the question that – understandably, given my aims - most concerned me.

"We may, as I am sure you already have, discount the use of physical intimidation to make a man obedient. I need, I am sure, supply no reasoning for the assertion. Though we may eventually be compelled to use corporal punishment to enforce our rule over the man of our choice, the man in question must be so psychologically conditioned to accept our authority and our superiority by such a time that he will submit rather than face the mental pain and anguish caused to him if he refuses."

Every word and statement our hostess made seemed to heighten both my understanding and, less useful to me at this stage, my *arousal*.

"This," she went on, "takes intelligence, patience, and a good deal of self-restraint to bring about."

Saura had shared a look with Darshana at this point and I was under no illusions that my friend had shared her knowledge of my growing impatience with our hostess.

And had been right to do so.

"I see that now, Saura," I told her. "I am fortunate to have a friend such as Darshana who is wise enough to tell me my shortcomings."

I gave my friend and lover a smile of gratitude and she returned it.

"But," I went on, "I do find it difficult to believe that a man such as my employer, old enough to be my father and, in fact, older than my father himself, can be placed in such a condition as you describe."

"Understandable, Aadhaya," Saura smiled.

"He is, also, extremely handsome. More so even – if you will forgive the comparison – than your own, hmm, servant, who is not exactly lacking in the looks department himself. This must surely make it terribly difficult to make him submit to one such as I?"

"Difficult," she agreed, "but not impossible." A hand indicated our surroundings. "As you can see."

I could indeed.

"Also," she added, "Darshana tells me your employer has been responding… *favourably*… to the sight of your voluptuous young body in your new and European outfits. Is that so?"

I nodded, his recent interest in me that had been entirely absent before – excluding his desire to take me over a knee and administer discipline to my disobedient arse – most encouraging and brought about by the greater access I had given him to my body.

"He has always been taken with my feet," I explained as Saura's eyes inclined in their direction. I was bare-legged today, in a professional midi-length grey skirt and the usual white cotton shirt that made me feel so efficient and… *powerful*, but the black heeled courts that hid my toes could do nothing to disguise the shapely high-arches of my foot and the pristine brown skin surrounding them.

“It is not difficult to understand why,” she said with an undercurrent of lust that triggered mine as I looked to Darshana and hoped she would not be offended by my obvious enjoyment of our hostess’s equally obvious flirting.

“Lately, however,” I began again, “and since I put away my saris, he appears equally as taken with my legs and my breasts.”

Saura considered this, no doubt processing the information and how best to utilise it to our own ends, when a cough of interruption came from Darshana:

“You leave out the asset in your possession that truly transfixes him, Aadhaya,” she reminded me teasingly.

Saura’s look to me was a question and I could do no more than laugh as Darshana poked out her tongue towards me.

“My ever considerate friend here,” I began, “refers to my somewhat large...”

“Large *and* sexy, do not forget,” Darshana came in, still in tease mode.

“Yes. Thank you, Darshana,” I told her in mock strict tones before turning back to Saura. “My employer has, Saura – if the looks he cannot help throwing in its direction whenever he feels I will not notice – something of a growing obsession with my…”

Darshana giggled.

“Take no notice of the little minx, Aadhaya,” Saura told me with a little giggle of her own that served to make me giggle also. “I assume you are telling me the *‘large and sexy’* part of your body upon which he devotes most of his attention is your arse?”

I nodded and Saura did likewise, as if acknowledging something very telling.

“I make a point of revealing it to him – clothed of course – as many times in a day as is possible without him suspecting I do so purposefully,” I told her.

“Yes. That is good. Darshana has already told me of his passion for the… *shit-chute*, shall we say, and it is very revealing. His need to worship there – even if he needs to pay someone in order that he retains ultimate control – is indicative of a far greater need.”

“You think he may be a beta in alpha clothing?” I asked hopefully, Saura’s look telling me she was impressed one so young and from a similar humble background to her own could be familiar with such terms.

My good, if not so educated, friend, Darshana, simply looked mystified by my use of the two terms she had yet to be familiarised with.

“It is highly likely, my dear,” she agreed with what I thought was genuine affection towards me – recognising a kindred spirit, no doubt. “He will not address it to himself in such terms, but, deep down, this truth exists and explains his need at times to allow it out to play – under strictly regulated conditions of his own choosing, of course.”

Again, she took my hand:

“It is your task, Aadhaya, with the help of Darshana – and now me – to make sure that it comes out with more and more regularity and under conditions favourable to you and not him.”

“And… You will help me achieve this, Saura?”

Again, her nod of agreement was emphatic.

“With the greatest of pleasure, my dear,” she told me before glancing towards Darshana with much affection. “As much for my lovely Darshana here as for you. It will give me great pleasure to help two deserving young Indian girls experience the delights I experience myself on a daily basis through the control of a man of means.”

I could barely contain my joy – even if, and as much as I was fond of her, I did not intend for Darshana to share in the power I intended to wield over my *“Master”*.

“But, and as we go forward,” Saura began, “you must always keep uppermost in your mind that, at heart, the man remains a child. No matter how high he has risen in the world and how advanced his age and financial standing he still looks to the woman for validation emotionally and sexually. Always remember that, no matter how brutish the brute, it is the approbation and respect of a woman for which he looks. Of course, there are those brutes we have mentioned who the task of bringing them to heel is all the more difficult. Just the same, I am convinced that there is no man who can withstand the superior wiles of a woman if that woman is given the time and the opportunity to use them upon him.”

The smile she gave me was encouraging.

“From what we have ascertained of your employer,” she added, “he sounds like just the kind of man who will respond to a female leading him by the nose – no matter how tender her years. Darshana has told you he paid her to dominate him?” I asked, growing more comfortable with both Saura and the subject matter.

“As I mentioned: she described his… *passion*.. for the shit-chute. Yes. However, I should not get too carried away with that,” Saura said, somewhat disappointingly I thought at the time. “That is no more than a game he plays by way of a diversion. A way of giving his beta some release while remaining in total control of his own situation and those populating it. I have seen it too many times not to know that for most men it is no more than a change from the norm. He would no more consent to such treatment in his day-to-day life than he would to voluntary impalement – were such a punishment still available.”

“I do not understand,” I told her,” miffed to have my hopes raised and then dashed.

“You are dejected. Do not be. Left to his own devices your employer would rather discipline you than have the situations reversed. The problem for him, and correct me if I am wrong, is that you do not intend to see him *‘Left to his own devices’*.”

My silence, and Darshana’s, obviously convinced her that was not the case.

“From now on,” she continued, “You must ensure that he begins to desire your approval. This can be cultivated in him over a relatively short period of time and, you will be pleased to learn, is achieved in pretty much the same way as you have been attempting to do it up to this point.”

My spirits restored themselves a little at this as I have never been good at listening to negatives and prefer to shine a torch rather than suffer darkness.

Though I was not to know it at the time, the beam of that torch was about to become a floodlight and fate was about to throw me the means by which I could enslave my employer to me.

Forever!

*****

FIFTEEN

The Return

I was silent the whole way back from Saura's and, after a few attempts to engage me in conversation and divine my thoughts, Darshana gave up and contented herself with silence also.

Her enamoured driver said nothing but simply, and as before, sneaked what glimpses he could of my friend through the rear-view mirror.

The trip to see the friend of my friend and former colleague in the sex trade had thrown up many questions – and one in particular – I needed to answer to my own satisfaction but had by no means deflected me from my ambition in regard of my handsome and pompous English employer.

Quite the opposite, in fact.

It is, as we are all of us aware, one thing to daydream and fantasise in regard of someone or something that seems completely out of our reach and we have, despite our best self-assurances, no certain idea that such fantasies will retain their appeal once achieved, for how many people have achieved their heart's desire after all, only to realise they were deluding themselves all along?

In this respect, my being able to witness my fantasy at work, so to speak, was both instructional *and* motivational.

As our journey back to the city progressed I could see Darshana flicking hopeful and anxious glances in my direction as she tried to gauge my reaction, my friend totally oblivious to the hopeful glances being directed her way via the driver's rear-view mirror.

The thoughts to which my friend was not made privy were a mixture of good and not-so-good. There had, after all, been much in my surprise visit to meet Darshana's former colleague and mentor I had found exhilarating. Alongside these, however, there had been other things I had found less than pleasing - though not enough to lower my spirits to any great degree.

All in all, I told myself, the experience had been of a beneficial kind.

And yet…

For reasons I was not sure of at the time but realised shortly after were no more than a desire to give the need of my growingly more dominant personality a little sustenance – even if it was of a kind mixed with affection for its recipient; I enjoyed giving Darshana the silent treatment and making her worry that she had been too presumptuous in revealing my need to her friend.

“You are angry,” Darshana told me as Prajin pulled the car to a halt in the road next to my employer’s home, that there be no chance of his seeing us together in the unlikely event of him having returned early from the Salar Jung.

“I should have told you beforehand what I intended,” she went on, anxiety obvious from her tone, “but I wished to surprise you. To show you that what you wish for is possible.”

Leaving her twisted in her seat and saying nothing, enjoying having my slightly older friend on the backfoot for a change, I left the car and slammed the door.

“Aadhaya,” she called after me through the open rear door window and I realised there was real concern in her voice that she may have lost a friend.

It was a reaction, despite my new-found fondness for my former fellow pupil, that was not displeasing to me. I was enjoying having her off-balance and as ever the exercise of control, however minimal, sent the usual thrill through me. This set me to thinking that if I could feel such pleasure at even this minimal exercise of authority the sensations to be experienced were I to manage to put the Englishman under my youthful heel would be indescribable.

You will have divined by now that guilt plays little if no part in my mental make-up and the knowledge that a fellow human being may be made miserable at having their self-respect assaulted, simply to make my life more pleasurable was never likely to make me think twice about taking the course upon which I had set myself. I have no idea why I am like this and neither do I care. In many ways I realise I am something of a cold fish and the vicissitudes of others likely to fetch a tear of sympathy from their fellows have seldom, if ever, made much of an impact on me.

To put it plainly: my inner being is tempered by steel.

And woe betide the poor unfortunate, such as my former English *“Master”*, who took me for something… *softer*.

Turning back, I gave her a hard look that heightened her expression of anxiety then, having learned what I needed to learn and where the real power lay in our relationship, I allowed myself a warm smile and ducked forward to kiss her cheek.

Darshana’s relief was palpable and needed no words to express itself.

“Thank you for today,” I told her. “You are a good friend.”

I kissed her cheek again to emphasise the fact.

“Now I must go.”

My smile became conspiratorial:

“There is a certain Englishman in need of a noose about his neck.”

*****

SIXTEEN

Cultivating the Seeds

I noticed the change the moment I entered the house.

Not that it was any different to when I had left it that morning and my employer had yet to return from the museum.

No.

The change had been effected in me and it impacted upon the way I looked at things and, where once I saw my presence at the workplace as simply that of a paid employee and nothing more I now, after my meeting with Saura, had a wholly new perspective on my surroundings.

So great was my newly instilled confidence that what once I had considered *his* I now looked upon as *mine* and stepping back through that door it seemed to me as if I were coming home.

My home.

Or at least what would become mine.

All that remained was to school my employer into believing that too.

There was still an hour or two until the *"Sahib's"* return and I had time before preparing his evening meal to make myself a coffee and sit at the kitchen table to reflect upon the day's events and the wise words of Saura.

Strangely, her words not *all* having pleased me – what child wishes to hear of the obstacles between her and her desire, after all? – I had found myself uplifted and admitted Darshana to have been right to take me to see the lady in a number of ways

Firstly:

It was motivational to see how she had brought her own white Englishman to heel before her voluptuous but less than conventionally attractive femininity.

Secondly:

As well as making my own intentions seem all the more possible; our meeting gave validation to desires I had previously felt made me… *strange* – even if the sights I had seen since arriving at my *"master's"* had lessened, somewhat, any small self-recriminatory thoughts I had in regard of my own desires.

The fact that another of my countrywomen was of a similar mindset and had set herself to take control over a handsome man from another continent made me feel less odd.

But, somehow, no less… *special*.

Moreover, she had *succeeded* in her task. From being just another whore being used by a superior descendant of our one-time colonial masters, she had contrived to become more than just a vessel into which he could release his need of the time and enter his very bloodstream. A virus he had no defence against and – if the deference and obedience I had seen him offer were authentic and not an act for my benefit (it had crossed my mind but I had soon discounted the possibility) *never* would.

“Never forget, Aadhaya,” Saura had told me after her white manservant whose home and life she had taken over had served us with some very *English* sandwiches and yet more liquid refreshment, before being dismissed back to his chores in the house, “every man has a breaking point that your power over him will be unable to circumvent.

“The trick is to recognise it early and *never* to go there. You may come close – even threaten to go there – but to actually do so is to risk all that you have achieved. And for no more than your ego’s need to believe there is *nothing* you cannot do with him.”

The look she fixed upon me was one of complete seriousness as she finished:

“This is both unnecessary and extremely stupid. The dreams of personal power you tell me you have cherished from childhood will be in the process of being realised, so why take a dangerous and unnecessary course that could see them dashed?”

“But how do I know what that breaking point is?” I had whispered, not wishing her *man* to hear, genuinely interested in what she was telling me – even if it did not chime with my own intentions exactly.

Saura’s plump but attractive features broke into a grin:

“There is no need to whisper, Aadhaya,” she assured me. “My flunky cannot hear us and, if he could, he has no grasp whatsoever of our native tongue.”

Something in the disdainful way she referred to him as: *“flunky”* and the accompanying derisive sneer she sent in the direction of her menial European made me shiver with perverse lust.

Her next words were equally as contemptuous:

“How could he? He is an Englishman!”

Darshana laughed and Saura joined her in mocking the linguistic insularity for which that particular race was renowned and mocked the world over.

On my part, I waited impatiently for an answer to my question, too sexually charged and thirsty for knowledge to indulge in jocularity.

Saura noted my edginess and became serious once more:

"It is simple, Aadhaya," she told me. "Unless your employer is a dyed-in-the-wool masochist who actually takes sexual pleasure from people both knowing and seeing his subjugation to a woman - something it is easy to see he is not.

Despite having seen him pay Darshana to treat him disrespectfully I recognised Saura's description of my employer as accurate and true.

"And, were he to be so," she continued with same accuracy, "the pleasure he took from such treatment would make him of little interest to you. No. The man you and Darshana have described is of a type familiar to me and," her eyes flickered towards her *'flunky'*, "Such a man will be mortified to have your ownership of him flaunted before his peers and others he considers both his social and intellectual equals."

This made sense to something I had been asking myself since the night I had witnessed him being humiliated by my new friend. I knew now that it was not masochism so much that prompted my employer to ask Darshana and her colleagues to role-play the part of his strict mistress but a need born from the same sense of superiority that found itself heightened at being able to pay my countrywomen to act out scenarios of his choosing. Scenarios *he* retained control over.

More importantly, they were scenarios he could end at a time of his own choosing.

The *real* power remained with him.

Mostly, I knew from witnessing his punishment of the girl he had paid to portray *me*, it was a delight in control over others that drove him and fed his highly developed sense of self-importance – even when he was ceding that control on a temporary basis to girls he considered his inferiors.

"However," Saura was continuing, "to stay within his limits as you have ascertained them is to ensure your control over him both grows and prospers. And because you do not flaunt your ownership of him to those he values most does not mean you cannot do so with strangers and others of your acquaintance with whom he has no… *history*, shall we say. *That* is an entirely different matter."

Saura's expression became thoughtful, as if weighing up possibilities.

"I think a demonstration is in order," she said, almost to herself before clicking her fingers.

At the sound, the Englishman she had made her own rushed to her side.

I use the word *"rushed"* advisedly, for this is exactly what he did, stopping just short of a run, as if every split-second counted.

The fear driving his obedience made, I confess, my young Indian pussy moist.

"How can I be of service, Madame Saura?"

Not even deigning him with a glance, Saura held out a hand, first in my direction and then Darshana's.

"My young guests here are in need of a footbath. See to it."

I saw the older man's eyes flicker towards me and saw the sheer humiliation he took from the prospect of demeaning himself before a young girl from another country. And yet, not once did I think he would disobey Saura's demand as he nodded and returned inside to the house. However she had managed it, her power over the man seemed total.

Within a few minutes he was back kneeling at my feet with a basin of warm water and a soft cloth and preparing to remove my sandals.

The feeling of control I felt at that moment, even though it came at the behest of another woman, was unlike anything I had ever experienced in my life and threatened to tip my already fevered sex over the edge.

"Just sit back and enjoy it," Saura told me with a giggle, reverting back to our naked tongue as her servant and chattel began to bathe my shapely brown feet with a cloth soaked in warm water. "Control over another human-being, especially a supposedly superior man, supplies sensations that, once experienced, ensure addiction for life."

Her giggle turned to a laugh:

"Correct me if I am wrong, but I have the impression it is not an addiction that would concern you to any great degree."

With my foot in the older white man's hands as he supplied one of the most humiliating services one person can provide for another, I could barely find the words with which to agree, so great was my arousal and the images that kept flashing into my head of handsome English employer occupying exactly the same position as he supplied that same service.

I satisfied myself with a nod.

"Anyway," Saura began, this after both she and Darshana had stopped laughing, "from what I have learned of his character from yourself and Darshana," Saura had continued, "I would say with certainty that this would be the point at which you would lose him were you ever foolish enough to wish to test your power over the creature in such a way."

Her expression was deadly serious as she added:

"You must bear this in mind if you wish to achieve your aims, Aadhaya."

I pondered this as her man dried my foot and replaced the sandal he had removed, the breath catching in my throat as he placed a reverential and respectful kiss on the red painted nails of my toes and set about providing the same service for my other foot.

The sensation of power and control was entirely intoxicating.

Though I knew her words made sense and echoed my own thoughts to some extent – and I particularly liked her use of the word: *"creature"* - they described a prospect that did not sit well with me. In my fantasies there were *no* boundaries as far as my control of my employer was concerned and, save for the physically impossible, I wished the same to apply in reality. Already, I was telling myself that because Saura was not confident enough in her power to push her servant past *his* boundaries it did not mean I would be unable to do the same with *mine*.

I *wanted* his family, friends and colleagues, to know of his service to his master.

Me.

For power to be power, I mused as I recalled her words, it had to be complete if it were to be of any meaning to me and I intended to have it.

Not that I had any intention of ever humiliating him before his family, friends and peers in a public setting, you must understand; but my reasons for not doing so had nothing in common with Saura's admonition on the same subject.

To do that – and especially after the stereotypical fashion of a paid dominatrix - would be to give his intimates the impression he was allowing himself to be treated in such a fashion simply to gratify some warped little sexual predilection.

In such a situation, and if anything, I would be the one humiliated as they would no doubt see me as someone dominating him for money when what I wanted was for them to see him behaving as he would normally but deferring to me on all things.

For me, it would be his constant attention to my needs and his hanging upon my every word that would cause him true humiliation and prove my power over him – even in front of those whose good opinion mattered most to him.

It would prove my power over my *"creature"* far more, in fact, than if I simply ordered him to lower his trousers and have him place himself over my lap for a spanking in front of his intimates.

Just the same, and thinking through Saura's boundaries, I told myself they were, on the whole, sensible.

But they were *her* boundaries.

Mine, I knew, even as she was in the process of elucidating them, would be more ambitious in scope and extend to nothing short of complete dominion over this man who considered himself so far my superior he could pay a girl of similar stamp to allow him to abuse her while attempting to convince himself he was subjugating *me* to his superiority would suffice.

Which was when, anger at what he would do to me were he somehow able to place me in the same position of Darshana's colleague heating my blood, I remembered some more wise words of Saura's:

"Sometimes, it is by allowing the male to satisfy his fantasies in regard of one – despite our distaste for doing so - that we make him dependent upon us as the outlet for those desires he can find no other way of venting. Once that dependency is ingrained we have the power to deny. And from that comes the platform for us to… shape."

With recall of her words it was as if a spotlight had flashed on inside my head.

Suddenly I knew how to lead this arrogant and superior man into my web.

I would not like it – of that you may be assured – but there would be all the time in the world afterwards to make him pay dearly for my sacrifice.

It was the mantra I chanted to myself as I prepared to demean myself in order to place him on the road to serfdom.

*****

SEVENTEEN

Indulging the Sahib

Before the most fortunate turn of everyday events that would – handled correctly – have placed my employer in my power anyway and led to his complete and utter…

Forgive me.

In my excitement at what I have achieved with him I rush ahead far too swiftly.

We will come to that *"fortunate turn of events"* soon enough.

Suffice it to say, that I had already devised the means by which to place him under my young female spell before fate took a greater hand in his downfall and both assured and underlined my eventual elevation.

It was not, as I have already confessed, a means I either liked or would have chosen had I been allowed a choice in the matter but - consider me nothing if not pragmatic - I was willing to bite the bullet and buy in to my employer's fantasies on my behalf if it brought me closer to my long-term aim.

An aim that spelled nothing short of his complete enslavement to me.

When I relate to you the route I had chosen, you will probably not be too surprised to learn that both Darshana and Saura were opposed to my approach. In fact, I freely admit, their reservations did not exactly fill me with confidence for the route I had decided to take either. But - and add obstinacy to my pragmatism - I was only too aware that I knew my employer far better than they.

This in spite of Darshana's more *hands-on* experience of his desires.

I had, I knew, a far more telling insight into what made this handsome and self-involved Englishman tick as a man.

A knowledge of the man that was becoming more concise and cogent with each day of my service to him.

To subdue a man, after all, it is first necessary to understand his strengths as well as his weaknesses for, sometimes, playing to those strengths can provide a direct line to need and dependency. Simple. Once we have gained a handle, so to speak, upon his desires we can then use our insight to make ourselves both desirable *and* indispensable to our prey.

And what exactly was this insight, I hear you asking yourselves?

Well, my readers, as much as I would like to dress it as some revelatory flash of prescience on my behalf, my natural honesty prevents me from informing you that it was nothing more than a simple realisation of the nature of my employer's psychological make-up.

That he was warped sexually – equally as much as his humble housekeeper – had been evident to me even before the appearance of Darshana on his front-room rug and the humiliation he had paid her to inflict upon him. My observation of him with the British wives – who numbered quite a few by this time – he had seduced and fucked before the fire on that same front-room rug had convinced me, and not greatly to my pleasure I might add, that what he truly thrived upon in his relations with women was control. He may well have felt a curiosity to experience life on the submitting end at the hands of Darshana and this did not surprise me. Had I not myself, despite my young years, wondered how it would feel to cede personal authority to another? The difference between us being my lowly social station and the fact I experienced a form of the phenomenon through my everyday service to him in his role of my employer.

Yet, despite the growingly urgent need I had to place the man at my servant, I could not fault him for his inquisitiveness in this regard. He was, after all, an intelligent and educated man – if not a likeable one – and, like me and in the diluted form stated, wished to experience something of what it felt like to be on the powerless end of human interaction. What separated us being the fact he could end his own experience at a time of his choosing while I was stuck with mine.

The problem for me was how to place him in such a position of powerlessness in respect of a young Indian girl who was not only poorer and of inferior social standing, less well-educated and unappealing facially, and who actually worked in his home as a servant.

It was, I believed, a problem I had solved – though the approach I hit upon was not, as Saura and Darshana had both warned, an approach entirely without risk.

That approach being…

In short, I gave him exactly what he desired… And, with images of him occupying the same place at my feet as Saura's servant the carrot, I did so in the following way…….

*****

"…….Sahib, may I speak with you if it is not too inconvenient?"

He was, as was his habit most Sunday mornings, seated on the sofa in the sun-filled conservatory the previous owner had added to the property. As was usual also, he was reading the previous day's London Times despatched to him via air-mail. Yesterday's news – if his look of concentration as he perused it was any guide – no less interesting to him for not being in its first flush of youth and far more trustworthy than the more up-to-date descriptions to be found in our own Indian publications. This despite the less than wholesome reputation of his own English press.

The look of mild irritation greeting his servant's temerity in having disturbed him totally expected by me and playing in to the role I wished to take with him perfectly.

In my hand I held the shattered remains of an alabaster statuette depicting a Houri I had dashed to pieces upon the floor not a minute or two before.

Purposefully.

My act of vandalism not made from any distaste for the plaster virgin depicted in the Koran, you understand, but a simple and necessary destruction the nature of my strategy in regard of the *"Sahib"* made unavoidable.

In truth, I had begun my campaign some ways earlier than I intended, goaded into impatience by the arrival the previous evening of yet another treacherous English wife wanting to sample my employer's wares rather than those of her own husband.

The dismissive and curt way in which the supercilious bitch had treated me, and his willingness to let her do so before I was dismissed to my room, enraging me to such an extent I could wait no longer to put the process I intended to enslave him in process. Though, knowing both Saura and Darshana's negative response to such a premature approach without having to ask, I did not bother to inform my friends of having decided to commence hostilities.

"Mrs Henderson" was another reed-thin English wife with barely visible breasts and a pale skin that refuse to be suffused with even a dash of colour from our renowned sub-continent sun and her bitchy demeanour matched her pert and pinched looks.

"You certainly don't choose your servants for their looks, do you?" I heard her tell my employer when she thought I was out of earshot, having taken my usual place on the first-landing – hidden from sight but not sound.

To my surprise, he had shrugged, not agreeing with her.

Not immediately, anyway.

"She may be ugly but she does have a somewhat appealing body."

It was faint praise indeed, but more than I had experienced thus far from his lips – despite his need to have me draped across his lap.

"Am I to take it you've sampled it then?" the Henderson woman inquired, voice dripping with disdain. "I can't say I like the idea of your cock being in some Indian peasant girl's pussy before I let it in mine. Who can say where it has been beforehand?"

"She's a servant, Laura," my employer said, coming in to my view through the doorway to the front-room as he made to serve her a drink – mercifully, a task I had been spared.

“I do not fuck servants and especially those of the ugly Indian variety. They might just get ideas above themselves.”

From my place on the stairs I told him that this particular *“servant”* already had.

And not just above myself.

Above him too.

“Anyhow,” he had gone on, “I imagine your husband wouldn’t be too thrilled to know his own cock was filling your pussy after mine had been there first, so I think we can skip the moral outrage.”

“If Terence was *‘filling’* my pussy, as you say, I’d hardly have any need for you now, would I?”

“Touché,” he answered as he supplied her with a gin and tonic which she immediately placed on an adjacent table before melting into his arms and pressing what passed for womanly breasts into his chest.

“Enough talk,” she told him seductively in a voice suddenly free of haughtiness and superiority. “It’s time we got to the part where you *fill* me.”

Then, as I watched from the stairs and they placed themselves down on the rug that had seen so many of his sexual encounters, they did just that.

Or would have if...

“…I am so sorry to disturb you, Sahib,” I assured him in my best imitation – obsequiousness not coming easily to me - of the voice of a cowed and contrite flunky. “I realise how hard you work and how precious your leisure time is…”

His mood was not good, I could tell, and was explained in large part by his inability to perform for his latest conquest from the British Club the previous night – the same superior and hateful bitch with non-existent breasts whose treatment of me had brought forward my intentions on behalf of my employer. Yet already I could see the totally undeserved flattery I aimed his way softening his irritation for the intrusion, his self-importance making him ripe for sycophancy. Deserved or otherwise.

…“But,” I went on, injecting a measure of fear and anxiety into my voice that gave me hope for a career on the boards of his homeland theatre should my ambitions in regard of the *“Sahib”* not materialise, “I could not hold my tongue any longer.”

He seemed curious and folded his newspaper to give me his attention, eyes, I noticed with some encouragement, flicking over my smooth bare legs as I stood before him in the deliberately austere and monochrome European fashions I had managed to acquire from the charity shops of the English-Quarter.

“What is it, Aadhaya?” the great man asked, superior still even as his eyes held on the swelling of my young breasts straining against the white cotton of the sober and formally domestic shirt I had hit upon as both uniform and temptation.

To him, anyway.

“I hope you know, Sahib,” I began, attempting, with varying degrees of success I must add, to inject the hint of a sob to the back of my words, “that I… That I enjoy working here in your home, and for such an important man, very much.”

“That is very nice, Aadhaya,” he told me in a voice I knew was both bored and irritated, no matter how much he enjoyed the sight of my legs and breasts made more visible in the absence of my former saris. “Though I do not see how it warrants the interruption of my reading.”

“Condescending English shit!” I raged to myself, careful to keep any evidence of such a thought from my expression.

“That is why I have to confess to you,” I went on, obsequiousness, as mentioned, not coming naturally and only made possible by the prize towards which it led.

“Confess, what?” he asked, something of his initial curiosity returning.

I held out the hand containing the shattered pieces of the virgin and his gaze followed.
“What is it?” he asked.

“It is the ornament from the hallway stand,” I answered, careful to keep my manner fearful.

“It’s broken,” he told me with a flash of observation I found risible given the object in question was in tiny pieces and unrecognisable.

“I should have told you earlier, Sahib,” I almost sobbed, “but I know how valuable it is and I… I was… I was afraid.”

At this point it was only the nature of the prize on offer that prevented me bursting into laughter at my description of a statuette I knew could be picked up for a rupee or two in local markets up and down the country as *“valuable”* and, to be fair to my usually pompous and condescending employer, his own reaction was a dismissive snort of amusement.

“Really, Aadhaya, it’s nothing more than a commonplace ornament that was here when I took the place on. Don’t trouble yourself.”

Then, unable to help himself:

“Though I would be grateful if you could take more care in future as there *are* objects in the house more worthy of the description *‘valuable’*.”

With that, he returned to his newspaper, subject closed.

“But I do trouble myself, Sahib,” I told him in an anguished voice.

His eyes flickered up from the newspaper, irritation visible as I continued:

“I was brought up in a different culture to you, Sahib, and at a lower level.”

“Yes,” he agreed in a tired voice, his superiority over one such as me so obvious it scarcely needed underlining. “I’m aware of that, Aadhaya. But I don’t see…”

“I am not,” I began, interrupting him for the first time since I had taken up employment in his home, “used to either mistakes or unacceptable behaviour going unpunished. It is not what I was raised to expect. I take a great pride in keeping your home pristine and handling the domestic affairs you entrust me with to the best of my ability. Such untoward inefficiency is unacceptable and should be punished.”

Expecting a rebuke for having had the temerity to cut the great man off, I was emboldened in my subterfuge by the absence of any such comeback and the flicker of excitement my inference of punishment had flashed to his eyes.

“I was brought up and trained to see it as an achievement to be of service to others,” I lied. “I was always taught that there would be consequences for poor or inefficient behaviour and I do not feel right to make a mistake and not pay for it.”

I could see my employer was trying to make sense of the nonsense I was feeding him and I prayed his need to see me draped across his lap as his hand descended upon my defenceless buttocks would override the improbability of my words – repugnant as the prospect was to me.

Then again, to coin a phrase made popular by the many pugilists who should, after all, have known of what they speak:

“Where there is no pain there is no gain.”

“I know this must seem strange to you, Sahib,” I went on, “but it is how I was brought up to see things.”

The possibilities I had hoped to suggest to his coddled and licentious imagination were certainly having an effect if the nervous and anticipatory shuttering of his eyes was any guide, but I realised nonetheless that it would need something more overt on my part before he began to believe the intentions he had for me - and had paid to live out with a paid colleague of Darshana’s - might see fruition with the object who remained their source.

Me.

“Very well, Aadhaya,” he said, drawing himself up in his seat in an authoritative manner, *‘punishment’* decided upon; even if it was not the one he would have preferred. “I shall deduct two rupees from your monthly salary as payment for your carelessness.”

His eyes became enquiring:

“Does that satisfy your need to pay for your mistake?”

“No, Sahib.”

His eyes widened, in the space of a few seconds his servant had both interrupted him and was daring to contradict him.

“No?”

I nodded, the look of surprise transforming his handsome features more for the fact that I could have the backbone to question him rather than any concern he might have got it wrong.

“I was taught that to buy oneself from a bad situation of one’s own making was of no moral value and was far too easy to be considered as a show of remorse and penitence.”

“Really, Aadhaya,” he began, still seeing the situation as ridiculous despite his desire to see my *‘penitence’*. “You’re making far too much of this. The object in question was of no value. Simply take greater care in future.”

“I am sorry, Sahib,” I persisted. “There must always be consequences for tardiness.”

I could see that, along with his obvious enjoyment from the thought of being in a position to *actually* punish me, my persistence was beginning to irritate him.

“What would you have me do, Aadhaya? Take you over my knee and administer a spanking?”

It was the opening I had been waiting for and something wistful joining with his expression of irritation gave me some small confidence of being successful in my aim.

Though I was nervous, I knew I stood on the threshold of pushing our relationship into more… *intimate* territory.

Swallowing back my anxiety, I answered:

“Yes.”

His eyes narrowed and his brow creased as he asked himself if had heard correctly, the newspaper was now covering his lap and it did not take a psychic to know what it covered.

“Yes?” he asked, suspicious and anticipatory at one and the same time.

I nodded solemnly and lowered my eyes to the rug upon which I stood before answering in faltering tones.

“It is what I am used to from the hand of my father and other tutors, Sahib,” I lied, neither my father – despite his overbearing manner – nor my tutors having ever done such a thing.

As I stood before him penitently and waited for him to absorb both the information I was providing and, perhaps, the opportunity to indulge his desire to punish me, I could almost hear the thoughts rushing through his head and feel the eyes roaming over my firm young body.

The same eyes, I had noticed on many an occasion before this, that did not linger on my unprepossessing face any longer than necessary before flickering towards either my breasts, my legs or my feet.

In truth, I had often wondered what he thought of as he sneaked glances of them and my best guess involved pain.

To me.

“I am sorry if that shocks you, Sahib. I realise you are from a culture far superior to my own and that some of our customs would seem strange or harsh, but it is the way I was brought up. I have been taught that discipline is the surest way to instil diligence and good behaviour in respect of the duties required by a superior.”

By now, my *“Master”* was fidgeting in his seat as his fantasy in my regard appeared to unfold before his eyes - and without either prompting on his behalf or the exchange of cash.

I pressed on:

“I have read that in your own country even the raising of a hand towards a child or a servant is prohibited by law, so I can understand that you would think the practice of spanking your servant for tardiness less than civilised or perhaps even barbaric. But, to my young mind, it has made me the person I am today who takes pride in both her work and her service to the superior in whose employ she remains.”

With a struggle he found his voice and I thrilled to have placed him on the backfoot for the first time I could remember.

At the same time I promised myself it most certainly would not be the last.

“Aadhaya,” he began in a voice that was a parody of his normal superior and authoritative delivery, “are you saying that you expect me to…”

He hesitated, not quite willing to believe his perverted desires in regard of me could be coming to life in so fortuitous a fashion and, I could see, asking himself if it was a trap of some kind.

“No, Sahib,” I told him in my most respectful and submissive voice, careful to keep my gaze lowered lest he see the excitement in my own eyes. “I am no more than your employee and can have no expectations of you other than those of a servant for her master.”

At this I risked a quick upwards glance at him.

Again, he was staring at my breasts.

His preoccupation with them, however, unable to mask the thrill he took from hearing me describe him as my *“master”*.

I returned my gaze to my feet and continued:

“I only mention this in the hope that you value me as your servant enough to wish to help me improve and be of greater service to you in the future.”

I sensed him draw himself up in his seat and knew I had hit upon exactly the correct approach, could almost feel the return of his usual arrogance and belief in his own importance as he spoke:

“It is most unusual, Aadhaya,” he told me. “I would never have thought of such a thing, let alone considered doing it…”

“Liar!” I screamed to myself. *“Not only have you considered punishing your big-breasted young housekeeper but you have actually paid a prostitute to pretend to be her as you did exactly that!”*

“…But,” he went on, “you are right to say that I value you as my servant and feel you have the right temperament and mindset to become exemplary in that role.”

He paused and I waited, eyes still lowered as he prepared to make the leap I was convinced would eventually make him mine – even if it would involve a little pain and indignity on my part.

“So…”

My breath caught in my throat as my mind’s-eye watched him approach the edge of the precipice he had yet to identify as such and…

“…So…”

I could hear the thumping of my heart in my chest.

“…So, as alien as the concept of corporal punishment is to me…”

My eyes seemed to bug from my head as he girded his loins and…

"…if you feel it will be beneficial to you as my servant, I will endeavour to correct your mistakes after the fashion to which your father and tutors have accustomed you."

…*leapt!!*

Allowing a few moments for the leaping of my own heart to still itself, I risked a look at him and, as I had suspected, saw the usual arrogance and superiority restored – not to mention a look of triumph and anticipation he could not hide.

"Thank you, Sahib. I knew you would understand. Ms Jhavrabati at the agency said you were a superior English gentleman I would be honoured to serve and she has been proved right."

The owner of the employment agency who had sent me to him, *Ms Jhavrabati*, had said no such thing, of course, but it was no less fanciful than the gibberish I had fed him up to now.

"When should we start?" he asked, unable to quite mask his impatience to get me across his lap and have my Indian arse at his mercy.

He was not to know that I was equally as impatient – though for entirely different reasons.

"It should be at a time of your choosing, Sahib," I assured him. "As should the maintenance punishments."

There was silence and I could sense his puzzlement.

"What do you mean: *'maintenance punishments'*?

"Deepest apologies, Sahib," I mollified him. "In my eagerness to become a better servant for you I jump ahead too swiftly."

You may be assured that both my words and actions were enough to make me feel sick at heart and it was only the prospect of the slavery into which my sacrifice would lead my handsome, older and self-deluding *"master"* that enabled me to voice and act them.

"A maintenance punishment," I continued, inventing from what I had read on the websites provided by my bedroom computer for all I was worth, eyes again on the floor, "is a weekly or bi-weekly session to remind a servant of what to expect if their duties have been carried out in a less than pleasing or thorough manner."

Looking up again I watched him carefully to gauge his reaction.

He looked thoughtful, though it did not tax me greatly to guess where his thoughts lay as his day old copy of The Times remained on his lap to provide necessary camouflage.

“That doesn’t sound very fair, Aadhaya,” he responded disingenuously, wanting, I knew, nothing more than to feel the flesh of his palm smacking against my brown buttocks and wondering if I would expect to be punished bareback.

I saw him swallow back what I told myself was desire.

“Did your father and your teachers spank you even if you had been good?”

“Not my teachers,” I answered. “They were far too busy. But my father insisted upon it.”

He nodded as if mulling the information over when all he was really doing was picturing me below him, helpless and compliant as he corrected my behaviour via the tender flesh of my arse before rolling me from his lap and having me take his cock in my mouth in the same way he had ordered the lookalike he had paid to do the same..

My employer was becoming as easy to read to me as the most basic of early learning texts.

“Very well, Aadhaya,” he said as if acceding to a demand that was against both his better nature and his human instincts. “I can’t say I’m comfortable with it but, if you feel you need this kind of… *parental.*.. correction, I’ll do my best to take the place of your absent father.”

It was risible and I almost succumbed to the impulse to laugh out loud at his pitiful attempt to gloss over his need to spank me by taking some, surrogate-father, high-ground.

“When should we do this?” he asked.

“That is your decision, Sahib,” I told him. “You are the master and all should be as and when you wish.”

I noticed that every time I addressed him in such a way he seemed to puff up with even more self-importance – if such a thing was possible given his self-regard already functioned at such high-altitudes.

It occurred to me to go a little further:

“In fact,” I began, feigning hesitancy, “I have been meaning to ask if you would prefer me to address you that way rather than *‘Sahib’*. It is the Indian form, I know, but I wondered if it would carry more respect in your own language – especially as you have so many visitors from your own land to the home?”

His eyes were so alive with pleasure his spoken: *“Yes, I think that makes far better sense, Aadhaya”* was scarcely necessary and a few sentences more from my *“Master”* were all it took to wrap matters up between us.

My first punishment session was set for 8.30 that evening.

*****

EIGHTEEN

Over the Master's Knee

I was spanked slowly and hard with the flat of his hand as I squirmed, unable to prevent myself, genuine in both my discomfort and humiliation, on his lap.

That the discomfort and humiliation was experienced through my own suggestion and insistence made them no more easy to bear and it was only by keeping my long term aim in regard of the older man I was allowing to spank me to mind that kept me from rising to my feet and calling proceedings to a halt.

I was very close to doing just that, unable to bear the position I had maneuvered myself into and was beginning to think Saura and Darshana had been right to warn me against such a plan of action.

Looking back now I give praise to the fortitude and good fortune that kept me in position on his lap.

It was the position from which all else that occurred between us would begin.

It had begun on the very stroke of 8.30, the evening after I had suggested he correct my behaviour from now on.

He was seated on a leather wingback chair he placed in the centre of his study when I knocked and received his permission to enter, his eyes betraying no emotion when he saw I had returned to the wearing of a sari rather than the European clothes I had taken to wearing recently.

Eyes or not, however, I could divine his thoughts and knew he was asking himself if I was naked beneath the cotton of my native costume.

He would soon find out.

"I'm not sure how we go about this, Aadhaya," he began, there being more of the anticipatory in his voice and manner than the hesitant, before going on to compound his hypocrisy further in my eyes with an outright lie. "I have no experience of this sort of thing."

I would have respected him more had he told me that it was only right I should be spanked by a superior Englishman and he was happy to provide such for me.

"Though I will tell you," he went on in his most maddeningly self-important way, "that I take any responsibility once it is placed with me most seriously and will endeavour to provide you with exactly the same strict but caring correction you received at the hands of your father and various tutors."

I allowed myself an internal smirk at his way of dressing the need to have me over his knee. It was, after all, a need that boded well for me. For all the outward persona he adopted for the world as that of a high-minded and austere professional he was as much a slave to his desires as any man.

“I would expect nothing else, Master,” I assured him, not missing the tightening of his features at my use of the honorific he enjoyed so much. “Even more than my father and tutors you are a man of high intellect and morals who can always be expected to do the right thing. It is why I value my employment with you so highly and wish to provide you with the best service I can give.”

He nodded solemnly, finding nothing untoward in my description of him and managing to marginalise his need for young prostitutes and the wives of other men in the process.

“Very well, Aadhaya. I believe we are ready to begin.”

Flicking a glance upwards, I swore I saw his tongue moisten lips made dry by anticipation of what he was about to do to me.

“Perhaps it would be best if you came to me and draped yourself across my lap.”

I knew he was testing the water, not wishing to be the one who suggested my spanking should be delivered upon my bare behind.

In this I could help.

“Master, this may seem odd to you, coming from your background, but in India such punishments are traditionally delivered upon the…”

I feigned embarrassment, knowing the great man would come to my aid.

“Go on, Aadhaya,” he told me. “I have agreed to provide correction as you desire and you must be truthful with me if it is to be of best benefit to your progression.”

His pomposity and hypocrisy were simply monumental.

“You are right, as always, Master,” I told him with lowered eyes. “It is just that punishments of this kind are normally delivered upon the… upon the bare behind.”

I could almost hear him sucking in his breath as his fantasy in regard of me edged closer.

“I pray you are not offended by this, Master?”

Now this was a question that truly tested his acting skills which, though the superior of mine, were not of the highest calibre – even if he had managed to seduce enough of his fellow club members’ wives with them.

He began by pretending to give the proposition serious thought.

“Well, it is somewhat unusual, Aadhaya, I must confess.”

He pretended to think about it some more.

“But then I of all people, having studied so many different cultures, should not be surprised.”

Again my contempt soared internally. He may well have studied cultures of the past but that was no excuse for believing some of their more anti-social customs were still practiced in the present. It was yet more evidence of the way he looked down upon my country and its people and how willing he was to use what he saw as our *inferiority* to satisfy his own perverse needs.

“Very well,” he began all business now and eager to get his hands on my inferior Indian arse now it had been established he would be punishing me bareback; “Do you wish to undress here in front of me or would you prefer more privacy?”

I had been expecting the question and, as mentioned, had dressed accordingly.

Still with eyes lowered and in a timorous voice I answered:

“I took the liberty, Master, of going without… clothing beneath my sari in the belief you would act in accordance with local custom. I… I hope I was not too presumptuous.”

Instead of answering me instantly my *“Master”* appeared a little discomfited.”

No,” he began finally, before clearing his throat nervously, excitement at what was to follow gaining the better of him for a few moments and ensuring he needed a sip of water from a glass at his side before continuing.

“No, Aadhaya. You are simply observing the rituals with which you grew up. I see nothing strange or untoward in that.”

“Thank you, Master,” I said.

“So,” he began, “if you would be so good as to raise your sari and place yourself across my knee, we can begin. I thought twenty would be a sensible start and I should like to hear you count each one aloud.”

In truth he had brought the subject up before I intended and *“twenty”* seemed a long way from the ten I had had in mind.

“Do you understand, Aadhaya?” he demanded, voice and manner more confident as he became more convinced of my willing capitulation and grew into the role I asked of him.

“Yes, Master,” I answered in a small voice.

“Good. Then I suggest you do as I say.”

As I shuffled towards him with eyes lowered I realised my legs were watery and it was not the result of any acting on my part. In truth, I was more than a little anxious for, despite it having been me who had instigated what was to follow, being beaten by someone was not high on my list of desirable experiences and being revealed naked to a man for the first time since my father had seen me as young girl was equally as low.

Especially a man I held in contempt and fully intended to enslave.

It was, however, the path I had chosen to take me to the heights and I could do no more than follow it to as near the summit as it allowed.

Unable to meet his eyes, I concentrated on the thighs below me. And surprisingly strong thighs they were too. Stretching the material of his cotton trousers to their fullest, they were looked powerful and muscular for one of his somewhat sedentary profession until I remembered that he probably worked out at the British Club, which had its own laundry service and explained why the cleaning of sports clothing had not been added to my list of duties.

Raising my sari slowly, aware his eyes were on me and wishing to prolong his anticipation as the strong but shapely legs he had grown so fond of staring at when he thought I was not looking came into vision. Then, bunching the sari at my waist, I saw him spread his thighs and stepped between them before lowering myself over his left leg and allowing him to trap my own by placing his right over them.

I sensed rather than heard the gasp that escaped his lips as the tow unblemished brown cushions otherwise known as my arse filled his eyes and imprinted themselves upon his retina.
For what seemed an eternity there was silence and I realised he was simply drinking in the sight below him and, no doubt, thanking whichever deity he prayed to, for having delivered his fantasy, literally, into his hands.

Then:

“Do not forget to count, Aadhaya. I shall repeat each spank you neglect to count aloud.”

“Yes, Master,” I complied, eyes inches above the rug in his study I had beaten and swept in the traditional Indian way that very morning.

Despite knowing it was coming, I was unprepared for the first blow that landed on my right buttock and yelped, managing to shout out a “One” only at the very last possible second. It made no difference that I had instigated my own punishment at his hand and my shame was great, yet even through both pain and humiliation I was buoyed by the knowledge that what I experienced would be multiplied a thousandfold when our positions were reversed and my older employer was receiving the same from me.

And, he could be assured, the pain I would inflict upon him would be of a severity far in advance of that which I experienced now.

He had begun with gentle smacks to begin with but soon began to increase both speed and force when he realised I was not about to scream or cause a fuss – though I hated every second and it was painful.

Pain, both physical *and* mental, I promised to deliver to him a thousandfold when he was under my heel.

Given the mental and physical discomfort of my position and the necessity to call out the number of each stroke after he had delivered it, you will, most likely, not find it surprising that the erection inspired in him by the position in which he had me that bought into his fantasies in respect of me was missed for the first few strokes. In fact, it was not until his hand had descended upon my defenceless buttocks for around the tenth time or so that I acclimatised myself to the pain and humiliation enough to be cognisant of other details. The urgency of his steel hard cock as it jutted upwards into my stomach being the most obvious.

Though I had steeled myself *not* to cry at a situation of my own making I could not help the tears that formed at the corner of my eyes and travelled down past my cheeks towards my mouth. For this, given the stinging nature of the slaps being applied to my behind, I think I could be forgiven and consoled myself with the knowledge they would appeal to my *"Master"* and go a long way to making the episode one he would want – *need* – to repeat on a regular basis. A *need* I counted on inspiring and one that was crucial to the scenario I had worked out and hoped would bring him to his knees.

As with Saura and Darshana, I am sure the above will come as a puzzle to those of you reading this who, like my friends, considered the gaining of power and control over another was not best served by ceding oneself to the control of that same person.

Do not concern yourself unduly. If my story has gripped you enough to keep you reading then all will be revealed presently. You will, I promise, not be puzzled then.

The beating went on and his hand fell like a metronome, the disturbance at his own waist telling me just how much he was enjoying having me in such a position of powerlessness.

"Twenty," I sang out with relief that was both sincere and vengeful after the final descent of his hand upon my, by now, burning buttocks. Having expected a degree of discomfort I was quite mortified at just how painful the simple contact of a naked palm against my unprotected arse cheeks could be and wondered how I would be able to stand the regular repetitions I myself had suggested and, I had no doubt, he would now insist upon. Only the iron bar jutting into my midriff that gave evidence of the perverse sexual pleasure he was receiving from punishing me – the same rod of iron that made me optimistic for the plans I had on his behalf - allowed me to set my face to the prospect and make me swear to myself that I would see what I had started through.

“You may rise, Aadhaya,” he told me as I was in the process of doing just that and I scolded myself for having been about to act unilaterally.

If I were to buy into his fantasies of control in my regard, I told myself, I would need to act upon his directions and his alone – this, I knew, would build the belief in him that such treatment of me was his right and, more importantly, feed his need and creating a dependency.

Only when that need and dependency were in place to the levels I required would I be able to take the first steps towards overmastering him.

As it was, I rolled from his lap to my knees and lowered my sari, eyes downcast as I did so to create a picture of female submissiveness before a strong master I knew he would find irresistible.

Submissive posture or not, his next words surprised me just the same.

“Good, Aadhaya. You took your correction without complaint and your master is pleased with you.

“Thank you for correcting your humble servant, Master,” I said softly, still not looking up, eyes level with his waist at which point his penis was making manful attempts to escape the confines of his beige cotton chinos.

“As I told you before, Aadhaya, when I accept a responsibility I see it through to the very best of my ability.”

“It is only as I expected, Master.”

“Very well,” he began, accepting the compliment in his stride. “Now, before you return to your room, I wish you to do something for me.”

“Anything, Master,” I answered instantly, mind racing, not to mention troubled, at what that *‘something’* might be. His erection was before my eyes and it was not a part of my plans to have any contact with it. At least not then.

“I want you to remain on your knees and place your nose in the corner until I give you permission to leave it. While you are there I want you to reflect upon your clumsiness with my belongings and consider how best you may improve as my servant.”

Relieved, if humiliated to no small degree, I gave him a “Yes, Master” and took myself to the corner and knelt facing it with my nose where he had suggested it should be.

“Think about your behaviour while I go and bathe and I will release you when I return,” he told me, already on his way from the room to his appointment with the shower hose and, I knew with certainty, his own right-hand.

I was certain that, unlike his inability to perform for the reed-thin wife from the British Club of the night before he would have no trouble getting off to image of me below him as his mighty hand gave correction to my succulent and unprotected young arse cheeks.

If I had my way and all went to plan, I told myself from my knees, he would not be '*getting off*' at all in future without his housekeeper's permission.

*****

NINETEEN

The Ordeal

The hand of Andrew Corbett descended upon the tender flesh of my young Indian arse and, despite myself, I yelped.

It was not in my nature, you understand, to show weakness to anyone - and least of all to an Englishman I despised as much as I desired.

Even though that desire was not of the everyday kind experienced by a woman or girl for a man or a boy.

The truth, I must make plain, was that the constant picturing of my handsome employer in positions of supplication and penance, much the same as the situation I now occupied in regard of him, were all based upon the complete and utter domination of one human-being over another. A domination that bore no relation to the romantic and everyday world of relationship and marriage. Hardly surprising then that the painful actuality of my employer's hand descending upon my tender flesh in no way, shape or form, matched my aspirations.

That I had actively sought my ignominious and shameful position across his lap did not make me like it any better and all that kept me there was my acknowledgement of its necessity.

Until I judged him ripe, that is – an evaluation made all the more difficult to reach by the discomfort and shame I took from a position I wanted nothing more than to end and reverse. Knowing at the same time that any misjudgement stemming from a hasty and impatient decision brought about by my need to call a halt to the treatment I had brought upon myself would mean the destruction of all my hopes and dreams in respect of my employer.

Over a month had passed since I had manoeuvred my *"Master"* into punishing me in such a way for my household transgressions – of which I was careful to provide none - but *this* was not correction for any error on my part but one of my weekly *"maintenance spankings"* at his hand.

Again, I had been the one who suggested the routine of him correcting me as a means of keeping my behaviour to the straight and narrow, seeing it also as a way of initiating something of a more offbeat yet intimate nature between us.

It was a strange plan of attack, according to Saura and Darshana, but one his alacrity in accepting the *"responsibility"* – not to mention his eagerness to commence wielding it - told me was the correct approach.

Even if my flesh did creep at the prospect of acting in such a submissive fashion towards him while knowing the enjoyment he took from my predicament.

The one thing encouraging me to allow this outrage of my own invention was the growing delight I could see him taking from having his young Indian serving girl in such a position. I was buying in to his dreams and fantasies on my behalf and soon, I told myself through the pain transmitted to me via the palm of his hand, I would *own* them.

My employer's inability to function during normal intercourse, as I had witnessed first with the Henderson woman the night before I put my course of action into motion, had happened twice since and, knowing the reason behind this *lack*, I exulted in it. Schooled as I was in my Internet reading on the subject of male sexuality and the idee fixe, I was overjoyed to know that I had taken a small – if insulting – interest on his part for me and nurtured it until he found it difficult to contemplate sexual completion without my image playing some part, physical or imaginary, in the journey toward it. It was the same idee fixe preventing him rising to the occasion with a succession of female visitors to the house.

Visits that had become a trickle and had now stopped altogether.

He was beginning to fixate on his young Indian servant with the unappealing face and had begun to do so with greater intensity from the moment I first appeared before him in Western style clothing and he received his first eyeful of my self-confessedly marvellous breasts and shapely, if somewhat matronly for my age, legs. That I was in his presence for long stretches of his day and he could gaze upon the unlikely object of his lust did not harm my cause either. On occasions too numerous to number I had sensed his eyes crawling over my young body, only to speedily direct their attention elsewhere when I looked in his direction – though I was careful not to let him know I had noticed anything untoward in his behaviour.

Even more encouragingly, he had been attempting to initiate conversations of a more *private* nature between us that would have been unthinkable not so long before.

Conversations all of a similar kind; or at least with a similar object in mind:

"Tell me, Aadhaya," he had asked one evening as I poured him a glass of the pale Sherry he preferred to take after supper, "what do you and your boyfriend do for entertainment on your nights off?"

I turned to place the Sherry bottle back on the drinks tray atop the sideboard in order that he would not see the animation I was sure had reached my features at the latest of his attempts to engage me in a conversation that could lead to a discussion of sex; only turning to answer him when I was sure my features would not betray me. There was, of course, no *"boyfriend"* and he knew it. I was also as convinced as I could be that he knew my nights were spent in my room on the computer and that I did not leave the house or my room in the evening once he had gauged my service to him at an end for the day and given me leave to retire there.

I was still *more* sure that he was oblivious to the type of material I scanned on that computer while in that room.

“I do not have a boyfriend, Master,” I told him, truthfully. I arranged my face into a look of regret. “I am afraid I do not attract boys.”

“Nonsense!” came the instant rebuttal, so far had I bought into his fantasies of control over his young servant he was interacting with me on what might be seen, by me at least, in a flirtatious manner. “You are a very attractive girl, Aadhaya.”

“I am told my face is horsey looking,” I informed him, again speaking no less than the truth.

His pause told me he considered this no less than the simple truth, but then it was not my face in which he had an interest.

“There is nothing wrong with a strong face, Aadhaya,” he assured me with all the false sincerity of one whose handsome features made such preoccupations meaningless. “And, if I may say, your body is more than shapely enough to compensate for any lack of facial beauty.”

In this I agreed with him but, nonetheless, and agreement or not, I despised him for confirming that which I already knew – despite feeling a rush of anticipation for the power I felt sure his growing desire to experience that *“shapely body”* would soon offer me.

There had been many such conversations and each one had told me I was moving in the right direction with him, but it had been that first night of failure with the oh so, superior and reed-thin English bitch providing the catalyst persuading me to press ahead rather than wait.

With a prescience I was convinced would not be proved wrong, I knew the time was right and he was ready and that my decision was based on a more solid precept than that of simply wishing to end my time over his lap and the pain of his palm descending upon my naked buttocks.

Having made that plain, I must also confess that the *“maintenance spanking”* was a weekly occurrence I was more and more coming to dread. Both from the pain of the hand that seemed to be applied with ever greater relish and more power with each passing session and the humiliation of finding myself draped over the Englishman’s lap in such a helpless and subservient position. If I am totally truthful, and such was my discomfort – not to mention hatred for having to act in such a way, and before he began initiating conversation between us - I was beginning to believe the concerns of Saura and Darshana that I could be going about things in an upside down fashion there would be no turning around.

“By giving him even more power than he now has over you,” Saura had told me in a call to the house at a time when the *“Master”* was busy at the Salar Jung, “you make it still harder for yourself to gain such power over him.

It had been Darshana who had called Saura to warn her of my intentions and give her my employer’s home telephone number at the same time and, while I was not angry with my friend for the concerns she held in my regard, I was a little vexed that she should have given the number out in such a way. Though I quickly overcame my fear of having too many people who knew of my intentions also knowing where I resided.

Saura was, I convinced myself, and along with Darshana, worthy of my trust.

She was also, despite our disagreement on the nature of my approach, a woman who lived on a daily basis that which I wished to experience for myself with my own Englishman and was, consequently, a fountain of information that was both practical and insightful.

“Darshana worries that you are giving this man too much control over you and I share her concerns,” Saura had gone on, the metallic quality of her voice down the telephone line unable to conceal her concern and, yes, her empathy for the young girl attempting to replicate what she herself had achieved with her own man.

Even if, in the view of both her and Darshana, I was going about it in a completely contrary and, they considered, nonsensical way.

“The more he regards you as a supplicant,” she had gone on, “the less likelihood there is of him coming to see himself in such a way in respect of you. There is a point at which you will have gone too far and find yourself unable to retrieve the situation. It is possible, in fact, that you may have already gone beyond that point.”

The suspicion both Saura and Darshana might be right and I had misjudged the situation was, I freely confess, becoming harder for me to ignore and seemed to increase by the day and my growing discomfort. At least at a corresponding rate to the confidence of my employer, who found having the young Indian girl he had paid another to impersonate act out a scenario he was now experiencing for free - and on a regular basis - extremely pleasing. Unmistakably so, if the erection that pressed into my belly on those occasions did not lie.

An erection he must have known I could feel and which knowledge would, no doubt, have supplied him with much pleasure.

Resultant *encouragement* may pass without saying.

Of course, I realise now that my misgivings were founded, and to a massive proportion, upon the acute humiliation I felt for my position and the pain I was receiving from it, but hindsight is nothing if not wisdom after the event and at the time could not be drawn upon.

That constant erection in my presence, however, the same erection that now eluded him when the faithless wives from the British Club most expected and needed to see and feel it, was as worrying to me as it was encouraging.

In fact, such was the strength of his reaction and the growingly autocratic and disdainful attitude he was now adopting towards me at times other than a *“correction session”* - as he had decided to rename it – I was led to believe that he would soon feel secure enough to wish to see a greater return for the control he no doubt believed he had over me. The signs that he wished to make our relationship sexual were already there, after all. No matter the sexual element was already present in its own way. A warped and one-sided way, given I was receiving no pleasure whatsoever from the situation as it currently stood.

This, as those of you with some insight into what I was hoping to achieve with my heightened subservience to him may have already divined, was contrary to what I intended.

If he were to be brought under my heel, I reasoned, then all I required to make such an eventuality real – motivation not being in short supply on my part, you understand? – was to call the sessions with me over his lap to a halt.

Or, if I had truly read the older Englishman right, to continue them after a different fashion.

A very different fashion.

Though this would be for later.

During my nightly explorations of the Internet and the relevant subject matter to be found on the PC regarding such matters I had learned much, from both professional and fictional sources on the subject of men. Most of it highly revealing to a young Indian girl with access of such a kind for the first time. That PC the same one I had saved so hard to acquire from the less than generous salary I was paid and the same one informing me of those who actively came to revere and long for the correction of the person holding them captive.

The phenomena was called the *"Stockholm Syndrome"* and gave me pause for thought.

Was I running the risk that I might become dependent upon the treatment I allowed him to hand out to me?

After a few initial qualms of doubt, it was a possibility I dismissed completely.

That I was the one *"allowing"* him to do what he was doing to me made the *"Syndrome"* somewhat irrelevant.

In this instance anyhow.

That and the fact I could not wait to be in a position to end it.

As I now was.

To refresh your memories on the nature of my *"maintenance spankings"*, I shall start by saying that from the very first time he had punished me in his study, the routine had yet to vary.

First I would count out the strokes and, if I forgot to count one, he would not consider it as one of the twenty we had agreed upon and repeat the smack. At just under six feet and around 85 kilos he was not an excessively big and powerful man, lean rather than muscled. Just the same, and though I was solidly built for a girl of my age - even if my height was some ten inches below his - he was no less a man and stronger by far than a girl of my relatively tender years.

Hardly surprising then that the impact of his palm against my, till then, virgin buttocks was little short of excruciating; it being only the objective to which I hoped such a sacrifice would lead that allowed me to suffer the indignity without telling him I had changed my mind.
And, even with the objective I had craved and fantasised over for as long as I could remember dominating the forefront of my thoughts, I had still come close to stopping the abuse of me I myself had invited.

But only *close*.

When the twenty strokes had been given a familiar ritual followed and he would have me kneel in the corner. My reflection upon my non-existent sins and faux pas made with my nose to the cool plaster covering the study wall. Corner time given, he told me, that I might consider my behaviour and how best to become even more exemplary in my service to him.

It was very thoughtful of him and you may be assured this was *not* where my thoughts lay at such times.

And yet, in fairness to him, he did concede after his own tacit fashion that my work was exemplary. Something he did by giving me more and more responsibility as my time in his service lengthened and, as I intended, he became more comfortable and more secure in the certainty that he had a servant who was so devoted and in such awe of him that she could be trusted to have his best interests at heart. A person, therefore, who could be given a whole range of responsibilities – some of a confidential nature - a servant would not normally be entrusted with.

“If we are to move forward as master and servant,” the pompous ass had assured me, “then I need to have complete confidence of your loyalty and discretion. I know how much you cherish the prospect of one day living and working in England and this could be an opportunity for you to accompany me there England in my service. But only if I am convinced of your reliability and trustworthiness and can trust you not to let me down when performing your new duties.”

As you may already have imagined, my answer was both feigned and excited as I assured him I would not betray the faith he was placing in me by way of these extended responsibilities. A certain amount of that excitement had been real, just the same. I had, after all, assured him earlier in my service to him, this when he had engaged me in what passed for him as conversation with a menial, that I dreamed of one day living in England.

Though, and naturally, I had not told him in what position or with whom.

The *“new duties”* themselves ranged from managing household finances – he had given me access to his current account which led, via my new computer skills, to access to the files in which he kept details of his other financial dealings – to keeping his diary and tasks one might usually expect of a personal assistant than a flunky hired simply to cook and clean.

There was, you will not be surprised, nothing by way of a corresponding rise in either salary or time off in lieu and he obviously considered the dangled carrot of accompanying him to England

enough in itself to compensate me for these added labours that took so much of my time while freeing his.

In that he was right. Completely on the money, in fact. But just not in the way he imagined.

As the greater became my involvement in his everyday life the greater became my influence upon it - even if of a *covert* nature to begin with.

The first change I noticed, as already mentioned and shortly after he first began taking me over his knee, was that there had been a complete falling off of visits to the house from the married and female members of the British Club he had been using as sexual relief - at least from the beginning of my employment to him.

Also, there had been no sign of Darshana and her colleague at the house since I had begun to allow him to realise his fantasy and chastise my exposed derriere.

Why, after all, pay for that which I was providing him for free?

Such was how I could imagine his thoughts, the personal parsimony I was familiar with through the pittance he remunerated me for my efforts on his behalf making such a reaction on his part totally credible.

In fact, and as I have already mentioned, on the last two occasions he had tried to entertain one of the oh so, superior British wives on his living-room rug of choice, he had not been able to achieve a rise. That last failing the one encouraging me most as the rod of iron spearing into my stomach whenever I was across his lap supplied yet another encouraging development to go with it. It being the same evidence of arousal so singularly lacking in the presence of "*Mrs Henderson*" - and others – and speaking volumes for the pleasure he took from my subservience and his continued facility to satisfy it; if, at this point, only through the use of his own hand. I knew this as, given the absence of the usual British wives and prostitutes, he could only be pacifying his need in one way.

Of course, and understandably given my own sexual make-up, the thought of my handsome and older, English employer reduced to masturbating over the image of his facially unprepossessing and inferior servant was something that had triggered similar actions in reverse on my own part.

Even if I knew it was my fleshy Indian arse and his control over it to which he reached completion.

As long as that control lasted.

All in all, and despite suffering his *"correction sessions"* I was pleased with my progress but, for reasons I have outlined above, it was now time to remove him from the source that fuelled his frequent acts of self-love.

Now we would see if the warnings and misgivings of Saura and Darshana were well-placed and my course of action flawed.

I freely admit that, on this score, I was nowhere near as confident of success as I had been at the outset.

In fact, had it not been for the physical certainty of the erection spearing into my stomach whenever he had me, bare-bottomed and vulnerable, across his lap, together with the knowledge of how he satisfied that erection afterwards, I am not sure I would have found the courage to see it through.

The days to follow, I told myself, would soon reveal either my wisdom or my foolish and impulsive immaturity.

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TWENTY

His World Begins to Shift

I rode the young man Darshana had introduced as Masood in a detached, if no less victorious an elated way. His princely insistence that I lay supine and submissive as he skewered me on what, I will confess, was an impressive example of young Indian manhood, soon betraying itself for the palace of paper it was when he realised it was either woman astride, as I insisted, or nothing.

Darshana had picked him intentionally for his pale, almost European, skin and I confess also to an attraction to the older boy in his early twenties – though nothing in comparison to that held for me by my employer and erstwhile martinet.

Andrew Corbett.

Masood had lay on the bed facing up at me with a mild look of shock that the inexperienced and none too facially appealing Indian girl he had been entrusted with the task of deflowering could be so take-charge. For me, however, and though being penetrated by a cock had never been high on my list of essential things to experience – at least on a regular basis, I adored our respective positions. He supine and erect at one and the same time below me while I gazed down at him prior to the entry of his cock into my virgin pussy A gift that was mine and mine alone to bestow.

For the first time I had a grown man – albeit a grown man in his late-teens – doing my sexual bidding and it felt amazing. His lean body and its still forming muscularity were not in themselves reminders of the more mature physicality of my older *"Master"* but his gender was and I exulted in my position above him, the young pussy I had always insisted to myself would *never* find itself penetrated by the male love-stick hovering over the quivering and highly aroused evidence of my fellow teenager's attraction for me that took me back – in a less markedly sexual way – to the domination I had exercised over the smitten schoolboy who remained my only real experience of dominating a male.

Such was my own arousal; the frustration of having to drape myself across my *"Master's"* lap on a weekly basis and my disdain for penetrative sex of the cock into pussy kind – frustration and shame I had only recently called to a halt - was forgotten as our respective positions consumed me with lust and released all the pent-up need no manipulation through finger or fake penis could provide.

I felt a rush through my head and body and a sense of being alive I had yet to experience up to then and knew it would only be stronger when my aims had been achieved. I felt as if this were my true position in life and knew I could not be truly happy with life until I had a man – and one man in particular – in just such a position on a regular basis.

Not that the man I intended to place there would ever find himself in such a privileged position as Darshana's young appointee.

Except in his dreams.

Masood did not resist my control even after the initial mild shock of my unexpected assertiveness subsided and, looking down, I allowed him an imperious smile as my unploughed pussy hovered at the tip of his quivering manhood.

My eyes held his and I could see from his expression that the power rush I was feeling was transmitting itself to him as he lay, submissive and willing, below me.

"Are you worthy of the honour I am about to bestow upon you?" I heard myself ask without having seemed to frame the question in my head first.

He nodded, swallowing back his excitement as his eyes lowered to my magnificent breasts as they quivered above him, nipples straining outwards in betrayal of my own arousal.

"Are you willing to ask nicely for me to honour your unworthy cock with my glorious virgin pussy?" I asked, senses on overload as the face of the boy below me dissolved into that of my *'Master'* and intended victim.

Again came a nod and a swallow.

"Then let me hear you say it," I ordered. "Say: *'Please, Ms Aadhaya, grace my pitiful and unworthy cock within the embrace of your superior cunt'*.

The words I had not been intending to say, and came almost as much as a surprise to me, reacted upon him in the way of a small electrical charge and the eyes that found mine held something of worship in them, despite the horse-like features beneath those into which he gazed. I intend no hyperbole when I say the young man, a year my senior, looked in awe of the young girl he had been tasked to initiate in the ways of cock-into-pussy sex. Without any conscious intention of wishing to do so – my original desire being to get the deed over and done with – it appeared my authoritative manner had struck a chord in some unsuspected submissive corner of Masood's psyche.

"Say it!" I had demanded.

His voice when he complied was both small and shame laden, but say it he did.

Lip curling triumphantly, my fingers found their way to his tiny nipples and I rubbed both between my thumb and index fingers, rubbing and pinching the tiny little buttons as I allowed the pussy he was so frantic to enter to rest upon the tip of his arrowed penis.

Reaching behind me and beneath him, I cupped his massive young balls and gently massaged them as he sucked in air in tiny, staggered, gasps.

Then, still kneading his heavy full scrotum I sank down onto the spear of his manhood and, as I did so, recalled the conversation that precluded both our encounter and his entry.

“Penetration by the almighty cock is not high in my desires, Darshana,” I had told her during one of our frequent coffee mornings. “I much prefer a man’s servile tongue.”

“You have experienced many, then?” she had asked condescendingly.

“You know very well I have not, Darshana,” I told her, eyes flashing dangerously and making her nervy until I giggled and told her: “But I will.”

We both us laughed.

“On the other hand,” I went on when our amusement subsided, “and despite my distaste for the penis, I do not wish to remain a virgin.”

Darshana nodded understanding, amused again:

“You wish me to pimp for you?” she had asked mischievously, the twinkle in her eye fetching a laugh from me.

“I have no wish to be paid,” I assured her; “nor do I intend to pay. I simply wish to lose my virginity and for its taker to be of my own race with no complications added.”

Her amused expression told me she had taken my meaning and that the boy or man she found to deflower me would need to take proper precautions.

“It would be all too easy,” I went on, “to make myself available to my employer. But I have no desire to give an Englishman I intend to enslave the honour of my maidenhead.”

Darshana had nodded, totally solemn on this point.

“On the subject of your employer,” she had begun a little tentatively, my having been reticent with the events of the past months in the light of both her misgivings at to my approach and those of Saura herself, “how do things progress?”

I did not answer immediately and I think she thought I was not to be forthcoming on the subject, when in truth there was much I had to tell - all of it positive in nature.

My silence prompted by my recall of recent events…….

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…….“I am sorry, Master, but I do not think it…” I had paused to give the word prompting my decision greater power “…*decent* any longer for me to be corrected by you.”

He was seated in his study in his usual chair at the usual time, prepared to give me my maintenance spanking, anticipation not lessened for having done so on a number of occasions now - if anything, quite the opposite.

In loose fitting chinos and a baggy cotton shirt, long sleeves rolled to the elbow, he looked handsome, authoritative and, more importantly from my point of view, extremely eager.

I had dressed in a way I knew was sure to appeal to him – even if he looked quizzical at the absence of the sari I usually wore to go over his lap. The crispest of white cotton shirts, unbuttoned enough to reveal my decolletage without arousing suspicion of seduction, showed him enough of the full breasts of which he was forever sneaking glimpses and a tight-fitting black skirt hugged the contours of the brown arse he so loved to punish.

The prematurely matronly but shapely legs and feet I also knew he had a thing for were clad in sheer black nylon and a pair of black courts with a low spiked heel. All in all, with my hair pulled from my *"horsey"* face and adding a hint of severity, the impression was authoritative and not at all the submissive and obedient dress and posture he was used to from me – even on the occasions when I did dress in Western fashions.

As I say: he looked quizzical. This was not my usual garb for a *"discipline session"* and, though his eyes were appreciative of the way the white cotton shirt exaggerated my already impressive breasts and the black hose clung to my legs, I could tell he was asking himself why I would choose to dress in such a way at such a time. This even before I had informed him of my intention to discontinue our weekly sessions.

"What are you saying?" he had asked, drawing himself up authoritatively, not realising that he had only what I chose to give him over me and what little he had initially possessed had vanished after I had witnessed him pay Darshana to spank him and felt the urgency of his erection in my midriff as he did the same to me. "And what do you mean: *'decent'*? You were the one who wished me to do it."

"That," I began, lowering my eyes demurely, not wishing to go over the top with my newly authoritative pose but to introduce it to him slowly, "was before I... before I…"

"Before you *what?*" he barked, something, I noted with delight, of a thwarted child in his tone as the promise of chocolate was withdrawn.

In this case, a chocolate brown Indian arse.

"I am sorry, Master, but…" I raised my eyes slowly and feigned nervousness as they flickered towards his groin. "It was before I realised correcting me was… was…"

"Oh, do spit it out, for heaven's sakes!" he snapped, petulant rather than authoritative, the naked and perverse need behind that petulance telling me he was ripe for my purposes.

I again lowered my eyes before, almost in a whisper:

“Before I knew correcting me was exciting you, Master.”

The look upon his face was a picture and, despite a subconscious concern that I was allowing my desire to bring him to his knees at my feet to make me act rashly, I felt that delicious rush of leg weakening arousal that stopped only just short of outright orgasm surge through me.

I promise, it was all I could do *not* to cry out.

And why would I *not* experience such sensations after the powerlessness of my relations with this pompous and superior pig to that point? Gone, at least in that instant, was the self-important, high-and-mighty Englishman who felt it was no more than his right to be served by a young Indian girl while paying her a pittance for the privilege and applying discipline to her shapely rear.

Instead, an uncertain and needy – at least in my admittedly biased and aroused view – man stood before a girl less than half his age with a host of conflicting emotions coursing through him guaranteed to prevent his giving voice to any one of them in particular.

How could someone of my lowly background and somewhat unconventional mindset *not* be aroused by such a sight?

Outrage, affront and, yes, shame, for the pleasure his cock took from having my waist draped over it as he spanked me and my telling him I was aware of it, all conspired to render him speechless.

His open mouth put me in mind of an insulted goldfish.

“For that reason,” I explained, “I feel we must stop what we have been doing. I am sorry, Master, and if you feel you can no longer employ me in your service I will understand.”

Without waiting for him to reply to my unheard of assertiveness, I turned and left…….

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“…….You are still in his service… at *least*,” Darshana pointed out after I had brought her fully up to date, “and that is something. But tell me, how does removing him from the fixation you saw fit to gratify in the first place bring you any closer to your goal?”

At this point, Darshana had yet to apply her mind to the problem of the young Indian man who would preside over the deflowering I was insistent upon and was still pondering what she saw at the time, and forgivably, as my *“error of judgement”*

I had smiled, probably a little condescendingly at my knowing of both Darshana and Saura’s disapproval for my approach:

“The fact of my denying him – and for the very first time – will have forced him to ask questions on the subject of his perceived authority over me. He has tasted that which he has paid a colleague of yours to experience and, having once experienced it, wishes to have more.”

“So?”

I had shaken my head at her failure to grasp the subtle power play I had constructed and was playing out with my erstwhile *“Master”*:

“So,” I began, “our relations with each other slowly become that of the man who wants and the young Indian servant who is wanted. The fact that he has not taken me up on my offer to leave his service and the way his eyes follow my legs and breasts in their recently adopted and continuously worn Western fashions – we must go again to the charity shops near the British Club, by the way, Darshana, my wardrobe comes too familiar to him – tells me he is beginning to obsess about his *‘ugly’* young Indian servant.”

“Surely he will just return to the wives of the club to take his pleasure. Where will you be then, Aadhaya?”

I had shaken my head.

“It will not happen, my friend. He has tried that on a number of occasions since the failure of his penis with the stick-thin wife who was rude to me. On each occasion he was unable to perform. Now, I venture, his problem is made a thousand times worse.”

Darshana’s expression asked why.

“He has been granted, through his correction of it, access to my shapely Indian arse and the same desire that led him to wish to discipline it in the first instance has fuelled his obsession.”

“And?”

“*And*, my cynical friend, it is that same obsession that will lead him to the dependency I seek to instil within him. He has, I noticed, made attempts to undermine my work around the house when I am not present and he cannot be observed doing so.”

“Surely that is not good?” asked Darshana.

My head was shaking in contradiction even before she had finished her question, so convinced of the rightness of my approach I could not but see as wilfully stupid any refusal, such as Darshana’s, to see it in the same light.

“On the contrary, Darshana. His pitiful attempts to pretend my work is wanting in order to persuade me I am missing his discipline is extremely good. Does it not offer all the evidence I require of his need to have contact with me?”

“Well, yes, Aadhaya,” she had grudgingly agreed. “But is such *‘contact’* really what you wish from him?”

I had nodded.

“It is, Darshana, and that, along with another thing I have yet to tell you, is what will bring him to his knees.”

“What other thing?”

My smile was both excited and smug:

“He has been entering my room whenever I leave the house to shop or for whatever reason.”

Darshana’s ears pricked and I knew she was ahead of me as I explained exactly what it was he did in my room and the position of power in which it had placed me.

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TWENTY-ONE

A Discussion

"What is it, Darshana?" he had asked, eyes, as usual, following my movements – or, more precisely, the movements of my breasts beneath the new and more tightly fitting navy blouse Darshana and myself had acquired at the charity shop in the British-Quarter.

Having only just entered his study, his eyes had yet to travel down to my legs in their likewise navy hose and spiked courts.

But they would.

The arse he was more and more fixated upon would have to wait until such a time as I turned to leave his presence.

"I must speak with you on a matter of some urgency, Sahib."

Usually, careful to keep my tone servile and respectful when speaking with him, I could see the hint of assertion I had inserted into my request made his eyes narrow.

Though not enough to tear them from my breasts.

That I had returned to using *"Sahib"* instead of *"Master"* to address him also having the effect of sounding if not a warning then an indication that all was not status-quo.

"And what could that possibly be?" he asked, attempting to inject something of his usual indifferent superiority into his tone and manner.

An attempt, given he was making it with a young Indian girl who knew his only sexual outlet these days was the imagining of her breasts, legs, or arse as he brought himself off by hand, that had less than a lasting impact.

Just the same, I felt somewhat nervous as I put into motion what all the months of planning and sacrifice over his knee had been leading to:

"I am afraid I may to have to leave your service, Master."

At this point I did not offer a reason for my possible decision, wishing, as I did, for him to press for that reason and give him the impression he had forced it from me.

To my relief, his expression went from disbelieving that anyone of my lowly stature would even dream of leaving behind the opportunity to serve a man as grand as himself to crestfallen and the

gravity of the expression above the breasts he had finally torn his eyes from told him it was no mistake.

In truth, I was not as certain of the success of which I had assured Darshana, and through her Saura, would follow and was unsure that my having made myself as indispensable to him as it was possible to make myself without freely offering unlimited access on a sexual level made a difference.

Yes, I had taken on more and more of the household responsibilities and being a lazy man in this respect he had been only too ready accede yet more to me. Nor did he raise so much as a finger that did not necessitate either a connection with his employment or that of his own entertainment. So, yes, I was assured that, in this respect, I had created in him a dependency.

But how great a dependency?

I knew that he would have spoken to other English expats like himself who employed Indian housekeepers like me and was assured – based on my intentionally limited interaction with these mostly lazy and none too bright examples of my own race and gender – that he would learn through his fellows exactly what a gem he had in me.

With such thoughts bolstering my resolve, I steeled myself to continue upon the road I had started and prayed the dependency I had instilled within him was of a vast magnitude.

Had I known at the time it would take a *Deus ex machina* to bring about the fulfilment of both my plans and my dreams I am not sure I would have had the necessary nerve to continue and…

Later.

“Why, for heaven’s sakes?” he asked, so perturbed he rose to his feet, the erection he always seemed to sport in my presence these days not receding at the news he would soon be deprived of it swiftly enough to prevent my noting it through the Christian Dior lounging pants he favoured when relaxing about the home.

For the reason outlined above, and wishing him to draw my reasons from me, I chose not to answer immediately.

“Is someone in your family ill?” he went on when I remained silent. “Are *you* ill? Have you somehow found a better position?”

“My family are well, Sahib. As am I,” I said, bristling internally at the *‘somehow’* he had been unable to stop himself from inserting into his final question and deciding not to answer it.

I was also careful to use the *“Sahib”* honorific as I knew, though he had surprisingly not mentioned my omission of *“Master”* to me, that he would surely connect its reinstatement with my decision to end the spanking sessions he so enjoyed.

He spread his arms wide in the face of the inconceivable:

“Then what possible reason can you have?”

I answered boldly now, the time for prevarication over:

“I am afraid it is you, Sahib.”

The silence was long, until finally:

“Me?... What on earth are you blathering about girl?”

“Your behaviour has been less than honourable, Sahib.”

“My behav…?”

“I have attempted to behave as a model servant for you, believing that you were a man of the utmost integrity and moral fibre. So far did I believe you a man of great substance I even proffered upon you the honour of disciplining me after the fashion of a surrogate father. But I can ignore your shortcomings no longer.”

“My shortcomi…? How dare you, Aadhaya!”

He had reached his feet by now, so great was his outrage at this first real rebellion from his flunky, and glared at me with hands on hips, as if the posture enough would stun me back into my usual submissive and biddable pose.

“I shall report this behaviour and unfounded rudeness to your agency.”

“That is your prerogative, Sahib. But I will then be forced to explain to my superior at the agency that not only did you become aroused when supposedly correcting your servant but you then went into her room when she was not present and availed yourself of the dirty underwear in her laundry basket.”

The face that stared down and back at me was not so much glaring now as dumbstruck and I knew this was not a time to remain silent but a time to utilise my advantage and strike.
“Please, do not deny it, Sahib,” I advised him.

“You’re being ridicul…”

“At first, I thought so too,” I spoke over him – unheard of not so long ago, so far had I come; “but then I began placing little traps so I would know for sure that they had been disturbed while I was absent from the house and you were the only person in it.”

“For god’s sake, Aadhaya,” he sighed, attempting damage limitation, “simply because I may have wandered into your room to ensure you were keeping it to the standards I demand of a

person living in *my* home it does not mean I invaded your personal belongings. Yes, I entered your room on a couple of occasions and, most probably, these so-called *'traps'* of yours got disturbed. But how dare you accuse me of going through your… your… *unmentionables!*"

I had to give him credit – of a sort. As an on-the-hoof defence, as it were, it was pretty impressive. But I was also convinced I had it trumped.

"I did ask myself the very same thing, Sahib. Surely, I told myself, my estimable and handsome English employer would not be going through the dirty washing of his servant."

"Damn right he wouldn't!" scowled the handsome, though certainly not *'estimable'*, English employer.

"That is why," I continued, "I took measures to be sure of what I suspected."

I exulted inwardly as I saw the flicker of a worried look pass those handsome features; I was, as he had been earlier, dissembling now and remained unsure of my success but that *"flicker"* assured me all would be well.

"You may have noticed during your visits to my room, Sahib, that I have been spending the money you pay me on a computer and an Internet connection?"

He remained silent, if listening intently.

"One day when I had to leave the house I decided to switch off my computer screen but to leave my webcam running."

I pretended to catch myself, more to speak down to him and irritate than any other reason, also, it was still the 1990's and technology had yet to advance to its present levels. "I am sorry, Sahib. A webcam is a device that enables…"

"Yes, yes, yes!" came the predictable irritation I knew would ensue from my having the temerity to suggest I might possibly be aware of something he was not. "I know what a webcam is."

"Then you will know that it will still record images even if the computer screen is switched to off."

I paused to let both my gamble and my lie sink in and was relieved to see evidence of the two being accepted in a reddening of his cheeks that told me my gamble was paying off while confirming exactly what he *had* been doing during his self-confessed – if under duress – visits to my room.

The aforementioned redness of those handsome white cheeks and the corroboration they gave emboldened me enough to push on:

“What I had told myself was no more than the natural reaction of a healthy man when I was helpless across your lap and your… *excitement*… pressed into my stomach was something far more nasty and intrusive and made me realise I could not possibly work for a man who would do such a thing.

“That your behaviour when you were in the process of correcting me was less than what I would expect from a true master was one thing, but to find you were unworthy of remaining even my Sahib was too much and persuaded me I must leave your service.”

For once, my superior English *“Master”* was at a loss.

“I also knew you would be likely to supply my agency with an untrue and unfavourable report of my behaviour, which is why I recorded copies of your own actions whilst you were in my room.”

It was as if a light had been suddenly switched on.

“So, that’s what this is really about?” he sneered. “Blackmail.”

I waited, having already divined it would be his first response to my reference to a non-existent recording of him performing with my soiled underwear.

“Well,” he went on, “I’m sorry to disappoint you, Aadhaya, but in case you didn’t know, I come from a more liberal and enlightened background and have something of a reputation for enjoying sex. Believe me, your recording will only add to that notoriety and I will, of course, be forced to bring charges against you for trying to coerce money from me.”

“I would have thought you to know enough of me by now,” I told him, lying as I did so, “to realise that my behaviour is in no way larcenous or insincere.”

His expression – rightly, as I knew only too well – was disbelieving.

“I am too ashamed to have entrusted my moral welfare to someone unworthy of such responsibility to wish those who are close to me to know. All I wish to do is leave your service. I have tried hard to be an exemplary and trustworthy servant and relieve you of the small burdens that you may concentrate more fully on your more important duties for the museum. I thought I could be happy here with such a handsome master, but it is not to be.”

The relief he took from my words – for all his bravado about his notoriety and not being worried by the non-existent revelations supplied by my, I have to confess, second-hand and unreliable, webcam – was unmissable but, to my vast relief, so was a sense of loss as it sank in that he would be losing the servant who had relieved him of so many day-to-day burdens of a trifling if time-consuming nature.

Not to mention the unlikely lust object who had become the recipient of the only erections of which he had been capable recently.

I prayed that a return to the British wives for whom he could no longer even canter let alone raise a gallop, or the paid for and ersatz *'Aadhaya's'* numbering themselves amongst Darshana's colleagues, would appear as unappealing as I had convinced myself they would seem in the absence of the real thing he had come to desire with such a perverse passion.

My prayers in this, it seemed, were answered.

"Look, Aadhaya," he began. "It's not my way to apologise for my actions to – and not to put too fine a point on it – servants, but I can see that my actions would seem strange to you."

I stayed silent, knowing he would say what he wished to say without any prompting from me.

Sure enough:

"I am from a… *different* culture to you," he went on after a pause, the hesitation between the uttering of the word *'different'* telling me it was a late substitute for *'superior'* and raising familiar hackles with me I was at pains not to reveal to him. "Sex is not as straightforward for me as it is for you and your people."

Having yet to reach the age of twenty and having had none of the advantages of upbringing or education of my employer I could still only marvel at the stupidity escaping his lips without, it seemed, either thought or irony.

Had he actually just generalised away the sexual mores and preferences of a *whole* race of people?

The same people who had given the world the Kama Sutra and any other number of tracts dealing with the erotic in nature?

"What seems to you strange and untoward," he was continuing, mining the same seam of puerility and, worse, expecting *me* to take it for gold, "is no more than the norm in my circles."

Yes, I told myself, of course, sure that even as he spoke millions of Englishmen in his homeland were invading the rooms of teenagers up and down the country in order to place their noses to the gusset of a pair of soiled panties.

"All I can say," he went on, "is that I'm sorry if I've shocked you. Having said that, however, and now that I know how you regard such actions, I shan't be repeating them, so how about we put this behind us and start afresh?"

I have to say that I found myself conceding a grudging respect towards him for his failure to panic and his ability to think on his feet – despite the nature of his nakedly risible defence.

"I might not have told you this," he began, switching to a charm offensive I had seen used on the British wives he had entertained but had yet to experience in regard of myself, "but I'm delighted with your work for me and would like you to continue in your position. Obviously, I understand

that you are a little taken aback by my actions but, I'm afraid, I'm a man as well as your employer and, sometimes, I have needs that…"

"It is not that I am shocked in respect of your actions, Sahib," I told him, overriding him yet again, "but that I am the one who prompted them. You are a very handsome man and I am an unappealing serving girl, so it is a surprise that you should be so taken with me that you would need to steal into my room to sniff my panties."

The redness of his cheeks, despite the absence of panic and his aforementioned ability to think on his feet, inspired by my description was a joy taken I chose not to reveal to him.
"But then," I continued, "you are a man and, as you say, have your *'needs'*."

I pretended to give the matter in hand some thought.

"Am I to take it, Sahib, that in wishing me to stay you also wish to…"

I feigned hesitance then, boldly:

"…If I were to stay am I to take it that you would also wish to be sexual with me?"

As intended, my assertion took him from his comfort zone and, if he did not panic exactly, he was at least having difficulties in being able to *"think on his feet"*.

"Well… I…"

"Because if that is to be the case, Sahib, and as long as such an arrangement is freely concluded and our dealings with each other are correct, I would have no objections to such an agreement."

His jaw sagged open and he was unable to form a reply to what was, in effect, my offer.

So much for his *"different"* culture!

"There could though," I went on, exulting in being the one to dictate the nature and direction of our conversation, "be no question of the cock being placed in my cunt."

My use of both words was electric.

"Aa…! Aadhaya!" he gasped.

"I am sorry, Sahib. The prospect of being… sexual with a handsome and important Englishman such as yourself is one that appeals to me a great deal. But, to be true to my upbringing and my own self-respect, there can be no… no penetration."

His surprise had turned to fully fledged shock now, not to know that I was soon to allow myself to be penetrated and, contrary to my expectations, enjoy the process – especially as I would be the one who had both brought it about and controlled it.

The expression he sent back at me was a mixture of surprise and wonderment.

Oh, and with one other added element.

Anticipation.

“Also, and simply for the sake of the self-respect I mention of which I am very protective,” I informed him, “I would prefer it if you asked me first for any sexual…” I dragged it out, knowing I had him upon the hook and wishing to see it embed itself further… “*favours*.”

Like the big handsome non-vertebrate he was becoming in my mind, his mouth sagged open disbelievingly in a manner more reminiscent of a smaller example and a goldfish-bowl.

But I was not finished quite yet.

“Along with this small demand,” I told him, “I remain serious about our correction sessions. At this stage, and despite the evidence I have that you enjoy them so much, I do not feel it correct that they should continue.”

He was in quandary of competing thoughts and emotions, I could tell.

First, there was outrage that a flunky from a despised race, such as myself, a young girl he had known only as diligent and submissive, could dare address him with such authority.

Second, there was the carrot of sexual relations dangled between us I could see was appealing to him, even though his disappointment at my curtailing of the spanking sessions was palpable.

And thirdly, and less easy to define, there was something in his expression that bespoke of something I had not seen from him, even when role-playing the submissive white-master with Darshana.

It seemed to me that – as young Masood himself would later respond – that something deep within my autocratic, self-serving and self-centred English *“Master”*; something he barely suggested existed within himself despite his little charade with Darshana - was reacting positively to my more assertive stance in his regard.

At least that was what I thought then.

Later events only going to prove I was *totally* correct.

“Though,” I had continued, “I do not discount entirely the possibility of those *‘sessions’* being continued at some point in the future.”

His eyes were betraying his delight at the prospect when I added the qualification:

“In some form or other.”

Looking back, I can see that I had allowed my natural enthusiasm, along with a desire to see a long held fantasy of my own come reach fruition, to edge me into taking a massive gamble.

During one brief discussion I had, so carried away by the moment had I been, allowed myself to turn from the obedient and timid serving girl he was so used to lording it over into a direct and take-charge young woman who knew exactly what she wanted and how to get it. Of course, my bodily charms in their new Western fashions had gone some way towards breaking this ground with him in some respects, but not nearly enough, I know now, for me to spring such a transformation upon him.

Only the inexperience of youth allows me self-forgiveness for having risked so much at such a time.

Even if I am glad I did so.

From the position of power I now occupy in regard of my one-time Master, it is not difficult to be calm and focused enough to see just how easily my rashness could have dashed all my hopes in his regard and, still looking back, it is all too evident that it was good fortune rather than cunning, superior planning and sound judgment that led to my present elevation.

Looking back now, and not for the first time, I feel my blood run cold at the risk I had run and the life of which I would have been deprived had that risk backfired upon me and I had found myself dismissed from his service.

A dismissal from which there would have been *no* return.

I had, in fact, gambled everything on the turn of a card the suit and disposition of which I could only guess at.

Were it to reveal itself as a Knave, all would be well.

Should that same playing card turn out to be a King, though?
From the tone of my writing and the message it imparts I have no doubt the suit of that card is known to you along with his eventual response to my offer.

What you are not to know are the external events that followed which placed him in my power more securely than a shackled African on the anti-bellum estate of a pitiless and draconian Southern plantation owner.

Events I will soon describe with much joy…

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TWENTY-TWO

Aftermath

I must confess here that, despite my outward bearing of self-assurance and assertiveness in the presence of the Englishman who believed himself my *"Master"* – this as I set about the task of puncturing his ego and increasing his dependency upon the servant he saw as his inferior in all ways - my confidence was not as total as I may have led you to believe.

In fact, as I had stood before my *"Master"* and informed him that I had webcam evidence of his sneaking into my room to sniff my soiled panties - this after having already informed him some time before that the *"correction"* sessions I myself had instigated and he took so much pleasure from were over - my legs felt as if they had suddenly transformed from blood and sinew into water and tissue-paper.

Though in regard of the discipline sessions I had convinced myself the timing was right to end them and the strength of his erection, spearing into my stomach as he brought his *educating* hand down upon the unprotected flesh of my brown buttocks, was evidence of his growing need for what my presence supplied him, I was also aware of just how high a risk I was taking. But then, given the knowledge I had of his inability to perform with any of his regular British Club floozies or Darshana and her colleagues, all of whom were now made conspicuous by their continued absence, I believe I can be forgiven for seeing his only being able to *"get it up"*, to coin the English phrase, with either me across his lap or my panties to his nose as something of a major encouragement. Something, despite my disguised misgivings, it showed itself to be.

After having left him to ponder the change in his domestic situation and the offer I had made in regard of sexual contact between us – though I had been careful *not* to mention just what, exactly, that *"contact"* might consist of - I had taken myself to my room for what turned out, and understandably so I think you will agree, a night of sleeplessness and indecision as I worried and fretted once again at the possibility both Darshana and Saura had been right and I had not only taken the wrong approach but misjudged the timing of it also.

His unquestioning, reaction when I had raised the stakes of what was a huge gamble and mentioned the non-existent evidence of the webcam revealing the act of pleasuring himself with his servant's underwear in my bedroom was both a confirmation and a relief to me.

I had also been quick to re-assure him that I was a good Indian girl simply looking after her reputation and her interests rather than wishing to blackmail her employer for a higher salary or other perks.

The above, I knew, was a non-starter with such a man anyway. Such an approach would only have served to make him dig in his heels and dismiss me. No matter how great his new and totally *inexplicable* need.

I also knew he had been speaking no more than the truth when he mentioned his reputation as a libertine and that such a story regarding my unmentionables circulating about him would be greeted in his circles as less a damaging revelation than another piece of sexual gossip that both confirmed his status of libertine and added to the tales, humorous and not-so-humorous, already involving him.

Just the same, his response, or lack of it – so great was his mixture of chagrin and amazement - to the offer I made following on from having informed him I was aware of his behaviour in my room, was one I took as favourable.

Even if I also knew my employer was nothing if not a man of considerable ego and self-importance and the sheer humiliation of having his servant confront him with evidence that he had used her soiled underwear to gratify his needs in her regard might just be too much for his inflated sense of self-worth to take.

Especially when he considered our encounter at a greater and more analytical length after, no doubt, having used a trusty hand to gratify himself once again first.

I need not have worried.

When he came down for breakfast the following morning there was - and despite his attempt to act as if nothing untoward had happened between us and all was as normal - a marked alteration in the attitude of my *"Master"*.

And not for the worse in respect of my intentions.

There had, as you might expect, also been something of a change after I had informed him his erection had made me aware of the pleasure he was taking from correcting me and called a halt to our sessions.

But *this* was still more marked.

I sensed it the moment I served him the fresh grapefruit he liked to take before the two slices of generously buttered toast and steaming hot coffee that was his morning repast.

Not only were the events of the day before ignored but, where usually he barely acknowledged me and kept his head buried in the previous day's, if only recently delivered, London Times, I could feel his eyes actually seeking out contact with mine and read in his fidgety body-language that he was for the first time hesitant and uncertain in the presence of his young Indian servant.

My senses became so electric I felt I must have been wired to the local grid.

The fatigue instilled by my sleepless night was suddenly as nothing and within moments of his having entered the kitchen all my doubts and indecision seemed ludicrous to me.

I had effected an entrance into his thoughts and sexuality and, puzzle him as I am sure it did, the slow poison of his unaccountable passion for his *"low class"* serving girl was seeping into his system in an unstoppable way I was sure I could make still more pervasive.

Even his *"Good morning, Aadhaya"* on that particular morning was full of need and ingratiation and if I needed any further proof of what I intended for him being possible this, as I returned with a *"Good morning, Sahib"* of my own, was all that I required.

As I busied myself at the sink I could sense his eyes on the legs and smooth unblemished skin I had left uncovered and the higher than usual heels on which they rested – this is not to mention the tight, above the knee skirt that clung so tenaciously to the firm and capacious Indian arse upon which he was becoming so fixated and upon which the laying on of his hands was now prohibited.

I could also sense he wished to speak, no doubt to explain away his reaction to me in some way and regain the solidity of his usual higher ground.

The unaccustomed uncertainty preventing him from doing so only intensified the power-supply already coursing through me as I sensed his problem.

A problem for which I had no intention of providing help.

Sure then – though I realise now I was perhaps presumptuous in this, even if I was proved correct – that he was *not* about to terminate my services; my intention was to continue exactly as if the previous day and the discipline sessions before it had not taken place and become once again the diligent servant of the kind I had been before having coerced him into spanking me.

A *"diligent servant"* with even greater responsibility in his household upon whom he was coming to rely more and more.

As much in an everyday domestic way as he relied upon her in his imagination to provide the sexual stimuli necessary if her were to gain a meaningful erection.

A conversation on the subject that would mitigate his behaviour played no part in my machinations at that point.

Though it soon would.

*****

TWENTY-THREE

Discovery

Not two weeks had passed since my gamble in calling a halt to the discipline sessions I knew my employer enjoyed so much and the change in his attitude towards me was so marked now as to be almost unrecognisable.

In truth, and had I not been unwilling to tempt fate at the time, I would almost have described his new attitude as *"deferential"*, but then I have always been a little superstitious and did not wish to invite unnecessary interventions from higher powers given umbrage from my over-confidence.

I was taking no chances and, with circumspection in mind, decided to keep both my feet and my thoughts rooted firmly to terra firma.

Progress had most definitely been made but any kind of celebration on my part would have been premature, to say the least - even if the state-of-affairs existing between master-and-servant now when compared to how they had been upon my arrival and for some time after were so markedly different as to be almost unrecognisable.

I had, of course, both heard and read of *"Pussy Power"* but this, apart from my experience at school and with the boy, Masood – the boy Darshana had provided in order for my virginity to be taken by a male of my own race – was my first *real* experience of the phenomenon in everyday life and, more importantly, with an older adult male from another country.

That he was an adult male who had once – and no doubt still did – looked down upon me as his physical, cultural and intellectual inferior and would find even greater humiliation in finding himself in such an unlikely condition of bondage made the situation I was in the process of creating and managing between us a thing of marvel to me.

Even if at this point it was nowhere near the strength at which it soon function.

Just the same, and even at such an early stage, to say it thrilled me would not come close to describing my feelings.

Of course, though I was no longer providing him with a close-up and personal view of my brown arse, I was taking care to dress in ways I knew would gain and retain his attention. In fact, nearly all of my monthly salary was being spent in the charity shops of the British Quarter where I could find clothing of a kind I knew he would find appealing. It was an investment I was only too pleased to make and if the returns so far were to prove a guide it would turn out to be a most advantageous one.

For me.

It seemed the longer he went without access to me – or at least access of hand to arse – the more he needed to be in my presence.
Any earlier fears I had held in regard of him dispensing with my services had vanished entirely.

These days he would call me into his presence on the flimsiest of pretexts and seek me out wherever I happened to be working in the house to engage me in some spurious conversation regarding my work and duties. In short, he was beginning to behave like a smitten schoolboy attempting to gain the attention of the dismissive object of his passion.

And all the time, I sensed, he was looking for an opening to turn the conversation to the subject I had alluded to after I had informed him I was halting our sessions and was aware of the… *sexual*… pleasure he was taking from correcting me.

A subject I returned to constantly myself.

If only in my thoughts:

"…If I were to stay am I to take it that you would also wish to be sexual with me?"

I could almost see my words written across his face as he pondered how best to bring our conversation back to the subject he had been too shocked and chagrined to address when last I had mooted it.

His *excitement* at the time scarcely needs mentioning.

"…Because if that is to be the case, Sahib, and as long as such an arrangement is freely concluded and our dealings with each other are correct, I would have no objections to such an agreement."

With every word he uttered to me since that day my own words from that previous encounter ran at its back, his inability to assert himself and say exactly what he wanted as baffling to him as his passion for his plain of face servant who stared back at him so non-commitally and offered no natural opening for him to raise the subject he so wanted to raise.

When he did raise it – as I was now convinced he would – I told myself, it would be without prompting and come straight from the heart of his desperation.

Or at least from an organ to which that same heart pumped life-giving blood.

"…There could though," I had told him back then, *"be no question of the cock being placed in the cunt."*

His face at my turn of phrase stirred my juices whenever I had pictured it since – which was often – the expression that was as amazed as it was excited widening as I had enlarged:

"I am sorry, Sahib. The prospect of being… sexual… with a handsome and important Englishman such as yourself is one that appeals to me a great deal. But, to be true to my upbringing and my own self-respect, there can be no penetration."

His surprise, I enjoyed recalling, had been joined by anticipation as he realised he was not to be deprived of physical access to me after all.
Perhaps.

"…Also, and simply for the sake of the self-respect I mention of which I am very protective," I had informed him, *"I would prefer it if you asked me first for any sexual…"*

I dragged it out, knowing I had him upon the hook and wishing to see it embed itself further.

"…favours."

He looked exactly as a fish looks when upon a hook, but I had not finished quite yet.

"…Along with this small demand," I told him, "I remain serious about our correction sessions if I stay. At this stage, and because of the evidence I have that you enjoy them so much, I do not feel it correct that they should continue…"

Then, cutting into what I could see at the time were a quandary of competing thoughts and emotions:

"…Though," I had continued, *"I do not discount entirely the possibility of those 'sessions' being continued at some point in the future."*

The reversed nature of those "*sessions"* I had in mind were not of a kind I saw prudent to disclose to him at this point.

My words of not two-weeks previous were, I knew, etched as if in stone across the forefront of his thoughts and his need for physical contact with his young servant was eating at him. All the more, it must be said, now he had no desire for the spider thin clothes horses of the British Club nor the pale imitations of me offered by the ranks of prostitutes at his disposal for a fee. From now on, I could almost hear his thoughts, he *must* have the *real* thing.

The true cost of doing so I knew, despite my slightly more assertive attitude in his regard, not occurring to him in the slightest.

And why should it have?

Was he not the one with the power in our relationship?

Also, and as stated, my delight in his situation was made all the more pronounced by dint of the fact he hated admitting to himself that his senses were in thrall to a plain-faced Indian girl from a

none too high-caste family and a race he considered inferior in all ways, both physically and intellectually, to himself.

You will have heard me state the above on a number of occasions and wonder - especially as he had not, and still has not to this day, told me these were his feelings in so many words – how I could have been so sure that these were his thoughts in my regard;. So perhaps now is the time to explain about the journal he began keeping on his computer. A journal he began shortly after my halting of our *"sessions"* and my subsequent offer and the content of which will explain to you why I was so sure of his thoughts and feelings on the subject of his servant.

As I have explained in previous chapters, I had been given limited access to his computer as my responsibilities had increased in order for me to facilitate the day-today necessities of keeping a home he found so tiresome. He had set up set up an account with a password known to me under *"Home"* from which I could take care of all domestic matters it was possible at that time to do on a computer. However, for his more personal output such as work and correspondence – as well as his browsing history – he had set-up his own account under *"Private"* with an access password unknown to me.

"Unknown" to me only for a short while that is.

It required only some time while he was away on museum work – though he did more and more of that work from home in order to drink in the presence of his *"inferior"* Indian servant – to enter various words until that password was found.

He was, after all, a man of certain intellectual passions and it was with these that I set out on my quest.

It was not to be long, after finding no joy with *"Turner"*, *"Chippendale"*, *"Gibbon"* and *"Le Carre"*, that his CD collection yielded the result I was seeking:

"Purcell"

And, more specifically, as well as aptly:

"The Indian Queen"

I was in!

My employer was nothing if not predictable in his preference for his own land and those within it – even if he did prefer to earn his living in a land he considered *"less civilised"* and had inadvertently used a password that referred directly to the status I intended to attain with him.

His distaste for the land and the people currently sustaining him making her intent all the sweeter for the Indian girl set on enslaving him.

What awaited me once inside his account – and especially the browsing history I knew would be informative – was, in part, a surprise.

But it was the discovery and opening of the *"Journal"* that confirmed not only the hatred that ran side by side with my desire for him but the knowledge that the contempt in which he held me went much further than I had dreamed.

Much, much, further.

*****

TWENTY-FOUR

Journal

The first thing I went to once inside my employer's *"Personal"* account was the browsing history. Hopeful, as you may have already deduced, to find evidence there of sites visited that would have indicated something of his sexual mindset – the recent variety – that would encourage me further in my quest to subdue him. Visits to sites where men corrected young girls were the least of my expectations, knowing how much he enjoyed performing such an educational service for me.

But what I truly hoped to see were visits to websites more in keeping with the more submissive – if highly unusual and never repeated - behaviour he had exhibited with Darshana during the visit in which he had paid her to discipline him.

What I found though was a disappointment.

To begin with, anyway.

In short: I found *nothing*.

At least of a sexual nature.

There were sites of a literary, artistic and musical nature and others linking to libraries the world over and museums and the like; but when it came to sites of a pornographic or erotic type there were none.

Truly.

I had expected to find at least something of a sexual import but there truly was nothing – not even the most innocuous of erotic sites or, given his classical bent, novels and authors on the subject of the sexual considered to be both timeless and ground-breaking.

So, having found no trace upon his numerous and bulging bookshelves of Masoch, de Sade and Rachilde, or even a Henry Miller or Collette – authors I myself had read with varying degrees of enjoyment - to go with the various works of essays, historical studies and great *English* novels from Dickens to Trollope and Huxley to Wells, the same was repeated with the files he had collected on his computer.

The nearest I came to a whiff of anything sexual being two novels from D.H. Lawrence he had downloaded from the Project Gutenberg:

"The Rainbow" and *"Women in Love"*.

"Lady Chatterley's Lover," I had decided, in keeping with my view of decadent and cossetted English youth at the time – no matter I myself had read it during the first years of my teens – he had most probably devoured by the light of a torch under the bed-sheets in the
Dorm of the Public School where he had, no doubt, been sent to be educated.

My reading on the subject – as well as the profusion of sites offering sex in the third-person to men upon the net - had led me to believe he would be no different to the rest of his gender in this and I fully expected to find evidence of my influence upon his browsing history or at least some sites indicating his preferences of late; so finding none contradicted my expectations and left me feeling deflated. Until, that is, I told myself that a man with the sex-life of my employer and the many women willing to satisfy it would be unlikely to require extra-curricular involvement from the worldwide-web.

What he wanted he got, so why would he need to turn to fiction and images to satisfy himself further?

It did strike me at this point, however, that if he became reliant on the efforts of his own hand for too much longer – as well as being deprived of my vulnerable buttocks across his lap – then his browsing history would soon make for more *interesting* snooping.

Understandably, I told myself, it was not that I had made no inroads or changes upon his sexual habits but, rather, that he had no culture of internet sex and it had yet to occur to him that satisfying desires of a disciplinary nature he could no longer satisfy with my behind and his own hand could be done via the advance of technology.

Which was when, disappointment mitigated, I discovered it.

The *"Journal"*.

Believing it at first glance to be no more than a collection of his thoughts on his work at the Salar Jung, my breath caught in my throat as I realised I was looking at a record of his *intimate* thoughts instead. Breath that took some time to expel itself when I realised the first entry was dated a day after I had confronted him with his behaviour in my bedroom. The *"intimate thoughts"* themselves being no more than the man engaging in a dialogue with himself he had no intention of anyone reading or joining.

Except, and without his knowledge, a young Indian girl for whom his lust equalled his contempt.

A thrilled young Indian girl, moreover, who fully intended to own him.

That first entry waiting to greet me removed the *"thrilled"* element of my discovery instantly – even if I would soon come to rationalise its content in a more positive light:

"…What happens with you, Corbett? Why do you allow such a state of affairs to persist in a home that is yours and with an employee as plain of face as she is of intellect and imagination? How could you let such a low-class example of a low-class country – and a young one at that –

invade your thoughts to such an extent? Even Maugham's weak-willed example of a cur chose an English low-life as the object of his obsession. Not some barely educated gutter-produce from a degenerate land with – I must confess – a natural facility with my own mother-tongue…"

The reference to Somerset Maugham's hero from *"Of Human Bondage"* was familiar to me and I had read – and been disappointed by its tameness – the novel in question. There was. However, nothing *tame* about the feelings inspired by his description of me.
Concentration intensified by anger, I read on:

What would the women – forget family and colleagues – who have come begging for your favours think of such a situation? You would be a laughing stock everywhere and the news of your disgrace would soon travel home to England that Andrew Corbett, he of all men, had gone native with a teenaged peasant – and a facially unappealing, low-class even for a peasant, native at that."

My young, "*low-class even for a peasant*", blood ran cold and if I had ever entertained any small doubts as to the worthiness of such a man for what I intended for him they were reduced to a size so infinitesimal as to be undetectable by either human or telescopic eye.
Blood raging at a white-heat, I continued to read:

"…That a man of my status could find himself in such a position in respect of such a pitiful specimen of femininity is little short of…

God! But that arse? Those breasts? Her legs? Even her shapely feet she, I must confess, keeps in such immaculate repair I sometimes imagine curling themselves around my masterful cock as I order her to service me. Command made on pain of a spanking over her Master's knee should she prove less than adept at the task set her.

How can this be?

The girl is ugly. Plain and simple. I cannot make up my mind if she is avian or equine, so unprepossessing are her features. And yet…

Did I truly hear the little flunky correctly? Did she really say she would not object to there being sexual contact with…?"

The text of the sentence was truncated unnaturally here and, for a moment, I considered my admittedly learned *"Master"* to have made a grammatical mistake.

What I read next told me it was anything but.

"…For the life of me I don't understand what goes on here. I seem unable to function as I've always functioned. Only yesterday one of the younger and more comely wives at the Club made it plain she would welcome the attentions of my cock and even went so far as to sneak a caress of it. Previously, I would have risen to the occasion in my usual magnificent fashion and arranged

for the little vixen to visit the house after Aadhaya had retired to her room for the evening, but on this occasion there was nothing.

And yet, as I have just proved yet again, the merest thought of my ugly young servant serves to engorge my cock with an urgency beyond anything supplied by the other women I've tried using to banish this insignificant flunky from my thoughts since she first invaded them.

Is this ludicrous fixation connected with the onset of middle-years? I have heard of such things, after all. Or am I simply going mad? It is getting to the point where I am even accommodating my work in order to stay home and bask in the presence that attracts me so unaccountably and dominates my thoughts.
Perhaps I should simply let her go and find an even more unappealing example of her race to take the position of housekeeper. But then she truly is very efficient at the mundane tasks of domesticity and my life runs so smoothly now that I have given her responsibility for things other than simple cooking and cleaning. Also, and If the experience of others at the club is any guide, then I it is extremely unlikely I would find another as efficient and diligent.

And that arse!

Being the connoisseur of the female derriere age and experience have made me, I can truthfully say it is the fullest, most shapely, example of the callipygian to have ever come my way – no matter how off-putting the face above it. Every time she was across my knee, and after I had made her squeal under my hand, it was only the propriety of our respective positions that prevented me lowering my lips to her smooth and unblemished skin and losing myself in a show of warranted appreciation.

I cannot deny how much I crave to have her draped across my knees once again to accept my discipline and often find myself on the verge of ordering these "maintenance spankings", as she described them, to be commenced if she wishes to stay in my service. But then, unintelligent and ill-educated as she is, there is a stubborn quality, born of her heathen faith I suspect, I feel sure would compel her to leave were I to offer such an ultimatum.

This is not the first time I have shed the contents of my balls today with her image to mind and, even so shortly after the event, my description of her rear-end sees me in a state of rut once more. If I am truthful, it is with difficulty I can recall a specific occasion upon which my cock hardened to anything but a picture of the ugly little Indian bitch's fabulous big breasts or that wondrous arse as my breath shortens and my hand comes down to supply the ugly little Indian bitch a much needed correction before she is sent to the corner to reflect upon her misdeeds and future behaviour."

As I broke off from the journal for much needed reflection, it was not my "*Master's*" breathing alone that had shortened.

The suspicion of a person's contempt for one and having those suspicions confirmed are two happenstances similar in composition but worlds apart in terms of effect upon the one so despised. You may trust me if you have not experienced this for yourselves, but finding oneself

angry at the dismissive and contemptuous way one is treated by a person – in this instance an employer - and then actually having one's worst suspicions confirmed on paper or computer screen are worlds apart in effect. Even if travel between those worlds remains possible.

"Pitiful specimen of femininity?" I had blazed aloud, emboldened by the knowledge my employer would be at the Salar Jung for some hours yet and I would have his home to myself.

"Insignificant flunky?"

I shook my head with growing outrage at the repetition of each insult.

"Low-class even for a peasant?"

My rage was incendiary – even if I had suspected, and in almost the exact same language, that he regarded me in such a way – and I continued to fulminate aloud:

"We'll see how insignificant I am when that so superior English tongue is embedded in the same chute from which I evacuate the food he will soon be preparing and serving me."

So great was my rage that, had he returned home at that point, I would have been unable to do anything but vent it upon him; the full import of the opening journal entry I had read making no headway upon my more rational side as I took myself off to the kitchen for a glass of cooling water before attempting to read any further.

Pacing the kitchen floor-tiles as I sipped at it, I attempted to calm myself with a mental recital of all the humiliations and retributions he would undergo when he was finally under my young brown heel.

When – and it took some time - I was sufficiently cooled down enough to return to both study and computer, I was also in command enough of my senses to re-read and take heart from that opening entry:

"…the merest thought of my ugly young servant serves to engorge my cock with an urgency now beyond anything supplied by the other women I've since tried using to banish this insignificant flunky from my thoughts..."

So intent had I been with my wounded pride I had missed the most important part of that entry.

The part that told me he was already some way down the road to being mine.

"…This is not the first time I have shed the contents of my balls today with her image to mind and, even so shortly after the event, my description of her rear-end sees me in a state of rut once more. If I am truthful, it is with difficulty that I recall a specific occasion upon which my cock hardened to anything but a picture of the ugly little Indian bitch's fabulous big breasts or that wondrous arse…"

It would not, I assured myself, be the last either and a smile of grim determination hardened my features.

At least *not* until I had him in hand.

Then, I promised myself, his *"cock"* would only find itself *"hardened"* when the low-class peasant girl ruling him considered his behaviour warranted it.

You may be assured I intended to be *very* difficult to please.

The rest of the journal was equally as informative in ways giving rise to elation as much as anger; his contempt for me, I confess, went deeper than even I had suspected – despite my efforts in his home and the way I had made his life so much more… *easy*.

I had read on:

"…Though she insists it is not her intent to hold her webcam evidence against me, possibly because I assured the hawk-featured little imbecile I was indifferent to such coercion – 'publish and be damned', as the Iron Duke said – I feel sure she could be influenced by the offer of money in the same way as those of her young countrywomen who were only too pleased to offer their shapely but inferior bodies to me.

Yes. I shall offer her a tidy sum – by her standards anyway – for her sexual pleasures. She may have said there would be no possibility of the 'cock being placed in the cunt' but at heart she is no different to the rest of the venal inhabitants of this backward land for whom money is everything. Then, once this ridiculous lust is out of my person, I shall consign her back to the gutter from whence she came. No matter how capable she is at her menial duties."

I am sure I have no need to highlight the feelings of fury inspired by his words; nor the sense of elation at having inserted myself so far into his sexual psyche.

Contradictory emotions travelling in the same direction and with the same aim in mind.

A *"Human Bondage"* of an all-encompassing kind utterly beyond the tame and unimaginative literary capacities – at least in this instance – of Mr Maugham

I was also - better placed to manage that *"fury"* now – able to see the journal for the motherlode that it was. Now I told myself, and without his being aware of it, I had a direct line into his private and personal thoughts and, more importantly, his future actions. As I read on, that same fury lessened and receded until my predominant emotion was of a different kind altogether.

Optimism!

*****

TWENTY FIVE

The Offer

The night following my discovery of the journal and its contents was again a sleepless one – if, this time, for reasons other than a concern for having pushed my agenda forward too swiftly.

My mind refused to settle into the less agitated rhythms necessary for repose and invited actions I can leave you to guess at that were becoming more and more frequent with me.

For if my employer was obsessed to the point of being unable to find completion without summoning an image of either my feet, legs, breasts and, most likely, arse, then I was in something of an identical position regarding him and the reading of his intimate – and highly insulting – thoughts on behalf of me only served to fuel my own fantasies in his regard.

Strangely though, where his picturing of me according to his journal was always *physical*, the thoughts of my own that best triggered my own self-relief took a different tack.

The difference in quality of sexual imagination, perhaps, between obvious male desire and that of an imaginatively superior – no matter how peasant and low-caste – Indian girl.

Naked from the waist up with my back to the mattress, clad only in pantyhose of which I was more in need by the day, I would massage my own legs through the hose while imagining it was a fully dressed Andrew Corbett who knelt at my side and performed the service for me, eyes lowered deferentially.

Even with eyes closed, and as you would expect, the feel of my own hands rubbing my strong legs through the nylon could not be mistaken for the attention of my employer's male hands, but it was the closest option available to me at that time as I imagined a groan escaping his lips and knew it was brought about by the head of his hardening cock making contact with the metal encasing it at its tip and the bite of titanium as it cut into the flesh of the cock making yet another futile attempt to engorge.

"Concentrate on your duties, Corbett!" I hear the voice of my delightful reverie instruct and warn. *"Erections are no longer for you from now on unless they are with your young Indian owner's express permission."*

The groan turned to a whimper as he realises he is to be denied yet again while bringing his female master to orgasm once more.

As the hands that are mine and I visualise as his smooth their way up over my shapely calves and begin to apply feather-light caresses to my inner-thighs, I realise I can hold out no longer in the imaginary face of his unwilling and restrained subservience. Swiftly, I use the fingers of one hand to necessitate yet another visit to the market vendor offering cut-price hose and poke out an

opening at the crotch of my pantyhose. This to allow my imaginary flunky access to the hairless pussy for which his imprisoned cock pines and will *never* know.

"Yes," I breathe, the unmistakeable scent of my own arousal escaping the ripped nylon, visualising my own invading finger as the tongue of a subdued English male who was previously my employer as he worships at my shrine as if his life depended upon it.

"You are learning at last, Corbett," I manage to say – at least in my thoughts - over the sensations of pure delight provided by the servile tongue of an older man I have subdued and tamed. *"Life will be much easier for you the moment you accept your true place at my feet. Your only purpose from now on is to please your young Indian…"*

Not for the first time that night, I exploded.

Each completion it seemed, by dint of my own hand or not, seeming more pronounced and delicious than the completion prior to it.

I was unable, it seemed, to leave myself alone and I knew it was a development that would continue in the same vein and grow more powerful with every forward step I took towards the subjugation of my *"Master"*.

By the time the first intimations of a coming dawn, back-dropping a darkened sky, were visible through my open and unobserved bedroom window I had finally sated myself and dropped off into what would be at least a few hours of restful sleep - though not before I had promised myself to push things forward still further.

Had the object of my lustful musings been present at that point I'm sure he would have taken the smile transfiguring my features before I dropped off as beatific.

For, both Saura and Darshana had been proved wrong and my gamble had, was, paying off. I had been right all along in thinking my *"Master"* ready for what I intended and I was even more sure in the face of this success that he was ready to be pushed forward still further toward the fate I intended for him and the future I had in mind for myself.

The next day, I knew, would be another interesting one – as well as important.

His intention, stated in the journal, to offer me money in return for sex, was one I obviously could not accept if he offered it and I knew I must pre-empt his intention. If he were to make it and I – as I must – refused it there was, despite his growing fixation, the possibility he would ask me to leave his service.

This I could not allow to happen…

*****

"…….Sahib," I began as I served him his breakfast that morning, the heavy look around his eyes as they took in the legs I had this time had no choice but to leave bare – at least until I replenished my collection of hose at the market – bearing witness to a night spent in much the same way as my own.

The frustration I was convinced he must feel in direct opposition to my own joy and growing excitement.

My need for replacement pantyhose serving very nicely, anyway, as a tool to bring conversation around to the direction I intended.

"Yes, Aadhaya," he answered, the irritation that had always been present whenever I had mustered the temerity to disturb him before still in place but dissipated somewhat by the excuse his answering of me gave him to drink in my legs and breasts – even if at this point my face interested him not in the slightest and it was only with an effort that he tore his gaze away from my assets and made contact with my eyes.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Sahib," I started, careful as always to keep him cemented in the role of master, despite no longer addressing him in such a fashion.
I may well have insinuated myself into his erotic psyche but I also knew his levels of self-approbation and importance still ran at a high altitude and if he suspected anything less than my complete respect – this despite my having discovered his penchant for my soiled panties – all would be over.

Were he to detect even a hint of disrespect in my tone or manner it would mean an end to all my hopes.

"What is it, Aadhaya?"

I hesitated, as if what I wished to say was of great importance:

"I am sorry, Sahib, but… But I was hoping if I may take a small advance on my salary for the month if it is not too great an inconvenience?"

As ever at the mention of money, his expression became suspicious.

"And why would you require such a thing, Aadhaya?" he returned request with question. "There are still two-weeks to the end of the month. Have you spent your previous month's remuneration so swiftly?"

I was of a mind to tell him that spending what he paid me would be no great feat given the paucity of the amount, but remained respectful instead.

Deceitful you must take as read.

“I needed to purchase some security some security software for my computer,” I lied, “and it was more expensive than I thought.”

His expression said:

“And what has this to do with me?”

“Usually,” I went on, “I would have no difficulties making it through to the end of the month but, well…”

Again I hesitated as if unsure, inviting Mr-Self-Importance to step in:

“Well, what, Aadhaya?” he asked with something of his impatience and pomposity of old.

I feigned embarrassment a few moments longer then, as if steeling myself:

“I speak of female matters, Sahib, and would not wish you to be uncomfortable. Save to say there are certain small things I require for which I do not have the funds at this time.”

“And what things might these be?”

I allowed a few seconds to pass then, as if it had been dragged from me:

“Pantyhose, Sahib.”

It seemed as if a tiny electrical charge passed through his body at the word.

“P-Pantyhose?” he repeated, wondering, no doubt if this was some veiled reference on my part to his actions with my unmentionables.

It both was, and it was not.

“Yes, Sahib,” I confirmed. “As you know, it is only recently that I started wearing such… garments… and I am afraid I am a little clumsy in placing them on and taking them off.”

His Adam’s Apple bobbed up and down in his throat and he was unable to prevent his eyes flickering to the smooth skin of my bare legs.

“It is why,” I continued as I if had not noticed the direction of either his gaze or his discomfort, “I have been bare legged once or twice this past month or so.”

Forcing his gaze to meet mine he nodded either his understanding of why I wanted cash or the fact that he had noticed my lack of pantyhose on the occasions mentioned.

“Now that I am not wearing saris it does not seem… *decent*… for me to go bare-legged in such a fashion. I am your housekeeper, after all, and the way I look reflects upon you.”

His expression softened and I could see I had chosen the right way to place our conversation on a more sexual footing; it seeming to me that as long as I came at him from an angle of respect there was little I could not achieve with him.

And soon even *"respect"* would not be necessary.

"That is why," I went on, "I would be grateful for any small advance you could make me."

The eyes that smiled into mine – fleetingly, you understand, before flickering to my breasts – were understanding:

"Of course, Aadhaya," he told me, reaching into the jacket he had draped over his chair for his wallet. "You must always look the part if you are to remain in my service."

"Pompous ass!" I told myself as he passed me some notes of a not over-generous nature but more than enough for my purposes – especially as I was in no need of them anyway and had enough money upstairs with which to purchase my own underwear.

"I'll deduct it from this month's salary," he informed me with a smile.

"I am very grateful, Sahib," I thanked him, turning then as if to leave him to his breakfast before pretending to hesitate and turning back to face him.

"Was there something else, Aadhaya?" he queried.

Lowering my eyes demurely, careful not to indulge in the fit of giggles that threatened to erupt any second and were so frivolous and unlike me, I focused on the end-game and went into a carefully rehearsed speech:

"It is just…"

"Yes?"

"I feel guilty for having spoken to you as I did on that day."

He gave me a puzzled look, though I knew he was entirely aware of the day in question to which I referred.

"The day when I thought I had no choice but to leave your service," I reminded him unnecessarily, reminding myself in the process of just how easily he had swallowed my assertion and been so dismayed he could feel only relief for the swift and relatively baseless way I had withdrawn the threat instead of the suspicion that should have been natural.

The hint of colour tinging his handsome cheeks was encouraging and had not been present even during my description of his behaviour with my soiled panties.

This could only be encouraging.

“You are a handsome and desirable man living alone and it is understandable that…”

“Aadhaya!” he came in with a raised hand and a face flushed still further with annoyance, London Times dropped to the table in front of him now and forgotten. “We discussed this at the time and I apologised for my behaviour. I would prefer not to discuss it again.”

“I understand, Sahib,” I told him, and truly I did, his annoyance all too explicable given his massive sense of self-importance and the fact it was his own servant who was reminding him of behaviour many people would consider shameful from one such as he.

I allowed a few seconds to pass as he returned to his paper and began again, words chosen carefully to match those of his journal:

“But I really feel we need to speak of what happened if I am to be of service to you in the future, Sahib.”

The impact of the word *“service”*, and as I intended, was nothing short of galvanic.

Not to mention: *hopeful*.

The eyes leaving the paper to actually *meet* mine were a mixture of puzzlement, hope and, unmistakably, excitement,.

His sudden and uncharacteristic inability to find a verbal response ceded me the floor.

“You are an important man with a stressful occupation,” I continued, using false coin to buy in to his own conception of himself. “It is beholden upon the servant in your employ to make your life at home as smooth and trouble-free as it can possibly be and recently I…”

I broke off as if upset.

Emboldened by what he took as submissive behaviour that night just lead to a return of that *“wondrous arse”* over his knee once more he became paternal.

And mendacious, the carrot of being in a position to punish his *“ugly”* Indian housekeeper too great for him to maintain his intention of not revisiting his less than admirable past behaviour in my regard.

“Say what you wish to say, Aadhaya,” the great man gave permission. “in the short time since you have been with me I have been impressed by your obedience and willingness to learn, so I wish to know if you have concerns over your employment here.”

What *I* wished to do was vomit in the face of the self-deluding cretin who held a position of superiority over me for no more validity than having been born to a more favoured class in a land whose affluence had been funded off the back of countries such as my own.

What I actually did – not wishing to ruin my carefully laid plans with a flash of petulance – was to continue in the same manner of dutiful servant wishing only to be of value to the superior man employing her.

“I was taught that it is the responsibility of a servant to ensure all the needs of her employer are met in the home and, having been brought up to take my responsibilities seriously, I feel I have let you down.”

“Nonsense!” he laughed, encouraged to be back in the role of great man in regard of me and, no doubt, sensing a return to our discipline sessions on the cards. “I’m quietly pleased with your progress and feel you have it within you to become exactly the kind of servant I have been looking for. More and more you not only meet my requirements but anticipate my needs before I’ve relayed them to you. That can hardly be described as letting me down.”

“Thank you, Sahib,” I said, careful to keep my eyes lowered that he might not see the contempt I felt convinced would be visible in them.

They were still lowered when I continued:

“But there are certain… *needs*… you have, as do all men, that I have been selfishly ignoring.”

The conversation he did not want to have, I could see, was becoming of more interest to him and I could see his hopes rising by the second.

Hopes I had every intention of obliging.

If in my own way.

“In my need to have you take the role of both employer and father-figure and supply me the discipline to which I both need and have grown accustomed, I neglected to take into account that you are *not* my father and your… *reaction*… to having me across your lap was the reaction of any red-blooded male.”

His hopes of a return to such a situation were reaching optimum now and I felt sure that though he would be disappointed with what I intended as a replacement he would grasp it as the next best thing.

“For this I am sorry, Sahib,” I went on. “But, being the devout girl I am, there can be no question of a return to such… *encounters*… between us at this time.”

As I had guessed, his disappointment was palpable, even if I had been careful to supply him with hope via my:

"…at this time."

"This does not mean though, Sahib, that I cannot be of service to you in such matters of…"

I feigned coy.

"You know?"

"Sex?" he finished for me, relishing as I knew he would the role of libertine for whom nothing physical either shocked or came as a surprise.

I nodded, as if too *"devout"* to even say the word; this despite there not being one bone of a religious kind in my body – of *any* denomination.

Now I waited, sensing – *knowing* – he was hooked and would want to know more.

"And just *how* would you help me, Aadhaya?" he opened the floodgates.

Now I did raise my eyes and looked full into his, careful though to keep my stare neutral.

"As you understand, Sahib, it is a great honour for a lowly Indian girl such as myself to find herself… *desired*… by such a man as yourself, even if I will always remain a servant in your eyes. I am not so foolish as to believe there is likely to be a relationship of any kind between us except that of master and servant but, so long as I am your servant, I feel it is my duty to satisfy your needs in any way I can that does not offend my beliefs."

The thwarted look that had greeted my assertion there would be no return to our discipline sessions – *yet* – was replaced by curiosity for what it was exactly I intended to replace those sessions with and - though not *totally* convinced his dignity would allow him to accept what I had in mind - his past behaviour with my underwear and the entries in his journal ensured I was more optimistic than pessimistic he would go along with my intentions.

"Of course, Sahib," I went on, "it is your decision as to whether your needs would be helped by the small services your servant can provide, but I would feel less than dutiful were I not to make the offer to you."

"And what offer is this, Aadhaya?" he asked confidently, an end-game of his own in my regard seeming more likely for the offer, whatever it might be, about to be made. "I do recall your saying there could be no question of my cock entering you, so what exactly did you have in mind."
If he thought his reminder of my earlier and – uncharacteristic in my dealings with him – forthright language would faze me he was to be disappointed.

"That is correct, Sahib," I told him, still gazing into eyes that were, for once, fixed upon mine and not impatient or lower themselves to either breast, legs or feet. "Unless my religion is

satisfied there is an understanding or a more binding commitment this also applies to my touching you by hand."

His snort was full of derision for what I knew he saw as the expectations of both a backward race and whatever puerile religion its members adhered to.

"Exactly what kind of a religion do you practice, Aadhaya? It is, I have to say, unlike any of the others I have come across in this backwa…"

I waited as he feigned a cough to cover what had been about to be an uncomplimentary description of my homeland, the same country with a culture outstripping that of his own by many centuries.

"It's certainly unlike any I have come across on the sub-continent," he finished.

I was already nodding, explanation prepared:

"I am not surprised, Sahib. It is a verbal devotion that derives from our early Indo-Aryan origins and is one of the most sacred and closely guarded forms of worship, known and practiced by only a relative handful of devotees. Writing of it is proscribed and…"

I allowed a look of concern to cross my face.

"I… I am sorry, Sahib, but even speaking of it at any length and depth with a non-believer is frowned upon and I do not wish to violate my vows."

I could see I had piqued his interest with my fictional depiction of a non-existent religion and his natural curiosity was almost enough to side-line his more pressing need for physical contact with his plain and unlikely sex object.

"What I am permitted to tell you is that within my religion certain sexual relations of all kinds between men and women are both permissible and encouraged – no matter how eccentric their make-up, so long as both partners are willing for them to be indulged."

"But I thought you said there could be no penetra…"

"Nor can there be, Sahib," I came in. "It is perfectly acceptable for a believer to allow herself to become the passive receptacle of a non-believer's passion for her. But, without certain commitments on behalf of the non-believer there can be no question of her either permitting that non-believer to place his manhood in her or even to touch that which belongs to him."

His face was a mixture of conflicting thoughts and emotions and for a moment I worried that I may have laid it on a little thick.

Again, I need not have worried:

“And what exactly is it that you *can* do for this… *‘non-believer?’”* he asked.

Adding, as I considered his request:

“Assuming, of course, that the constraints of your *‘beliefs’* allow you to divulge this much, at least.”

“I am sorry, Sahib,” I apologised with all the deference I could muster, close to having him upon the hook and not wishing to scare him from it by too great a self-confidence. “It is not my intention to offend or be provocative. My only desire is to be as worthy an employee for you that I can. I should like to think that you have seen evidence of this desire on my part during the whole of my stay here and know this to be true.”

His nod told me he had.

The licking of dry lips also told me he was anxious to learn exactly what it was my fictitious religion would allow me to do for him.

I decided the time was ripe to inform him.

“For reasons I am unable to comprehend, Sahib, a handsome and superior English gentleman appears to have taken a sexual attraction to me. I am under no illusions that I am neither beautiful nor even good-looking, so this attraction mystifies me more than a little and I can only put it down to the pressures of your work and the close proximity we necessarily keep to each other. Were I not constrained by the strictures of my faith I would have no reservations in easing your pressure in a more direct and, perhaps, more satisfying way, but that is not possible at this point. But what I can do is provide the mental stimuli that would make the way you see to your needs and ease your pressures more… satisfying.”

The bobbing of his Adam’s Apple as he again remembered to swallow told me he was amenable to even this small bone I was throwing him and the slight vibrato of his voice when he questioned me convinced me I had him.

“And, hmm, just how would you *“provide”* that, Aadhaya?” he asked, buying totally my description of a non-existent belief and ready to obey its fictitious strictures if it meant some kind of sexual interaction with me.

“It is your decision to make, Sahib,” I assured him, “but, if it would help to soothe you after the stress of your days at the museum, I thought I could…”

I deliberately left the sentence unfinished and waited for him to prompt me.

A prompt that was not long in coming.

“Go on, Aadhaya. What did you think you could do?”

Again, I acted indecision:

“Well, Sahib, I thought… Given that you seem to like my panties and hose, I thought that…”

I hesitated some more.

“That… That you may find it enjoyable to be able to enjoy them in a more personal way.”

His expression became thunderous and I thought I may have gone too far.

“Please,” I came in swiftly. “I mean no disrespect – my religion is very understanding of such matters and the more eccentric needs of men were explained to me long ago.”

Thunder receded a little.

“I do not judge but simply wish to be of service.”

I took a deep breath and let it come out:

“If it would give you pleasure and ease your stress to have contact with my panties and hose whilst I am wearing them I am more than happy to provide you with this service.”

The thunder was already a memory as the import of what I was offering him made itself plain.

“You mean…?”

“Yes, Sahib. If it would give you pleasure I have no objection to allowing you to dress me in my panties and pantyhose.”

His jaw had dropped and I could see he had momentarily stopped breathing. *“Dressing me”* had not occurred to him but I could see he did not find the prospect *too* displeasing.

An opportunity I took to go even further:

“If it were also pleasing to you, it would be acceptable for you to wash and dry them if that is your wish.”

*****

TWENTY-SIX

Acceptance

One morning, not two weeks on from my offer to him, seated on an upright rattan chair barely accommodated by the confines of the small space my *"master"* had allocated me as a bedroom, I luxuriated again in the feel of his eager hands as he smoothed the black pantyhose over my legs.

So eager were both man and fingers to gain access to me, in fact, I had barely the time enough after my morning shower to put on a bra and a tight fitting white cotton shirt before he was knocking at the door to my room. The *"tight fitting"* shirt, you may be sure, chosen deliberately to emphasise the breasts that seemed to enthral him even more than my legs and feet. Though, I could hardly help but notice, the lower extremities did appear to be gaining ground on his preoccupation with the development at my chest.

Nonetheless, and despite the eagerness he now displayed, it had taken three days before he managed to place his pride to one side and approach me in respect of my *"offer"*. Three days of edgy and indecisive behaviour from him that were alien to his usual predilection for the order and routine that was the order of the day - at least where his business dealings were concerned. Three days during which it was easy for me to see from the longing looks he threw in my direction that what I had proposed to him was all he could think about.

A proposition, you may remember, that involved him helping his servant dress in her underwear and hose.

Not to mention his being expected to wash those same unmentionables.

And a proposition that would, not weeks before, have been impossible for me to put forward and unthinkable for him to accept – even if I suspected at the time that he had conveniently forgotten the *"washing"* part of my offer to him.

But, and as said, that was some weeks ago and the dynamic between us had changed since I had taken the decision to suspend the *"maintenance"* spankings he had so enjoyed handing out to me; the withdrawal of the shapely brown arse he took delight in punishing as it lay across his unmistakeable erection, as intended, increasing his need for its owner while placing yet more power firmly in my court.

Even if it had yet to be acknowledged.

Small wonder, then, that I could detect resentment festering beneath what I hoped was a larger quantity of need.

Massive resentment.

I was, after all, his servant. He was the one with the looks, the class and the privileged educational background, together with money, who had been, and still should have been, in complete control of our relationship. That such a proposition could even have escaped my lips in total before he interrupted and asked me to leave both his home and his employ was a huge testament to the power my insidious approach was beginning to exert over him.

A power his own journal – the same journal I had discovered and read daily whenever he was absent from the house – acknowledged.

And in terms less than flattering.

"How could you let such a low-class example of a low-class country – and a young one at that – invade your thoughts to such an extent?"

You may be assured the entry above placed me in something of a dilemma, unsure whether to feel elated that he felt compelled to write of my growing influence over his sexual thoughts or incensed he could describe both me and my homeland in such a derogatory way.

You will also be unsurprised to discover I decided to be both encouraged as well as livid.

His journal, in fact, once I had swallowed my own pride at reading of myself described in terms less than flattering, was a source of great satisfaction to me and served as a barometer indicating the levels of his fixation upon the servant he regarded as:

"Barely worthy of mention on a personal and intellectual level and, despite her undoubted efficiency as a servant, a person who would not occupy my thoughts for a second were it not for those wondrous breasts and prematurely matronly hips and legs below a face I would call plain were it not for the fact it was, in reality, ugly…"

And:

"…were it not for the physique below a face that always strikes me as a mix of the avian and the equine I would have found myself a servitor with features more easy on the eye long ago. Though it must be said, she can be trusted with tasks of a simple, if tiresome, nature and I now have no need to concern myself with the mundane minutiae of everyday life."

The whole journal as it stood was riddled with similar unflattering entries and remarks concerning my facial, as well as intellectual and racial, shortcomings. In fact, it was only the evidence of the growing hold my taking on of yet more domestic responsibilities and the effect the rest of my body was having upon his sexual responses that allowed me to take them in my stride. No surprise then, given such an unpromising starting position, that I felt I could congratulate myself on the progress made up to then with a handsome man so many years my senior who found me, facially at least, utterly unappealing.

Being, as those of you following my story will know, realistic about my physiognomy and its appeal did not, as you may believe, make reading of them in the computer journal of a man to whom I was sexually attracted – albeit, I confess, in a completely perverse way – any easier.

It was, in fact, extremely hurtful to read of oneself being described in such a way and an emotional pain I intend to repay with interest.

The entries detailing his attraction to the body below those upper shortcomings, however, went someway to soothing my hurt pride:

"…this ugly young Indian girl has the most incredible figure. I acknowledged as much when she shed her traditional Indian garb and took suddenly to wearing Western fashions of a more revealing kind. But when she… unbelievably!... came to me and suggested she missed the discipline supplied by her father and wished me to take on the role (the masses here truly are a backward and sheep-like rabble who respond with servility to anything resembling authority) I realised her bodily attractions far outweighed her lack of facial appeal. I also confess that when she draped herself across my knee for the first of what she described as her: "maintenance spankings"; I felt somewhat of a pervert. It is one thing to pay a woman of the street to enact out a harmless little fantasy, but my servant's presence across my lap had neither been sought and nor was I paying for it and, rather in the manner of a draconian Victorian master, I was applying discipline to the behind of a teenage serving girl – and enjoying it!

But then, how could I not? For all her intellectual and facial inadequacies, my servant has the most incredible arse I have seen in my many and varied encounters with that delight of the female anatomy and, when she raised the sari she had chosen to wear while receiving her discipline and draped herself over me, I found myself breathless at the sight of the beauteous and plump cushions of smooth, entirely unblemished, brown skin staring up at me. Never, in all my many experiences with the opposite sex, had I experienced an erection of such power and need.

Never!

Even the earthy, subcontinent, smell of her seems to draw me. Only the other morning she leaned across me to serve my coffee and I caught the scent of her un-perfumed armpits. It was all I could do not to force her to her knees there and then and use the mouth in that unappealing face to fetch me relief."

What on earth is happening to me?

The above description of my body, as you may imagine – if not the disgusting way he wished to make use of my mouth and *never* would - went quite some way towards consoling me for a description of my face I knew to be true but found painful to read just the same.

I promised myself also that it would not be *just* the scent of my *"un-perfumed"* armpits he would soon be familiar with but the taste of my sweaty brown underarms as he bathed them with his servile tongue.

There was another entry, however, that troubled me even more when I read it and, I must be truthful, gave me a bad night's rest. An entry made the day after my withdrawal of the arse he had come to adore punishing. Composed on the heels of my pointing out to him I was aware of the undeniable turbulence at his groin whilst I was draped across his lap. Turbulence that told me he was taking an unnatural pleasure from what I had expected to be a caring and fatherly disciplining of me.

An entry that went as follows:

"I should have fired the insolent little bitch on the spot!

There and then!

The gall of her!

All that stops me from ejecting her from my home now is my uncertainty as to whether she was being deliberately insulting (I cannot believe she has either the strength of character or the mental agility to be so with a person so far her superior as me) or if the evidence of my attraction for her arse while applying correction to it truly offended her narrow sense of propriety.

For though she is able on a prosaic and functional level, it has to be said she is as backward as the rest of her race and class when it comes to social interaction between the sexes. I make allowance for her age, of course, but even allowing for her relatively tender years she must surely have known that I am NOT her father and there could be but one outcome to draping herself across a virile male's knees and allowing him to chastise her.

I was irritated by this, as you may imagine, but there then followed the sentence that truly troubled me:

"My mind, however, is now made up. Tomorrow, after breakfast, I shall tell her she is no longer required."

It was a dismissal, as you are all aware, that did not happen and a non-event he alluded to in his next journal entry – though my prayers for just such an outcome did not prevent me from remaining sleepless the whole night; even if it was worth it to experience his next entry:

"It begins to occur to me that I may need professional help of some kind.

What else could explain this… fixation I appear to have with my own flunky?

This morning I was resolved to dismiss her from my service and have her out of the house the same day.

And yet, she remains here still.

Incredible!

Though I am not so humourless I can't see the irony in all of this.

"Andrew Corbett," I can hear the sneers should my fixation ever be discovered, "womaniser and libertine, the man who has broken a thousand female hearts and been unconcerned in the so doing, in a kind of sexual thrall to an example of the female sex so inferior in quality to those he has known as to be almost microscopic."

It would have been – would be – laughable were it not for the fact I was barely able to sustain an erection to either a vision or the presence itself of a woman who was not my ugly young housekeeper and more and more, I sense that the only way to rid myself of this unwanted desire for the girl will be to pound her pussy into submission until she loses all interest for me.

Yes.

That is it.

It is simply my innate perversity that attracts me to that which is so far beneath my dignity and would normally be of no interest either personally or sexually."

I shall turn all my considerable charm to the task of bedding the girl and then, after that…?"

The entry had ended there on what appeared to be an upbeat note and it was obvious he had satisfied himself his *"fixation"* with me would end the moment his superior English cock found its way into my pussy and finally sated its desire.

Insulting and maddening?

Certainly.

But, also, and more crucially, it was still more evidence of the foothold I was gaining in both his thoughts and his everyday existence. Not only that, but, courtesy of the journal I could read without his being aware, I was now forewarned of both his thoughts and his intentions and could plan my responses accordingly.

And yet…

For all my emergent influence, and in terms of our working relationship, he remained in complete if growingly dependent control and, despite the indisputable evidence of my ever increasing appeal to him, I was even more at pains to be the dutiful and obedient housekeeper; the solicitous flunky for whom his comfort and well-being was predominant.

The above, Saura assured me, being a sensible move on my part. A move, moreover, that would play to his sense of superiority and the complacency underpinning it. A calculated approach designed to ensure the multiplying list of responsibilities he ceded to me would make his

lassitude and unwillingness to perform such chores for himself all the more marked and place him in even more of a position of dependency upon his servant.

The trick now, she assured me also, was how to convert the dependence on me I had cultivated in him into control.

My cautious approach though, with Saura motivating me and Darshana in full agreement, would see me becoming more and more of a power in his life as his subconscious began to respond.

It would make *me*, his facially unappealing young flunky, and in Saura's words:

"A figure of some authority."

Albeit at this early stage, of the minor kind.

Only then would I, perhaps, gain the control over him I sought.

In this my new friend was soon proved correct and I could see my erstwhile *"Master"* was not happy about the fact I was not only proving indispensable in a domestic and administrative sense but was occupying more of his thoughts than he considered healthy.

Considerably more.

Thoughts I could read as easily as if they had been my own – even without the assistance of his computer generated journal.

I was his inferior and the dependency he felt on the household front was bad enough, but to have his sexual existence invaded in such a way, and by such a lowly creature, made his inability to counteract my budding influence upon both his physical and his mental life all but intolerable to him. It was, I knew, a conundrum he could have solved quite easily by simply dismissing me and hiring another housekeeper and was, I laughed to myself, a solution he probably considered many times throughout the day.

And, as his journal entry gave witness, be unable to act upon it.

Hence the swiftness with which the stick-thin English wives he had bedded so eagerly since the beginning of my employment with him had become of no interest; a development that spoke volumes for his growing and unlikely fixation upon yours truly.

Even if - and in a way that was to prove fortuitous but was, until his journal provided me with the knowledge, unknown to me – he was still seeing the young prostitute who resembled me; contact continued in an attempt to relive the over-the-knee corrections I was now denying him.

With results that were, in the main, unsatisfying but at least gave him some respite from the real thing that was denied him at his own residence:

"There is something of my servant in the girl, that is for sure. But the breasts are neither as firm nor as full and the legs nowhere near as shapely, while her feet cannot be mentioned in the same breath as those of Aadhaya which, despite her lowness, remain as perfect and beautifully kept as those of any woman from any walk or station of life I have encountered.

In fact, my interludes with the girl are proving the law of diminishing returns. With every meeting my pleasure decreases. Of course, rather than have her come to the house and take the chance Aadhaya might discover her inferior doppelganger over my knee and conclude I was needy of her, I visit the girl in her quarters next to those of the other young street girl I invited to the house to play the unlikely role of dominatrix to me.

Another unsatisfactory encounter but, as with everything else in this benighted and inferior country, of no great cost of either a moral or a financial kind."

The journal entry above ended with:

"Something must be done."

That *"Something"* being his knock upon my bedroom door and his subsequent acceptance of my offer.

Even if he did try to dress his acceptance of it in a way that was supposed to have me believing I was the one being indulged.

My *"Master"* was as self-delusory as he was self-regarding.

As it would turn out, his visits to my doppelganger would be the single most crucial element in his coming enslavement to me and help ensure I took control of his life in a way he would find as irrevocable as he found it hateful and…

More of this soon.

Back then, his journal only confirmed my suspicion that the only way he could reach completion these days was by picturing an image of my body – if not my face. And, though he might hate such a dependency, the prospect of being deprived of close visual proximity to my breasts, legs, ankles and feet, was not likely to make much appeal to him. A need that explained this pompous and deluded man's resentment.

The journal also assured me that he continued to be convinced that, if he could once *have* me, his inconceivable desire for his housekeeper would end and he would be free to jettison her from his life along with it.

That being the case, and assured by Saura and Darshana that I was playing my cards very sensibly – both of whom, you will have gathered from the above, had come around to my way of thinking and professed admiration for the way I was leading him - I was not surprised when he came to me in my room shortly after I had retired for the evening:

“Yes, Sahib?” I had asked, opening the door in a long and figure hugging tee shirt that reached halfway between my thighs and my knees to leave the muscular but shapely calves below exposed to his gaze.

These, along with the vermilion painted nails of the feet which, together with my breasts, I had always considered my most pleasing physical attributes, ensured his eyes flickered nervously between each. In fact, the indecision with which he hovered in the doorway was a testimony to how far I had come with this self-important and self-obsessed man and I had to rein in the excitement that threatened to embolden me to such a degree I might overplay my hand at what remained an early stage.

“I, hmm…” he began, falteringly, such indecision unnatural to him – and especially with one so low in the pecking order as his young housekeeper; though not so surprising when one considered what it was he wished to ask of her.

“Is everything all right, Sahib?” I asked, faking a tone of concern. “Are you unwell?” I went on, voice rising. “Should I call a doctor?”

“N-No, no,” Aadhaya,” he said quickly. “All is as it should be.”

My own gaze was questioning and the face of my egotistical employer reddened for the first time, I imagined, in many years – if, indeed, it had *ever* reddened in such a way previously, so great was his self-assurance.

A *self-assurance* under siege for the first time of any importance.

“I… I wanted a word with you, Aadhaya,” he began, desperately uncomfortable to find himself where he was and with whom.

“Yes, Sahib?” I urged, expression still quizzical.

He actually shuffled his feet as if he were a schoolboy about to ask the class beauty for a date; or at least - having been neither a class beauty nor asked for a date – how I *imagined* a schoolboy doing the asking would look.

“About our conversation of the other day,” he said with a cough.

I feigned a memory lapse and his discomfort increased.

Anger on the verge of an appearance also before I gave him a look of recollection and forestalled it:

“You mean the conversation in the kitchen, Sahib? As you took breakfast?”

His Adam’s Apple bobbed in his throat and he nodded as I added contrition to my recall:

“I am sorry, Sahib,” I began, eyes lowered. “It was not my intention to be disrespectful by making such an offer but I can understand how you would see it that way. My only wish was to provide for your well-being. Please accept my apolo…”

I was allowed no further.

“No!”

I took a step back, feigning shock at the strength of his vehemence.

“You don’t understand, Aadhaya,” he went on, ill-at-ease, embarrassed, angry and, more importantly, *needy*. “I… I…”

“Yes, Sahib,” I prompted, a wetness between my legs responding to what I knew was about to come.

Drawing himself up in a pitiful attempt to both keep his dignity and assert his authority, despite the humiliating request he knew he was about to make of his *“low-class”* servant, he came straight out with it:

“It has been an exceptionally busy time at the Salar Jung just recently and I have been under some pressure to bring certain projected acquisitions to fruition. I am sure you have seen this in me for yourself and that is what prompted your offer to me.”

I nodded understandingly, despite my certainty that his working environment remained as stress free and convenient to him as it had always been.

“That is why I think a diversion along the lines you suggest would be beneficial to me at this time.”

As an excuse for gaining access to his servant’s body it was puerile to say the least.

It was also music to my ears.

“Also,” he began, “I realise the great pride you take in your service to me and it would be less than fair of me to prevent you carrying out your duties in the way you consider they should be carried out. I know your only reason for making the suggestion was to prove as useful an employee as you can be to me.”

“That was my intention, Sahib,” I lied, bile never far from the surface when hearing myself described by him in such terms. “But…”

His face fell as my voice tailed off, the prospect I may have reconsidered my offer a disappointing one.

“I take it the offer still stands?” he asked, the possibility of being refused – and by such a creature – affronting his aforementioned self-assurance and injecting a note of displeasure into his question.

I feigned indecision.

“Because if it doesn’t…” he started, face colouring as his pride finally overmastered his need and he prepared to let loose some anger, designed, no doubt, to salvage it.

“No, Sahib. Of course it still stands,” I came in quickly to assure him, not wishing his anger to build up such a head of steam it may lead him to a course of action that saw me ejected from his home.

I was far too close to my goal for such a thing to happen.

“If I appear unsure it is only through concern for you.”

His eyes narrowed, bafflement dissipating his anger.

“Concern for me?”

“It is just that… Just that…”

“Go on,” he said in the tone of voice he always used to appear authoritative.

You are so…”

I lowered my eyes before going on:

“It is just, Sahib, that you are so… so… *manly.*”

Raising my eyes I could tell the lie had not gone down badly, exactly.

“I… I worry,” I went on, “that because you have such a very traditional view of the way our two sexes and two races should react to each other that you would soon find the reality of my offer to you – though it is certainly not my intention – as… as…”

“Yes?” he urged.

“I worry, Sahib, that you might come to see it as… insulting.”

I could see him giving it some thought – overlaying the thought he had given it up to now; my description of him as *“manly”* and as intended, playing in to his sense of superiority.

As everything about me did, it appeared – despite *him* being the one in need of *me*.

His so-called *"superiority"*, however, was not responsible for my approach and my only intention in adopting it was to ease the discomfort he was obviously feeling at having had to come to his servant's door as, dare I say it, a *supplicant*.

I went on in the same vein, not wishing him to have second-thoughts:

"Though not a word of what passes between us within or without these four walls," I assured him, "would ever pass my lips – and I doubt any would take the word of a lowly serving girl anyway – it will still be hard for you to…"

Again I allowed my voice to tail off and, this time he came in even more speedily than before:

"Hard for me to, *what*?" he came in on cue.

"Sahib, I have given much thought to the matter since making my offer and would not wish to place my position here with you in jeopardy should you find yourself offended to…"

I took a deliberate swallow designed to make him feel I was having difficulty framing such words and rushed on:

"…to have to wait on your servant as if our roles had been reversed."

Allowing him a few seconds for the imagery of his actually *waiting* on me to occur to him – though I am sure it had already; even if he had dressed it to himself as simply taking his own pleasure – I continued:

"I love my work here very much," I assured him, "and would find it extremely difficult if you felt it was necessary for me to leave."

As I finished, I was relieved to find his expression and response telling me I had taken the correct approach and that my description of him as *"manly"* had gone a long way to sweetening the demeaning pill he would be required to swallow if he accepted my offer.

"Aadhaya, your concerns are misplaced," he told me, pomposity and superiority returned with a vengeance now my own fabricated doubts had restored his equilibrium. "As I mentioned not seconds ago, I realise your offer was made from no more than a conscientious desire to be of service to your master and I accept it in the spirit with which it was made."

It was not the first time, you may be sure, that he had referred to himself in the third person in such a way since I had stopped favouring him with the appellation. A ploy I saw through instantly. Obviously, he was hoping that, by using the honorific in regard of himself, he would trigger me into doing so once again also.

He was, you will be unsurprised to learn, to be disappointed.

I was aware too that he continued to tell himself that a time would soon come when he would find me once again across his lap as his hand descended upon the plump brown buttocks he so loved to correct.

This was not the time, however, to inform him he was being delusional on both counts.

“I have been an adult for some time now, Aadhaya,” he told me, something of his usual pomposity back in place, despite the fact he was standing in his servant’s doorway attempting to persuade her to allow him to help her dress. “You are also above the age of consent and what we do in the privacy of my home is of no concern to others whose opinion is of no matter to me anyway.”

Adding then, though I did not believe his words for a second and knew the exact opposite would apply should her tire of or become embarrassed by my continued presence in his home:

You may also rest assured that I will certainly not be dismissing you if I tire of your offer. ”

“Then,” I began, all maidenly hesitancy and ignoring his dishonesty, acting as if it truly had not occurred to me when making it that he would accept my proposal, “you… you really would like to… to…”

“Aadhaya,” he tutted, coming in just as I intended, the expression of smug superiority I detested so much back in place with a vengeance as my approach to him gave reassurance that his position as Lord and Master remained in no doubt.

But then he was only dealing with a young Indian girl who, in the words of his own journal was:

“Barely worthy of mention on a personal and intellectual level.”

“Really, you make too much of this,” he continued. “I don’t expect you were aware for a moment of the fact when you extended your assistance to me, but there are any number of instances where men of responsibility have sought to relieve the burden of pressure experienced from the role expected of them in public by taking a lesser and temporary role in their private life. It is not as wondrous and exceptional a happenstance as you appear to consider it.”

“I… I have heard of powerful men needing to free themselves of the pressures of their daily lives in such a way, sahib,” I told him truthfully, preparing to lie through my teeth and already doing so with my description of him as a *“powerful”* man. “It was why I made my offer. Though I was unsure how you would take my attempt to prove useful to you and thought you might become angry with me.”

“Not at all, Aadhaya,” he reassured my non-existent if, I must congratulate myself, beautifully acted concerns. “It is to your credit that you not only realise how great the responsibilities of your Master are but actually wish to help him ease the burden of them.”

There it was again, I observed with an inward smirk that went a long way towards mitigating the acidity of the aforementioned bile.

"Master."

"Then…" I began, still feigning mild surprise and maidenly hesitancy when, in fact, it was anger and a certain queasiness at the stomach that responded to his belief I was so far beneath him he could both use and patronise me with impunity, "you… you would like to…? To…?"

I allowed my voice to taper off, as if the actual prospect was one I had not for a moment considered he would countenance and the reality it might actually come to pass had not occurred to me.

His expression as he nodded was serious, as were his words:

"It must be made clear, however, that I would not expect for you to become over familiar or less than diligent in your duties," he warned. "I would not wish you to feel that intimate interaction of such a kind between us alters our respective positions of Master and Servant."

As I considered just how drastically it *was* going to alter our "*respective positions"* my sickeningly superior employer went on to add:

"I would, of course, be grateful for the diversion and your easing of my stress."

"I wish only to be useful to you, sahib," I assured him with words and voice that would have made me vomit had I not been so excited at what I knew was coming.

"Easing of my stress??" I had paraphrased under my breath as he smiled at my disingenuous submission. He was a procurer of artefacts for a museum! *Not* a politician with responsibility for bringing peace to the region around Rawalpindi.

How could I feel – apart from lust, of course – anything other than contempt for a man with such a risible self-regard?

"My only intention," I continued, fighting back the urge to disabuse him as to his true nature and how I thought it could be put to best use, " is to provide an outlet for you that helps ease the burden placed upon you by your responsibilities at the museum."

The prideful fool actually nodded, buying the hyperbole I used to describe his less than onerous duties instantly, so great and so delusional was that aforementioned self-regard.

"Very well then," he began, master of all he surveyed once again, even as he stood on the verge of accepting an offer from his servant that give her, had he but known it, even more influence over his life and thoughts. "I am grateful for your offer and accept it."

He appeared to be waiting for something from me and seemed a little put out when it was not forthcoming.

“How, then, do you suggest we begin our new arrangement?” he asked a little sharply, though there was, I could detect, and despite a certain impatience and irritation, just a hint of the relief he felt for having gotten past this first obstacle with his pride intact.

Fortunately for me, I had given the nature of my offer much thought and was not taken by surprise at his question.

Though I pretended otherwise:

“I am sorry, Sahib,” I began contritely, “but I did not think for a moment you would take me up on the service I offered. If I am truthful, I have not given the necessary thought to how we should proceed from here.”

His face dropped and I exulted that I could be the cause of his disappointment even as a warning voice told me not to overplay my hand at this stage.

“Perhaps,” I went on, finger placed to lips thoughtfully, “when you are not expected at the museum, or if it is convenient before you go there, you could come to my room each morning after I have showered and help me with my outfit for the day.”

His approval for my suggestion was evident upon his features and this pleased me.

As did what appeared to be his acceptance of what I proposed taking place in *my* room.

I did not wish, after all, our *“new arrangement”* to begin somewhere he was comfortable.

Were it to take place in the study, for instance, somewhere to which he had summoned me for my *“maintenance spankings”*, he would be on familiar and *controlling* ground. But, this time, for him to come to me and for that somewhere to be not quite as comfortable and familiar, would remove him, albeit slightly, from his comfort zone. Even if that *“somewhere”* was to be a room in a house belonging to him.

My room.

“Yes,” he nodded with a nervous swallow I found simply delightful, “that would be acceptable.”

Despite the nerves inspired by his lust for me, however, the handsome face I so wished to slap before ordering it to be placed between my legs to worship slavishly at the altar of his prospective owner was growing more smug and pleased with itself by the second as his thoughts, no doubt, explored the many and various ways he would take advantage of his young Indian servant when she became - along with the other women he had seduced before they succumbed to his charms and became more *pliable* - easy to control.

The high and mighty Andrew Corbett was nothing if he was not an optimist and a dreamer.

Dreams, together with his thoughts, it would soon turn out, that would soon be the one area of his life in which I would allow him any sway - and then only because it was impossible for me to do otherwise.

“In fact,” he had gone on, more sure of himself by the second, “I was thinking of taking a leave of absence soon.”

He appeared to be debating a decision.

“Yes,” he said finally as I waited to hear what the great man’s (sic) decision might be. “Why not? It’s been a while since I took a break and things are relatively quiet right now, so I’ll inform them when I go to the museum in the morning that I shall be away for a few weeks.”

I waited.

“So… How about we start first thing tomorrow?”

*****

TWENTY-SEVEN

Feeding Obsession

Was I excited? I hear you ask.

Thrilled even?

Did the prospect of having a handsome Englishman come to my room in his new, if unsuspected, role of flunky – a handsome Englishman who considered himself so far above me I could not be detected for the clouds obscuring his downward vision –not make me just a *bit* nervous?

Yes, to all of those questions; though my nerves, I should assure you, were unconnected to having my employer dress me under such intimate conditions - it was, when you think about it after all, what I had been striving to achieve.

No, the nerves I speak of related strictly to the worry that he may not find the reality of the contact he had been seeking with me to his taste and be released from the sexual fixation in regard of me that was the source of my power over him.

I need not have concerned myself.

From the first moment he entered my room on that first morning, I knew all would be well and, far from decreasing the desire for me he found as baffling as it was powerful, could see his desire would soon be transformed into outright obsession by the closeness of his proximity to both my person and my pantyhose.

I was, as you may have already divined, careful not to move him forward with too much haste but, after the advice of Saura, took my lead from the behaviour he displayed to lead him further towards his subjugation of both a mental and physical kind.

There had been some awkwardness on his part that first morning but, again led by Saura, I counteracted this by being direct and every day in my approach, as if having a middle-aged man by whom I was employed coming to my room to dress me was the most normal thing in the world.

“It would be best,” I had said on that first occasion, having decided to drop the “*Sahib”* completely while he was in *my* room, “if I remained standing as you placed my hose upon me.”

At this point I was dressed only in one of the tight-fitting white-cotton shirts I habitually wore when on duty; knowing it showed the breasts he so lusted after off to best effect.

My legs and feet remained bare and I could tell that between them they, if not I, had his attention.

I had pointed to a small chest of drawers:

“If you look in the very top drawer,” I told him, careful to keep my tone somewhere between no-nonsense and demanding, “you will find my pantyhose. Please select some in black.”

The look on his face was an absolute picture, caught between the need to have contact with me and complete bafflement that he should be in his servant’s room being directed by her as if she were the one employing him.

It was, I suspected at the time, this bafflement that made him hesitate and for a moment I was, as I mention above, worried the reality of my offer to him would prove too much for his superior self-image to countenance.

Again, I worried myself unduly.

My room, as I have mentioned, was tiny and this meant there was no way he could pass me to get to the chest without our bodies touching. The electricity between us, as he pushed aside any concerns he might have regarding what he no doubt considered our *“temporary reversal of roles”*, and made contact was undeniable. I could see confusion still present in his expression.

Present, but *not* powerful enough to override his need.

Deliberately keeping my back turned from him that he would have to brush past again in order to face me, I listened as he rummaged in the drawer containing my pantyhose, my panties wet with anticipation and making me grateful for the tail of the cotton-shirt that hid my arousal from view.

It would not do at this stage, I had told myself, if he were to think our interlude was designed by his servant with any other objective in mind than pleasing *him* and relieving *his* stress.

When he brushed past again and came to a halt with his back to the door and facing me, my eyes could not help but check the front of his trousers and I was reassured by the *disturbance* waiting to greet my eyes as an already moist pussy threatened to turn into a gusher.

There was an unusual hesitancy to him and, though I knew his assertion of vast experience with women to be no idle boast, I could see he was at a loss as to how to proceed.

In truth, despite having thought my moves through carefully beforehand, the level of his hesitancy was unexpected and I felt thrown off course a little as I myself wondered how best to move things on.

At least until I realised what it was he was looking for and what was required of me.

My handsome and self-assured *“Master”*, I told myself gloatingly, was waiting to be directed.

By *me!*

"It would be best if you knelt down," I told him, fighting back the urge to snap the direction out at him as if he were already the chattel to me I intended him to be.

Again, that look of mystification flashed across his handsome features:

"Am I really going to do this?" he seemed to ask himself. *"Am I really so fixated with such a creature that I'll kneel at her feet and place her pantyhose on her as if I were the one who was in service? Are you mad? Not a few weeks ago she was draped across your lap after having asked you to discipline her. Yet here you are, about to dress her as if you were the one in her employ and not her superior."*

All those questions and more I pictured flashing through his thoughts as, despite his own misgivings, his Adam's Apple bobbed and he suddenly began a slow descent to the parquet flooring, only stopping when his knees made contact with wood and he was before me in what a stranger could only take as a position of a supplication.

I need not explain the response behind my panties and its magnitude as, for the first time, my erstwhile *"Master"* and still employer took up a position in regard of me I had pictured him occupying more times than it was possible for me to count.

It was amazing!

In fact, so great was the passion his lowly position inspired in me I found it impossible to find words and have no idea for how long we remained in silence; him on his knees to the girl who intended to be his female master, and me, standing imperious and proud above him as thoughts of his coming obedience to me and how I would use it to humiliate and enslave him further threatened to tip me into orgasm.

In the end, it was an uncharacteristically small and uncertain voice that brought me back to the present:

"So, hmm… What now?"

Jolted from my picturing of coming mastery, my eyes focused once again and I forced myself to the task – the *delicious* task – at hand:

"Forgive me," I prepared to lie. "My thoughts were distracted by thoughts of the day's chores that lie ahead."

He nodded understanding, as if he actually believed he could be on his knees at my feet with my pantyhose bunched in his hands and my thoughts would be somewhere else.

And on such mundane matters.

“I realise you have much experience with women,” I began, still carefully pitching my tone to make it expectant rather than demanding, “and are sure to know how to attach their hose, but we are, even the lowest of us, individuals still and have our own peculiar ways of dressing ourselves.”

The irony of my *“even the lowest of us”* - given his journal entries and the undeniable fact he was now on his knees at my feet - sailed above his head with completeness and I am not sure he would have recognised my sarcasm even had he not been so preoccupied at that point with the gleaming red varnish adorning the nails of my long and shapely toes.

“If you bunch the fabric up from the toes and ensure the gusset is facing the correct way,” I continued, “you will then be ready to place the first leg upon my foot. We will start with the right.”

Doing as I directed, he slid the hose over my right-foot, eyes, I could hardly help but notice, riveted upon the shapely limb and painted nails I had angled downwards to make the beginning of his task easier.

If no less exciting.

For both of us, I confess.

Repeating the process with my left foot, he hesitated, waiting it seemed – and again assuring me I was taking the right approach with him - for further instruction.

He did not, I noticed with much amusement and even greater satisfaction, take his hands from the foot he had just placed in the hose and I could sense the erotic attraction induced in him by the frottage as he, subtly, stroked its contours.

I waited, deliberately, conjuring up images of him doing just as he was doing but with my feet in a more… *fragrant*… state after the toils of the day, allowing him to hold the foot obsessing him in his warm hands a little longer before giving him a questioning look:

“Is there something wrong?” I asked disingenuously, knowing he was waiting for me to issue further instructions.

His face turned a delicious shade of red as it turned itself up to face me.

Delicious!

There he was, kneeling upon the floor of my bedroom with my foot in his hands and awaiting *permission* as to how to proceed.

“I… hmm… was just waiting for you to tell me what you wanted me to, hmm, do next,” he answered with a lack of certainty previously absent and now becoming more marked by the day.

“I am sorry,” I apologised. “I thought you were experienced in the matter of dressing a woman.”

His eyes flickered away from mine, unable to meet my unwavering stare.

Yet another example of my growing and insidious ascendancy in his thoughts.

Even if he would not acknowledge it in such a way.

Yet.

“I… I am… But… But, well, I didn’t want you to think I was being… You know?... Forward.”

“You are thoughtful and gentlemanly,” I lied to the top of his head, “and I should have expected no less from you. It is but one of the reasons I respect you so much and wish to make myself as useful as I possibly can to you in all areas of your life in which I can be a help.”

The hands on my hosed foot had not stopped their abbreviated and subtle stroking for a second and felt very warm as he nodded an acknowledgement of the utter rubbish I had just fed him.

“I… I don’t want you to do anything you’re not comfortable with,” he lied in turn.

The contempt I had always felt for him but had tempered with the prospect he just might be as strong-willed and masculine as he liked to portray himself, was unfettered now and I *knew* my suspicions his portrayal of himself to the world as a man of mental and physical substance were no more than posturing to be correct.

When I told him to slide the hose over my calves and up my thighs before smoothing it out, the look of sheer lust and, yes, *adoration,* written across his features as he went about it confirmed my thoughts and I knew the face that could find no favour with him was forgotten.

There was too much below in the way of my breasts, my legs and my feet that did appeal to his more baser senses for the less lust inducing summit to be of any consideration and, as of now, he was addicted to me.

Soon, even the face that held nothing in the way of attraction for him would take on a more... *exciting*… aspect.

Next came the more difficult task of enslaving him.

*****

TWENTY EIGHT

Progression

Two weeks ago, when he had left for the Salar Jung the morning following our second *"dressing"* session, I had made straight to his study to boot up his computer and use my recently gleaned knowledge of his passwords to gain access to the personal journal he had been keeping.

The same journal that had been so informative – if not always flattering – in its descriptions.

Descriptions both of me and how he viewed the way things were developing between us.

That second session had proved as exciting for me as the first and, wishing to move things forward a little each time, even more exciting for my *"Master"* when I told him he could choose my skirt for the day and help me into it after having slid the hose – hose I had also allowed him to choose - up my legs.

He had informed me before leaving that it would be his last day for the next three weeks as he had indeed decided to accept some of the leave that had accrued to him and take a well-earned rest; actually believing I would accept this explanation at face value rather than see it as the ploy it was to gain yet more time in my presence.

And more time in which to use his self-styled: *"considerable charm"* and put it to use to bed me and thus rid himself of a need he appeared to find *"shameful"*.

What he hoped to gain by this would have been all too obvious anyway and I hardly needed to have it confirmed by his written thoughts but, just the same, and in a way that had swiftly become a habit for me and armed with a steaming cup of coffee, I seated myself at his desk and went through the usual ritual.

The journal entry awaiting me and composed by him the previous evening after his return from the museum had not proved much of a surprise.

"I don't know whether to be appalled or amazed.

How could such an unworthy specimen of womanhood, and one so many years my junior, have such an effect upon me?

For the first time this morning I went to her room and, as if I were some kind of manservant, helped her on with her pantyhose. Then, as if allowing such an unthinkable situation to happen weren't bad enough, I responded to behaving in such a craven and obsequious manner by getting myself into such a state of sexual rut I was required afterwards to visit the en-suite in my own bedroom to relieve myself in a way that has become routine to me in the intervening weeks and happens with even greater regularity than during my days as a callow schoolboy.

Worse than the above, I was required to interrupt my work at the museum on two further occasions to pull myself off to the image of this low-grade Indian domestic's feet and legs that, I must confess, are equally as erotic as the magnificent breasts above them. Breasts, moreover, I have yet to see in all their naked glory and lust over more with each passing day.

My only consolation for behaving in such an unbecoming way is that the girl herself is so incredibly naïve and actually believes that allowing me to have limited contact with her is somehow easing the stress and pressure she seems to believe I am under.
How she would react if she knew the only stress being caused me is that which follows from being unable to place my constant erection into her young Indian pussy and fuck it senseless in a way that would remove her from my system and restore the proper order of our working relationship.

To the above end I am going to take some of the leave that is owed to me by the museum and do what is necessary to bring my servant to my bed. I am convinced that only by fucking her, despite the constraints of this "unwritten" religion of hers that allows her to have me dress her but no other intimacies – or at least none she has told me of – will I rid myself of what is fast becoming an obsession.

Her religion is one I can find no trace of, though one European colleague at the Salar assures me this is not unusual, There are, according to him, more secret religions and sects in this backward land than one could number on a pocket calculator. An exaggeration, of course, but correct just the same.

Truly, I can delude myself no longer. I no longer have any interest it seems in other women and, though the usual female suspects at the club make the usual overtures, I'm not willing to endure another "failure" and become a laughing stock. I MUST rid myself of this shameful longing."

Two weeks on from having read this in his diary and having kept myself so busy he found it difficult to corner me in a one-on-one situation throughout the day and so use his "*considerable charm*" upon me, I had already made considerable inroads during our morning dress sessions.

Now I was ready to make more.

"I feel as if I am letting you down," I told him one morning in my room as he knelt at my feet and prepared to sheathe my legs in the black hose he had chosen and seemed to favour upon me.

Up until then I had deliberately kept conversation to a minimum during our morning interludes in order not to give him an opportunity to exercise his powers of persuasion upon me. Not that they would have been successful, you must understand. No, my intention was not to have him talk himself into a lewd proposition of some kind I would need to decline and thus offend his sense of self-worth that was still strong.

The above, I considered, might – and despite his fixation - prompt him into dismissing me.

Yet, even without conversation of a more intimate kind and keeping our arrangement business-like, I had progressed him to a point where he not only chose my pantyhose and placed it upon my legs but actually picked the hose I would wear for the day before choosing a skirt to match and then – what I considered my biggest triumph thus far – selecting my footwear and kneeling before me to place it upon my feet.

And all the time, and below his positive sexual response to dressing his menial in such a way, I could sense the resentment build in him – resentment I would later read of in his journal.

He was, after all, used to women who submitted to his, I confess, undeniable good looks and his lack of headway with one such as me was as galling to him as it was puzzling.

“Letting me down how?” he asked, eyes flickering upwards as he smoothed the hose up the backs of my thighs.

For this part of the task he had taken to kneeling up in front of me as I stood before him and reaching behind me to smooth the hose he had chosen over my firm flesh. It brought him eye-level – as was no doubt his intention – with my gusset and only the tails of my white-cotton shirt hid my shaven and panty-clad young womanhood from his vision. I was aware also that he breathed through his nostrils as he went about his *duty* and was convinced he was trying to catch a scent of my pussy.

I did not prevent him.

It was yet another tool with which to ensnare him.

“I thought that by providing you with a diversion it would take your mind from the pressures you are placed under at the museum,” I told him. “But you seem more preoccupied than ever. Perhaps it would be better if we were to end your coming to my room each morning as it does not seem to be serving the purpose I intended of taking your mind form your worries.”

“No!”

So vehement was his protest I took a half-step back that was, at one and the same time, part genuine surprise and part playacting.

“I mean,” he began, still on his knees, the hands that had been stroking my thighs in the pretence of smoothing out my hose still half-raised towards me and impatient, I could tell, to feel the nylon covered flesh beneath them again, “it is helping me.”

“But you seem, if I may be so forward, so miserable recently. You hardly leave the house at all these days and on those evening when you do go out the next morning finds you, if I might observe, very depressed.”

It was a direct allusion to his visits to my doppelganger and a reminder of both the shame he felt for having to make them and the unsatisfactory nature of his encounters with someone *not* the real thing and unlikely to sate his needs for very long.

“You have hardly been to the British Club at all recently,” I also observed. “Perhaps the company of your friends and colleagues will lighten your mood.”

Again I was being disingenuous as I knew from his journal that the British Club was the last place he wished to be and that the last *wife* he had failed to perform with on a visit to us had spread some gossip to the effect that he was impotent.

Ridicule not something he would seek out voluntarily.

Even if it was, through me, in the process of finding him.

“Aadhaya,” he began with something like his old snooty assurance, not to mention irritation, “if I wished to visit the club I would do so. I am more than happy to take my leisure at home.”

“Of course,” I answered submissively, stepping back towards him that his itchy fingers might return to their task at my thighs. An invitation he immediately took me up on as I deliberately allowed my crotch to come close to his nose. “My only concern is your well-being.”

I allowed a pause and then, as if the thought had only just occurred to me:

“You say that what we are doing is helping you,” I began, “so perhaps, if assisting me with such things allows you to forget your more pressing obligations for at least a while, you would like to help me with other personal things that, while trivial, eat into the time I would rather devote to your comforts and the house itself.”

Imperceptibly, I had edged my crotch closer to his nostrils, knowing he would be sure to detect a slight scent of the arousal that was *always* present when he was before me in such a way.

As intended, it scrambled his thoughts somewhat and the knowledge I was leading and manipulating this handsome man only served to heighten the effusions seeping from my pussy into my panties.

“Er… What, hmm… What kind of help?” he managed to croak out, eyes staring ahead fixedly as his hands massaged the backs of my legs in a way that had gone way beyond the simple smoothing of hose.

I pretended to give it some thought.

Then:

“Perhaps you could hand-wash my pantyhose for me and polish my shoes,” I offered, knowing it was something he would have bitten my head off for suggesting not long ago and confident

enough now to moot the idea without feeling myself in any danger of being ejected from his house for doing so."

His silence did unnerve me a little, just the same, and when I continued I made sure my voice took on a more humble, almost petitioning, tone.

"We did discuss this when I first made my offer to you," I said, aware that he was struggling not to pull me to him and thrust his face into the cunt he must have detected was sopping; prevented from doing so only by my assertion that were he to take… *liberties*… my religion would require me to leave instantly.

"Yes," he mumbled finally, memory playing tricks. "I remember now."

Actually, I had made no mention of his polishing my shoes at the time but his faulty recollection was a bonus.

"Then you think it is something you would like to do for me?" I pressed when his attention re-focused upon my crotch, as if he could somehow will his vision into penetrating the tails of the shirt and the panties and pantyhose covering it to gain a more intimate look at his servant's pussy.

"S-Sorry?" he asked, hands now massaging rather than smoothing as he began to get more and more lost in the sensations assaulting him and forgot the purpose he was supposed to be serving.

"I was asking if you would like to handwash my underwear and polish my shoes for me as a way of easing your stress," I reminded him, the words sounding ludicrous as they left my lips.

But then, how else would they sound? A female servant requesting an older male employer to wait upon her as if he were a lady's maid, and attempting to convince him she wished him to do so because she was conscientious and wished him to be relaxed? Who in their right mind would not find such a proposition ludicrous?

The very employer I was in the process of asking, that's who.

"Er, well…" he stammered, "I, hmm, I…"

"It is not a problem, sahib," I told him in a small and obsequious voice, pretending to take his hesitation as a refusal. "It was just a suggestion. Something I thought would help take your mind from what it is that seems to be troubling you. Please forget I made such an offer."

Forgetting it, from the expression greeting my words, appeared to be the *last* thing he wished to do.

"But please do remember," I went on before he had the chance to stammer further, "everything I do and say is said and done with only your welfare and best interests at heart. If I have overstepped the mark, I apologise and will not make such a mistake again."

His reaction, and the words leaving his lips next, went a long way towards sealing his fate - even if they were not enough on their own to supply me with a hold strong enough to bind him to me.

As it turned out, it was to be the tragedy about to occur at the quarters of my doppelganger, rather than his growing obsession with my body, that would make him mine more surely than the lowest slave possessed by the highest Maharani of ancient times.

And an English slave, at that.

*****

TWENTY NINE

The Visit before the Coming Storm

"Welcome to my home," my employer told Saura as my friend, resplendent in an expensive sari of the finest silk, feet sure to catch his eye clad in strappy sandals with a short spiky heel, took a seat in the front-room and I went off to prepare tea.

"Aadhaya is a much valued employee," he told her, eyes flicking from her eyes to her beautifully kept feet. "It is a pleasure to finally meet a member of her family."

It had, of course, been Saura who had suggested the visit during our last meeting.

A suggestion I confess to being unsure about.

"You will tell him your aunt insists upon visiting," she told me, fetching a laugh from Darshana as we sat at the patio table on her veranda and were served iced tea by the man whose home and life she had commandeered and who once had been the proud owner of the land and property upon which we drank and chatted.

"I cannot see why such a visit is necessary at this stage," I told her as she dismissed her flunky back to the house with the air of a person who could not conceive of being disobeyed. "Surely it would be better to wait until he is completely mine."

"Perhaps," she agreed, "but I am getting no younger and I would like to see your chattel in training, so to speak, before my eyesight fails and my memory with it."

This prompted another round of giggling from Darshana.

"Tell me, Aadhaya," Saura began, "do you feel you are any closer to your goal?"

It was a question that went right to the very heart of my recent concerns and my expression must have answered for me as she went on:

"It is one thing to have a man do *certain* things because he holds out the hope of sexual favours done the line," she continued, "but to ensure that same man is obedient to one's wishes at all times while knowing he can expect no reward unless you consider him to have earned it is a different and more complex matter entirely."

"Do you not think I know that?" I snapped, yet further evidence of the effect my lack of forward movement had upon my mood when it came to my *"Master's"* subjugation to me. Certainly, he was still coming to my room each morning to dress me in my hose and skirt before sliding on the shoes he had polished for me the evening before. I had even refrained from commenting upon

the way his hands lingered over my legs and had extended the time between his doing so and my insistence that we both needed to get to work that ended an act he took immense pleasure performing.

"You are irritable, Aadhaya, and I understand the reasons why," Saura cautioned me. "But you must not allow your moods to make you tetchy with those who are your friends and would help you achieve your desire."

I sighed apologetically and nodded. She was not wrong. Both she and Darshana had supported me from the beginning and as much as I regarded myself as an independent young woman I knew I would miss having them in my camp were I to somehow alienate them from the warmth of its fire.

"I have no idea how to use his fixation for me to bring him to his knees," I confessed. "He comes to my room each morning with the fresh underwear he has hand-washed for me and the shoes I have asked him to polish. This, as you know, would have been unthinkable only a short time ago. I also know from his journal that he is desperate to place his unworthy white prick in my superior English cunt but refrains from the attempt because I have assured him that should he ever do anything that offends my religious beliefs…"

I was interrupted by a hearty burst of laughter from both of my friends and gave them a look of mock severity before picking up from where I had been interrupted:

"…assured him that should he ever do *anything* to offend my religious beliefs, I will leave and not return. So much does he enjoy our contact each morning and the self-abuse that follows, according to his journal, that he contents himself simply with being allowed to put on my pantyhose and smooth it over my legs which, apart from helping me step into my skirt and zipping it up and placing the shoes he has just polished upon my feet, is the only physical contact he is allowed. Even if he does make the most of it to stroke my thighs and legs under the pretence of smoothing out my hose and attempts to sniff my fragrant pussy as he kneels before me."

Both Darshana and Saura looked serious now and could tell from the passion behind my words that I was feeling much frustration for my inability to lead this man further.

"I did give fair warning when you started out that it would require much patience on your part, Aadhaya," Saura reminded me. "If I am truthful I am amazed at the progress you have made with this man in so short a space of time and feel positive you will achieve all your aims with him if only you do not allow your impatience to make you overstretch the position you now hold."

"And I listen with attention, as always, to your advice, Saura," I assured her. Truthfully. "But the situation I have engineered shows no sign of progression. My worry is that he will become used to the limited contact with my body he has and the masturbation sessions that follow. Where will my power over him be then? I must find a way soon to bring him to his knees at my feet in a way that leaves him in no doubt I am his master. And also in a way that offers him no return to his previous position."

Saura and Darshana exchanged concerned looks.

“What?” I inquired.

It was Darshana who answered this time:

“We are worried, Aadhaya that you are about to do something rash that will undo the vast steps you have taken so far.”

I shrugged.

“That is why,” Saura took it up, “we have decided that your aunt should pay you a visit at your workplace and assess the situation for herself.”

“My aunt?” I repeated with much irony.

My two friends giggled again before Saura answered:

“Yes, Aadhaya. You are a good and religious Indian girl living and working in the home of a an older Foreign gentleman. What Indian aunty of any substance would not wish to ensure her favourite niece was working in an environment that was both safe and healthy?”

The proverbial penny had dropped and, though I remained unsure exactly as to how Saura’s presence at my place of work in the guise of *“aunty”* could help my cause, I was grateful of any help I could get at this stage.

Hence the presence of my good friend, and now *“aunty”* in the front-room of Andrew Corbett’s home.

“Aadhaya has spoken glowingly of both your home and the pleasure she takes from helping you maintain it,” *aunty* Saura, told him as she seated herself opposite him. “I can see that she was not exaggerating.”

My employer’s smile gave her a thank you and, as I served them both tea, I could see he was much taken with my older aunty. In fact, and as said, it was pretty much all he could do to keep his eyes from flickering to the perfectly kept and exquisitely shod feet that peeked from beneath the folds of her sari. An observation on my part that gave me much irritation; despite knowing my friend had arranged her visit simply as a means to meet the object of my lust and suggest ways, if there were ways, to bring him to my heel with more swiftness.

Grateful to her I was, but on the other hand I did not want any female in his life other than me and I could already sense Andrew Corbett asking himself how such a distinguished, self-assured and attractive lady could be related to the servant he found so unintelligent and facially ugly, if undeniably sexy. My friend had pushed her full black hair from her face and tied it at the back to add a more business-like and serious aspect to her appearance and I could see he was interested in her. It gave me much food for thought and none of it was particularly sustaining.

“I hope you will not regard my visit as an intrusion,” Saura told him in her most formal tones, maintaining the image of family matriarch she had insisted she would adopt once in his presence. “But we are not, perhaps, as liberal and open-minded as our European friends. To us, propriety is everything and I would be less than diligent in my role of our family’s senior female representative if I were not to ensure Aadhaya’s living and working conditions were not… proper.”

Saura had obviously taken on board everything I had told her of the character of my *“Master”* and had wisely complimented him in respect of his home before intimating that there just might have been some doubt in her mind as to the nature of his living and working arrangements with her niece.

Me, that is.

“Of course not,” he assured her. “It’s only proper that you should place the moral welfare of your niece to the fore. I would expect nothing less.”

“Thank you, Mr Corbett, I knew the moment I met you that I need not concern myself on such issues.”

“Do call me, Andrew,” he told her, attraction increasing by the second as she bought in to his own self-perceived image of himself.

Saura smiled:

“Very well. Andrew it is.”

My employer waited. Expectantly. I had introduced her only as *“aunty”* and she had yet to supply a name.

“And by what name will I have the pleasure of addressing you?” he asked.

Saura turned upon me a look of mild rebuke:

“Really, niece,” she tutted. “Have you not informed your Master of my name?”

I affected a look of contrition as I remained silent and inwardly gloated at the unmistakable pleasure her reference to him as my *“Master”* fetched my employer; even if I was not so happy at the way his eyes positively drank in my *“auntie’s”* feet whenever he felt it safe to sneak a look in their direction.

“It is *‘Saura’*,” she told him with a charming smile he seemed to melt under and for a moment I felt a surge of irrational anger to have his attention diverted from me to my friend.

“Very well,” he paraphrased her playfully, “Saura it is.”

Saura returned his smile and there was a few seconds of silence as they sipped at their tea and I left the room to leave them to it – though I only made it to a few paces past the front-room door before I placed myself next to it in a position to eavesdrop.

"I can tell immediately that my visit is an unnecessary one," she began, "and that my niece spoke no less than the truth when she spoke of you. You are indeed a handsome man of substance and, having now met you, I can understand why she is so happy to be in your service."

A thin film of anger misted my eyes at her words as I imagined him buying in to his own vain and erroneous self-image.

What was she doing?

Was she trying to seduce him.

"I trust she is proving able in her service to you?" she asked, the question side-tracking my concerns for a moment as I wondered where she was going with such a line.

"In my opinion," he told her, "Aadhaya is in possession of everything required to be the best and most conscientious of housekeepers."

"That is pleasing to hear, Andrew," Saura informed him, tone, ever so slightly, superior, as if she and not him were speaking to a stranger in the comfort and security of her own home. My niece is much excited by the prospect of a long-term position in your employ and especially by your offer to her."

A few moments of silence greeted this, then:

"Offer?"

"Yes. Aadhaya told the family that you had made her an offer to accompany you to England as your housekeeper. Subject, of course, to her proving she is a most loyal, hard-working and conscientious employee. A man of your obvious standing would require nothing less."

More silence followed until Saura filled it:

"I am sorry. It would appear my niece mislead me. I was under the impression…"

"No, Saura," he came in, much to my relief in regard of the sincerity of his offer. "I did make such an offer and it was a sincere one. Aadhaya has made my life much easier since she entered my service and I see no reason why she would not do the same for me back home in England."

"I am delighted to hear it," Saura told him, almost gushingly, as if my deference to him was a source of great pride to her. "Aadhaya is my favourite niece but she is not a blood relation. Unlike my own, her family is of humble, if deeply religious, origins and the concept of service is at the heart of both their personal and religious beliefs. For Aadhaya, there is no shame in being

the servant of another and, in fact, the only shame would come from her not proving herself the devoted factotum she is trained and expected to be."

"Yes," he responded, interest piqued I could tell, "she did mention this religion of hers but I can find no record of it nor anyone knowledgeable enough or willing enough to speak of it."

"Nor will you, Andrew. It is a verbal devotion dating back to before history was recorded. Those following its strictures are, as I mentioned, of humble origin and deeply protective of their belief. To speak of it to… outsiders such as yourself is to risk being shunned and forever banished from the company of its followers; whether they be family or not."

"And yet you speak to me of it," he pointed out.

"I speak only in generalities because they are my only knowledge of it. And, besides, I am neither of humble origin nor a believer."

She gave him a moment to digest this, then:

"I can assure you, however, that those brought up in the belief, as has my niece, are devoted to their religion almost to the point of fanaticism. For an outsider to mock or transgress those beliefs in Aadhaya's presence would ensure he or she would never see hide nor hair of her again. This includes me and I am always at pains not to make fun of a religion that requires people to behave in ways I often find risible to the point of being unbelievable."

"Yes," he agreed. "I have seen certain signs of this in Aadhaya's behaviour."

Indeed you have, I thought to myself. And taken advantage of it to take her over your knee and punish her shapely behind as your erection speared into her stomach.

"You have, trust me, seen nothing in this regard. What educated people such as our good selves consider both liberal and moral they frown upon and actively avoid. The value system inherent in the faith to which they are devoted is not of a kind we would recognise as… it must be said… *civilised*. Though I know nothing of the verbal text underpinning it I have, just the same, seen examples of behaviour – behaviour of a private kind, if you take my meaning – that would be considered degenerate were it not for the belief of the follower that such behaviour was demanded by his or her faith."

My anger and suspicion towards my friend were memories now. For though she had not confided in me what her approach would be with him when they met – to this day I am certain she did not know for sure herself – it was now becoming clear. An approach that was both clever and gave me still more leeway with which to lead him.

"Stop me if I am speaking out of turn," he began, voice thoughtful and, I noticed, a little edgy, "but there have been instances of such behaviour and… and…"

“Please, Andrew,” Saura urged him, star rising with me as I realised just how cleverly she was leading him, “I have seen the reality of this religion at close hand. There is nothing you can say that will shock me and anything you do say will be held in strictest confidence. My niece is in the kitchen and cannot hear so do not hold back.”

“Thank you, Saura, I shan’t.”

Hidden beyond the doorway, some ten paces from them, I waited for the hypocrite to confess his behaviour with me, emboldened to do so by Saura’s somewhat sneering reaction to my so-called belief that led him to think he was in the presence of a kindred spirit.

“Aadhaya came to me not long ago and asked if I… If I would…”

“Discipline her?” I heard Saura finish for him.

There was silence, then:

“And did you?”

“She told me her religion required it,” he told her, defensively, not lying exactly but not telling the whole truth either. “That she was used to constant correction from parents and tutors alike. In fact, she made it sound as if was my duty as her employer.”

“That would be how she would see it,” Saura agreed. The religion she adheres to – and again I speak only in the most general of terms – is rigid on the subject of reward and punishment. In fact, from what little I have seen of it in practice, it is not unheard of for its followers to seek punishment on a regular basis so as to keep to the straight and narrow in respect of their behaviour towards their betters. I seem to recall overhearing it described as… as…”

“A *‘maintenance spanking’*,” he finished for her.

“Yes,” Saura agreed. “That is precisely it.”

Another short silence fell.

“May I ask if these *‘maintenance spankings’* are still happening?” Saura inquired.

“No. Aadhaya decided she did not wish to continue with them,” he answered, edgy once again as the subject turned to an area less responsive to his *‘economy with the truth’*.

“That is most unusual,” Saura told him thoughtfully. “Once started it is rare for these correction sessions to be halted… Unless…”

I could sense the tension in the room Saura had deliberately engineered with her use of the word *“unless”* and waited to see who would be first to break the following silence.

It was Saura.

“Andrew, if what I believed happened during these sessions actually did then you have no need to reproach yourself.”

“It… I…” he began to splutter, sounding *totally* ill-at-ease for the first time in my experience of him, no trace of the self-assurance that would always manage to break through no matter the situation and its detriment to him.

“Please, Andrew,” my clever and dominant friend who, I now knew, wished nothing more than to help consign this handsome Englishman to my clutches, forestalled him; “I assume you were required to take my niece across your lap for her correction and I also assume her behind was not covered. You are a handsome man in the prime of life so how else would you react to such a situation.”

“You’re very understanding, Saura,” he told her with genuine gratitude. “It’s not often I get to speak to a woman of your country who is… is…”

“A little more enlightened?” she finished for him.

He must have nodded for she went on, armed with the ammunition I had supplied her by way of knowledge and ready to use it:

“As much as I love my people,” she told him, “they are, in many ways, a backward and superstitious rabble and, you may be assured, it is equally as pleasing for me to be able to converse with an intelligent and liberal man such as yourself rather than be forever conscious of a need not to offend my countrymen with debate and conversation that is beyond their mental and emotional range.”

There was a pause and I could sense the satisfaction he would have taken at her praise.

Not to mention his pleasure at the obvious sexual chemistry there was between them and, no doubt, his hope it would lead to his freeing himself from having to masturbate to images of his young servant rather than place his hard and all-conquering cock in an all too willing female receptacle.

“I have to point out also, however,” Saura continued, “that Aadhaya having noticed such a reaction in you would somewhat alter her opinion in your regard.”

“Alter it, how?” he asked defensively.

“As I have intimated, this religion adhered to by my niece and her family is not of a kind the more intellectually advanced would take at all seriously – a category into which I believe both you and myself fall. By proposing that you discipline her, Aadhaya was extending you the highest compliment a person of her beliefs can bestow upon an outsider. She was, in effect, placing you in the role of parent.”

I could not help a small smile of admiration for Saura's cunning as I listened in the doorway, though it did strike me that for someone with so little knowledge of my fictitious religion she certainly had much to say about it – an anomaly that had not occurred to my intelligent and superior employer.

"If she sensed you were – and excuse my boldness here, Andrew, but we are both adults, after all – taking some kind of sexual pleasure from the act, it would, in her eyes and that of her beliefs, mean you were not fit to take on the role she…"

"Not fit!" he exclaimed.

"I know," Saura agreed, voice soothing and inclusive. "To us two it is inconceivable, but then we are not believers. You must believe me when I say, however, that this will not impact upon Aadhaya's commitment to her service to you."

To my surprise, she began to laugh, an infectious burst of unexpected merriment to which the led by the nose Andrew Corbett could not help but respond.

"What is it, Saura?" he asked, laughter in his voice also, even if he was not sure what he was laughing at.

"Forgive me," she begged him. "My niece is very dear to me and would be most upset to hear me say this, but whenever I speak of her religion and its strictures for more than a few seconds I cannot help but laugh at its childish simplicity and the credulous nature of its followers."

"I'm afraid it was ever so," he agreed, his own laughter still present behind his words. "Those born to rule and those born to serve, and all that. The more things change…"

"…The more they stay the same," Saura finished for him. "Precisely."

There was a pause, then:

"It might surprise you to learn that I have a servant of my own," she informed him.

"Not at all," he replied instantly with the glib sincerity of the serial seducer he had been up until recently. "You are a woman of brains and beauty. Why should I be surprised?"

"That is very kind of you, Andrew, but, as flattering as your words are, fetching them from your lips was not why I mentioned the fact. I was simply trying to say that I am aware of the pitfalls and stress that go hand in hand with responsibility for others."

I imagined him nodding at this, both knowingly and sympathetically.

"Sometimes it is necessary to patronise those of a lesser station than ourselves that they may be made to feel less conscious of their position in regard of us – even when we find them somewhat... silly. I can imagine that would certainly be the case in respect of yourself and a girl

of Aadhaya's education and background. It is why I myself decided to take a manservant who was not of my country and was both reasonably well-educated as well as free of the shackles of religion – especially a religion such as that observed by my niece."

"Your servant is a man?" he asked, surprised, somewhat unneccesarily given she had already told him of the fact.

"A European man," Saura confirmed.

Then:

"Does that surprise you?"

"A little, yes, I have to say," he confessed. "It's not something I've come across during my stay here."

"A white European male serving as a manservant to an Indian lady is not a widespread phenomenon, I must agree," Saura conceded. "But it has proved reasonably successful. I would say though, that no matter how pleased I am with his progress, he will never match the levels of attention, loyalty and, yes, devotion, to be found with a servant of Aadhaya's kind."

"I can't deny that," he concurred. "My life has become much easier since she entered my employ and I no longer have to worry about all those trivial little duties that can sometimes prevent one from actually living."

"It is her talent," Saura agreed. "It is also why I felt obliged to visit you as I would not wish her trusting nature to be abused."

She quickly added:

"Though I knew the moment we were introduced I had no worries on that score."

It was not difficult to visualise him as he flourished under her praise.

"Despite the, hmm, difficulties arising from your, hmm, correction sessions together," Saura went on, almost making me laugh out loud with her *'arising'* reference, "Aadhaya seems exceptionally happy in her service to you and, if such a prospect appeals to you, would make an ideal long-term retainer."

"You echo my thoughts," he lied and my lip curled, knowing as I did from his journal that I would not last five minutes in his service if he were once to get his treacherous cock inside what he thought of as my virgin pussy.

Their conversation lasted another ten minutes or so until I re-entered to take away the tea things and remind *"aunty"* Saura she had an appointment in town.

To my *"Master's"* obvious disappointment.

He showed her to the door with me in tow and looked pleased when Saura leaned in to place a kiss on each of his cheeks, European style, before, with an admonition to me to continue to work hard, she took her leave.

Under the pretext of shopping, I would meet her later that afternoon and listen to her thoughts on my *"Master"* and how best she thought I should proceed with him.

"He is ripe, Aadhaya, and you must press on. The light of obsession for you burns bright in his eyes and if you utilise this advantage in the correct way he will soon be lost to all else but you."

Though her advice would push things on between myself and my intended victim during the next few days they would not be the catalysts for his coming fall.

That would come from an entirely different person.

*****

THIRTY

Tightening the Noose

"Sahib," I began one morning, not two days after the visit of my revered *"aunt"* Saura, "forgive me if I appear to speak out of turn but…"

In the usual way when I wished him to believe he was in control of the situation between us and wished him to think he had drawn something from me, I hesitated.

"What is it, Aadhaya?" he asked, bait taken, looking up at me from his kneeling position as he went about preparing my pantyhose that I might place my toes in it. "You may speak your mind."

By all that was holy I wished to slap his pompous and smug face senseless but, instead insured myself against his seeing the anger in my eyes by closing them and continuing in a small and hesitant voice:

"If I am wrong, I apologise in advance," I said. "but I notice that you stare at my feet a great deal."

I sensed him tense and knew I must select my words carefully if I were not to mess up the course of action suggested by my *"aunty"*. An *"aunty"* who, in the short space of time she had spent in the same proximity of myself and my employer who had noticed the way his eyes followed my legs and feet when I was in his presence.

When he was not staring at my chest, that is.

It was an ideal way, she insisted, to deepen his obsession, insisting also that should her suggestion not have the required effect then there were always the big guns at my chest to be brought into play.

"I intend no criticism, Sahib," I said, opening my eyes, "and, if am wrong and you look at them because you find them attractive rather than the opposite, would take your attention as a huge compliment."

Now it was his turn to hesitate, the only difference being his hesitation was genuine.

"My religion teaches that an appreciation of the feet of another is the highest form of acceptance one person can give to another and, if a great man such as yourself were to find them attractive it would tell me I have found an employer completely deserving of my loyalty and diligence."

With a clearing cough, he answered:

“Well, I must confess, Aadhaya, that I have noticed your feet and how well you maintain them.”

It was quite a way from telling me he masturbated nightly to an image of them but it was a start and I feigned a kind of school-girlish pleasure.

“Then they do not repel you? I am so pleased. I have noticed since you began to dress me that you did not seem to be quite so tense as before but I was worried that being so close to my feet as you went about it would make you feel uncomfortable.”

He seemed a little lost as to how to respond so I took on the task for him and continued to gush:

“I cannot speak too much of my faith but the female foot plays a large part in the devotions of my fellow believers and it is said that only men of superior character and intelligence see the beauty of it. I just knew you would be amongst their number.”

Again, he was at a loss as to how to respond and seemed caught between allowing his ego to take nourishment from my having described him as a *“superior man”*, or to actually laugh out loud at the utter rubbish I was feeding him.

You will not be astounded to learn that ego carried the day.

So great was his contempt for my *“backward”* nation he was more than prepared to believe such a nonsensical and unwritten form of worship could be followed by such *“low-grade”* examples of humanity such as myself and my fellow natives.

“I was so hoping that your helping me in such a way would take your mind from things and I am relieved to have been of service to you,” I continued, “but…”

Again a my voice tailed off and again my *“Master”* moved where I manipulated him to follow.

“But, what?” he urged, the brief look of concern flashing across his features that, having insisted my *‘maintenance spankings”* came to a halt, I might be about to do the same with his dressing of me and deprive him of the frottage of my legs he was coming to relish more and more.

“Well, I was wondering, Sahib – and only if it were to help relax your mind further – if you would like to help me keep my feet in the best possible condition for you. There is no greater compliment, according to my faith, a male can pay a female than to assist her with such a task.”

The jaw of this self-assured womaniser – a womaniser who I knew considered me as little more than a functional example of vermin who simply happened to possess a body he lusted over – dropped at my offer and I used his silence to continue, more certain by the second that I had him hooked and could now press on:

“I mention this to you only because of the way attending me with my dressing each morning seems to have taken your mind from your other cares.”

Kneeling below me, the feet I was asking him to serve close to his face as he prepared to place them in their pantyhose, I could almost see the conflicting thoughts racing through his head.

Yes, he wanted contact with me and pictured, no doubt, his hands kneading my wondrous breasts as he lay atop me and pounded my young pussy into submission with his superior cock – and for as many times and on as many occasions as he chose before the usual boredom through repetition set in and cleansed his system of his servant; leaving him free to jettison me from both his home and his employ.

For good.

All of the above I was in doubt he considered and wanted, with a desperation all the more marked for those things appearing beyond him at the present time. Yet all he was being offered was an intensification of his own menial personal service to a young Indian girl in his employ. A girl employed to pride service to *him*.

So why was I so confident this proud, superior and egotistical man would accept my offer?

As Saura had herself assured me after having met him:

"The eyes are always the sign, Aadhaya. His need to have you shines from them in a way more revealing than a beacon. Even though I could tell he was attracted to me, my appeal to him was as nothing when set against the power his imagination has invested in having you. You have led him and shaped him until he is on the verge of doing or saying anything to attain his ends and you must now take him to a place that will ensure his ends will never be realised and he will, instead, devote himself to helping you realise your own."

As always, her words touched on my innermost desires:

"I think of nothing else, Saura. I want what you have with your own white flunky and more. I think of nothing else but using him in the way you use your own. Not one hour passes, it seems, when I do not imagine his handsome white face between the buttocks of my young arse as he licks at the entry to my shit-chute with reverence; gasping with the agony of both his need and the pain of his aroused cock as it engorges and makes contact with the unyielding metal with which it is surrounded and to which only I have the key."

Emboldened by the sight of him at my feet and the assurances of my friend, I pressed my *"Master"* for an answer:

"Is that something you think would be a help to you, Sahib?"

I underpinned my question by resting the foot he had yet to encase in hose on his thigh – a small contact but, I knew, sure to focus his attention on the possibility of even greater intimacy of such a kind were he to accept responsibility for the welfare of my lower extremities.

“Well, hmm…” he began with what I would once have described as *‘uncharacteristic inarticulacy’* but was now becoming almost habitual when in my presence.

“Would that be a help to you, Sahib?” I asked, aware that his eyes were fixated upon my bare foot and varnished nails as it rested upon his thigh, knowing he could feel the warmth of my sole through the fabric of his trousers.

“I, hmm… I must admit that I, er, do feel more, hmm, relaxed since this… this… what we do in the mornings here gave me, hmm, something less, hmm, important to think about.”

Fortunately he could not see the derisive curl of my lip:

“Less important?”

Soon, I promised myself, attending to me in such a way would become the most crucial part or parts of his existence.

“Then you would like me to do this for you?” I asked, careful to keep derision from my voice as I offered something that would cost me nothing and *him* everything.

I removed my foot from his thigh and, as intended, as if it were a reminder of the contact he would be denied should he decline, he came back at me in much the same way as a dog trained to react to one of the celebrated Pavlov’s bells.

“Yes, Aadhaya,” he croaked, attempting to inject something resembling authority into his voice – a difficult undertaking when one is on one’s knees at the feet of a young girl who happens to be one’s servant and one is about to agree to taking care of her feet. “It is nice to lose myself in such commonplace matters and, as you say, I feel much more relaxed since you started helping me this way.”

He smiled that superior and patronising smile I so hated and wanted to slap from his face whenever I saw it:

“Why not?” he said, arms wide as if *he* were granting *me* a favour.

“Wonderful!” I cried, clapping my hands together as if he had paid me the greatest compliment a man could. “If you wish, we can start this evening and I will show you how to go about it… If that is acceptable to you?”

“Hmmm,” he began, as if giving it some thought…

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THIRTY-ONE

Over Ms Aadhaya's Knee

"Sorry," he said as, and not for the first time, his clumsy fingers ripped the fine mesh of my pantyhose.

"It is not good enough, Sahib," I told him in a voice that was becoming more authoritative with him by the day, emboldened not just by the fact of his enthusiastic presence in my room each morning to help me dress but by the equally eager way he presented himself to me each evening in order to either file and paint my toenails or simply apply a soothing cream which was then massaged into the soft brown skin of the feet he desired with a strength of passion he would have once found both impossible and laughable.

"No harm done," he replied from the position at my feet he now seemed comfortable with occupying after his first initial reservations. "I'll give you some money and you can purchase more."

"That is both wasteful and inefficient, Mr Corbett," I scolded him, having gone from *'Master'* to *'Sahib'* and now to his title and surname; yet another small and subtle indicator of the power-shift in our relationship – though I was sure he would not see it in such a way.

"I was brought up to see waste as sinful," I pointed out and saw his face take on a resigned look as he sensed yet another homily coming his way from my non-existent religion.

In truth, I had been using my so-called *"beliefs"* to lead him further in to my web more and more over the past few days and agreed with Saura that it was the perfect tool with which to move him along. Such was his contempt for our culture and our people he would, we were both certain, find it easy to believe that a low-class serving girl such as I could place so much store in the strictures of a religion he found risible. He would also believe that, were he to mock or transgress my beliefs, I might leave his service and deprive him of the possibility of ever placing his love-stick in my tight Indian cunny.

"I've said I'll replace them, Aadhaya," he reminded me testily – well, as testily as someone can be when they are on their knees at the feet of a young girl supposedly in their service. "I don't see what more I can do."

"It is not about simply replacing them, Mr Corbett. It is about taking care over what you do and the service you show others."

This was the first time I had indicated seeing what he did for me as a *"service"* and I could tell he was not comfortable with my viewing it in such a way. My feeling though and, again, that of Saura's, was that his obsession for me was so great I could now go a little further with him. And with confidence.

“That is why I came to you in search of discipline when I behaved carelessly and wastefully with your possessions,” I went on. “It was not important that you could replace them without much in the way of inconvenience. What *was* important was that I showed both contrition and a willingness to accept responsibility for my carelessness.”

The flippant words he uttered next were manna from heaven and, were he to know it, about to open the floodgates upon our relationship:

“Perhaps, then, you should be the one spanking me now.”

He accompanied the observation with a derisive snort and expression that did not last long in the face of my thoughtful silence.

“*That* was a joke, Aadhaya.”

My own expression told him I did not share his humour.

“Aadhaya,” he began, kneeling up fully and no less ridiculous for the change of posture, “I shouldn’t have to remind you that I am your employer. This… *game*… we play here does not alter that fact.”

“But it is not a game,” I contradicted him – unthinkable not so long ago. “I offered you the opportunity to relieve your stress by making yourself useful to another – me – because I could see you were disturbed and, as a loyal servant, I wished to make your life easier.”

“Well, yes, but…”

“Can you truthfully say you do not enjoy assisting me in such a way and that you do not feel more relaxed when doing so?” I overrode him.

He seemed at a loss. Understandably so. The constant erection he had when in my presence – the same hardness so lacking in the presence of others – was anything but relaxing and wished nothing more than to tip the object of its lust upon its back and slake its need inside of her.

“It is no more a game when you are in my room attending to my dressing or the grooming of my feet than it is when we are in the main part of your house and I perform my duties.”

Our eyes met for a few seconds and his own seemed to hold puzzlement; both for my heretofore unsuspected forcefulness and his inability to frame a response.

“What we do in here is not a part of my duties as your servant but something I extend to you as a means of helping you. I do not treat my service to you elsewhere as a game and I do not think it is fair for you to look upon what you do for me in such a way.”

Now a flash of anger did surface.

“Aadhaya, I do not relish you speaking to me in such a familiar way and I warn you that if it continues I will have to let you go.”

Not bothering to reply, I stepped away from him and seated myself on the bed to peel away the ruined pantyhose.

“Did you hear me, Aadhaya?” he expostulated, position undermined by that fact he was still kneeling, eyes affixed to my legs and feet as if independent of him.

“Yes, Mr Corbett,” I answered evenly. “I heard you very well and I will leave this instant if that is what you wish. I will even forego the notice and severance pay you agreed with the Agency and are obliged to give.”

It was not the answer he expected.

“For god’s, Aadhaya. What’s gotten into you? I thought you were happy here?”

My spirit exulted at the pleading quality underpinning his words. He really was a reed I could blow as the whim took me. Why else would he still be on his knees?

“I *was* extremely happy,” I told him. “I thought I had found a strong Master it would make me proud to serve. So proud, in fact, I allowed you to take me over your knee for correction. Until, that is, I found you were taking… *sexual* pleasure from punishing me.”
“That’s not true, Aadhaya.”

“Really? Then what was it I could feel coming to life under my stomach as your hand descended upon my defenceless buttocks?”

My handsome, older and more worldly wise, *“Master”* actually went red.

“Even then,” I continued, knowing I was winning our battle all hands up, “I continued to work diligently for you; despite the disappointment of knowing you were not the man of moral quality and substance I had described to my religious elders. In fact, had it not been for my elders insistence that you were obviously a man who needed support and guidance, I would have left your employment instantly.”

“Support and guidance?”

“Now there is nothing to keep me here. I have fulfilled my duties according to that of my religion and my conscience and will not waste them on someone so undeserving any longer.”

Reaching under the bed, I retrieved the battered old suitcase I had arrived with and placed it on the bed before opening a small chest of drawers to the side.

I had not emptied the contents of the first drawer into the case when, pleasure of all pleasures, I felt his hands wrap themselves around my waste and his cheek press itself to my panty-clad arse.

“What are you doing?” I cried with fake outrage; though my surprise that he could be capitulating to my threat so readily was indeed genuine.

“I don’t want you to go, Aadhaya,” came the words I so needed to hear, the quaver of his voice telling me he was genuine. At least for now. Sincerity that would change the moment he had his way with me – not that he would ever get to do so.

“You will not accept my help and I will not be used by you any longer,” I said, allowing him a few moments more to savor the feel of his cheek against my firm brown arse and the feel of my thighs under the hands he had wrapped around them. “It is contrary to my beliefs to stay here. You have proved yourself unworthy to be a Master and are too vain to offer yourself as a follower.”

“No!”

“My time here is finished,” I told him as I wriggled free of his grip and moved to the end of the bed to face my former ‘Master’.

“Please, Aadhaya, you can’t leave. I… I need you. Won’t you please reconsider.”

“I cannot. You are not worthy of my service and the only way my beliefs would permit me to stay here would be for you to accept that which you patently cannot.”

“Tell me what it is, Aadhaya. Whatever it is I’ll do it.”

“You are too far gone. I have given you every chance to embrace your true nature and you have failed on each occasion. I will not be used by you any longer.”

“I mean it, Aadhaya,” he insisted, telling himself, no doubt, that he would say anything to get me to stay so long as the promise of fucking me remained a possibility; after which I would be no more than another of his sexual escapades and be consigned back to the gutter from whence he believed I came.

“You mean, *what*?” I snapped, allowing a note of authority to taint my words for the first time. “You have not the first idea of what I speak and even less when it comes to self-awareness and the sacrifices involved to become a truthful and deserving person.”

“Then show me,” he implored, shuffling towards me on his knees to again throw his arms around me and bury his cheek to my crotch imploringly.

“You are not serious,” I said, feigning suspicion even as I struggled to keep my euphoria from surfacing. “Everything is a game to you and you know the real value of nothing that is worthwhile to know.”

“Try me,” he said, hands stroking the backs of my calves as if he they would somehow soothe me into an acquiescence I was already prepared to give.

“No!” I shouted. “I will not be fooled by you. Do you seriously expect me to believe that you are willing to accept the guidance and discipline of a young Indian girl you employ as a servant? You? The man who has used her so shamelessly?”

“Discipline?” he asked, head coming up at the word, eyes staring up at mine both questioningly and imploringly.

“Yes. The same discipline you were ready enough to supply me and took so much shameful pleasure from handing out to your faithful servant.”

“You… You can’t be serious?”

“I am deadly serious and that is why I cannot and will not stay,” I assured him, extricating myself from his grasp and stepping around him to resume my packing, back turned as he considered what I was demanding of him and what it would mean if I were to stay.

I had emptied the last of the drawers when I again felt his hands around my waist and a warm cheek upon my buttocks. Had he possessed the nerve to place a hand over my pussy he would have found his fingers saturated with my own excitement for having brought him so low and the game – my game – could have been up. Thankfully, his nerve was lacking and for the first time I truly began to feel that he was mine.

“Aadhaya, I really don’t want you to go.”

“You have said that.”

“I truly do value what you do for me and want you to stay.”

“You have said that also,” I said, folding a sari and placing it in the case.

“If…” he began, and my senses tingled as they sensed his capitulation. “If were to… to accept your… your… guidance… would you stay then?”

Twisting in his grasp I turned to stare down at him, feeling about as dominant and powerful as I ever had to that point in my life.

“You are serious?”

He nodded and swallowed at one and the same time and I pressed my advantage:

“You would accept my authority?”
Again a nod.

“Would you address me as Ms Aadhaya and show me the respect I showed you when you were my superior?”

His jaw dropped a little at this but the merest movement away on my part quelled his reservations.

“Y-Yes… Of course.”

“*Of course*, what?”

His eyes narrowed and then light dawned:

“Of… Of course, hmm, Ms, er, Aadhaya.”

His eyes could not meet mine as he uttered the words and it was just as well, given the look of sheer triumph I am sure must have been written across the face he found so *“unprepossessing”*.

With his head lowered I paused, just long enough for him to think I was contemplating whether to stay or not, then:

“I am not totally convinced,” I told the full head of hair covering his scalp, “but I will tell my elders of your request and ask for their blessing if you can show me you are sincere.”

“Anything,” he cried, eyes coming up. “What do you want me to do?”

The look I beamed down upon him was designed to let him know he had already disappointed me and, wonder of all wonders, he picked up on my unspoken rebuke instantly, if hesitantly:

“I, er, I mean, hmm, what do you want me to, er, do, hmm… Ms Aadhaya?”

I nodded to show I was pleased and then laid it upon him:

“I want you to put yourself across my knee and accept correction for your carelessness with my pantyhose then kneel in the corner afterwards that you may consider your behaviour at greater length.”

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THIRTY-TWO

In His Own Words

At this point in my story I believe you will find it of much more interest for it to be concluded through some of the journal entries of the man I now own. I had not intended to do this but, having read through them once again, I see that they conclude the story – along with the event that truly placed him under my control – more surely and succinctly than my own words ever could.

There will be those ladies among you, I am sure, who will be surprised that I allowed – and still do so – my white flunky to maintain a journal of his own thoughts when the thoughts in question should be devoted to me alone.

However, when you pause to give it thought, by allowing him this freedom – and do not forget that, to this day, he has no idea I know his passwords and can access his private musings – I give myself access to his most intimate thoughts and, thus, present myself with yet more ways in which to second-guess and control him.

The first of those entries comes the day after his capitulation and my correction of him; an entry I read the moment he concluded it and retired upstairs to his room to allow me to tiptoe down to the study and open his files…

Journal Entry-1

Am I in some kind of hell? Did I truly place myself across the thighs of my own servant-girl and allow her to take the back of her hairbrush to my behind? On this occasion I cannot even pretend, as I could on the other occasions when dallying with such games, that this was nothing more than a piece of sexual adventure, indulged in purely to see how it feels to be the one being done to rather than the one doing.

The "hell" of it being, despite my self-loathing for allowing such a perversion of nature, that I have never felt such feelings of indescribable excitement as I felt when kneeling in the corner of my servant's room after she had spanked me.

I cannot believe I actually begged this… girl… to stay and, in order to persuade her, consented to allow myself to be guided by her as the dictates of her mysterious religion dictate. This truly is a backward land and is illustrated to no better effect than by the puerility of her religious beliefs and her unbending adherence to them.

"Accept my authority?"

If it were not for my compliance with her demand it would be laughable – a compliance that had seen me draped over her knee and chastised.

I can just picture the looks on the faces of my colleagues and fellow members of the club were they to find out.

A man of my age and position simply cannot allow such a state of affairs to stand and I do not understand why do I not simply kick her ugly brown face from my home!

In the morning I will do just that!

Journal Entry-2

After a night spent masturbating in my room I was, just the same, determined to rid myself of my servant and went to her room at my usual time to do just that.

To be greeted by the sight of her completely unclothed!

I am known as a man of the world and state only the truth when I say my experience of the female form is extensive and intimate. But…

It embarrasses me to admit it, even here in my journal where I intend no eyes other than my own will ever see it, but, with the few short words I had composed in my head designed to leave her in no doubt she was to leave me house – and instantly – almost to my lips, the sight of her as I knocked and entered deprived me of all volition save that of admiration.
To put it more honestly:

Lust!

Avian and distasteful her face may have been but the body below it was, as I have long pictured it beneath either Indian or Western clothing, stunning in a way that made all thought unconnected with it impossible. Long an admirer of the more slender and less matronly female form, I found myself weak with desire in the face of a young brown body that could have been described as Junoesque had it not been for the fact such a description was woefully lacking. As she stared at me with reproach for my rudeness at entering without being invited and my words of dismissal retreated to a far corner of my memory, I could do nothing but gaze upon the wonder before me.

Her skin was the colour of rich coffee and the long and silky black hair he saw hanging loose for the first time covered her shoulders and took the edge from that unappealing face. She was wide at the hips with a flat stomach and the breasts I had pictured so often were full and magnificent with bullet-like nipples surrounded by a large and deep brown areolae.

But what really blew my already besieged senses to the four winds was the sight of a perfect and hairless pussy as she stood, hands on hips, as if waiting for something from me.

“I thought we had reached an understanding,” she said, tone accusing.

I remember stammering, amazed to be feeling the way I felt in her presence.

Submissive, is the only description that makes sense – even if it makes my flesh creep.

“I have agreed to stay on as your housekeeper and I will show you proper respect before those who would not understand our arrangement. But you have agreed to accept my guidance and will show me the proper respect also.”

She paused before adding:

“Unless you wish me to leave.”

The erection the sight of her had prompted – despite a night of erections – could no more have allowed me to answer in the affirmative than it could have drilled successfully for sub-continent oil; though it felt powerful enough to try.

To my amazement, she made no attempt to cover herself and seated herself on the bed.

“I can see you are again in need of correction,” she observed, eyes drilling into mine as they flicked from her face to her magnificent breasts then down to that wondrous unshaven cunt. “Lower your trousers and underwear and place yourself across my lap.”

How could I allow myself to be treated in such a way?

“This time when I have finished with you,” she told me, “I expect you to kneel before me and kiss my feet as a token of your repentance. Then we will speak further of your rudeness before you go to your corner to consider your future behaviour.”

Incredible! This gutter-spawned specimen was speaking to me as if I were the underling. I wanted nothing more than to throw her across my own lap and slap the tar out of her. And yet, as if on some kind of auto-pilot, I found myself moving towards her, hands already at the belt to my trousers.

This time she spanked me with her bare hand but it hurt no less.
So why was I harder than a galvanised crow-bar?

This evening I shall visit Roshni at her rooms.

<u>Journal Entry-3</u>

If possible, things are even more unnatural and off-centre than they were. Before I allowed myself to be taken over my servant’s knees and spanked as if I were a recalcitrant child in need

of correction, I could at least take some pleasure from visits to Roshni and extending the same lesson to her – albeit a lesson I had to pay her in order to be allowed to do so.

Last night, as my hand descended on her young buttocks all I could think about was the fact they were not Aadhaya's buttocks. In fact, the only image in my head as I went through the motions was that of my servant's feet and the feel of my lips upon them as she pushed me from her lap to my knees and insisted I kiss them to show remorse for having entered her room without waiting for permission.

Roshni's plump young buttocks or not, it was an unsatisfactory episode that saw me barely able to spurt my seed into her paid for and willing pussy was made no better when, on leaving the girl's rooms, I encountered the young prostitute I had paid to act out a "Mistress" scenario with me. The derisive way she eyed me up and down telling me she had not forgotten our interlude which, from my point of view, was equally as unsatisfactory as the one for which I had just paid.

Now, it appeared, I was being mocked by whores!

How and, more pertinently, why do I permit this to continue?

My lack of a response to correcting the arse of Aadhaya's less appealing doppelganger not the only odd event since my last entry, however.

Today, my servant asked me to lick her pussy.

Not in those exact words, I have to say: "To worship her womanhood and be useful to something and someone other than yourself" was how she put it.

I confess to being taken aback and asked her if this wasn't in contravention of her religious beliefs where non-believers were concerned; only to be told interaction of such a kind was permitted when the believer was in a position of instruction.

Had I not experienced it for myself I would not have believed she could ever have the nerve to say such a thing to me.

Her?

Instruct me?

Yet despite my puzzling but undeniable lust for her, and for all my sexual experience, cunnilingus has always been an act I've found a little distasteful – and that when performed upon the English rose types from the shires for whom I used to display such a weakness. How much more distasteful then to be asked to perform such a service for a social and intellectual inferior so many years my junior? An inferior, moreover, who was supposed to be my housekeeper and servant.

So why did I lower myself as she sat on the edge of her bed and prepare to do her bidding?

The most glorious pussy I had ever seen, less than a foot from my transfixed eyes, is the answer.

So compelling was the sight of it that, before I knew it and regardless of the scent I normally found so off-putting, I placed my lips to her clit.

The smell was extremely strong and it occurred to me that she had planned this in advance and had intentionally declined to bathe in order to make her perfume more pervasive and thus heighten the humiliation she knew I must be feeling. In fact, the more I consider it the more I draw the conclusion that her religion and its teachings is simply an umbrella she uses to behave in such a way. This girl is not who and what I took her to be and I see her submissive demeanour towards me was a pose though, even now, she still behaves dutifully and respectfully towards me outside of the confines of her room.

None of which seemed to matter to me at the time as I worked my tongue around the grooves and fissures of her young pussy lips, the smell that had once revolted me having completely the opposite effect upon me now. For though the taste was strong it drew me in rather than repelled me and soon I was going at her in a frenzy of lust, making a cock of my tongue and fucking her with it in a way my real cock longed for and was not permitted and, I am sure, remains the desire and goal that keeps her in my home and my employ and explains my uncharacteristic weakness.

My tongue probed as deeply as I could manage without inserting my head itself into her womanhood and my cheeks were glistening with the evidence of her own arousal – something I took as encouragement that my cock would soon be where my tongue was currently placed.

Optimism that did not last as she convulsed heavily and pushed my head from her to rise to her feet.

Though it was replaced by yet more shock.

"I imagine you feel you deserve some pleasure of your own."

Optimism returned.

But only for a moment.

"You may hump my leg in the way of the animal whose behaviour you copy."

<u>Journal Entry-4</u>

Today has been, by some distance, the worst of my life.

Not only has my sexual need for an ugly young Indian girl led to my allowing her to humiliate and "guide" me but, now, I am completely at her mercy if I wish my life to continue in a way that at least resembles the existence I have known.

The dutiful and respectful behaviour she at least displayed towards me outside of her bedroom is a thing of the past now and I am about as trapped as any man can be; for if humping her leg like a canine was humiliating, if incredibly and basely arousing, then at least it was an event springing from her invitation.

Now, any such events will happen to order.

Her order!

And how?

Through no fault or responsibility of my own.

The girl, Roshni, was murdered two evenings ago.

On the very evening after I had been to visit her it turns out.

Immediately after.

And how do I know this?

I returned from a mid-morning stroll, during which I attempted to nerve myself to order Aadhaya to leave, to find the prostitute I had seen on leaving Roshni's rooms in my kitchen.

Taking coffee with my servant and looking very serious.

I was taken aback to say the least but any chance to question the girl as to the reason for her presence was lost as she immediately rose to her feet and left the house without a word.

It was a severe and judgemental Aadhaya who informed me of Roshni's murder and explained that the girl just left, who happened to be an old school-friend, had seen me leaving Roshni's rooms, the last to be seen doing so, and wished to warn her friend of the kind of man she was working for before going to the Police.

I have never known such fear. I, of course, had nothing whatsoever to do with Roshni's death but the girl had indeed seen me leaving her rooms and my DNA, by dint of my less than spectacular emissions into the girl after having spanked her, would make a lifetime in an Indian prison a certainty rather than a possibility.

It was a fear that placed my subsequent character assassination from the lips of my servant in the shade as she proclaimed her disgust at what "Darshana" had told her of my behaviour with the deceased and explained the craven way I begged my servant to believe that I was innocent.

So persuasive must I have been as I slid to my knees and begged her to go after her friend and persuade her not to go to the Police that she slapped my face viciously and said that, while she

was inclined to believe I was not a murderer, she knew for a fact I was a filthy English pervert who liked nothing more than to punish young Indian girls.

I will not go into the unmanly nature of my begging but, suffice it to say, she was persuaded to prevent her friend from going to the authorities.

At a price…

*****

EPILOGUE

His journal continues to be a constant source of insight and delight to me, and proves just how complete my hold over him remains.

A hold of both a physical and mental nature.

I often ask myself if fate could have intended this man to have been anything other than my chattel and possession? Why else would it have supplied me the means with which to bind him to me so securely? We were both, it seemed, finally in our rightful positions.

Of course, I am not heartless and all my sympathies went out to the girl Roshni who had lost her life. My former *"Master"*, I knew, completely innocent of any involvement in her murder. This I knew with certainty as Darshana, and Darshana alone – apart from the murderer - had spoken with Roshni after Andrew Corbett had left the girl's room.

You take my point about fate.

Between his terror of the authorities being informed of his presence there and my feigned anger and disgust at what he did with and to the girl, I found myself a space that gave all strategic power to me.

What with the dictates of my non-existent religion and his utter fear of what time in an Indian prison would mean for a white Englishman, he was putty in my hands and amenable to just about anything I suggested.

My first demand for persuading Darshana not to go to the authorities being an impregnable male cock-cage to secure that which had led to his problems in the first place.

The look upon his once smug face as I informed him of the imprisonment of a different kind one I will treasure for as long as memory serves me still and you may be sure that I was in a condition of high-excitement as I took his cock in my hand for the first time and fastened the holding ring around the base of his balls before attaching the cage itself.

The power such an act conferred upon me and the look of utter desperation upon his handsome white features as I placed his manhood under my control was a rush of pleasure such as I had only dreamed of experience. This control, along with the demoralised acceptance upon his part that I had every right to place him in a device - demoralisation so great even the warmth of my young brown hand around his once-proud cock could not prompt him to erection - was something of which I would never tire and an addiction that would only grow stronger with use.

Of course, the dynamics of the household had changed now he was being made to *"atone"* for his sins and he had been relegated to the room I had once occupied while I took residence in the master-bedroom. And yet, at first, I found it more… erotic… to maintain my position of housekeeper – at least to the world at large. Only Darshana and, as befitted a doting aunt, a

suitably outraged Saura knew of our changed situation and visited from time to time to be waited upon by my white flunky but, while I still allowed him to work at the Salar Jung and took care of the less onerous chores about the house while he was away – mostly shopping and household accounts, when he returned to the house it was as my servant to whom I delegated such chores as the cleaning and the laundry.

Training him to the service of my body should go without saying.

Swiftly, he became proficient at the worship of both my pussy and my arse and I found no greater pleasure than when I could feel his unwilling but obedient tongue press itself into my anus in the way he had been taught and – again according to his journal – hated so much.

His social life was now a thing of the past and I insisted his total focus be upon the one who was keeping him from prison while assuring he made expiation for his sins. I was careful, just the same, to allow him the carrot of release from his cage to hump my leg – the *only* way I would allow him completion and one his entries told me he was beginning to find *"demeaningly erotic"*.

Yet another piece of telling information and a tool with which to rule him.

Now, the time elapsed since I became his master more considerable and his obedience to me at levels even I had not believed possible, his work at the Salar Jung and in the country for which he once professed confessed - and still does in his journal - coming to a close, it is reaching that time when he must return home.

A homecoming that will be undertaken with somebody else.

A young Indian girl who has mastered and subdued him and keeps the key to his manhood on a chain at her neck.

His female owner.

A female owner looking forward with great excitement to…

A Passage to Britannia.

THE END

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"MY PASSAGE TO WOMANHOOD" By Clare Penne

Volume-One

Prompted by memories of the women who have taken control of his life since his days at university, a man-stroke-woman details his extraordinary journey towards a womanhood both voluntary and coerced and describes the dominant and compelling characters – women and men – instrumental in securing his arrival.

From university in Edinburgh, to leafy Vermont, to a harem in Doha and a lesbian s&m club in Hong Kong, then back to Vermont again; the adventures of Clare Penne's hero-cum-heroine are as exciting as they are sometimes excruciating and constitute a sexual rollercoaster of a read as he/she is taken down a road that leads to the most exacting servitude one man-stroke-woman can be both expected and forced to give a female born to that condition in our fledgling millennium.

Not to mention anyone the loving, but ultra-dominant and controlling, "Saffi" takes a fancy to having her slave serve.

This is Volume-One of a proposed ten… or maybe even more!

"ASCENDANCY" By Miss Irene Clearmont

Miss Irene Clearmont gives us the story of William, a god in his own mind whose fragile kingdom is about to be revealed for the palace of paper it really is by his new maid.

Impressed by his young German housekeeper's hard-work and organisational skills, the domestically idle William cedes more and more responsibility to her without realising she has no intention of ever handing it back.

Before he knows it – and in ways exceeding the intentions of his ex-wife Sandra and her dominant friend, Kamali – his life is no longer his own and soon he is spiralling down into a life of servitude as he attempts to keep the young German girl he has become obsessed with by his side.

It would have been better for both his pride and his manhood if he had simply let her go.

"Better than 'Dark Widow' – and I really enjoyed that." – Gracious-Admirer

More Below…

"VENUS ASCENDANT" BY SHAUNA WILLETS

Three men have been found naked on golf courses. Their connection? All have been castrated. In her race to find the perpetrator before there's another victim, DCI Kate Berenson will find herself challenged by a woman abusing her disabled husband, a dominant ex-debutante and her pussy whipped and paid for middle-aged lover, a needy ex-husband, and her own, confused sexuality.

Then, under pressure for a result from her superiors, a young detective in her team falls into the hands of the perpetrator and Kate finds herself in a race against the clock that will ensure the missing man will be less than a man if her attempts to identify the cutter and find her detective are unsuccessful.

It does not look hopeful.

"It's not often you read a femdom novel and get a cracking crime story as well but Venus Ascendant pulls it off – even if femdom isn't the main thrust of the story. Great characterisation and insight and I'd really like to see Shauna Willets write something with femdom as its main theme. Really promising website too" - Steve Lynch

"Hi Shauna, I recently read Venus Ascendant and was both frightened and excited. I wondered where your work was available? Thank you so much" – Brad

"LESSONS AT THE EDGE" By William Gaius

Using the infatuation of a friend's college age son to her own advantage, the gorgeous RoseAnn leads the young man into a life of thralldom, training him as her sexual slave and domestic servant. Age difference is no barrier as RoseAnn finds the devoted lover she's sought since her divorce and he finds unexpected gratification in service to a beautiful, selfish woman. When the redheaded student, Gloria, comes into the mix and pursues Barry she shows every sign of being as dominating as RoseAnn herself and Barry must decide between them—or must he?

"Mr Gaius has satisfied the question of his own self-belief – along with a number of other requirements – and is to be congratulated on providing a riveting and erotic read…" Shaunm – Femdom Cave Forum

"SERVING SREELATHA" *BY KURT STEINER*

When Tim Benson's partner in a thriving retail business dies it brings him into contact with his widow, Sreelatha". Having looked down upon the younger Indian woman while his partner was alive and visiting her with the intention of buying her out of the business, he finds himself coming under the influence of her sadistic housekeeper, a strange tea, and Sreelatha herself.

The loss of his business, his marriage and his manhood will not be far behind.

"I am writing to thank Mr Kurt Steiner for the wonderful read of Serving Sreelatha. English is not my first language but I find Mr Steiners writing very easy to read and also very sexy. The Inferior was also very marvelous…" Helenic – Femdom Cave Forum

More Below…

"VINCENNES" BY KURT STEINER

On a trip to Calcutta, successful businessman, Vincent Vincennes, becomes infatuated with a plain young Indian waitress named Samira. Obsessed for the first time and for reasons beyond his comprehension, Vincennes is dragged into the pits of humiliation and self-loathing by the girl as he jettisons his wife and family in England and sets up home with the girl

Unable to fight his inexplicable need for the girl, he tells himself things cannot possibly get any worse.

Then Samira hires a young maid.

"The writer must have been reading my posts on the Femdom Cave forum as this, even more than The Inferior, looks as though it will develop to be close to my heart..." Ms Indira

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