# An Unlikely Obsession

*Scenes from a female-led relationship*

**By**
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# "OBSESSION"

***(Definition)***

*“The state of being obsessed with someone or something.”*

*“An idea or thought continually preoccupying or intruding on the mind.*




# “An Unlikely Obsession”

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***With gratitude and indebtedness, yet again, for the generosity and assistance of the great Kurt Steiner and the friendship of my sister in the female-led, Bronwen Franks***

# Prologue

## *October 2019*

*Staring about the stone-floored basement as if the strength of his aversion for these new surroundings might transform them to something more in keeping with his tastes, he once again allowed misplaced and unrealistic self-pity to divert his attention from the task to hand.*

*The comfort and style of the home he had shared with his former wife not so long before was replicated nowhere in the domestic appliances of washing-machine, tumble-dryer, iron and ironing-board he could see ranged against one wall of his new lodgings like an accusation; while, to the other side of the wash-basin before which he stood, the tiny cupboard space containing what passed for his clothing these days, a shower-cubicle, a small two-ringed cooker and a tiny fridge, served his mood no better.*

*Delving a hand into the dirty-laundry-basket containing her smalls with a sigh, the usual sense of wonderment creased the middle-aged man's unlined, if not exactly untroubled, face as an image of his ex-wife from the days before their divorce played at the back of his eyes. The bliss he could see written across it as her curvaceous and still sexy body writhed beneath him something of a consolation. Some small solace for the knowledge – the certainty – that he would never again be the one to put such a look upon it.*

*Or if the "Bitch" whose home this was had her way, the face of any woman other than her either.*

*The sense of loss he felt for his former wife not only for the fact she had divorced him because of his serial cheating with other women.*

*That and for other personal traits going straight to the lack of character his own aunt had…*

*His train of thought broke then, as a reason far more physical than legal for his presence in the basement hit him the moment, almost involuntarily, his hand snaked the soiled black panties from the laundry-basket and almost without thinking fetched the flimsy fabric up to his face that his nose might*

*luxuriate in… HER …smells.*

*A reason evidencing itself in the sharp groan of discomfort exiting his tight lips as the earthy subcontinent aroma of his unlikely feminine idee fixe produced its usual effect upon him.*

*As his thwarted desire took his already beaten and dispirited thoughts lower, he placed the hand holding the panties into basin of soapy water at his side and set about the process of cleaning them to the lady of the house's specifications.*

*Even after everything, and the backward steps his masculinity had been forced take by her, the description curled his lip with derision.*

*"Lady of the house?"*

*The fuck she was!*

*"So how would you describe the young Indian woman your useless cock would like to at least masturbate over but can't then?" asked the returning image of his wife, derision of her own unmistakable for having witnessed, albeit in metaphysical form, the demeaning and lust-filled way he had held the soiled underwear of the lady in question to his nose.*

*Not to mention the item of personalised jewelry preventing him from expressing his perverse sexual appreciation.*

*The shame, never far away from this weak but physically attractive man's conscious thoughts, reared up in him again.*

*Not for the first time, he cursed the sybaritic nature and the self-involvement, together with the lack of substance accompanying it, with which he had been cursed.*

*Knowing, even as the obscenities towards what nature had made of him spilled from his lips, that he had at one-time seen that nature as more of a blessing than a curse.*

*But then, why would he have seen it as anything else?*

*He had been born with an appearance and winning manner that women loved.*

*Nobody but a saint or an imbecile would have ignored the benefits of such a happy duality.*

*Even if hindsight had assured him he shared far more with latter than former.*

*Why else would he be in an almost constant state of thwarted lust from contact no more substantial than the handling and sniffing of the underwear and other items of clothing permeated with her earthy scent belonging to the Indian bitch?*

*And especially as at one-time she was no more than a microscopic speck of no interest whatsoever upon the panoramic sweep of his comfortable but worthless existence?*

*No answer was forthcoming to this deluded and self-pitying man as he contemplated the underwear he had submerged beneath the soapy water as if expecting the fabric recently held to his nose to provide a solution.*

*A rebuke, however, was supplied to him as he stared deep into the suds covering the basin and his unwanted lust returned with renewed and futile vigour as simply being near to his new and troubling idee fixe set his pulses racing:*

*"Concentrate on your work!" ordered a hateful voice from behind him; her entrance into the basement-cum-utility-room which also served as his quarters having been missed by him despite the stone flooring and the spiked heels that were de rigeur for the bitch since she had become the "Lady of the House". "I want it finished in the next thirty minutes before you drive me to the mall."*

*Unwanted lust in her presence or not, his spirits sank at the prospect of again being seen in public with her and have other people – other women – believe he was her partner.*

*Or worse.*

*Her employee!*

*"I expect you to be finished and waiting by the car at that time, understand?" the hated voice in its sing-song English demanded; its authority to govern him becoming more and more marked, to her as well as him.*

*Not sure what he found most inexplicable: the fact he was in such a position of dependency to her at all; or the equally undisputed truth of his body's unaccountable response to her growing and confident control of him; he considered something he was sure of.*

*The loathing and self-loathing he felt at the knowledge she was once again about to reveal something of their relationship to the world at large – even if they were total strangers.*

*It was something, even in limited form, from which he knew she took a deep and perverse pleasure.*

*Having others witness – if not in its full and degrading entirety then at least enough of it – the circumstances that had led him to have no other option than to dance servile attendance upon such an unlikely… mistress … delighted her almost as much as it led him to consider the possibility of a ritual seppuku he knew he would never have the moral fibre to attempt.*

*Or any other form of self-harm come to that.*

*As she stood behind him, thankfully dressed for their tour of the mall in English fashions that did not draw even more attention to the short Indian girl and the handsome and older Englishman dancing attendance upon her, a discomfiting image flashed before him.*

*The image in question being that of his former wife.*

*A former wife smiling with approval at his being treated in such a way.*

*And by such a lowly and unprepossessing member of her own sex.*

*Once again, spirits that could hardly be described as elevated plummeted with even greater speed towards rock-bottom.*

*The hated voice prevented any further perusal of his unjust treatment and the self-pity that went with it:*

*"Understand?" she demanded, surer and more confident in her control of him, it seemed. with each hour they spent together without a confrontation likely to challenge her.*

*Then, in a beaten voice, and just as she required of him:*

*“Y-Yes, Malkin,” he answered in a beaten and docile voice completely unrecognisable from the tone of authority he had once used towards her on those few occasions when he had visited and deigned to acknowledge her at all.*

*“Good,” she told him, air of satisfaction for her undoubted and unassailable mastery of him obvious and galling to him, even as his senses and the cock driven by them attempted to pay that mastery an even greater compliment than mere domestic servility.*

*“Then you had better concentrate more fully on your chores if you are not to disappoint me.”*

*“Yes, Malkin,” came the reply with lowered eyes as the man was unable to meet the eyes in which he knew he would see his disgrace reflected back at him.*

*Not, thankfully, saying any more on the subject to him, he heard her heels peck their way up the stairs and despite his shame sneaked a quick look behind him that he might drink in the sight of her hosed legs and capacious arse.*

*The same legs and arse, on the same disregarded body, that had once been of no interest to him.*

*As they disappeared from sight and he was once again left with a burgeoning and painful erection he could not satisfy and his baffling new need for the young Indian bitch who held more than simply the keys to his security in her tiny brown hands.*

*Or, to be more precise, hanging from a thin chain attached to her ankle*

*Resuming his handwashing of her unmentionables; he could not help but think back to his life of not eight months before – knowing as he did so that it would cause him nothing but pain for its loss; marvelling as he did just that how he could possibly have fallen so low in so short a space of time.*

*Not to know that the young woman in complete control of his life was thinking exactly the same thing as she made her way upstairs to those more opulent surroundings that now belonged to her and her alone.*

*Their thoughts on the subject, and as might have been expected, wildly divergent…*

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# Scene-One

## *December 2018*

There had been only two people present at the reading in the small and unpretentious office of the Solicitor.

A man and a woman.

The former, a good-looking and stylishly dressed Englishman in his mid-

forties whose suitcases full of his worldly belonging, prior to being deposited at the cheap B&B he had booked into for one night only, resided with the old solicitors equally venerable secretary in the equally small and unpretentious reception outside.

A man, considered the old solicitor, and not for the first time, who for all his good looks possessed certain characteristics which were not so pleasing.

Avarice, condescencion, and weakness, but three.

The latter of the two visitors to his practice, however, was even more well-known to him and, though not the older man's equal in terms of looks, was, Mr Percival considered, by far his superior when it came to duty, loyalty, and pure strength of character.

She being a younger Indian woman in her very early thirties who was a little on the fleshy side and had chosen to wear the sober sari and sandals of her homeland.

Choice of clothing made, it struck the aged but still perceptive legal man, simply because she knew it would annoy – make that *incense* - the man at her side who was the nephew of her late and much loved employer and about to be given some news he would find…

*…Disturbing*.

To say the least.

Not a nasty or vindictive man, and having been on exceptionally cordial terms with the self-regarding and venal nephew's aunt, it required an effort of will, nonetheless, for him not to crack a smile at what he knew the man was about to hear.

The woman at the nephew's side also fought hard to contain the satisfaction she felt at what was about to unfold as old Mr Percival came to that part of the reading she knew the likewise older man next to her was anxious to hear; the voice of her late-employer filling her thoughts as she sensed the nephew's

impatience to finally be the recipient of what he no doubt saw as his *"rightful"* inheritance.

*"My nephew," her employer had informed her in the Gujarati in which she was fluent, this after having had the will witnessed in her housekeeper's presence, "will not be at all pleased."*

Watching his eager face next to her as he expected to hear the news that would restore both his spirit and th comfortable lifestyle he had known until recently, she felt a shiver of arousal at what his late-aunt had explained would happen.

*"You must never forget, Inika, that my nephew has been spoiled all his life and will expect to have you do the same as most of the other women in his life except for me. In fact, if it were not for love of my much missed and far too doting sister, it would be you who inherited my estate in its entirety without any strings attached…"*

The young woman recalled the knowing and amused smile her much missed mistress had turned upon her:

*"Though I suspect they will prove to be strings you will find most… pleasing."*

Inika Goswami had listened to her beloved employer intently. She was well aware of how clearly she saw her nephew and had never been as charmed by his good-looks and so-called winning personality as either her late-sister or the other women he had wooed and bedded before and during his marriage. A marriage that had recently ended and, along with a rather severe pre-nuptial agreement and the fact that his – again, so-called – writing career had gone, and was going, nowhere, left him in a pretty dire condition finance wise.

*"He will need a firm hand to guide him, my lovely Inika, and who better to supply it than a younger Indian woman such as yourself who will not be taken in by his charm and good looks and will apply the discipline to his life it has sorely lacked until now."*

Inika's look of shock had amused the ailing lady, though she could also see the excitement such a prospect induced in her beneath the surprise – shock and surprise, the older lady had told herself happily, that would soon become, if she guessed correctly, a steely determination.

*"Do not be so surprised, my love. You witnessed the relationship I had with my late-husband and I know it is one you always wished for yourself with a man… And, without wishing to embarrass you, a man of my late-husband's own race as well as mine."*

Inika could not refute her employer's words and had found the unusual arrangement between husband and wife – one in which the woman led and the man followed – thoroughly arousing and did indeed wish the same for herself; even if she knew it could never be.

Which, of course, had not prevented her picturing such a state-of-affairs.

*"I cannot think of anyone better to provide my waster of a nephew with the discipline to become something useful – even if he will certainly view it in a different light,"* the ailing octogenarian had gone on. *"And, before you protest otherwise, I am going to use part of the time left to me to educate you in the ways a woman such as yourself can place her collar about the neck of a man in need of it."*

She had taken Inika's hand in her own at that point and the orphaned girl, the same girl she had taken in to work as her maid at the age of ten, had felt moisture at the back of her eyes as sadness joined excitement with the knowledge her benefactor would soon be removed from her life.
The same benefactor who had ensured she was educated to a good level and spoke fluent English; albeit with a stubborn subcontinent accent – an accent which refused to budge even upon their return to Europe from Ahmedabad.

*"I see it as only just that my nephew who has had every advantage should find himself in the service of a young and far more deserving young Indian woman who has had none," the woman named Marjorie Fairfax had continued as her maid, housekeeper, and confidante had listened at her side*

*and recalled their time together in the largest city in the state of Gujarat on the western bank of the Sabarmati river.*

*"It will I am convinced, be good for both of you. My nephew will finally learn – as late as that lesson comes - that the world does not turn to his good looks and false but winning charm and be taught the virtues of discipline and service; while your naturally private and insular nature will be provided with both a servant and, on those occasions when you feel the need, a… companion "*

Inika recalled listening to her ailing employer in a condition of some shock. She had met the nephew in question on a number of occasions when he had visited his aunt – no doubt with an eye to his legacy and to keep himself fresh in her mind – and found him undeniably and sexually attractive, despite being fifteen years or so her elder. She had also found him infuriatingly patronising and superior; as if her being his aunt's housekeeper and being of Indian birth somehow made her inferior.

It was an attitude that was not shared by the employer and benefactress she adored. The same wonderful woman who had changed her life and provided her with a new existence. A comfortable existence beyond anything she had known or imagined in the ten years she had spent begging on the Ahmedabad roads – even for a young woman in service. A life of service spent in the luxurious home that had once belonged to an affluent cloth merchant and been purchased by her husband off the back of his own trading in the region's antiquities, for which he found such a demand both in his own country and Europe at large.

A demand which had continued up to his death and explained how the widow who had ruled his home as easily as she had seemed to rule him was easily able to afford the equally comfortable and spacious coastal home on the cliffs above the sea just outside the village of Corfe and its castle on the Purbeck Hills in Dorset.

The warm and secure home, with the spectacular views of the castle itself and the channel separating England from France, which never failed to thrill

young Inika and ensured she felt no homesickness for the land of her birth.

The same home her waster of a nephew was expecting to acquire the moment old Mr Percival gathered himself together to read it aloud.

A nephew growing more and more eager and impatient as the geriatric and soon to retire solicitor prepared himself to do so.

Inika smiled at a memory of her departed mistress and hoped she could live up to her expectations.

Just thinking of how she was going to disappoint his self-loving avarice upon her death, and how she would elevate her young housekeeper above him, had often left a smile on the old lady's still youthful face, Inika came to understand only a short time before her passing; even if the growingly frail and ailing body of her mistress was unable to provide a more physical and exuberant expression of her pleasure.

Inika, though, had been less than credulous on the subject and recalled telling her employer and benefactor that such a handsome man of his years could hardly be expected to submit to being… *"supervised"* …by a young woman so many years his junior – and especially so, given her race.

Not excluding the fact she was nothing like the women she knew he found attractive.

Their polar opposite, in fact.

*"You are mistaking his good looks and the benefits supplied him by others as evidence of his strength-of-character," Marjorie Fairfax had told her.*

*Then, so emphatically it was too much for her weakened lungs and she had coughed; the effort not diluting the strength of purpose in eyes that had once ruled her own husband and had no qualms whatsoever when it came to consigning her own nephew to a similar fate under the heel of a woman not… to his taste.*

*"That is most certainly NOT the case."*

*Then, when her lungs calmed:*

*"He is without a morsel of manly character and the moment he realises that the easy life once provided him - first by his doting mother and then the long-suffering wife who has now divorced him - is gone and will not be returning - is, I promise, the moment you will see him in quite a different light, my dearest Inika."*

At this point, old Mr Percival - to the contempt and growing impatience of the nephew, shuffled yet more papers together before favouring them with a smile.

Inika's racing thoughts recalled the aunt's words to her as she awaited the solicitor's own with equal impatience but a corresponding absence of contempt – or at least contempt of a kind either man could detect.

*"It is wholly just, that the good fortune that has always been his, and been used so… unworthily, should now fall to someone who – in all ways apart from the circumstances of her birth and in superficial good looks – is my nephew's superior… In the short time left to me, my love, I intend to show you the ways and means to be used if you are to bring my waster of a nephew to heel… And I truly feel you will enjoy the books of mine on the subject, both fictional and non-fictional, that deal with the subject…"*

As the solicitor straightened his reading-glasses and began the formal preamble insisted upon by tradition before reading the contents of the will; a slight smile curled the plump lips of the young Indian as she felt a build-up of pressure between her legs she knew could only be attributable to sexual arousal.
What other explanation could there be?

"My entire estate and all its chattels, savings and investments…" old Percival began, voice growing more intense, if no stronger, as he came to the meat of the text

The nephew at Inika's side was straining forward in his trendy jacket with tee-shirt an designer jeans, impatience swiftly becoming irritation as the old solicitor coughed to clear his throat and the young Ahmedabad woman could barely contain her own excitement as her late employer and benefactor's final wishes were finally uttered:

"…I leave to…"

# Scene-Two

## *September 2019*

Inika lay on her bed in the master bedroom that had once belonged to her aunt and was, to all intents and purposes, now hers, and eased a finger into a pussy made sopping by regular contact with the growingly demoralised man she was – with the help of advice from her former benefactress – leading by the nose.

As she diddled a kitty made hungry by the reading of Marjorie Fairfax's favourite author of female-led erotica, it still surprised her that the author in question was a man – or at least took the name of one.

Though it did strike her as she read the latest chapter that, if the effect the writing was having upon her had been replicated with her former employer, it was not so much of a surprise after all…

*"…An image of himself, as he knelt on the terracotta tiles and went to all fours before her, tore his eyes from the mirror; unable to contemplate what he saw reflected there as his all too recent disgrace continued to wash over him. Watching himself on the backdrop of closed eyelids as, in response to her command, he lowered his head further to place his lips on the toe of a shiny black court shoe. Recalling through his self-loathing the smell of her nylon encased foot surrounded by leather and the excitement it elicited in him. Experiencing for the first time that "Delicious weakness" he had read of in Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom" and been unable, or unwilling, to understand.*

*"It is customary," she had said, through passions inspired by the level to*

*which she had reduced him thus far, "to count to ten when in the position of respect. Do so now."*

*Nose rasping against the black nylon covering her instep, still marvelling at how he came to find himself in such a position, Lambert had counted; fighting back the urge to cover her feet and ankles in kisses before making his way up to…*

*"On future occasions," had come a dislocated voice form above, you will repeat this show of respect with the other foot. For now though, I want you to go to your bedroom to wait for me and not leave it until I say."*

*Imprinted on the backdrop of his eyelids still, he watched as she turned on her heel and marched from the kitchen; leaving behind a former "Master" as weak and powerless as an undernourished foundling. His shame, the watching Bernard Lambert recalled, no less debilitating for her encouraging use of the word…*

*"Bedroom."*

*Picture-show over, he seated himself on the end of his bed – dejected, despite the rush of blood to his netheregions inspired by it.*

*A reaction that was both a defeat and a consolation, he decided; indicating as it did that his shameful capitulation had more in common with the kind of battles men had lost to the opposite sex for a millennia; rather than irrefutable evidence of any fibre and resolve he may lack as a man.*

*And yet, despite his growingly less persuasive assurances that he was only going along with the horse-faced little bitch to achieve an agenda of his own, he could not prevent an out of character self-awareness from calling into question all the qualities he believed stored in his possession.*

*Returning to his reflection as he sat, deep in thought, everything: virility, self-sufficiency, confidence and pride; the same qualities he had always assured himself were the very least that were required to take pride in one's stature as a man; appeared to be missing.*

*The man who had pistoned his wife's closest friend to submission in a Mayfair hotel and made her beg to lick the residue of her own arousal from his still erect cock was a memory. As far removed from the image staring back at him, dark-eyed and hollow cheeked, as his ex-wife from the ugly religious zealot from the sub-continent who was probably making her way to his room at this moment; even as he went about summarising his fall from grace to himself.*

*Yet still, so delusional did he remain, he managed to assure himself his fall would be no more than a temporary blip; convinced that the moment he gained access to her body he would –as he had done with so many others in the past- lose interest and become his real self again.*

*He was still cogitating along these lines, spirits rising a little, when the bedroom door opened and he rose to greet her.*

*A sight obliterating all attempts at damage limitation as she entered, careful to leave the door open behind her.*

*She was wearing nothing but a flimsy and diaphanous nightshirt that reached to mid-thigh, loose raven hair spilling over her shoulders on its journey to her waist. The smoothness of her dark brown thighs and the sheen of her skin as it shimmered downwards towards the feet she –or rather, he- kept so immaculately transfixing his capacity to breathe. A vision ending in the same open-toed sandals she had worn on the first day she had discarded her saris and entered this same room bearing breakfast.*

*Finding himself unable to speak, deliberately avoiding the equine picture above the neck he had yet to come to terms with, his eyes fixed on the magnificent breasts and erect nipples, last seen heaving beneath white cotton, that were visible through the gossamer of the nightshirt and made all the more breathtaking for the darkening effect of the material itself.*

*On autopilot, he moved forward, instantly erect –more erect, in fact, than he could ever recall being- arms reaching for her; no other intention entering his head besides taking hold of her and…*

*"No!" she cried, throwing out an outstretched palm to stop him in his tracks. "Stay where you are."*

*"But," he protested, "I thought…"*

*"You are not to touch me," she reminded him, breasts still in motion from the stretching of her arm. "You have already signaled your determination to become my Lesser by placing your lips on my feet in the ancient form of respect, but that does not entitle you to anything save that which I wish to allow you. A Lesser is only allowed to touch his superior below the ankles – and only then with his superior's express permission."*

*"Is that why you come to my room dressed in such a way?" he accused, sensing hypocrisy, bitterness all too evident.*

*His thwarted expression fetching a smile to her over plump young lips.*

*"You are right," she told him, elevating his hopes. "I come to you like this for a purpose – though not, I think, the purpose you have in mind."*

*"Why then?" he pressed, knowing that if he were any kind of man he would not allow himself to be… teased… by such a young girl; knowing also that she would have only herself to blame if he threw her to the mattress and rammed the result of her provocation deep into her virgin cunt.*

*"I dress like this by way of consolation for you," she went on.*

*"Consolation?"*

*"Think of it as a way of lessening your disappointment for your loss."*

*His brows crinkled in puzzlement:*

*"How do you mean: my loss?"*

*Again her horse face contorted into a smile.*

*"Stand by the bed," she said before taking a chair from the dressing table and placing it near the open door some seven or eight paces away.*

*Doing as she said he made to sit on the bed.*

*"I said to stand," she snapped.*

*Biting back a response –it being, he thought, no time for a confrontation- he did as she asked and watched her take her place on the chair, crossing one leg over the other to give him an unimpeded view of a smooth expanse of thigh. Gently dangling a spike-heeled sandal from her painted toes to capture his attention further and gratified when his eyes focused on the sandal dangled precariously on the end of her toes.*

*"A beast awaiting his owner's collar," she assured herself, "Utterly unaware of the ring being placed through his nose."*

*The septum, she reflected, having been pierced already without his even being aware of it.*

*Standing he unbuckled his belt and unfastened his jeans. They were down to his knees before she could react –the first time –other than his proposal of marriage- he had taken her by surprise.*

*"What are you doing?" she asked.*

*He looked at her with puzzlement.*

*"Well..." he began uncertainly, "the way you're dressed… I thought…"*

*"Lessers do not think," she told him; using the same autocratic tone she had used with Rajiv earlier.*

*Her own reminder of her former "Mentor" made her smile. For, while Bernard Lambert had been waiting for her to come to him, she had been reading the two emails Rajiv had finally caved in and sent her. Her first contact with him in the short time since she had read him the riot act.*

*Rule of three holding fast, she had told herself, the last, suitably abject, email would be waiting for her when she returned to her quarters.*

*The single sentence rejoinder she had made to his second attempt at putting things right between them not, she knew, giving him much by way of a choice. His rejoinder, she promised herself, to be dealt with in her own sweet time. That Rajiv had caved in at all though, let alone so quickly, leaving her in no doubt he now accepted who had the real power in their relationship.*

*A "Relationship"; she was more than willing to resume.*

*On her terms.*

*Returning to the task in hand, she noticed a sullen looking Lambert was still in his position at the foot of the bed, jeans still around his ankles; the tenting of his blue cotton boxer shorts providing evidence of his continuing lust; the strength of her need to see it properly and close-up for the first time urging her to patience.*

*It would not do, after all, to give him the idea he meant anything to her.*

*"I dress in such a way," she began, in answer to his earlier question, "in case you are amenable to the conditions necessary to become my Lesser. Should I be persuaded by your sincerity and you are willing to take the necessary oath it is just possible I will grant you your wish to look upon me while you stroke your needy little penis."*

*Lambert knew he should bring this to an end.*

*He was being insulted and belittled.*

*Unfairly.*

*After all, the size of his cock that had not received complaints until now -and in in ways he would not have believed possible by the girl seated in front of him as a voice inside screamed for him to show her the exit and remove her from his life.*

*It struck him with a flash of cognisance, that if this was the kind of power she could wield over him in so short a space of time there was no telling where things could lead.*

*No, he told himself, reaching a resolution, if he had any manly pride at all he would drag her from his room and kick her capacious brown arse out of his…*

*And yet, he thought, hesitating fatally.*

*"What an arse it was!"*

*Also, though he was loath to admit it, he knew it wasn't just the body below that was responsible for his vacillation. A part of him, he knew, was responding to her increasing domination of him. Lawrence's "Delicious weakness" occurring to him again as long buried childhood experiences at the hands of women of authority; surfaced again with –as Rajiv had assured his own would be Mistress they would- power that was multiplied all the more for being so… abandoned.*

*It was at that moment, lost for response, that a former suspicion reasserted itself; his face a mask of suspicion suddenly:*

*"Is this about…?"*

*"No!" she snapped, having expected the question before now and reading his thoughts without difficulty. "It is not about money," she hissed. "Do not stain either me or my faith with your own sins."*

*Lambert fell silent, still not entirely convinced.*

*"You English are so predictable," she spat. "Everything boils down to cash and possessions. It is ingrained within you. One of the reasons my religion will not accept those of your race."*

*"So…" he began, unconvinced, sarcasm surfacing, "it's not my money you…?"*

*"Had I wanted a share of your wealth and property," she came in, tone even but eyes blazing, "I would have accepted your offer of marriage. I have tried to explain to you but you seem incapable of understanding something so far above your own petty notions of what constitutes success and position in the world. But then, perhaps, I expect too much of you. My religion is, after all, about honesty in relationships and the dignity of service."*

*The curl of her lip was derisory.*

*"Not concepts with which you would have had much familiarity."*
*As he listened intently to her words, anger rising, she almost giggled at the nature of them; knowing, as she did, that his coming "Service" to her would contain no trace of "Dignity".*

*"My religion," she insisted, "shuns all material things. Its currency is truth and the peace it brings with it. The embracing of our true natures, no matter what they may be, is paramount in order for us to find the home most suited to our spirituality. You are very handsome," she told him, it sounding nothing remotely like a compliment on her lips. "Were I of a religion that permitted such things and you were a true man, I would not think twice before allowing you the access to my body you appear to desire so much."*

*The way his eyes roved over her did nothing to make her correct the statement.*

*"Money," she assured him, "much to your disbelief, would not enter into it. It is my beliefs that bind me, and no man - despite the power of any attraction I may feel towards him. Nothing will make me stray from them. You will do to remember that. Everything else is secondary. They are my guide, my pleasure, and my salvation."*

*Lambert looked at the girl as if seeing her for the first time; fluency in a language was one thing, he knew, articulacy quite another, and her speech – as deluded as he considered it to be- was nothing if not articulate.*

*And altered the nature of his situation not one tiny bit, he confessed. The*

*continued tenting of his boxer pants evidence enough to suggest unsuspected eloquence went no way towards lessening a tyrannical and inexplicable attraction running way beyond his control.*

*"What do want from me?" he asked, almost as a whisper.*

*She exulted inwardly; he was caving in before her as surely as plywood under the tracks of a bulldozer.*

*"As I say: I am devoted to both my religion and its teachings and they will always come first. But I am also human. That a handsome male such as yourself desires one such as me is both a tribute and a new experience. I confess it to be one I would hate to pass up – even though I most certainly would and will if it conflicts with my beliefs. The prospect of exercising control over the cock of a mature man such as yourself is one that makes my sadly neglected cunt very excited."*

*Bernard Lambert felt as if an electrical current had run the length of his body. The shock of such language from his servant's lips made his lust for her stronger. So strong, in fact, her stated intent to "Control" his cock evaded his –admittedly faulty-radar completely.*

*"As my face has probably made you aware," she continued, ignoring the arousal threatening to make lift-off from his boxers, "such opportunities – even had I been able to take advantage of them- have been sadly lacking in my life thus far. I would hate for one such as this to pass me by."*

*"Then don't let it, Anya," he urged, about to take a step towards her when he halted in his tracks.*

*Sliding the diaphanous nightshirt over her shoulders, she stood before him naked, hands on hips arrogantly; knowing the attraction her body possessed for him and supremely confident in its ability to hold his attention.*

*A confidence, he would have acknowledged, that was not misplaced as he drank her in; mouth dry and -even had it been moist- unable to swallow. Despite all his many conquests down the years, this was the most erotic thing*

*he had ever seen – made all the more so it seemed by the knowledge of her youth, her status, her race, and the strange religion that, somehow, made her seem both illicit and off limits.*

*The body before him –face notwithstanding- was a composite of all the parts guaranteed to press his buttons.*

*And there -as if to underpin his reaction- at the vee of her legs, was the most perfect cunt he had ever seen.*

*Pure.*

*Unsullied.*

*And, most deliciously of all:*

*Shaven.*

*The most anatomically beautiful pussy it was possible to imagine; a hairless exclamation mark that pointed up the flat brown stomach and perfect breasts above it; making it all he could do, previous reticence consigned to history, not to slither across and run his tongue over the outer lips jutting towards him in invitation.*

*"Are you willing to lose this?" she asked, aware she was overmastering him in a real sense for the first time and soaring high on the knowledge. "I do not wish to go. I am now convinced you will make a very able Lesser – even more, perhaps- but unless the demands of my religion are met by both of us I will have no other choice."*

*Barely hearing her words, so transfixed was he by her glorious young pussy; he made an involuntary movement forward, stopping only when she immediately backed away towards the door.*

*"What do you want?" he asked rasped, voice again beginning to fail him; a barely detectable quality of pleading in his voice indicating to her his resistance was not so much crumbling as liquidising.*

*"You must embrace your true nature and acknowledge you are not a Master. It is your only way to regain my respect. You are far too weak."*

*Lost in appreciation of that perfect and hairless snatch, Lambert barely heard its owner.*

*"Look at you!" she hissed, triumphant. "The condition of your jewels tell me that you desire nothing more at this moment than to throw me upon the bed and thrust your manmeat inside me until you anoint my virgin pussy with your seed."*

*Lambert groaned with desire, these being words he did hear.*

*"A real man would take me even if I were unwilling," she said, inflaming him further. "The shame resulting from Police involvement and the knowledge he would never see me again would make no difference. Yet there you stand, full of lust and impotent to act upon it. Without my permission you will attempt nothing with this smooth virgin pussy you cannot take your eyes from."*

*He was pretty far gone by this time, she knew, so far gone his hand snaked inside his boxers, eyes riveted upon her pussy as he went to his knees to gain greater access to his ravenous cock and stare up at the object transfixing it.*

*"No!" she demanded upon seeing his intention, her own excitement at least as great, perhaps greater, than his; determined to prove her willpower was greater than his and bind him to her at the same time.*

*He took no notice, eyes continuing to drink her in greedily.*

*"If you do not stop I leave this instant," she warned him to no effect, his hand continuing to pump as his gaze remained fixed.*

*"Very well," she said, turning and moving towards the doorway – amazing arse almost through it when her bluff paid dividends.*

*“Don’t go!” he all but screamed, removing his hand as she asked; even though it took all the willpower at his command to do so; the prospect of never seeing those breasts, those legs, those feet and the most incredibly gorgeous cunt to bless his vision causing him an almost physical pain.*

*To his relief, she stopped in the doorway.*

*“Will you listen to me and do everything I say from now on?” she said without turning.*

*On his knees on the carpet, staring at the smooth brown cheeks of her arse, he sensed they had reached a watershed.*

*Her: “Do everything I say from now on”, not escaping him.*

*Nothing, after this, he suspected, would be the same between them. The screen containing master and servant would have been blurred and no fiddling with the vertical hold would return its previous clarity…”*

…The scream which heralded the onset of her orgasm as her questing fingers and overheated imagination took her towards meltdown would surely have been heard by him at this point.
Had, that is, she not been where she was, and he a couple of floors higher than his present situation as she marvelled at how far she had already taken him in the nine months since the reading of her late-employer’s will…

*****

As she brought herself off high above him, the man whose image was the last she saw before losing herself in a crisis of her own delighted making was laying sleepless upon the thin mattress that constituted his bed in what had only recently become his full-time accommodation in *her* home.

In his own different way, the sleepless man, who the will of his aunt had ensured would be Inika Goswami’s dependant – and worse – was also

marvelling at the situation in which he found himself.

And one development in particular.

After all, it wasn't even as if she was beautiful.

Not by a longshot.

Truth be told, she was plain with angular features that seemed to somehow be plump at the same time, a little stocky of figure with those Portuguese wine bottle type legs you were more likely to see on an officious and middle-aged nurse or an infant-class teacher cut from the same cloth. A short Indian woman he knew to be in her early-thirties who stood at just over five-feet with a surprisingly hour-glass shape for one so short. Even if it did contain more sand these days than it had been designed to hold – especially around the breasts.

All in all, despite her relative youth in regard of him, and a somewhat kittenish look to go with those angular features, she was neither a traffic stopper nor a piece of fanny likely to win many second glances except from those of a desperate mindset.

Such, at least, had once been Gavin Fleetcroft's opinion of the woman who now seemed to dominate his senses as well his more prosaic and abject day-to-day activities.

So why if she was so undesirable, and with each passing day, did he find myself lusting after her to the exclusion of all the infinitely more attractive and beddable women filling his life before his marriage to Kristina had crashed and burned?

It wasn't as if there would be any shortage of women who found him interesting and desirable - even if his financial situation after the divorce wasn't far short of deplorable.

Far from it.

In his mid-forties, it seemed to him as if all the stars had aligned to bring him to his sexual peak. Looks, knowledge, and experience, if a little less staying power, combining to make him a pretty desirable package to the opposite sex, even if he did think so himself.

Looks and a sexual peak that were all but useless to him.

How could they be anything else?

When he had neither the money nor the possibility of making any save for asking…

His thoughts raged white-hot once again as he recalled the old fucker's words as he read out the terms of his late-aunt's will he had thought would restore his fortunes; this as he had sat next to the housekeeper he was ready to kick from her home and replace the moment he took possession; assuring himself that the decision as to the timing of that home's sale could wait until he had found his bearings and recovered from the ordeal of the last month or so for which he still accepted no responsibility.

The old bastard had never liked him, he knew, but it was only with hindsight that he recognised the look of pleasure on the fucker's anticipatory face for what he knew was about to unfold…

*"…My nephew," old Percival had begun, "having shown himself to be, feckless, faithless, disloyal, idle, and…"*

*"What?" Fleetcroft had exploded, the first intimation that all might not go exactly as he expected producing a predictable outrage.*

*"Please, Mr Fleetcroft," said Percival, holding up a hand palm outward to ask for quiet as the young Indian woman in sari and sandals that revealed surprisingly and well-cared for feet with nails painted a deep blue sat absorbed and unacknowledged by the man at her side. "Allow me to finish without interruption and you may ask me all the questions you wish. There is much that needs to be addressed – much of it in your best interests – and you*

*would be well-advised to listen carefully."*

*Mollified somewhat by this last dangled carrot, though still bristling at his own aunt's description of him, Fleetcroft assumed a grudging silence.*

*"As I was saying," Percival began, having enjoyed Marjorie Fairfax's description of the middle-aged waster in front of him so much he decided to pick up the reading from the beginning; My nephew," old Percival had begun, "having shown himself to be, feckless, faithless, disloyal, idle, and profligate with both money and the feelings of others, it was with misgivings that I considered leaving the results of both my husband's hard-work and mine in his hands as the last of my living relations…"*

*Fleetcroft's expression, though still dark and outraged at hearing himself described in such a way, now betrayed more in the way of anger than worry and the old legal beagle pressed on:*

*"However, it was with the fondest of memories regarding my late and sorely missed sister, his mother, that I hit upon a solution that would, perhaps, make something worthwhile of him while at the same time keeping a roof above his head and ensure he did not lack for the essentials."*

*Mr Percival had paused then and by the way he drew himself up each person in the room knew the crucial part of the reading was about be reached:*

*"That is why I have decided to leave all my worldly belongings to the person who has been at my side these past twenty or so years and been like a daughter to me as well as a housekeeper…"*

*Fleetcroft's attention turned for pretty much the first real time to the young woman at his side, expression taking on horror to match his outrage as the solicitor continued:*

*"…Inika Goswami… It is also my wish that…"*

*The consequent explosion was not entirely unexpected by either the solicitor or the Indian girl being favoured as she remained in respectful silence and*

*allowed the legal man she knew well to go to bat on her behalf.*

*Something he duly did:*

*"I won't have language of that kind in my office. And especially not when there is a lady present."*

*"Lady?" Fleetcroft's thoughts had screamed as the old boy had gone on reprovingly:*

*"Either moderate your disappointment, or come back at a later date when you are better able to control yourself."*

*Fleetcroft had been on the verge of adding a few more intemperate words and doing just that when Mr Percival stopped him in his tracks.*

*"If, that is, you would like to hear how your late-aunt's will makes provision for your own welfare…"*

…And here he was. In the home of his aunt and living in the basement the dread Indian girl had told him were once the servant-quarters.

*"Fucking, servant-quarters?"*

*"Him?"*

His name was Gavin Fleetcroft, and it had been only nine months before that he had been married, affluent, and happy.

And now, other than his name, he had none of those things and the missing components in his life had been swapped with less… *welcome* … replacements.

When he had gotten over the shock of his aunt's will- a drinking binge in Christchurch and the knowledge he had very little choice unless he fancied the less than tender mercies of the streets instead – he had, of course, repaired

to the home in Corfe he had expected to be his.

To find himself supervised and his life governed, unthinkably, by the young Indian woman his late-aunt had decided would be the one to give his life some purpose.

And worse than that was to follow.

For if having his life run for him by such a person was bade enough, the lack of female company his lack of funds ensured soon found him looking upon his supervisor and jailer in a quite different light.

A sexual light.

Though he had yet at this point to feel the grip of her pussy against his thrusting erection or the sensation of her plump subcontinent lips as they sucked his cock into her warm mouth; he found himself picturing such things more and more.

The power she was gaining over his sexual thoughts becoming all the more potent for being the only woman in his life on a daily basis other than those he ran into while walking and on his growingly rare visits to the local pub – and taking an acquaintance further was next to impossible for him when he was forced not only to virtually the young Indian bitch for the paltry sums of pocket money she handed out to him if she considered his behaviour worthy of but her instance he account for every penny of it also.

His involuntary abstinence from regular sexual partners ensuring he was ripe for what was about to follow.

Namely: an obsession for a woman once so far off his radar she may as well have existed in another star-system.

An obsession which, eventually, would see him descending so low as to actually feel a perverse and debilitating pleasure at being ruled and accountable to a woman so far…

*Beneath him!*

# Scene Three

## *December 2018*

The funeral had been held that morning and young Inika went back over it in her head as she lay in bed reading the latest of the steamy – and undeniably degenerate – novels Margorie Fairfax had left to her; both as erotic reading and as a kind of "How-To" guide.

A quiet, sober and dignified affair.

Save for the presence of the handsome and avaricious nephew who at least tried to put on a face of loss and regret.

Even if he had failed dismally before, thankfully, leaving for his cheap B&B

room in Christchurch rather than spend a moment in the house with her he considered would shortly be his.

His coming disappointment was a great comfort to the young Indian housekeeper. As the words of the woman who had transformed her life and she had loved unreservedly – and still loved with the same undiminished sincerity – rang in her ears…

*"...I'll be gone soon, Inika, and you are going to be a financially independent woman," Marjorie Fairfax had told her during the last days. "And when I say you, I mean you only. My will is set-up as a trust you alone will have access to and is protected should my nephew be tempted to secure my fortune and property by other means."*

*"You do not like your nephew very much, do you?" Inika had asked unnecessarily, manner sending up her employer who she knew enjoyed ironic and understated jests of the kind.*

*"No, but you're already aware of tha, my dear. On the other hand, however, I think he is absolutely perfect for you."*

*Inika's lip curled dismissively, though the insincerity of the expression was not fooling the older lady and her reproving smile let the younger woman know it.*

*"Not in his current form, of course," Marjori went on, preparing to deliver the speech that would change the young Indian woman's life forever and take her into a dark world of sex and dominance that, once experienced, she would be unable to leave.*

*"But, if you take my advice and use my bequest to you wisely, I think he is just the kind of raw material you can train to make your life even more fulfilling than the one you envied between myself and my husband."*

*She stopped a moment to ease her dry throat with some water.*

*Then:*

*"Even better for you will be the absence of the love I had for my husband – even if it was necessary to take a firm hand with him at certain times. He has, as you know, many admirable traits completely absent in the make-up of my nephew. A certain strength of character prime among them. And it is this absence of strength in Gavin that will bring him to your heel all the more speedily."*

*Inika's sexually greedy eyes asked:*

*"Really?"*

*"He has, I have detected, though he has yet to meet the woman capable of utilising it, a certain latent submissive trait that will certainly help you place your collar about his neck…"*

…The young Indian woman recalled how she had all but swooned at the imagery evoked by her ailing mentor's descriptive words and how her senses thrilled with even greater longing when Marjorie Fairfax finished…

*"…With men of his kind, it takes no more than perseverance and the will to be unbending to have his head beneath your heel. Think about it, Inika. You will have it all and he will have nothing if he decides to ignore my last wishes and live somewhere other than ere with you. Allow him to write by all means. Indulge his fantasy. To begin with. At least until it becomes obvious – which I assure you will be very soon – that he has neither the discipline nor the talent to find success with what passes as his work.*

*"Then you can insist he begins to earn your keeping of him. Keeping it in mind, of course, that the terms of my will ensure it is your right to have him removed from the house if you consider his behaviour less than… pleasing.*

*"It is, my dear, no less than a form of indenture – his to you – and the closest I can come to such an arrangement in this modern-day without running foul*

*of the law. And do not doubt for a moment that my weak and self-entitled nephew – though he may resist at first – will eventually bend his neck to the relationship you have in mind with him.*

*"His nature, my love, though he has denied it to himself through the usual masculine antics in which other, less clearsighted – women have indulged him, is to follow. Believe me, when he realises there is no give in you and that his only course if he wishes to know the security of YOUR roof is do as you say, he will be yours to govern as you please – even if that governance is of a type that is necessarily cruel to be kind.*

*"Trust me, my lovely Inika, my nephew has a temperament more akin to that of a dog than a man and the more you beat him the more he will slather at your feet for your approval…"*

…Simply recalling her much-loved and revered employer's words, Inika felt the all too familiar and moist onset of need between her thighs and with a sigh of longing returned to the latest novel of the female-led erotica she had swiftly become addicted to after the death of her benefactress.
Her thoughts transposing her own name and physical presence for that of the heroine's and that of Gavin Fleetcroft's for that of the male… *victim*…

*…He stood before her as she sat calm and collected in what she now referred to as her "Throne". The relief he felt to be out of the cage – both cages in fact – was tempered by the fact he was naked still and posed in front of her as she held onto a lead she had attached to his collar.*

*It was a lead of the kind used for dogs to give them plenty of leeway before their owner pressed a button and it reeled them back in. A facility she had taken advantage of to allow him – insist – he walk back and forth the length of the cellar to exercise his cramped muscles while she held the lead – almost as if she were lunging a horse. A walk he made with some difficulty, given the shuffling steps predicated by the hobbles she had attached to his ankles; hobbles that linked each leg with a chain while another chain between his*

*legs was attached to another chain at his waist which, in turn, ran upwards behind his back to clip onto a similar arrangement confining his hands and arms.*

*The humiliation he had felt to be paraded in such a way before a woman who was, legally, still his wife was immense, but even that faded a little when her hands went to his imprisoned genitals to dial in the combination unlocking the two tiny padlocks and remove the cage from his penis – though the ring surrounding his scrotum remained in place.*

*Surprisingly, or perhaps not so much, given the way she hosed him down with, thankfully, warm water each evening as he sat stoically in his cell and allowed the inevitable, he was aware of no offensive smell emanating from his privates; which is not to say he would have cared if it had, overpowering was the sense of freedom and release when his manhood – or at least a part of it – was freed.*

*"Does my good boy like having his little willy come out to play?" she had asked demeaningly, standing directly in front of him in the same clothes she had worn to work and handling his scrotum while rolling the testicles between her fingers. Just as if, in fact, they were family jewels she both owned and could dispose of as she wished.*

*"Yes, Ms Inika," he answered instantly, not wanting his freedom cut short and, after two weeks without release, praying for something more than just the play of free-air around his cock.*

*"And?" she inquired expectantly, face hardening a little.*

*"Th-Thank you, Ms Inika," he added.*

*"Good boy!" she praised, "But don't forget again. You know how much Ms Inika likes to hear your appreciation of her kindness."*

*"Sorry, Ms Inika," he answered without a beat, marvelling at how low she had taken him, and without, it seemed, having worked too hard to do it. "I won't forget again."*

*She nodded understandingly, "Very well, we'll let it pass this once. I realise there are a lot of new rules for you to learn and I'm quite pleased with your progress after such a relatively short space of time. But you did forget something else didn't you?"*
*Aware that the slightest infringement could not only result in his cock being imprisoned before it could find its release but that his deranged wife might be tempted to use the remote-control should she be sufficiently pissed-off with him, he thought furiously as to what offence he might have caused.*

*"How did I tell you to speak in future?" she reminded him.*

*Light dawned, and with it came fresh humiliation as he recalled her instructions of the day before; but not enough humiliation for him to risk ruining his first taste of an admittedly straitened freedom in two weeks.*

*"Gavvy won't forget again, Ms Inika," he corrected himself in an obsequious voice he would once have found it, or the words it intoned, impossible to believe he could ever adopt.*

*Going on to add:*

*"Thank you, Ms Inika."*

*"I'm pleased with you, Gavvy. I know just how hard you find it to address me in so humble and childlike a fashion. But it really is the fastest way of drumming it into you that our relationship has changed and will never be the same again."*

*First freedom in two weeks or not, Gavin – "Gavvy" – Fleetcroft kept his expression neutral as all thoughts of the mayhem he would like to wreak upon the person of the bitch in front of him flashed behind his eyes.*

*And yet…*

*If he were so enraged by her treatment of him, why was the cock she had just released standing to attention as if he were a Private receiving a personal*

*inspection from a visiting Brigadier-General?*

*"You have been good though and, just as naughty boys are punished when they're bad, so should they be rewarded when their behaviour is more… pleasing."*

*Despite everything, his spirit soared.*

*The deprivations, solitude, and punishments of the past fortnight had – pretty much as she intended – left him desperate for any kind of distraction from his new and emasculating lot.*

*And what better distraction than sex?*

*Allowing his lead some slack but still retaining it in her hand, Inika Bendix seated herself on her throne and beckoned him closer; watching as his eyes flashed with eager expectation and knowing just what it was he was expecting.*

*"Stupid boy!" she thought.*

*"No, Gavvy," she told him, using the sole of her shoe placed upon his bare stomach to edge him back a pace or two from her. "Ms Inika is not going to put your little cockle in her mouth."*
*The downturn of his lips was enough to tell her she had gauged his "expectations" correctly.*

*"That is something never likely to happen again; though Ms Inika will be expecting you to please her lovely pussy with your tongue on a regular basis from now on."*

*The wince he tried to hide was nonetheless unmistakable.*

*"Yes, I know you have always refused to do this for her but I think we now have the correct motivation in place for you to have a rethink."*

*The horror for an act he had always professed to find distasteful – despite the*

*joy he took in receiving its male equivalent - was evident upon his face, despite valiant attempts on his part to keep his expression in plain and neutral mode.*

*All the more thrilling for her!*

*"But that is for later," she told him to his relief. "When Ms Inika has time enough to train her little boy to lap at her pussy in a suitably enthusiastic and deferential way."*

*Gavin Fleetcroft noted that, despite his reaction to what she described and his disappointment at being told a blowjob was off the table, his cock was no less urgent than when she had first released it; contenting his pride with the excuse it was no more than recent deprivation ensuring he reacted in such a way.*

*Lost for a moment in his thoughts, he came back to earth with a resounding and pleasing thud when he felt contact either side of his erection and the rasp of nylon against taut foreskin as her hosed feet began to manipulate his excitement; the smell of leather and perspiration wafting up to him from hose she had been wearing all that day to school.*

*"Oooh, does my little boy like Ms Inika's feet on his excited little cockle?"*

*He mouthed a "Yes, Ms Inika," knowing that his "little cockle" was at least average but in no mood or position to take her to task for her attempt to belittle him.*

*That, after all, was a boat that had long since left dry-dock.*

*Her feet removed themselves and he found himself staring down into a pair of stern – and quite mad, he thought - female eyes.*

*As a dog's intelligence quotient and ability to translate simple commands appears multiplied by the presence of food, so the possibility of an orgasm acted upon the senses of Gavin Fleetcroft*

*“I… I mean, Yes, Ms Inika. Gavvy likes her feet on his little cockle.”*

*Her smile returned instantly and so did her feet, taking the head of his angry looking cock between her hosed toes to flex and unflex, drawing a huge sigh that was at once delight and defeat from her lost and increasingly beaten husband-in-name-only.*

*“Good boy!” she told him, feeling the hose covering her agitated cunt begin to saturate with her own arousal. “But no more speaking now. Just concentrate on the wonderful sensation of Ms Inika’s beautiful sweaty feet around the cock she now owns.”*

*He shuddered with inexplicable lust and desire at words and actions that were completely alien to the meat-and-potatoes love life they had known prior to her caging of him.*

*He would not, she thought, last too long before he spent himself all over her toes, so uncharacteristically out-of-control had he become.*

*Which was when, the thought no sooner flashed through her thoughts, that the husband she was in the process of conditioning, domesticating, and thoroughly enslaving, gave one last massive convulsion and delivered his semen towards the cellar ceiling in a gusher that seemed intent on competing with anything the oil-fields of Texas could produce.*

*As the last of his cum left his cock and dribbled over her hose, she allowed him to sink to his knees upon the cellar floor, her thoughts towards him at that moment of the fond variety.*

*In fact, she didn’t think, at that moment, that she had ever lover her husband more.*

*Which did not mean she would allow him to forgo his last chore before his cock was locked in its cage once again and he was returned to his captivity.*

*Worn all day or not, her hose was now covered in cum and that would simply not do.*

*And, as he had put it there, he would be the one cleaning it off.*

*How?*

*Well, he had a tongue in his head, didn't he…?*

…It was a surprisingly refreshed, confident, and sexually anticipatory Inika Goswami who dressed herself the following morning for her appointment with the solicitor in Christchurch that was about to change her life…

# Scene Four

## *June 2019*

"Gavin," she called, seated behind the desk in what had been the favourite room of her benefactress and employer and had swiftly become her own.

Swivelling from the desk itself to the large and wall-to-wall bay windows that dominated the room she could see the sea shimmering in the spring sun as it made its way ver the bay to the Isle of Wight. To her right, could be seen the famous ruin of Corfe Castle and beyond it the ridge leading to the Old

Harry Rocks and the spectacular vistas over Poole Harbour and Swanage. The holiday season had also arrived with the spring sunshine and from time-to-time the whistle of the steam train on the Swanage railway as it carried sightseers towards Nine Barrow Down.

It was about as far removed as a place could be from the Ahmedabad in which she had begun her life with Marjorie Fairfax and the loss of her place-of-birth from her day-to-day was of absolutely no concern to her.

And why would it be, she often questioned herself whenever her thoughts turned to the subject?

Her life had become, thanks to her late and much-missed employer, a fairy-tale.

From being a waif and stray without hope of a future, huddled in misery with other waifs in the same condition upon the dust-filled dirt-roads of Ahmedabad, she was now a woman of property and financial security.

Even if those two wonders came with responsibilities.

One of those responsibilities she was in the process of calling to her at that moment; relishing the prospect of infusing his handsome and once so superior towards her cheeks with the humiliation of unwilling service yet again.

Service to her, that is.

Once again, as she awaited his arrival, Inika allowed her thoughts to travel back over the past few months since her world had been turned on its head.

For the better.

She recalled his surliness at the beginning and his assertion that he would be staying only for as long as it took him to find a publisher for his latest work and begin reaping the rightful rewards due to a man of his gifts.

The fact his *"gifts"* had proved unsuccessful in attracting an agent, let alone a house willing to publish the results of them, not denting his delusions a tad – though her ultimatum, after insisting he show her his work up to now, had.

*"…Are you really telling me that after three months, during which I have continued to work about the house in exactly the same way as I had for your aunt – despite the fact her will ensured I am now the owner of her former home – that this… this… drivel… is all you have accomplished."*

*His face had coloured and she knew it was only the precariousness of his situation and his ever-present sense of self-preservation that kept him from making a verbal, perhaps even a physical, attack upon her.*

*"While I have worked, cleaned the house, your clothes, and cooked your meals, this… rubbish …is all you have to show me for my support of you?"*

*"It… It's all a matter of taste," he mounted a feeble attempt, cheeks reddened with the anger supplied him by the fact he needed to mount one at all. "Just because you don't it, it doesn't mean…"*

*She had picked up a sheaf of letters from the tray resting next to his laptop in his aunt's former study she, Inika, had made available to him that he might write in comfort and privacy.*

*"And I suppose it is just a matter of taste for these agents and publishers who either rejected you after reading a page or so or simply returned you work unopened?" she had blazed, allowing him to see her heat for the first time and give him some idea of just how fragile as his current and financial domestic security.*

*"To think," she blazed on, "that I have even been giving you pocket-money that you might take yourself to the local pub to relax with a drink or two after your, so-called, efforts."*

*"Now just a second here, Inika," he began, bridling as much at the 'pocket-money' crack as he had at her low opinion of his literary talent.*

*“No!” she cut in. “Your aunt warned me of this and told me exactly how I should deal with you when your true nature reared its ugly head.”*

*“My true…?” he had looked at her with open-mouth.*

*“I am not the ex-wife you treated so disgustingly and I will not be disrespected by someone who lives upon my generosity in my own home,” she told him.*

*“Your genero…?”*

*“You may consider your writing privileges withdrawn as of this moment,” she steamrollered over him, oblivious to the imminent explosion of fury she could see brewing. As of this moment, and just as your late-aunt intended, you are going to earn your keep in the house under my supervision.”*

*Stunned, fury and outrage momentarily back-doored, he could only stare at her as if he were either dreaming or she had gone out of her mind.*

*“And,” she had gone further, “if such an arrangement is not to your liking, you can have the train-fare your aunt’s will obliges me to provide you, pack your things, and leave this instant…”*

…Back in the present, Inika Goswami smiled at the memory and just how far she had taken him since.

Yes, she had provided him with the required train-fare – all two-hundred-pounds of it; and yes, he had packed and left.

Only to return two days later with a firmer grip on what was likely to be his reality in the world beyond *her* home should he not be allowed to return to it.

The consequences she insisted were attendant upon his re-entry even more shocking to him than her sudden transformation from obliging serving-girl who knew her place – despite her sudden elevation – to non-nonsense and commanding mistress of the house who would tolerate no disrespect.

Also, and just as his aunt had assured her, the lack of female attention and the sexual interludes he had grown so used to absent, he had begun to look upon her with more than a passing interest.

Barely six months on from his arrival, the once so cocksure Gavin Fleetcroft was living in the basement to which she added some Spartan living facilities to go with the utilities he used to keep *her* home and clothing pristine, fresh and sparkling.

And he was also paying far more attention to the Indian woman who held his fate in her hands.

And especially now she was wearing Western fashions almost exclusively and he had developed a passion for the sight of her legs in hose and her shapely feet in heels.

A passion she had decided to take further this very afternoon.

“Did you call, Inika?” he asked, appearing in the doorway to what was now her study, face as always these days reddened at the cheeks for working for her as he did and having her summon him in such a… *haughty* …way.

Her beloved benefactress, Inika thought, had truly gauged his weak nature correctly.

And she would have to do something soon about having him address her with such familiarity.

That, however, was something that could wait, she decided.

For now, she wanted to take his growing appreciation of her hosed lags and feet to new levels and ensure that appreciation was kept foremost in his mind.

“I did Gavin,” she told him. “As you know, I have just come back from the shops at Poole and I am tired.”

His expression was so obvious he may just as well have expressed it aloud:

"*So fucking what?"*

"My feet are tired," she told him with a dash of expectation.

His expression changed to:

*"So?"*

She was unfazed.

"So," she told him, "I would like it if, as I sit at the desk and take care of these household accounts…"

The air in the room became charged suddenly as she paused before delivering a request she knew he must find debasing and he began to guess at what exactly it was she had in mind.

"…if you slip off my shoes give me a nice foot-rub."

His eyes went wide and dropped to the space underneath her desk where he could see one hosed foot crossed over the other and recalled how he had polished those same spiked heels not days before in the kitchen; cheeks reddening as he remembered her praise for having made such a fine job of them.

Reddening still further when he recalled how he had masturbated that evening to the feel of them in his hands and the earthy smell of residual foot odor wafting up towards his nostrils.

The fact he had been able to smell her odor so clearly being attributable to the fact he had, from time to frequent time during their cleaning, fetched them up to his shamed face that he might experience it at closer quarters; even as mortified thoughts berated him:

*"What in the name of fuck is happening to you?"*

He had been about to baulk at her request, eyes all but fixed upon the feet in question as they reposed beneath the desk, when, inexplicable and quite contrary to what he had intended to both do and say, he actually smiled:

“Of course, Inika. I know how shopping can take it out of you.”

Not showing her excitement and the rush of exultant triumph that he could react in such an abject wat to a request so debasing to his manhood, Inika Goswami simply returned his smile and returned to her perusal of the accounts while squeezing her thighs tighter to delay the sense of oncoming crisis inspired by her control of him.

Leaving him in a dilemma as his cock reacted in the most unmanly fashion once again and showed its pleasure for his being treated in such a way by straining against the, thankfully, concealing fabric of his denims.

She looked up questioningly at his cough.
“Hmm, how should I go about it?” he asked, able to make only the most fleeting eye-contact with her.

“Oh, yes. Of course,” she began, still smiling as if they were discussing nothing more important than him fetching her a cup of coffee. “If you could just kneel down under the desk as you massage them I can continue with my work.”

Which was when she did just that; ignoring him as she pretended to busy herself with the documents before her; treating her request of him as if it were no more than something any employer would ask of a man in their employ.

Gavin Fleetcroft had no idea how long he stood before her, gazing down at the feet he was intended to serve and for which he had developed, along with the rest of her femininity that would have one-time been of no interest to him and was now, but he recalled the start he gave when her hated voice intruded upon his thoughts once again:

“What are you waiting for?”

It was then, without consciously being aware of willing it, that he took a step forward, lowered himself to his knees, and took her uppermost foot between his hands to remove its shoe.

And not seconds later that his eyes were transfixed upon her hosed foot as his fingers squeezed and kneaded to the sighs of appreciation coming from above as he tried to take in her scent as fully as he could without her being aware of it.

As she felt his breath upon her toes despite his caution, Inika Goswami again fought back the urge to orgasm.

Successfully.

What she did not try to fight, however, was her acknowledgement of the wisdom possessed by her late benefactress and the gift she had made to her of not only her property and her wealth, but for having placed the man at her feet in her power in a way that, with every passing day, was becoming more total and more irrevocable.

For him!

# Scene Five

## *September 2019*

“Take off your clothes and go up to my bedroom,” was all she needed to say as Fleetcroft stood before her in the basement, having just risen from his knees where he had again been polishing the shoes belonging to her that were fast multiplying and were a luxury she did not deny herself, despite her natural parsimony and thriftiness with the wealth his aunt had been good enough to place in her hands.

It was chore that, as his obsession with his *“Malkin”* grew, so grew his pleasure in performing it.

Rather than wait and watch him strip – as much as she enjoyed his shame as the still well-kept middle-aged body was revealed to her; Inika took herself off to the study and dealt with some matters concerning household finances before taking the stairs to the bedroom herself.

She enjoyed the power of making him wait and knew his thoughts would be working overtime.

Could it be that she had been pleased enough with his service and obedience to her to allow his cock from the restraint into which her tiny hands had place it that he might please himself?

Her smile as she turned the handle to what had once been his aunt’s bedroom promised it would be that and more had he been in a position to see it.

He was standing by the foot of the bed, hands clasped behind his back in the respectful way he knew she preferred, eyes downcast until told otherwise.

Once again, and with absolutely no intention of insulting the memory of his aunt, Inika asked herself how she had ever contemplated living such a dull life in those times before her nephew had been virtually indentured to her by the terms of the will old Mr Percival had read out with such seeming relish.

And once again her most sincere and loving thanks went out to the woman whose love and generosity had made it all possible.

“I have been pleased by you,” she told him in a haughty and authoritative voice that would have been unthinkable to her not so long before, the knowledge she had overmastered his senses to go along with the economic and domestic mastery of him supplied her by the contents of his aunt’s will

enflaming her own senses to a degree that was at least a match for the desire she saw directed back at her.

Probably more.

“Th-Thank you, M-Malkin,” came his faltering voice, throat choked with emotion and anticipation as he prayed what he thought was about to happen actually would.

His prayers were about to be answered.

And in a way even he had not anticipated.

She sat on the bed, spread her bare brown legs wide, and ordered him to: *“Adopt the position”*.

He did not require telling twice and was soon standing between her smooth and powerful thighs as her hand reached between his own legs to cup his be-ringed scrotum in her hand and gauge the weight of his pent-up and denied desire.

“Do you think your behaviour has been good enough to warrant the release of your little cock?” she asked, fully realising that he knew as well as she that his cock was far from little; even if it was crammed somewhat uncomfortably in the metal confines of its restrainer as his aforementioned.

“I… I’ve tried my best, Malkin,” he answered, unable to meet her eyes and let her see the desire for her in them; the same desire that shamed him even as a previously unsuspected perversity fanned its flames.

Without replying, relishing her control of this older and more physically powerful man, Inika simply released the clasp holding her bible-black hair and stared up into his eyes with the insolence of her new power as it cascaded out from its imprisonment and fell to the white cotton short covering her shoulders as he looked on pleadingly and let out a quiet moan.

Not speaking – in truth, her own desire was all but speech depriving and she did not wish to allow him the satisfaction of knowing her own need was as great as his - she undid the buttons of her shirt and slipped it from her smooth and unblemished brown shoulders to yet another gasp from her English thrall.

As he looked on, recalling the last time she had shed her upper clothing in

such a way, the same occasion upon which she had ordered him, to his horror, to bathe her armpits with his tongue if he ever wished his cock to come out of its confinement again; she reached around and unclasped her bra, freeing her taut yet full breasts, nipples, along with her vocal chords, in a condition of some agitation.

Standing and not once taking her eyes from those of his which seemed fixated upon her breasts, Inika reached down and unzipped her skirt.

She had gone without panties for precisely this moment, knowing the effect her bare and depilated pussy would have upon him when he saw it for the first time.

His reaction was not a disappointment and it struck her as amusing and wholly just that this handsome man who, according to her aunt, had bedded many women far more beautiful and less plain than her should be close to salivating at the prospect of a young Indian woman's pussy that had, until this point, been penetrated by only her own fingers and the handle of various hairbrushes.

The latter thought made her blush as she realised the gap in experience between them and she steeled herself to pay it no mind.

He was the captive here, after all.

It would be he who danced to her tune.

What greater experience he possessed when it came to sex was neutralised and overridden by the power she possessed over him and the new and unaccountable obsession for her implanted in him since he had bent the knee to her decision his cock needed to be restrained.

And that she be his keyholder.

Inika could smell her own arousal already and knew that if she could then so could he.

Suddenly, without warning and much to her astonished delight, he dropped to his knees before her and stared at her cunt as if it were the lost treasure of the Incas.

"Do you like the superior Indian pussy of your young Malkin?" she asked,

throat thick with her own desire and the triumph of having reduced this man to such a condition of need for her.

“Y-Yes,” he responded in a voice so sibilant with arousal of his own she had to strain to hear it. “It… It’s beautiful.”

“That is my good respectful boy,” she told him, the pussy before his hungry eyes almost overflowing with sexual anticipation as she spoke to him in such a demeaning way, voice becoming a little stronger for being used but still feeling thick with the restriction of soon to be satisfied lust.

“And would my good respectful boy like his young Indian Malkin to take the key from the chain at her ankle and allow his little English cock a respite from its captivity?”

He could do nothing more than nod his acquiescence, so rapt was he in the sensory overload he felt as he knelt, servile and needy, between her thighs. Somehow, her perfect English that was contradicted by the heavy north Indian accent of her birth seemed to enflame his already heated need and he suddenly began to take in her scent through his nose. The humiliation and distaste he had felt when she’d forced him to bathe her armpits with his tongue, after a domestic infringement of her many exacting rules, now entirely absent and replaced only by the most unmanly need to… *serve*.

It had been almost nine months since the reading of his aunt’s will and the demand that, if he wished to know the security of her home and wealth, he submit himself to the supervision of her young housekeeper. Nine months of gradual and humiliating concessions on his part that had been forced with a mixture of carrot and stick. Carrot and pocket money for the local pub if he did exactly as Inika ordered; stick and the threat of being asked to leave with nothing but the belongings and a train fare to the destination of his choice if he took that option.

Gradual and humiliating concessions that had removed him from his initial and allowed – under her supervision - attempts to kick-start the writing career that had been a non-starter in the first place, and led to the insistence on her part that he begin to share the chores necessary to maintain the home left to her by his aunt.

A home, moreover, that would be turned over to charity should anything happen to her either by way of sickness or… *accident*.

Of course, the sharing of those chores soon became a matter of him completing them and her supervising him as he went about them.

Chores that were soon extended to include more than just those of a domestic variety until it was obvious he was nothing more than her chattel.

“You may taste your Malkin for a few seconds,” her throaty voice told him from above. “And then, if your cock performs to my satisfaction after I have removed its cage, I will allow you the honour of bathing it back to a pristine condition with your tongue.”

Engorged cock straining agonisingly against the bars of its prison as it attempted to realise its arousal, Gavin Fleetcroft thought he had misheard:

Was she talking about making use of his cock?

And in *that* way?

It was a few minutes later, after she allowed him to sweep her labia with the flat of her tongue in a way she found respectful, that he was ordered to his feet and her tiny but deft hands retrieved the key from her ankle bracelet and gave his pained but still aroused cock its freedom.

“Good boy,” she praised as he obeyed her and lay upon the carpet at her feet on his back. “You are going to make a most diligent pussy worshipper for you Malkin.”

He stared up, almost mesmerised as the young woman he would once not given a second look planted her prematurely matronly legs to either side of his waist; his cock, finally free to express his desire, rose up with a power and vigour all the more impressive for having been restrained for so long.

Power and vigour which went off the dial as Inika slowly lowered herself to inser the head of his pylon-hard cock into the wet entrance of her pussy and allow it feel itself penetrated by a penis for the very first time.

Her gasped of utter joy was not diluted any by the knowledge that the creature being used to do the penetrating belonged to her in ways more final than any of those slaves from the dark days of her own land when such a

thing was not only legal but encouraged.

When she had about four inches of his manhood inside her, she stopped to let herself adjust and realised that, though this was her first time with a cock, it was her chattel who was panting as if he were a woman giving birth. Then, when he began lifting his hips that he might penetrate her more fully, she allowed it and thrilled to the sound of the balls that were overloaded with the cream of his denial slapping back down against the carpet as she increased her own pace to meet his insertion yet remaining in full control of the whole process as she did so.

Never until now had she felt such pure sexual pleasure and, in recognising it, recognised also that it would prove vastly less satisfying were it not for the power she wielded over the man she was using.

When Fleetcroft started rotating and lifting his hips, Inika began a slow sawing rhythm as she felt a gush of lubrication bathe the cock he was attempting to piston into her; eventually increasing the pace and intensity of her downward thrusts to meet those coming up at her.

The sweat induced by her first penetration was pouring from her and the delightful prospect of ordering her slave to lick her clean with his tongue.

After, that is, his tongue cleaned her pussy of something more substantial than mere perspiration.

With dire warnings about what would happen if he came before her, she kept him to a steady and exhilarating pace for almost 15 minutes and through three more orgasms as he thrust, supine and obedient, beneath her. She was in a state of utter sexual bliss she had never experienced before and was loath to end the experience just yet when he took the decision from her hands. With a groan-cum-scream that seemed to her ears and equal mix of euphoria and agony, he exploded into her near sated pussy so explosively she felt his cream hit the back of her cervix and thanked the lord for his aunt’s suggestion she take birth-control.

So delighted with the experience was she, Inika even forgot her intent to punish him should he come without her permission.

Then again, she had a chore for his tongue she felt sure would mix pleasure

and punishment together in one fell swoop.

Later, when he all but gagged upon the taste of his own semen, freshly deposited in his Malkin's pussy – and before she returned his cock to its confinement – Inika noted with pleasure that for all his obvious distaste his cock did not share the same sentiment.

Before she sent him for the ice-bucket to cool his ardour and return him to the dimensions necessary for his ongoing genital captivity, she assured herself that if providing her a service of such a demeaning kind could not dent his new and perverse lust for her – no matter how much he hated both it and her – then there was absolutely no danger of any meaningful rebellion against her authority in the time to come.

He was her property now.

And she fully intended he would stay that way.

# Epilogue

## *June 2020*

Almost a year and a half on from when his aunt had passed away and he had first come to stay in the home she had placed in another's ownership, Gavin Fleetcroft was, apart from the physical, almost unrecognisable from the man who had arrived with the intention of holding sway over the young and, he considered, none too bright Indian girl his aunt had favoured ahead of him.

The idea he had once entertained of seducing the woman and perhaps marrying the property and wealth that should have been his by right of blood and denied him by what he had seen at the time as his aunt's vindictiveness, had long passed and he now existed in a condition of domestic and sexual service to that same young Indian woman.

The former housekeeper whose confidence in her ability to mange him had grown with every backward step her legal and economic clout in his regard ensured she forced from him.

Backward steps and a growing fixation with her body that had only served to make her more unbending and autocratic towards her handsome senior and had ensured she became even more despotic towards him.

Autocratic and despotic enough, anyway, to insist she be allowed to place his jewels in restrainer and cage after she had contrived to catch im masturbating over a pair of her soiled panties.

Discovery made after she had crept down to his basement quarters one evening and found him with the garment to his nose and inhaling her scent, his free hand manipulated his cock as she stood silent until he had brought himself to an explosion at her expense.

Her feigned shock and anger afterwards – together with her insistence he would be forced to leave and not return if he did not wear a device preventing

such behaviour in the future – ensuring she was soon in possession not only of an indentured servant becoming obsessed with her body and its scents but a bondsman who was in chastity and dependent for any relief upon the young Indian woman who wore the key to his genital captivity securely attached to the thin chain encircling a matronly but shapely ankle.

The device had, for reasons which only served to make her even more contemptuous of him, made him even more her thrall and had seen his obedience increase almost exponentially; becoming yet another means by which she could torment him and, in the process, satisfy her own and newly discovered sexual sadism.

A discovery that supplied her with no greater joy than when he spent time between her legs using his tongue to worship either demanding pussy or equally ravenous arse.

And for no more than a tenuous promise that she might release him from his chastity and wrap her hosed feet about his thrusting cock that he might at least feel partly a man once more.

But her newly acquired confidence did not end there.

As her beloved benefactress had assured her, he was not only a frog in a prince's clothing, but a fawning dog who licked the feet kicking him into submission.

And not only licked them but sniffed the hose in which they had spent the day as did so, an act of obeisance that never failed to make Inika's lip curl with contemptuous joy as she gazed down upon him.

*"Who said it was impossible to teach old dogs new tricks?"*

But it was her confidence in social situations that had been the biggest beneficiary of her ongoing ownership of him.

The once reclusive and shy girl was now hosting regular coffee-mornings for the women of the Temple she had begun attending when it had seemed to her

ungrateful not to give thanks to *"The One"*, the nebulous and indefinable figurehead of her Hinduism after having finally been blessed with so much personal good fortune.

It must go without saying how wholly fitting these worthy and devout women found it to witness a handsome Englishman of Gavin Fleetcroft's years dance fawning utterly obedient attention upon one of their sisters – even if the kind of attention he most desired, and was sometimes demanded of him by his Malkin, was kept wisely and circumspectly from their sight.

It was a newly minted social confidence that went a long way towards her excitement on this particular lunchtime in early summer as she awaited the arrival of a *very* special guest.

"I want you to be on your very best behaviour for our guest," she warned him as she inspected the servant's uniform she had chosen for him, pleased that her decision to oversee his diet ensured he looked trim and neat in the close-fitting ensemble of black trousers, black shirt, black waistcoat and shoes that left no doubt – along with his presence living in her basement - as to his status in her home.

"Yes, Malkin," he answered, some residual shame making him wince as a memory of his former life played at the back of his eyes.

"Disappoint me, Gavin, and you can rest assured it will not be until next summer at the earliest that your little cock is allowed out for some of your Malkin's attention again."

"I understand, Malkin, and will not let you down," he told her, despite the fact he hated being seen in his role as her flunky.

"Let us hope that you don't," she warned him, not at all convinced that he could show the deference she demanded of him. "Now, how does your Malkin look?" she asked, knowing the answer ahead of time.

It being, after all, the one answer he would feel safe to make.

“As stylish and ladylike as ever,” he lied, cock attempting to harden yet again in its cage s he envisage kneeling before her and using his tongue to supply her subcontinent pussy the pleasure it now expected from him as an unquestioned right.

“Thank you,” she said. “Now, before our guest arrives you may show your Malkin the respect she deserves in the way she has taught you.”

There was no hesitation on his part as he immediately dropped to his knees, clasped his hands behind his back, and bent forward at the waist until his lips made contact with the shiny toecap of the shoes he himself had shined not one hour before.

Rising to his feet only after repeating the act of obeisance with her other foot and receiving her permission to do so.

“Good boy!” she gave demeaning praise as the sound of a car coming to rest on the drive fetched a smile to the plump lips he had once derided and now wished only to kiss.

“Open the door and help our guest with her cases.”

Hating what was to come and having his servant-status proclaimed to strangers, his hand went to the door-handle.

And was halted in his tracks.

“Remember,” his Malkin reminded him, “your very best behaviour.”

“Yes, Malkin,” he agreed as he opened the door and made his way out to the soft-top Jag in British racing-green and the back-view of the attractive looking woman with slender and shapely legs who had just stepped from it.

“Good afternoon, Ma’am,” he said in his most deferential voice, forcing himself through it just as he had been taught. “The Malkin is inside and anxious to see you.”

It was only as she turned that he sensed a certain familiarity in the short page-boy cut hair and the well-kept figure.

Until she faced him fully and familiarity became full-fledged recognition.

“My, Gavin, don’t you look fetching in your nice servant’s uniform,” observed a smiling and mocking Kristina.

Warnings of good behaviour or not, Gavin Fleetcroft fell to his knees upon the gravel of the drive and emptied the contents of his stomach beside the feet of his former wife as she laughed above him…

# The End