Between a Rock and a Hard-Face

He had no choice but to…
SUBMIT

By
Elliot Freund

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Prologue

"It is most… *unusual*, Julianne" Rena told her new friend of no more than a month past in her flawless, if slightly accented, English.

The two ladies taking their ease, this as they sat around a white ceramic topped table beneath a large and integral umbrella providing shade from the post-meridian rays of an Indian sun, could not have been more different.

At least physically.

The hostess was a guest to the country while the visitor to her home was a native of that same land. A visitor who epitomised the more affluent women indigenous to the region with smooth brown skin and hair so dark it appeared almost blue. This as it fell from an elfin face belying her forty-one years and continued on past her perfectly formed shoulders.

The other, the aforementioned hostess and occasional visitor to the land of her husband's birth, creamy of complexion with blonde hair and a cold if physically striking face that, while in no way *"elfin"*, could certainly be said to make a fine match with the matronly if curvaceous body below.

"How so?" asked the American woman, a somewhat no-nonsense voice matching looks that would not have been out of place on a Henry James governess or a forbidding nanny from some Victorian pot-boiler – even if the example under discussion did contain a certain… *sexuality*… of body to offset the sharp and somewhat predatory features at its crown.

Between the two there was a difference of but a year in age, though one would certainly have described the Indian woman on the right side of the age difference as looking younger still, while the aforementioned *forbidding* quality informing the white woman's features did not help her cause in this regard.

In the unlikely event anything beyond colour and looks were needed to differentiate them, then the fact one was dressed in the cool and expensive, thin almost to transparency, Saris of her homeland, while the other wore a plain pastel pink dress and heels that revealed plenty of her lightly tanned and powerful legs, would have provided more than ample evidence.

"That you have a manservant of such a kind in this day and age is – and you must believe me when I say I am not criticising in any way; quite the opposite in fact – is remarkable in itself. It is also all the more remarkable when the servant in question is a man from your own country."

"Not *that* remarkable, Rena, surely," the American woman with the surname of *'Prakash'* parried, though there was something in her expression that betrayed the pleasure she took from having something connected with her described in such terms. "You yourself employ servants and domestics, after all. And the lines between the classes – or castes, as used to be the case here – appears to me even more marked."

“That is correct, Julianne. The old ways may well have been proscribed but there are many – my husband and I amongst them – who refuse to let them die completely. As you cannot fail to know, given our close proximity, my husband and I own a large home with grounds and, as well as enjoying being waited upon, we both prefer being attended to with respect and deference. My husband, in fact, is quite the martinet upon the subject.”

She hesitated, unsure if what she was about to say would cause offence.

“But…”

Again there was that same hesitation and her hostess was prompted to urge her on.

“But…?” the woman now *‘Prakash’* and once *‘Dietrich’* asked.

Rena Gokhale considered this for a few moments then, as if reaching a decision:

“I sense that, though we have known each other but a short time, we have become friends as well as neighbours.”

The American woman’s half-smile was a knowing one, sensing as she did what was to come and welcoming the opportunity to… *share*.

“I am wrong in this?” Rena asked, unsure of that cryptic smile and what it might mean.

“Not at all, my dear Rena. I smile only because you are correct and because I sense many similarities between us.”

It was a different kind of smile that prefaced the American woman’s words as she added:

“Like me, I get the impression you would enjoy control.”

A wistful expression clouded the elfin and Indian features opposite as those of a harder and American provenance finished:

“Especially over men and should, of course, that you ever get to experience it.”

“It… It is that obvious?”

Julianne Prakash nodded, smile encouraging now and having the desired effect.

“It… It is not something I have ever shared with another living being – and certainly not my ultra-traditional husband… But…”

“Go on, my dear,” Julianne urged when her friend hesitated, pausing to wet suddenly dry lips with the Mojito only just delivered to them by the older woman’s manservant. The same American factotum whose presence had triggered this very conversation. “Nothing you say to me will *ever* be repeated.”

Rena Gokhale, formerly *"Devi"*, looked relieved, and even more so when her American friend and neighbour added:

"Given my own… *tastes*… in such matters, I'm hardly likely to think badly of you should by some happy coincidence it turns out you share them."

Nodding, Rena sipped at her Mojito thoughtfully and it was left to Julianne to provide the boldness of thought and speech required to open the floodgates so badly in need of release.

Something she was more than happy to do in her snappy and no-nonsense accent that had lost little of its Brooklyn roots – this despite her having moved to the West coast over a decade ago to be with the man who had been her intended at the time; even if she remained insecure enough in respect of her roots to add a veneer of sophisticated articulation to her speech patterns in the presence of more… *high-tone*… company.

That intended had soon found richer and more comely pickings tanning on the sand outside his Laguna Beach apartment and soon moved her on – even if she enjoyed the California lifestyle enough not to make the return trip east.

And even if it did solidify her in those tastes in regard of men that were already a little… *strange*.

Just the same, and traitorous fiance or not, when she looked around her and gave some thought to the beautiful home she now had back in Los Angeles and the pride she took in how far she had come from her secretarial days, Julianne found it hard to think bad thoughts of the bastard who jilted her.

When it came down to it, how many legal-secretaries from Brooklyn could boast an eight-berth yacht moored at Marina Del Rey to go with a home in Northridge and a winter residence in a particularly upmarket area of Bangalore?

Had the self-serving asshole not replaced her, after all, she would not have met Rahul.

And had that not happened then *none* of this would have been possible either.

Returning to earth, she picked up her thread and continued:

"Trust me, my dear," she said with a reassuring smile, "you have not experienced sexual release until you've received some serious tongue-worship from a man you have literally commanded to perform it after having trained his tongue to please you in a manner of your own choosing."

As she prepared to enlarge upon her theme, Julianne could see her Indian friend sucking oxygen into her lungs and knew some more was about join it:

"A man who finds himself terrified of the consequences should his efforts at your pussy not be found… *pleasing*… and puts his heart and soul into his work – even as he hates to do so."

A gasp escaped the full and sensuous lips of the slightly younger Indian woman who - though certainly no prude and with no cause for complaint in respect of either Mr Gokhale's length, girth or stamina – had, nonetheless, long fantasised of just that experience her friend and neighbour had described for her with an unmistakable pleasure of her own – even if there were certain aspects of her words she found a little baffling at this point.

Why would a man allow himself to be trained to something he hates, after all?

"Does such a prospect appeal to you, my love?" Julianne inquired, knowing, like the efficient legal-secretary she had once been, that no attorney worth that profession's ruinous fees would ever consent to ask a question to which he or she did not know the answer beforehand.

An approach that did not prove the cliché wrong on this occasion either.

"It… It is something I have long dreamed of, Julianne," she answered in hushed tones, despite the fact they were quite alone on the verandah and the spacious grounds were completely devoid of people likely to overhear. "To have such a beast dependent upon my whims in such a way that I could command respect from it in such a way has long been one of my most favourite nightly daydreams…"

Still unsure of herself but too excited to have finally found a kindred on the subject to stop, Rena added:

"If you take my meaning?"

"In its entirety my love," Julianne assured her, thoughts voicing approval for the way her neighbour and new friend had used the indefinite article to describe the flunkey of whom she had long dreamed. "Believe me, to finally exercise such control over the *'beast'*, as you so accurately describe the inferior gender, is to realise just how little one has known of true sexual pleasure before the happy event. For me, there is no greater pleasure than to have a man completely dependent and unable to refuse the most demeaning demand made of him."

A thoughtful look crossed her cold and angular features, sculpted nose scimitar like as it curved down and out, and Rena sensed she was assessing whether or not to say what she had in mind and asking herself if it might not be too… *full on*… at this stage.

"Would it surprise you to discover, Rena," she began, decision reached, "that it is not only my cunt in receipt of homage from a male tongue?"

"I… I am not sure I understand," offered a somewhat lost Rena, for whom, and despite her fantasies, this was new ground in the process of being broken.

"The pussy," Julianne said with a nasty smile and a nod past and below her shoulder, "is not the only orifice the male should find his tongue attending on a regular basis."

Again, Rena's jaw descended towards the hardened nipples at her chest, disbelief and perverse desire drawing the two towards each other:

“Surely…? You do not mean?”

Julianne was already nodding, enjoying her role as… *mentor*… immensely.

“There is something incredibly empowering to know one can command such total obedience over a man that he will overcome all male-pride and… *moral*… objections simply to fulfil a desire on the part of his owner… Even to drink her bodily wastes should she so direct him.”

“Julianne, I…”

Rena broke off, unable to finish, breathing having become ragged by this point - the inability to take in much needed oxygen, caused by such a proposition, not helping her cause as Julianne finished:

“No matter how utterly demoralising to him the carrying out of that direction may be.”

The white American paused to survey the effect of her words upon the more conventionally attractive but less worldly wise Indian wife.

The words *“scandalised”* and *“aroused”* suggested themselves.

Along with, she could not but help confess to herself in regard of her own response…

“Absorbed”.

“I hope I have not offended you, Rena?” Julianne offered. “We can stop this conversation right now if…”

“No!” was the instant response, the animation sparkling in the eyes of the Indian wife too instant and intense to be anything other than genuine.

There was another pause as Rena attempted to fetch her erratic breathing under control, before:

“The events you are relating to me are the most exciting things I have heard in my life until now and… and… It is simply too wonderful to be able to hear and share in them…”

“…But,” Julianne prompted, supplying the opening of what she knew would be her next sentence and going on to add, “your husband is not the kind of man to ever consent to such subservience and regards men who do as less than… *masculine*.”

It had not been a question but a statement of fact, yet Rena Gokhale nodded an affirmative just the same.

Her disappointment for this inability on the part of her husband written so large across her youthful features as to have no need for neon to advertise it further.

“This may surprise you, my dear, but I agree with your husband.”

“You do?” genuine astonishment appeared on the feline and erotic features and Julianne nodded a confirmation before continuing.

“No *real* man could ever be forced to lower himself in such a way… And yet… I would wager your all-powerful husband has no problem asking you to kneel before him in order to wrap those beautiful full lips of yours around his needy cock.”

Again, it was not a question and, had one been required, the high colour transfusing the perfect brown skin of Rena’s cheeks would already have provided her outspoken and growingly intimate friend an answer.

“It’s something we have all suffered during our lives,” Julianne continued with a somewhat distasteful look as Rena waited, absorbed, in what she was saying.

Then:

“Personally, I’ve always been repulsed by the thought of one of the things entering my mouth and my Rahul certainly knows better than to ask me to do such a thing for him – even though he assures me he likes nothing better than a pair of warm and willing lips around what is, I confess, a most surprisingly and impressive cock.”

Rena’s perfect almond-eyes crinkled at the corners as her hostess made a somewhat cryptic addition:

“But then it is not always a wife who needs to be the one satisfying a husband’s desire.”

The puzzlement opposite the American woman only multiplied at this as she went on:

“And, in the case of my own husband, his desire to receive oral sex is one I allow him to satisfy only via the lips of another.”

Rena waited for her friend to explain the meaning of this, sure she could not saying what she thought her to be saying. Amazed that a woman as forceful and commanding as Julianne Prakash would ever consent and give her blessing for a husband to stray. Albeit a somewhat diminutive of stature and none too handsome example of the breed such as Rahul Prakash – even if he did possess an *“impressive cock”* of the kind she had described.

And even if it was for the kind of oral sex for which the woman opposite professed such a distaste.

No explanation was forthcoming, however, and when the American wife of a younger Indian man went on it was only to elaborate further on the subject of the male penis.

Together with the female mouth, of course.

“I suppose it all goes back to the issue of control, yet despite this I know lots of women who love nothing more than to have a hard and throbbing cock in their mouths from time to time.”

A lock of her blonde and page-boy cut blonde hair was twirled around a finger as she considered this, or would have been had the lock of hair itself not been so short as to make such an action impossible.

"In fact," she said, coming back to the present, "more than one of them has said they feel there's no better way of controlling their man than by making him obsessed with the feel of their warm and succulent lips as they work in tandem with a knowing tongue to vacuum the cum from his twitching balls…"

Flicking a glance at the Indian woman opposite and assured from her expression and erratic breathing that she had her *full* attention, Julianne Prakash finished:

"…Prior to swallowing it as if they had just been gifted the ambrosia of a Greek god."

She smiled at the Indian woman's embarrassment going went hand-in-hand with the aforementioned rapt attention that betrayed a desire to hear more.

"I suppose," she went on, "that so long as the cock in question is suitably grateful and knows who has control of it then no harm has been done… And by *'suitably grateful'* I mean long periods between his superior other's legs as he pays due and reverent attention to her glorious cunt by way of a thank-you."

As the c-word ate into the space between bold American lips and conventional yet aroused Indian ears, Rena's mouth sagged open.

"Julianne!" she gasped, a somewhat repressive childhood and only slightly less sheltered passage through her teenage years ensuring she was unused to hearing the frowned upon anatomical description used in conversation.

And certainly not in regard of forcing a manservant – for Rena was in little doubt that it was the handsome man who had just served them their Mojitos who was forced to spend long periods between the legs of his *'superior other'* – to perform this less than manly task.

The aforementioned anatomical description, she reminded herself, one she had *never* heard issue from the lips of another female.

"My apologies, Rena, I'm being too blunt and my language has offended you."

"No, no!" Rena said with raised hands, a little surprised that she was *not* offended in the slightest and was experiencing a completely opposite reaction. "Not at all. We are friends. And friends must feel free to… *be themselves*… with each other… But…"

A mildly relieved but unsurprised Julianne waited.

"It is just… just…"

Again the former Brooklyn girl finished her friend and neighbour's train of thought:

“It is just that you have kept these same thoughts in your head for so long it’s unnerving to hear them from the lips of someone else.”

Rena nodded, acknowledging her friend’s ability to read her thoughts.

Not to mention *excite* them.

“All I can say is that a servant who would do such a thing for his employer…”

Brown cheeks still suffused with rushing blood, Rena quickly caught herself:

“I mean in respect of him… you know… worshipping her, hmm, pussy and… and… *shit-chute*…”

She actually tittered at the daring of her language and placed a hand over her mouth in the way of a mischievous schoolgirl rather than the woman of forty as Julianne looked on, both amused and enchanted as her Indian neighbour and friend finished qualifying her original intent:

“…Not, hmm, you know… placing his… *thing*… in her mouth.”

Where a delightfully shocked Rena had sucked air into her lungs the outraged Julianne expelled it violently.

Before:

“As if!”

Julianne was amused and they shared a giggle as Rena finished:

“Any servant willing to do such a thing is well worth the high salary he must surely demand.”

Suddenly serious at this, the American woman leaned forward and placed one expensively be-ringed hand over the similarly accessorised, if more long and slender, fingers of her friend and now confidante.

Sensing she was about to hear something… *serious*… Rena waited as her friend gave some thought to whatever it was she was about to say.

“And how would you feel if I were to tell you that the man I have just described, the man who attends to *all* the requirements of my body, as well as those of my husband and his young Indian step-daughter and step-brother – the same man who just bowed and scraped before us as he served our drinks, terrified to raise his eyes and show disrespect by meeting those of his superiors…?”

Pausing to take a breath after such a long sentence, Julianne could see that, lengthy syntax or otherwise, her neighbour was hanging upon her every word.

"…How would you feel, my love, if I were to tell you that this same man performs his duties to us for no salary whatsoever, save for his meagre board and keep?"

Rena was lost now, unable to process such an outlandish scenario.

"Why would a man work for someone in such a way for no financial return?"

"Not one brass penny," Julianne confirmed, before adding, "at least not one that goes to him."

Not understanding what she meant by the latter statement, Rena stayed with what she could make head and tail of:

"It is incredible. Even stranger than I first thought it to see a white American man in the role of a servant to a woman here in India. And a woman with an Indian husband and a younger step-sister and step-brother at that."

Her arms went wide as she continued to marvel:

"And you say he works for you like… like a *dog*... for… for…?"

Julianne finished her sentence for her:

"For not a rupee of pay. That is correct."

Her expression was one of amusement for the reaction to come when she added:

"He has been with the family for two years now."

The statement drew yet another look of amazement from her guest.

"Two years!"

Julianne, looking pleased with herself for the reaction she had just won, nodded as her friend's head shook with amazement and what she took to be, unless she was very much mistaken, *envy*.

"I have heard and read of such male masochists willing to submit themselves to voluntary servitude for short periods of time," Rena marvelled, "but not examples of such an extreme and enduring kind."

Her friend's head was shaking before she had even finished speaking and Rena gave her a quizzical look.

"What is it?"

"You are correct on one thing and wrong upon the others," Julianne told her, hand still covering that of her neighbours and even using her thumb to caress its back.

"I am not with you, Julianne."

“He does not receive a *‘rupee of pay’*, you are right. But his servitude to us is not voluntarily and neither is he a masochist.”

“But…?”

Rena left the sentence unfinished and shook her head, as if the movement would enable her thoughts to better understand what was being explained to her.

She was not successful.

“Why?” she asked finally.

The smile her question fetched to the forbidding face of Julianne Prakash and in no way softened it was a mixture of pure feline satisfaction for having entrapped an exotic bird and deprived it of the freedom conferred upon it by the ability to fly, and the equally untainted evil pleasure its owner took from that bird being an actual living and breathing homo sapiens she appeared to have under her complete control.

Even if Rena Gokhale had not dismantled that smile into its component parts in quite such a way as yet and would only do so upon later reflection.

For now, however, she was too busy concentrating on her friend’s reply and her own eager anticipation to hear it to give much in the way of thought to anything else.

“Because, my love, he has absolutely no choice,” came her friend’s answer.

“We all have a choice, Julianne, surely?”

The cold features opposite were not made any warmer by the emphatic shaking of the head containing them in response to the question.

“Not this… *servant*,” she almost spat.

Rena waited, breathless once again in the presence of her friend’s certainty and control.

“And,” Julianne told her with an accompanying expression that spoke volumes for her steely resolve on the issue, “if I have anything to do with it, he will *never* find himself with one again.”

No nearer an understanding as to how anyone could be so sure of such a thing in regard of another human-being – and at this particular time in history when human-bondage of such an everyday and domestic kind was all but unheard of – the elfin features opposite the more matronly and assured expression of her neighbour gave up.

“Then my question to you should not have been *‘why?’* so much as *‘how?’*” she said.

Still smiling, Julianne Prakash retrieved a tiny bell from the table and gave it a hearty shake, its tinkling startling in the silence of the verandah and deserted grounds.

“Before I tell you, my dear, allow me to have my manservant replenish our Mojitos.”

About to respond in the affirmative, Rena noted that the man in question was already coming towards them, white servant's outfit brilliant in the sun and the dome of what she could see was a freshly shaven head reflecting its rays as he hurried to do the bidding of his female employer.

"It is, after all," Julianne Prakash told her, "a *very* long story…"

One

He was fucked.

And, what was worse this time around, he knew it.

"Never chase your losses," his old Pa had told him and now, in his middle-forties, he'd finally found something on which he and the old man could agree.

Too late, of course.

That boat, along with his old man, having long left the jetty and been declared lost at sea - his recognition of such fatherly wisdom coming way too late to serve him any benefit in terms of either his choices or parental reconciliation.

Deep in depression after a messy divorce, and using alcohol to try and effect a miracle turnaround unlikely to be forthcoming even without its interference, he'd finally sat down with the wrong people and, with the help of marker's he couldn't make good on, gambled and lost money he hadn't got and, more importantly, *couldn't* get.

That it wasn't the first time he'd dropped money he couldn't afford to lose going some way to explaining why he was currently minus a wife and a home and living out the back of the beat-up Dodge that, apart from his clothes, was his *one* possession.

His current residence an anonymous trailer-park outside Whittier and by courtesy of an arrangement with the park's owner - this after he had shared a few fortuitous drinks with the man shortly after his split with Lena became final.

Anonymity that hadn't prevented a couple of be-suited goons sent by the guy to whom he owed the marker finding him.

Goons who – understandably he had to admit, it being unlikely the crystal-meth dealer holding that marker would send a couple of window-dressers to collect it - looked as though they'd been around the block a few times.

The threat they left him to mull over seemed to indicate that, apart from the usual mashed noses and cauliflower ears, they hadn't come off second-best on their neighbourhood travels.

By the time they'd taken their leave of him a new and more urgent worry had joined the others on the lengthy list of those supplying cause for depression.

And not just the loss of a few limbs if he didn't make good on his marker in the next couple of weeks.

That, they assured him would be no more than an appetizer for the main course if he decided to hold out on their man.

All in all, he decided, recent events had been perfectly in keeping with the shit-for-luck he seemed to have been cursing ever since his wife had found herself on the wrong side of patience and tolerance and decided he had to go.

The poker fanatic and his pals he had sat down with after a boozy night in a Sepulveda bar had, of course, turned out to be local thugs.

Worse, by far the biggest of his markers was held by a Latino with a headlock on the South Los Angeles trade in crystal-meth.

Not a man likely to be content with a simple maiming.

If he didn't make good on those markers, he was informed, then they would be making good on him.

So had run the message.

More than this, they had gone on to tell him that, once they had *"made good"*, he would *never* be making good on *anything* again.

For the first time in his life, William Overbury was frightened.

Correction:

Make that terrified.

"You okay, Willie?" called Rosa from the porch of her trailer. She was a rotund Latina of fifty or so he knew had a thing for him – which hardly came as a surprise whenever her gross husband put in an appearance. The same husband with the overhanging Michelob gut and the five chins that gave no clue as to the whereabouts of his mouth - at least not until he uttered one of his gruff monosyllables whenever he returned from his shift at the local hardware outlet to demand a *"Brew"*.

Just the same, slob husband or not, she was a good soul and he liked her – even if his affection for her didn't run to supplying her with the stiff cock he knew without being told was not forthcoming from her porcine partner.

"Not really, Rosa," he admitted as he leaned against the Dodge for much needed support suddenly jellified legs were unable to provide.

"Anything I can do?"

"Not unless you have a hundred and forty grand buried under your trailer that Mr Words-of-one-syllable won't miss," he muttered to himself ruefully.

"No, you're okay," he told her with a smile it took willpower for him to force. "I'll take care of it."

Rosa looked concerned and not for the first time recently he bemoaned the absence of a good woman like her in his life – even if he would prefer this object of wishful thinking to be a little… *less*… and more…

Well…

More…

The story of his life, he rued:

Bad decisions for the wrong reasons.

Most of them blonde, leggy and tanned.

"Just you watch yourself, my friend," she told him, concern genuine. "Those men did not look like nice people."

"Don't sweat it, Rosa. I'll take care of it," he assured her with a confidence he couldn't feel and felt amazed he could even act.

Blowing her a kiss and winning himself a pleased, if jowly, smile, he ducked into the back of the Dodge and pulled out his Cell, hoping as he did so that it had some call time left to it.

Hating himself, even as he located her in his Contacts, he swallowed back his nervousness and self-disgust and waited for her to pick up.

"Hi! It's William. Just thought I'd call in and see how things were with…"

"Who do you owe this time?" came the distinctly cold and non-obliging tones of his ex-wife…

Two

The mid-forties is no age to be when you have no wife, no home and no job.

Worse, when you live in Los Angeles where money, youth, and cosmetic surgery are the yardsticks used to assess a person's worth.

For William Overbury, who had an abundance of the above and absolutely none of the below, being smack bang in the middle of life had been made even worse by the knowledge that if he didn't come up with crystal-meth man's money within the week, that life, depressingly middle-aged as it was, would be snuffed out.

And none too painlessly!

Of this he was in no doubt, and a simple search of recent newspaper cuttings via Google in the local library had confirmed what he already suspected.

The man whose picture he recognised, this as he left court after being acquitted of any involvement in the murders of three guys out at Van Nuys airport, was not the type to leave a threat unattended if the reason for making it in the first place was not made good on.

The guy's name was Ramon Medina and he was bad shit.

Real bad.

But, outstanding marker and bad shit or not, just *"how"* was he, potless Willie Overbury, to make good on his commitment?"

Lena had been no help at all and was totally unsympathetic when he broke down and told her what was likely to happen to him if he didn't come up with the hundred-and-forty-grand…

…"My big surprise is that it's been so long coming," she had told him. "How many times did my daddy warn you that there would come a time when the fate in charge of your charmed life decided it was time for some nightmares?"

"I know, I know," he told her contritely, not wanting to antagonise her. "Perhaps it needed something like this to bring me to my senses."

"That's encouraging," she agreed, not sounding as if she gave a crap one-way or the other and not displaying the merest hint of the affection she had once felt for him and he had ruined. "Because, if I'm honest, I can't see where too many more chances will come from. Let's face it, Billy…"

His teeth grated as he waited for the inevitable "told you so" lecture and bridled at her use of the "Billy" that had been a source of so many arguments throughout their married life.

Together with his boozing, gambling and womanising, of course.

He must have drifted because when he came back it was to the tale-end of this most recent lecture and he heard:

"…Daddy warned me when I married you that I'd be taking on trouble, but I wouldn't listen to anything against you. Just like all the other woman who let your good looks sweet-talk them into giving you chance after chance, after chance. Like the fool I am, I went the distance and tried and tried, and tried."

"Fat lot of good, it did me," he mimicked into the Cell.

"…Fat lot of good it did me."

Overbury declined to remind her of the sex with which he had provided her and she had sworn was the best she'd ever had – sex that explained the screams she had cut loose with that could be heard Santa Monica and, no doubt, all the way up Highway-One and Big Sur itself.

"It's the way I'm built, Lena," was his lame offering. "I tried really hard to change. You know I did. Didn't I take up your daddy's offer to work for his company before he passed?"

"You were a liability and you know it. He took you under his wing despite his reservations and tried to give you a grounding in finance and…"

"Fat lot of good, it did him," he mimicked again.

"…Fat lot of good it did him… You were a disaster. All you wanted was what you've always wanted. Something for nothing. Everything laid on a plate for the former golden-boy college running-back."

The snort accompanying this was derisive as she added:

"You couldn't even see that through!"

Despite his dire straits, he was getting miffed now and struggled to maintain control of himself:

"That might have had something to do with the 300-pounds-plus of line-backing Gorilla who sheared my cruciate in four places."

"Perhaps it did, but then excuses were never in short-supply with you were they, Billy?"

"Excuses!" he exploded. "The fucking guy jumped on my…"

Wiping a hand over a sodden forehead as he remembered how much she hated the use of bad language, he tried to collect himself; enough anyway to deliver the coming lie with sincerity:

"Look, Lena, we loved each other once and despite our differences you've always been the only woman I could ever live with."

Silence greeted his palpably insincere declaration and the impatience made worse by his desperation compelled a cut to the chase:

"Are you going to help me or not?"

The "Call Ended" message on the screen of his cell was not the answer he had been hoping – nay: praying – for her to supply him…

…He was, he told himself for the zillionth time over the past week or so, and for the second time in as many minutes…

Fucked!

No doubt about it.

And it wasn't even as if he had the consolation of being able to lay the blame for his shitty situation at the door of someone else.

He had proved himself more than capable of wielding the wrecking-ball that had been taken to his life for himself.

No matter where he looked there was no spotting a friendlier looking horizon. He was forty-five. And, though that was no real age and he could definitely pass for younger, it was no use to him when there was so much of the real thing around.

After all, why hire a dinosaur from a trailer-park when you can get stallions fresh off the range?

Not that he'd ever been big on the idea of a career, of course – or even had any idea what he wanted to do if he were to decide to pursue one come to that.

Save, that is, for one that allowed him to drink gamble and fuck.

Lena had been right; his looks had supplied him with a life his talent would have gone nowhere near to providing – had he possessed any other than for the triad just mentioned and the football for which his sheared knee ligaments made him a non-starter, that is. She had been the best thing to walk into his life and would have been in it still if only he'd possessed enough sense and common decency to offset his own selfishness. Selfishness that was, in fairness to him, inspired by a now deceased mother who, unlike his disinterested father, saw only the looks of her beautiful boy and not the flaws that lay beneath.

The same flaws her indulgence of him had served only to make wider.

A pernicious spoiling, in point of fact.

"Too fucking late," he berated himself as he thought of Lena, brim-full now with the self-awareness that goes hand-in-hand with a dire situation and, despite the most fervent self-made promises, vanishes like a politician from a friend in need the moment the crisis blows over.

The big problem for William – *"Willie"*- Overbury being that this crisis would end only when *he* did.

Oh, yes.

He was *really* fucked this time.

And all ends up.

His divorce had put his life into reverse and his financial situation was deplorable. Even if he could find work – and slinging burgers was not about to cut any kind of financial mustard - Ramon Medina and his associates were *not* the kind of friendly local crystal-meth dealers likely to welcome an instalment plan. At least not of the paltry kind he'd find hard to muster up. In fact, if it weren't for his beat-up Dodge and the forbearance of a trailer-park owner who'd taken pity on him after a few drinks shared in a nearby bar, he'd be homeless.

Even the fecund and plentiful love-life he had once taken as no more than his due and nothing out of the ordinary had dried up and, more worrying still, he found could barely summon up a hard-on, so stressed did his situation have him.

"If I had any guts, I'd top myself," he had told himself more than once recently, before admitting to himself on each occasion that, as shitty as his life was, he did not want his stay on the planet to end just yet.

Let alone have it ended for him.

He'd considered just taking off in the Dodge to somewhere out of Ramon's reach, of course.

And even that, he knew, was a no-go.

What would he do for petrol when he couldn't even put some call-time on his Cell-phone?

And just how far would his heap-of-shit old Dodge take him even if he could afford to fill it?

Certainly not far enough for his liking!

Lying in the back of that same Dodge he felt himself edging ever closer to self-pitying tears and cursed.

The last time he'd cried had been at his mother's funeral over twenty years ago – he hadn't bothered to attend his father's – and he had to fight himself not to know tears again.

Which was the exact moment his life took a different, and irrevocable turn.

And *not* for the better.

The Cell-phone he was too broke to put call-time on, you see, was at least fully-charged and had no such limitations placed upon it when it came to accepting calls of the *incoming* variety.

Through teary eyes he checked the caller identity before quickly answering:

"Lena! I was hoping you'd call back…"

In the years to come he would sometimes think that it would have been far better for him if she hadn't bothered and simply left crystal-meth man and his thugs to put him out of his self-induced misery.

"I've been talking to someone about your situation," she began…

Three

He remembered the Indian geek from his short spell at the finance company owned by Lena's father.

A company he was re-visiting for the first time since his less than lamented departure a few years before and a dork with big-teeth who couldn't have been ninety-five pounds dripping wet.

That company being the one her father had passed on to Lena when the emphysema exaggerated by the old man's reliance on tobacco refused to let his lungs process what they needed most.

And a finance company that Lena had subsequently sold.

To, it appeared, the five-foot nothing, twenty-something geek with the specs and overbite who now sat behind her father's desk, kitted-out in a designer-suit that he managed to make look like any other off-the-rack piece of crap.

"I imagine you are surprised to find me sitting here," Rahul Prakash, told him, the accented English that came from having only been in the country for seven years or so, this after his mother and her new husband had decided to join his relations stateside, the same as William Overbury recalled irritating him when he last heard it.

Even if things had been different then and he had been a no-account intern while he, Overbury, had been the son-in-law of the owner who could – had he been in possession of half-a-brain – been sitting right where the geek was now.

"Lena mentioned you'd bought her out," he offered the new owner who had, more gallingly still, yet to leave his mid-twenties. "Congratulations."

"Thank you. Things have worked out very well for me in the time since we last met. Some very lucrative investments allowed me to buy the company from your former wife and already it is beginning to turn around and become a real name in the market."

Having thought it always had been a *"real name in the market"*, and not enjoying the relish with which the geek had used the word *"former"* when mentioning Lena – even if it had been no more than the simple truth - Overbury kept his own counsel and let the self-important little prick waffle on. Lena had told him he might be able to help with his situation and, that being the case, the Indian prick could have gone on a three day filibuster and he would have listened. And listened as if the dork were in the process of imparting to him the secrets of the universe.

"I have also married."

Overbury forced a smile.

"A friend of your former wife. Julianne Dietrich."

“Julianne?” Overbury couldn’t help but repeat, surprised at such an unlikely pairing, unable to quite picture the scrawny geek opposite him with the cold and unfriendly – with him anyway – friend of his ex as part of a couple.

A complete sexual mismatch, he thought to himself as he recalled the woman’s forbidding visage and the Junoesque body underpinning it - though he was careful to keep any evidence of such a thought from his freshly shaven face.

“Lena did not mention this to you?”

Overbury shrugged:

“We’ve not been sharing cosy conversations about our respective friends just lately, exactly,” he said, wanting to add that even if they had she would have been unlikely to tell him about what was happening in the lives of two people he hadn’t given jack-shit about anyway.

And still didn’t.

“Now I do know though, accept my congratulations for that too.”

“Thank you once more,” the geek told him with a look that let the older man know his inner thoughts were not exactly a closed-shop to him. “We met at a Xmas party here in the office. Julianne was a guest of Lena’s. The rest, as they say, is history.

And as dry as fucking dust,” Overbury told himself, wishing the self-congratulatory little prick would get to the point.

Then, as if in answer to his unspoken desire:

“But enough of me, Willie… You do not mind me addressing you in such a familiar way, I hope?”

“Actually, I fucking do!” Overbury wanted to tell him, a certain smugness about the prick reminding him why he hadn’t liked him in the first place back in those heady days when he had been *“Mr Overbury”*.

“No problem, Rahul,” he answered with a forced smile he prayed was not too transparent.

“Hmm, actually, Willie, I tend to run quite a tight and formal ship and I would prefer it if, when you speak to me from now on, it is as *‘Mr Prakash’* or…”

He seemed to think better of what he was about to add and, instead, waved a hand dismissively and turned his attention to the contents of a manila-folder in front of him.

William Overbury stared at the lowered head of the young Indian man and scowled. He was some twenty years his senior. Yet here he was, being told to address him as if their ages were reversed.

Not in any kind of position to take issue with what had bothered him, however, Overbury cut to the chase; confessing himself bemused, even as he did, by the fact the guy wanted to help him at all and not really buying what Lena had said about it being by way of a favour to her.

"But then," he had told himself, *"Beggars cannot be…"*

Blah-de-blah-de…

"Lena told me you might be able to help me out," he began. "Things have been a bit tough lately and…"

"Julianne told me that Lena mentioned a sum of one-hundred-and-forty-thousand dollars," Rahul Prakash cut in without looking up, enjoying being in a position of power over the arrogant white American he had sensed disliked him and had returned the compliment with interest – even if he had been in too junior a position back then to make his feelings known.

Time, it seemed to the young Indian man, had done nothing to lessen the antipathy of one for the other.

Even if one of them was certainly on a lower – and more vulnerable – rung of the social ladder these days.

Swallowing back his anger at being spoken over in such a way – and by such a person – William Overbury nodded at the still lowered head.

"That and some change," he told the geek.

There was no response and he returned to his original and pre-empted theme:

"As I was saying, things have been a bit lately and I…"

This attempt was no more successful than the first and he found himself cut off once again.

"I believe I got the drift of what you wished to say the first time," Rahul Prakash told him without bothering to make eye-contact. "Do not think me unkind when I say that how you found yourself in the… *position*… you are currently in is of no interest to me."

Overbury restrained the urge to leap across the desk and bitch-slap the scrawny geek and the very fact he could show such restraint spoke volumes for the disparity in power between them.

"The only thing that is of concern right now is how we go about the management of your debt to…"

He stared at the papers resting upon his desktop next to his Hewlett-Packard.

"Ramon Medina."

He continued to read as Overbury waited, feeling a little less inclined to violence with him now he appeared to be offering help and was addressing the subject at hand.

"A very poor choice of man to have holding one's marker," he went on, scanning the information in front of him before adding both an observation and yet another insult:

"And for such a – *relatively*, in your case - considerable amount."

Once again provoking no comeback from the older man, Rahul Prakash paraphrased from the pages of the folder and recapped:

"Given you have not worked since your position here ended some two years ago and the fact you have neither savings nor saleable assets, it is hard to see how you can possibly make good your, hmm, *poker* debt to Mr Medina."

"That's why I'm here, you toothy Indian fuck!" Overbury's thoughts screamed as the geek added:

"A particularly senseless and puerile pastime, I have always thought – but then we all have different tastes and… *abilities*."

It was another blatant put down and by this time Overbury was close to overheating when the *"Indian fuck"* shook his head with distaste and finished:

"And now you are living out of the back of your car in a trailer-park in Whittier."

It wasn't a question and Overbury could almost hear the unvoiced tutting of the younger man for his stupidity in having landed himself in such a parlous situation.

Hell!

He felt like doing the same himself if the truth were known.

William –*"Willie"*- Overbury was utterly desperate.

And it was just that desperation, if only he'd had sense and guts enough to act upon the knowledge - had it been in his possession, of course - that was about to make his situation worse.

Worse beyond his wildest dreams.

"My wife and I are very fond of your former wife and, though we feel her desire to help you is misplaced, given your past treatment of her…"

Overbury's eyes flashed murder and, for a second or two, the geek looked uneasy.

Then, when nothing happened and he realised there was very little he could say to the terrified and out of options older man that would inspire violence toward him, the younger man relaxed and became more confident of his ability to… *master*… his handsome former superior at the company *he*, Rahul Prakash, now owned.

He continued:

"As I say, though Julianne and I both feel you are undeserving of your former wife's compassion, she is a caring soul and we have no wish for her to feel badly."

"Big of you!" ran those thoughts of Overbury's that weren't fixated on doing the younger man some serious physical harm. Asking himself also that, if she felt this so-called *"compassion"* for him, why she didn't just pay crystal-meth man the money herself. The geek opposite had not long ago bought the company from her for what had to be a considerable sum and, what with her inheritance from *"daddy"*, he knew she was more than good for such an amount.

More than good, he knew.

It would be no more than a drop in the ocean to her.

The above knowledge making him almost as angry towards her as he was towards the geek he now needed to help him.

Almost, that is.

If though, the hated and aforementioned *"geek"* who spoke as if he were some five decades older than his years – and with a grating and sing-song Indian accent into the bargain - were reading his mind then he had quite a talent for it.

So much did Overbury admit as his would-be saviour went on:

"Though she refuses to waste a dime of the money left to her by her father and the proceeds from the sale of the company *he* built and *I* have bought, and no matter that your relationship is over for good," Rahul Prakash continued, "we are convinced that your wife will experience real – if unnecessary – guilt were we to leave you to the tender mercies of Mr Medina and his men."

"Just sit tight and take it," Overbury cautioned himself. *"Time enough to put this pompous little Indian prick in his place once he's gotten crystal-meth man off your back."*

"That is why we decided to create a position for you that will enable the debt to Mr Medina to be paid-off over a period of time."

Despite his antagonism towards the geek, Overbury breathed a sigh of relief.

With reservations.

The above, as far as it went, was encouraging to him. If he had to return to the world of finance for a period of time, so be it. But he did have *serious* doubts that a man like Ramon Medina would accept payment on the marker in such a way.

"Over a period of time."

“I don’t think…” he began, only to be stopped by the geek raising the palm of his hand to command silence and lead him to another unvoiced promise to do the creep some permanent damage when he was finally out of the shit.

“It is probably as well from this point on,” the growingly confident young Indian told him,” that you do not think at all and leave it to those trying to help you.”

It was both an insult and a test of his desperation, Overbury sensed.

The geek, it seemed, was feeling out his limits.

If he allowed the insult to go unaddressed he was as good as saying that he was giving himself over to the younger man’s guidance and his right to make decisions on his part.

But where was his alternative?

It certainly wasn’t to be found out at the trailer park or in the back of his old Dodge.

And the tender mercies of Mr Ramon Medina and his associates was simply *not* to be contemplated.

Not happy but seeing no other course open to him, Overbury swallowed back his anger and pride and decided to let the geek have his day – even if his decision was reached via the help of a promise to pay him out big-time for his attitude towards him the moment he was out of the shit and free and clear.

An attitude that had, for now at least, seemed to have run its course as the younger man handed him a business-card.

“That is my home-address,” he said. “Be there at 9.30 tomorrow morning.”

Rahul Prakash glanced at his Rolex:

“In less than two hours’ time I will be meeting with Mr Medina and attempting to work out a solution to your… *predicament*…”

Four

…"He accepted then?" said Julianne Prakash – formerly *Dietrich* – from her position on the sofa, sipping at the Chardonnay of which she was so fond from out of a cut crystal flute as her free hand ran itself over the bulge in her younger husband's pants.

"Please, Julianne," Rahul squirmed. "Not here. What if Naresh and Parvani…"

"Naresh and Parvani are in their rooms," she told him as she traced a sharp and crimson painted fingernail along the outline of his excited cock, referring to his younger step-brother and step-sister for whom, surprisingly enough, she felt something akin to affection.

The above despite the fact that, at eighteen and nineteen respectively, neither of the two were particularly attractive or bright – intellectually challenged would probably have been the kindest description – and mostly kept to their bedrooms to play the games of their choice on their personal computers.

An arrangement that suited Julianne despite that something *"akin"* to fondness for them; her patience with younger people being, at best, patchy.

Just the same, they had taken to her as their de-facto step-mother; despite her being nothing of the sort, and Julianne had responded to their approval of her and also enjoyed the fact that they were teenagers who kept to themselves and had nil interaction with others of their own age.

She had never wanted children of her own and certainly not the friends that – normally – went with them trampling through her home.

The arrangement was perfect.

They were as respectful to her as the new husband who, to his credit and his own young age, had assumed responsibility for them after the deaths of his stepfather and their stepmother in an automobile accident on Pico some five years previously.

That he had been able to both look after them and take the not too considerable amount of money bequeathed to him from the loss of his mother and stepfather and turn it into what it now was evidence of both his compassion and his talent for the making of money.

The latter ensuring the somewhat venal, if not flashy, Julianne was able to overlook his somewhat scrawny physique and the lack of height that made them such an unlikely looking couple and ensured they became gossip-fodder for the *"Real"* housewives of Northridge she detested so much and refused to mix with.

Certainly able to overlook what the shallow cosmetic-surgery freaks saw as his physical and racial shortcomings enough to set in process the womanly manipulation that would soon have him proposing marriage.

That he saw in her something of a replacement – despite her own lack of maternal feelings – for the mother he had just lost, she was in no doubt.

And a need she used shamelessly.

Despite his business and financial nous, there was a need in him for a figure of female authority in his life and she had no qualms in becoming just that.

Feelings for him?

This was a question she had asked herself once or twice and, surprisingly, the answer had been a yes. She did have feelings for him. In much the same way as any selfish person has an emotional attachment to a subordinate who makes one's life easier.

Into the bargain, he did have a surprisingly beautiful cock that came as a complete contradiction to the diminutive and frail body upon which it was attached.

A bonus – even if she would *never* provide him with the blow-jobs for which he had, hesitantly, professed a partiality.

He was, she knew also, a bisexual with control issues of his own.

Yet another tool with which she could manipulate him. His desire for that control almost matched her own and, given the bullying of his college days inspired by his aforementioned underwhelming physique - that and the fact he was of a different race and culture to most of the other students – it was hardly surprising to her.

Wishing to get back to the subject preoccupying her most at this point, she continued to reassure him as to Naresh and Parvani:

"You know that once the two of them get on their play-stations they are…"

"Mp3" Rahul corrected, interrupting her train of thought.

"What?"

"They play their games on MP3 players, not play…"

The look on her face, together with the fact her finger was no longer tracing the length of his engorged and confined cock, made him rethink his sudden desire to educate her in the ways of contemporary game-playing.

"Sorry," he offered.

"What have I told you about interrupting me?" she asked.

Before, to his relief, she smiled.

"I'll overlook it this time," she went on, hand returning to lay itself flat upon his erection.

A sigh that was a mix of pleasure and anticipation escaped him.

“After all,” she continued, “we have more important matters on our minds, don’t we?”

He nodded, wishing she would stop speaking and direct her concentration upon the dick throbbing inside the confinement of his suit pants.

No such luck.

“And don’t worry about Naresh and Parvani. Unless they get hungry – and they’ve only just eaten - I don’t think we’ll be seeing anything more of them tonight.”

Julianne gave his cock a final squeeze and became all business, totally oblivious to his disappointment:

“Now,” she demanded, “tell me how it went.”

With a sulky look for the removal of her hand, Rahul sipped at the Chardonnay she had readied for his arrival home and which, if the truth were known, he found too scented and overpowering to be palatable, then did as she asked…

Five

Overbury knew Northridge reasonably well. He had after all been putting it to a coltish young thing yet to leave her teens and taking a teaching degree at the nearby California State University – whenever, that is, her parents were away from the family home in neighbouring Porter Valley. A carefree time – even if he was married at the time – that seemed light years away to him now.

Pulling his decidedly out of place Dodge onto the extensive drive of the Prakash's gated and secluded estate, he couldn't help but feel a twinge – more like a full blown punch to the guts to be factual – of pain at the knowledge the geek had come so far while he…

It was galling.

The only reason he'd been able to make the trip from Whittier trailer-park to Northridge-Estate had been the money for Gas he'd been forced to beg off the, oh, so, superior Indian prick.

How had he been so stupid as to allow himself to fall so far?

"Fuck it," he told himself. *"It is what it is. Just bite the bullet, take your medicine, and get the shit over with."*

The stunning estate a young sounding woman had buzzed him onto had, he could tell, been designed for both peace and privacy. The house – more of a Manor, really – had a double-door entry which, at that moment, was open with a young Afro-American woman framed in the space. Presumably the same young woman who had just buzzed him in.

"Mrs Prakash is waiting for you in the library," she said, seeming to his relief to be a friendly sort as he wondered why Julianne needed to see him.

"Probably to gloat," he told himself as the girl closed the door and asked him to follow with a pleasant smile he felt would *not* be found on the hatchet features possessed by the lady of the house.

As well as friendly, she was a looker too, he thought as he followed a shapely rear and a most fetching pair of legs. The navy pantyhose clinging to their musculature matched her plain navy skirt and crisp blouse of white cotton and had him guessing as to whether she was a secretary or a maid. Typical of the wannabe geek and his pretentious older wife to make their living arrangements so formally.

It was, he had to admit to himself just the same, some place. Equally as impressive as the one owned by Lena's father before he croaked and she sold it on, if without the clutter with which the long-time widower and baseball fanatic had managed to fill the place. This was minimal and, pleasingly he confessed, *tasteful*.

As he followed the legs and feet pecking out a staccato route upon the highly polished hardwood floor, he made a quick calculation as to what the place was worth and knew it had to be upwards a million bucks.

"Probably nearer a million and a half", he nodded to himself, hating the geek even more for possessing it.

Even as he reminded himself of how such surroundings could once have been his.

"Your visitor is here, Mrs Prakash," announced the girl who, he realised, had yet to tell him her name.

"Thank you," he said as she held the door wide for him to enter. "I didn't catch your name?"

"You can leave us to it, thank you, Shannon," came the less than dulcet tones of her employer from a seat by the window that looked out onto an extensive and immaculate lawn; thereby supplying Overbury with an answer to his enquiry.

"Thank you, Shannon," he said and was already missing her friendly smile when she closed the door behind her and he turned to face the less than hospitable visage of Julianne Prakash.

The book she had been reading from one of the – predictably orderly – rows of book-shelves lining the room was snapped shut and placed on a side-table as he took her in. She was wearing a two-piece costume in grey that revealed plenty of the legs that had always been, he thought, her best feature. And, while obviously expensive, the severity of its cut did nothing whatsoever to soften an appearance in dire need of such a loosening.

"Hi, Julianne," he began pleasantly, hoping as he did so that the geek would put in an appearance soon to fill him in on the nature of his new *"position"*.

He was to be disappointed.

Rising to her feet, the woman with the cold features that short page-boy cut blonde hair did nothing to either mitigate or make her approachable speared him with eyes that may as well have come fresh from the Tundra.

And her first words to him were certainly no warmer:

"You are not a guest here, Overbury, and I am certainly no longer *'Julianne'* to the likes of you."

"The likes of…?" he tried to paraphrase, outrage rising.

"That's what I said," she went on. "How Lena put up with you for so long is beyond me."

"I… I'm sorry you feel that way, Julianne," he began, trying to charm, even as he bristled at the *'Overbury'*. "But…"

"Mrs Prakash," she came in.

"Huh?"

"Until things are placed on a more formal footing, you can address me as *'Mrs Prakash'*."

"More formal footing?" he asked himself. *"What the fuck is she talking about?"*

Not wanting to antagonise her – and, in the process, the geek husband who was offering him a lifeline – he tried self-deprecation:

"For what it's worth," he said, arranging his handsome features into a facsimile of contrition, "I agree with you. I treated Lena badly. She was the best thing that ever…"

"…happened to you and if the clock could be turned back you'd do things differently and be more considerate of her feelings…"

Having divined the end of his somewhat predictable thoughts with perfect accuracy, Julianne Prakash shook her head with both disgust and dismissal.

"Very original," she told him. "And in terms of sincerity worth about as much as those rags you're wearing.

Another barb had struck home and blew apart his earlier approval of his own appearance in the open-necked Polo and cream chinos Rosa had ironed out for him in her trailer.

Apparently, he was wearing rags, but he pressed on with the charm offensive just the same – though with a mind to bring their… *tete a tete*... to a swift end.

"I'm sorry you don't believe me, Julianne," he began, ignoring the frown his use of her first-name provoked. "But not a minute goes by when I don't miss Lena and kick myself for having been such gold-plated ass."

A snort was her only reply.

"Look, if you'll just call Rahul, I'll…"

"*Mr Prakash,"* she spoke over him with heavy emphasis, is not here. And, if he was, he would not be at all happy to hear you speak of him with such… *familiarity*."

"Not here? But he told me…"

"He told you to arrive here at precisely 9.30," she said with the briefest glance at the Gucci with Crocodile strap fastened about her lightly tanned wrist. "It is now 10.20."

“The traffic was backed up all the way to…”

“Forget the excuses, Overbury. You’ve spent your life offering them but it ends now. If, that is, you expect any help from this quarter.”

Just the hint of a threat and what was likely to happen to him should he blow this latest – and most final – of last chances, was enough to make him more apologetic.

If not less angry.

“Okay. I’m sorry. I’ll do better next time. I, hmm, just thought I’d be meeting your husband here and not, hmm, you.”

He could tell from the slightest of sneers curling her lip to one side that she was up-to-speed with his attempt to avoid using the formal address she had told him to use, but what she was about to tell him next he would never have guessed at if he lived to be 450-years old rather than a relatively youthful if desperate 45.

“Mr Prakash is an extremely busy man with many responsibilities and did not for one second intend to take valuable time out of his day to stay at home and meet a waster like you,” she insulted him, confident he was too desperate to do anything but stand there and take it.

She was right.

“He was more than happy for me to explain what would be expected of you from now on should you have enough sense to accept our offer and I am happy to do it.”

Sensing nothing he could say would either place the woman or alter her low opinion of him, Overbury waited.

“This, Overbury, is how it is going to be…”

Six

Finding it difficult to speak, let alone make a sound, Overbury listened to a man in his mid-thirties as he offered a stream of words in Spanish to a man seated in the prefabricated office of an automobile salvage yard just off Pico.

Even without speaking the language he knew what he was hearing was less litany than a supplication directed at the completely relaxed and untroubled Ramon Medina.

The same two thugs who'd visited him at the trailer-park – plus another equally as terrifying example of the breed - had been waiting outside on the Prakash drive when he had exited after calling the wife every name in the book of invective and a few more he invented on the spot for good measure.

This after she had explained in detail *exactly* what their offer of help would mean to him in real terms.

He had been dumped in the boot of a Ford hatchback without so much as a word from the goons, had his car-keys removed from him and, while the third thug drove his Dodge, did not see daylight again until they reached and he was deposited in the prefabricated office with a warning not to say a word before the meth-dealer holding his marker himself.

"Do not be too alarmed at this point," Ramon Medina told him in reassuring tones and a surprisingly perfect, if a little too precise, English.

Reassuring tones that had exactly the opposite effect upon him.

Well-dressed in a sharp black suit with white shirt and deep red tie and looking for all the world like an affluent businessman – which, in a way, he was – Ramon Medina, Overbury told himself as the man himself continued, was as devoid of any worthwhile morality as he was as devoid of any worthwhile funds.

"I simply wish," Medina told him, "for you to see the kind of people you are dealing with should you decide to refuse the offer of Mr Prakash and his partner."

"Look, Ramon… Mr Medina," Overbury began.

And got no further.

"If you speak or make a sound again," Medina told him without raising his voice a decibel and, in not doing so, making himself seem all the more terrifying, "I shall have one of my friend's here hold you down while the other slices of your tongue with a switchblade… Understand?"

Unable to make a sound or say a word now, even had he wanted to, Overbury simply nodded.

"Good," said Medina with an oleaginous smile. "We have an understanding."

Making a Steeple of his hands beneath his chin, the meth-dealer considered his next words.

“This is no more than a simple matter of money owed that requires paying. No more. I have no personal antipathy towards you, Mr Overbury and will not harm you for the simple sake of doing so.”

This was not much, Overbury thought to himself, but it was at least preferable to the alternative.

But you must not believe for a second that I will not do so if you prove to be unwilling to follow the *exact* letter of the agreement I have reached with Mr Prakash. You do not believe that, I trust?”

Overbury’s head was already shaking to the side violently before Medina had finished his question.

“Again, good,” Medina praised, manner that of a soothing dentist to a skittish patient fearful of some dreaded root-canal – rather than to a man picturing himself face down in one.

“For a young man, Mr Prakash is very persuasive and the arrangement he brought to me made sense on a good many levels. For you, however, it need make sense on only one. Either he or his wife tells you what to do and you do it – and that means *anything* – or it will be necessary for myself and my men to supply you with motivation to do so by way of… *physical*… punishment.”

Medina paused to let the man in his debt imagine just what form that…. *Punishment*… might take before continuing.

“It must go without saying that, should such… *correction*… prove to be of no avail and Mr Prakash sees no reason to continue funding our arrangement, then your life itself will become forfeit.”

By this time, Overbury was in an understandable condition of terror bordering on hysteria.

Terror and hysteria, Ramon Medina’s next pronouncement on the subject was a lot less than likely to soothe:

“The money he is offering me to ensure you consent to the position he and his wife have in mind for you goes far beyond what you owe and will be paid in monthly instalments. So you will understand why Mr and Mrs Prakash have my guarantee that you will remain… *obedient*.”

Even without the threat of what would happen to his tongue should he speak, Overbury knew it was highly unlikely he would have made plain his own understanding and thoughts about both *“Mr and Mrs Prakash”* and the Latino psychopath with his life in his hands.

“It is this love of money on my part,” the psycho continued, “and not a desire to see you suffer that explains your presence here. Believe me, the… *arrangement*... they have in mind for you – and one, according to the man’s wife who called me immediately, you have already declined in what, shall we say, is language of the most colourful kind – is not of a type I wish to inflict upon a man such as yourself with whom I feel I share many similarities.”

Terrified and near hysteria as he was, Overbury was unable to come up with just what those similarities might be, other than the fact both he and Ramon Medina were breathing.

For the moment, anyway.

“Business, however, is business and, unfortunately for you, my love of the great American Dollar far outweighs any obligation to your future well-being.”

His eyes hardened and his tone with it:

“Be under no illusions, Mr Overbury. You will suffer horribly before merciful death claims you if my return from this offer is either reduced or stopped altogether… And neither will I be happy if I am forced to waste time upon making you toe the line your new… *employers*… wish from you.”

As the man’s obsidian and implacable eyes bore into his own, Overbury felt a warmth at his groin and looked down to see a stain spreading across the front of his chinos.

He had pissed his pants.

Mortified as he was at the sniggers of the goons who had also spotted it, he was aware through his fear that it could have been a lot worse.

He almost gave thanks to the fact that he was not in possession of enough money to have eaten properly recently.

“Now, in a moment,” Medina went on, “another man who owes me money will be showed in. Unlike you, his is not a gambling debt but one of a far more serious nature. I will not dwell on his crime too much, save to say that he been taking that which is mine and not his to take. He will speak in Spanish and no doubt you will have difficulty understanding him. But what you will understand is what is going to happen to him after I have allowed him his say and the fact that exactly the same fate will await you should the offer we speak of be… *declined*.”

With a glance at, but no comment on, Overbury’s shamefully soiled chinos, the composed and immaculate crystal-meth baron gave a nod to one of the thugs who immediately went outside.

To return some ten seconds later with the man Medina had described.

A man who had instantly gone into the litany-cum-supplication already described that, had he but known it, the impeccably turned out drug-thug had decided to ignore.

Had Overbury any urine left to him the silenced pistol shots that took out the man's kneecaps at the end of his plea for mercy would surely have seen it leave his bladder in a rush as the man howled and writhed upon the floor of the prefabricated office.

At least until one of the thugs forced a ball of cloth into his mouth and those howls of agony became hoarse and muffled.

"You must follow us outside now, Mr Overbury," said Ramon Medina in that calm and unhurried tone that completely belied either the mayhem his men had just inflicted or the inflexible will lying beneath the projected image of reason and regret.

"What you see will be horrifying to you, but it is my sincere hope it will ensure you do not force me to ever have to place you yourself in such a position.

Overbury tried to rise and found his legs completely impervious to his commands.

"Do assist Mr Overbury, Ricky," Medina told one of the thugs as if he were asking no more of him than to help a departing guest on with a coat.

In less than a minute they were all outside, the howling Latino dragged unceremoniously by the heels below his shattered kneecaps as the gag prevented any further attempts he might make for clemency.

Even if, and again understandably, it could not prevented his groans and sobs of agony and sheer thought shredding terror for what he sensed was to come.

As Overbury watched the man being dragged towards his own beat-up Dodge, he saw one of the goons take a pair of handcuffs from his back-pocket before, as the man was dumped without ceremony across the front seats, the goon attached one end to his wrist and the other around the steering-wheel.

It wasn't until he saw one of the goons press a button on a control panel to the side of the Dodge and it moved forward that he realised his wheels had been placed on a conveyor belt.

As it moved ever closer to the gaping maw of the crusher and the man inside made frantic attempts to release himself from the wheel, Overbury realised what was going to happen to the wretch inside.

And while he was still alive.

Wanting to look away, or at least plug his ears, he found himself in a condition of complete inaction as the inevitable drew closer, praying for some kind of intervention and knowing one would not be forthcoming in the way of the movies made not far from this very junk-yard.

This was most definitely *not* a piece of Hollywood fiction!

More was the pity.

The sound of his wheels being crushed and compressed that – almost - drowned out the muffled and agonised screams of the man inside would, Overbury knew, live with him forever.

As would the words of Ramon Medina after the deed was done and they were seated opposite each other in the car junk's office. Medina sipping at a coffee as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred. And he, William – *"Willie"*- Overbury knocking back the Bourbon the meth-dealer had so thoughtfully offered in the hope it might provide a temporary amnesia from the horror he had just witnessed.

"The question I must ask now, Mr Overbury," he began, as if ascertaining the price offered for an automotive heap-of-shit was acceptable, "is are you ready now to return to the home of Mr and Mrs Prakash and begin your new life?"

Seven

"You are sure, he does not mind?" he heard the Indian woman ask as he stood respectfully before her and the woman who claimed to own him. The woman he still dared to address as Julianne in his thoughts. If *only* in his thoughts.

Together with *"hatchet-faced bitch"*, *"cunt"*, and number of other unvoiced insults likely to take something from the edge of the anger that continued to seethe beneath the surface and showed no signs of lessening – despite having already spent two years in service to the woman and her scrawny-runt of a husband and his equally unpalatable step-brother and step-sister.

A family he knew from bitter experience and much discomfort he was advised *not* to appraise of his thoughts – even if the teenaged brother and sister were less than genius material.

Far, far less, in fact.

As he kept studious eyes upon the sand coloured flagstones of the verandah, he could see the feet of their neighbour and guest in a pair of diamante encrusted sandals.

Shapely feet, he told himself as the eyes lowered in respect enabled him to gaze upon the toenails painted in pastel-blue and the high-arches and flawless skin beyond them without being corrected by hatchet-face herself.

She was without doubt a highly attractive example of the woman of her race – and certainly of a far higher quality than the bitch seated opposite her.

Though he did curse himself for dwelling on the sight of her undeniably sexy feet when he felt a tell-tale stirring beneath the thick trousers of what hatchet-face described as his *"Indian"* serving uniform and insisted he wear.

The subsequent *"bite"* and ensuing discomfort ensuring the sandy coloured flagstones became of more interest to him.

"He is a servant," the hate-figure of his subconscious musings answered. "He is not allowed thoughts on the subject. And, if he were to be allowed, he would never dare voice them."

Cheeks reddening, no nearer to becoming accustomed to such treatment despite having had so much first-hand experience, William – *"Willie"*- Overbury again cursed the lack of mental fortitude and physical courage preventing him from not only taking his own life but that of the *"four pieces of shit"* comprising what, laughably, hatchet-face herself described as a *"family"*.

Knowing that if he hadn't found the courage now, after everything the woman and the geek husband had heaped upon him, it was unlikely to change at any time in the near future.

“You are very strict with him, Julianne,” the Indian woman whose husband was, at that moment, playing squash in a swish club in the heart of the business sector that was Bangalore’s UB City – and playing with the geek who, as well as his American wife, claimed to be his owner.

And with good reason ran Overbury’s shamed thoughts as unbidden images presented themselves and he pictured himself kneeling before the smaller and physically more insignificant man as he was forced to...

With no small effort he forced his thoughts away from what had become a feature of his new existence.

Humiliating and emasculating enough to be forced to live them without revisiting the images of his shame within the thoughts that were, these days, the nearest he came to some kind of autonomy.

“He has proved in the past that he cannot be trusted when treated with the civility and courtesy by his superiors,” the hateful and semi-housetrained Brooklyn tones of hatchet-features burst interjected themselves into the self-pity that threatened to destabilise him and bring on the unmanly tears from which he was seldom more than a whisker removed these days.

“I have witnessed it myself here in my own country,” the woman whose name he knew to be Rena Gokhale agreed – though he would *never* risk addressing her in such a way. “I have seen friends try to be on pleasant terms with those serving them, only to be thanked by the familiarity and dismissal born of contempt for their consideration.”

Some quality in her voice told Overbury that she was not being entirely truthful in this and he felt sure the dialogue he was hearing had been concocted between the two women – simply to embarrass and humiliate him and amuse them.

“You are wholly correct to treat him as you do,” the woman went on. “Though I am surprised that you chose as a manservant a man of your own country.”

“How so?” Julianne asked and, again, he had the feeling the whole of this interaction, apart from his own role in it, had been rehearsed beforehand.

“I have always been led to believe American men are extremely proud and masculine. Such men do not usually make for the most obedient of domestics.”

Julianne laughed and, again, it seemed to the lowered head and burning ears of the man under discussion that there was a distinctly forced quality to it.

“Really, Rena! I’m shocked that you could place so much stock on racial stereotypes. Certainly, the men of my own country are not all gun-blazing, take’ em over the knee for a good spanking types than the women of yours are the submissive and timid little home-makers of yours. Then again, neither are American men all like the specimen I have trained to be such a respectful and obedient chattel.”

It was the first time Overbury had heard the word on her lips and, somehow, it seemed to find an extra level of shame in him that was already functioning at depths only to be found beneath the San Andreas Fault and that it had been voiced in the presence he would have one time exerted all his considerable – if ersatz – charm to bed only widened the rift.

"I take your point, Julianne. But here in India – perhaps because of the caste system that is no longer supposed to exist but still maintains a healthy presence – the roles between those of a different class and abilities are more strictly defined. Finding and training a… *'Chattel'*… such as yours is not so great a hardship here where there is a greater acceptance of the duty owed the superior by the inferior."

Overbury could sense his *"superior"* nodding at this piece of arrant hogs-shit and became even more certain the conversation was being held to shame him.

That, and to show to the Indian woman with the beautiful feet and matching body and face the level of power Julianne was capable of wielding over her manservant.

And with not a single whimper of complaint.

"Yes," Julianne responded, "I sometimes wish my own people were not so liberal and compassionate towards those whose real lot in life is to serve. Take Willie here. Would you believe that he was once married to a very good friend of mine? A friend he led a dog's life. Sleeping around with everything that moved and was devoid of good taste enough to let him put his cock in her."

"He cheated on your friend?" Rena asked with distaste and, despite his certainty in regard of the contrivance on display, Overbury felt his shame as if it red-hot coals being rained down upon him from a great height.

"Hard to believe looking at him now, isn't it? Wasn't until my friend divorced him and he came begging to me for help that he was given a real purpose in life."

"Your charitable nature is a credit to you Julianne," the Indian woman told her as Overbury fought hard not to throw up.

"Came begging to me?" his thoughts paraphrased as a high-rise. *"Real purpose?"*

The *"charitable nature"* was not worth the effort of paraphrasing, he told himself as he began to count the minute cracks in the flagstones as a way of keeping his mind occupied on less… *provocative*… thoughts.

"I have often thought it would be interesting to take such a creature and make something useful of it," Rena mused. "I am sure it must be a great satisfaction to your friend to know that a purpose has been found at last for the man who treated her so shabbily."

"I'm sure it would," he heard the hatchet-faced one answer. "If she knew, that is."

"You are saying she…"

“Not a clue,” Julianne interjected. “Call me soft-hearted, but when he literally crawled to me and kissed my feet while begging me not to tell his ex of his new life I kind of felt sorry for him. Silly of me, I suppose.”

Overbury’s cheeks were a thing of full living Technicolor by now – and made more so by the fact the bitch was not lying about him for once. In fact, he squirmed as he recalled doing just as she had described and grovelled at her feet that she might think twice about inviting his former wife to the Northridge home. This to see him perform in his new and utterly abject role of the Prakash family retainer.

“Not so silly at all,” he heard her neighbour and friend offer. “Even a servant must have something to motivate him other than a desire to be of use to his masters. I am sure it must keep him on his toes to realise that, should his service to you prove unsatisfactory, his former wife could be invited to witness his new and humble station in life.

“Whatever,” Julianne said by way of cutting to the chase. “He is no longer the man he once believed himself to be and motivation – motivation of that kind anyway – is no longer necessary… Now, to get back to the reason he is standing before us, I believe you expressed a wish for a long and leisurely foot-massage your unnecessary concerns about his willingness to deliver such a service for a stranger have delayed long enough.”

“Well… If you are sure I am not putting you to any trouble?”

“None whatsoever, my love. You are a guest and whilst you’re here my servant is your servant.”

Overbury had no need to see the smiles upon their faces to know they were being exchanged before he heard her bark with finger-snapping abruptness:

“Willie!”

“Yes, Memsahib,” he answered instantly, still without raising his head and received a giggle in response.

“Memsahib?” asked an amused Rena Gokhale.

“When in Rome, don’t you know,” laughed his owner, before returning him her attention.

“Kneel before Ms Rena and give her your most attentive foot massage while we chat over our Mojitos.”

“Yes, Memsahib,” he responded too worn down by the constant correction and even greater threat of punishment awaiting him at the hands of others should he not behave exactly as taught to even think of disobeying.

Rena Prakash could not help could not help but giggle at how ludicrous the honorific sounded on his American lips as he finished:

“It would be an honour.”

Strangely glad – despite the cringe-worthy form of address and having it witnessed by a beautiful woman he would have loved to fuck, if such an activity were still within his own remit - to have received such an order and grateful that he might no longer be the object of their scrutiny, William –*"Willie"*- Overbury dropped to his knees before the beautiful Indian woman with the feline face and began to remove her sandals.

It was only when his gentle hands made contact with the warm and smooth skin of her instep that the *"bite"* again made itself felt and he grimaced as his would-be erect cock made contact with the metal cage confining it.

Yet another of the additions made to him that made his former manhood no more than a memory as he pushed through the pain barrier and pictured how different things would have been had he met the Indian woman two years before and not now.

Two years of complete hell that had led to him halfway across the world to perform as a servant for people he hated.

And in ways that would be beyond outrage to all intelligent and decent people everywhere.

Small wonder then, as his hands fetched delighted sighs from the brown-skinned woman above, that his thoughts again went back to that exact time when he had been delivered back to Northridge – and Julianne Prakash – by the thugs of Ramon Medina.

And taken back a *far* more… *amenable*… person…

Eight

William Overbury was all out of choices now.

Save, of course, the final one.

And that, he knew, was not something he would ever have the courage to see through.

To his own immense self-disgust and hatred of the five-foot-nothing Indian geek opposite, forcing him to touch himself in such a way, his cock was rock solid in his own hand as he stroked away. The dreaded cock-cage dangled from the bony brown hand of the twenty-something man who had just unlocked him, this after having been *loaned* the key by his equally hateful American partner. Yet, and despite understandably conflicting feelings, he luxuriated in having his cock free to expand and be touched in the normal way.

Even if *this* way was not an option he would ever have chosen for himself.

Beaten and conditioned as he was after so long as the chattel of this young man and his older American bitch-goddess wife – a wife who terrified him almost as much now as the crystal-meth-dealer to whom an unpaid and unpayable poker marker had started his fall from grace - he began to stroke this first erection in what seemed like years.

An erection that had, in reality, occurred no more than a month before when the wife of the bastard currently humiliating him had graciously unlocked his pride and joy and gave her consent for him to hump up against the smooth skin of her lightly tanned leg after the manner of the servile dog she assured him he now was and would remain.

Allowing his foreskin to slide up and over his cock head, he I closed his eyes as if it could prevent the geek from observing both his pleasure and the shame it caused him to know it was only happening because another man – and a younger man, at that – he considered to be his physical, cultural and racial inferior had given his permission for it to happen at all.

“Look at your Master as you pleasure yourself,” came an order he was not so lost in pleasure that the conditioning to obedience of his time in service would allow him to disobey.

“Show your superior how grateful you are for the reward he has decided to bestow upon you… Yes. That is good. Keep looking in to Master’s eyes as your excitement builds… That is a good boy.”

Supressing the unfailing rage he felt whenever his former office junior at the company of his former-wife’s now deceased father spoke to him in such belittling terms, the handsome and middle-aged man did as he was bid and continued to work away at the cock that was no longer his to command and satisfy.

A cock that, along with his freedom, had been taken from him.

So hard was he by now it was almost painful and he knew it would not be long – despite the humiliating circumstances and geeky face of his *"Master"* as he looked on with a mixture of mockery and his own excitement that he could command such a debasement from him – before he exploded cum into the distance separating them.

His strokes became faster and faster and he eyes rolled in his head as blood pounded in his underused cock and balls.

"That is a good boy for your Master," came the hateful and heavily accented voice that never tired of mocking their role-reversal and the fact it had so much power over him; loving the way it could speak to him in the way one would normally reserve for a juvenile and be sure nil retaliation would be forthcoming.

"Ms Rena, our neighbour, has been speaking most glowingly of you," the geek went on. "She is so impressed with your obedience and deference to your owners that she has explained your situation and the kind of service you provide us to her husband."

Overbury's internal groan as he realised yet another person had been added to the list of those with knowledge of his true shame was loud enough to be heard.

Almost.

"So enchanted was she by the levels of obedience you displayed before her that she persuaded her husband – *Mr Gokhale* to you – to try and purchase our servant from us."

His words were hardly registering with Overbury now as he tried not to let them deflect from his onrushing orgasm, but that part of them that had added a detracting edge to his pursuit of the rarely permitted pleasure.

"Was he to be sold now? As if he were no more than a slave upon some ancient block? And to an Indian couple?"

"What a turnaround!" Rahul Prakash smiled as he assessed his man's thoughts correctly, revealing as he did so more of the large teeth that did nothing to make already unprepossessing feature more pleasing. "Not so long ago it would have been my people who found themselves disposed of as servants for white people. Now it is an Indian businessman and his delightful wife who are in the market for a white…"

He paused, savouring the meaning and all its connotations of the word about to leave his lips:

"…*Chattel*."

William Overbury's heart rate was way up and thundering in his own ears, breathing quickening by the second into no more than a series of rasps as he tried not to let the bastards words detract him from his long desired cumming and tried to maintain his focus by summoning up an image of himself fucking the man's own bitch of a wife into a humiliating and *permanent* submission.

His thoughts being the one place he would ever be likely to extract any form of revenge for what the woman had done to him.

Correction:

Had *made* of him.

"And do not think I am belittling you," the young Indian said before going on to do just that. "Though I can see how it would appear so when our age and the disparity between our relative positions is taken into the balance. You are, after all, a very handsome white man old enough to be my father while I am not exactly a *"looker"*, as the saying goes in the country of your birth."

"Got that right, you toothy fuck!" ran Overbury's unspoken, and understandably preoccupied, reply.

"Yet here I am," the geek finished. "And *there* you are."

Overbury tried to block the geek out and concentrate upon the hand pumping his cock, wishing the ugly bastard would shut his mouth, if only for a minute or so.

No such luck.

"I must confess," the geek said, going on to do just that, "that I share Rena's admiration of you. Not only are you the most obedient of servants who obeys the two lady's above him beautifully and serves the cocks of his two masters with equal diligence and respect, but you truly look what you are these days."

Rahul Prakash surveyed the kneeling white man stroking his own cock at his bidding and smiled with pure delight at being able to treat him in such a way and knowing exactly which buttons to press in order to heighten his former superior's sense of shame and misery.

"It was," he went on, "pure inspiration that led Julianne to shave that thick head of hair of which you were so proud. Is she not a wonderfully inventive lady? What with the clothes she chooses so considerately for you, there can be no mistaking you for anything other than the servant of an Indian family that you are."

Lost in concentration as he was, Overbury could not prevent a wince of pure regret as he recalled the shaving of the head-of-hair of which the geek had so rightly described him as being proud.

But still he pumped his unrestrained cock as if it would *never* be free again.

Sweat was pouring off him now as he knelt before his master on the terracotta tiled floor of the bedroom the young Indian's wife – the same wife Overbury's thoughts were at that moment attempting to pound to mush - insisted was his while taking the master-suite for herself.

A demotion of the geek's own that provided Overbury with a small piece of vindictive pleasure - no matter it was but *lese majeste*.

"However, you must not worry," the hateful voice droned on, cutting into his enjoyment of an increasingly rare opportunity to *please himself*. "Master and Mrs Prakash – or *'Ma'am'*, as she prefers you to address her these days – have no intention of selling their devoted American slave. Especially not now, after all the time, effort and money that has gone into training you to be the totally obedient servant you should always have been."

Deliberately tensing his eyes that his vision might blur enough for him to be unable to fully take in the mocking eyes he was compelled to stare into as he pleasured himself, wishing as he did so that he could take a similar action with his ears, Overbury attempted to block everything out but the explosion building in his loins.

An imminent crisis his *"Master"* also noted:

"That is a good obedient boy," he mocked. "Very soon you will again know the pleasure of release that was so familiar to you and was once yours and yours alone to summon up."

A few drops of pre-cum escaped the older man's engorged cock-head at this and his younger tormentor clucked his encouragement:

"Yes, my good obedient servant, it is beginning… That is it! Pump that hand around your cock faster!"

Knowing his cock wasn't small but, incredibly, was simply not in the same class in regard of either length or girth to the runt above and opposite him, Overbury was not too troubled by this latest taunt – even if the next and what it promised had more of an effect upon him:

"Then, when all that useless white seed has left your equally redundant cock and balls, your Master will make sure you are all safely locked up again and you can thank him by crawling over and kissing his feet just like the worthless piece of dog-shit you really are."

A part of Overbury, and as per usual, wanted to kill the runt. While another larger, and too far gone area of his mind, could do nothing but try and hasten those delicious feelings of release as he pictured his own none to impressive manhood penetrating the pussy of the runt's wife. An unequal contest no amount of mockery from the Indian geek who to all intents and purposes owned him, along with the wife his thoughts were fucking, could influence.

Only after the familiar sensations began and he felt his balls constrict and boil prior to lift-off, before doing just that and spewing forth a stream of hot white cum up and downwards to land on the terracotta tiles he himself would be forced to clean, did the words of his *"Master"* begin to truly resonate.

As his eyes finally closed and his body sagged under the release until he almost fell from his knees onto his side, Overbury knew the debt owed for his brief pleasure would soon be called.

When his eyes opened and fixed upon the hate-figure seated above and opposite him at his leisure in a comfortably padded rattan-chair, his *"Master"* was smiling at him.

From his hand dangled the dreaded cock-ring and accompanying cage.

"Shuffle over to master now, boy."

The words Overbury dreaded to were not long in following.

"Time to put my servant back in his cage where he belongs," he said with a relish and love of his control Overbury knew he would never tire of exercising over him.

Too beaten and conditioned to obedience to fight the inevitable, despite the vicious and revenge filled nature of his own thoughts, William – *"Willie"* – Overbury knee-walked the few paces to where his young Indian master sat and waited for the shameful touch of the younger man's bony fingers upon his manhood as they set about the encircling and entrapment of his emptied balls with the metal ring.

"Then, once it is on and you have shown your master's feet the respect and gratitude they deserve," Rahul Prakash informed him, "You can clean up your disgusting mess before reporting to Ms Parvani in her room."

At the mere mention of one of the dreaded and none-too-bright – certainly *not* attractive - siblings, Overbury visibly quailed.

And felt no better when his *"Master"* added:

"She wishes to spend some quality time with her doggy…"

Nine

When Medina's goons had dropped Overbury back at Northridge they didn't even bother to wait and make sure he went through with his part of the bargain that would see the debt to their boss paid off.

On an instalment basis agreed with Rahul Prakash!

A confidence that was not misplaced.

Once again it was the friendly seeming young black woman, Shannon, who opened the door and let him in. Though even in his current condition he couldn't help but notice she didn't seem quite so friendly on second acquaintance. This time as he stood before her on shaking legs that still refused to adopt the status quo after the horrifying events he'd just witnessed at Medina's car-salvage yard and the meth-man's disposal of yet another man who had crossed him.

And in the most inhuman and casual of ways.

As if having a living and breathing human-being crushed to a paste along with a piece of inanimate metal, plastic and rubber, was no more than a necessary piece of recycling.

"Mrs Prakash is waiting for you in the library," she said without a smidgen of courtesy – and certainly not warmth.

"You know where it is so you best be hurrying along," she advised, wrinkling her nose as if a bad smell were beneath it.

She walked away then but turned back to add, expression and still wrinkling nose atop the nubile young body he would have definitely gone after at one time, glacial:

"And don't forget to knock."

With that parting reminder she took off upstairs and left his still shaking legs to support him down the corridor to the library and the woman awaiting his arrival.

His feelings of shame as reticent knuckles prepared to rap on the solid wood of the door, beyond which waited one of the elements contributing to the humiliation running in tandem with his horror for what he'd just witnessed, threatened to void an already empty stomach and he realised he felt almost as sick as he had in Medina's yard when his Dodge was in the process of being pulped.

And with a begging, pleading, and knee-capped man inside cuffed to its steering-wheel as his gagged and incoherent pleas for mercy went unheeded.

The *"motivation"* required, according to crystal-meth man himself, to ensure Overbury accepted what was to be his new position in the household of Rahul and Julianne Prakash.

“Come!” came an imperious voice from the other side as he wondered how he could possibly see out his side of the deal the owner of that voice and her partner had struck with the urbane yet psychopathic meth-dealer.

Forcing himself through it, he twisted the handle and pushed.

“Close it behind you,” she ordered, still dressed in the severely cut grey suit whose above the knee skirt showed plenty of her bare and tanned legs that, at this point, were of absolutely nil interest to him – along with the impressive conical breasts and the rest of an admittedly hourglass and voluptuous body.

He did as she asked and turned to stand before her as she rose from the same seat she had occupied when he had last been in the room – no doubt pretending to read the same book for effect - to come and *pose* before him, manner that of a Major-General inspecting a particularly slack and slovenly Private. Unsurprisingly, there was not a trace of welcome on the angular face he had not liked before and now detested with a passion almost as great as his fear of what could happen to him should he piss her off.

Detestation and fear all the greater now for being in no kind of a position to make his feelings known.

And in the same suitably choice language he had used when leaving this same room not four hours ago.

There might not have been a trace of welcome but her distaste was wholly visible as she surveyed his person and wrinkled her nose in the same way as the black girl.

“What is that stain on the front of your trousers?”

For a moment he was at a loss. That he had pissed in his own pants in Medina’s office – even before the horror that was about to unfold outside in the yard itself – had been forgotten. So great had been, and remained, his terror.

“Is that what I think it is?” she asked, curiosity making her sound almost sympathetic and opening the floodgates of his own, sizeable, self-pity.

“Ju-Julianne,” he began, recalling his… *accident*, this as the meth-dealer outlined what was likely to happen to him if he did not prove… *amenable*; aware he sounded like a bullied child seeking succour from a mother but too far in extremis to prevent it. “You have no idea what… what…”

Desperately, he fought back tears as he recalled the fear causing him to piss his own pants and the humiliation of having it witnessed by others; a witnessing that seemed only to cement Medina’s men in their own thuggish variation of masculinity while reducing his – even if the disinterest of crystal-meth-man himself seemed almost clinical.

“They just killed a man, Julianne. Put him in my car and crushed it while he was still inside… As if he was no more than a bug or a rodent in need of exterminating.”

She nodded and, again, he took her interest as compassion.

“You have no idea of the type of man you’re dealing with, Julianne,” he told her. “He… They…”

“Something you might have been better ascertaining for yourself before you lost money to him,” she made reminder, angular features returning to the usual cold and severe arrangement.

“I was drunk, Julianne,” he informed her, oblivious of her reaffirmed appraisal of him. “If I’d known…”

“Quiet!” she barked suddenly, raised voice startling in the tranquil ambience of the Prakash family library and William Overbury, appalled and shamed by his own acquiescence, despite the extenuating circumstances of his recent experience, fell silent.

“Your whole life has led you to where you are now, not one piece of drunken misjudgement,” she went on, enjoying how… *cowed*… he seemed after his meeting with Ramon Medina.

“And *now*,” she continued, raised voice having won her a captive audience, “you have no alternative but to accept who and what you are.”

Knowing exactly what it was to which she was referring, he also knew he had neither the strength nor the courage to refute her assessment.

“And in answer to your question: Yes. My husband and I know *exactly* who we’re dealing with. Mr Medina may follow what we might call an unorthodox career path but, as well as being ruthless in his pursuit of those who cross him, is also a charming man who, along with my husband and I, happens to believe that when a man – or in this case, you - gives his word it’s as good as a written contract.”

Her assessment and put-down only served to exacerbate his sense of hopelessness; having seen the man’s *“charm”* at close-quarters.

A sense of hopelessness that was not about to be improved any when she went on:

“We will continue to pay off your debt to him through instalments and will add a considerable amount to the sum he is owed so long as you keep to the deal I outlined to you the last time you were here. For which, as I recall, you thanked me by calling me, and I quote the mixed metaphor in full: *‘A hatchet-faced dog with a dried up pussy’* – amongst other choice insults to my person.”

Her look was almost school-marmish as she enlightened him:

“A dog, *Willie*, to correct your wayward grasp of anatomy, does not possess a pussy.”

Her eyes waited for a sign he was about to take her to task for reducing his Christian name to the diminutive Lena had told her he hated.

There was, understandably she thought, no sign of any such dressing-down.

And as for any interest in the faux pas involving his use of metaphor…

"My husband and I have absolutely nothing to fear from Mr Medina so long as we keep strictly to the letter of our arrangement. As, he assures us, he will to his."

She paused and even in his debilitated mental condition, Overbury knew it was for effect.

"*You*, however, have every reason to be terrified if you give either myself or Rahul reason to ask Mr Medina to have his men supply a correction to your behaviour my husband or I feel unable or unwilling to supply you ourselves."

Overbury had heard all this from the cold and seeming disinterested lips – and all the more unmanning for that – of Ramon Medina, but hearing the same words from a woman did not serve, somehow, to make their meaning any less terrifying.

If he hadn't know it before – and the drive from Pico to Northridge had given him time to give it much thought – he was now in no doubt.

In real terms, the bitch standing in front of him as she was his commanding-officer was much, much, more.

To all intents and purposes, along with her scrawny Indian bastard – and with the repellent Medina to back her up – she actually owned him.

The fact they lived in the second millennium where the ownership of one human-being by another was – theoretically – proscribed going for nothing.

"Now," she told him, all business, "take those filthy and smelly rags off and I'll have Ms Shannon take them away."

Weakened as his resolve was, Overbury didn't pick up on her use of the *"Ms"* before the young Afro-American woman's name.

Neither did he register the *"take away"* rather than *"to clean"* in respect of his clothes; an important point given as his worldly belongings had been pulped along with his now defunct Dodge, together with and the unfortunate Latino now an integral and unwilling part of the former *"heap-of-shit"* and its scrap value.

"Where should I change and what into?" he asked in a weak and resigned voice, too beat down to debate the point – even had it managed to register with him.

"Take them off now and throw them into the hallway for Ms Shannon," she ordered in a voice growingly more confident it would find itself obeyed.

Weakened and lacking in resolve as he was, however, he was not so *"cowed"* he could be made to do a striptease for the bitch.

Or at least *thought* he wasn't.

She sensed his reservations:

"You might be seven or eight years older but, believe me, there's absolutely nothing you have I haven't seen before. Now strip."

"Julianne, please, this is very embarra…"

"Now!"

The whiplash of her voice tore into thoughts that wondered when this waking nightmare was about to end.

No time soon, came the answer as Julianne Prakash took a step towards him and drew back a hand before bringing it forward again to land with a resounding smack upon his cheek.

Too stunned at the fact she felt she had the right to strike him, his pain a lot less than his impotent outrage, Overbury could only listened as she uttered the words that would command his obedience – in this and *all* other matters.

"Unless, of course, you would prefer me to have Mr Medina ask his… *employees*… to return and have you do it for me…"

Ten

"You are not serious, Julianne!" tittered Rena Gokhale as the shaven headed American flunky beneath the comfortable patio-chair in which she was seated, drinking a Mojito he himself had prepared, delivered her shapely feet a most delightful massage.

"You would lose money if you were foolish enough to wager money on it, my dear Rena."

"You are saying your servant here actually takes the penis of your husband in his mouth as a way of supplying him a service you yourself are unwilling to provide? Have I heard you correctly?"

"Entirely."

"Then I must also take it that your… *man*… here is gay – or at least bisexual. How else could he ever have been the womaniser you have described him to have once been?"

"Oh, he liked the women plenty enough," answered Julianne Prakash, eying the denuded scalp beneath them as it tried to concentrate on the humbling chore it had been designated and, no doubt, tried to block out the words denigrating the man to whom it now belonged.

"Then, surely, he must also…"

"Not in the slightest, Rena. What he does for his Indian master he does because he has been trained to do *exactly* as any family member tells him and fears the consequences of not doing so."

"Consequences?"

"Yes, my dear Rena. For animals such as the one at your feet there can be no mistaken kindliness. Such a dog sees compassion of this type on the part of an owner as only weakness. Far better to promise and deliver instant retribution and correction for its failings than to allow tolerance of its misbehaviour to consolidate him in his ways."

"When you say *'consequences'* am I to take it you mean… *physical*… punishment."

"I'm sorry if this offends you, Rena, but yes. My husband and I are not cruel people, but…"

Julianne Prakash broke off as the man she was describing coughed at precisely the moment of her untrue assertion.

Waiting a few moments as a puzzled Rena waited along with her, she decided to look upon the intrusion as no more than a simple throat spasm, rather than a sarcastic refutation of her description of herself and her husband.

"…As I say, we are not cruel people, but neither are we indulgent of our inferiors. We provide the man at your feet with a good home, food and clothing. And, in return, we expect complete devotion and obedience as a minimum. Is that so much to ask?"

"Please, Julianne," Rena immediately protested. "You must not think that I criticise. My husband and I have long been of the opinion that we neglect the old ways at our peril. In fact, Mr Gokhale is convinced that the problems we face today have been caused by that relaxation of the borders between the classes and the unrealistic desires that have been allowed to develop in those whose natural inclination is to serve their betters. It is but one of the reasons we both of us deplore the absence of the caste system that did so much to maintain the gap between those born to rule and those others, such as the servant at my feet, destined for a more… *humble*… station in life."

"Then you do not think me a monster for supplying correction as and when my man deserves or is need of it."

Having not long before ascertained her neighbour's penchant for just that kind of control she herself found so… *arousing*… Julianne admitted to herself, nonetheless, the surprise that Rena could acclimatise so swiftly to the situation in respect of the womaniser formerly known as William Overbury as he continued to press and knead her delightfully shapely arches in a servile and abject manner he would have once believed impossible to have come from himself.

"I would go further, Julianne," Rena Gokhale assured her as she drew her foot from the Overbury grasp and presented him with its sister for more of the same. "I would say that not only have you the right to… *correct*… him, but that you have the right to do so whether he deserves it or not."

Julianne's eyes widened with inquiry at this before Rena supplied enlightenment:

"Is it not also the duty of an obedient and loyal servant to ease the stress of his owner – should he or she require such attention?"

Widened eyes narrowed to form part of a smile.

"After all," her neighbour continued, warming to her theme and as vibrant and animated as Julianne had seen her in the month or so of their acquaintance as she responded to being able to voice her inner desires in the presence of a like-mind, "what better way is there of relieving one's stress than by expressing it upon the unworthy behind of a flunky?"

Julianne wondered what that *"flunky"* was thinking as he took in the growingly confident and assertive Indian woman's words. She had caught him throwing admiring looks in her neighbour's direction when he felt he could not be observed and knew he would be daydreaming about all the things he could have done with such a morsel. At least back in the days before *all* such seductions were taken from his remit.
Or, more accurately, *locked* from him.

“I cannot tell you how much I envy you your… *acquisition*… Julianne,” Rena Gokhale finished with what her neighbour knew was a sincere emotion. “And if Mr Gokhale were here he would tell you and your husband exactly the same.”

A thought seemed to strike her:

“But tell me, how do Rahul’s stepbrother and stepsister feel about having such a servant? Young people are so much more liberal and - what is the saying? - *‘politically correct’* these days. It is not seen as… *trendy*… to have servants.”

“You’re right, Rena. But Naresh and Parvani are not what you’d call *normal* teenagers. In fact, they’re not very bright in social or academic terms and certainly not the most attractive teenagers you could find. Which probably explains the bullying they were subjected to back in the states and also the fact they both like their own company and that of their computers. Rahul has tried to get them to get out and about more but gave it up when he saw just how uncomfortable mixing with others of their own age made them. The main reason he took them out of mainstream education and home-schooled them himself. He set their lessons and homework and ensured they at least achieved adequate results in their exams; even if they were never likely to make university – Community College not an option for the reasons of bullying I just touched upon. Considering he’s still in his twenties himself, Rahul has been quite remarkable with them.”

“He is to be applauded for taking such good care of them after the deaths of his mother and their father.”

“He is very fond of them and they of him – in fact, and though I’m not what you’d describe as *‘maternal’* exactly, I get on well with them myself.”

“That is to the good. And I can tell he is happy now he has a… *strong*… woman in his life to… *guide*… him.”

Julianne tilted the glass containing the remnants of her Mojito towards her friend at these words that were both compliment and truism.

“Just the same,” Rena went on, there are not many men who would be willing to take on such a responsibility.”

“And certainly not that pitiful example currently rubbing your feet,” Julianne snorted derisively, not missing an opportunity to add to her… *creature’s*… shame and humiliation.

She gave out a derisive, almost disbelieving, snort:

“Would you believe that he was once one of Rahul’s bosses in the company he later bought?”

“You are teasing me. Surely not?”

“Lena’s father – the father of the friend of mine he married – tried to make something of him by getting him to go and work for him. Rahul was an intern there at the time and told me he had never met a more egotistic and supercilious man; either then or since.”

Rena nodded her head slowly as she took the information in until, and unseen by the older man rubbing her feet, a smile lit up those feline features.

“And now Rahul is his master and you his mistress.”

“You mustn’t forget Naresh and Parvani,” Julianne supplied reminder. “They too are his superiors in our family hierarchy. In fact, I do believe he finds this the most humiliating of all the trials he has had to endure since his fall from grace.”

“I take it you refer to him being a man in his forties and Rahul’s step-brother and sister yet to have left their formative years?”

“That and the fact they are – bless them – not the brightest teenagers on the planet and, more embarrassingly for him, that though they have lived in California for some five years now, they have neither assimilated the American way nor its language in any but the most rudimentary of ways. In fact, when they are either with Rahul or alone, they speak in their native Tamil. Their English, I promise you, is almost childlike and extremely heavy with accent – another factor that went towards the bullying they experienced at school.”

“Heavy with accent or not,” Rena commented with a conspiratorial wink, “it is the duty of a servant to ensure he understands his betters. How else is he to serve them faithfully and correctly?”

“Precisely,” Julianne agreed. “Naresh and Parvani, however, seem to have no trouble in making him understand them.”

It was now her turn to wink:

“None whatsoever.”

“I am pleased to hear it. Communication is very important when dealing with one’s… *underlings*. One would not wish them to take advantage of any… *‘crossed-wires’*, shall we say?”

“Believe me, Rena, my manservant knows better than to *ever* try and take advantage of either me or anyone else who belongs to this family.”

“I have no reason to doubt you, Julianne. Which explains my envy. I will not ask you to divulge just how you achieved this miraculous ownership of your manservant but I will say that those people who maintain there is no justice in this world could not be much more wrong.”

Though certainly amused, the laughter the two women shared was *not* pleasant as they eyed the labouring dome of the creature under discussion.

A *"creature"* who, despite all the ineffable dishonour and degradation already heaped upon him, could find no inner defence capable of deflecting either the pain their words fetched him or the day-to-day actuality that with each fresh sunrise brought a corresponding humiliation.

"His acquisition as our servant," Julianne began after their laughter subsided," has been most beneficial to the self-confidence of Parvani and especially Naresh. Being in a position of authority over a handsome man so many years older than them has made them blossom. Naresh in particular has really taken to being the second master of the house.

With a laugh she immediately reconsidered the ranking.

"Though I suppose *third* master would be more accurate, after Rahul as second and then yours truly as first."

There laughter was that of the intimate friends they were fast becoming before the *first* master's voice became hushed and conspiratorial.

This despite their being nobody to hear her save the wretch currently on his knees at Rena's feet.

And he did not count in any meaningful way at all.

"Strangely enough," Julianne began, "both Naresh and Parvani remembered the wretch at your feet from his time at his former father-in-law's company pretending to be the big man. Apparently Rahul had introduced them to him during one of his unwilling appearances at a weekend company picnic he had attended with his then wife. He was, as was usual for him, dismissive of both them and their brother."

Rena gave her a preoccupied nod of understanding, the main thrust of her attention being the sensations provided by the kneading hands of the man currently under discussion.

"Despite this," Julianne continued, "they both of them developed something of a crush for the *'handsome American'* and could not believe their good fortune when he was introduced to them as our new servant.

Rena looked mildly puzzled:

"Naresh also had a… *'Crush'*… as you put it, for him?"

Julianne nodded, "He is, you understand, similar to his stepbrother in that he likes a nice warm mouth around his penis and prefers it to be the mouth of one of his own sex… Unfortunately for the poor boy, his cock is the complete opposite of his stepbrother's in that it is *very* tiny."

"That is a shame for the boy," Rena sympathised.

Then, with a dismissive snort:

“Yet what you tell me of him and his older brother is no different to anything I have yet to hear or read of a man and his… *desires*.”

“That is true, my dear. However, in the case of Naresh it is the mouth of one man in particular he prefers to perform the deed upon him.”

“You mean…?”

Julianne nodded, knowing the insides of the man at her friend’s feet would be writhing in turmoil – even as his exterior strove to reveal nothing of his anguish as he continued to serve the smooth brown skin of Rena Gokhale’s instep.

Another tribute to her triumph over him and the training that ensured he would remain her chattel.

“I’m sure you understand that, though Naresh is now of legal age, the opportunities for him to gain some – indeed, any – sexual experience until the advent of Willie here have been limited to the point of non-existent save for the usual self-satisfaction.”

“Until now, of course,” commented her friend and neighbour.

“Until now,” Julianne repeated. “Now he has his the family retainer to help his with youthful desires.”

They both began to laugh at the same time, the Indian woman’s laughter revealing genuine delight at the prospect of a macho man – a former example anyway – being forced to serve a teenaged boy in the very way he had no doubt demanded women serve him in the past.

And not only the gay younger brother but the older and bisexual stepbrother also.

Emboldened and feeling quite the liquid mess down below, Rena raised her free leg and placed it upon the back of the still toiling white man’s head, applying pressure until his lips were upon the soft and fragrant brown skin of the foot he was in the process of rubbing.

A boldness that was not taken to task by her hostess.

Quite the opposite.

“It feels good, does it not?” Julianne asked. “To treat a man exactly as he deserves to be treated without fear of reprimand or censure. To know that one can command such obedience of a man both older in years and far stronger physically. A handsome man such as the one at your feet who knows you as his complete superior and can do nothing but carry out your wishes unless he wishes to be punished.”

The American woman sighed with genuine appreciation of the situation she had managed to contrive from no more than a simple gambling debt to – unfortunately for her chattel – *entirely* the wrong man.

“It goes way beyond all my childhood dreams and desires,” she finished with what appeared awfully like a swoon.

“My lovely Julianne,” Rena Gokhale breathed overcome with the emotions provoked in her by finally exercising a little of the dominion she had long dreamed of exercising over a man – and *especially* a man of white skin. “It is better than good. It is simply wonderful!”

Coming back to earth from her self-congratulation, Julianne gave her friend a grateful smile:

“Then I take it you will be interested to learn that my manservant is not only adept in the serving of feet and cocks?”

A look of what could only be described as hunger could not be mistaken in the younger woman’s eyes.

“You mean…?”

Julianne’s smile confirmed what Rena Gokhale had prayed was her meaning and, ecstatic from the feel of a white man’s lips upon her brown skin in unwilling homage, she awaited her friend’s next words eagerly, praying they would go on to offer her what she so badly needed after the events of the past hour or two.

She was not to be disappointed.

“His tongue has become most accustomed to being at the service of a superior female shrine. It is not only at your disposal but Mr Gokhale need never know if you feel he might take a dim view of such a thing.

“M-Mr Gokhale,” she replied in a voice made husky and uncertain by desire, “does not approve of a man… *pleasing*… a woman in such a way.”

Julianne’s shaking head was reproving.

“Then it is fortunate my manservant is willing to step into the breach,” Julianne laughed. “If, that is, you don’t regard using such a creature as a betrayal of your husband?”

“I… I do not,” the Indian wife breathed. “Not in the slightest, I must tell you. Mr Gokhale, I know for a fact, is more than capable of finding his own diversions... And… And does so frequently.”

Julianne Prakash, who would never consider allowing her Indian husband to partake of a diversion *she* had not expressly authorised, nodded understandingly.

“Then it’s settled. Willie here can show you how adept he is in paying homage to his superiors and Mr Gokhale can remain none the wiser.”

Julianne’s smile was teasing:

“At least until you can win him around to all the benefits of having such a servant for yourselves.”

Now it was the turn of Rena Gokhale to smile as she nodded her understanding at her friend and neighbour and allowed her to move things along:

“Could you be so good, my dear, as to remove your foot from his unworthy head. You will need to stand that he may kneel before you and remove your panties.”

A near delirious with anticipation Rena Gokhale obliged, untroubled that her friend was not going to absent herself for this, her fist experience of a man’s tongue at her female shrine in the whole of her forty-years on the planet.

Julianne Prakash snapped her fingers and her servant – the man formerly known as William Overbury – rose to his knees without meeting either of their eyes and, with reverence, began to remove the flimsy silk garment constituting the Indian woman’s underwear; experiencing, as he slid the panties down past Rena Gokhale’s slender but shapely legs, a resurgence of desire inside the cock-cage that made him tense in expectation of unavoidable discomfort.

A giggle from the hated Julianne confirmed she had not missed the development before she told her friend and neighbour:

“While he shows your delightful pussy just how well I have him trained, I’ll relate to you just how we came to be owner and owned…”

Eleven

"Not a bad body for your age considering the way you've abused it," Julianne Prakash told a naked William Overbury as she took in the un-muscled but lean and trim frame of her supplicant, noting he had more hair than she had expected at chest, legs and genitals and enjoying the fact.

It made him seem halfway towards the beast-hood she intended for him already and she had every intention of allowing him to keep it.

The still thick and wavy, if streaked a little with grey, hair atop those handsome features and of which he was so proud another matter entirely.

"I was sure you would be one of those small-dicked men who try to compensate for their tiny manhood's by fucking anything that could move and wanted them. This is a pleasant surprise, I must say – not that I'll be having much use for it."

"Thank fuck, for that" Overbury's thoughts praised small mercies as his hands moved across him reflexively to cup his exposed genitalia after having removed his soiled clothing.

The above disrobing performed under her watchful and mocking gaze after she had taken a seat behind an ornate desk and made herself comfortable as he set about his enforced striptease.

"Take your hands away this instant!" she snapped and, disbelievingly and putting it down to the toll the events of the last few hours had taken of his spirit, he complied.

Her smile did not alter the hardness of her face for one second and he knew she was thoroughly enjoying having him at such a disadvantage.

A *"disadvantage"* he could see no way out from under.

"Can I have something to wear… please?" he asked, barely recognising the whiny voice doing the asking as his own.

"I've arranged a uniform for you to wear from now on," she told him as his scrambled thoughts took in yet more unwelcome information.

"Uniform?"

"Also, Willie," she went on fetching an impotent wince from him for the use of the diminutive, you are no longer the husband of a friend and you are certainly not a guest in our home. From now on – at least until or if we decide upon a different form of address – I am Mrs Prakash and my husband is Mr Prakash."

She appeared to waiting for a response from him of some kind; before receiving none and adding in a voice harder than the cold granite her features resembled:

“Do you have a problem with that?”

Julianne could see his thoughts whirring. Not four hours ago he had left this same room after calling her every name in the sun when the exact – or near exact, anyway – position he was expected to take up in return for the payments to Ramon Medina that would keep him in the land of the living. Now he was back in that same room, naked and terrified before a woman who had once been no more than a friend of his former wife he did not particularly like.

The unvoiced question lurking at the back of eyes that were no longer those of the confident womaniser may just as well have been spoken, so obvious were they to her:

“What the fuck has happened to you?”

“I asked you a question, Willie,” she prompted; adding with enough menace to remind him of Medina and his men and the fact they would always be lurking in the background, ready to exact correction and retribution should she deem him in need of it: “I do hope this isn’t an *attitude* I’m seeing.”

The presence of the deceptively charming meth-dealer and his men still prominent at the front of the still shaking man’s thoughts, she assessed correctly; even if she could have no way of hearing the screams of a man being pulped to a paste in a crusher accompanying the imagery.

“I… I…”

He was near to breaking into uncontrollable sobbing before her, she knew, and the power it conferred upon her to be able to bring him to such an abject condition – and so quickly – provoked sensations in her pussy she had not experienced in her life until now.

Any small qualms she might have felt for reducing a fellow human-being to such an abject condition fell away as the leaves of an autumnal tree before the onslaught of an out-of-season cyclone.

“I… understand,” he finished, unable to meet her cold and piercing blue eyes; eyes made somehow more rather than less Arctic and inflexible for the excitement her demotion of him provided them.

It was not enough, just the same.

“You understand… *what?*” she barked.

Julianne Prakash could see he knew the concession she expected him to make and realised just what his conceding to it would signify.

She was also confident that, once a nervy Adam’s apple stopped bobbing up and down in his throat as if it were an ocean-going cork, he would deliver her exactly the response she required.

Her confidence was not misplaced.

“I, hmm, understand, Mrs…”

The enormity of providing a person he detested with a title expected to be heard from the lips of an underling, be he of the store-assistant, petrol-pump or *manservant* variety, requiring he take two stabs at the honorific.

“…M-Mrs Prakash,” he added, the title exiting his lips as if it had been extracted with red-hot forceps and, so great his distaste for the significance of being compelled to utter it, proving completely beyond him to keep that distaste from his features.

A lack of restraint, the woman whose thoughts already described herself as his *“owner”* mused, that would be sure to think twice before revealing itself from this moment on.

“That’s right, *‘Mrs Prakash’*,” she told him. “Or any other respectful form of address I tell you to adopt. And you would do well in future not to either hesitate or let your feelings in regard of me show so obviously.”

The fact he was so beaten down did not prevent a flicker of anger from animating his cheeks. He turned his head to the side and the view through the large bay-window to the sprawling and beautifully cultivated lawn beyond. This that she may not see him chew his lip in an attempt to thwart an explosion of anger he knew all too well would have repercussions.

For him.

Julianne did not let up and trashed her earlier decision to ease him gently into his new life.

“Do not look away from me when I’m speaking to you!” she snapped, gratified by the progress thus far when his head and still trapped lip swivelled back to face her.

“In fact, from now on whenever I speak to you; be it to give you instruction or to take you to task for something not done to standard; I will expect you to place your hands behind your back and eye the ground respectfully. Mr Prakash and I have gone to a lot of trouble to save your worthless carcass and we will not be thanked with insolence. ”

His mouth sagged.

“Take instruction?”

“Hands behind my back?”

“Was the bitch serious?”

The unspoken question was superfluous, he knew.

How could he not?

With every passing moment his situation not only worsened but became more… *outrageous*. Here he was, a man in his mid-forties, handsome still by any reckoning, standing naked before one of his former wife's friends. The cock she complimented as impressive but *"Not up to Rahul's standard"* completely visible to her as it remained *understandably* flaccid.

And now, the bitch with a face that put him in mind of something between the scimitar of a Dervish and a particularly voracious bird-of-prey was telling him to lower his eyes whenever she spoke to him!

It was, he told himself, like a situation from some sicko novel.

And *he* was the poor fuck on the wrong end of it!

A situation that was about to get worse as she rose and stepped around the desk to stand before him, too close to his naked body and that still flaccid cock for Overbury's liking.

"It might help you to adopt the correct position – and avoid pissing me off," she told him, "if whenever you're in…"

She broke off to give her words some thought.

Before:

"Yes," she said to herself, having it upon the perfect description. "Whenever you find yourself in what we will describe from now on as a *'position-of-respect'* it will help if you make a point of fixing your lowered gaze upon the toe of my shoe – or anything else I might or might not be wearing at the time."

The look William Overbury conferred upon her could hardly have been more exaggerated had she just grown another head even more unattractive to him than the original to which his thoughts were in the process of applying a heavy and well-honed scythe.

"Of course, this will apply to Mr Prakash as well as Naresh and Parvani," she went on over his stunned silence, knowing full well he would have no recall of the two teenagers who had been so taken with him during their one meeting and, no doubt, remained so still.

"Although, to you, when I decide you know your place enough to meet them, they will henceforth be known as Ms Parvani and Master Naresh."

As she had expected – nay, wanted – it was all too much for him and his outrage at what she was suggesting overrode for the moment his crippling fear of what might happen to him were he to prove too…

Recalcitrant.

“For god’s sakes, Julianne! What the fuck’s happening here? You and your husband have just got into bed with a drug-supplier who’s just had a man crushed to death as if he were no more than a bug and now you’re acting like some kind of sicko…”

He struggled for the word, the sexual world beyond that of simply fucking – not to mention receiving the oral servicing he was not so fond of giving - never having been of any interest to him.

“…like some kind of sicko dominatrix, or something,” he finished with the best and nearest description he could come up with.

Julianne placed her hands on her hips in a pose of complete authority and waited for his outburst to run its course; certain it would be *she* and not her new manservant who had the last word.

“Jeez! I knew you never liked me but… What have I done to you that you’d want to treat me like…? Like…?”

“A useless piece of garbage who’s never thought of anyone or anything other than himself his entire life?” the *‘sicko dominatrix’* offered helpfully, having fully expected an outburst of such a kind at some time and totally unfazed in the face of it.

But then, she allowed her thoughts to smile, why wouldn’t she be unfazed? She, after all, wasn’t the one standing as naked as the day she had been born in somebody else’s home as the lady-of-the-house outlined not just her duties but the life she was expected to lead for a period yet to be fixed. A *“period”* in regard of him, in point of fact, she had absolutely no intention of either fixing or, indeed, ending.

“As for my being a *‘sicko dominatrix’*,” she went on, not entirely displeased with one half of his description of her, “it is certainly true that I enjoy control and having my orders obeyed. Does that make me… *sick*?”

She shrugged, not appearing to care one way or the other; even if she did promise it would not be long before her servant *never* dared to utter such a comment in respect of her.

“Perhaps…” she conceded, knowing it made no difference to their relative positions in regard of each other either way. “However, sick or otherwise, it makes no difference to your situation. “Your weakness and stupidity have led you to this position and I intend to take advantage of it to make you into something useful. To me and this family if to nobody else. Shannon is about to be married and will be leaving us without a housekeeper from the weekend on, so she will be taking you through and familiarising you with the duties you will be taking over from her.”

Julianne Prakash let this sink in before adding:

“You will have a lot to digest in the next couple of days so I suggest you apply yourself in a way that meets her approval.”

She allowed a meaningful pause to highlight the words that followed:

“Believe me, I would be very unhappy if your behaviour caused me to lose face and be forced to lose face by calling in Mr Medina.”

The mere mention of the man’s name created a tsunami of trepidation that made it difficult for Overbury to remain standing and Julianne exulted in having such a stick with which to both threaten and, if necessary, punish him.

Not for the first time in the past few days, she gave mental praise to the young Indian husband she had married simply for his money and the prospect of security. It had, after all, been his idea to approach the drug-dealer with such an offer. An offer that made what she intended for the man before her all the more achievable.

“The money we have agreed to pay him as an extra that he might consent to the arrangement,” she went on, “above that of simply servicing your debt and paying far over the odds for the sum involved, is the least of my concerns. Rahul… *Mr Prakash*… is, as you may have noticed,” her eyes indicated their surroundings, “a very wealthy young man now. Believe me, it will not trouble him in the slightest to pay the sum required for Mr Medina’s men to give you a suitably… *memorable*… correction.”

The tsunami attacking his lower body was not made any less potent for the reminder as the woman intent on reducing him to her creature continued:

“The loss of face involved in my having to ask Mr Medina to step in and to let him know that I am unable to control my own servant will, however, concern me and you may be sure that your life will be far more uncomfortable in my home than you were before I was forced to have his men show you your proper place.”

At the back of his fear he could see the low-grade Brooklyn girl she had started out as and knew she was loving both the control of him and acting like a lady-of-the-manor far too much to be anything other than serious.

“Of course,” she went on, returning to her earlier theme, “given that you will be so much… *more*… than simply a housekeeper, it will fall to me rather than Shannon to instruct you in the rest of your… *obligations*.”

Her smile was almost friendly as she finished:

“Such a young woman can hardly be expected to provide such instruction,” she told him, “and certainly not understand how a man of such advanced years can be in need of such… *schooling*… Let alone the weakness that ensures he will accept it.”

Their eyes met in an unequal battle of wills as he attempted to assert at least something of the manhood she was in the process of decimating.

Delightfully, for her, she could tell even at this early stage in his subjugation to her that he found meeting her eyes… *difficult*.

“Unless, of course…” she went on before pausing, the curl of her lip evidence of the contempt with which she held both him and his latest outburst.

"…Unless you really would prefer me to call the charming but oh, so inflexible Mr Medina and tell him you have had a rethink and decided to decline the offer my husband and I have made you."

This last was *not* framed as a question and Julianne saw the fight leaving his eyes almost at the instant the last syllable of the surname *"Medina"* left her lips.

Moistening those same, suddenly dry, lips she relished the new experience of being able to control and subdue him with such ease.

"Mr Prakash and I will, of course, reimburse Mr Medina handsomely for all the time and trouble he has taken to try and make you see sense. It is only fair. Being a man of honour himself, of course, he would expect no less."

The thoughts behind the handsome face before her were pained at this description of crystal-meth-man as being a *"man of honour"*.

So pained, in fact, as to be almost corporeal.

"I can make the call for you if speaking with Mr Medina is too… *uncomfortable*… for you to make for yourself," she offered with a courtesy the beaten and naked Overbury could not fail to miss as being as insincere as it was dangerous.

"Julianne, I… Please…"

She could see she had him and, acting on the knowledge, ignored his half-formed pleading and moved back to the desk and the phone resting upon it along with her laptop.

"Very well," she continued, pretending to misconstrue his unfinished plea. "If that is what you want I'll call him now. I'm disappointed, of course. It's not every-day, after all, one gets the chance to be able to train someone to be the servant life intended him to be for a family who will appreciate him for what he is, but…"

She was already punching out numbers – of the aimless and random variety, that is, though he was not to know that – when a sound imitating the croak of a bullfrog in extremis cut in to her efforts:

"N-No!"

The look she trained upon him was a question.

"P-Please, Julianne. I…I…"

She paused in her punching out of the totally useless numbers.

"Are you saying you'd rather I didn't call Mr Medina?" she asked, sarcasm obvious. "Only I'm getting a little confused."

"N-No, Julianne, I don't want you to… to call him… But…"

“If you don’t get it into your head pretty damn quick that I’m no longer Julianne to you, then I’ll have to accept you’re a useless case and wash my hands of the whole deal. After that, it will be entirely up to Mr Medina what he has his men do to you.”

“Even though…?” he began, breaking off to look at her as if for the first time, seeing her hard-face and coldness of manner as true indicators of the soul that lay beneath.

“Even though you know…? You know he’ll…?”

“And none too pleasantly,” she finished his rather obvious train of thought for him, “if, that is, it’s possible to be killed in a pleasant way.”

“Yet you’d still…?”

“Collateral damage, Willie,” she spoke over him. “You’ve screwed every opportunity you’ve had in life and now you’re one of the little people. You’re whole existence has been leading to this and now it’s arrived. Lena is no longer in your life but *I* am. And you will find *me* to be a very different proposition to your loving and tolerant former wife.”

In the midst of extremis and the clarity in regard of past behaviour such anguish brings, William – *“Willie”* – Overbury found himself agreeing with the woman standing before him with hands-upon-hips.

A woman who was as repellent to him as she was becoming – even if what was left of his manly pride wouldn’t allow him to describe her in such a way just yet – *terrifying*.

“To put it bluntly and in language you’ll understand,” she told him with a contented smile, “you’re fucked. Worse, if you don’t get with the programme and realise that one phone call from me and you will either be dealt with in an *extremely* painful way or, more drastically, taken out of the equation completely.”

“But…?”

“No *‘buts’*, Willie,” she told him totally confident he would not take her to task for using his name in the shortened and childlike version Lena had once confided to her made his blood boil. “This is what it is. You do *not* bargain, because you have absolutely *nothing* to bargain with. Either you join this household and prove yourself willing to be trained as a *very* obedient and respectful family servant; or…”

She could see him waiting on her next words, thoughts still unable to accept somehow that he, the handsome William Overbury, could be hearing such words spoken about *his* future.

“Or,” she went on, “I’ll have no alternative but to make a phone-call you *really* don’t want me to make.”

For what must have been something like four or five seconds but seemed longer to them both for entirely different reasons, they stood facing each other.

The one expectant, the other sickened.

The conqueror and the conquered.

Both of them knowing all that remained to set them in their respective roles was a final act of obeisance.

From *him*.

For all his hatred of her he could not help but acknowledges her air of… *authority*… and, as she stood before him, expectant, and anticipatory, the subconscious running in tandem with his more pressing fears took her in – at least her body - for what was the first time in terms of *really* looking.

The Aryan and avian face with its short blonde hair that would not have looked out of place awaiting captured allies in the cellar of some SS commandeered Schloss apart, she possessed an impressive hour-glass figure with wondrously full and conical breast above hips that were all woman and legs that contrived to be as shapely as they were powerful. In fact, Overbury could hear his subconscious telling him that had he not found the summit so off-putting – at least back when he was in a position to instigate such things - and had paid more attention to that body itself, then he would most likely have provided her with the fucking of which she was so obviously in need. The absence of which, according to that same subconscious, explaining the existence of the bitch standing before him with obvious relish for the barrel over which she had him.

The voice belonging to that body, when it finally arrived, was a metaphysical whiplash scourging literally naked flesh that was also - for now – of a metaphysical nature also in regard of such punishment:

“I am going to count to five,” she told him, planting down spike heels as hands went to hips imperiously. “If you are not kneeling here,” she indicated a spot on the floor below her with one perfectly tended fingernail that was no less a talon for that, “by the time the count is reached, I will consider you a hopeless case and no pleading on your part will stop me from calling Mr Medina after that.”

The shaking that had not stopped from his time at the car salvagers became more pronounced as Overbury took in what was, effectively, the passing of a death-sentence.

Should, that is, he not concede to a woman he now truly believed was a sadist and a pervert of the highest order and kneel naked at her feet in the way she demanded.

“One…”

“Fuck her,” his thoughts screamed. “And fuck Medina as well!”

“Two…”

He would take off, he told himself, the question of what he would do for clothes, let alone money, not occurring to him.

“Three…”

“Better to live in fear than shame,” his thoughts declared, even as the former began to claim a larger and larger share of his reasoning and he told himself he would do *anything* rather than share the same fate of the guy at the car-salvagers.

“Four…”

The muffled screams of the man handcuffed inside his Dodge began to resonate alongside his intention to defy the perverted bitch and he knew they would soon swamp his resolve with their horror if he didn’t act right away, find some clothes and…

“Five…”

Twelve

Rahul Prakash motioned William – *"Willie"* – Overbury into the downstairs den he worked from whenever at home in Northridge.

It was the third day on from the white man having accepted the offer extended to him to become the family servant and already there was a change in his demeanour towards the diminutive Indian twenty-something he had once treated with such disdain and still – if only in his thoughts these days – considered no more than a buck-toothed geek.

As said: *"these days"*.

He was dressed in a white shirt without a collar and plain black shoes while the similarly black trousers, completing what *"Mrs Prakash"* had told him was his servant's uniform, were pocket-less and tight in a way that showed off his still trim lower body to best, if somewhat shaming, effect.

Third day or not, it was the first time he had actually faced the geek who was, effectively, his new employer.

The bitch Julianne, as he preferred to call her in his thoughts, having decided she wanted him at least partially conversant with his new duties before he was allowed to serve the rest of the family.

A family, strangely enough, he had seen only glimpses of from a distance and seemed to recall from the company get-togethers Lena's father insisted upon. The old man seeing them as some form of corporate bonding. A buried memory too inconsequential to have meant anything at the time resurfacing to remind him that the geek had a brother and sister he looked after.

Not, it has to be said that he had paid any attention to the two youngsters in their early teens at the get-together. But then why would he have? Not when they weren't even of age back then and were, anyway, about as physically interesting to him as their nerd brother.

Not to mention the competition from the company secretaries and female execs he was well-placed to try and cultivate.

Despite the presence of his wife and father-in-law.

Bile entered Overbury's throat as the geek motioned him through the open door to the den without bothering to give him a second glance - this as he returned to something of far more interest on his laptop.

The past couple of days had been a complete learning curve for him as the cold and unfriendly Shannon – he could only imagine what she had been told about him to make her so suddenly unapproachable; despite his best and most charming efforts – had taken him through what he needed to know.

Domestic knowledge that included how to wield a vacuum, operate a dishwasher and use the correct settings on a washing-machine, etc.

The above as well as making him take humiliating notes.

Though nowhere near as humiliating as the concession he had made to the hatchet-faced bitch in her library.

Even if he had experienced *far* worse since.

It was a concession, nonetheless, that could still make him feel physically sick when he recalled the way he had sank to his knees before her and then – in a way killing to his memory and sense of dignity – had actually buckled under her direction.

This to prove he was serious about accepting her offer by placing his lips on the shiny and pointed toes of her Jimmy Choos.

The same shoes that were part of an extensive collection whose upkeep, a cold and unfriendly Shannon had seemed to enjoy telling him before she took off for marriage and a more *normal* form of domesticity, were now *his* responsibility.

That his former wife's friend was not just a bitch but a mental sadist of the first order was not in any doubt to him now and he wondered how he would survive his time as her… *flunkey*.

A period of employment, by the way, she had seemed deliberately vague upon when he had fought back the nausea he felt at her feet to ask of its duration.

Her response not enlightening him much:

"Until such a time as your debt to Mr Medina is considered paid".

Understandably, he had not felt himself in a position to press the subject.

Standing before the geek, hands clasped behind his back in the respectful manner the twenty-something's wife had taught him, Overbury could not prevent the sneer passing over his features as he took in the Indian man – barely more than a boy – to whom he was expected to show such respect. Black framed glasses reflecting the light supplied by the laptop's screen as he concentrated and over-large teeth teasing the lips below them, he had, his new employee decided, never looked more of a dork. And this was the man for whom, together with his equally unimpressive siblings and hateful wife, he had become what was effectively a domestic retainer!

"I have been hearing good things about you, Willie," he began, looking up from the screen finally with the air of a man in total control.

Overbury bridled but said nothing.

"Before she left, Shannon expressed the opinion to my wife that you would make a most acceptable household servant."

The *"most acceptable household servant"* could not help a flash of temper surfacing at hearing himself spoken of in such a fashion.

And by such a person.

"I do so hope that is not anger I see being displayed, Willie?" Rahul Prakash asked. "It is early days in your new position as my servant and that of the family, but I would be most displeased to think you felt you could show me such disrespect."

If wanting to throttle the life from his scrawny neck was disrespect then the geek had him nailed.

"I am waiting..."

Wanting the expensive and thick carpeting to spread wide and draw him down into the bowels of the earth, Overbury forced himself through it:

"No… Mr Prakash."

"I prefer *'sir'*," Rahul Prakash told him, enjoying the power he was wielding over the handsome and older white man equally as much as his older wife – a wife by whom the man before him was becoming more and more intimidated.

And submissive.

Pretty much, his thoughts felt compelled to acknowledge, *"as I am myself"*.

As Rahul waited, Overbury swallowed with difficulty and summoned up a nod of acquiescence.

It was not good enough.

"Do not nod like some dumb animal, Willie," he was rebuked. "You must always respond when a superior addresses you. I should have thought you would have learned this much at least over the past few days."

His *employer* waited and Overbury asked himself how he could possibly address him in such a way.

And, once again, surprised himself with the depths of his servility:

"Yes, hmm, sir," he said.

Rahul Prakash nodded and leaned back in his plush and comfortable swivel-chair, his whole manner betraying just how much he loved having his former superior at the company *he* now owned before him in such an… *abject*… way.

Crossing and then re-crossing his legs, he rolled the chair back casually towards the window, beyond which could be seen the pool and barbecue area, rested an elbow on the arm of the chair and stared at the white man before him.

A smile seemed to lurk beneath his toothy but impassive features and it made Overbury nervous.

With due cause it was to turn out.

And especially when horrified eyes notice a bulge in the crotch of the younger man's pants as he spread his legs wide.

"Mrs Prakash tells me that, up to now, you have simply been shown the more domestic nature of your duties here."

He paused and Overbury swallowed back more bile as he knew what the prick was waiting for.

And supplied it, bile or not:

"Yes… Sir."

"That is all well and good and very important for the efficient running of our household," he went on, satisfied it seemed with the respect he was commanding from the older man to this point. "However, because of the circumstances surrounding your employment here and the extra inconvenience Juli… Mrs Prakash… and I have been forced to in order to secure it, we have decided that it is only right and fitting that you serve us on a more… shall we say… *intimate*… level?"

"I… I'm not with you, Mr… I mean: Sir?" Overbury queried, praying that his suspicions were not about to be proved correct.

"Then allow me to enlighten you, Willie. There is, after all, very little point in my going around the houses when there is nothing you can do or say to prevent either Mrs Prakash or myself using you in any way we see fit."

"Using…?"

"Do not interrupt, Willie!" the younger Indian man barked, as if to a wilful schoolboy rather than a handsome and mature man some seventeen years his senior.

Overbury fell silent at the command and marvelled through impotent rage at the depth and speed of his fall as he did so.

He would soon marvel a lot more.

"You are no longer our equal and must get that through your thick head, Willie. You are, in fact, what I believe used to be called an indentured servant. *Our* indentured servant. This is, of course, illegal in the US and most other parts of the world, but the nature of your situation and my agreement with your creditor makes it so just the same."

Overbury could see the deep pleasure treating him and speaking to him in such a way caused Rahul Prakash and knew he was equally as unsympathetic as his bitch wife.

A man – geek or not – who was not about to be played by him as the weak link in the arrangement.

"In return for your complete and undivided service," he went on, "we will not only ensure no harm befalls you from Mr Medina and his associates but will keep a roof over your head, clothes upon your back, and food inside your stomach."

He seemed to give this some thought, tickled by what had occurred to him and eager, it seemed, to impart his thoughts:

"Actually, and given that your service to us is of a somewhat irrevocable nature, I think I would find it more suitable if you were to address me as *'Master'* from this point on."

Overbury almost expostulated a response but managed to restrain it somehow.

"Yes, I believe you were about to tell me that this might cause some confusion as, when it comes time to meet him, Mrs Prakash has insisted you address my stepbrother in the same way and this may cause confusion," Rahul nodded sagely, knowing it was the last thing the man had been about to tell him.

"Master!"

The young Indian almost laughed as he imagined the thoughts going through the older man's head at this turning of racial and old colonial realities – at least of an English variety – upon their head.

"I take your point," he said with a nod. "But then, if I am not concerned at your having two masters, there is no problem, is there?"

As Overbury again retraced the steps that had led him to this hell and cursed the stupidity that had always been likely to ensure it happened, his Indian employer added with emphasis:

"*Is there?*"

A part of him simply could not believe it. Not two years ago this same geek Indian had been no more than an office junior. Had even fetched him coffee and run other errands when required.

Now he fully expected him, William Overbury, to acknowledge him as his master!

Worse, Overbury knew – with a certainty his inability to sleep added to the nightmares he experienced when he did manage to drop off ensured – that he would, sooner rather than later, cave in to any demands the younger man made of him.

"N-No," he agreed finally, hoping the Indian bastard would leave it at that for the time being.

Hope that was *no* hope at all.

“No, what?” he snapped, accented voice carrying all the authority of both confidence and ownership.

Overbury closed his eyes as he prepared to submit to the latest indignity heaped upon his manhood.

“Open your eyes when you address me,” came the order. “Show respect.”

Almost as if with a will of their own, Overbury’s eyes flashed open and were greeted by the look of triumph in those of his younger tormentor.

“Now tell me who I am.”

Then, when Overbury hesitated, and in words echoing those of his bitch-wife:

“Unless you would rather I call Mr Medina and have his men drop by to teach you how to respect your betters.”

Suddenly, William Overbury looked into that toothy and geeky face beneath the thick framed spectacles and knew that the young Indian would like nothing better than to see him beaten and traumatised by meth-man’s thugs.

It made the latest blow to his manhood no easier to take – even if it did make his shaming concession easier to deliver:

“You…” he began, voice breaking under the strain of what it was expected to say.

“Go on, Willie,” he was urged. “Tell me who I am to you from now on. Then we can adapt to the true roles nature intended us to adopt in regard of each other.”

A sudden sense of the inevitable gripped the stricken white man and he felt what small fight he still possessed leaving him. It was going to happen. He would acknowledge the geek in exactly the way he wished to be acknowledged. The presence of crystal-meth man and his men, ever-present in the background ensured it. All he achieved by attempting to delay the inevitable was to prolong his own agony and shame.

“You… You are my…”

Rahul Prakash appeared to be holding his breath as yet another watershed moment thrust itself upon them.

Then, in a voice barely audible:

“M-Master,” Overbury finished.

“There!” said the Indian geek, arms spread wide and joyous in his triumph over an older and more handsome white man in possession of the physical capacity to do him some serious physical damage – were he not terrified of the consequences of doing so.

“That was not so difficult now, was it? And it will become far easier for you, this I promise.”

Overbury didn’t – *couldn’t* – answer and his *“Master”* let his insolence pass, knowing that what he was about to insist upon next would place any discomfort he might be experiencing now into a far distant shade.

“One last thing and I think we will have a better understanding of how things are going to be between us from now on,” he began, the look greeting his words from the white man seeming to say:

‘Anything! Just please get it over with and let me out of here!”

“If you would just be so good as to come and stand before me,” the heavily accented English voice Overbury hated so much directed.

“What now?” the Indian man could see his thoughts screaming; even as he did *exactly* as his *“Master”* ordered.

“Kneel before me, please,” Rahul Prakash ordered with a courtesy Overbury could not help but regard as deceptive, even as his thoughts rebelled against adopting the same humble position before the husband forced upon him by the wife not two days ago.

That same sense of the inevitable took over and, despite his revulsion, the white man lowered himself to his knees under the gloating and triumphant scrutiny of the younger Indian master who had once delivered him his coffee.

Sense of inevitability or not, the words of his former office junior that followed were about to shock and appal him even beyond his current misery.

“I am placing Mr Medina on speed-dial,” Overbury heard the geek’s words and instantly became alive with foreboding at mention of meth-man’s name, hoping that they had at least got over any prospect of his involvement for now; even if it had been at the cost of yet more pride he could barely afford to lose.

“Should you hesitate for one second to obey what I am about to tell you to do,” Rahul Prakash went on, “I will hit the call-button and no amount of pleading on your part after that will prevent me paying Mr Medina to have his men teach you a lesson in obedience. Understand?”

Overbury could not prevent his head from shaking one side to the other. Slowly. It was all so unreal. A nightmarish dreamscape from which he seemed unable to wake, despite constant attempts to will himself back to the reality of his life prior to poker-night with crystal-meth-man.

“Understand?” came the reality of his master’s voice.

“Y-Yes,” he answered instantly, becoming, even if he wasn’t aware of it, more and more conditioned to such an authoritative tone of voice. Be it that of Rahul Prakash or his dominant Brooklyn-born wife.

“Yes, *what?*”

“Y-Yes… M-Master.”

“Do not forget again,” came the warning.

Overbury wanted to throw up over the naked brown feet encased in a pair of Prada moccasins he could see below his shamed and still more beaten eyes, and only a certainty of the consequences that wold befall him should he do so prevented him from doing just that.

“Now, as a sign that you know your place in respect of me and that you accept me as your master, I want you – and with great respect – to undo my fly and take my cock from my underpants.”

Shamed and beaten as he was, Overbury’s head came up at this outlandish request and found his eyes met by the totally inflexible stare of the geek as he held up the phone with a finger hovering on the call-button.

“Then you are going to suck your Master’s cock as a way of telling him you know exactly what your place in his life and that of his family is from this point forward…”

Thirteen

Not an hour after he had worked his own manhood to a crisis in the most mortifying of ways under the mocking supervision of her stepbrother, William Overbury found himself in different, if certainly no less humiliating service to the teenaged stepsister.

The sturdy, but not altogether unshapely, legs of the teenager rose above him as he maintained his undignified and utterly shaming position on all-fours beneath the desk in her bedroom serving as a computer station.

She was bare-footed with nails he had only yesterday painted a vivid red, smooth brown skin salty upon his tongue as his tongue laved at her sweaty insoles.

Obeisance made in exactly the way she herself had instructed him as she occupied herself in the playing of one of the computer-games with which both she and her equally none-too-bright brother had become obsessed and were now a substitute for more meaningful and healthy interaction with youngsters of their own age.

An unhealthy obsession their stepbrother not only tolerated but seemed to encourage.

And if *they* were *"none-too-bright"* then what did it make him, ran his thoughts from *"Ms"* Parvani's feet.

"What a good doggy, Willie is for his mistress Parvani," the girl cooed absent-mindedly, pudgy features hidden from him in his position below the desk. "Such an obedient and well-behaved pet these days. Not at all like he was when I saw him at the picnic and he was trying to be with the ladies behind his lady's back."

The sing-song English that had improved noticeably since he had been… *acquired*… only served to heighten a misery to which, no matter the repetition of his native tongue, became no easier to bear.

Also, none-too-bright or not, she had an unerring instinct for what would discomfort and mortify him most.

"Such a lovely lady, as I remember. And you were such a bad doggy for her," she scolded as he continued to tongue her instep. "I wonder what she would say now if she could see you so well-behaved and obedient for your little Indian mistress."

It was a question he had asked himself once and now avoided like the plague – unable to bear even the thought of Lena seeing the formerly proud and womanising husband who had led her such a thankless dance reduced to such a condition.

"Perhaps when we return to Los Angeles I shall ask Julianne to invite her to see us," the girl said, almost to herself.

William Overbury anguish intensified. It was not the first time the girl had suggested such a thing and nothing had come of it before. But who could say.

“Would the doggy of Ms Parvani like that?” he heard and his spirit took another downward spiral as he knew she would expect him to respond.

And how!

“Woof!” he let rip with an ersatz bark, just the same, the mere prospect she might convince Julianne Prakash to invite his ex to witness him in his new role of dogsbody too unmanning for him to risk the girl above trying.

One for no and two for yes.

Simple.

And totally soul-destroying.

A grown man. Many years her senior. Forced to act as if he were no longer fit to be treated as a fellow biped.

“No?” the girl said with mock surprise, lowering those pudgy features that she may take him in as he crouched at her feet in his full and most abject glory.

“Doggy has no desire to see the lovely lady he once belonged to? Even if he was a very bad and disobedient doggy for her and ought to show her how sorry he is.”

Her cow-like eyes held his and he knew she expected another response:

“Woof!”

A hand as pudgy as the rest of her came out to ruffle his hair and chuck him behind the ears, as if he were for all the world a real canine she were rewarding.

“Yes, I suppose it would be very embarrassing for you to have her see you like this,” she told him before tapping him on the tip of his nose and wagging a warning finger underneath it.

“All the more reason for you to be the best little doggy you can be for Ms Parvani.”

As her upper body and full young breasts disappeared above the desk and one brown foot placed itself upon the back of his head to force his lips onto the other, Overbury knew it would not be long before she required the use of those same lips on her hairy little Indian snatch.

He also recalled the first occasion such a threat in regard of his former wife had been made to him…

“…I’m not normally one for handing out compliments, Willie.”

So Julianne Prakash had told him as he towelled down her body some seven weeks into his stint as her manservant.

The same body he himself had just bathed in the spacious and well-appointed en-suite in the equally luxurious bedroom she had commandeered as her own after marriage, this while excluding her new husband from entering without her express permission.

A body, moreover, and given the cock-cage to which she now held one of two keys, he was finding himself more and more drawn to.

"But I have to say," she went on as he gently and respectfully dried the crack of what he had to confess was a stupendous ass; the ignominy of being forced to act in such a way lost on him for a moment as he fought the urge to plant lustful kisses on the plump yet firm womanly cushions quivering beneath the towel's attentions, "that I'm delighted with your progress and the fact you seem to know your place in respect of me and Mr Prakash as well as Ms Parvani and Master Naresh."

Her mention of the brother and sister ruined somewhat his appraisal of Julianne Prakash and her wondrous derriere as he recalled how well they had adjusted to his presence as their new and "special" servant when the bitch had finally considered him…"servile"… enough to be introduced to them in his new role...

*****

"...You mean he is not married to the lovely lady anymore and is now our slave?" Parvani had asked, cheeks flushing as she took in the older man who had been the focal point of many of her young fantasies after having met him at the picnic held by the company her stepbrother had worked for and now owned.

"No, Parvani," Julianne had laughed with what the waiting and thoroughly shamed Overbury took to be genuine affection for the pudgy Indian girl who had yet to leave her teens but shortly would. "Willie is not our slave. That's illegal, my love. But he is our servant now and will make all of our lives much more… interesting."

"Will he have to do everything we tell him?" asked the equally as pudgy if facially more appealing Naresh, a year younger than his sister and eying up the older man in a way that indicated he too had shared some of that same sister's fantasies upon the same subject.

Or, more accurately, object.

"You and Parvani will also be his superiors and will supervise him in the same way as your stepbrother and myself," a horrified Overbury heard the woman tell them.

"Though it will be your stepbrother and, more importantly, me who has the last word on what our servant can and cannot do."

"Can we punish him if he is naughty or disobedient?" the girl asked, features flush with animation.

Overbury turned an imploring look on Julianne Prakash and saw no reason to expect reassurance from this source.

"That depends," she answered. "He is new to domestic service and I have no doubt there will be times when he needs to be… corrected."

It was already too much, Overbury decided, but this?

"You can't be seri…?"

"Silence!" barked Julianne, holding up a warning finger to emphasise her displeasure at having him speak without being given express permission to do so.

"But…?"

Stepping towards him she drew back and slapped his face, the power of the blow snapping his head to one side and surprising him with its power still more when she backhanded him for good measure.

"If you speak without permission just once more I shall take down your trousers, place you over my lap and spank you until I consider you've learned your lesson."

Parvani giggled and raised a hand to her mouth at the prospect of a grown man being spanked, while her brother hopped uncomfortably from foot to foot revealingly; though not so uncomfortably he couldn't ask, voice husky with teenage desire:

"Can we watch, Julianne?"

Luckily for Overbury, Julianne, for reasons of her own, had declined to consent and had decided to send the teens back to their computer-games before verbally rebuking him for his lapse in silence.

But the damage had been done.

To "Ms" Parvani and "Master" Naresh he had been demoted from a handsome and unattainable fantasy object to no more than a flunky at their disposal...

*****

".....It's quite a transformation," he heard as he came back to the present. "Master Naresh and Ms Parvani are truly fond of you and this pleases Master Rahul as much as it pleases me. He is devoted to his step-family and likes the fact you make them happy."

Overbury's thoughts almost rebelled, recalling how "Master" Rahul's much-loved "step-family liked to use him.

The one with his tiny teenage cock surrounded by the older man's lips – even after he had squirted off his load and was flaccid.

The other by treating him as if he were no more than the family pet.

And a pet with a very useful tongue.

“Not so rough, Willie,” said the woman who was effectively his mistress and owner as she jolted him from his none too pleasant reverie.

“My apologies Ma’am,” he said instantly, subservience of the kind becoming a worrying second-nature with him.

“Yes well, enough of that for now. Be a good boy and dry my pussy for me,” she said, not bothering to make any attempt to turn that his demeaning job might be made easier.

Not hesitating, demeaning job or not, Overbury knee-walked around her and, placing his hands behind his back as taught, readied himself to slurp at her hairless cunt as a means of drying it in a way to her satisfaction; despite knowing her scent in his nostrils and the taste of her upon his tongue were going to cause his imprisoned cock and balls some severe discomfort.

In truth, and had he not hated her now with every fibre of his being not likely to give away a fact she must already have been convinced of, it was a body he would have had no problem fucking at one time – even allowing for the Easter Island type topping.

He had already known her figure was hour-glass – hardly likely to be missed given the severely cut clothing she favoured that emphasised her curves whilst adding an unnecessary aura of no-nonsense and off-putting authority of which she was already more than well served by the face above; but seeing her naked and in the flesh on a regular basis – together with the cock-cage preventing him from displaying his new approval of her – he had to confess, albeit grudgingly, that the powerful late-thirties body awaiting his attention with either flannel, sponge or loofah, was one he would have dearly loved to fuck into submission.

Had, that is, she not preferred tongue to cock and, preferably a tongue of either the submissive variety or one with no say on the pussy it was required to serve.
A pussy he was at the point of serving at that very moment.

“You really are a natural flunky, Willie,” her voice came down to him as his tongue ran the length of a slit not fond of cock but always ready for a nice obedient male tongue. “I always thought there was a weak person underneath all the macho bluster and womanising, but even I’m surprised at just how readily you’ve adapted to your new life as a servant.”

Knowing no answer was required, and not having one available anyway, Overbury concentrated on drying the hairless cunt resting above a pair of powerful thighs that gave ample evidence of her time in the gym while trying to ignore her verbal attempts to debase and humiliate him further as she added:

“And without us having to call upon the services of Mr Medina even once.”

What she said next was beyond his ability to ignore:

“I wonder what Lena wold think if she could see the husband who treated her so badly now?”

His ministrations at her pussy came to a halt.

"Oooh, has the cat got my cunt-cleaner's tongue?"

The foul mouth and accompanying laughter of the bitch was amplified by the bathroom acoustics and thundered in his ears.

"Perhaps I should invite her over for the evening to see your progress. What do you think?"

"N-No!" he cried, head coming up to implore her with his eyes.

A hand in his hair yanked his head away as she stared into his eyes with a will he now recognised as inflexible and for which he also knew he was no match.

"Are you telling your owner what to do, Willie?"

"N-No, Ma'am. I just meant… P-Please don't ask her here, M-Ma'am."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"P-Please, I'll… I'll do anything," he begged, truly horrified at the thought of his ex-wife seeing what he had allowed himself to be reduced to.

He recalled the last time she had threatened him with a visit from Lena and replicated a part of his reaction.

A cur-like action made in the hope it would yield the same result.

Lowering himself to the floor on his stomach and despising himself as he did it, he clasped her bare ankles with his hands and began to smother the feet below them with servile and frequent kisses.

After a few moments of this, when no reaction was forthcoming from upstairs, he began to lick them.

Another minute or so passed and still no sound came from above as he demeaned himself.

Then:

"Well," he heard finally, "that's all very nice and respectful, Willie. But you kiss my feet as a sign of your respect for me all the time – even lick them like the pathetic weak creature you always were at base. You are going to have to be a little more creative if you want me to indulge you and leave Lena uninvited."

"Anything, Ma'am," he said between slobbering over her toes, clueless as to what else he could do to convince her.

“Let me think,” she told him, adoring how she had reduced him to such a pitiful specimen and wanting to take his disgrace further.

“I know,” she said finally, taking a step backwards and leaving his hands and lips with nothing but air to try and convince.

He rose up to his knees and waited for her to disclose her thoughts.

“I need to use the toilet,” she told him with an evil smile…

Fourteen

Overbury took a deep breath, opened his eyes, and let it out against her Indian slit.

It was, he had to confess, a thing of beauty; though not as amazing to him as the cunt of the American woman who owned him.

An American woman he hated and despised and one who had not only made a mockery of his existence as a free-man but locked away the evidence that at least provided him with an excuse to believe he was still worthy of the description.

So why had become so obsessed, so… *reverent*… of the hairless slit and the cunt beyond that insisted he pay it attention on a daily – night *and* morning – basis?

Probably, he told himself, for the same reason he felt the same about her breasts, her ass, legs and feet – though what the *real* reason might be he was either too stupid or too shamed to acknowledge.

Hell, she had even reduced him to the role of her toilet-attendant and, to his complete and futile horror, he was beginning to take some warped pleasure from serving her there also – though to this point such a service was not compelled from him by the three-quarters of the family constituting the Indian branch.

As his owner had instructed him during the many lessons she had seen fit to give his *"uneducated"* tongue, he placed gentle and reverential kisses on Rena Gokhale's thighs before progressing and was rewarded by a sigh from the Indian beauty.

The gloriously smooth brown skin of her inner-thigh was next and already her breathing was becoming more… *pronounced*… as lips went to tongue and he began to lave at the area closest to her pussy and the bush surrounding it.

Had he been asked, and felt able to be truthful, Overbury would have had to confess that the proximity of pubic hair, rather than the frequently and, no doubt, painfully waxed hairlessness of his owner, was not as pleasing to him. But his opinion had not been sought on the subject and neither was it likely to be. Hardly likely that it would when he had no option but to deliver the cunt of his owner and those she chose to receive it the most enthusiastic and abject attention – be that cunt hairless or a veritable rain-forest.

His tongue, as taught, teased at the underside of her thighs and came close to the outer-ring of her anus as her breathing intensified and his strict American teacher looked on – no doubt to give him pointers when he performed the same service for her once her guest had left. Then it was on to the slit itself, the taste and smell of her already pungent upon tongue and in nostrils as her excitement evidenced itself in a veritable flood of subcontinent pussy-juice. She fairly jumped when his tongue made first contact with her lips and it was obvious to him that she was *very* sensitive there.

He was pleased.

It would make his task less onerous.

Parting the flesh of her pussy he took a good look to familiarise himself with its layout – again, exactly as taught.

"Not all women are the same, Willie. It is your duty as a devoted pussy-licker to know the exact layout of the woman whose cunt I have ordered you to serve. Every woman is different, so take a few seconds to appreciate the cunt that has you at its disposal that may serve it most efficiently and pleasurably – rather than simply diving in and eating it."

With her words ringing in his head, Overbury took in the pearly bud toward the top of her slit. Could hardly miss it, in fact. So excited was she even at this early stage in his worship of her, the clit he could see protruding past the hair at its apex resembled a mini erection that was almost a match for that of the cock belonging to the *"none-too-bright"* Master Naresh. A clit, in his former incarnation of womaniser, he would have started to munch upon the moment he had it located.

"It's not some kind of seafood treat, Willie," Julianne Prakash had warned him.

"So don't just dive in and start munching on it as if it was. We women find that painful and if you ever make the mistake of doing it to me you'll know worse pain yourself. Mix your worship up. Start off by working your tongue around the clit and only applying light touches until it is fully sensitised. Then, as your mistress becomes more aroused, you must apply more and more direct pressure to her bud. Remember, you are only a servant and your hands must never touch the woman you're serving above the ankles unless she gives you direct permission, so make sure to keep them clasped behind your back respectfully.

"This will obviously mean that with your fingers out of commission you will need to be more inventive with both tongue and teeth."

Overbury vacuumed the clit into his mouth and sucked at it intensely, knowing just how much his owner loved him to do such a thing and hoping to get the same response from her guest.

He was not disappointed.

The Indian woman's body all but jacknifed and a stream of Tamil incomprehensible to him came from her in a rush as he sucked her mini-erection for a few moments more before releasing it and proceeding to take head-butts at her gaping cunt that he might effectively force his nose into her inner sanctum.

"This," Julianne Prakash had assured him, *"is nothing like the real thing, of course, but it is symbolic of your desire to be as pleasing to your lady's pussy as you can possibly be without the use of either cock or fingers. And that, believe me, is very exciting for a lady of a certain… mindset."*

Again, the rush of Tamil that greeted his efforts proved his owner right and, symbolism achieved, he immediately switch his attention back to her throbbing clit.

As he drew it into his mouth and heightened the vacuuming-cum- sucking action that had already proved so… *welcome*… Overbury could sense Rena Gokhale was already on the verge of her crisis and intensified his efforts. Taking his mouth from her clit, he mashed his face, tongue, nose, chin, against her slit and made a frenzied nodding motion that brought her clit into play again and had her hands pulling at his ears frantically as the pressure built inside her.

The crisis when it hit was both furious and vocal as Rena Gokhale raised her beautiful face to the heavens and screamed, hands tearing at his ears and legs wrapping themselves around his neck as he continued to eat her until the last vestiges of her excitement had spent themselves.

They were still in the same position when the Indian woman let out a sigh of the deepest satisfaction and lay her head back against the soft cushioning of the verandah-chair.

It was a minute or so later, with Overbury still trapped in the embrace of Rena Gokhale's glorious brown legs, that Julianne Prakash informed her guest:

"We are having a gathering of some influential local business and government figures in a few weeks' time, Rena."

"Hmmm," came the sated response as it dreamed of being sated once again.

"If you can persuade Mr Gokhale of the benefits and pleasures to be had from ownership of such a servant, then I would love to see you both here."

A similar response to the first greeted the invitation and Julianne continued:

"After the more… *inhibited*… of our guests have left, perhaps you and I, along with our husbands, can have some more… *adult*… fun."

Fifteen

Under other circumstances in the unusual household where he laboured in such a menial and humble way, William – *"Willie"* – Overbury would have counted it as a blessing that his owners had decided to call in outside caterers and waiting staff for their informal gathering of local dignitaries and the movers and shakers of the Bangalore business community.

Not being forced to act the role of flunky in front of others – no matter they would be strangers unaware of the true nature of his service to the Prakash family – was a huge relief.

Or at least it would have been.

Had, that is, he not been left under the upstairs supervision of the stepbrother and sister he hated equally as much as he hated and detested their elder stepbrother and the American woman who had once been his former wife's friend and could now confidently describe herself as his owner.

He had buckled under far too much shame to contradict this description of herself in regard of him and his only satisfaction was seeing her exercise a similar dominion over the big-toothed geek who also considered himself his master.

Even if it that dominion was exercised in a more tolerant and semi-respectful way.

"Fetch, Willie!" came the cry that jolted him from his reflections and, hardly recognising himself as the man of not two years before who possessed enough in the way of good looks and manly charisma to bed any number of willing and available women, Overbury scurried to collect the panties Ms Parvani had worn that day – and probably the day before if the smell assailing his nostrils spoke accurately – before bunching them into a ball for some harmless fun.

Fun that might be harmless to her and the younger brother looking on, but was yet another nail hammered into the sarcophagus they were making and had made of his manhood.

"Good boy!" she praised as, completely naked with only his cock-cage serving to cover the penis and scrotum it effectively rendered useless, he retrieved the soiled underwear with his mouth and hurried over to drop them at her feet.

"Do not forget the time Parvani," her brother, clothed like her in a pyjamas and a dressing-gown, gave reminder as Overbury remained on all fours at her feet with beaten eyes lowered, praying they would tire of tormenting him soon and either retire to bed or decide the computer was more attractive.

"We have a few minutes yet," Overbury heard her reply, though what she was referring to was a mystery to him. "Julianne said to wait until all the guests had left."

“Not all of them, sister,” sniggered the boy cryptically and his sister shared his amusement him as he rose and moved to look out of the window onto the drive.

“The cars have all gone,” he told her.

“Then we had better be going downstairs,” said Ms Parvani.

Then, more ominously:

“Pass me his lead and collar will you, Naresh?”

Overbury’s mind worked furiously.

Up until now, the game of mistress and her doggy had been confined to upstairs and kept between her and her brother.

So what was all this talk of collars and leads, he thought to himself. Praying as he did so that they were not about to parade him in front of their brother and his American wife in such a way. And if they were, that those guests had indeed gone.

A moment’s reassurance steadied him a little as he told himself Rahul and Julianne were hardly likely to show him in such a shamed and perverted condition before some of Bangalore’s most distinguished movers and shakers.

But then, what on earth was the collar and lead for?

He was given no time to ponder the conundrum further as Ms Parvani’s sing-song English ordered:

“Put your head up now like a good doggy.”

Almost as if he were indeed the canine they were treating him as, and with sixth-sense such mutts displayed before an unwanted trip to the vets, or some equally unpleasant act of pet grooming, he found himself shaking as he complied with the young teen’s command.

Producing a heavy and studded leather collar he had not seen before, the girl proceeded to fasten it about his neck before clipping a lead onto a metal ring at its front.

Within seconds, William Overbury, a handsome man in his mid-forties, was not only naked before two *“none-too-bright”* Indian teenagers but found himself collared and leashed as if he truly were some kind of domestic pet.

The fact it all seemed so nightmarish and dreamlike did not make it seem any the less real to him.

He knew all too well by now that there was no escape to be had down that particular avenue of denial.

“Now,” the girl explained to him, keeping her language simple as if she were talking to either a very bright pet or a slow on the uptake child, “I am going to take you downstairs on your lead and I want you to crawl on all-fours behind me like the good doggy I know you want to be for your Ms Parvani.”

The shaking that had only started a few seconds before was becoming more and more pronounced as she pressed:

“Does doggy understand?”

A snigger came from his side where he could see the brother with a hand inside his dressing-gown as he diddled with the tiny dicklet he was so fond of having his sister’s dog take in his mouth.

Overbury shook his head from side-to-side in a way that made him look even more canine and wished for the intervention of a death he was too cowardly to visit upon himself.

Was there no end to the shame they could heap upon him before he rose up the way a man should and put an end to it?

Regardless of the circumstances that would surely follow?

As the teenaged girl used the end of the lead not snapped to his collar to thrash his naked behind and he yelped with agony that was as much mental as physical, the answer was supplied to him.

“Does Ms Parvani’s doggy understand?” she repeated, raising his chin to put her pudgy face onto his own, expression a picture of youthful determination and sadism.

It took but a movement of her equally pudgy hand upon the lead to prompt his submission to her teenaged will.

“Woof, woof!” came his reply.

“That is better,” she told him, manner changed in an instant by his acquiescence as her brother continued to diddle himself to the side of them. “Ms Parvani is a kind Mistress and does not wish to punish her doggy. But he should not try her patience.”

She stood then, and with a yank on his lead that did not bear out her intention of not wishing to harm him, pulled him in the direction of her bedroom door before stopping to add a warning:

“You should be warned. If you are disobedient when we go downstairs, speak anything other than doggy language, or show the slightest disrespect to your owners, then I have permission to take a bamboo cane to you until you know better.”

Overbury was almost out of control by this point in his world of misery and debasement that only seemed to worsen the longer he remained in it and knew the snivelling he heard was his own – and drawn from him by a girl and her brother.

Two teenaged Indians less than half his age.

“Does doggy understand his mistress?” he heard.

“Woof, woof!” he complied, the fact his swift compliance would allow him to avoid further punishment doing nothing to bolster manly pride he would have described at rock bottom other than for the fact they seemed to find ways of taking it lower.

“Good boy! She praised before turning to her brother as he continued to play with himself.

“Open the door for me please, Naresh,” she asked. “We must take doggy for walkies.”

*****

Later that same night, when he was asleep in his usual position at the foot of Ms Parvani’s bed in the large basket she had so thoughtfully asked her brother to purchase for her pet, William Overbury would manage to put his ordeal behind him for a few seconds to marvel at how he managed to make it down the stairs at all, despite the shaking that had threatened to loosen the teeth from his head and not to mention the fact he had been naked and on all-fours as a young girl led him towards a room where he could hear adults conversing in every-day and normal tones.

Strangers, he knew, even if they were only next door neighbours of whom the wife’s feet and pussy were already familiar to him, that would take his shame to still lower depths.

The prospect of being introduced to them in such a way not likely to still his shaking any time soon.

Shaking that seemed to portend even more in the way of humiliation than usual.

And so it proved.

The first sight to greet his eyes when his young mistress led him into the spacious front-room was the sight of his owner’s shapely bare legs as Julianne Prakash stood conversing with a man.

A man who was *not* her husband.

Rahul Prakash, he saw from the corner of shamed and tearful eyes he had been ordered to keep lowered, was in conversation with an equally shapely pair of brown legs he recognised as belonging to Rena Gokhale and allowed him to place the man speaking to his American owner as her husband, the oft mention *“Mr Gokhale”*.

“Hello sweetheart!” said Julianne, leaving Rena’s husband to come across and give Parvani a big kiss before doing the same for Naresh and going on to introduce the teens to her guests as Overbury crouched before them on all-fours, abject and – for a blessed few moments – ignored.

“Your dog is very obedient, Parvani,” came the voice of Rena Gokhale to his lowered head. “You have trained him very well. I do hope you have not had to be too strict with him.”

“Only sometimes,” the teen replied as she held his lead tight and he wished for death’s scythe to fall upon his neck. “But he knows I am his master now.”

There was a lull in the conversation at this point until Julianne herself broke it:

“Well, my dear, what do you think of him now?”

Waiting for Rena Gokhale to reply, William – *“Willie”* – Overbury felt as if a mule had kicked in the side of his stomach as the familiar voice answered:

“I would never have believed it possible,” said the voice of his former wife, Lena as, unable to be prevented, the contents of the former husband’s stomach spilled onto an intricately designed and expensive rug,

“But now that I have, I must say how… *wonderful*… it is to see him in such a condition…”

THE END