Chattel

A Crumbling Life Leads to Humbling Service

A Work of Erotic Female Domination

By
Frederick Hambling

SFPG

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SFPG Publications

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Prologue

The bathroom was modern and spacious, stylishly appointed in a mixture of arctic white and pastels and larger than the usual en-suite.

But it belonged to only one of the two people occupying it at the time.

And it was not to the male half of the equation.

From his position between her legs, the smooth brown skin of her thighs visible to him as he knelt before her, the usual thought assailed him as he prepared to do what was now required of him on a daily basis.

And on numerous occasions throughout the day.

It was by far the most debilitating and dehumanising requirement of the daily routine expected from him and one that never failed to provoke the same unspoken question in a mind, for the sake of its own preservation and sanity, becoming growingly numbed to the once unimaginable realities of his current situation.

A situation that had been ongoing for over three years now.

And the question itself?

"What would my ex-wife and two daughters say if they could see me at this moment?"

As much as he hated his treacherous ex-wife and his two ingrate adult daughters, the prospect of having them see him in such a position never failed to heighten the sense of shame that was always with him.

Growingly numbed mind or not.

The tinkling of her urine as it splashed into the water awaiting it at the bottom of the bowl played its usual tune of futility and abasement to him and his eyes flicker upwards from those smooth, if not svelte, thighs to take in the hairless labia from behind which her waste was emerging. It was a "cunt" he knew well. A word he also reserved as an internal description of its owner. "Pussy", in his view, being a term denoting some amount of intimacy and affection towards both the anatomy in question and the person to whom it belonged.

And were intimacy and affection in her regard to be found anywhere closer than the outer rings of Saturn when he thought of her then he would be less amazed to discover it than the presence of Klingons actually having settled Saturn itself.

"It's a relationship, Jim, but not as we know it."

At another time and place, his internal thoughts might have brought a smile to his face, but note HERE and not NOW.

As the last of her waste trickled into the bowl and the brown thighs made to rise with no effort made to reach for the tissue holder at her side, the hairless subcontinent snatch with which she had forced him to become so familiar level now with his tear-filled eyes, he knew what she required of him.

It was, they both knew, her way of reinforcing exactly what they were to each other.

The one an owner.

The other the owned.

As she snapped her fingers by way of giving him her permission to begin, he leaned forward without hesitation and slid his tongue into the hair-free groove before him and began to lap at her.

Cleaning her cunt with his tongue that it might again be pristine after her voiding.

She was, after all, and as she had laughingly told him on so many occasions, nothing if not… GREEN.

And what could be more indicative of a desire for a waste friendly home than an economy with the use of toilet paper?

It was a joke that never seemed to get old for her and, at the same time, never seemed funny at all to the chattel on the wrong end of it.

Not for the first time, and as his nostrils were assailed by a cunt made more fragrant for having him serve it in such an ignominious way, the emasculating taste of her acrid and slightly salty, if thankfully sterile, urine upon his labouring tongue, his thoughts left the imagined thoughts of his ex-wife and daughters' reactions and, AGAIN, returned to a question to which he had yet to find a satisfactory answer and had a suspicion he never would.

HOW HAD HE ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN TO HIM?...

One

In the space of seven months I had fallen from a place of relative happiness and contentment into a pit of stress and deep despair.

From feeling on top of the world I had gone to feeling like a piece of dog-turd at the very bottom of the pile.

First it had been my job, a mistake I made in the accounting division of a financial institution that shall remain nameless and resulted not only in my removal from the lucrative position propping up my comfortable life but ensured I would *never* find work in the same arena again.

Bankers tend to be quite vengeful when it comes to errors that cost them money.

The second loss I suffered in my own personal whirlwind of domestic sewage was that of Erin. The love of my life who obviously hadn't, and didn't, feel the same way toward her husband of the past twenty-three years. A fact she had hidden well, given the two daughters we had created together who were, thankfully, out of the home and living in different areas of the UK following their respective professional careers. That and the long-term female lover who just happened to be a successful London solicitor and was *"apart from the fact I love her",* she told me, *"better placed to look after me."*

Yeah, right. Until she hits hard times, that is. Then all bets – and vows – are off.

Not sure which surprised me most. Was it the fact Erin could jettison me so easily and without a backward glance? Or was it the knowledge she had been carrying on a lesbian affair for the past eight years of our marriage?

Talk about clueless. I mean, we hadn't had any sex to speak of for months. And still I suspected nothing.

But then we had been married long enough to have two grown-up daughters so sex was bound to tail off a bit.

Wasn't it?

How was I to know she was getting it elsewhere?

And from which source?

Mandy and Jessica when I spoke to them were as shocked as me, but they only had one mother, I was reminded, and they would *not* be cutting off from her.

I hadn't asked and hadn't expected them to, but something in their tacit support and less than vehement criticism of my now former wife – at least once they had recovered from their initial surprise - had me wondering just how far away from the motherlode these particular apples had fallen.

Erin, of course, being the big-hearted former wife she now was, had generously signed over the house she'd had me buy when things were going well. Good of her, you might think, until one took into account the re-mortgages I'd taken out for the girl's education

and re-location to their respective universities in Manchester and Edinburgh. If there was still twenty-thousand in equity on the property were I to sell it, I would have been surprised.

You're probably asking yourself why I didn't.

Sell it, I mean.

After all, why would I want to stay in a home with all its memories and history?

Don't think I hadn't given it some thought – at least until the decision was taken out of my hands by the Bank holding the mortgage. But the truth was I had worked hard to buy it in the first place. Selling it would simply tell the hateful bitch – which was how I saw her now, you won't be surprised to hear – I couldn't cope without her.

To hell with that!

The other problem was that I actually *liked* the place.

We had bought it new back in 2003. A new build. One of two houses in a small gated development we thought would give us security as well as a modicum of security and a degree of luxury into the bargain. Four bedrooms, each of them en-suite, a spacious conservatory, a dining-room I could use as a study-cum-office, and an integral garage. Situated off the high-street in the village of Eynsford in Kent, it was relatively easy for me to catch a train into Cannon Street for the walk to the Bank's City HQ and there was a healthy choice of *good* schools for the girls.

Our only neighbours on the development were a childless Indian couple in their mid-thirties with whom we were friendly but did not socialise. He – wouldn't you know it, and without employing racial stereotyping – owned a small chain of mini-supermarkets while she seemed content to remain at home and take care of things there.

So much for my reasons in staying put.

Or attempting the feat.

Reasons that were made academic when my recent domestic pressures led to the mistake at the Bank and I was let go.

That I was released into an already depressed job-market and could find nothing and nobody willing to even interview me, let alone offer a position, did not brighten my mood any, though the severance package my contract obliged the Bank to give me – despite my error that cost them money – did help.

A small mercy that was soon exhausted.

It was not long before I began to miss the odd monthly mortgage payment.

And then missed some more.

And so there I sat. In a home empty of wife, children, and the furniture I had sold for buttons in an attempt to stave off the inevitable. In three days' time I was to be asked/forced to evict myself from the premises and, for the first time in my life, be without a home.

I was, as you may imagine, terrified.

My name is Robert Samuels. I am a man of forty-four years and, at the time of my divorce, was still in reasonably good physical condition with a thick head of only slightly greying hair.

I have also been told, and on more than one occasion, that I am nice looking.

At the time in question, I was not only a divorced father of two, but an only child (still am) with no living family, other than a wife who had discarded me, daughters who appeared uninterested, and prospects that seemed non-existent.

My home was shortly to be taken out from under me and I had no means of finding somewhere else to stay or friends or family willing to take me in.

I was not to know it, of course, but some of the above was about to change.

And *not* for the better.

Two

Strangely enough, having never troubled to cultivate an acquaintance, let alone a friendship, and most of mine and Erin's friends having proved to be *her* friends only, it was my neighbours - the wife, Navya, to be precise – who lent me an ear upon which to pour out my troubles.

She was, I discovered, an early thirty-something with roots in the Uttar Pradesh, namely the ancient Indian city of Allahabad, sitting at the confluence of the Ganges and Yamuna rivers and housing more than 2.5 million people live inside its metropolitan area; its most famous children include India's founding prime minister, Jawaharlal Nehru. Navya herself, having been raised in a small village in which over 70% of the population – and she had been one of them – lived in poverty. A Hindu, her English was surprisingly good, if spoken with a thick accent she would never lose. Prowess with her second tongue surprising, given female literacy in the region stood at a miserly 24% level in even her own language. In fact, had it not been for a better off relation who had taught her to speak and write both her own tongue and that of the English, we would not have been conversing at all.

The above fluency, if not enunciation, an important factor for any young woman offering themselves to an Anglo-Indian by way of an arranged marriage and an unhindered journey towards British citizenship.

The poverty of her upbringing also explaining why her tastes – other than dress at the time – were so rigidly Anglophile. Unlike many of her compatriots, she had no desire to be reminded of her motherland and the cooking smells of her native land could *never* be detected in a surprisingly minimal and stylish home that was bereft of any ornamentation from the subcontinent.

I could only have imagined – had I not been too preoccupied to expend the energy and summon up the interest – just how desperate the region from whence she sprang must have been and probably still remained.

Standing at a tiny five feet and one inches, she seemed in her saris almost as wide as she was long, though she was at least blessed with hour-glass curves that would, on a taller woman, have been somewhat… *sensual*. Had, of course, that taller woman been in possession of facial features that had less in common with a bird of prey; even if I grudgingly confessed to myself that they did possess a certain… *strength*… to them. Her long hair was her best feature and was in keeping with her race, of the deepest black. Yet, rather than wear it loose to soften the somewhat predatory effect of her features, she preferred to keep it scraped from her face and tied at the back. That, along with her insistence on wearing her native Indian costume, did her, in my opinion, no favours whatsoever.

But then, grateful as I was to unburden myself to a sympathetic ear, and not wishing to sound… *xenophobic*, her race and its culture had never made much in the way of appeal to me.

Not socially, and certainly not sexually.

As much as I was grateful for her company and her support at the time, she remained of no sexual interest to me whatsoever.

Though I was not to know just how swiftly that perception would change.

Just the same, it was not long before she felt comfortable enough with me to insist upon my visiting each morning for coffee. And it was not long after that when she began to speak more freely of her own social and marital situation. Of course, in keeping with most people going through troubles of their own, I was too concerned about my own problems to *really* concentrate on those of hers I found piddling in comparison, though if she noticed nothing was said.

Her marriage to Ramesh Chakraborty, she told me without pretension, had changed her life and she had sworn she would never return to her homeland and the life of poverty she had known whilst there. She also told me, much to my discomfort at the time, being somewhat private about such matters, that their marriage was pretty much a sexless partnership and that her husband's *"Passions"* lay elsewhere. Having all but told me her husband was gay, she then went on to explain that he had only married her because a wealthy and somewhat *traditional* uncle back in their homeland was adamant his considerable estate would pass to Ramesh only if he was married to a good Indian girl at the time of his death.

At the time of our getting together, Navya had explained, the uncle had indeed shuffled off the coil and Ramesh would be flying out to India in the next day or two to hear the reading of the will.

"Lucky bastard!" I remember thinking, envious to the point of jealousy that I had no one in my line likely to offer me the same hereditary courtesy.

"I will be taking over the running of his stores," she had told me in her heavily accented English, my surprise obvious because she allowed herself a small laugh that was out of keeping with her usually serious manner.

"Do not be so surprised, Robert. Keeping a clean and tidy home for my husband is not my only interest."

"I didn't mean to imply that…" I protested, suddenly worried I had given offence and might be about to lose the one friendly ear I had on the planet – an ear, moreover, that was about to take over the running of a chain of mini-marts and *might* be inclined to offer her down on his luck neighbour a job.

Any job!

Especially as I got the impression she did not mix with many of my own race and, not to be pompous, took a certain amount of pride from our acquaintance.

Not to mention the fact I had a feeling she was attracted to me.

Even Erin had commented on many an occasion, before ditching me for her *"Lebanese"* solicitor, that is, that the *"little Indian woman across the road has a thing for you"*.

Never a mercenary or venal person by nature, it was, under the circumstances, only natural I would seek to use the knowledge, suspicion, call it what you will, for my own necessarily desperate ends.

"I am not offended," she said, raising a hand to cut off my protestations of innocence. "You are not to know of the business qualifications I have gained through your Open University, And, having heard from my own lips of my *'deprived'* background, it is hardly surprising you would think of me as nothing more than a simple Indian housewife."

"I certainly didn't think that," I lied.

The expression on those avian features told me she was not convinced.

And, if I read her right, neither did she care.

"But forget that, Robert," she began, expression serious. "You have not said if you have had any success in finding yourself a new position?"

I shrugged, defeatedly, hoping to win her sympathy and soften her up when I asked about the possibility of employment with her husband's business.

"That is most worrying for you," she said with a grave shake of the head.

"It is," I agreed. "My department at the bank was understaffed and overworked and, as supervisor, it fell to me to take up the slack. They knew the pressure I was under and yet just one easily made mistake and they let me go."

My own expression was bitter, tracing all my current woes as I did back to my dismissal.

"Seventeen years of service and they kicked me out."

I clicked my fingers:

"Just like that!"

"Erin told me your *'easily made mistake'* cost them over three million sterling in recovery fees."

It was not a question and I wondered when she had spoken to the unsuspected lesbian who was now very much my former wife.

"I… I don't think it was anywhere near that amount," I lied again, knowing the figure was nearer five-million.

"One million or three, it was a tidy sum to lose and explain to the bank's shareholders, Robert," she insisted. "And as you well know, sewage as well as rainwater runs downhill. The nature of that which we find ourselves up to the neck in is dependent upon the gravity of the mistake and the culpability of the one who made it. There is nothing new here."

I nodded, preparing to lay the groundwork and ask about a job from her:

"You're right, Pressure or not, it was my mistake and I have to hold my hands up to making it. But…"

I threw my arms wide:

"It's just that my work-record was unblemished before that and I still have so much to offer. Just my luck that I made the mistake when the job market is at its shittiest."

Her expression darkened and I recalled her telling me of her dislike of bad or inappropriate language.

"Forgive me, Navya. I didn't mean to be so crude. It's just…"

"You are feeling desperate," she finished for me. "But bad language will not make the situation any easier. You must look upon the positives. As you say, you still have much to offer a prospective employer and the job market will not always be so…. *Unfriendly*. Things will turn around for you if you remain patient."

"But that's the problem, Navya. I haven't the time to remain patient. Unless I find five-thousand pounds in mortgage arrears and a way to pay the mortgage after that, I'll be out of my home. I've already been served with an eviction order. If I don't find the outstanding money and a new job by the end of the month, I'll be…"

I allowed my voice to trail off, as if the word *"Homeless"* exiting my lips was all it took to bring such a condition about.

"I've applied for everything," I went on. "Jobs so far below my experience and pay-scale they are almost at minimum-wage. And I've still to manage the achievement of being granted an interview!"

I lowered my head despondently and I assure you that *no* acting was required.

My next complaint was aimed at the ceramic floor tiles of her stylish and immaculate kitchen as we sat with our coffees.

"I can't even get work collecting supermarket trolleys!"

"That must be extremely depressing," she agreed, sat opposite in a cerise sari and matching trousers in a flimsy linen, in a home that was bought and paid for and with no financial worries.

My clumsy reference to supermarkets, and the business she was soon to be heading up for her absent husband, *not* having the desired effect of triggering her into a job offer.

There was nothing for it:

"Look, Navya. I think you know enough of me to see that I'm hardworking and trustworthy."

"Yes," she said, a little puzzled.

"I mean, is there any chance…? You know…?"

She stared at me blankly, plump yet predatory and avian features either pretending to be mystified or looking that way because they were.

“What I’m saying, Navya, is do you think you could find something for me in one of your supermarkets?”

“Oh!”

“I’d take anything, and do anything.” I rushed on, made less than optimistic for her somewhat flat exclamation. “You’d…. You’d really be helping me.”

Her sigh was my answer before her words confirmed it.

“Robert, I really do wish to help you, but I am afraid working in one of Ramesh’s supermarkets is simply not an option for you.”

“But…”

She held up a hand to forestall my protests and I fell silent, crestfallen as what had seemed like my last chance slid into the sewage at the bottom of the hill she had spoken of earlier.

“I am afraid I have already taken the liberty of speaking to my husband about just that possibility,” she told me.

“But surely with my age and experience, he…?”

“Ramesh is very, how do you say, correct and extremely demanding when it comes to those he would employ.”

I bristled under what I saw as an insult as she went on. It was bad enough to be kow-towing for work to these people. But to actually be told by them that one didn’t meet their standards? It was enough to transform one into a UKIP sympathiser. That and the accompanying lobotomy, of course.

“To my knowledge he has never taken on an employee whose references and employment record have not been perfect as well as easily checked. He is most particular on that score, having been swindled out of money before by less than scrupulous employees in the past.”

But I…”

“Yes, Robert. I know you are scrupulously honest and I have explained this to Ramesh. But he has set himself certain rules on the way to run his business and will not deviate from them. For *anybody*.”

“I understand, Navya,” I told her, desperation reaching crisis levels. “In an ideal world I would run a business of mine in just the same way. But…”

I gave her my most frank, non-competitive, and disarming smile:

“But you said it yourself. You will be running the business while he is away and…”

“Are you asking me to go against my husband’s wishes?” she came in, plump features verging on the thunderous.

“Lord no!” I lied. “I would never ask that of you. I just thought that…”

“That because his back is turned I could disregard his wishes in respect of a business he has built from nothing and prove myself as disloyal as your own wife.”

Her barb hit home and took the stuffing right out of me, I could have sworn she watched me deflate before her eyes as I wobbled precariously on my chair.

“I am sorry, Robert,” she said in a more conciliatory tone of voice. “That was harsh of me. You are in a bad place and it is only to be expected that you might wish to… cut corners… in order to find yourself in a more stable location. I understand this. But you must also understand that there is no possibility whatsoever of finding employment with my husband’s business. Whether he happens to be running it at the time or I.”

All I could do was nod and accept her offer as another coffee as self-pity began overpowering my desperation.

“Are you serious about being willing to do anything?” she asked finally, setting another mug of de-caff in front of me and reseating herself opposite.

“I am,” I acknowledged in a tired and weather-beaten voice, eying my coffee and stirring it as if hoping salvation would also be agitated to life. “Much good it’s done me.”

A long silence followed and, when I finally raised my eyes from my mug, she was staring at me thoughtfully; serious brown eyes fixed upon me as if coming to a decision.

“I hesitate to put this to you,” she began, “but…”

It would only be later, when I was too far down the line for it to do me any good, that I would realise she had been leading me. Making it seem as if I had sought out what she had in mind for me all along.

“Navya,” I said, expression as earnest as it was genuine; “anything you can do to help me would be much appreciated and I would be forever in your debt.”

“You say that now, Robert, but…”

She shook her head in what I would later describe to myself as a masterly example of the thespian’s craft, even if she had, to my knowledge, no experience of the boards.

“No. It is unthinkable. That you, a proud Englishman…”

I raced into the trap headfirst, seeing only some kind of salvation rather than the death sentence of my masculinity she was about to put forward.

Though not in such obvious terms, you understand.

“Please, Navya. Work is work. Whatever you have for me can’t be any more demeaning than what I have coming without it.”

“Robert,” she began after appearing to give it serious thought, “what I am about to offer you, should by some incredible eventuality you accept, would change the relationship we have to each other. I have already taken the liberty of mentioning the idea to my

husband and… I will be truthful with you. He found it inconceivable that you would accept such a position; no matter how… *'dire'*… your personal circumstances."

"But…"

"Allow me to finish without interrupting, please," she said, palm held out towards me.

Was it my imagination or was she becoming more… *confident?*"

At least in respect of me.

It was absurd at the time, but…

Well, not so much now.

Not at all, in fact.

And I was to realise later that it was something to which she had given a great deal of thought and applied planning – probably, fantasies being fantasies, even from before we became more… neighbourly.

"As I was about to say," she went on, tone, unless I was mistaken, rebuking me for having halted her flow in the first place, "I have already put forward the possibility to Ramesh and, though he was completely unconvinced, he did tell me he had no problem with the arrangement, subject to you proving willing and ready to abide by the necessary conditions."

Even at this early stage, and despite my *"circumstances"*, I was not to thrilled about what was to come – even if I could hardly be expected to guess exactly what it was that was coming, if you get my drift.

But, if not a beggar exactly, I was a supplicant, as much as it pained me to admit the fact even to myself, and supplicants, in common with beggars, cannot be…

I'm sure you're ahead of me.

"For a long time now, Robert," she told me, eyes holding mine with a confidence and strength of purpose I hadn't noticed in them previously, "I have been considering employing some assistance to provide me with help in keeping our home to the standard both Ramesh and I demand."

My spirit took a further dip.

Help in the home?

Did she want me to become her cleaner?

Was that the kind of *"help"* she was offering?

As it turned out, her offer was to prove far more… *humiliating*.

"It was Ramesh," she continued, "who suggested we employ someone from our own land in this capacity. There are agencies specialising in services of just such a kind in our country and the services of an Indian trained servant are much in demand."

“A…? A servant?” I heard myself whisper, praying this wasn’t what she had in mind for me and only discovering when it was far too late that neither agencies of such a kind nor the servants she assured me they trained existed.

But that is for later.

Back in the moment, and, even if I had suspected her economy with the truth, how could I have possibly discovered the fact with the limited means and time at my disposal?

She nodded.

“That is right, Robert. In our land there is no shame in a man from a… *distressed*… background committing himself to an agency to be trained for the life of a domestic servant. In return for his commitment to the individual or family who purchases his services, his employers pledge – should he prove to standard – that he will become a part of their household and will be housed and fed as well as given time to himself and a small weekly stipend.”

Had a swarm of flies entered through her open kitchen window they would have had no problem housing themselves in my mouth.

So great was my disbelief.

“I see you are offended,” she observed.

My head was shaking from side to side as if to clear what I had just heard from it.

Had she really been aiming that at me?

Could she truly believe that I would…?

“It is as Ramesh said,” she told me. “But, Robert, I heard from your own lips that you were willing to do anything rather than be evicted from your home and find yourself upon the streets. I am sorry if what I have only hinted at to now offends you, but I can hardly be blamed for asking when you appeared so desperate.”

She wasn’t wrong, of course, but…

Well…

“Yes. You’re right, Navya. No offence taken,” I lied, making a stalwart effort to conceal my offense at her insulting proposition. “Though you understand that what I *think* you were about to offer me is impossible?”

“It is no more than my husband himself thought,” she concurred.

I gave a little fatalistic laugh:

“I assume that was what you meant when you said our relationship with each other would change if I accepted?”

She nodded.

“It would be unavoidable as well as entirely necessary,” she said firmly. “Believe me, I put this forward to you in so tentative a way because I sensed you would be offended.

But, and I think you will agree, you did lead me to believe you were willing to consider anything."

It was a few minutes after the latter exchange that I took my leave, assuring her no offence had been taken – even if, in truth, I was thoroughly insulted that she could have believed for a second I could accept her offer to become, in effect, her flunkey.

Strangely, made more determined after hearing her ludicrous offer, I took myself straight off to the nearest Jobcentre and the high-street employment agencies.

You may rest assured I was less determined and a great deal more depressed when I returned to my empty and soon to be repossessed house after a fruitless afternoon of job searches.

Had I enough money in my pocket I would have been tempted to drink myself senseless.

Three

Unsurprisingly, I dreamt of Navya Chakraborty that night.

And for the next three nights following.

Upon waking I could not recall the exact content of my dreams but I knew – influenced no doubt by the shocking, not to mention embarrassing, nature of her proposition to me – that my less than sunny mood was even darker upon waking the following morning for her having featured in my nocturnal ramblings.

What I could recall of my dreams disturbed me. In each of them I had been transported to her own country and was treated there with a contempt and casual cruelty a person in this country treating an animal the same way would be sure to find himself – or herself – serving a custodial sentence for his/her offences.

I was also a servant in these dreams and I concluded that her offer had made a far greater impact upon my subconscious than it had upon my cognisant mind when hearing it for the first time in her kitchen.

So far, so understandable, especially given my feelings of powerlessness in the face of the shit-storm about to hurl itself my way.

No great insight or psychiatric training required there.

But, that said, what explained the warped of the sexual content I recalled from these dreams?

Why on earth would I be dreaming of a neighbour I could not recall having had a sexual thought about when awake?

And why would my subconscious be picturing myself in the most abject of carnal situations with her?

Situations that, in the sober light of day were neither pleasing nor erotic.

So why was I waking from these dreams of servitude in a far-off land that made no appeal to me with an erection as vibrant as any I could recall experiencing with the former love of my life who, until here desertion of me, had been my everything?

Domestically, emotionally and sexually.

"Erections", I might add that were not acted upon when I awoke and, far from being erotic or mildly sensuous, appalled me for having been triggered by what I could remember of the nightly reveries I more and more coming to look upon as nightmares.

Stress, I told myself by way of consolation, took many forms and was simply replaying our kitchen conversation and twisting it around my subconscious mind.

Whatever was causing it, the bottom line was that even sleep was not proving a release from the concerns of the day just passed and those to come. Only two such days

remaining now before the bailiffs arrived to remove me from beneath the roof providing me with shelter.

I had even called my daughters with last of my cell-phone credit in the hope they might have some advice or know somebody with a room to spare, or, failing that, hoping they would intercede with Erin to insist she help me – even if it meant asking the affluent female lover for whom she had left me to stump up some seed money.

So far down the crapper had my self-respect fallen.

I was willing to accept help from a woman who had helped strip me of my wife and my life.

As it turned out, other than being willing to accept such help if it were offered, no such assistance was offered.

In fact, other than suggestions of the Jobcentre and a visit to the local Citizens Advice Bureau, the daughters my money was putting through university were decidedly uninterested.

It was, no one should be surprised to learn, the final nail in the coffin of my forced optimism and the determination to find my way out from under the mess my own family had left me with. Having already visited the Advice Bureau and finding my reaction to the re-telling of what I could expect from our welfare-state no more upbeat than it had been the first time, I truly considered offing myself for the first time. The life of meagre handouts and hostel stays – should I find one willing to take me for a few days or weeks – truly terrified me and became worse as the day I already described to myself as *"Omega"* came closer and still closer.

Yet, and I swear I speak truly, at no time did I seriously consider the ridiculous - and offensive in the extreme - offer made to me by Navya Chakraborty not a week previously.

At least not until the morning of the day before my eviction.

At which time, barely aware of what I was doing, I pulled on a pair of past their best Ralph Lauren denims and a Nike sweat-shirt, slipped on some knock-off Prada moccasins, and strolled the hundred or so yards from the house I was about to lose to ring upon the Chakraborty doorbell…

*****

"I am surprised to see you, Robert," she told me, dressed for the first time in my experience in Western style clothing – a figure hugging black skirt to the knee and a bolero cut jacket in the same colour and fabric; legs clad in hose that was equally stygian and feet shod in black heels with pointed toes.

All in all, I thought, a most *"funereal"* ensemble; but one, nonetheless that seemed to endow her with a more... *commanding*.... aura than the traditional Indian dress I had seen her wearing to this point.

And a sight more impressive than the denims and sweat-shirt in need of laundry and the four days of beard above them facing her.

She placed the coffee she had begun preparing as soon as I'd entered on the table in front of me, this after overcoming her initial surprise to see me at all and inviting me through to the kitchen.

"You did not appear too… *happy*… with me when you left here last. I was under the impression the offer of help I had discussed making to you with my husband had made you angry with me."

I shrugged and gave her what I hoped was a reassuring smile, unable to find my tongue; which was none too surprising given I was as surprised to find myself in her home again as she was surprised to have me there. To me, it seemed as if I had walked to her door and rang the bell under the command of some inner auto-pilot. Not thinking, just *doing*.

And she was right of course.

I had been none *"too happy"* the last time I had left.

Quite a long way from that condition, I recalled.

"Incensed" and *"offended"* being a more apt description of my feelings toward her at the time.

"I take it your husband has left for India?" I asked, struggling for something to say now I was in her kitchen and words were required to explain my presence there. "How have you settled in at the helm, so to speak?"

She looked at me as if I were not right in the head and I suddenly found I could not meet her stare, eyes lowering until they hit upon a pair of full and buxom breasts confined beneath a – you guessed – shirt of *black* cotton and observing to myself that they were a little out of keeping with her short stature and gave her the impression of being… *unbalanced.*

She, I would discover, was *that* and more; though the epiphany would come far too late to serve me any positive purpose.

"Ramesh left two days ago and will not return for many months now as his uncle's bequest to him is both extensive and complex. And, to answer your question, yes I have settled in at the '*helm'* without difficulty."

The silence that followed was charged and I had no idea how to break it.

Until:

"Be truthful with me now, Robert," she began, sitting opposite me and training avian features and sparkling brown eyes upon my own in a way that discomfited me for some reason. "Unless I am mistaken, you have no more than a day before you are removed from your home. So why would you be wasting your valuable time coming here to ask me about my own work?"

I struggled to frame a reply, feeling for the first time on the backfoot with her.

I had the distinct impression a powerplay was in progress and, if my nervousness and reticence to speak spoke truly, I was already upon the wrong end of it.

“Unless, of course,” she went on, “you have managed to find both the money for your outstanding mortgage arrears and a position that will provide enough money each month to enable you to continue paying it?”

Her smile seemed genuine, though something in the back of my head told me it was forced.

“Is that the good news you have dropped by to supply me?” she asked.

I felt my face colour and she picked up on my embarrassed reluctance to reply, saving me the necessity of a reply.

“I see from your expression that this is not the case, and for that I am sorry.”

She did not look it, I would tell myself later, even if she did attempt a look of compassion.

A look that soon morphed to one of concern:

“But please do not tell me you have come here to ask again for a position with my husband’s company. I am sorry, but I have made both his and my thoughts plain on that score. I am afraid it is just not possible.”

Until she had read me so easily, I had indeed been telling myself that the auto-pilot that had fetched me here had done so to once again ask – plead even – for just that. Now, avenue blocked with unbending finality, I realised my subconscious, terrified and weak from consideration of what the next few days had in store for me – not to mention the future beyond them - had a quite different purpose in mind. And a solution to my problems that pained me almost as much as the problems themselves.

“No, Navya,” I began, hoping my voice did not sound as pitiful to her as it did to me. “I didn’t come over to ask about that. You were most clear the last time I brought up the subject.”

“Then accept my apologies, Robert,” she said, leading me, I know now. “It is nice to see you and share a coffee. I know how difficult things are for you and as a neighbour still you are welcome here.”

“Thank you, Navya,” I told her, envying everything about her at that point – other than her race and gender, of course. In her early thirties, she was financially comfortable and in charge of a thriving business. The diametric opposite of the forty-something supplicant opposite accepting her de-caff and sympathy.

I took a sip of the charitable brew, more to give me time to gird my loins for what I suddenly knew I was about to ask than because I was in need of it.

“Navya,” I began finally, feeling truly sickened at what I was about to say.

Her eyes regarded me questioningly over rim of her own brew; eyes, I recalled later, that looked as alive and animated as I had ever seen them.

“About that offer?”

Her eyes crinkled; either genuinely puzzled or faking it for her own reasons.

“Offer?”

“You know?” I reminded her, feeling my face flush a fiery red. “The, hmm, offer you discussed with your, er, husband?”

“Yes, Robert, what about it? I have already apologised if I inadvertently offended you by making it. I don’t see how I can…”

“No,” I interrupted her, still amazed that I could even be thinking of taking the step I was about to take. Shoring up my determination to do so by assuring myself it was simply a temporary arrangement until such a time as I could employment in my own field again – or as close as I could come to it. “I… I was hoping you would tell me more about your offer and… and… just what it would actually… You know?... Entail.”

What I would later view as her feigned puzzlement became instant surprise and, I confess, did not look affected at all.

“Forgive me, if I am slow on the uptake, Robert,” she began, coffee-mug placed on the table and drawing herself up in a somewhat… *businesslike*… posture that had the effect of thrusting the breasts I regarded as over-large for her frame towards me. “But I recall sitting at this very table and hearing you tell me that your acceptance of such an offer was *‘impossible’*. Or did I not hear you correctly?”

Nothing in either her dress, her manner, or her tone of voice was making this any easier for me and had it not been for the fact I knew she was my last, and one and only, chance to avoid the less than tender embrace of social welfare I would have been away from her table and her home faster than weasel Farage and his UKIP buddies could sip from a pint of Speckled Hen.

You’ll not be shocked to learn I remained in place; fear overcoming pride by some distance.

“Well…” I began, stalling fo time that I might explain my change of heart in a way that did not offend her and did not make me look like the desperate and weak-willed supplicant I knew and felt myself to be. “The thing is, Navya, your offer threw me for a loop. I… I realise we are from different cultures and in yours there isn’t the social stigma attached to the kind of domestic, hmm, work, you were speaking of. But here in England it’s a bit different.”

“Really?” she said, looking unconvinced. “I was under the impression that the English and their empire pretty much devised our modern day notions of domestic service?”

“That, hmm, may be, Navya,” I replied, becoming more unsure of my ground by the second; it being a conversation I had never expected to have and one I had, consequently, never given a great deal of thought. “But… Well, times have changed and the old notions of domestic service are pretty much dead and buried.”

“That may be so, Robert. At least here. But I can assure you the old ways still thrive throughout India. There is much about my native land and the life I led there that was not to my liking and I have no desire to return to the existence I led there. But, and having said that, I see nothing wrong with a system of personal service that provides many people with a livelihood and a roof above their head unlikely to be provided to them otherwise.

“Tell me if I am wrong in this, but have I not just described your own situation at this time?”

I knew if I were to put a finger to my cheeks I would hear sizzling, so fierce did they burn under her observations – delivered in a flat tone devoid of malice, *or kindness*, or not – and felt like breaking the habit of a lifetime in front of a lady and telling her to *fuck-off!*

But, as you have already guessed, I did no such thing. Judge my weakness as unmanly and cowardly if you prefer. But until you have walked a mile in my decidedly uncomfortable and desperate shoes please don’t believe *you* would be immune to behaving so cravenly too.

Though, even as I heard my reply exit my lips, my opinion of myself pretty much replicated yours.

“Yes, I see that now, Navya. And I also see that there was intent on your part other than to help a neighbour in need.”

Aiming for an expression that was both contrite and heroic and drawing myself up a little at the table, I went on:

“As you pointed out, and though I would far rather you had been able to persuade your husband to give me a position within his business, I can see that my options are limited. That’s why I would like to hear more of your offer… If, of course, you’re still of a mind to make it.”

She did not answer immediately and that avian head slowly nodded to itself – though I was not at all sure if this boded well or ill for me.

Then:

“I have to say, Robert, that I was most disappointed by your reaction to the assistance I offered. Not only did you dismiss it instantly, but your obvious displeasure at hearing me making it at all prevented me from going on to explain just how beneficial it would be to you at this time of difficulty for you.”

Hating what I knew her offer to consist of, even if I hadn’t heard her out, I was curious, nonetheless, to hear now what my schadenfreude had prevented me from hearing then.

“And you have my most sincere apologies, Navya,” I began. “For the last few nights since our last discussion, I have been thinking of nothing else but your kindness over these past weeks and months and fell really badly for the way I reacted to your offer of assistance.”

A small smile appeared at the corner of her mouth and I knew I'd been successful – which in itself was an indicator as to how low on the pole I was right then.

And would become.

Arse-licking for all I was worth simply for the position of an Indian woman's domestic help!

"But now you are taking my offer more… *seriously*… shall we say," she said.

It was not a question and we both knew it. My situation was as obvious to her as it was to me. That I had no option but to accept her help was a foregone conclusion, I saw now.

Though the wat that help began gave no indication of the dire effect its extension was to have upon me.

Not least my sense of masculinity and personal autonomy.

"Before you left in such a hurry," she began, "I had been about to say that, were you to accept my offer, I would be prepared to pay the arrears on your mortgage that you might retain its ownership."

My spirits soared, the demeaning nature of which domestic duties I might be expected to undertake in order to receive such a bounty forgotten under the prospect of seeing my home out from under and at least having some kind of collateral to my name.

"Of course," she added, "we would need to work out how you would repay this money but it would provide you with some breathing space. My thinking, and that of my husband, was that you could rent the property out – it is, to all intents, unfurnished at the moment – and any money that was left over after the monthly mortgage repayment had been made would be made over by way of repaying your debt to us."

Now I was confused.

"But, Navya, that's all well and good, but where would I live if that happened?"

She was not confused but she did look surprised.

"I am sorry, Robert. We appear to be at cross-purposes. I assumed you understood that my offer required that you live-in."

I had understood no such thing; but then, so insulted had I been when she first mooted the possibility, I had not been listening to her closely.

Seeing my hesitation, she went on:

"A huge part of the attraction in having a servant from India was that he would be on-call, as it were, on a 24/7 basis. Though, obviously, there would be times when he would be away from the house to pursue some leisure time. I truly thought you had understood that. To be truthful, I thought it was the main reason you left in such an… *agitated*… manner."

It hadn't, of course. I had been *"agitated"*, as she said, long before that; in fact, I couldn't recall her having mentioned the requirement.

"Live-in?" I asked myself.

"As a servant?"

"A servant to an Indian couple?"

Oh, how my life had downgraded and how little it had taken to set it on the slippery downward slope.

Take the pressure of overwork, a materialistic wife and her subsequent disloyalty and faithlessness, add in a couple of daughters who seemed inclined to her point of view, and my whole exiatence had been dismantled.

This lesson on the fragile nature of personal happiness and security one I would *never* forget.

And a lesson, though I wasn't to know it at the time, that I had taken on board far too late to be of any service to me.

Mindful, perhaps, of my thoughts, and not wishing me to dwell on them for too long, she pressed on to point out the advantageous nature of such an arrangement to me.

Without, of course, touching upon the humiliation a European of my age and stature – *former*, at least – would feel were he to accept such a position:

"Surely you must see how… *suitable*… it would be for you? The worries you have in respect of keeping a roof above your head, as well as keeping yourself fed, watered, and clothed… not to mention *warm*… would vanish in an instant."

She was right, and I knew it. Truth be told, I would far rather be the one in her position; financially secure enough to be able to make such an offer; but I wasn't. I'd racked my brain for a way through my predicament and come up with nothing, so, that being the case, the previously *unthinkable* had to be considered. A realisation my subconscious had already made and had brought me to her door – though not without much soul-searching and self-recrimination on the score of my own weakness when my conscious mind finally divined the location to which my seemingly independent feet were leading me and I again found myself at her door.

Added to the above mix was a certain impression her attitude was having upon me.

No longer, it struck me, was the concern of a new friend for another and a desire to help evident. So much as a certain smugness, as she sat, hosed legs crossed in her corporate outfit as she regarded me across the table. As much as I sensed she was attempting to disguise the, perhaps, understandable pleasure she took from having me before her as a supplicant; I was also sensing something… *less*… understandable bubbling away alongside it.

I prayed I was wrong and just being over-sensitive in my time of great stress.

Her next words gave me some comfort on that score, for a while anyway:

“It is not a life-sentence, Robert,” she told me, avian cheeks lightly made-up with her full and somewhat thick lips coloured a very pale – and surprisingly tasteful – purple.

Then, more ominously when I thought about it later:

“Or at least it does not have to be… Think about it. You get to keep your home – even if you do not get to live in it for a… short… period – and are not thrown onto the mercies of the government’s new Universal Credit system.”

As I wondered why she had paused when mentioning the length of time I would be away from my home, her face took on a somewhat disapproving look:

“If I am honest with you, Robert, I was a little surprised and disappointed that you did not react with more… *gratitude*… when I first mentioned the possibility of you coming to work here.”

Though, as a rebuke, it was an exceptionally mild example, it was also the first time she had come close to such an attitude towards me and I felt myself colour with a mixture of anger and shame.

Anger that a woman of her kind, and younger than me in years into the bargain, could feel secure enough to act in such a way towards me.

Shame, that, mild or not, I felt compelled to sit there and take it from her.

The slippery slope had been shown me and, reluctantly or not, I was about to take the first step on my descent.

Equivocating as I did so:

“I… I’m sorry if I seemed, hmm, ungrateful, Navya,” hating the words leaving my lips almost as much as the needy tone with which they made their exit, our relationship, it seemed, already placing itself on an altogether more… *unequal*… footing. “It… It was just such a surprise to be offered…”

Her expression as she awaited my explanation – apology, supplication, however you wish to describe it – was not encouraging and I realised, becoming more and more resolved to accept her offer as I was, that I could not afford to offend my new friend.

The consequences were unthinkable to me.

“I’ve just… You know?”

Her eyes widened enough to let me know I had better tell her.

“It’s not… It’s not something that’s, you know, common over here. When you suggested it to me, I was taken by surprise.”

“You mean; you were offended that a woman of my race could have the temerity to offer you, an Englishman, a position as her manservant?”

“No, no!” I lied quickly and loudly at her ready description of the simple truth. “Believe me, Navya, neither your country nor the colour of your skin had any bearing on my reaction.”

Her expression relaxed a little and it would only be later – and far too late - that I would realise she was leading me:

"Then you have no objections to taking on such a role for an Indian employer?"

Relieved, perhaps, by the relaxation of her features, and desperate to resolve my own dire personal situation, my acting was at least backed by a plentiful supply of motivation:

"Not at all. That was never a problem. It was just… just…"

Struggling for an explanation – one that would not offend her and provide me with a roof over my head, at least – I was grateful when she supplied it for me:

"Just that you did not see yourself as a servant?"

I nodded, unwilling to give her an insight into the language to which such a prospect had provoked my thoughts.

"Especially the servant of a woman?" she added.

"Especially the servant of a fucking Indian woman", my thoughts screamed and, thankfully, my vocal chords didn't, as I satisfied myself with another, affectedly guilty, nod.

"But now you are telling me you can?" she asked, eyes holding mine with such intensity I found, to my surprise and chagrin, I could not meet her stare.

"Yes," I heard myself say.

"I will not lie to you, Robert," she began after a few moments of contemplation. "It will not be easy for you. You are a man who has known a certain amount of responsibility and been responsible for those below him. But in my home you will be below everybody – even it that *'everybody'* at this time consists of me only. Notions of service in my country are far different from those in your own where they barely exist at all. Different even from England's more class based past where domestic servants routinely committed themselves to a life of service with a family in return for the security of a home and sustenance."

My cheeks would have put a post-box to shame; even if I was grateful that the home to which she referred contained only two – and one of them was away indefinitely.

My decision to swallow my pride and accept her *"help"* was coming under severe scrutiny and only fear of the alternative kept me in place – though even that was about to be placed in a *slightly* less draconian perspective:

"Of course," she went on, attitude becoming more and more that of a superior lecturing a person in her employ in need of correction, "though I would not dream of treating you in public the way it is normal for a servant to be treated in India – and by that I mean that nobody would be in any doubt as to the nature of our working relationship if I were to insist upon the same levels of respect and deference outside the home as I undoubtedly will when we are inside together."

This was something I hadn't thought about and, far from easing my mind, her words gave me a fresh horror to think about.

"I would be seen with her in public?"

Though her next words did take the sting out of such an unwelcome happenstance.

A *little*, anyway.

"But then, and as you already know, I am very much a homebody and seldom interact socially outside the home, much preferring my books, television documentaries, and home-cooking to the over-priced and over-inflated food and entertainment on offer in local restaurants.

"As far as I can see," she went on, "our only trips outside the home, given I prefer to drive myself to the office, will be when you yourself drive me to the supermarket or some other outlet I find it necessary to visit at any given time. And, though I would expect your behaviour towards me to be respectful, I would not demand the same kind of deference I would expect from a servant of my own race."

Seeing my face cloud over and thinking, no doubt, that she had gone too far, her tone became a little less… *hectoring*… and more… *inclusive*:

"Of course, Robert, it is early days in the arrangement and you have not even moved in, so we can talk at more length about my expectations when you are settled above the garage."

She became a little pensive as I heaved an internal sigh of relief; the *"garage"*, I knew, boasted a self-contained granny flat. One put in by its former occupants for an ageing family member. And one that had access to the house itself via a connecting door.

It was at least a small concession to privacy and self-containment and managed to make my thoughts less… *conflicted*.

Which, no doubt, had probably been her intention when devising a means by which to more easily suck me in to accepting her offer.

"That is, *if* you move in," she began, suddenly serious – even *more* serious, I should say.

"What now?" my thoughts complained.

Hadn't I already back-doored my pride and jumped through enough hoops for her?

As the saying goes:

"I did not know I was born."

And was not to know that, at many moments during the period to come, I would wish for that very thing.

"I have yet to be convinced of your sincerity," she told me. "It is one thing to agree to my offer through desperation but quite another to persuade me you will strive to fulfil your new duties as my servant to the best of your abilities."

"What the fuck did she want from me now?" my thoughts screamed. *"A fucking road-test?"*

"If you can assure me that you will take your duties completely seriously, even if they are most likely to prove temporary, and will not use our former friendship…"

"Former?" I heard myself ask without being aware I was going to speak, a part of me still thinking – hoping – that she was just testing me and that Erin's suspicions in regard of her attraction to me were correct and this was just her way of having me… *closer*.

Even the above option; despite the fact such an attraction was certainly not returned from me to her; was preferable to what she was describing.

But then, both options had the only other choice on the table beaten hands down and I think I knew at that moment that I would *exactly* what it took *not* to be both jobless *and* homeless.

Her nod as these thought ran through my head was sad but determined:

"I am afraid that will be the cost of your accepting my offer to you, Robert. My husband and I are both very traditional in our outlooks upon life and, though our culture is not yours, you will be expected to behave in the manner it dictates; despite the fact you will be living in your own country still."

I had no idea what she was talking about, but she was about to enlighten me.

At least a little.

"As you have heard me say on many an occasion," she began, "I have no desire to return to my homeland and, unlike my husband who yearns to return on a permanent basis, have no wish to be reminded of the poverty experienced in my early years on the fringes of Allahabad. What I do miss about my motherland, and this in common with my husband, are the values of Indian culture that are, if I may say without being rude, sadly lacking in your own."

Aside from an undeniable thriftiness, I told myself with racism and stupidity born of schadenfreude, and a drive to succeed in retail, I wondered what these *"Values"* could actually be.

As you might expect, they were not at all what I expected them to be.

"Values," she was continuing, "that I am afraid to say have deteriorated even in my own land. And done much to bring about the erosion of personal respect that seems sure to set India on the same path as the UK and the US."

I allowed her a non-committal nod, waiting for her to make her point.

"When I was growing up, the caste system was still so strong – and rightly so in my view – that Dalits were not even allowed to wear sandals, lest they begin to see themselves as people of substance and adopt airs naturally forbidden them."

A sense of unease crept over me at her nostalgia for a past I knew was as uncivilised as it was nonsensical; not that I had been feeling *comfortable* exactly up to this point, you understand?

I wasn't sure where she was going with this line of thought but I would have been willing to place money on the possibility of it not meaning anything good for me.

And, even if it did, what on earth had a Dalit, whatever that was, in common with me?

My ignorance, at least on the latter score, if not my sense of disquiet at her reason for fetching it up at all, was answered with her next words on the subject:

"These days, the Untouchables, as Dalits are more commonly known in Western circles, are even allowed to visit temples and to sit in a chair in the presence of a higher caste."

Her expression as she contemplated this *"erosion of personal respect"* was one of great disgust; so great in fact that one would have taken her for some great Rani or important Indian lady of similar standing; rather than the woman from the kind of poverty stricken background to which she herself had alluded.

It was something I had noticed in a number of mine and Erin's friends – now my former wife's alone – and seemed to go with a pretentious need to belong to a class and a standing one was not born to occupy

A pretentious need strong enough to quell any rumblings a well-fed conscience might make in regard of its owner's hypocrisy.

Though I had yet, until this point, suspected Navya Chakraborty of being amongst their number.

"I see you are confused as to why I would mention such a state of affairs in my country," she went on; "especially as you are an Englishman and obviously would not be of Dalit status, even if you were of Indian extraction."

I would tell you that I felt damned by faint praise, but even then I knew she had no intention of praising me whatsoever and was simply choosing her words carefully that I didn't leave her house running.

Which, of course, was exactly what I should have done.

So why didn't I?

Well, if you've read this far and have ever been in a situation as desperate and seemingly irrevocable as mine, you'll have some idea.

Simply re-read the whole of the above.

For those of you who decided, inexplicably I have to say, to begin my story from this point and haven't found such troubles in your life, I'm sure you will be in the process of judging me for my weakness?

Don't!

Simply thank whatever lucky star bathes you in its favour and pray that favour is *never* withdrawn and you have to deal with the pain and stress of divorce, family betrayal, financial impoverishment, and sheer, blood freezingly terrifying, homelessness.

It is not, as the foreman of the crew effecting repairs to a main sewer said when ordering his men back from a lunch-break taken in the main storm-drain, *"A picnic"*.

"I mention it only," she continued to ensure that you do not take the position on offer under a false impression."

"I, hmm, understand from what you're saying," I offered, feeling it necessary to at least say something rather than let her have the floor *unopposed*, as it were, "that you demand respect from those that work for you. Believe me, I have no problem with that, Navya."

A flicker of… *something*… at the corner of her mouth told me she was less than convinced by my offering and, given the problem I had with the *whole* situation, I can't say I was particularly surprised.

"It is easy to say that now, Robert," she said and even at this early stage I could have sworn there was something… *superior*… in her use of my Christian name. Where I had used hers simply as one friend to another, her use of mine seemed to imply she had assigned me a station in her mind.

And sure enough, as I sat opposite and listened, fighting to keep my expression neutral; even as her words and the accented tone with which she spoke them enraged me:

"For example," she continued. "Should I accept you into my service, even the casual way you address me by my first-name would have to change."

My mouth had dropped open, not having considered such formality as part of the arrangement.

Not by a longshot.

I was a proud Englishman, down on his luck.

Not some flunky from the cess-pits of the Uttar Pradesh!

She was a friend offering a lifeline to another friend.

A *"Lifeline"*.

Not an *"Indenture"*.

"In fact," she went on, seemingly oblivious to my inner rage. "It would be the very first change I would have to insist upon, Robert."

Her eyes held mine as she said this and, for the very first time since meeting her, I actually felt intimidated upon looking into her avian features and have a dim recollection of the words *"Rabbit"* and *"Snake"* coming to mind.

"That is why I have been trying to explain certain truths about my background and my culture, Robert. Truths both my husband and I are utterly unbending in relation towards.

The moment you accept my offer, I would no longer consider yourself as a friend but simply as my servant."

It did indeed feel, suddenly, like a moment of truth for me also. This younger Indian woman held the key to my immediate prosperity – *survival*, even – in the brown hands with long tapering fingers and red painted nails that were in keeping with the somewhat avian physiognomy above them. What was worse, was that I had the acute impression she was not only aware of the power this gave her over me but seemed intent upon utilising it to best effect.

Best effect for her, that is.

I often wonder now if my life could have turned out any less abject and demeaning if I'd simply refused her offer and taken my chances with the street and the vagaries of the National Lottery.

Stranger things have happened than me winning it, right?

Maybe.

And, as I'm sure you will already be guessing, too much of a maybe for a man who had always known employment and a roof above his head.

The above expectations and the lack of moral fibre in the face of their desertion being the main things ensuring I was willing to even listen to such an insulting offer in the first place, let alone find myself coming back to hear it again, it was her next little speech that at least enabled me to dress my capitulation in halfway acceptable clothing and make the decision that would alter my life as I had known it.

"You must be practical, I think, Robert," she told me, manner I noticed becoming more and more… *authoritive*… as she became more and more convinced my acceptance was inevitable – even if I sensed she was feeling her way through my defences carefully; over-correct English seeming no less formal for being spoken in that sing-song accent. "Your choices are limited in the extreme. In point of fact, they boil down to two. Acceptance of the very generous offer I make you. Or…"

She allowed her voice to trail off; each of us knowing there was no need to remind me of the course of events waiting to unfold were I to suddenly locate my balls and embrace the second course of action.

I could not embrace what I could not find.

"My only surprise," she went on, tone for some reason a little warmer, "is that it took you so long to realise your one option and come to see me again."

It was no surprise to me, given what she was offering, but then eviction, in common with Doctor Johnson's *"gallows"* concentrates the mind wonderfully.

As well as providing an added bonus by way of terror.

"Then again," she continued, almost as if to herself, "I can see how it would be a difficult decision for you to reach. How could it not be? Your country has long taken a

superior stance in regard of my own and it would not have been that many decades ago that I would have been the one coming to you in search of favour."

The way she said the word – *"favour"*- doused itself over my pride in the way of the sewage she had mentioned in our earlier talks, but it was another word she about to use that allowed me to delude myself my imminent acceptance would be something *other* than what it truly was.

"Be that as it may, Robert, circumstances change and there is no shame – at least not in my culture – for a man to offer himself for service if his personal circumstances are of such a parlous nature and so dictate. I understand that becoming a live-in manservant for an Indian woman who is some years your junior must be hard for your pride to accept, but it is, I am afraid, your reality. It is not as if your position in my household will be broadcast to the world as you know I am, along with Mr Chakraborty, a very private person and seldom, if ever, have guests to my home. Aside from accompanying me to the supermarket and other places where your presence is required, your situation will not be visible to outside eyes and, even then, these people seeing us together will be strangers with no interest in our situation."

If I'm to be totally honest with you, I had already made up my mind to accept her offer, but it was that one word she was about to utter that added the delusional to my reasoning and compelled me forward:

"You are not committing yourself to a life-sentence, Robert," she continued. "Though I am coming to think I would enjoy a long… *working*… relationship between us."

Her eyes held mine and, again, I was the one who blinked first.

"But I do not delude myself on that score. I realise my offer of help to you can only be of a temporary nature until, as undoubtedly you will, find employment in your own field once again."

Take one word: *"Temporary"*; add desperation and delusion; and from there it was all downhill.

For me…

*****

Her bare legs rose either side of my head as I lay with my naked back back to the bathroom floor.

The cold of the tiles not chilling me so much as the prospect of what I knew was to follow as she stood above me with her skirt rucked up to her hips and her pussy visible to my gaze.

A gaze I seemed unable to remove.

"You know what this signifies?" she told me.

I shook my head.

Truly, I had no idea.

"It is a ritual as ancient as Kings and was a particular favourite of warlords in ancient Japan," she told me, eyes holding mine with a luminescence that seemed to me infernal. "It was a way of marking a man as one's property. One's chattel. One's slave."

Appalled at her words, I willed myself to rise from her floor.

To no avail.

"By anointing you with my urine," she went on, "I consecrate you as my possession for all eternity and assert my rights of ownership over your mind and your body."

"But…" I heard myself protest, voice echoing feebly in the cold bathroom. "I don't want to belong to you. I am a free person. My will is my own and cannot be given to another."

"That is precisely why I have decided to do the taking," she answered, hands upon her hips imperiously giving her an air of power while enabling her to hold her skirt in position at the same time. The weak do not give to the strong, after all, but have what is useful and desirable in them taken."

"No!"

"Yes! You are weak and I am strong. I may be no more than a simple Indian woman in your eyes and you the oh so handsome Englishman of a class who once ruled her country, but your days of ruling are over and it is my destiny to rule you."

"But…? What you are suggesting is illegal, in my country and almost all others the world over," I heard myself protest.

"Then sue me!" she laughed. "If you can find someone to believe you and the money to persuade them to help you."

She hitched her skirt higher and I sensed her intention:

"Please, Navya! Do not do this. It is unworthy of you. Immoral. Perverted."

"And a whole host of other equally uncomplimentary descriptions," she laughed, unconcerned. "What are the opinions of others to me, after all? I have set my sights upon complete ownership of you and NOTHING short of that will satisfy me. Fate has decreed that our paths should cross and that I should take you in your weakness. Your lot in life is to serve. ME. Mine is to rule. YOU."

She squatted over me and I opened my mouth in one last attempt to dissuade her when a stream of yellow piss gushed from her gash and hit me square upon the face. My words cut off as I screwed my mouth tight shut to prevent the foul waste entering my throat as it soaked my forehead and saturated my forehead with a stream that seemed never ending.

Until it did.

When I opened my eyes, tears mingling with the urine in which the Indian bitch had soaked me, her eyes were blazing down into mine with sympathy or remorse for the foul experience to which she had just subjected me.

The expression she aimed down at me was not kindly and said one thing only:

"I own you…"

…The moisture of the twisted bed sheets, still managing to cover me when I awoke by springing bolt upright, was enough for my initial thoughts to believe the episode had actually happened…

Four

Almost three weeks on from my first acceptance of her offer to become – *unthinkably* – a live-in manservant, I had stood before Navya Chakraborty in her husband's study that now served as her office.

True to her word, after my having accepted that the nature of our relationship would revert to a more formal and *"Respectful"* footing, I had taken her up on her offer and she had immediately called her husband's secretary – the same elderly Indian woman who was now performing the same service for her in his absence - to say she would be spending the rest of the day away from the office.

After that, things moved swiftly and I can see, with the perspective of hindsight, that she had already banked upon my acceptance and set the necessary wheels in motion.

What else could explain the fact that the estate-agent she took me to sign with already had a prospective long-term rental lined up for my house? And at a monthly rental that would easily make my mortgage payments while the remainder would go into the Chakraborty account by way of repaying the £5000 or so required to make good on my arrears.

Did I feel marginalised and ambushed?

Both – and in equal amounts. Everything had happened so swiftly since I had agreed to become her domestic servant. And I could not help but feel the change in attitude from Navya towards me as I dropped from neighbour and sometimes coffee-morning confidante, to something… *less*.

On the latter, I could not say I had not been warned and, if I'm honest, the relief I felt to be out from under, and still with my name on the title-deed to the home I'd bought, was too great for anything less than temporary euphoria to be granted a hearing in a head free of crushing worry for the first time in what seemed an age.

As I say: a *"temporary euphoria"*.

Just the same, it had been that euphoria, I'm convinced, that had allowed her to persuade me so easily to give the estate agent her bank details rather than mine into which the rental for my home would be paid and the remainder would stay as a means of making good on the money she had stumped up for the arrears.

Effectively leaving me with only the *"pocket money"* she would be giving me above and beyond my board and keep.

Should, she had informed my incredulous look, *"I deserve it"*.

I had been thrust into a world of service I had no idea could ever exist for me and, worse, with every day that past – and despite continuing to hate it, and now her – I was becoming…

What?

Inured?

Conditioned?

Broken-in?

What else could explain how domestic duties to an Indian woman – and not just polishing, dusting, vacuuming and laundering, etc., I'd become at least proficient with those after Erin had left me for pastures financially and orally greener?

Under her supervision, I was now handwashing her smalls and polishing her shoes.

I promise you, nothing compounds a feeling of worthlessness more than being compelled to complete such humble chores, and for such a woman, while the intimate and, at the time, quite repugnant, odours of her… *lower*… areas assails one's nostrils.

"How could I have agreed to this?" I asked myself on any number of occasions.

The answer, as ever, being exactly the same, with the words *"pathetic"*, *"abject"*, *"weak"*, resounding in the background of my thoughts as I supplied it to myself.

At least, I continued to assure myself at the time, it was a temporary arrangement.

An arrangement, to my relief, that was not commonly known – not that many people were common to either of us; given she had been as good as her word and, on our weekly jaunts to the supermarket, her instructions to me were given subtly and, apart from a few… *odd*… looks from fellow shoppers, I noticed nothing untoward or, worse, *shaming*.

I had also agreed, and this was relief, that I would feel less embarrassed if my new tenants were led to believe their landlord was Navya Chakraborty than the man they were bound to discover worked in her home.

Didn't I already have all the humiliation I could handle?

Whatever, I had in effect swapped one prison for another and only my relief at being freed from the first prevented me from seeing the second for exactly what it could become.

Now, the man waiting for his employer to finish her telephone call to India, was a different beastie from the sweat-shirted and denim clad neighbour who had sat at the Chakraborty kitchen table those three short weeks before. This manifestation was smooth cheeked and boasted a short-haircut to go with the plain black trousers and white cotton shirt that served as his working attire. The uniform of a flunkey, no less, that probably explained the odd looks as I manoeuvred that supermarket trolley.

"No employee of mine will be less than presentable at all times," she had informed me shortly after I had taken up residence, this before whisking me off to the shops for clothing more suited to my *"new position"*.

Now, almost three-weeks on, I was standing at near attention while I waited for her call to end and her attention to fix upon me.

There would be, she had told me early on, no *"slouching"* in her home and in her presence.

Un-fucking-real!

There would also be, courtesy of the same source, me, no familiarity.

"From now on, Robert," she had told me after we had returned from our shopping jaunt and she had me kitted out to her satisfaction, *"you must understand that your appearance and your civility reflects upon me as your… employer."*

She hadn't hesitated so much as drawn out the pause, before adding… *"employer"*, and I asked myself what other word she could have been considering – though it would not be long before questions of such a kind were made academic.

And just who did we ever see for my behaviour to… *reflect*… anyway?

"I will also expect you to address me with the requisite respect," she had continued as, not for the first time, I wondered if my desperation might not have led me into biting off far more than my beleaguered molars could masticate upon. *"For that reason, though I shall continue to address you as 'Robert', I do not expect to hear you refer to me as 'Navya'. As I explained to you before, the moment you accepted the position as my manservant along with all the necessary training that will involve, you ceased to be a friend and neighbour."*

I'd chewed upon my lip, suspecting she kept bringing the subject up because she got some perverse thrill from reminding me in my – self-sought – fall in status in regard of her.

"From now on," she had continued, seemingly impervious to what might be my own thoughts on the subject, *"you will address me as 'Malkin' whenever we are here in my home, and…"*

Her eyes had drilled into my own, as if daring me to comment upon the use of a word I divined was Indian but had no idea as to meaning; then, satisfied I wasn't about to do so:

"However, on those occasions when we are out in public, a simple 'Ms Chakraborty' will be sufficient and correct."

She had been serious and had no hesitation in reprimanding me when the distinction escaped me in the first few days of my *"service"* to her.

A first few days, along with the almost three weeks, that had gone a long way into drilling into me that any of the familiarity I'd enjoyed with her to that point was history.

History of whose passing she did not, unless I read her incorrectly, regret with even a hint of nostalgia for its former existence.

She had also, albeit gradually and with no small effort on her part, began educating me into the complex and mystical world of domestic chores and the even more uncharted territory, for me at least, of personal service Indian style and the kind of respect she demanded.

I promise, mentally weakened and financially insecure as my wife's betrayal and the loss of my livelihood had left me, I was never less than a few seconds from just throwing up my hands and giving up during those early times.

Not that it ever promised to become a picnic but, at the start, the blows being rained down on a daily basis upon my perception of my own manhood and self-respect seemed impossible to bear up under.

In fact, had it not been for the carrot of still having a property in my own possession when I managed to re-join the workforce in a manner more suited to me, I truly believe I would have simply given up the ghost, put the Indian bitch in her place, and taken my chances in a charity shelter or beneath a bridge.

But then, Navya Chakraborty was no fool.

Not by a longshot.

Sensing I was always on the verge of simply throwing up my hands and saying to hell with it all, she was careful to always deliver on a dangled carrot; thus ensuring the nearest I came to an immersion in brimstone – some of you might say I was immersed in the stuff already – was a dalliance at the edge of the pit, rather than a headlong plunge from which I would be unable to return. Nothing special, you understand? Just a few pounds by way of *"pocket money"* that at least enabled me to take myself away from her home for a while to sample a drink and a pizza. A welcome break from the life I had temporarily committed myself to lead and still had trouble reconciling myself to the fact. Despite the rewards – and the *relief* – my commitment ensured.

In such a fashion was I led in those early days of my *"Service"* to her. Gone was the familiarity shared by neighbours and friends and the days of shared confidences over a coffee in her kitchen. Replaced by a haughty attitude and an unwillingness to engage with me upon anything but domestic matters. Though I did try; Erin's former insistence that the *"Indian lady opposite"* was very taken with me giving me some optimism that both her offer and her subsequent… *formality*… were no more than a way of her getting closer to me without losing face with me in the so doing.

Optimism that did not last long, I might tell you.

Even if the suspicion she was *sexually* attracted to me remained, at least.

And with what I knew of her husband and their own relationship – and from her own lips – I felt certain she had something *more* in mind during my stay in her home than a simple employer/employee association.

"How may I be of service, Malkin?" the words fell from my lips as she ended her phone call and fixed her gaze upon me; words I could never even have imagined coming from not long before – especially now I was aware of exactly what *"Malkin"* signified in her native tongue.

But then, repeat a behaviour or action often enough and it soon becomes second-nature; even when one has become aware of just how demeaning either can be.

The warmth that had once greeted me when I entered her presence as a neighbour and friend was entirely absent and her avian-like face was a mask of formality and authority; though I sensed a great reservoir of pleasure underpinning her exterior and more and more suspected the delight she too in having a white man of my years – an Englishman – in her service.

"I have just been speaking to my husband and I am afraid we have a problem with our arrangement."

My legs became watery on the instant and showed just how little my earlier self-assertions of going to hell rather than put up with further humiliations possessed in the way of substance.

Already, and with just those few words, I was terrified at the prospect my new arrangement ending – hateful as I found it. I'd lived with the torture of indecision that comes with having eviction and homelessness hanging over one's head and, like the POW who endures excruciating tortures without breaking before escaping, only to break instantly when threatened with the same upon his recapture, the prospect of returning to that indecision all but unmanned me. The fact my arrears had already been made good upon and my home still belonged to me not lessening my fear much either. There was not so convenient fact remaining that the home in question had been leased to another family and the money they were paying was going into my employer's account. From which only the amount necessary for me to make my monthly mortgage payments was finding its way to me; while the rest remained in my employer's account to pay off the money she had loaned me to pay those *arrears* in the first place.

I might still be the owner of my home in the long-term but, until the lease with its current tenants ended and I found a means to make the monthly commitments, I would still be, to all intents and purposes, homeless and without means.

Should, that is, the position I currently held and hated so much vanish suddenly.

I mention this again at length because I need you to have some idea of my thoughts and the terrors they held for me.

Knowledge of and empathy with those terrors might just make you judge me a little less harshly after you read what followed.

Still in the position she had insisted I adopt when in her presence and awaiting instruction, shoulders feet placed together, shoulders squared, and hands placed behind my back and clasped *"respectfully"* I waited dry-mouthed for what I felt sure was to be the latest piece of bad news in my recent tale of woe.

It was *that*, all right.

And a lot more besides.

Though, no matter my amazement at the position I had allowed myself to occupy in Navya Chakraborty's home, I could be forgiven for not having seen it coming.

“It would appear he is losing some face with friends and business acquaintances back home and is far from happy about it,” she told me, eyes blazing into mine as if I were responsible.

“What could his loss of face possibly have to with me?” my thoughts had raced.

To my enduring shame, I would soon discover why and what it would mean for me:

“Though at first it was considered quite a feather in his cap when he explained his wife had employed an English servant…”

Again I felt heat at my cheeks, the inversion of what would likely have been our colonial roles and the shame fo having allowed it I already felt, fetching the blood rush of humiliation to my face,

It was about to get much worse.

“Surely, he was told by more than one person, there can be no better example of how India was taking its place in the world than for one of its children to employ as a domestic a person from the land that once ruled it.”

I bit my lip, sure she was trying to goad me and not wanting to give her the satisfaction of hearing me apologise were I to lose it with her and find myself out in the cold.

“All was well until he explained that *‘person’* was a man and was currently sharing the same house with his wife while he was away in India about his own business.”

“But…” I began, knowing something of their sexless marriage and the fact nothing untoward of any sexual kind had even come close to taking place between us.

The upraised palm that cut me off was as imperious as the fact she felt it her right to do so was maddening.

“Do not interrupt, please, Robert,” she told me, voice even but firm with the confidence my situation and the power it lent her bestowed.

My teeth threatened serious damage to my tongue.

“I am well aware nothing has happened between us…”

Was it my imagination, or did her expression say *“Yet”*?

“And of course, I have informed you of the situation in *that* regard between Ramesh and myself.

“But *we* are not the problem and my husband’s family, friends and business acquaintances back in India are unaware of our personal situation.”

I waited, angry still at being regarded as some kind of trophy English flunky – even if it was by people halfway across the world I was unlikely to ever meet.

I was also puzzled.

What did her husband’s piddling problems have to do with me?

“Ramesh is a proud man and does not take kindly to being mocked – no matter how good-naturedly,” Navya Chakraborty continued. “It is still disrespectful and disrespect of such a kind, he considers, will inevitably lead to a diminishment of his status as a solid and trustworthy businessman.”

I continued to wait, still puzzled, hoping she would make her point – whatever it was – soon.

“It is not enough that he informs everyone that our relationship is strictly that of a Malkin with her English manservant.”

My tongue came under greater pressure from teeth that were almost itching.

“Tongues are wagging, Robert, and I am afraid my husband feels compelled to head such disrespect off at the pass.”

This was it, I thought. The boom readying itself to be lowered. This is where she told me the arrangement between us was over and I would need to leave the house.

I should not, as a man of my years and experience, been terrified, but the truth is the truth.

On suddenly wobbly legs I waited for the axe to fall.

It did.

But with a wrinkle.

“At first,” she began, a slight hesitancy noticeable for a few moments, as if she were unsure of her ground before biting the bullet and moving forward again; “Ramesh – *Mr* Chakraborty – was of a mind to simply tell me to let you go… Until I made a suggestion that might solve his problem and, of course, yours.”

My legs became a little less jellified at this development and I prayed it was a suggestion I could live with.

It wasn’t, but it was.

The above not as conflicting and contradictory as you might be thinking.

You’ll soon understand why.

“After giving it much thought,” she went on, scrutinising me as if I were a Batman awaiting orders from his General, “I decided the real problem was with you and went online to find a solution.”

“With me?” I asked, ignoring her reminder to not interrupt.

She let it pass for once.

“That is right, Robert. You are not only the outside influence here, but you are also a man. A man my husband knows to be attractive and has made the mistake of telling his people the same. An attractive man who is living alone with his wife.”

“But…”

“There are no *‘buts’*, Robert,” she told me firmly. “The truth is all about perspective and it is what the gossips believe, not what actually goes on, that counts.

“They believe that you are living in my husband’s house with his wife and enjoying certain… *liberties*… with her.”

“But…”

“Stop that, Robert,” she snapped. “I asked you not to interrupt and you have disobeyed me on three occasions now.”

“Disobeyed” her, my thoughts marvelled, having yet to hear to her describe my deference to her so… *baldly*.

“Left to my husband, you would be packing your belongings and leaving. It is only my intercession on your behalf that has prevented that happening until now.”

Instantly subdued – and marvelling at that fact too – I lowered my eyes from hers.

“In fact, she went on,” voice returning to its usual sing-song timbre now she had prevailed, “you may still be packing. If, that is, you are not amenable to the solution I came up with to keep you here. A solution Ramesh was finally persuaded could work.”

I paused, shame and dread vying for unmanly prominence in my thoughts.

“Well?” she demanded finally.

Reluctantly, my head came up.

To be met by unholy expectation.

And, again, a slight hesitancy on her part.

“Would you like to hear my solution or not?” she demanded, hesitant or not.

I nodded.

“Do not nod at me like a dumb animal. You have a voice in your head and I expect you to use it clearly and respectfully when you address me whilst in my service.”

“Sorry,” I said instantly, the apology coming without any urging on my part and in spite of the growing anger I felt towards her treating me like the flunky I was allowing her to make of me.

Her expression was one of impatient expectation and I would understand later it was just one of the tools she used to gradually and insidiously condition my reactions.

“Yes,” I went on, trying manfully to disguise the intent towards homicide lurking beneath my red-cheeked exterior. “I would like to hear your solution.”

Now it was her cheeks that flushed with rising blood and I felt the usual sickness when I realised the cause.

Not that it prevented my response; so far gone did she already have me at that point – had I but the nous and self-awareness to acknowledge the fact.

“If it pleases, hmm, Malkin,” I finished, recalling her expectations on the subject of proper *‘form’*; unable to meet the triumph my capitulation inspired in her eyes.

“That is better, Robert,” she told me in her, now, insufferably patronising and superior, accented English. “Though it will please me better if you neglect to interject a *‘hmm’* between subject and object every time. Understand?”

“Yes, hmm, Malkin,” I answered, unable to prevent said interjection and fetching a disapproving tut from her.

“No matter,” she told me. “I am sure we will make progress in the area of respect the longer you are with me… *If*… that is, you remain with me.”

The threat was unmistakable and it was a testament to just how far I’d fallen that the prospect of losing such an abject position had my insides roiling.

“That, at this moment anyway,” she went on ominously, “is your choice to make. But I must warn you. The solution I am about to propose is non-negotiable and Ramesh is adamant that if you do not accept what I propose then you must take your leave of our home the moment your things are packed and we will continue to use what is left from the rental of your home that is being paid into my account until such a time as amount you owe us for the arrears is paid.”

Again my legs turned to purest jelly and I allowed myself an internal prayer that whatever she came up with would not be beyond my pride to accept.

I was being faced with effective homelessness.

Twin that with a depressed job-market and the fact I would struggle to find something if it were buoyant, and you have a recipe for terror.

Not to mention abject misery.

Suddenly, she rose from her seat, low-slung and hourglass body taking on a… *powerful*… aura for me.

Another first.

“This is what I came up with,” she said, swivelling her desk-top console around to face me as I shuffled closer, eyes trying to fathom what I was seeing.

I was too far away to see it properly and she beckoned me forward.

Would that she hadn’t.

“It is the perfect solution and one for which my husband and myself are more than happy to bear the cost.”

I could at least see the words introducing the webpage now and read:

“CB-X.Com.”

“I have completed my due diligence,” she informed me in her pompous way, voice a drone in my ears as I tried to make sense of what I was looking at.

“I am convinced that this is not just a practical solution, but one which carries no attendant health risks, even over long-term use. So long, that is, that a regular maintenance and hygiene discipline is adhered to.”

I have no idea how long it was before the image on the screen began to make sense to beleaguered thoughts but, when it did, and the shiny metal with accompanying ring and locking devices became all too clear…?

I bolted from the room and only just made it to the downstairs lavatory to empty my stomach…

Five

Never had lying naked upon my back with a woman handling my manhood been less exciting to me.

Despite having known only the pleasure of the five sisters belonging to my right hand these past months.

The bowl of ice-cubes she had placed at the side of the long dining-room table upon which she had ordered me to lay *utterly* unnecessary.

Were my penis to shrink any further it would have taken a telescope of NASA type provenance to locate it.

That being the case, if the Indian woman was offended, the same woman handling me as if my manhood were simply another item from her wardrobe she owned, then evidence of her discontent was unable to make it past the unholy joy of her expression as she prepared to put my pride and joy and the expression of my manhood under lock and key.

Speaking the whole time, as if her handling of me in such an intimate and degrading fashion were not enough and she wished to call language into play to seal the humiliating deal with an audible accompaniment.

"I had to do much reading before I felt ready to commit to such a course," she said from above me as I kept my eyes fixed upon the ceiling that I might not witness her pleasure at reducing me to such a condition.

"At first the idea of a man allowing a woman to lock his penis into a little cage seemed very strange. And if the letters from interested women were a guide, I was not alone."

It wasn't *only* women who found it strange, I wanted to yell at her.

And *"Strange"* was a fucking understatement!

"Believe it or not, she went on in that hateful and sing-song accent, manipulating my shrivelled scrotum through a locking base ring upon which everything else would hinge, and doing so as if it were the most natural thing in the world, many men find something very attractive about male chastity."

I gave an involuntary wince at the prospect and the bitch actually had the gall to stroke my stomach and its light covering of hair, almost as if she were quieting a skittish colt.

The sickness that had led me to her lavatory when she first showed me the device rose in my throat once more with the knowledge there were perverts who actually got off on being treated like this.

It was only with an effort of will that I forced myself to remain flat upon the table; knowing as I did that, too cowardly to leave, her placing of the device upon me would happen sooner rather than later and it was as well to get it over and done with now.

I had used every scrap of charm, together with many a please to her sense of justice and the fact what she was suggesting was not just immoral but *inhuman*.

To no avail.

Her reply was always the same:

If I wished to remain in her home, then I must submit to my *"Malkin's"* wishes on the matter.

She was totally inflexible and unbending on the subject.

Unfortunately, I was not.

"Apparently," she went on, oblivious or simply dismissive of my thoughts, "and I was taken aback at this a little myself - something about it is very attractive and exciting to many European men."

"Exciting!!" my thoughts fair screamed.

"Though why a man would find it pleasurable to be forcibly prevented an erection and an orgasm by a woman is baffling to me."

"You got that right, at least; you nasty little Indian cunt!"

"Of course, we know it is different in your case, but just the same the result is the same. You will be just as helpless to pleasure yourself as the man who seeks his chastity out of preference. It was this, in fact, that persuaded me Ramesh would go along with what I had in mind to restore his reputation back home."

I was trying to drift, to concentrate on anything that would take my mind from what was being done to me as her slender fingers handled me so unhurriedly and so… *proprietorially*.

A difficult ask when naked below a clothed woman who has one's balls in her hand and the means to withdraw them from access by one's own.

"If I am truthful with you, Robert, there is something I too find… *appealing*… about having the manhood of an older and virile European male locked and at my disposal."

My flesh crawled and she sensed it.

"Are you surprised or appalled?"

She laughed.

"Let us agree on both."

With another laugh she returned her attention to my balls.

You can have no idea of the thoughts – all of them helpless and self-recriminatory – that flash through a man's head when a woman is handling his cock and balls against his wishes – and especially when armed with the knowledge of just what that handling intended to accomplish.

Within seconds I heard one part of the base ring slide into the other and the sound of a tiny padlock clicking shut.

“There!” she exclaimed, with no small self-satisfaction. “The hardest task has been completed and I must thank you for remaining nice and soft for me as I locked the ring into place.”

A snort of… what – derision, disappointment, caught my attention as I heard metal clash with metal and she took up the final components of my caging.

“From what I read, however,” she went on, “it seems it will not be long before your… *obvious*… distaste for your new keyholder…”

Again she laughed, uncaring that she was alone in her humour.

“That is how women who cage their men in such a way are described,” she said informatively, as my thoughts screamed that I was *not* her *‘man’*. “Not,” she went on, “that I wish to be known in such a way.”

Taking my lifeless cock by the tip of its foreskin she gave it a gentle stretch before continuing on:

“‘*Malkin”*” suits me better and is far more descriptive of the situation between us,” she mused, allowing my disinterested and mortified cock to flop back to base and attempt to disappear inside my own scrotum.

“Anyhow, as I was saying, before long the distaste and disinterest you are displaying in having your Malkin handle you will soon become something quite different and, as we have yet to speak of the relief you will need from time to time, and your Malkin is likely to be the only woman in your life for at least the near future, you will soon, I am assured, be regarding your employer in quite the different light.

Amazing as you will find it, the concept of relief, and how I would receive it once the infernal contraption was secured on me, just hadn’t occurred to me and I suppose I had just thought she would send me to my quarters with the key from time to time and that would be it.

Apparently not.

I felt my cowering cock being slid between metal and heard the sound of what I took to be the ends of my cage being inserted into the two openings atop the base ring.

Two tiny padlocks, and two clicks later, and my manhood was beyond my own use.

“There!” she complimented herself. “All done and with a minimum of fuss.”

“Not for me, you Indian cunt!” my thoughts raged.

“I will, of course be unlocking you on a weekly basis in order to supervise your genital hygiene,” she said. “But, other than that, the frequency with which you earn relief will be due solely to your ability to be the most pleasing servant for me you can be.”

Sickness of heart does not describe it and, even at that point, so outlandish was my situation, I could almost believe I would awaken from what was simply a nightmare

and find myself snuggled next to Erin before rising to get ready for another day in the City.

I was an Englishman in his forties, living in a younger Indian woman's house as a, now, effectively neutered servant.

And all this in the heart of the Kent countryside famous for its stalwart and masculine Yeoman.

Yeah, right!

Her continuing commentary did not help me deal with my ongoing emasculation either:

"Of course, it is inevitable," she said, placing the keys and locking them in a tiny wall-safe behind a picture of a Cezanne still-life upon the dining-room wall – a print, anyhow; "that the simple act of locking up your manhood will make you think and behave in a more… *submissive* way towards me. I am assured that the man caged, no matter his initial desires or reservations, will soon spend all his waking moments focusing upon his keyholder and will become more and more obedient as he endeavours to gain her favour that she may deign to return his manhood to his possession for a few minutes or more."

I lay there and listened to her drivel on, feeling somehow dislocated from her words even as I knew they were aimed at me and the consequences likely to be involved for my already beleaguered manhood. Had I tried, I think I could have convinced myself that I had been transported to some mystical, if unpleasant, world where everything had been turned upon its head. Perhaps I should have done just that and allowed my sanity to go the way of my pride.

"Apparently, and I have this from more than one experienced female authority, it is not unheard of for the man in question to become little more than a willing puppy who lives for pleasing his keyholder. It would seem that something magical happens the moment the penis is caged and previously latent submissive desires can be released."

Half taking her words in while another half of me attempted to dismiss them, I simply wallowed in my own misery and prayed for this particular episode of it to end.

Something Navya Chakraborty seemed in no hurry to grant me.

"I myself am a little sceptical upon the subject. Surely, the simple caging of a penis alone is not sufficient to generate an instant personality change. Though I am prepared to accept that a prolonged caging could be likely to affect such a change."

She paused then and I prayed she was about to let me change back into my *uniform* – thinking fond thoughts of the garb I found so humiliating, so low had I gone, and so vulnerable and naked was I.

It was not to be.

"Follow me to my study now," she ordered and, thinking part of my ordeal over, I slid from the table and made for the uniform I'd folded across a chair.

"No!" she snapped.

Unbelievably, cage dangling from that region where once flopped a cock, I came to attention like a new private before a psychopathic drill-sergeant.

“You can put them on in a few minutes.”

I girded my caged loins, surely I could manage a few minutes more.

“We have someone Skyping us from India…”

Six

"Things have certainly changed during my time away, sweet Navya," the slightly dislocated voice came over the Skype airways; a voice that belonged to Ramesh Chakraborty who, having only seen him to wave to when my life was in better shape was now seeing *more* of me than I was comfortable with.

I was stood, near attention, hands clasped behind my back respectfully, before the computer in the study that was his office when he was in the country. The console was turned so the webcam could view the interior of the room and provided him with an unimpeded view of my naked body and its new… *jewelry.* At my side and, unless I'm much mistaken, supremely pleased with herself, stood the woman who had just caged me, still dressed in the tight-fitting red sweater and hip-hugging black skirt she'd had me lay out for her that morning – along with matching black opaques and court shoes with a low dagger heel. Her hair was swept from her face and tied at the back and did nothing to lessen the impression of avian cruelty I was more and more coming to believe was not simply a facial characteristic alone.

"Robert and I are beginning to understand each other, my dear Ramesh. As you can see, he was most obliging when I explained of the problems you were having with our arrangement in the old country and readily agreed to wear the restrainer if it proved of help to you."

The man, a wiry thirty-something with an unsurprisingly – from what I had heard of him anyway – effete look to him, smiled and said something in their native tongue which brought a laugh from his wife.

This as I stood naked and caged before them – a supplicant of the most humiliating kind in my own land.

Then, back in English:

"Mr Chakraborty is most pleased with your willingness to help him, Robert, and is convinced that once his family and business acquaintances see the lengths he has gone to by way of ensuring his wife is unlikely to be… *seduced*… by her handsome English servant, he will not only have the face he has lost returned to him but will gain some also."

"I am also pleased with your commitment to serving my wife in such a way, Robert," he told me, his use of my first-name as humiliating upon his tongue as it was upon his wife's. "This cannot be easy for an Englishman of your age and years and speaks volumes for your seriousness in being willing to thank us both for the opportunity we have given you."

We both knew he was rubbing my emasculation in, and we both knew there was nothing I was about to do about it.

If I had allowed myself to be treated with such contempt to now, what reason did he have for believing I would call a halt to it now?

“I believe Mr Chakraborty just paid you a compliment, Robert,” the bitch alongside me said. “Do you not think you should thank your Master?”

The word hit me like an electrical charge that sapped rather than delivered energy.

“Master?”

“We are waiting, Robert,” the whip of Navya Chakraborty’s sing-song tongue reminded me.

Believe me, if there was a time when I was closest to simply spitting in the face of the bitch and the screen face of her effeminate husband this was it.

“Master?”

“You led me to believe he was respectful to his betters, Navya?” the dislocated voice chided. “He does not seem very respectful to me. Perhaps you should release him from his cage and allow him to leave. I will not be disrespected by a servant.”

That watery feeling in my legs I described earlier returned with a vengeance that made it hard for me to stand. I had sacrificed so much simply to remain in the game: pride, self-respect, and now, literally, my manhood. Surely I could find some deference for this effeminate little Indian cunt if it meant earning the breathing space necessary to find gainful employment and take back my masculinity.

So deluded were my thoughts at the time; not knowing what the Indian bitch knew already.

That my masculinity already belonged to her and it would not be long before my very soul followed.

“Do not be too hasty, my husband,” I heard Navya Chakraborty come to my defence. “It has been difficult enough for him to adapt to the authority of an Indian woman. But,” she pointed to the metal cage imprisoning my cock, “you see yourself how well he adapts to supervision properly applied.”

“I will not be disrespected,” he asserted once again, attempting a forbidding look his features were not quite up to, even if I knew he must have something of substance about him to have developed and run the chain of mini-marts currently in the hands of his wife. “If I am to remain in India to oversee my inheritance as per our agreement, then I need to be convinced that you are not only in control of my English interests but the home also. A wilful, disrespectful, and possibly dangerous, English manservant of the live-in variety does not come into my thinking.”

“I am grateful for your concern, husband, but you are being outrageously over-protective. I might have had my doubts about Robert’s ability to become a devoted and obedient sla-…”

She caught herself so quickly it was only later that I realised what she had been about to say – not that it would have made a difference I had to confess to myself.

“Suffice it to say, that I now see great potential in him as a long-term manservant other than his parlous financial situation. If you are to stay in Utter Pradesh as we agreed,

then you may have no worries about your wife's domestic situation – though it serves you great credit to do so."

"I am not convinced, Navya," he told her and the look on his face and his wife's reaction to it left me in doubt that if he decreed I should leave then it would be his word that counted.

The words that left my mouth were, I promise you, as much of a shock to me as they were a pleasure to the woman at her side and the man on the screen who I sensed was enjoying having an English male dependent upon his mercy:

"Please, hmm, Mr Chakraborty," I began, hating my display of deference even as the words spewed from my mouth seemingly without my permission. "It wasn't my intention to disrespect you. It's just… just…"

To my further amazement I found myself looking to Navya Chakraborty, the woman who had brought me to this pass and had just locked my genitals in a metal prison, for support.

Her sense of triumph was unmistakable as she told the man onscreen:

"It is still early for him, Ramesh, my dearest. He is an Englishman, with no concept of caste or personal duty. Is it surprising he would have trouble adapting to the natural order of things we have grown up with and he has no idea exists?"

On the screen I could see the man thinking about it at least and felt a small frisson of relief join what would soon become an overwhelming sense of loss for my manhood and my individuality when I regained the sanctity of my own quarters above the garage.

"I need to hear him accept, though I am and will be far distant here in Allahabad, that I am Master - even in my absence – and that you are Malkin. I will make no allowances on this for race. He has accepted the position of servant now and the generosity we have extended that will enable him to have a property of his own at some time in the future. If he is to be allowed to continue serving you I need to be convinced of his sincerity."

"Ask him for yourself, Ramesh," Navya said. "I am sure you will be pleased."

She stepped closer to me and whispered in my ear that her husband may not hear.

If only I hadn't.

The look I turned upon her begged her to tell me she was joking, but I already knew otherwise.

Suddenly, feeling beaten and utterly demoralised - or more so than ever I should say – I felt the last small piece of the resolve she had been whittling away at over the weeks vanish and took a step towards the computer console before, with head lowered, I sank to my bare knees upon the carpet.

From behind me came what I took to be a gasp and would later recognise as a sigh of pure pleasure.

“That is better,” came the Indian cunt’s dislocated and effete tones. “Why did you not do this from the beginning.”

I shook my head in a desperation of misery, bitter tears of the purest humiliation queuing at the back of my eyes.

“I asked you a question,” snapped the same voice, relentless like his wife.

“I… I’m sorry,” I managed to stutter out. “I, hmm, didn’t think.”

“You didn’t think, *what?*”

“I… I didn’t think, hmm, Mr Chakraborty.”

“Try again,” he rasped. “Make sure you address me correctly this time.”

Adding, by way of a clue:

“And look at your Master when you speak to him!”

Acting as if on reflex, unable to do anything other it seemed than continue along a road others had mapped for me, even knowing the destination waiting at it end would not be of my choosing, I raised my eyes to look upon the face of an effete Indian shit who had the temerity to describe himself as my *“Master”*.

There was nothing but expectation there as I felt the opaque pantyhose covering his wife’s legs brush against my arm as he moved next to my kneeling form. I saw not the slightest hint that he was worried I might man up and tell him and the sorry excuse for a woman next to me just what they could do with their fucking *“arrangement”* before putting a foot through the computer console and bitch-slapping the Indian woman it belonged to.

He was right not to be worried.

As if sensing my capitulation was upon its very last legs – and why wouldn’t she have after everything I’d let her get away with to this point – Navya Chakraborty reached and, gently, took my earlobe between two brown fingers and began to stroke it.

Soothingly!

As if I were a neutral observer playing no part in events as they unfolded, I professed myself amazed when I actually found myself leaning in to the caress of the bitch; sensing something… *crucial*… inside of me give way as she leaned down and the warm breath of her hateful subcontinent mouth tickled my ear.

“Be a good boy and tell the Master what he needs to hear,” she whispered in the closest she had come to familiarity with me since I had agreed to become her servant. “Then we can move on with our lives.”

Tears were streaming from my eyes now as I gazed into the eyes of the man viewing me from a Uttar Pradesh webcam and Navya Chakraborty turned her attention from my ear to my hair and began smoothing a hand through it as if she were soothing a disturbed animal.

It truly felt as if another person were occupying my body and acting in my place when, through misty eyes, I looked the man in the eye and said:

“I… I’m sorry…”

I swallowed back bile that was, in reality, no less than the remnants of my manhood, before finishing…

“Master…”

Seven

It would, she said, become a ritual for me.

An act of both worship and obeisance that would clearly mark the gulf in status between us and define our roles.

Her as Malkin.

Me as servant and supplicant.

We were a fortnight on from my shameful capitulation to her husband via the wonders of Skype and my service to her was becoming more marked.

And far more… *intimate*.

"You will always prepare yourself," she began, referring to the leather wing-back Chesterfield chair in her bedroom, "by stripping naked and kneeling with your head lowered before my chair."

I was standing in her bedroom in the usual position of respect, head lowered slightly that I might focus upon the toes of her feet with their purple painted nails; lowered gaze unsuccessful in preventing her from a reading of my thoughts.

"You are no doubt thinking that you are about to indulge in exactly what my husband lost face over," she said.

It was not a question.

"That is not the case," she went on, "and my husband and I would be hypocritical if it were, after having insisted upon those pictures of you in your cock-cage."

I heard her chuckle but kept my eyes fixed upon her surprisingly shapely feet which, along with her sturdy but well-shaped legs, were her best feature.

Well, those and an equally surprising pair of full breasts I had ample opportunity to admire her now the duty of attending her toilet had fallen to me.

"The webcam shots of you naked and in your cage, as you knelt at my feet before my husband's image," she reminded me, "were well-received and did much to restore my husband's reputation the rumours his wife was being sexed by the cock of her English servant served to put in place. My husband is a happy man again."

Her *husband* could land-dive into an extant volcano for all I cared of his happiness – though the prospect of the red-hot lave melting away his effete and false smile did please me a little.

"Anyway, Robert," she continued, cutting off her chuckles. "There is no hypocrisy because there is – and will never be – a servant's English cock finding its way into his Malkin's cunt."

To my amazement, I felt my imprisoned cock twitch beneath my uniform trousers and was grateful I remained clothed still. Her use of the word *"cunt"* to describe her own

womanhood had triggered something in me. Having been unaware of any attraction whatsoever toward her on my part until this point I wondered why the hell my penis was attempting to become erect in its cage for no more than her simple mention of her own anatomy.

Was it as she had told me when locking me in the cage?

Would denial make me find her… *desirable?*

Would chastity make me behave even more submissively towards her than I had until now?

"You are a servant now and I no longer regard you as a man," she informed me. "Though I do have to tell you that, had you possessed the qualities necessary to retain your former status, I always found you more than acceptable as a likely bed-partner."

Her voice was somewhat accusatory when she added:

"Not that you shared any such attraction towards me."

I could not deny what was no more than the simple truth – even if I suspected it might be subject to change – and remained silent.

"Anyhow, that is the past and we must now plot out the future. You as servant and me as Malkin. The cage around your cock already insists that any pleasure it receives is at the behest of its keyholder. Your Malkin. That being the case, and if you wish to enjoy a release, it will be necessary for us to engage in a carnal – if not coital – relationship."

The pause was brief, then:

"With me in complete charge, of course."

I didn't like the way our conversation was going, but then I hadn't liked anything since I had arrived in her home and yet here I remained still.

"I have no problems taking control of your sexuality, Robert. And that is just as well seeing as I have no desire for you to be seeing other women and, if you are honest, the cage around your cock and balls would take some explaining away even if you managed such an unlikely feat, given your financial circumstances. I have spoken to my husband on the subject, and he is in agreement that I should be the one to supervise your sexual interludes and can see nothing untoward or likely to be shaming to him now that your manhood is under a lock and key in my care.

I waited, knowing we had only touched upon what she had in mind.

Though I did not wait long.

"Also, as you are now, as they say, a *'chastised'* servant," her giggle was out of character but I could not share her humour, "there is no moral obstacle to your Malkin making use of you for her own sexual needs other than penetration."

For a moment or so, I didn't quite follow her – you will agree that I was battling against competing preoccupations, I'm sure, but when I did start comprehending what she had

in mind, and the consequences for me, you may be assured my world lost yet more of its… *colour*.

*****

"You may look up at your Malkin now," she told me, imperiously, the sheer *wrongness* and incongruity of a woman like her being in such a position of command and authority over a man like me – her superior, in my view, in looks, race, education and intelligence – cutting absolutely no ice with her and, if anything, making the colonial role reversal all the more… *piquant*… for her.

Despite my aforementioned – and obviously misplaced – belief in my own personal superiority over her, I could not help but acknowledge the shiver of pure lust that surged through me as I gazed up from where she had me squatting at her feet as she sprawled in her Chesterfield to take in her naked body for the first time.

Again, the twitching of my caged cock I had experienced upon hearing the "C" word fall from her lips came as a surprise to me. As did the groan of frustration and discomfort exiting my lips as her fleshy but hour-glass figure and conical breasts impacted upon my manhood to have it biting against the bars of its prison. My subconscious, at least, appeared to find her desirable and the fact disturbed me.

Bad enough that she had tapped into an unsuspected weakness in me and had somehow developed it into a submissive behaviour that had led me to my current pass.

But to actually desire her?

A desire that actually went off the charts when my eyes alighted upon her delightful and totally denuded slit.

"That is the position I wish you to adopt whenever I require the use of your tongue," she told me, ignoring what could only have been my obvious state of rut. "Always naked, and always with your hands clasped behind your back respectfully. I will *not* have my body pawed by the hands of a servant and you will be sorry should you ever forget yourself in such a way."

I swallowed back the bile of shame and indignation and looked away, unwilling to let her see my pain.

"Do you understand, Robert?"

"Y-Yes, Malkin," my quivery voice agreed.

"I much prefer a man's tongue to his cock," she informed me, "and especially a tongue belonging to a servant. And even more especially a tongue in the head of an *English* servant.

"In fact," she went on, "you will be the first English tongue I have experienced and I am determined that you will soon learn to savour the taste of your Malkin and the pleasure she is going to teach you to provide her."

Delightful and denuded slit or otherwise, I was suddenly less than enthusiastic.

Oral sex – me upon Erin, anyway – had never been a real part of the bedroom activities in my marriage and probably went some way to explaining my wife's desertion of me for a lesbian, so you can imagine I was less than enthused at the prospect of being compelled to provide the service for a younger Indian woman. Nothing, in fact, appealed to me about the act. Not the taste, not the smell, and certainly not submissive overtones the act carried with it as the man knelt before the woman and placed his tongue and lips upon the very same genitalia that expelled urine.

I also knew that, repugnance or not, I was not to be spared the ignominy of performing the service.

And if her words and the expectant look upon her avian and increasingly cruel looking face were a guide, she had a lot more than the one time in mind.

Many more, I rightly suspected.

"As this is your first time worshipping me in such a way," she told me, "we will treat this as a learning experience for you. However, I do expect you to pay great attention to what I expect from you and to learn your lessons diligently."

The twin columns of her surprisingly attractive legs with their smooth and totally unblemished brown skin rose before me and the sheer unreality of my situation struck me once again.

It was preposterous.

No one would believe it.

And yet it was true.

I was the servant of an Indian woman a decade or so my junior.

And expected to service her as if I were the Indian flunky of memsahib from the glory days of the Raj.

"Firstly," the latter day memsahib with the inappropriate skin-tone began, "you are to show respect at all times and show your Malkin that you appreciate the honour she bestows upon you."

My thoughts marvelled:

"Does she truly believe the shit she's spouting?"

"Do I believe the denial my thoughts are spouting at me?"

"To begin with, I do not expect you to simply dive in and start munching away as if you were taking a rushed lunch at a cheap takeaway. This would displease me greatly and you would not be happy with the results. Likewise, if you use too much delicacy, I will be equally as displeased, but after a bored fashion. You are not a half-wit and were once married yourself, so I expect to see initiative on your part. However, I will give you some pointers as to what will please me best."

I was a forty-something male being taken to task by a fierce primary-school teacher once again.

Even if no primary school teacher of any age had ever addressed such a subject with one of her pupils.

Or at least that is my hope.

"You will begin with my feet and show them as much reverence as you intend bestowing upon the rest of my body," she explained. "I expect lots of deferential kisses upon my heels, my toes, and even the soles of my feet. I shall also expect you to lick them from top to bottom and to savour the taste of my salty perspiration upon your tongue and come to recognise it as a pleasure bestowed upon you for the lowly servant that you are."

My jaw would have dropped to my chest at her words – had it not been there already.

"When you have paid the feet of your Malkin the attention they deserve, you are to move slowly upwards to my legs and place devoted kisses upon my ankles, then up to my calves, and then on to my thighs before you reach my superior Indian cunny."

Despite the ludicrous nature of it all, and despite the fact I knew it to be real and, therefore, even more insulting to me, my cock again twitched in its prison and I berated myself for being turned on by such a… *perverse*… prospect.

And there was more to come.

"Even then I expect you to show restraint and respect and to admire your Malkin and her cunt before placing your tongue at its service."

What now, my thoughts screamed as the unyielding metal bars of my cage again bit into my upwardly and outwardly mobile foreskin.

"You must take a huge breath, gaze upon the object of your adoration, and let that breath out to pass over the lips of your Malkin's labia. Cool it, soothe it, and, when this is done, only then should you bring your head forward and place servile lips of your own upon the physical manifestation of her superior Indian womanhood. Soft and fluttery kisses to begin with then long and sweeping licks with the flat of your tongue the length of her labia before sliding it beneath her lips to tease the rims."

My cock was raging unabated now and I had the impression that either it or the bars of its cage would soon give, so powerful was its urgency.

"Do not concern yourself with attempting to place your tongue inside my cunt. It is of no interest to me, does not excite me, and, therefore, is *never* to be required. What you will do is to continue with your worship of both my labia majora and the labia minora – initiative will not only be appreciated but expected – until such a time as I give you a one-word signal."

I waited, the sheer unmanliness of the position she had placed me in within her household forgotten as for the first time her words made me actually *want* to pay homage to the hairless brown slit arresting my gaze and the pink flesh of the lips below it.

“That word,” she told me finally, “is *‘Clit’*. And when you hear it I expect you to lick, to suck, and to vacuum, as if your very life is at stake, until your Malkin reaches the pastures of heaven to which she is entitled.”

Flowery and overegged language or not, I found I could not take my eyes from her waiting cunt and, for the first time in my life, was actively excited about the placing of my lips at the service of a woman’s piss-slit.

An Indian woman’s piss-slit.

And one whose arousal was already making itself known to my nostrils.

And not just *any* Indian woman.

The one aiming orders of such a carnal and perverse kind to me, was an Indian woman who, marvel of all the world’s most unholy marvels, professed to own me.

It was with that thought that the prescience of my dreams, during the last few days I had spent alone in my own home, returned to me with a vengeance.

As if my subconscious was far more in tune with the weakness at my core and had recognised Navya Chakraborty’s own strength of will and the use she was likely to make of my dependency.

“You may begin now,” her voice cut into my thoughts and I followed one impeccably manicured nail as it pointed to her equally expertly pedicured feet.

At first, I appeared locked into place, immobile as the full implications of my presence there – cock cage notwithstanding – presented themselves to me in the round for the very first time.

And, also for the very first time since having entered her home, I realised a simple but undeniable fact.

I had been lost and *she* had found me.

And would *never* allow me to wander again.

With a sigh of resignation and a cock that was still biting into metal in direct contradiction of the horror that was my thoughts, I lowered my head in capitulation and placed my lips upon the painted nails of her long and shapely toes…

Epilogue

I leaned up from the floor, bare back against the sofa in my Malkin's front-room, the hosed legs of the fully-dressed Indian woman I had been serving the past seven months and more to either side of my naked and now completely depilated body. The paleness of that body in stark contrast to that of the younger woman I now conceded was my owner – even in my thoughts. As the dark fabric covering the arches of her hosed feet rasped deliciously against my recently freed cock, I tried manfully to prolong the sensations my recent *"respectful behaviour"* were winning from her.

The competing sensations warring inside me as this was happening were far too numerous for my feverish and needy thoughts to compartmentalise and supply analysis at this, or perhaps any, time.

"It is just as it should be," commented the sing-song English above and behind me, a hand lightly stroking the hairless dome of the scalp she recently denuded and was intending to keep in its egg-like condition.

"That you may look more like the chattel you have become," she had informed me before using a pair of electric clippers to remove the bulk of the hair I sported so proudly still, and she intended for me to have no longer.

Yet another diminishment.

And a diminishment, she had no qualms informing me, that was intended to make me look and feel more like the servile and respectful manservant she intended me to know and accept myself for.

Going on, then, to complete the denuding with a hot flannel placed over my scalp, this before applying a thick and soapy lather and razoring the stubble away until my scalp gleamed like the freshly sand-blasted dome of St Peter's in spring.

So much, you will have gathered, had changed for me; even from those first days in her home when I had deluded myself our arrangement was temporary and I would soon find another position and be able to move on.

That, I knew now, was not about to happen.

And, amazingly, at times like these, I was unsure I wanted to, so great had been the changes my *"Malkin"* had wrought in me.

Such was the pleasure brought me by the sensation of her feet around my super-sensitized penis and the knowledge I was receiving it for having pleased her with my diligent and, it has to be said, growingly abject and pathetic service.

A pleasure made all the more… *acute*… for not having access to my own manhood.

The latest *"dry-spell"* having lasted all but a day short of a month and ensured my behaviour towards her was fawning and cringe-worthy in the extreme and became more marked with each day that passed without relief in sight and only ending when I had

abased myself before her in the way she intended and silently *begged* for her indulgence.

And just how did I do this, you ask?

It is, along with the rest of this story, something I could not bring myself to confide to another living-soul – were that living-soul present and able to make eye-contact with me, that is.

As I am never likely to meet any of those who read this, my shame is something I can describe in the written word, however.

She had been seated at the centre-unit in the kitchen when I approached her, the coffee I had waiting to greet her upon her return from the office in front of her along with some business papers she was skimming.

And how was my approach made?

Why, from the kitchen entrance upon all-fours, of course.

That is right.

Your eyes do not deceive you and the words I have written are no more than the simple – and simply shaming, I confess – truth.

Even though it is mind-boggling to picture myself behaving in such a fashion when out of Navya Chakraborty's presence; it has simply become second-nature to me to act in such a way when she fixes that avian stare upon me and compels my utter and complete obedience.

For complete and utter it is. Made all the remarkable for being implemented by sheer force of will alone. At NO time has my Malkin been compelled to use physical force upon me to impart a lesson and any punishments designed to reinforce her domination of me have been mental rather than physical and consist more of early-bedtime's, corner-time, or an extension to my chastity.

In the stillness and release of my quarters above the garage, I can sometimes be truthful enough to confess myself broken to her will.

And, if I am ever in any doubt as to the ease with which my breaking was accomplished?

Then I need cast my mind back only as far as that first Skype meeting with her husband when, wearing nothing but the cock-cage into which his wife had just locked me, I caved in before this somewhat effeminate Indian man who was the other half of their sexless union.

Actually conceding that I must address him as *"Master"* from that moment on.

Choosing indignity, shame, and emasculation, rather than act like the man I had always believed myself to be and leaving.

Apologies. I have covered my own self-loathing upon the matter and there is no point going any further. I have said all that needs to be said in regard of my craven behaviour.

Where was I?

Oh, yes!

And so it was, balls full to bursting with pent-up semen I had no means of releasing – even if I had tried to rub myself against her soapy hand during my once a week maintenance *"unlockings"*; about as desperate for relief as I could recall being in my entire life until then – that I had crawled to her crossed feet, still encased in the black courts she had worn to that office and crossed at the ankle. The pantyhose she had worn all day looked moist to me and, even as I made my way across the tiled floor to them, the appalling smell of nylon mixed with perspiration and shoe leather, my nose twitched.

But not enough to be deterred.

So great was my need.

Without further ado, and careful to avoid using my hands as taught, I placed my lips upon her instep and waited.

And waited.

And…

Until, finally, the stench of her feet, ripe from a day of toil beneath the desk at her office seeming to fill my very soul:

"Do you think your behaviour warrants it?" she asked unseen from above, though I could sense her sadistic and power-crazed eyes fait boring a hole into my denuded dome.

Not for the first time, I wondered what my wife and daughters would think to hear the pitiful voice and the words it spoke belonging to the one-time husband and father as he grovelled at the feet of a younger Indian woman, simply that she might unlock the cage imprisoning his cock to which she alone had a key:

"Please, Malkin, I have tried very hard to be the servant you wish me to be."

I also wondered how they would react to see that husband and father's lips begin to slobber kisses against the woman's sweaty insteps in an attempt to win her favour.

Degrading and dehumanizing as that favour might be.

"Who the fuck had I become?"

"I suppose I have been pleased with your behaviour these past weeks," she conceded, providing the contemptible wretch at her feet all the motivation he needed to continue kissing her moist hose as if it were an oasis soaked sponge offered the lips of a dehydrated and near death traveller.

"In fact," she went on from above, "I was only speaking to your Master this afternoon and he was most gratified to hear the good things I had to say about you."

I tried not to let the mention of her husband deflect me from my purpose. My need, I decided, was too great to be deflected by the hatred I had for the effeminate bastard whose insistence upon some outdated form of Indian tradition had brought me to my current pass. Or so I still believed.

A hatred that was not lessened any when my *"Malkin"* continued:

"Actually," she began, the sheer pleasure she took from having an older Englishman slobbering at her heels in her own kitchen unmistakable in her voice, "he said he might be able to come back to England for a flying visit and is much looking forward to seeing how your… *training*… has progressed and having you… *serve*… him."

Bile gathered at the back of my throat at the prospect and I tried to ignore it by concentrating on my homage to her stinking feet; too close to my first release in almost a month to allow the prospect of having to *"serve"* her husband deny me.

"I told him, of course, that your earlier tardiness has all but disappeared and you have now accepted your position as my household servant. I also told him that you would regard it as an honour to be of service to him while he is in the country and until he is obliged to return to oversee his new business empire."

I continued to place small kisses on her instep, mortified by her words but having no desire her to let her into that secret.

"Are you not honoured?" she asked from above, knowing the answer before asking the question and simply using her knowledge of it to twist the knife of emasculation in deeper.

"Y-Yes, Malkin," I managed to mutter through lips made suddenly dry by the prospect of what I suspected my *'service'* to the *'Master'* would consist. "It is indeed an honour."

"Yes. That is as it should be. There can be no more of that silly pretence upon your part from now on. We both have our places, you as well as I, and it is imperative that we acknowledge and do our best fulfil the roles assigned us to the best of our abilities. I have no desire to turn your head with praise, but I would be less than either truthful or fair if I were not to tell you how pleasing I find your service to me.

"It is one thing, after all, to be in possession of a humble Indian man in such a position. But I cannot help but feel a greater sense of accomplishment for having shown a handsome and older Englishman his true position in the overall scheme of things. For a man lacking the intestinal fortitude I always sensed was lacking in you, there can surely be more just or fitting position than to be the manservant of a proud and strong Indian woman such as your Malkin."

She paused a moment and I prayed she would resume with her feet and their manipulation of all too rare erection.

It was not to be.

Not right that moment, anyway.

"Would you not agree, Robert?"

“Y-Yes, M-Malkin,” I concurred instantly, croaking voice an obvious indicator as to both my need and the abject pass I had been brought to by the woman manipulating my mind as well as my cock.

“Good boy,” she said demeaningly and reached down with one brown and patronising hand to pat the scalp she herself had made hairless. “I am pleased with you. I think that before you run my bath you have earned some time out of your cock-cage and some attention from the feet of your Malkin you seem to enjoy worshipping so much these days.

And, after I had smothered her instep in a feverish burst of servile kisses, thoughts of the husband I detested banished, I had followed her upstairs where I removed her shoes before stripping naked and presenting my cock to the keys in her hand that were about to grant me a temporary freedom.

Which brings me back to the top of this episode…

“…You look so natural in a position of supplication, Robert, that it makes think again about your wife’s treatment of you.”

Beaten, shamed, and broken, as I was, mention of my deceitful and faithless ex-wife was still raw to me and I flinched so obviously even my *“Malkin”* noticed.

To my surprise, she became compassionate.

Almost.

“Do not think I am condoning her shameful treatment of you or that toward you of your daughters,” she said from above and behind me, unmindful or oblivious as to how strange our conversation was under the circumstances – me naked and her with her hosed feet either side of my raging penis as she enjoyed the power she felt at being able to prolong my release. “Their actions, especially those of your wife, were despicable no matter the circumstances. In this you have both my full sympathy and understanding along with that of my husband.”

“Fuck your husband!” my thoughts raged, a discussion of any kind the last thing on my mind at the moment; let alone one that included my wife, my daughters, and her husband.

“But…” she continued, not for the first time ignoring my wishes, unspoken or otherwise. “It must be said that this show of complete disrespect could not have happened if their feelings towards you were all they should have been for the man of the house.”

So far so obvious, I thought, as I mentally urged her moist feet to resume their manipulation of my fit to burst cock.

“The conclusion I draw – not that it explains or condones their behaviour – is that they saw in you the self-same weakness of character that led me to believe you would never be a success of any note in a field of a professional or any other kind.”

I let her disparaging comment go – what else could I do? She was I knew, and as galling and unflattering as the fact was to me, right. Why else would I be here? And in such a position?

"Any other kind, that is, than the faithful and thoroughly obedient domestic servant you are becoming for your Malkin."

She paused and I knew what she was waiting for.

And, miraculously, bigger prize uppermost in my tortured thoughts, it was exactly what I gave her…

"Thank you, Malkin."

"Good boy. I knew you would not be disrespectful and ungrateful and make me rethink the favour I am about to grant you."

The pressure upon my cock from her hosed arches resumed and I gasped, unable to help myself, as they made imperceptible movements, up and down, over my raging and engorged cock.

"Savour your Malkin's feet, Robert," she advised, the mixed tone of pride, pleasure, contempt and ownership having, for some reason I have yet to reconcile to myself, the effect of taking my desire higher. "You cannot know when your behaviour will warrant such an indulgence from her again so make the most of your good fortune and try to prolong your pleasure as long as possible."

I gasped, the sensations of her feet and the voice of ownership that let me know I was nothing more than property, a chattel, drawing me ever closer to the edge of crisis and threatening to propel me way beyond it before I'd had the chance to fully savour the bounty she was bestowing upon me.

And, yes, that was exactly how my thought described the episode to me.

So low had she taken me.

"That is it, my good obedient boy," she praised, the fact I was some years older than her yet was being spoken to as if I were a schoolboy managing to take my desire up a few notches further. "I know how badly your little cock wishes to spurt its pitiful cream before your Malkin locks it away again, but I want you to fight it until your owner gives you permission."

Her feet were moving the length of my erection with more rapidity now and, between that and the friction of her hose as it rasped against my foreskin, I was struggling to hold on.

"Can you do that for your Malkin?" she asked, her own voice noticeably shaky and leaving me in no doubt as to what use she would place my tongue when we were finished and my cock back in its metal prison.

"Y-Yes," I gasped, not at all sure I could do as she asked but using every trick at my mental disposal to delay the coming Krakatoa, if that was what my *Malkin* wished of me.

“Then you are a good, good, boy and your Malkin is very proud of you. Just think of the years together we have ahead of us and all the times you can experience your owner’s feet around your little white cock if you serve and obey her well enough.”

“Malkin, I…”

“Already the life you once knew is becoming indistinct and vague. I am your life now. Your Indian master. I will take care of you from now on, just so long as you continue to show me your complete obedience and readiness to observe *all* wishes.”

The friction upon my cock increased and I knew I was losing it as I built towards what I knew would be the most explosive orgasm of my life and cared not one whit that it was achieved at the expense of my life as a man.

“Please, Malkin,” I begged, barely coherent now. “I… I don’t think I can hold on any…”

“Are you about to cum?” she asked foot speed increasing still further.

I could barely find air enough in my lungs to answer:

“Yes…!”

Then, finally, and not a moment too soon:

“Very well,” she said in a suddenly matter-of-fact voice. “You have pleased your Malkin have her permission to let your little cock spurt.”

I felt myself move close, yet the explosion did not happen.

Something was missing and it was my Malkin who supplied it:

“Now!” she barked.

As rope upon rope of semen left my spurting cock to land upon both the carpet and my bare thighs – not to mention her hosed feet – I realised I had *never* felt a cumming of such force and power.

I felt as if the life were being drained from in the most exquisite of ways and, as my head dropped to one side and my cheek rested on my Malkin’s hosed thigh, I knew something else for the first time.

I would *never* leave my Malkin’s side again.

THE END