Enslaved in Kolkata

The Compete Novel

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Prologue

Standing naked in the large living room that had been bequeathed to me but could hardly be described anymore, the sweat made unavoidable by the subcontinent heat leaked, it seemed, from every pore of the pale English body my tormentors loved to abuse so much. I was panting and my red and needy cock stood to attention like an Immortal before cruel Xerxes himself. And that *"red"* did not belong to my yearning penis alone.

The sharp and crimson fingernails I could see gripping the head of my cock were – slowly, *ever* so slowly - working its way up and down my shaft and daring me to make a move of my own volition to speed the process. This would be a violation of the submission that was now demanded of me by the younger of my two Indian tormentors and I was unwilling to risk the punishment their power over me placed them in a position to deliver and which they seemed to delight in providing for the Englishman who had once been their master and was no longer.

The tiny young hand testing my submission belonged to Geeta, the teenaged stepdaughter of my maid, Rani. *Correction:* the stepdaughter of the woman who *had* been my maid. A stepdaughter who was every bit as perfidious and deviant of soul as the stepmother herself and for whom, despite my initial feelings of racial, intellectual and physical, superiority, I now felt nothing but dread.

Another *correction*:

Not *only* dread.

I also lusted after this avian featured subcontinent Houri in a way I had *never* lusted after my recently divorced and exquisitely beautiful wife or the bevy of stunning lookers whose pussies I had preferred to the one at home waiting for me.

That, however, was the past and, as unedifying if perversely sexual was the

present, returning to it was not an option – even if such a miracle could somehow be conjured up.

A mixture of events, both unfortunate and stupid on my part, had contrived to place me in a position from which I could detect no likelihood of extracting myself and I was now ensnared by a weakness of character I had not suspected to be in my possession until I had arrived on the subcontinent and entered the benighted city calling itself Kolkata.

That the two women, young and older, hated me was never left for me to doubt and they had assured me that they would never tire of the joy and elevated status ownership of such a handsome Englishman gave them amongst their fellow gutter-spawned natives who now held the two in a degree of some awe.

Such was the region and the quality of its inhabitants in which I found myself.
"Ms" Geeta – that is how I am compelled to address her - continued to manipulate my cock's foreskin and just this slow and sensual attention was proving enough to take me towards the edge, so great was my need after a month spent in the dreaded cage they had padlocked to the steel ring encircling my scrotum and which prevented *"unauthorised"* erections. Knowing the beating I would receive if I were to cum without permission, I willed my orgasm to stay at bay, head thrust back and eyes that were squeezed shut beseeching the stucco cherubs adorning the ceiling to aid me in my attempt at restraint. My eyes came open and I could not prevent a groan as the bitch increased the pace of her strokes, full lips I had once considered over-large in a face that was of no interest to me, seemed only sensuous to me now and her sneer told me she knew it.

It was my abuser's favourite pastime – the younger of them anyway – and at least once a week she would tease me unmercifully as I stood before her in my restrainer and attempted not to be turned on by her handling of the scrotum she herself had locked the ring around.

The attempt was always futile.

Now, though, the key had been removed to my freedom had been removed from the chain at her neck upon which it hung and the cage had been freed from the ring.

I had, joy of joys, been given permission – not that I could have done anything to prevent it – to have an erection.

“Is Ms Geeta not good to her old white servant?” she asked and again I felt a rush of white anger cloud my vision that a man of my age, looks and intelligence could be addressed in such a way by one of her race and class.

I did not display it.

“Yes, Ms Geeta,” I told her, anger at being described as old when I had still to reach forty mitigated by the tiny hand that was still manipulating my cock so expertly and praying she would soon give me the command to *‘cum’*.

The sari’s and traditional dress they had both adopted upon my first arrival had long since been replaced by Western fashions that, within the privacy of the home they had taken from me, became both more erotic and more daring and I knew they liked nothing better than to masturbate and then deny me release while dressed in ways that inflamed my deprived senses.

For today’s *session* Geeta was wearing a long white blouse over tight black leggings, the shapely if muscular legs highlighted by the clinging material while a camel-toe at the apex of her legs betrayed that she was wearing no underwear.

And if the moisture I could see gathered there when sneaking furtive glances in the direction of her covered pussy were any guide, the camel-toe was not the only give-away.

Compelling her English chattel to behave so obsequiously towards her never failed to set her juices to flowing – even if that chattel himself had not yet been permitted to… *savour*… them.

“Kiss my glorious young Indian arse and show your appreciation for all myself and my stepmother do for you,” she ordered, fetching a gasp of disappointment from me as she released my cock and twirled around to present a large but Junoesque bum.

Containing the disappointment caused by the departure of her hand, I realised that I wanted nothing more than to plant my lips upon those wonderful buttocks – even if doing so was yet further evidence of my submission and the fact they could now do pretty much as they wished with me. I had not been favoured with the showing of my respect to her netheregions yet so kissing her rear mounds was something new and, despite my awareness of the symbolism the act carried I was aware also of something else.

I was just as aroused by the prospect of showing my *“respect”* in such a demeaning way.

Aroused in the extreme.

The white blouse was transparent and the absence of any straps at her back told me she was sans bra as well as panties and the skin below her clothing I knew to be so impossibly flawless took my mind from the avian features of that face with its over-large teeth and equally larger than life lips below a scimitar face that had yet to exercise any appeal to me whatsoever.

The knowledge thrilled me even as I rebuked myself for the thousandth or more time for the very weakness that had led me to this position.

Her skin-tight black leggings themselves were tucked into her ankle length boots in black leather and both the tops of them and the dagger heels upon which she stood were filthy from the dust of the yard from which she had entered some minutes prior to ordering me naked and removing my cock from its cage via the key hanging from her neck for just such a purpose.

“Ms Geeta is in a good mood and has decided to let her little cock boy feel the air upon his caged willy once more,” she had told me as she slid the restrainer from my manhood and laughed delightedly as I was unable to

prevent a sigh of pleasure from leaving my lips at the release.

So far had the great seducer fallen.

Preoccupied as I now was with the wonderful arse being presented to me, I was not so far gone that I did not realise she had made the boots dusty and dirty deliberately and, with a sinking heart, experience told me why.

“Why are you still standing before your Master?” she asked, the tone of her heavily accented English telling me she was becoming impatient even as her use of the honorific, *‘Master’*, threw me.
This, I thought as lowering myself to my knees before the buttocks she intended I worship, was new and knowing I could do nothing to prevent her referring to herself in such a way did nothing to stop me hating her for doing so. My thoughts flashed back past a cornucopia of women I had bedded, only for me to end up here, but I eventually settled upon the image of only one. The face of Siobhan, the former wife I had treated so horrendously, too stupid to see the jewel fate had placed in my life-path, transposed itself before my eyes and the buttocks of my young tormentor and I could only wonder what would be her reaction to see me in such a condition – and before *such* a person.

“Yes,” that person continued, oblivious to my thoughts as the deep pleasure she felt at commanding a handsome man who was not of her country coursed through her; a man, moreover, who had been - and not so long ago - her employer. As she spoke, the sing-song Indian English I had read some found exotic and found only irritatingly childlike myself fairly dripped with the thrill of ownership. A *thrill* I suspected she would always be in receipt of whenever it took her fancy to put the man she had in her toils through his paces. “That is at it should be. The disrespectful English dog on the floor at his master’s feet. Exactly the position you will always adopt before me and my revered stepmother in the future.”

Her mention of the future, and despite the perverse reaction of my cock to the treatment she was handing out to me and her use of that *“Master”*, filled me with the same despondency I always felt whenever my thoughts were drawn

to the long road that lay ahead.

But then, how could I not feel such a way?

From the moment I had taken receipt of aunt's cursed legacy my options had been shrunk until they had finally been diminished to their current condition.

That of *nowhere to be seen*.

"Place nice respectful kisses upon my buttocks with your unworthy lips," she said from over her shoulder, "and, if I consider you to have behaved sincerely and with gratitude for the way my stepmother and I… *supervise*… you I may consent to let you place your tongue in my superior Indian pussy and let you be useful for a change."

The pause that followed, I knew, would be of but short duration.

"Who knows? If you are a particularly pleasing English dog for your Indian master, she may even unlock you and allow you to hump her shapely young leg."

A surge of what seemed like electrical current raced through my body at a prospect that could only be described as soul-destroyingly final were I to submit to it and I could only marvel at the change that had been affected in me.

Not only had I refused to even contemplate placing my tongue in such a place with the many *beauties* I had bedded, but I had actually insisted instead upon feeling their succulent lips around my demanding prick without any hope of reciprocation.
And *now* this low-born Indian girl with the face of a particularly unattractive avian scavenger was not only offering it as a reward but holding out the prospect of rubbing myself off on her leg if I were to perform the task to her liking.

"What the fuck have they done to you?" I asked myself as the imagery of doing just as she suggested threatened to dislodge my prick from its be-

ringed moorings and consign it to altitude.

Shuffling forward on my knees to bring eager lips into contact with the buttocks of a young Indian girl who was certainly *not* a beauty it was not the first time I had asked myself such a question.

My name is Michael Benson and to discover the answer you will need to read on.

One

I had thought it to be the perfect way to escape my troubles. Recently divorced after my wife could no longer abide my constant infidelities, the death of my aunt in India and the bequest to me, as her only living relative, of her home was, false regrets aside, a most timely passing for me. Not only had the pre-nuptial I had been forced to sign prior to marrying her meant my wife kept the house her father had bought for us but my employment with that same father's casino chain had been terminated shortly after the separation was finalised. Into the bargain, I had been left in no doubt by my ex's heavy-duty brothers that there was some serious retribution coming my for the way I'd treated their much doted upon younger sister.

What could have been more fortuitous then than a bequest from an aunt my late parents had said was fond of me and who I could barely remember?

That it was in India and in a part of the world not high on my list of must see places to visit was immaterial. The house, I had been told, was a most comfortable colonial edifice my aunt had lived in before my uncle, who I had no recollection of whatsoever, passed away and there was an allowance to be made to me that would be explained by my aunt's solicitor when I reached Kolkata. Being forced to spend a short amount of time in a country not of my choosing was small beer given it would allow both dust and tempers to cool back home before I sold the family pile and returned to England in receipt of the proceeds as well as my aunt's allowance.

It was in spirits higher than they should have been, given the threats from my ex's brothers with underworld connections and the fact I had been turfed from the home I lived in these past seven years and the safe employment that had gone with it, that I flew to the subcontinent. At a year shy of forty I was being given the chance to start again and I was well aware that, as an

Englishman abroad, I was now free of marital obligation and at my leisure to indulge myself. And by that I mean with whatever female took my fancy.

I had been met at the airport by a somewhat obsequious man in his fifties, a *"Mr Boparai"*, who had taken me to his office in a town I disliked upon first sight and ran through the fine print and terms of the will I was, until then, only familiar with in a general way.

Familiarity did not improve the mood that had been soured by the prospect of having to live in what I described myself as a shithole for the next few months until I sold my aunt's home.

And therein lay my problem.

If I were to keep the house, I was informed, the terms of my aunt's will insisted I live in it.

Worse was to follow.

The allowance, which I had to confess was a generous one, would terminate the moment I was no longer in residence or was absent from the country for more than one month.

But what her solicitor told me next – and which I was barely interested enough to pay much attention – would be what informs both this story and my fate.

My aunt's maid, A Rani Dhaliwal, and her stepdaughter by a husband no longer in the land of the living, I was informed, were to have a position with me and a stipulated salary from my allowance for as long as I remained in the house.

And should I decide to leave?

Well, then the house would become theirs by default.

Along with my allowance.

So much for selling up and returning to England after the dust had settled. Given the terms of the will I could not even rent the place but had to maintain my residence in both house and country. And all, it seemed, to continue some half-arsed tradition of a member of our family being a part of the local scenery.

Tradition?

Until being contacted by the solicitor I barely recalled that I had an aunt who lived in this part of the world.

To be truthful, I could not remember either my mother or my father having mentioned such a relative before they passed.

Not, to continue in an honest vein, that I saw much of them anyway.

It would, though, be the above well-meaning - even if I couldn't quite see it that way - codicil in my aunt's will that would prove the foundation stone for the horror my life was about to become.

Given my behaviour to this point, I feel sure, there are many people in my homeland – a former wife and her vengeful family amongst them - who would be delighted to hear I had suffered such an ignominious cumuppance at the hands of the female sex I had always treated so casually and cavalierly.

Make that *certain*.
Those members of the *"female sex"* from whom I was about to receive my just desserts, you will have guessed, being both Indian and, supposedly, in my employ.

Justice, I have come to consider, may sometimes appear leisurely in its application.

But it *always* gets served.
Rani Dhaliwal, it turned out, had been my aunt's maid for over eleven years. She was around my age but that was where all similarities ended. For

instance, where I was an Englishman who had paid attention to his body and still had the same waistline seen on me in my mid-twenties, she was a native of Kolkata who was fleshy and seemingly unconcerned about any extra poundage added to her by the passing of the years – though, I must record, that *fleshiness* translated itself more to the voluptuous than the grossly obese.

She had rooms in the house along with her teenaged stepdaughter, who was no looker facially but had certainly been compensated for the lack by nature in the form of an hour-glass figure with magnificent young breasts and shapely, if a little muscular for my tastes, legs.

Both of them, despite my never having had any kind of passion for women of either their type, class or race, stepmother and daughter, were shortly to prove constant players in my nightly dreams and I can only put this down to the lack of sexual opportunities making themselves available to one new to the area and not being what you would describe as a *"clubbable"* type.

The English neighbours who introduced themselves and invited me for tea and such things were certainly not my cup of and reminded me of the *"waxworks"* the Gloria Swanson character in "Sunset Boulevard" invited to her house to play cards. Fossils to a man and a woman and, consequently, of absolutely no interest to me; expats who had been away from the homeland so long they were British in habit only. Not surprising then that, after striking out with the opposite sex on offer in a few bars downtown, and on a number of occasions, it seemed less of a hassle to simply stay at home and beat my meat to the words and images of the Internet I'd only just had installed rather than spend a chunk of my monthly allowance chasing skirt I wasn't much fussed by to begin with.

Equally as unsurprising was that I began to see what had first appeared as manna from heaven as more of a trap.

I could still leave, of course, but neither the proceeds from the house sale or my generous allowance would go with me.

All the above being extremely depressing until I told myself that there was no

reason I couldn't travel.

Apart from, and as mentioned, the fact my *allowance* was only payable so long as I was not absent from India for more than a month.

I recall thinking, after Mr Boparai informed me of yet one more proviso, that my aunt must have been one highly perverse biddy.

I had no idea.

The Dhaliwal's greeting to me had been formal and without too much in the way of warmth and, armed with knowledge of the will's full contents, it was not too difficult to work out why.
Why would it have been?

I was, after all, the one person who stood between them and what, for people of their standing, would have been the ownership of my aunt's house. Ownership that would have elevated them from their humble beginnings into what passed for status amongst the natives of their benighted city. For, make no mistake - cosmetic additions to the downtown area and waterfront, and the pockets of British and European civilisation dotted here and there within its boundaries notwithstanding – Kolkata is a massive and unpleasant contradiction of great affluence at one end and utter shit-kicking poverty at the other. *Grey*, it appeared, did not figure as a part of this particular subcontinent monochrome.

It was also, I told myself – I am not a fool and I did not know either of the two women now in my service – an inducement to commit murder if inducement met personal flaw and found its owner… *amenable*.

The above being a concern I soon put aside when I recalled the wise words my aunt had added to the will:

"In the event of my nephew passing away under suspicious circumstances my former home and all its belongings are to be auctioned and the proceeds to be given to the Calcutta Rowing Club which gave my beloved husband so much pleasure during our time together"

Though I chided myself for my concerns I did, just the same, breathe a little easier after Mr Boparai pointed out the proviso to me; I'd seen enough film and television to be clued up on such things, after all.

As it turned out, it was neither a desire to kill me off or the fact I stood before them and my late-aunt's property that made their greeting of me so stiff.

It was, in fact, something far more insidious.

From the moment I arrived I could not help but get the sense that both women, young and old, considered themselves above me and that they and not I were in true control of the house. There was an air of superiority about them and, though they were diligent about their duties, it was as if they condescended to perform them for me. In fact, the more despondent I became about the lack of sexual opportunities, my deplorable social life, and the fact I seemed trapped in a house and a region I had swiftly come to detest, the more condescending they seemed to become.

I did, as it happened, drop in on the only friendly face I knew in Kolkata and ask Mr Boparai if I had redress under the terms of the will to let the women go.

The wiry old solicitor with a creased face leathered from the sun had shaken his head regretfully almost before I had finished asking my question:

"That, I am afraid, is not permitted under the terms laid down, Mr Benson."

"What, not even if they are grossly inefficient or insolent?" I snapped peevishly before apologising and assuring him it was he with whom I was angry.

"Your late aunt was terribly fond of both the Dhaliwal ladies," he told me, "and it must be said that their service to her was exemplary. It would not have occurred to her that their service to you would prove any less diligent."

"So, what you're saying is that I'm stuck with them? Insolent and inefficient

or not?”

The man’s arms went wide as if to say: *“There is nothing to be done”*.

I left his office and took myself off for a couple of beers in a local Irish bar that didn’t strike me as particularly Celtic, but not before assuring myself that he would not say anything of my inquiry to the ladies. The last thing I wanted was for them to know I wanted rid of them. He assured me that my client privileges would be respected and after a few beers I had cheered myself up with the knowledge, cliché or not, that there was more than one way to skin a cat.

They would not, I told myself, be so desperate to stay after I had made their lives a waking misery and, after they had gone of their own accord and my ownership of the house and my allowance remained intact, there would be nothing to prevent me hiring a housekeeper of my own choosing.

The Cobra’s that were the only thing I had found remotely pleasing about the country in which I found myself so far went down a lot more smoothly after I hit on this plan of action, I promise you and I was already pondering the kind of obliging looker I would retain as the taxi pulled into the driveway of the house.

Unfortunately for me, the Dhaliwal’s had already drawn the same conclusion in reverse.

And guess who they had to serve as their housekeeper?

Two

The battle of wills commenced the very next day.

And started as they would continue.

With me very much on the back-foot.

“It is not good enough,” said Rani Dhaliwal after marching into my bedroom unannounced and forcing me to snatch my hand from the morning wood that, thankfully, lay unseen beneath white and cool cotton sheets.

It was an outrage and I was not about to let it go, an exciting flash of the cleavage separating those maternal breasts I found strangely and uncharacteristically exciting or not.

“How dare you enter my room without knocking and take such a tone with me.”

Her responses was not, you will soon understand, what I had expected.

“And how dare you present my young stepdaughter who is little more than a child compared to you with sheets to launder that are covered in your semen.”

To say she had me on the back-foot immediately would be to understate by saying the python had the attention of the mouse. I had expected her to be instantly cowed by my displeasure. And, instead, I was the one feeling… *intimidated*.

Her plump yet still kittenish features that were so markedly different from those of her stepdaughter's told me she sensed she had gained the upper hand and she went on in the same confrontational vein, cleavage becoming more prominent with the shaking of a finger towards her off-balance victim:

"What kind of a man does such a thing!" she exclaimed, not even bothering to frame it as a question. "No! Not a man. A boy. Your behaviour is that of a child. Pulling at his little Brahmin boy-cock because he can find no woman to do it for him."

Up to this point she had been at least reasonably respectful of me and gone about her duties dutifully if without going the extra yard I am sure she would have found for my late-aunt. But no more. I wondered if the client privilege of which old Boparai had assured me had been breached the moment I left his office and her knowledge I wanted to dispense with both her services and that of her stepdaughter's had brought on her outburst.

I also realised that if I did not assert myself immediately then I could forget exercising any authority in what was, after all, my own home.

"That is more than enough, Rani," I snapped, manoeuvring myself into a sitting position whilst trying to conceal the ever vanishing erection I had been toying with when she burst in.
She waited, eyes blazing and impressive and matronly chest heaving as I fixed her with my most imposing stare.

"If it were left to me," I began, confident of asserting myself over a person who was, after all, no more than a low-born and ill-educated Indian, "your employment here would be terminated instantly along with your residence for such disrespect and insolence."

"But it is not, is it?" she asked, no sign of my *'assertion'* visible upon her features but rather a superior and knowing self-assurance that she and not I held all the cards that mattered. "You can neither ask us to leave either your service or the house and will cause yourself much financial distress should you do so."

Again, it was not the response I expected and I was thrown by it.

“If you are intent upon taking such action I would advise you to begin putting some of your monthly allowance that you may at least be able to purchase a ticket home to whatever… *awaits*… you there.”

For a moment I got the distinct impression she knew of my problems back home; that I had no place to stay or work to which to go and that the family of my former wife were heavy duty thugs who would love nothing more than to see me suffer for the faithless treatment I had handed out to their sister.

I assured myself, as she continued to berate me, that it was impossible she could know of such things.

“And what if your salary was late each month?” I asked, knowing it was hardly a death-threat but would at least cause her some disquiet for the discomfort it could cause her. “Don’t forget, it’s still paid out of my allowance and it remains my decision as to when it actually gets paid.”

Her look was contemptuous as she shook her head at the man of her own age she had just taken to task for masturbating and who was now threatening to delay her reimbursement for such a display of temerity and lese majeste:

“Your late and much missed aunt did not hold out much in the way of hope for you from the description provided of you in the letters sent her by your departed mother. And it is not difficult to see why.”

This also took the wind out of my sails as I had never been aware of any such correspondence between the sisters – though the fact my mother’s description of me would not have been glowing exactly was not such a revelation.

“I see all too clearly for myself that you are a boy still and it as a boy that you will remain. I promised to your aunt to do my best to help and guide you in your new life in my country but I can see it is a task doomed to failure.”

“You?” I spluttered, enraged by the mere prospect of her thinking herself

capable of such a thing. “Help me?”
If she was thrown by the force of my anger it was difficult to see.

“That is right,” she told me, eyes that I only then realised were as compelling as they were dark and obsidian holding my own with a stare I found difficult to meet. “Though I did not expect that help to include chastising you for your filthy and childish masturbation habit.”

“Chasti…?” I began, not knowing where to begin first. “Mastur…?”

“Tell me,” she came in, confidence to handle me, it seemed, growing with each passing second, “is it to the image of my daughter that you pull at your tiny Brahmin twiglet, or…”

Her eyes were dancing with evil intent now and I sensed she was enjoying the verbal and psychological combat she herself had instigated.

“…Or is it the breasts of her stepmother that sends out your useless Brahmin seed to stain the sheets you expect her daughter to clean?”

Beyond rage now and finding the words required to refute this formerly diligent retainer turned gutter-spawned Termagent elusive, I did what I had always done when on the wrong end of an argument and became outrageous.

Throwing back the sheet I revealed my almost flaccid penis and said, with a sneer:

“There! Does that look like a *‘tiny Brahmin twiglet’*?”

To this day I’m still not sure what offended me most.

Her refusal to answer my question.

Or the derisive curl of her lips as she turned on her heel and left.

*****

I left the house in a huff shortly after the stepmother's visit and spent it at what would be the recipient of the proceeds from the house should I pass in *"suspicious"* circumstances.

The Calcutta Rowing Club was, to my surprise, friendly and inclusive and only too willing to let a recent expat sample its delights prior to applying for membership. In fact, so impressed was I that, despite being in no way clubbable, I decided I may very well do just that down the line. I was, I sensed, going to need a place I could treat as a bolt-hole and the club seemed as good a place as any I had come across during my stay so far.

Far, far, better, in fact.

But first, I needed a break and the broadband I had managed to have installed out at the house allowed me to book a flight and a decent hotel in Sydney during a particularly festive period for the city.

Even if the festivities were not exactly a match for my own sexuality.

Of far more importance to me, though, was the fact I would be surrounded by life and atmosphere and could forget what was coming to seem like a penal sentence to me.

An unwelcome response to my aunt's bequest made all the more pertinent by the events that had taken place in my bedroom that morning.

What I could not possibly have known at that point was that I would not be seeing Sydney or anywhere else at this time other than the accursed shithole of a city to which my aunt's… *generosity*… had consigned me.

And, perhaps, not at *any* time…

Three

The day of departure had not come soon enough and I was packed and ready to go with a taxi coming to pick me up in the next ten minutes or so. All was in order and I was more than willing to forego the payment of my allowance for the month or so I would be out of the country. Which was when I noticed it was missing.

My Passport!

It had been in the briefcase in which I kept all my personal documentation and the briefcase was also missing.

“My case is not in my room,” I told Rani, entering the kitchen angrily as she washed the dishes from a breakfast she and her daughter had taken and I had declined – or would have had I been offered any - the threatening tone of my voice not seeming to trouble her unduly.

“And why are you telling me this?”

“Why am…?” Because you’re my servant, that’s why and I need that case.”

Turning from the sink and wiping her hands on a towel she gave me her full attention, the eyes that only a few days before mocked my penis looking equally as dismissive now as I promised myself that one day I would wipe all traces of it from her face. The prospect of actually exercising the kind of control over her to which my position should have entitled me not displeasing my thoughts. And certainly not those of my cock.

“You are as stupid as your mind is filthy,” she told me as I pondered taking her over my knee and spanking, John Wayne style, her plump Indian arse into submission. She seemed bolder after our last confrontation, having obviously reached the conclusion – as had I – that my aunt’s will placed *all* obligations upon me and basically fireproofed both her and her young stepdaughter from any repercussions or burden of duty to their late employer’s nephew. I could see in her eyes how well she knew her own power when it came to the house and, yes, me. There was only one person trapped by the iron-clad nature of my aunt’s bequest and it was certainly not her or Geeta. “Had you proved to be worthy of our time and effort, my stepdaughter and I would have proved as loyal to you as we were to your blessed aunt. But instead, and even in the short time you have been with us, we have seen for ourselves that you are a most inferior sort of man and not fit to be cared for by two superior Indian women.”

“Superior?” I cried, unable to prevent a laugh escaping me, despite my growing desire to sample the somewhat matronly body under the camouflage of her sari and my concerns for the case and the Passport contained inside it that would at least provide me with a short break from the Indian bitches with whom my aunt had saddled me.

“In case you have not noticed,” she informed me, unconcerned by my mockery, “neither Geeta nor I have done the slightest thing for you since I caught you playing with your little white twiglet not a few days back.”
My face coloured at the description as I realised that flashing my cock at her

had not altered her opinion of my… *manhood*.

There was a definite look of malice, not to mention relish, in her expression when she continued, “Your bedclothes remain unlaundered and you will soon be running out of clean clothes other than those you have packed for your… *trip*. Tell me, have we once either offered or cooked you a meal of any kind in the time since?”

“Look…”

“No, we have not,” she answered for and over me. “So just how do you describe us as your *‘servants”*?”

“And just how do you think my late-aunt would have regarded your behaviour towards a member of her family?” I asked, attempting to gain at least some small measure of authority through what I knew was a genuine regard for their former employer who had put them in such a position of self-determination, if not power.
“You aunt,” her lip curled, “though you did not know her and would have no way of knowing, was a very superior woman and held somewhat old-fashioned ideas on the subject of personal service.”

Her eyes held mine as if she actually believed these *“ideas”*, whatever they might consist of, applied to me.

“Ideas,” she finished, with which I agreed with while she was alive and continue to do so now she is no longer here with us. The heavily accented intonation of her English was irritating me even more of late and I had to bite my lip not to snap at her. Even if her command of my mother tongue was extensive for one of her… background.

“And what ideas were these?” I asked, intrigued despite the need to find my missing case and the passport and other documentation contained inside it.

“That to receive the service of another it is not enough merely to be in possession of the wealth required to pay for it,” she told me. “That those with superior strength of character and purpose should never find themselves

required to do the bidding of those inferior to them."

I could feel a pulse of anger at my temple now and restrained myself as best I could under the circumstances, attempting as I did so to adopt an attitude of mockery towards this woman of my own age who was inexplicably, I could do no more than admit – no matter how it pained me – becoming more... *erotic*… to me by the second

"And I suppose you see me as *'inferior'* to you and your stepdaughter, do you?" I asked with a smirk that did not survive the look of utter derision on her still kittenish and feline features.

"Completely." She told me, holding my eyes with complete confidence, it seemed, in her ability to manage me.

I laughed in her face, though, given my worries at the moment and my knowledge of the will itself, my amusement was more forced than genuine.

"Were your aunt with us to give an opinion she would echo my thoughts that you were a man born to give service to a woman rather than receive it."

I was aware of my mouth dropping open as her outrageous words impacted upon my thoughts.

"If it is otherwise," she went on, "why are we having such a conversation? Had you any strength of character or real manhood you would have asserted it long before now."

"And were it not for the requirements of my aunt's will," I snapped, finding my tongue at last in the face of her insulting manner and language, "you would now be on the streets that spawned you along with your stepdaughter."

"But we are not, are we?" she observed, voice even despite the animation I sensed behind it. "In fact," she continued, lip curling derisively as she seemed to grow into the power my aunt had – inadvertently I could only suppose at that time – bestowed upon her and Geeta, "it is more likely that you will find yourself upon the streets if the terms of the bequest left by our late and much

missed mistress is not abided by."

I had no answer to this incontrovertible truth and could only the stupidity of the *"much missed mistress"* beneath my breath. With no home, money, family or employment, waiting for me back in England, though there were a number of vengeful ex-brother-in-laws who would delight in my return, I was indeed trapped. My one saving grace being that both mother and stepdaughter had no idea of my true situation.

And now, passport and other papers missing, it looked as if I wouldn't even be able to escape my situation for the few weeks I had booked myself in Australia.

"I haven't time to listen to this nonsense," I told her, finding it difficult to meet her stare for some reason. "If you don't know what happened to my case then perhaps Geeta does. It can't have vanished into thin air."

I hadn't even made a half-turn before she had snorted and returned to what she was doing when I entered with an air of dismissal.

Dismissal of *me*.

As it turned out, the ever flirty Geeta, with her large teeth and prominent cheekbones, had no idea either and, after searching everywhere in the house save for the rooms of my so-called servants – the very place I suspected it to be – the case was not to be found.

Along with my Passport and cards.

With no time remaining in which to replace either debit-cards or Passport, the deadline for my departure to the airport passed and, along with it, any prospect of my leaving the country for a few weeks in the land of Oz.

Though I was not to know it at the time, it was likely to prove the last chance of leaving this accursed country, and the company of the two Indian women with whom I was compelled to share my time while in it, I would ever have of leaving again.

Four

In bed that same night, dispirited at the loss of my Australian vacation and more than a little concerned for the future – even if my allowance ensured I would be financially looked after, at least - I dreamed that Benita was giving me the most exquisite handjob.

Benita had been the young and voluptuous, barely out of her teens, Latin-American waitress I had seduced from a Knightsbridge Tapas-Bar and had accompany back to what had then been my marital home and the bed I had shared with my former wife.

The latest in a long line of highly fuckable and even more willing ladies to find themselves in receipt of the Benson cock whenever time or the absence of my beloved allowed.

"Oh, I love your cock," she whispered in my ear as her hand slid my foreskin up and down slowly, aided by the oil she had insisted upon applying before 'dealing' with me, her Hispanic accent – a particular favourite of mine – making me even harder, if such a thing were possible at this point. "You feel so good in tiny Latino hand and I want to see your English cock spurt for your lovely Benita before I grant it access to my juicy Ecuadorian pussy. I want to make sure you do not find the feeling of my hot pussy walls too much and spurt the moment you feel my warmth engulf you. You must be good for Benita if you ever wish to feel your throbbing cock in her little hand again. I want you but you must prove yourself worthy."

Restraining myself once inside her, I told myself, would be no easy accomplishment if the urge to explode I already felt simply from that tiny Latino hand gliding the length of my manhood was anything to go by.

She was stroking even more slowly and seductively now but her words lost nothing in the seriousness as she informed me:

"Fucking will not happen until Benita says it will happen. We are no longer

waitress and customer but goddess and subject and you will do exactly as I wish."

Used, as I was, to calling the shots in my relationships with the opposite sex, physical or domestic, I found her approach uncharacteristically exciting and my cock throbbed in my hand.

"Yes. It is as I thought. The handsome and older Englishman wishes to surrender to his Benita."

The smile she beamed down upon me was, I told myself, not playful exactly.

"Look at you, baby. You are so red in the face and the head of your cock is so swollen. You will burst if you do not control yourself and Benita will not be happy. She enjoys having your cock under the control of her tiny young hand and does not want you to spurt your creamy white sperm until she has given you her permission."

To my intense disappointment, her hand was removed from my engorged dick.
"Close your eyes and wait now. Do not open them until I return or it will be over and I will leave. Understand?"

Wanting nothing more than to spurt my "creamy white sperm" before recovering enough to fuck her senseless, I found myself nodding, eyes already closed, as she moved away from the bed and I heard her enter the en-suite and run a tap.

"You need to calm down if you are to obey Benita the way she needs to be obeyed," she told me upon her return as I struggled to keep my eyes closed and marvelled at how allowing this voluptuous slip of a Latino girl to dominate me was making me at least as hard as I could ever recall being.

My excitement was not lessened, nor my eyes prised open, as I heard a hand being placed in water and then felt her start to wash me with soap and warm water; bathing that took the form of the most sensuous stroking, given no wash-cloth was involved but only her slender young fingers. To my

impatience, she did ignored my growingly needy cock and balls and concentrated first upon my legs and upper body, running her tongue along my body before applying the warm soapy water and then stroking me. She ran her tongue along my body as she stroked and applied little smacking kisses to my breasts and my nipples before cupping my balls a warm and soapy hand then sliding it upwards to encompass my hardness and begin the up and down manipulation of my foreskin all over again. But it was when her other hand took the place of its counterpart just removed and cupped my scrotum and squeezed, accompanying her actions with a teasing little giggle, that I finally lost it.

I pumped… and I pumped and I…

Once, twice, three times, four...

As the hand cupping my balls was removed, my eyes flew open to see hot white cum flying from the head of my manipulated cock into a cloth she was holding just above it and…

I was wide away now and it was not the mocking and amused eyes of Benita, framed by her wondrous black and Latino hair, into which I gazed.

"Did our very own, soon-to-be-tamed Englishman, enjoy his first cum from the hand of little Geeta?"

The gawky brown features with the large overbite and scimitar nose stared down at me and I was instantly aware that she was naked, though it would not be until a short time later that her hour-glass waist and magnificent breasts with missile-like nipples would re-acquaint themselves with my memory.

And go on doing so.

With a power, moreover, that would be beyond my capacity to reason away given she was a long, long way from being anywhere near the top of the list when it came to the most desirable women I had known.

Though she was certainly within spitting distance of the worst.

At least facially.

“Yes,” she answered for me, bathed in the light from the hallway that flowed into the bedroom through its open door, speaking in the third-person that, along with the accented English that so irritated me, seemed to provide a humiliation of its own, “it must have been very nice for him to feel a hand that is not his own taking control of his little white love-stick.”

I could only stare up at her as she looked down at me with a smirk that was frankly triumphant and sent messages of unease travelling the length of my spine.

“It would explain,” she went on, her enjoyment of my momentary discomfort all too evident, “why he was unable to restrain himself for longer in the way of a real man.

I was too stunned to move as I realised that my dream had been inspired by the actual manipulation of my cock as I slept and that it had been the stepdaughter of Rani who had been doing it.

Before I could even speak, however, let alone move, she was moving towards the door with, I had to confess through my surprise, the most perfect and plump of brown derrieres revealed to my somewhat dislocated gaze. Her expression as she reached the open bedroom door was both mocking and, worse, victorious as she held up the cloth in which she had caught my emissions before allowing me a little giggle and disappearing from view after closing the door behind her.

With her departure and my returning senses, the ability to think was returned to me and I tried to analyse what had just taken place. The teenaged stepdaughter of my aunt’s former housekeeper had just sneaked into my bedroom and played with my cock as I slept. In fact, so deep in sleep had I been, and so sure it had been Benita performing the manipulation – would that it had! – I could not be certain if it had actually happened in the way I’d

imagined it to have happened.

Had she really broken off to fetch soap and water to bathe my body?

There was neither basin nor water to be seen after all.

Though her words and the evidence supplied by the fresh cum that had landed on my chest, this after an ejaculation that rated with the most explosive I'd experienced, told me I had not dreamed everything.

And certainly not her look of victory as she held up the semen-soaked cloth from the doorway and giggled before leaving.

But what had her look of triumph and her giggling been about?

She had taken advantage of a sleeping man to manipulate his cock to hardness and bring him to orgasm, so she could hardly be telling herself it was an act of either affection or attraction on my part.
What man's subconscious would not – save for the very lightest of sleepers – have his body responding in the same way?

Or ejaculating so explosively when, as she had pointed out herself, it had been so long in relative terms since he had felt a hand upon his manhood that was not his own?

For a while though, her reaction worried me. Her stepmother had gotten it into her head I had developed something of a fixation upon the girl – she herself was not to know that she was the one to whose face and body I masturbated to in my room, this as she lay sprawled across my lap and my hand descended upon her plump and unprotected buttocks until she begged her *"master"* for mercy. It was not an explanation guaranteed to either succeed in persuading her of just how wrong she was in respect of her daughter or to lessen her already heightened contempt for me.

Could this lead to trouble for me?

Surely not.

Teenager still, the gawky Geeta may be, but she was certainly of age. Of this I was certain. I had done nothing untoward and *she* had been the one to invade *my* privacy in the most intimate of ways.

But what had she meant when she said: *"our very own, soon-to-be-tamed Englishman"*?
I don't know how long I lay there in the darkness pondering what ramifications, if any, could come from her intrusion, but I was forced to confess to myself that, after the disappointment of the missing passport and cards and the equally as missing and much anticipated trip to Oz, the feel of her young hand around my pulsating cock was the best thing that had happened to me since I had landed in this benighted land.

Which was when, her face forgotten, her magnificent young breasts recalled themselves to me and I felt my manhood make a powerful response to the imagery.

A powerful response it made a further two times before my fevered and agitated consciousness allowed me to slip into the merciful arms of Morpheus.

Even if the final image of her standing triumphant by the bedroom-door as she waved the cloth that had caught and wiped my emissions did trouble me for a reason I could not pinpoint.

Though an explanation would be supplied the following day.

Five

“I want the British Consulate and my lawyer,” I told the somewhat obese and avuncular Indian as we sat in an interrogation room that remained pervasive and airless despite the fan that whirled overhead. A uniformed guard with a carbine resting across his thighs casually sat on a chair to the side of the one door to ensure any thoughts of flight, of which I had none at this point, were stillborn. I was without Passport, cards and cash, after all. And as for friends…

“The representative from your Consulate will be with you as soon as he can,” my interrogator told me in flawless English that was not unkind but was certainly non-committal as, for the umpteenth time, he mopped his hairless and profusely perspiring scalp. “We are trying to reach the office of your lawyer as we speak and will ask him to attend the first chance he or she gets.”

“It’s a *‘he’*,” I told him, certain the older Indian who was my legal representative and the only person to have shown me much in the way of respect and deference sine I’d entered his country would take care of the ludicrous accusations aimed at me by mother and stepdaughter. “Mr Boparai.”

His avuncular expression became mildly troubled.

“Nagendra?”

“Excuse me?”

“Nagendra Boparai? Recently moved his office to the new town in Rajarhat?”

I recalled receiving a change of address card from the man, and the word *‘Rajarhat’* seemed familiar to me, along with the *‘Nagendra’*.

“Yes. That would be him. You know Mr Boparai?”

The mildly troubled expression had become regretful.

“I was honoured to once count Nagendra a friend,” he told me.

Thinking there must have been a falling out, and too concerned with my own situation to be much troubled by it, I waited for the man, Inspector Parakram Shankar, to give me the details of their parting of the ways.

When he did just that I certainly *was* troubled by this fall-out between friends.

“His passing came as both a surprise and a great sadness to me.”

“His…?”

“Last week,” he nodded, the obvious sympathy in his look telling me that at least he was not totally buying in to mother and stepdaughter’s accusation of rape and assault.

Much good it would turn out to do me.

“The heart that had been concerning him for so long finally gave out in the way he told me he always knew it would.”

I must have looked crestfallen because he went on:

“To you he was just a legal representative, I understand that. You have not been here or known him long enough to be as… saddened… by his passing as me. And, besides, you have other troubles.”

I could only nod, the passing of the one person who had shown me some warmth and respect, even if he had proved powerless to affect the iron-clad terms of my aunt’s will, seemed only to increase the worries pressing in upon me.

“Do not trouble yourself on the score of representation, however,” he went on, noting my disturbed thoughts. His niece, the daughter of his younger brother is a qualified barrister and is taking over the business as agreed before he passed away. I am sure she will be here shortly and, if you are as innocent of these allegations as you insist you are then she will certainly see to it that you are soon released.”

*****

“It does not look very encouraging for you, Mr Benson,” observed the young Indian woman in her twenties who had introduced herself to me as *‘Ms Boparai’*. She was dressed for all the world as if she had just come from Lincoln’s Inn itself and the sober black two-piece and white-shirt, along with black nylons and low-heeled courts seemed perfectly in keeping with a face that would have been almost beautiful had it not been for a certain frostiness of expression that was heightened by the black hair she had scraped from her face and tied at the back. I had dispensed the usual civilities concerning the loss of her uncle before, all-business, she had gotten to the matter at hand and detailed the seriousness of the charges laid against me.

“It’s a complete tissue of lies,” I snorted, still a little put out that her uncle’s selfish heart had given out on him before my hour of need. “Surely you can see that?”

She consulted the charge sheet before her as she sat across from me in the same airless room in which I’d been questioned by Inspector Shankar and shook her head, pert breasts rising and falling beneath the cotton-shirt as she concentrated upon the details contained on the sheet and allowing that part of me that was always at least half-alert in the presence of a fuckable woman – no matter how dire the other circumstances – to take her in without being observed.

“Should the sperm found on her underwear prove a match to the sample you will shortly be compelled to provide, it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, for a judge and jury, let alone me, to see anything of the sort.”

“J-Judge and jury?” I gasped, it not having once struck me that this was anything other than trumped up allegation nobody would believe when they looked at the girl in question and then at me.

Then another thought struck me:

“Her… *underwear?*”

“Yes,” *Ms* Boparai told me, the young woman, and one I might have found eminently fuckable under different circumstances, seeming unfazed to be discussing such intimate matters with an older and English white male. “If you wish a judge and jury to see young Ms Dhaliwal’s accusation as nothing more than the tissue of lies you insist it to be then you would be advised to have a most plausible explanation as to how your… *seed*… found itself on the gusset of her panties.”

“But…”

“There are no *buts*, Mr Benson,” she spoke over me and, not for the first time during our short interview, I got the impression she did not entirely take my part.

Hell! I could sense she had no belief in me or my story whatsoever.

“Are you seriously expecting a court and a jury to believe that Ms Dhaliwal entered your room as you slept and aroused your penis without your waking?” she went on, the distaste etched into her young and flawless features telling me she had already pronounced judgement upon what her own reaction would be.

“It’s the simple truth,” I told her. “I dreamed that a former girlfriend was arousing my penis, as you put it, and, when I finally woke up, Geeta was looking down at me smiling as she caught my… my…”

I strove for a more delicate description of my cum, not knowing why I bothered.

“Ejaculate?” my new legal representative offered, a curl of her full lips offering a tiny hint of the distaste I sensed she felt for her new client.

“Let’s be real here, Ms Boparai,” I began, arms spread wide. “Is it really feasible a man like me would need to rape such a girl?”

She looked distinctly unimpressed and I yearned for the presence of her late uncle.

“Have you seen the young woman in question?”

Ms Boparai – I would later learn that her first name was Anya, though I would never be permitted to use it – nodded.

“Ms Boparai, sitting across from me does it seem conceivable to you that a man with – and I say this with no vanity or self-esteem – my looks and background would either wish or be required to take such a… girl… forcibly?”

If she herself were impressed by either of my self-perceived qualities she kept her wonder hidden.

Extremely well-hidden.

“Then you do not deny it is your… *semen*… that soils her underwear?”

Something in the way she said the word *“semen”* told me my representative might not be as sympathetic to the cause of men in general, and *me* in particular, as her uncle and I warned myself to be more… *respectful*… when referring to members of her own sex.

Even if that member was Geeta Dhaliwal.

And not forgetting her stepmother.

“Why would I deny it, Ms Boparai?” I told her with my most vulnerable and persuasive expression. “Of course it belongs to me. By the time I was back in the land of the living – or at least the conscious – I’d gone past the point of no return and couldn’t prevent the inevitable from happening whenever a man is touched in such a way and for long enough by a woman.”

I could see I had her attention now, if not her full belief in my cause, and added:

“Even a young woman such as Geeta Dhaliwal who, without wishing to appear dismissive or misogynistic, is not of the type that appeals to me.”

“You are not attracted to we Indian women then, Mr Benson?”

Her question took me by surprise, given that it seemed to me like the kind of chat-up line I would use myself. And this coming after she had shown very little in the way of either belief in me or attraction towards me. Now, unless I had it badly wrong, she appeared to be flirting with me and, though I was surprised by this sudden thawing in her attitude, my ego was advanced enough for me to accept and go with it.

“Well,” I spluttered a little, caught off-guard just the same, “I wouldn’t say that. No. certainly not that. I have seen many beautiful Indian women during my time in the country but… Well… Ms Dhaliwal, I’m afraid, is not one of them.”

“With that I can agree, Mr Benson,” she told me. “But the fact remains that you are a handsome man who has, no doubt, been used to the attention of women in your time.”

“Well, yes,” I agreed with as much ersatz self-deprecation as I could muster, “I suppose that is true but, surely, that makes the accusation of my raping Ms Dhaliwal all the less plausible.”

Ms Boparai gave this some thought and I went on:

“Especially when the nature of my late-aunt’s will and what Geeta and Rani stand to gain if they can remove me from the picture is taken into account.”
“Yes. I have looked at this will and it does seem to place you in a somewhat invidious position.”

“I can’t think what my aunt was thinking of,” I told her.

My young representative, to whom I was finding myself warming, so much so I was already in the process of planning how I would bed her when she

disproved the ridiculous allegations against me, shook her head regretfully.

“That is not what I mean,” she told me.

“I’m not with you.”

“Given that the terms of the will make it impossible to either dismiss the Dhaliwal’s or have them removed from your home, a jury might just be persuaded that making their lives in your employ such a misery they themselves would depart would be a ploy a man such as yourself would feel compelled to use.”

“But…”

“I point out only what a prosecuting attorney would present to a court,” she spoke over me. “It would, under the circumstances, be no large undertaking to persuade a jury that you might see rape as a legitimate part of this… *ploy*… to force the Dhaliwal’s to leave.”

I was about to ask her how she would go about refuting such an attempt on the prosecutions part when the door opened and we were informed that our time together was over and I needed to be taken down to the cells.

The cells!

The strength left my legs in a rush and, had it not been for the fact I was already seated, I’m sure they would not have supported me.

“But…” I spluttered. “What about bail? Surely I can…?”

Ms Boparai was already shaking her head.

“It is too late to go before a judge,” she told me.

“But…?”

“I am sorry, Mr Benson, but the charges against you are very serious and my

hands are tied."

"Please, Ms Boparai," I pleaded, evincing a strange look I could not fathom from her, "there must be something. Call the British Consulate and…"

"It would be quite useless, I am afraid," she assured me in a tone of voice that, despite her youth, precluded further appeal. "But I will arrange a hearing before a judge for tomorrow morning. Though I should not raise your hopes for any success in the matter. It is seldom such accusations against a foreigner result in a judge granting bail; especially given the danger the accused might return to his own country."

Devastated, my thoughts turned to my lost passport and how such an escape was beyond me anyway.

My last sight of Ms Anya Boparai before I was led shackled and cuffed to a cell was of a pair of shapely legs in black hose and low-heeled courts as they disappeared from view until the morrow.

I was, I knew with certainty, going to have to spend a night in an Indian prison cell.

What would happen during my short stay in it, and the news Ms Boparai would present to me the following day would ensure I was *more* than amenable to the offer the Dhaliwal women would make me through the conduit of my young attorney.

My acceptance of it would lead to a life no man should be forced to imagine.

Let alone be compelled to live.

Six

It was a different and much chastened – did I mention *horrified* – Michael Benson who was led up from the cells the next day to meet the young Indian woman who was now his legal representative in the place of her departed husband. The swagger inspired by the misplaced confidence I was a superior person in an inferior land had been replaced by foreboding and fear for my future. What use was there, after all, in being superior if the people of a land I still considered, and always

would, inferior felt free to treat you with the contempt I had been shown since my arrival.

Contempt culminating in the horror that had been my first night in a prison cell anywhere.

“You do not look in very good shape,” Ms Anya Boparai observed of my swollen and reddened face when we were left alone in a small and airless room at the back of the station, my young representative’s totally accurate assessment of both my physical and mental well-being underpinned by the fact she looked as fresh as a button in yet another severely cut two-piece skirt and jacket, grey this time with crisp white shirt, shapely legs bare while the heels of her black courts lent more height to a frame coming in at only just over five-feet and her face was given an even more officious look by the black spectacles framing her eyes.

It was only with an effort of will that I forced myself not to burst into unmanly tears before the young Indian woman as the events of the night just past were relived yet again.

“I demand to see my Consulate and I wish to register a complaint,” I informed her in a voice full of emotion.

Her reaction was not what I expected.

“It will serve you no purpose,” she told me.

“No purp…?” I began. “But you haven’t even heard what…”

“And have no need to hear it,” she forestalled me with the raised palm of a tiny hand. “You are a handsome white prisoner detained in an Indian prison cell,” she went on. “It requires no guesswork upon my part to know what transpired between you and your cell-mate.”

“But…”

Again the hand forestalled me and I realised, youth or not, that this young Indian woman was in total command of both our interview and, for the moment, me.

“No action will be taken,” she assured me, “and your Consulate will be powerless to do anything. I am aware you spent the night in a cell with another man and, given I know something of your cell-mate’s history, there is no necessity for you to paint a picture of what transpired.”
I wasn’t sure whether to be upset or relieved on the score. On the one hand she was telling me nothing could be done about the treatment handed out to me by the monster of a man with whom I had spent the night incarcerated. On the other her professed inability to do anything about the injustice I had suffered at least prevented me from having to speak about the shameful, painful, and utterly terrifying experience.

Even if a lack of words did not translate to a corresponding deficit when it came to thought…

…”I love white men,” the huge and completely shaven-headed Indian man who was my cell-mate, at least for the night, had told me in a heavy accent as I leant with my back against the wall and tried to act as if I wasn’t terrified of him; an acting job that was beyond my capacity. “I especially like white English men,” he told me, groping his crotch through a pair of baggy linen bottoms to emphasise the fact.

Now I’m reasonably well-built and not in too bad a physical condition, but this guy was huge and, given he was naked to the waist, I could see from muscles that fairly rippled with raw animal strength that he took his body seriously.

Very seriously.

Acting as casually as I could in an attempt to win him over I held out a hand towards the man I took to be in his twenties; a huge and not particularly good-looking man:

“I’m Michael.”

Smiling, he took my hand in his and, just as I thought the gesture of goodwill towards my younger cell-mate might have won him over, pulled me into him and placed my palm over the front of his trousers.

The hardened cock that met my touch was massive and I tried to jolt away, only to find I couldn’t break his grip. Desperate, and unwilling to get into a fist fight I was certain I couldn’t win and would only make my situation worse, I began shouting for a guard. He laughed.

“It is a lock in, white man” he laughed, still keeping my hand flat against an erection I could feel throbbing against my palm through the flimsy fabric of his bottoms. “No guards will hear you. And if they do they will not come.”

Not ten minutes later I was on the floor with my pants down to my knees and on my back with him sitting on my stomach. My head was ringing from the slaps – slaps, not punches – he had rained upon me when I had refused to strip voluntarily and I could already feel my face beginning to swell as he manhandled my trousers down and then my underpants before seating himself on my stomach. The punches with which I had tried to defend myself against this animal of a man had left no mark and made even less of an impact upon him. My eyes were bugged out with terror and unmanly tears were rolling down my cheeks as I realised the worst nightmare of a heterosexual man – a white heterosexual man at that – was about to come my way courtesy of the Indian animal atop me.
And there was nothing I could do to stop it.

“You make me so hard, white-boy,” he told me, ignoring my pleas and backhanding me across the face with a demand I stop my pleading or he would take my own belt to my behind before he placed his superior Indian cock inside it. “See what you do to your Indian master?”

Rising up on his knees, he waved an enormous fat cock in my face as it strained to be set free that it might reach for the ceiling of our cell.

“Has my little English slave-boy ever seen a prick of such a size? No of course not. But it is all yours for the night and you are going to be very pleasing to it or I will hurt you very badly.”

“Please,” I began in a soft voice, hating my weakness but too afraid to keep it from surfacing as I begged my socially inferior cell-mate not to defile me in such a way.

“Please… what?”

“Please don’t… don’t… fuck me,” I pleaded, finding it next to impossible to meet his eyes.

A huge hand rocked my head to the side.

“How should a slave address the man who owns him?” he asked, adding: “Even if it is for one night only.”

“I… I’m sorry, I don’t…”

My head was rocked to the side again and I actually felt my teeth rattle in my mouth; this despite the fact I was certain he was not exacting anywhere near his full power.

“You may call me ‘Master’ for as long as we are together,” he told me.

Terrified of the beating he could give me as I was, the prospect of doing as he asked went right to the heart of all my prejudices concerning his race and class and I actually felt sickened by the thought of addressing him in such a demeaning and unnatural way.

“Say: ‘Yes, Master,” he demanded, clubbing hand raised in warning.

So close was it, I was actually smelling another man’s penis for the first time in my life and this, along with addressing him in such a manner, made it a real challenge not to puke over both im and his cock.

The massive paw twitched and my fear of what it could do to me triumphed over my other concerns:

"Y-Yes, hmm, M-Master."

"That is my good little white-boy," he smiled down at me, teeth white and surprisingly even for one from the low-born station from which I took him to been born. "I am going to fuck you now and you would do well not to anger me as I do so if you wish to keep your own little white cock."

With that he slid further up my chest and pushed his stinking Indian pole against my face. Despite the threat he had made not a second before, I tried to turn my face away; only for him to take me by the hair and bang my head hard against the floor.

"Behave, my little English slave and Narhari will soon make you his obedient little man/woman."

Actually sobbing now,, as if I truly were the person he described me as being I shut my eyes as he rubbed his huge and slimy prick all over my face.

"Open your eyes and look at your Master as he makes a woman of you," he demanded, emphasising the order by slapping my cheeks with his cock.

I opened them and, through a film of tears, saw him staring down at me with pure lust past the mushroom head of his brown and engorged manhood. I watched as he spat on his prick and massaged it in before smearing it over my face; knowing, as he did by now, that he could do anything he wanted with me.

"Before morning you are going to learn to suck on my superior Indian prick as if your life depended upon it. And do you know why?"

I waited, vomit threatening to escape my throat at any second.

"Master has asked his white-slave a question," he reminded me.

“N-No, Master,” I acquiesced.

“You will suck upon it because your life really does depend on it.”

Tears were streaming down my cheeks and you just cannot imagine the feelings of total shame that washed over me. So much so, in fact, that I overcame my fear and brought up a fist that landed upon his jaw

He laughed.

“My little white woman is showing spirit,” he laughed. “That is most pleasing.”

I hit him again and his laughter increased.

“Oh, you cannot believe how much you turn me. I have to place my superior Indian cock in your mouth and feel your warm and willing lips surround it.”

To emphasise what would happen if I took it into my head to bite the invader, he reached behind him and with one huge hand squeezed my testicles until I screamed for mercy.
“Displease me in any way,” I heard him through my tears, “and they will find a eunuch in the cell with me in the morning.”

Still cupping my balls, he took a hold of my hair with his other hand and raised my head up until my mouth was aligned with the massive schlong he intended to defile me with.

“Open up for master, white boy,” he had ordered.

And, to my eternal shame, and after no more than a few seconds and the slightest application of pressure upon my bruised testicles, I did…

…“It is,” Anya Boparai, was saying when I returned to the relative and less threatening and humiliating reality of a Police interview room, minus a massive Indian thug who had forced me to suck his cock before inserting a

fat subcontinent cock into my virgin…

Feeling myself drifting back to the events of the previous night that had – understandably, I think – made me re-evaluate my standing as a man, I cut them off with no small effort of will and tried to concentrate on her words.

When the import of them finally penetrated my scattered senses it became obvious the horror of the situation into which I had been thrust was not ready to lessen but had every intention of changing.

…"It is, when everything is taken into consideration, a somewhat generous, if rather irregular, offer," my legal representative told me, looking cool, refreshed and businesslike after what was, no doubt, an evening of rest untroubled by the imminent threat of buggery or forced oral sex. "You will, I understand, see it quite differently but, as your legal advisor, I feel obliged to advise you to consider it carefully before turning it down."

I looked at her blankly, having allowed my revulsion for the treatment handed out to me and my recall of it to blank out the details of this *"offer"*.

The look she turned upon me was one of puzzlement:

"Are you following me, Mr Benson?" she asked, expression more one of irritation at the prospect of having to repeat herself than one of sympathy for the treatment received by her client that may have made him so understandably inattentive.

"No," I snapped with more asperity than I should have – with her uncle no longer with us she was the nearest thing I had to an ally in this accursed land, after all. "I've just spent the night being raped by an animal in a sweltering cell and my thoughts were elsewhere. Do forgive me."

Instead of answering or, lord forbid, offering her client some sympathy for his ordeal, the young woman simply stared back at me with an expressionless face and waited for my outburst to subside.
Which, given my terror and the fact she seemed to be the only one with any interest in my welfare, as far as that interest went at least, was not long.

“Sorry,” I apologised with an effort, unable to see why I should be doing so after what I had just endured in that cell. “I… I’m not myself.”

My apology did not soften her as she repeated the *“offer”* she had mentioned and I’d missed.

“Given the fact it has been determined that it is your semen soiling the younger Miss Dhaliwal’s underwear,” she began, “I must tell you that there is next to no likelihood of a Judge and jury believing your story and finding for you.”

“You… You mean this will go to trial?”

She looked at me as if I were the dumbest cluck ever to have uttered such a sound.

“Did you believe otherwise?” she asked. “You may be in India and not England but we are just as diligent in the prosecution of rapists and the abusers of women here as is the judiciary in your own country.”

“I didn’t mean…”

“Should you refuse the Dhaliwal’s offer there will indeed be a trial and I am obliged to inform you that I can see no possible way in which the verdict would be pleasing to you.”

“But…?”

“I am sorry to be so downbeat but I would be less than professional to paint a rosy picture of one that is so bleak.”

I felt truly sick and the thought of being returned to my cell to be met by my abuser – should he still be there – did nothing to lessen my queasiness.

“But I will make bail?” I asked. Adding when no reply was immediately forthcoming: “Won’t I?”

Her officious young head, framed by hair of the deepest black I could imagine, was already shaking:

“You are an accused rapist and abuser of women, Mr Benson,” she said with what I thought was an undercurrent of distaste. “I must tell you that there is little or no chance that a judge will allow you to go free for the four months or so it will take to bring your case to trial.”

“F-Four months?” I repeated. “But where…?”

“You will spend the time in remand at one of our prisons,” she told me before her expression changed from serious to deeply serious: “I am obliged to tell you that you will not find life there…”

She searched for the least disturbing description of how I would find life there, as if there could be one, before coming up with:

…“to your liking.”

Regardless of her age and my superiority of years, my head went to my hands and I sobbed for the nightmare my life had become in such a short space of time.

The feel of her flesh upon my wrist as she drew it from my head and took my hand in hers was almost enough to make me forget my predicament for a few moments, so surprising and out of character did it seem for the young Indian professional.

Disparity in ages or not, the compassionate gesture was enough to take me back to that time as a child when sympathy from an adult after a fall or some other juvenile problem was enough to reduce me to mush.

It is with much damage to my pride – pride that is pretty much non-existent these days – that I tell you I bawled my heart out before my young and correctly attractive Indian representative as she continued to hold my hand with what was the nearest to reassurance available to me.

When I was all cried out and feeling about as wretched as I had ever felt – to then – an effort of will was required on my part to raise reddened and puffy eyes to those of Anya Boparai.

And an even greater effort required to hold her gaze, given what I felt sure was contempt for the weak Englishman I detected behind the superficial compassion and understanding.

Superficial or not, and as sad as the testimony is for one of my years, she, and it, were *all* that I had.

"You, hmm, mentioned an offer of some kind?" I reminded her, unable to meet her stare any longer."

"Yes," she said. "Ms Rani Dhaliwal visited me at my office early this morning in person that she may intercede on your behalf."

A glimmer of hope penetrated my gloom as it struck me that the Indian woman's undoubted loyalty and devotion to the aunt whose bequest had indirectly placed me in my current position had made her think twice before perpetrating such an injustice upon the nephew – as distasteful as she found him.

It was, as you have no doubt divined, a *"glimmer"* that did not have a shelf-life of any great duration.

"As I mentioned earlier," Anya Boparai went on, "it is, under the circumstances, a most generous offer and one, she assures me, she would not have made were it not for the reverence she continues to feel for the memory of your late-aunt. Her feeling was that your aunt would have found a less drastic means of showing you the error of your ways and punishing you for your disgraceful behaviour and…"

"Disgraceful behaviour?" I interrupted her, outraged innocent that I was.

Outrage becoming pure wonderment when the former part of my legal

representative's sentence hit home:

"Punish me??"

Cool and composed and, even in my less than manly condition and frame of mind, fuckable in her crisp and severe professional outfit, legs crossed to the side of the table and affording me a glance of a bare and shapely foot as it dangled a shoe in a playful mockery of a discussion upon which my life seemed to depend, she shrugged:

"These are Ms Rani Dhaliwal's words, you understand, not mine. Though I must confess that any judge and jury would find her anger towards you for the treatment of her step-daughter all too understandable."

"But…"

This time it was the raised hand of my youthful but authoritative representative that cut me off:

"Yes. I know. You are innocent of the accusation," she told me, not quite able to hide her disbelief in my assertion. "You have explained this to me and, as your lawyer, I have pointed out that the evidence of your semen on the girl's underwear and the testimony of both herself and her mother in regard of your behaviour leading up to the assault makes it 99.9% that a judge and jury will find against you."

The clincher making me more receptive to bitch-mother Dhaliwal's offer – even before having heard it – followed hot on the heels of what had already proved something of a straightener:

"It is, of course, theoretically possible for a judge to hand down a life-sentence in cases of rape."

If my own rape of the evening before had left me feeling sickened and unmanned this blew to smithereens any remaining manhood I had left and, had it not been for my lawyer's age and sex, I truly think I might have collapsed to the floor in a grovelling heap under the bombshell.

“Life?”

“It is rare, Mr Benson, but in certain circumstances when the girl, though entirely of legal age, is still in her teens there have been instances of such sentencing.”

“Even when the man accused is totally innocent?” I reminded her with desperation that was fast becoming stratospheric, as if the simple repetition of the assertion could affect my circumstances.

Sure enough;

“You have asked me this, Mr Benson, and I have answered you. Your innocence is only relevant if a jury believes you so and finds in your favour. I have explained why that is unlikely in the extreme but, if you wish to risk the penalty should they disbelieve you, I shall refuse Ms Dhaliwal’s offer and try to secure from our Director of Prosecutions the earliest trial date available.”

Her expression was not hopeful:

“Though I would, if I were you, brace yourself for a spell of some months in remand before that happens.”

“Months!” I remember thinking. One night had been enough to almost wreck me. What kind of a pitiful specimen I would be after a few months – and the lord knew how long should I be found guilty as my lawyer insisted I would – of such incarceration?

The sheer terror induced in me by such a prospect explained the small voice with which I asked:

“Perhaps you had better tell me about this offer…”

Seven

“Kiss my toes and show me how much you revere your young Indian master,” her order came down to me from the darkness, English spoken with a heavy and almost childlike articulation that, along with the thick Indian accent accompanying it, took the shame of my situation even further away from any attempt on my part to supply it a description.

On the rare occasions I was allowed to spend an evening upstairs, rather than in the confines of the cellar that was now considered my *“proper place”* and a fitting location beneath stairs for the duration of my two years of service, my place of rest was on the hard tiled floor of the bitch stepdaughter’s bedroom with a single blanket as covering.

It had been yet another demotion intended to drum my new status into me.

To my disbelief, as I sensed a leg slide out from under the silk covers of a comfortable bed in the main guest-room that was now hers – my own

bedroom having been commandeered by Rani Dhaliwal herself – and her toes brushed burning cheeks the merciful darkness hid from my tormentor's view, I realised that the sexual attraction I'd felt for the body, if not the face, of this plain bordering on ugly nineteen-year-old serving girl had not diminished any since she had become more of… of an *authority* figure in my life.

I have not the necessary words at my disposal to describe the depths of sheer and undiluted shame provoked by the situation in which I found myself and, as always when I found myself in this same position, my thoughts returned to those women - far superior in all ways to the avian featured young Indian whose feet I was about to be compelled to revere – were they to see the commanding man who had treated them so demandingly and cavalierly forced to perform such obeisance.

And yet…

As my manhood, despite my best efforts to prevent it from happening, attempted to engorge to its full dimensions, I cursed the incongruity of this unwanted sexual response to such treatment on my part and the device at my groin that denied me and made my heightened desire all the more explicable.

A device the stepmother had locked upon me – in full view of her stepdaughter – a week on from my return to the house I *supposedly* owned.

Safe to say it was the same man in looks only who returned to that home when compared to the one who had been escorted from it to an Indian prison-cell…

…"It is for your own benefit," Rani Boparai had informed me as she applied ice fetched by her stepdaughter to the shaming erection her handling of me – even under such humiliating circumstances – had provoked.
"Look at him," she said to her daughter. "Even now he cannot control his pitiful white cock in our presence."

"You are right, stepmother. He should be thanking us for having his welfare at heart and taking such troubles over him."

Far from thanking them, my eyes had filled with unmanly tears as my erection subsided under the ice and Geeta Dhaliwal smirked up at me from a comfortable rattan chair to my side. Powerful young legs crossed and dressed for once in Western fashions that, for some reason, exacerbated my feelings of mortification and indignation, her bordering on the ugly avian features were twisted into a parody of a smile. A smile in which existed only a perverted enjoyment of the power she was watching her stepmother wield over me and a part of which, by extension, belonged to her also.

Unable to bear the look of pure delight on the girl's face for having reduced me to such a condition and even less able to stomach the sight of what the mother was doing to my rapidly shrinking cock, I screwed my eyes shut and felt something cold being locked behind my scrotal-sac before another item was slid over my penis itself and the sound of a "click" that sounded to me like a death-knell exploded into the room.

Which, In its own way, was pretty much what it was.

"Open your eyes and look at the gift we have given our new manservant," Rani Dhaliwal ordered, dressed like her stepdaughter in Western fashions that emphasised her oversized but hour-glass figure and the matronly legs and conical breasts I had once found so…
Horny.

My cock was now inside a shiny metallic cage and was of a size that would fit me perfectly under normal circumstances.

Normal meaning… soft.

I also saw that the cage was held in place by a solid and frightening looking metallic ring that was locked around my balls and did not look as if it intended to come off any time soon… regardless of any intent I might have to try and jettison it.

With the brown fingers of one hateful Indian hand, the woman who had been my maid and housekeeper and who was now both my master and…

keyholder… played with my cock and rolled my balls between them that she may inspect her handiwork. Never had I felt such hate for a human being as I felt for this matronly curvaceous Indian woman as she licked her lips and purred over the cock and balls she had just imprisoned. Though the attentions of her fingers upon my jewels was not so revolting to me they did not forget the recent coldness of the ice and attempt to come to life under her touch.

The agony as my expanding flesh came into contact with the unrelenting metal of my cage drew a gasp from me.

"There Geeta," she said through plump red lips to her less facially appealing stepdaughter. "You see how little control our little English flunky has over his pitiful equipment?"

"You were right, stepmother. He truly is in need of the control and correction only two superior Indian ladies can give him."

"He truly is little more than a base animal and it is the duty we owe to his wonderful aunt to make something… useful… of him at least.

Wanting to strangle her and the other "superior" Indian lady as I did, I realised that despite my distress my cock was continuing to try and expand.

The pain was amazing and my hands went to my balls as my legs gave out and I collapsed to the floor at the feet of Rani Dhaliwal.

"What your tiny English cock is trying to tell you is what you will realise soon enough," her heavily accented voice came down to me. "That you must worship the Indian ladies who now control you. For only through complete obedience will your manhood ever know again the joy of spurting its useless white cream."

My "manhood" was finally beginning to recede in the face of the excruciating pain its attempts to do what it was best at had provoked. For those men amongst you reading this who have yet – and hopefully never will – to experience having one's cock taken from one's control and placed under

that of another, allow me to assure you, if assurance is required, that there truly is nothing more shaming and terrifying than being denied access to one's own physical property and knowing access will not be made again without the express permission of another.

It is, as you will soon see, a wonderful tool to ensure the compliance of the poor wretch whose male equipment has been consigned to its embrace.

Finally, erection having softened and the pain gone, my senses unscrambled enough to hear the words of the Geeta bitch clearly:

"Show him what other tasks his new cock-cage can perform, stepmother."

My head came up at this bombshell just in time to see Rani Dhaliwal take up a small black device from a low table at her side.

"Wh-What is…?"

I managed to say no more before my world exploded into a dimension of pain I had not imagined could exist and, if I had, would have slaughtered kith and kin in order to avoid had I possessed any other than the late-aunt whose largesse had placed me in my current situation.

So gut-wrenching and breathtakingly appalling was my agony.
As it erupted from my scrotum to travel upward to my penis that I was unable to utter a sound. Until, that is, it reached such a pitch of physical extremis that I could do no more than scream and scream and then scream again. It felt as though my cock and the balls to which it was attached had been battered and placed in a deep-fat-fryer. I realise now that the whole excruciating experience could not have lasted any longer than three or four seconds but it seemed to me as if the cage about my cock were in league with eternity as I thrashed to and thro about the floor in a futile attempt to escape my torment whilst screaming at the top of my lungs.

When the pain finally stopped I could hear a woman sobbing.

A woman who happened to be me.

“Amazing, stepmother,” the small part of my mind that had refused to be turned to mush heard. “It really is everything its makers say it is.”

“The Internet is a wonderful place, Geeta,” the woman who had planted her feet either side of my prone body that she may view it better informed her. “It will, along with our own natural superiority over a dog such as this, supply us with everything we need in order to make him a servant of whom we can be proud to own while making us the envy of all our neighbours and friends.”

Through tear blurred eyes I saw the woman who was three years my junior aiming the black device down at me and pure terror held my entrails in a vice-like grip.

“Please… No more… I beg you.”

She crouched down alongside me and the smooth skin of her brown thighs was revealed to me as her light tropical dress rode upwards with the movement.

Thighs to which I was, at this juncture, utterly impervious.

I felt her fingers entwine themselves in my thick hair and force my eyes up to meet hers and even through my tears I could see the triumph written in her gaze.

“And just who is it that are you begging?” she asked.

I was beyond shame by this point and knew I would say anything rather than go through what I had just experienced again.

“Please, Rani,” I said. “Don’t use whatever it is again. I beg you.”

It was not the response she had sought but, thankfully, it was the back of her hand that stung my cheeks rather than the cage encasing my equipment.

“It is ‘Ms’ Rani to you from this moment on. Unless, that is, I decide upon

another more obsequious form of address. And the same applies to my most worthy stepdaughter."

She toyed with the device in her hand and, just like the well-schooled animal and servant she intended me to become, I reacted to her prompt.

"Yes, Ms Rani. I apologise. Please do not use it again."

Rather than answer she smiled across at her stepdaughter as I writhed in fearful trepidation below her, still held in place by the grip the mother continued to exert upon my hair.

"You see, my lovely Geeta, even a dog as lowly and set in his ways as our older English servant here can be taught to act with more… respect. And does he not look totally suited for his new role in life?"

"He is exactly as you described him, my stepmother. A white English dog fit only for the collar of a superior Indian woman," came the hateful voice of the younger Dhaliwal, tones childish and heavily accented articulation dripping with malice towards me and positively exulting at my new and exacerbated helplessness."

"You would be more correct to say 'superior Indian women, my lovely stepdaughter," the bitch-mother corrected as I lay quivering with fear that she may use the device to shock my caged balls and manhood once again. "Do not forget that he is as much your chattel as mine and, as such, you have a responsibility, both to me and our revered former employer who has made all this possible, to ensure he becomes the most diligent and obedient manservant he can be."

You can only imagine the nausea provoked in me by hearing myself described in such terms – and by such people. But, at this point, it was playing a distinct second fiddle to my utter terror of having my penis and testicles subjected to the torture they had just experienced for the first time.; though even in my scrambled thoughts it occurred to me that perhaps their treatment of me, should I contact my friend the Parakram, might inspire a rethink on

the part of the authorities and the original charge.

Rani Dhaliwal was way ahead of me…

"Look at the predictable English wretch, stepdaughter. Even as he prays that we do not use the device to correct his behaviour again he tells himself that if he can only inform the authorities of what we do to him for his own benefit that things will go differently for him and we will be the ones with a case to answer."

"Then he is a bigger imbecile than we first took him for, stepmother," the younger monster laughed. "What mother would not wish to lock up the cock of her daughter's abuser for safekeeping in such a situation? You would be applauded rather than find yourself in trouble."

Rani Dhaliwal's laugh was neither pleasant nor inclusive.

At least not to me.

Tears were again flowing down my beaten cheeks as the realisation they were correct lowered my spirits and raised my fears for the two years ahead of me.
Two years that once over, I assured myself, anger and the intent to pay them back bolstering me a little, would see me exert every sinew in my power to ensure that they experience any humiliation visited upon me thrice-fold.

"Two years", were I but to know it, that NEVER be over…

…As the toes of the bitch stepdaughter, the nails of which I had painted a vicious crimson only that morning, found their way into my open and waiting mouth and I again tasted the salty piquancy of her brown skin, I could find no argument left to me that would refute the recalled assertion of her hateful and odious stepmother as I once again went over the events that had led me to my enslavement...

Eight

“That…? *That*… is her offer?”

Irony did not seem to play much part in young Anya Boparai's temperament and her look of puzzlement along with her literal response to my rhetoric was not a surprise entirely.

"You asked me to tell you of it and I believe I just did so."

I had sat quietly and listened, disbelief growing exponentially with each clause of Rani Dhaliwal's offer as it had been recited and rendering me dumbstruck.

"Ms Rani Dhaliwal and her stepdaughter are prepared to drop the charges against you under certain strict conditions."

And the nature of those conditions, I hear you ask?

In *strict* order, they were as follows:

"That you formally admit your behaviour towards her stepdaughter was both wrong as well as shameful and issue a formal apology in writing…

Not too onerous that one, I confess; despite the fact I had nothing to apologise for and should, were there any justice in the world, have been on the receiving end of such a declaration myself.

"That, as a token of your repentance, you commit to a period of not less than two-years supervision under the authority of Ms Rani Dhaliwal, that she may place you upon the more useful life-path your loving aunt had in mind for you…

Despite the ludicrous assertion of an aunt who didn't even know me having a *"path"* in mind for my future, this was more serious and I knew it - even if a voice was already telling me to accept the demand while also telling me there was no way I would allow such a state of affairs to continue once the charges had been dropped.

Cuckoo-land, I can now assure you, does exist and the next demand underlined it instantly:

"That you sign and have witnessed a durable Power-of-Attorney allowing Ms Rani Dhaliwal to supervise the affairs, both of an official and everyday nature, of your life such as finance and other matters…

Safe to say this brought me up short. It was one thing to give a none-too-genuine agreement to have the Indian bitch *"supervise"* me. But to give her a Power-of-Attorney would give her a measure of coercion when it came to me I was sure I'd find impossible.

It was but the tip of a particularly unmanning iceberg that was about to reveal its lower depths to shocking effect:

"That, to find the humility and purpose in life intended for you by your late-aunt, you take on the role of a domestic servant in the home left you and be instructed in your new duties by Ms Rani Dhaliwal until the two-year period of supervision and the durable Power-of-Attorney expire."

This last was not so much a bombshell as a nuclear detonation.

"You…? You, I mean, *they*, cannot be truly serious."

"Ms Dhaliwal is quite adamant upon the point," Anya Boparai assured me and I got the distinct impression there was something she found not *too* displeasing about the prospect of a white and English former playboy being forced to perform such a role for those who had been designated to perform the same service for him.

Not for the first time since my ordeal began, I screwed my eyes shut and told myself that I would soon find myself awake and take in the cool sea breeze wafting through the window of my beach-chalet, ocean shimmering not a hundred yards away.

But it was not the vista of sand and sea possessed by what was to have been my temporary Australian escape waiting to greet me when my eyes opened once again and the reality I was praying would prove only a nightmare was waiting to greet me in the unsmiling and serious professional demeanor of

Anya Boparai.

But surely she couldn't be truly serious.

Could she?

Me?

Take on the role of a domestic servant?

For two Indian women?

Finding such a prospect ludicrous, the irony with which I opened this chapter was not slow to follow.

"Doesn't seem too much to ask when it comes down to it, I suppose," I said with forced lightness, outrage forcing the even more humiliating and terrifying events preceding our meeting into the background and allowing something of my sarcastic nature to surface. "Perhaps I could add a little something else to the pot to show my appreciation of *'Ms Rani Dhaliwal's most generous offer'*."

No flicker of returned amusement came my way.

"I know!" I went on. "How about if I saw my cock off with a nail-file and allow you to gift-wrap it for the cunt?"

Anya Boparai was distinctly unimpressed with both my offer and the language in which it had been couched and, knowing she was all I had, I was instantly all apologies.

"Forgive me, Ms Boparai," I said, the humility towards a young Indian woman not coming easily, "but you have no idea what you are asking of me."

"You are forgiven this time," she told me with a face of subcontinent Sheffield-Steel. "Should you use such language in my presence again, however, you will be forced to find another legal-representative."

Not used to threats from one of her race, gender or age, I nonetheless assumed a contrite air and nodded in her direction, lowering my eyes that she might not see the anger I felt for both the lying Dhaliwal's and, now, her.

"And yes," she went on, assured of my future good behaviour, "I know *exactly* what is being asked of you and just how difficult – not to mention *impossible* – you find the prospect of accepting such demands.

"Ms Boparai…" I began falling back on the charm that might well have been ersatz but had served me so well with the opposite sex in the past, "Or may I call you, Anya?"

Her terse and somewhat unfriendly answer had not been what I'd expected:

"I prefer *'Ms'* Boparai."

Miffed, but not wanting her to see it, I forced a friendly and accommodating smile:

"Then *'Ms'* Boparai it is," I gave assurance, as if I was happy to address her so formally when I would have far preferred to have cussed her out with language a Kolkata stevedore – if such a thing existed – would be proud to possess. "Surely, Ms Boparai, you must see how impossible such an arrangement would be for a man such as myself?"

If she did her expression seemed unwilling to impart the information.

"Not only am I many years older than Rani Dhaliwal's stepdaughter but I am a year older than Rani herself and…"

"Three."

Thrown, I wondered what the hell she was talking about.

"Ms Rani Dhaliwal is three years your junior."

“Oh, right. Well, that just underlines what I’m trying to say. Not to put too fine a point on it, but I’m not only older than the two ladies but… Look, like yourself, Ms Boparai, I’m of a different class.”

Her expression said:

“So?”

“My understanding was that Indian society would be more sympathetic towards the division than most.”

My understanding, as far as it went, was wrong.

“I assume you refer to the caste system that was once in place in our country.”

“Are you saying it isn’t still – even if it is officially frowned upon?”

“Whether it is or it is not does not alter your situation,” she assured me. “Your Englishness alone is no longer enough to buy you preferential treatment here – in some cases, and for those with longer memories, quite the opposite applies – and neither your handsome features nor your *‘class’* will make the situation or the Dhaliwal’s go away.”

“Please, Ms Boparai,” I almost begged when I sensed charm, ersatz or otherwise, was not going to win the desired result- even if her describing me as handsome for the second time was not completely lost upon my ever-vigilant ego; “you must see that accepting such a situation is impossible for a man such as me. Could any right- thinking person truly see me serving these… women… in such a lowly position?”

“Unfortunately for you,” she answered, “the opinion of these *‘right thinking’* people to whom you refer, whether that thinking be moral, political or both, has no bearing on the subject to hand.”

“But…?”

“Ms Dhaliwal, it seems to me,” she said, raising her voice slightly that she may override me “is in a position of strength and can make such a demand. Her price for the dropping of the charges against you is that you apologise and spend two years as a servant to both herself and her stepdaughter.

Yes, but…?”

“There are many people who would find her offer most generous under the circumstances,” she reminded me.

“Look…” I said, raising my own voice now that I may finish the sentence I’d twice started and twice been prevented from finishing, “there must be another way.”

Anya Boparai fell silent and waited.

“I mean, what would the court think about a stepmother who was willing to have the man who, *supposedly*, raped her daughter back in the house on a regular basis – a house, by the way, that happens to be *his*?”

At least she appeared to be giving this last some thought.

“Surely,” I asked, thinking I was on to something, “that would make judge and jury think twice about the soundness of these allegations in the light of an offer that would actually improve upon my aunt’s more than generous bequest to them both and give them a position in the house I’m sure my late relative would not have approved of them having.”

To my surprise she agreed with me – partly, anyway:

“If I am completely truthful with you, that was my first reaction also,” she told me, fetching a flicker of hope from my despondency.

A flicker of *very* short duration.

“However, after speaking with Ms Rani and hearing what she had to tell me of your late-aunt and the description of you she supplied and which, in turn,

had been supplied to her by letters sent on by your own late-mother, it was immediately obvious to me that such an approach would serve no purpose in a court-of-law."

"But…? Surely…?"

Her head, jet shiny hair scraped from her serious face, was already shaking, though if memory serves correctly I am unable to use the adjective *"regretfully"* to describe the negative.

"Along with your aunt's own words and the letters from your mother backing them up, the court would be provided with a description of you as a feckless womaniser unable to maintain himself in either a serious relationship or a meaningful occupa…"

"Was my marriage not a *'serious'* relationship?" I'd responded viscerally, unable to refute the reference to my lack of a career I had just cut off.
I was certainly and too pissed off to realise I was leading myself into another cul-de-sac:

"Because it seemed like it to me?"

"And where is your wife now, may I ask?" Anya Boparai retorted calmly.

I felt my face redden and saw her look of... no other word will suffice… *triumph*.

"I have already spoken to the Prosecutor's Office and, given the backlog of cases awaiting their attention, the service is only too grateful to have one less case to prosecute. Whether they do prosecute or not now depends upon you and your response to Ms Dhaliwal's offer."

I slumped back onto the hard wooden chair and could almost feel my spirit seeping through my skin onto its seat.

No matter which way I turned I found myself face-to-face with the *"offer"*.
After a few moments of silence, and sensing my fear of the consequences

should I decide to throw myself upon the mercy of an Indian court and that she had won my consent to enter into an agreement I would *never* have entertained had it not been the very last option open to me, she asked the question that, one way or the other would seal my fate for either two years or maybe longer if a judge and jury were to be introduced to the mix:

“What are to be your instructions to me, Mr Benson?”

I felt for all the world as if I were a rodent caught in the tractor beam of a cold, if attractive, reptile.

“Shall I call the Prosecutor’s office? Or…”

Nine

Deprive a dyed in the wool epicurean with not just the gourmet fare he craves but food of any kind for a month and you can hardly declare yourself surprised when he begs for a taste of any cuisine.

From the most humble of origins or otherwise.

Such was my frame of mind after four weeks of denial in the accursed chastity contraption that was framing my responses on levels that were not all sexual. With every day that passed since the locking of the padlock that symbolised my captivity in the home that was mine, the Indian mother and her accursed stepdaughter were becoming more dictatorial and controlling in respect of me. In fact, their attitude towards me would have been one of great contempt and dismissal had it not been for the obvious pleasure they took from having a handsome and older white Englishman dance to their tune. Every day brought fresh humiliations and a fresh, if not refreshing, sense of wonder that I, Michael Benson, womaniser and user of women, could be brought so low I would be willing to take on the role of chattel and flunky to an Indian mother and stepdaughter from those most humble of origins mentioned above. They had even kitted me out with a uniform of sorts and the crisp collarless shirts and tight-fitting black trousers without pockets I was compelled to wear underlined my position as their manservant. A position that was heightened further by them refusing to allow me to wear shoes and insisting I remain barefoot in the house after the fashion of servile Indian servants to a Raj that was long gone.

Along with this humiliating garb came a whole host of other requirements upon my person and my time that seemed to multiply by the day:

I was not to speak unless given express permission to do so from one of them.

Upon entering their presence after an absence I was required to show my respect by kneeling and placing my lips, 'most respectfully', upon either the toe of their shoe or the strap of a sandal, depending upon whether their desired dress for the day – desired dress the putting on of which I was compelled to assist with – was either Western or traditional.

All those duties which had previously fallen to them were now mine and chores I had once considered the province of women – and far superior models of the breed than these gutter-born examples – such as laundry, cleaning and generally waiting on their wishes, now filled my day.

They had taken to summoning me to their presence with the use of a tiny bell that was not at all tiny when it came to the sound it could make and woe betide me if I was tardy in responding. I promise you, after having them use the device controlling my cock-cage to send me a remote message asking for my presence, I made sure to keep ears keened for anything resembling the tinkle of a bell.

Trust me, there is no greater motivation to obedience than the prospect of having one's testicles and penis fried should one prove… inattentive.
Along with denying me access to my own manhood, there had been neither hint nor mention of anything sexual and, had I not known that the allegations made against me were false, I would have seen this as a natural way of making me pay for my behaviour.

To the point I am now about to describe, after all, I was at least of the belief that my situation had been brought about by the lies of the stepdaughter and that the mother – as odious if sexually arousing as I found her – was no more than a protective step-parent who had been as taken in by the daughter's false accusations as everybody else.

Excluding myself and my would-be friend, Parakram the Inspector.

This belief, along with the absence of anything sexual, was changed one afternoon when Rani Dhaliwal, in her new position as "Mistress" of the house, and with my income at her disposal, had taken herself off to visit a newly wealthy Indian family who had purchased a house not half-a-mile distant from my late-aunt's former residence in which I now skivvied.

A "newly wealthy" family I would soon have the pleasure of serving.

If, thankfully, only in the domestic sense.

"I… I don't think your stepmother would be very happy if she found out," I told Geeta Dhaliwal after serving her a Pepsi-Max with ice as she lazed in the sun by my aunt's small pool; this after she had made a request that, sexual abstinence or not, repulsed me.

"I do not recall asking you to think," she said in a correct but heavily articulated English resembling that of her stepmother. "And I certainly did not ask you to voice your thoughts.

I saw her hand creep towards the remote-device that was seldom far from either of them and felt fear grip my entrails.

"Your servant is very sorry, Ms Geeta," I told her in the obsequious way in which I had been taught to respond when it was considered I was in error. "But I would not wish you to be in trouble with your most estimable stepmother."

The words and the genuinely fearful way in which I had uttered them sickened my soul but I knew the agony she could send coursing through my vitals courtesy of the cock-cage and its controlling device would sicken me a whole lot more as I waited to see if my servile response had saved me the experience.

"You are lying, Benson," she accused, using my surname with a finger-snapping contempt it was impossible to miss. "You do not care if I get into

trouble or not but simply wish to avoid placing your tongue in my superior Indian pussy."

It was no more than the truth and the thought of performing an act I had always been unwilling to perform for my numerous and beautiful female partners – and especially for this one, who was neither beautiful nor a partner – filled my throat with nausea.

"But…"

"Silence now!" she snapped, a teenaged officer correcting an older and quite powerless enlisted man, hand raising the device I feared so much and compelling my obedience to her demand.

Satisfied she had me cowed, delight all too evident upon those avian features, she went on:

"My stepmother – 'Ms Rani' to you – has given me complete permission to use our manservant as I wish."

The news was not exactly a thunderbolt but I was shocked to discover that the older woman's protestations on behalf of her daughter and my fictitious 'intentions' towards her were not those of the outraged parent – surrogate or otherwise – I had taken them to be. Having had a suspicion she had known her stepdaughter was lying all along I was now convinced this was the case.

"Disobey me if you wish," she told me with a contemptuous curl of her lip, the powerful and sexy young body so out of keeping with the face above, brown skin, sleek and firm, revealed by a skimpy bikini the top of which was quite unsuited to the task of concealing the bullet-like nipples of a chest betraying her arousal I had to say was impressive. "I will not even use…" her eyes flickered to the device then back to mine "…motivation to make you comply with my wishes."

I would have felt relief had I not known the depraved and duplicitous little bitch would not give something for nothing.

Sure enough.

"We will simply wait for Ms Rani to return and I will explain how you refused to do as I ordered."

Knowing my fear of her matronly and severe stepmother ran at levels even more elevated than that I held for her, Geeta's smile was beatific:

"I am sure she will take a most tolerant view of your disobedience."

Ignoring me then, she returned to an Indian novel with a lurid cover, leaving me to stand there in wretched indecision. I was certain now that the situation in which I found myself had been planned by both of them and also knew that knowing it altered nothing. I was as powerless before them in my awareness as I was powerless in my ignorance.

I also knew – as humiliating as I found it – that I was in absolute dread of the stepmother.
In fact, I would do or say anything to avoid another of her punishments; whether it be courtesy of the device or a spell over her knee having the tar beaten out of my bare arse with one of her sandals before being forced to stand with hands on my head in a corner of whichever room in which the punishment had taken place.

The difference now being that my dread was multiplied by the knowledge she was not simply a vengeful parent making the life of the person she believed was her daughter's abuser a waking nightmare but, to the contrary, had known all along of her daughter's lies – had perhaps colluded with her from the very beginning – and simply enjoyed having an Englishman in her toils.

Not to mention becoming the de facto head of household in the same residence in which she had performed the duties for a late-aunt whose very memory I was coming to hate.

Multiplied dread or not, however, I also knew that in the space of a month I had already fallen a long, long, way from being the proud, arrogant and superior man who had arrived in his late aunt's home as the master.

“P-Permission to speak, Ms Geeta?” I asked in the way I had been taught, fear of the consequences should the stepmother return and agree I was in need of… correction… far outweighing the revulsion I felt at having to defer to this ugly young Indian bitch in such a way.

“You may speak,” the bitch said, not deigning to raise her eyes from her book, even though I knew she was as excited as I was fearful and the import of the printed words would be the last things on her mind.

I swallowed with difficulty and began:

“There… There is no need to trouble Ms Rani with my mistake. If you say it is okay then it is not for me to question you.”

“And?” she demanded, still not raising her eyes from the page.

Swallowing was not so much difficult now as impossible as I girded my restrained loins and began:

“It would be an honour for…” the otherworld strangeness of the words about to exit my lips were enough to make me miss a beat before supplying them and I wondered how my ex-wife – not mention her vengeful brothers – would react to seeing me brought so low by one so young and…

Ugly.

Closing my eyes to the shame, I forced my way through it:

“It would be an honour for… for your servant to place his tongue at your disposal.”

Eyes still closed, my words received no immediate response and, when I finally opened them, it was to find her staring at me expectantly:

“Well? Why are you still standing?”

I knelt before her, thankful my aunt's spacious grounds were not overlooked, and reached for her bikini bottoms.

Only to have my hand slapped.

"Start on my feet first," she ordered.

I looked at her askance.

"Her feet!"

"Lick between them first. Then I want to feel my toes in your warm mouth," she explained unnecessarily.

This was as repulsive to me as the first demand and brought home the changed nature of my status in the home that was meant to belong to me with greater force than anything that had gone before – and, trust me, what had gone before was about as demeaning as I thought it could get.

Once again, my thoughts were about to be contradicted in the worst of ways.

Steeling myself, knowing that every time I accepted a new abuse of me from them I cemented their control over me still further, I forced myself to do as she asked and soon my mouth was licking between her toes as directed before taking them into my mouth and sucking upon them in the way she wished as if my life depended upon it.

"Do not take your eyes from mine as you suck them," she ordered.

With tears blurring my vision, my eyes found hers as she had ordered and found my soul cringing under the pure delight she took from her subjugation of a handsome older man who was her superior in every conceivable way.

"Good boy!" she applauded, unholy satisfaction beaming down the lounger to me as I went about her humiliating bidding..

My soul cringed still further at such a description of me from such a girl's

lips but it cringed even more some fifteen minutes later when she decided her toes had received enough attention and had me slide her bikini down her legs that I might:

"Prepare to please your owner with your worthless white tongue."

Within seconds, and feeling quite sick from a mixture of shame and the taste and smell assailing me from her, thankfully, hairless slit, I was doing just that.

In complying, I knew, I had exchanged one slippery slope for another of a steeper
and more enslaving variety.

If this went on, I told myself, I would lose everything about myself that distinguished me as a man in my own eyes long before the duration of my two year tenure as their servant had run its course.

Looking back now, it seems obvious to me that I already had.

Ten

After only one night in an Indian prison cell and my experiences with its occupant, one could say my relief to be outside again and breathing free air was overstated – especially as I was breathing that fume-filled free-air through the open rear-window of a patrol car that was speeding its handcuffed passenger to Rajarhat and the offices once occupied by Mr Boparai, my solicitor, and now containing his less personable and sympathetic young niece. But then I would hazard a guess that very few, if any, of you reading this would have found themselves alone in a strange land and in such a dire way. And, if you have, then I have no need to explain the fear that does so much to make one… *submissive*.

After agreeing to the Dhaliwal offer and being taken – unwillingly - down to the cells while the formalities were observed, my legs stopped shaking only when I realised my cell-mate of the night before had been moved on and I

was to be alone for the hour or so it took Anya Boparai to arrange matters upstairs.

A relief.

It being another relief when the cell-door swung open some twenty minutes later and, instead of the return of my former tormentor, or worse, there stood the reassuring figure of the habitually sweating Inspector Parakram Shankar.

“You have accepted the Dhaliwal’s offer?” he said in a tone that should have been a question but was not.

I nodded.

He nodded and his avuncular features seemed sympathetic.

“I cannot say that I blame you,” he told me. “I am in agreement with my old friend Nagendra’s niece and that for you to go before the court would be for you to receive a very long sentence during which, I fear, you would not serve well as a convicted white man in India.”

It was my turn to nod, convinced as I was that he spoke nothing but the simple truth.

“If it is acceptable to you,” he began, “I will now speak totally off-the-record and as one man to another rather than in my official capacity,” he told me.

I’d nodded.

“We are, I sense, and despite being different in many respects, the same when it comes to our love of women.”

I gave out with a derisive snort:

“Can’t say I feel too *‘loving’* towards them at the moment, Inspector.”

“Call me, Parakram,” he said, his smile of sympathy and understanding

seeming genuine as he made the latest attempt to keep the sweat atop his gleaming dome from dripping into his eyes with an already sodden handkerchief.

In fairness to him, I was feeling pretty hot under the collar myself; even if there was a certain sense of relief derived from knowing I would not be in this place, or another like it, much longer.

“It is a lack of empathy I understand,” he told me. “But it is neither a regard of the maternal or emotional kind I speak of in respect of them.

I waited, intrigued at what it was he wished to tell me, despite having more pressing matters on my mind than the observations of a somewhat obese Indian detective on the subject of the fair – and treacherous – sex.

“The love of which I speak,” he went on, “is that appreciation of women for those physical assets which, frankly, I value far more highly than their companionship. Correct me if I am in error, but you strike me as kindred in this.”

My nod acknowledged he was correct in his assessment, even if my thoughts were telling me that he was the type of physical specimen more likely to know success with the opposite sex through the intervention of hard-cash rather than seduction of male animal-attraction.

“Our ancestors, it appears to me, were far more clear-sighted in respect of women and I have long been of the opinion that we men the world over have been most remiss in offering to them those freedoms we have long taken for granted. The offer Rani Dhaliwal has made to you is the perfect example of what happens when we relax the pressure of our superior strength nature intended as a means of keeping their gender in check.”

I agreed with him but could not help but wonder why he was sharing this with me.

Luckily, given my understandably reduced concentration span, he did not intend to keep me waiting for long.

His answer contradicting my thoughts of less than a few seconds before that his means of finding sexual release with a female partner would be via commerce rather than the interaction usual between the sexes.

“Not one, but two wives,” he went on, expression both surly and vengeful, “have given myself and my financial affairs cause to be cynical in concern of the female sex and I am well aware of their perfidy.”

My inner thoughts confessed myself surprised, having taken him for the habitual bachelor.

When Ms Boparai outlined the nature of the offer they wished to make you, I was instantly suspicious of the original accusation.”

“You…? You mean, you believe me, Parakram?”

He nodded:

“From the beginning it did not sit well with me. You are obviously a very handsome man who has known many women in his time and would not find it difficult to know many more. That you would need resort to the use of force to secure yourself female company struck me as hardly credible and, to be frank, and despite a surprisingly voluptuous body beneath her less than classical facial features, the younger Dhaliwal would be a most unlikely choice were you to find yourself compelled to do so.”

“At least someone recognises the fact,” I snorted, warming to him despite the ordeal I had suffered via the depravity and brute animal strength of one of his countrymen; though I neglected to tell him that my lack of success with the ladies since arriving in his country had ensured the *‘voluptuous body”* of the younger Dhaliwal - less than classical features notwithstanding - had fuelled my fantasies on a nightly basis in the days leading up to the false charges made against me.

The look he threw me appeared genuinely regretful:

“I am only sorry,” he said, expressive hands reminding me of my surroundings, “that my belief in your innocence can be of no practical service to you.”

My smile, pallid or not, at least told him I bore no ill will towards his person for the situation in which I found myself.

“For what it is worth,” he went on, “by accepting their offer you have made the only sensible decision open to you.”

“And simply exchanged one prison for another,” I reminded him with no small bitterness, even if I could only concur with his following observation that it would be an *‘open’* prison more to my taste than the lodgings and cell-mates I could expect were I to accept the hospitality on offer from the Indian authorities if I took the judicial route and was, as I was convinced would be the case, found guilty of the false charges placed against me.

An *“open prison”*, however in which I would, incredibly, be a domestic servant to my former housekeeper and her stepdaughter.

Parakram read my thoughts:

“It does not tax my imagination a great deal to picture just how great your revulsion must be at the prospect of accepting what the Dhaliwal’s have in mind for your immediate future that they may drop the charges against you,” he said, head shaking with what appeared to be more regret that was genuine. “For a man such as yourself who is not only the superior of these… *serving*… women in terms of looks, background and intelligence the prospect of two years in their service – and in a home that is legally yours – can only be the most bitter pill to countenance. In all of my years with the Force I have not encountered such a strange and, I must say, aberrant arrangement that…” The appearance of an unsmiling officer at the door prevented him finishing his train of thought as the officer spoke some words to him and then left.

“I am afraid it is time,” an almost apologetic Inspector Parakram Shankar informed me. “A car awaits to take you to Ms Boparai’s chambers.

I rose to my feet and he handed me a card with his name and contact details written in English.

“Call me at any time,” he said. “There is nothing I can do to prevent what is about to happen to you but it might help to know that you have a friend with whom you can speak if ever the two years you have in front of you prove unbearable or if you simply wish to hear a friendly male voice.”

I thanked him.

Genuinely.

Eleven

“And if you will now print your name here and then sign below it,” a seated and habitually professional Anya Boparai had told me as I stood beside her desk with the hateful Rani Dhaliwal looking on from a seat to my side.

There were only two seats in the tiny but neat office and, as they were occupied by the two women, I had been forced to stand and lean against the desk as I composed the apology for my non-existent wrongdoings in the presence of one of my false accusers.

One of the hardest tasks I had been set in my life but, if it kept me from an Indian prison and monsters such as the cell-mate who had…

Let us say only that I was extremely motivated, hatred of the Dhaliwal’s notwithstanding, to ensure that I *never* returned to a cell in India or anywhere else.

Having been schooled by Ms Boparai on the subject of what to write before the arrival of the older Dhaliwal I made haste to complete the chore, anxious not to prolong Rani Dhaliwal’s triumph over having me, in effect, indenture myself to her and her hideous stepdaughter in front of a young woman I would, under other circumstances, and Indian or not, have been attempting to bed.

“That is acceptable,” the woman my solicitor informed me was some three years my junior, said after reading my signed apology and added her own name to the bottom before handing it back to my representative. Her kittenish features were a mix of severity and triumph and my cheeks reddened as I saw just how much pleasure she was taking from the concessions being forced from me. She was, like Anya Boparai, dressed in a professional looking outfit chosen, I guessed, to lend her an air of more authority than her usual and traditional sari. A black skirt fell to just above her knees and black leather boots covered calves that, under other circumstances, I would have found

desirable. Black nylons, a black blazer and a white blouse completed the ensemble while her long and coal black hair was tied back and thick black-framed glasses I had not seen her wear until now lent an even more... *authoritative*… aura.

The outfit was obviously new and her look of freshness was not lost on me given I had not bathed in three days and was stood before her in the same grimy clothes I had been wearing when first taken away - the same clothes in which the animal I had been forced to share a cell with had…

I forced my thoughts back to a present that was, though only marginally, preferable to the unmanning events of that night.

“Once my signature has been added,” said Anya Boparai, the apology and offer of service by way of restitution will have been notarised and become a document of record once I have copied and attached it to the relevant official department.”

I could not help but feel bitter that it had been we English who had given the country of these women the bureaucracy now being used against me but, having no other recourse, I remained silent and allowed the *mortifying* events to unfold.
The Indian bitch whose stepdaughter had ruined my life – or at least put a large crimp in it – nodded her understanding.

“Now,” Anya Boparai went on after adding her signature and sliding another more official looking document across the desk to me, “I need both of you to read this before adding your signatures in the places I’ve crossed.”

She handed Rani Dhaliwal a copy that she may read at the same time as me and I stared down at the document that would place my affairs in the hands of Rani Dhaliwal for two years as Ms Boparai, unnecessarily, explained what it was as we both read.

“This is a durable Power-of-Attorney that will last for the exact period of two years, after which time Mr Benson will again resume responsibility for his

own affairs. Should both of you sign in the allotted places then you, Ms Dhaliwal, will be responsible in total for all of Mr Benson's financial and civic transactions and duties."

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Rani Dhaliwal nod and smile, friendly and courteous with Anya Boparai while stern and dismissive of me; exactly, in fact, as one would expect the mother of an abused girl to be with her abuser.

"It is a great responsibility you are undertaking, Ms Dhaliwal, and you must be sure of your ability to fulfil the responsibilities allotted to you in regard of Mr Benson by dint of the arrangements we are making."

My cheeks coloured further at hearing a woman I had, sexual attraction notwithstanding, come to detest was soon to be *"responsible"* for me.

And they were not about to lose their unwanted coloration any time soon if my solicitor's words were any guide:

"Without access to either his banking or other financial accounts," she went on, words directed at Rani Dhaliwal as I stood sidelined and, it seem, disregarded while they sat and discussed me as if I were not present, "he will be unable to draw upon his allowance and be entirely dependent upon you for his daily upkeep fo the whole two years length of the durable Power-of-Attorney until he chooses to have it rescinded."

If such a responsibility were troubling the Indian woman who had, up until a few days ago been my *notional* housekeeper and servant, it was nigh on impossible to detect its presence on a face I knew was delighted to have me in such a situation, and the thought made me want to exert my presence in some small way; if only to save face with my solicitor who had at least described me as *"handsome"*.

"What is actually meant by *'durable"*?" I asked a bit late in the day, the startling insertion of my voice into the cosy female tete a tete disposing of my immediate future ensuring both heads raised to mine.

Rani Dhaliwal, for one, did not look pleased by my intervention and, despite

my seniority of years, appeared to be regarding me with an expression designed to tell me that *"children should be seen and not heard"*.
Anya Boparai's expression was a little different if, it seemed, no less surprised by my interjection:

"By durable, Mr Benson," she began and for the first time I thought I detected a degree of distaste on her part for having to address me in the formal way a solicitor would address a client, "the Power-of-Attorney would remain in place if, during any time of the two-year period intended, you were to become incapacitated or decide you wished the arrangement to remain in place after that time."

"As fucking if!" I swore to myself.

"Simply put," she finished, "a Durable Power of Attorney is just an extension of the general and more widely used version and states that the agreement will remain in place until such a time as the one dispersing it chooses to take back his or her personal affairs and is adjudged competent to do so."

Her expression became slightly admonitory:

"I did explain this at length at our last meeting during which, if you recall, you were somewhat preoccupied by the events of the night before."

"Yes, yes," I said quickly, not wanting to have the shame of my abuse in that cell made known to the older bitch-Dhaliwal. "I remember now."

"Anyhow," she said, turning back to the bitch with a smile that seemed to apologise for the rude intrusion of the client whose life was being discussed, "it is a serious responsibility you are undertaking and I am obliged to tell you that your power-of-attorney will be closely scrutinised to ensure no financial irregularities occur."

"I am sure it will," Rani Dhaliwal told her, her somewhat sharp response making it plain that the part she was up-to-speed with was not pleasing.

"Forgive me, Ms Dhaliwal. I have no intention of impugning your good

character but simply discharge of my own responsibility to make you aware of what is required of you. You are obviously a woman of high moral character…

I supressed a snort of indignation only with a great effort.

"…and the sense of my words is not in any way intended to be taken personally. There have, however, been instances of abuse in cases of power-of-attorney and, given that this particular agreement is so… unusual… it will attract far more attention from the authorities should there be even the sniff of something not quite right."

My representative's words might not have pleased my housekeeper but they certainly made me breathe just a little easier knowing that the POW, as I had come to refer to it in my thoughts, did not give the bitch and her stepdaughter carte blanche to fleece me of my allowance.

At least it seemed that way at the time.

"You may rest assured, Ms Boparai, that any money taken from his allowance for his upkeep will be recorded and signed for in the correct manner. It is my duty to his late and much lamented aunt to ensure that he does not fritter away her gift to him in the same way he appears to have frittered away everything else in his life up to now. It was out of love for his late-mother that the Mistress determined something should be made of her nephew's aimless life and it was her fondest hope that he would settle down to life in the house left to him in a fitting manner."

"As a fucking servant to two gutter-spawned Indian bitches?" I screamed the internal question. *"The fuck it was!"*

"Well, I'm sure my client is very grateful to you for overlooking his… *fall from grace*… and for giving him a chance to redeem his aberrant behaviour that he may put his house in order, so to speak. "

The smile Anya Boparai aimed in the Dhaliwal woman's direction incensed me almost as much at the woman who was its recipient and I was grateful her

turned head could not see the anger etched into my own *"handsome"* features.

"I am obliged, however, and with the well-being of my client in mind, to make sure that you extend your offer only with the intention of having him make restitution for his behaviour and provide to him the guidance his late-aunt intended for him to have, rather than an intent on you part to… *punish*."

"You may rest easily, Ms Boparai," said Rani Dhaliwal. "Our only intention is to make of him the man his late-aunt told us his mother wished for him to be and did not get to see. It is why I decided that a spell as our servant, and the learning of service and the humility and obedience to one's superiors that goes with it, would be the best way to instil in one who is, after all, no longer a child, a sense of… rightness."

Inwardly, I seethed. Having oneself spoken of in the third-person while actually present – and by inferiors of such a kind – was galling. Not to mention the horseshit the Dhaliwal bitch was spouting.

"He will, of course," the bitch continued, "see it as punishment and, I suppose, on a certain level I must be truthful and allow it to be that. But only in part. By far my true intention is to make of him the kind of man of whom his aunt and late-mother would have been proud."

Incredible! The horseshit just kept coming. Unlike her sister, my mother had been of a middle-England type who despised anything outside of that grouping and *actively* discriminated against people of different race. And, *especially*, colour.

The prospect of having her only son reduced to becoming a servant to a couple of lowly Indian women would have literally sickened her.

It *certainly* sickened the son.

"All that remains for us then," I came back to earth to hear Ms Boparai, "is to add our signatures to the Power-of-Attorney and you may both be on your way home."

As Anya Boparai bent her head to sign the document that would effectively indenture me to the woman who was meant to be *my* servant, Rani Dhaliwal finally deigned to look at me.

The look of pure and vindictive triumph I could see glorying beneath her fleshy if kittenish features was enough to make me wonder, if only for a few moments, if perhaps a spell in an Indian prison might not be preferable to a spell in my own home.

As I say: *"for a few moments."*

*****

It was unbelievable.

I had not been back in the home that was to all intents and purposes mine for longer than it took to shower and change in the cellar I had been informed – a cellar I had not be shown on my arrival and had no idea existed; to my anger and deep, deep mortification, was to be my quarters for the next two years (more of this soon) - when I found myself upstairs again.

This time in the room I had designated as *my* study.

And with Rani Dhaliwal seated behind the desk in front of the top-of-the-range computer I had only recently purchased.

And no, I was not seated across from her.

Nor was I standing.

I was, Michael Benson, man-about-town and the lover of women with both beauty and brains – sometimes contained in the same package – kneeling to the side of my former housekeeper in exactly the position she insisted I would maintain when in either her or her daughter's presence for any length of time.

You think me even more weak than you did to this point, I am guessing.

The thinnest of reeds blown in whichever direction the merest puff of air dictates.

I understand.

There was a time when my thoughts would have mirrored yours exactly and you must not think that I wasn't shamed by the effortless way I was being managed by this…. *Inferior*… person. But then, for the more judgmental amongst those of you reading this, you had not just allowed your outrage at the realisation you were expected to live in the windowless cellar of your own house – even if it did possess a cot, a rusty shower and a primitive by our standards lavatory to lead you to refuse adopting such a demeaning posture in front of a woman who was not my equal in any sense. Only to be informed that it would take no more than an accusation of violence against me on either her part or her stepdaughter's to have the charges against me restored.
The above accompanied by the increased likelihood, given the *"notarised"* apology that also acted as a confession of guilt, of an even longer sentence in some shithole of a subcontinent prison.

"From the moment you arrived here I disliked you," the woman seated in my chair behind my desk in my study and in *my* home told me, emboldened by the fact the cards of power had *all* been dealt into her possession and her expression unmistakable for being of sheer pleasure at having one of my looks, race and class delivered into her toils. "You are a sad excuse for a man who has enjoyed a place in this world you have neither earned or deserved simply by fact of your good looks and the fortune of birth.

From my knees, and still in denial, I attempted to speak to her as an equal, even as I gave grudging acknowledgement to the fact I was – at least for two years – no longer her superior and not even on a footing of parity; so used was I, in fact, to having women succumb to my persuasiveness and ability to seduce I still, despite all evidence to the contrary, believed it was only a matter of time before I won over this seemingly impervious and lowly

example of Indian womanhood to my charms.

I would soon – *very* soon – learn otherwise.

If, after all, the opposite were not to prove true, why was I already on my knees before the bitch?

“Rani.” I began. “How has it come to this? All I wanted was to prove myself a caring employer to both you and Geeta. To make the most positive use of my aunt’s legacy and forge a more productive life in a new country. If I have offended you by my attitude it was not done purposely. You must see that this has been something of a culture shock to me and that assimilating the ways and customs of a new land has not been easy for me. Can we not begin again as we should have from the start, with me accepting your guidance into your ways and allowing you to school me that I can more readily fill the gap left by my aunt’s death?”

I had deliberately omitted to mention her stepdaughter’s false charges against me and the fact the mother did not see fit to remind me of them should have triggered suspicions in regard of her own collusion right there and then rather than later.

They did not.

“Do not think that because I acknowledge your physical attractiveness,” Rani Dhaliwal told me, reading me exactly as if she had just returned to a page previously bookmarked, “that I will prove as weak and easily influenced as those women from your past it does not take much in the way of guesswork to know you have deceived and abused.”

“But, Rani, I…”

“Quiet!” she snapped, with an authority I had yet to experience but, nonetheless, had the effect of rendering me silent.

On my knees in what had been my own study in my own home, I looked up past the sleek pantyhosed and matronly legs of my former housekeeper and

servant to find her eyes waiting to meet mine.

Eyes that fairly blazed with emotion and, yes… *excitement*.

“You are not the Master of this house for the next two years,” she told me.

Adding in a somewhat cryptic way that was lost on me at the time:

“Maybe even longer. You are now a servant here and will be treated as such by myself and my stepdaughter.”

I wanted to rise from my knees and throttle the bitch but, fear of the consequences and future cell-mates to the fore, I bit back the response and waited for the smug bitch to add yet more disgrace to a situation I found pretty unbearable already.

“That we may be true to your aunt’s wishes for your future and ensure you become the… *useful*… man it was her intention for you to be, my daughter and I have decided that your race and class will play no part in the kind of service you provide us as our servant .”

“Meaning, what??” I asked myself, knowing it would not be a question I would be thrilled to have answered.

Sure enough:

“It is our intent that you be trained to serve us just as an Indian servant would have been trained to serve the *‘memsahib’s’* back in the days when your country ruled here. Your late-aunt was convinced that all people, regardless of race, should be shown the reality of their place in life and that there was no higher calling than placing oneself at the service of one’s superiors.”

I had no idea what she was talking about – though the views of the aunt – if such they were - did replicate those of the sister, and my mother, pretty accurately.

“Your forbears expected *total* obedience and service from my own and that is

exactly what we will require from you. In *all* things. There can be no more emphatic way of showing you your natural position in life."

I stared up at her, past the shapely if matronly legs my desires and my position on the floor before her might have proved a different reaction under other circumstances, and stared up at her as if she were insane.

"Total obedience?"

"In her fucking dreams!"

"I see from your face that you find such a prospect unthinkable," she said with a curl of the lip that appeared to betoken both her contempt for me and great pleasure at being the instrument of my future torment.

To that time I have never wanted to kill another human-being more.

Though I would in the future.

"Look at you!" she went on. "Already you are on your knees at the feet of your new Indian master. Yet still your thoughts tell you any further concessions on your part are fantasy upon my part."

I raged inside, marveling at the position I found myself adopting after only the slightest application of pressure and the threat of reinstating the false charges against me, anger made no less… *molten*… at having the gutter-spawned bitch read my thoughts so easily

"You may be my senior in years but you are a very weak man and I am convinced you will respond to the discipline I have in mind for you."

"Discipline?" my thoughts raged, *"surely, she couldn't mean…"*

"I promise you," she went on over my mental discomfort, dangling a low-heeled shoe from a hosed foot casually as if, for all the world, telling her former employer he was about to be placed in a position where he would be forced to accept her discipline were no more than an everyday occurrence in

her life, “that when the two year period runs its course you will not recognise yourself from even the frightened man who kneels before his aunt’s former housekeeper now. But by that time we will have changed you into something useful and more… *obedient*… and it will be too late for you to be anything other than what we have decided you will be.”

“The fuck it will!” I assured myself, eyes fixed on her swinging foot and the shoe dangling from it fixedly and finding, horror of horrors, that the sight was impacting upon my manhood and bringing it to full mast inside my lightweight chinos.

As surreptitiously as I could, I slowly clasped my hands in front of this unwanted and unsought disturbance that it might pass unobserved and allowed her to continue:

“The cellar we have cleaned and made ready for you while you were away is more than ample and comfortable – for a servant, anyway,” she told me, seemingly unaware of the disturbing reaction at my groin and, no doubt, taking the biting of my lip that was frustration I could react to her in such a way, as no more than anger and hatred for her and the position into which I had been manoeuvred. “Something of an irony that it will be *you* who resides downstairs now while the former servants of the house occupy the upper levels, but a most apt role reversal that I cannot deny gives me much pleasure.”

“Rani, please,” I began, sensing I was wasting my breath and that she would take only pleasure from what was, to all effects, begging on my part. “Can we not start over and put the house on a footing my aunt would have approved of? I promise I’ll…”
“No!”

The negative burst into the room with the clarity of a gunshot and the authority in the voice of this… this… *serving woman*… both shocked and surprised me to silence.

That first evidence of the fear I was going to feel for her adding yet another

dimension of shame to a besieged soul that would soon, were I only to know it, be taken.

“You did not know your late aunt but I did,” she went on, rising to her feet to tower over me, hands at her waist imperiously and dark unforgiving eyes blazing down at me from those plump and kittenish features. “She would approve totally of the course we take with you and consider my decision to give you a chance to show you can be useful, rather than consign you to an Indian prison for many years, a mercy on my part.”

“You are right, Rani,” I began in my most agreeable and reasonable voice, neck craning as I attempted make contact with her eyes and build some kind of rapport between us – no easy thing when one has been forced to one’s knees before a woman, “I did not know my aunt, but she was my flesh and blood and would not have approved of her nephew being treated in such a…”

“She would have approved totally,” she cut me off before I could finish, face, for all its kittenish qualities hard and unyielding. “You are the type of man, whatever his nationality or relationship to her, that she found utterly contemptible. The Mistress would have applauded the action I take with you and if you are to know any kind of a life that does not involve bars and a cell-mate I would advise that you start heeding my words and attempt to please me from now on.”

“But…”

“Enough!” she cried and, this time, and to my complete horror, cuffed me about the head as if I were no more than a recalcitrant child in her charge.

“From now on you will not speak unless it is totally necessary and you have asked permission first from either myself or my daughter and we have given you the go-ahead to do so.”

Still stunned from the fact she felt confident enough in her power over me to actually lay her hands on my body, the above assertion laid yet another layer of humiliating and shaming wonder upon what was already fertile soil in such

a respect.

“It is early in your service to us and there is much to learn,” she went on with unmistakable satisfaction, “but you will find I am a strict but patient teacher and you will soon take to heart my lessons.”

She was and I did.

EPILOGUE

I crawled naked along the cool ceramic floor tiles of the covered verandah that led out to the pool and grounds that had once belonged to my late-aunt's property and by rights belonged to me. Twenty-two months into my stint as a servant to a perverted bitch of an Indian stepmother and the hopeless case that was her even more degenerate stepdaughter, I was unrecognisable from the man who had left England to take receipt of the boon that was the legacy to me of a last remaining relation. The constant threat of having them use the motivation locked onto my cock and balls and the unrelenting round of chores set me had produced a distinct change in my mindset.

As I slithered towards them on all fours, eyes lowered to the tiles that I might not invite further punishment for raising them, I had been brought about as low as a man could be taken.

Though I was about to be taken lower and the shame of this last descent would be all the harder to bear for having come from me.

The cock cage was still in place but, added to this for having not undertaken my daily tasks to their liking, was a device they had found on the Internet called a *"Humbler"* that locked around my already trapped testicles and was attached to a long strip of wood in place at the back of my thighs. The result of this was that I was prevented from standing upright and could only move after the fashion of a quadruped. Just like, in fact, the animal they assured me I now was.

The younger Dhaliwal absent in town I had no idea who it was I could hear the older version addressing in her native tongue as I crawled towards her as bidden by the sound of the infernal bell I was so used to summoning me. That I was about to be displayed in such a fashion before a stranger for the first time – I had at least been wearing my servant's uniform when loaned out the new Indian neighbours to wait on at a party, one of the few occasions I had been out of the house and its grounds unsupervised by one of the Dhaliwals – was nowhere near as disturbing to me as the prospect of Rani Dhaliwal using

the remote-device that activated my chastity-cage and cock-ring yet again. Understanding far more of the language than I could speak or they suspected I could understand after twenty-two months of abject service to my Indian masters, I could put together the meaning of what *"Ms Rani"* was saying to a guest whose court-shoe clad feet were just coming into view.

"…It has been a difficult twenty-three months for him but, as you can see, we keep him well motivated to provide the best service of which he is capable."

I had come to a halt above Ms Rani's feet by now and heard a somewhat shocked giggle from the side as I lowered my head to place lips made obsequious upon the sandaled toes of the woman who described herself as my master.

"…Given that we are nearing the end of his term of service to us I thought it best that we formalize another agreement of a more lasting nature for him to sign."

This was news to me and I almost raised an inquiring head at hearing it when: "It is difficult to believe this is the same man who signed the first one," the unmistakable tones of Anya Boparai broke upon my hearing and now I did raise my head.

Only to receive a swat on my bare behind from the bitch-stepmother for my temerity.

"Bad dog!" she scolded me in English. "How dare you meet the eyes of your superiors without permission."

Independent of me, my body began to shake as I realised just who it was Rani Dhaliwal had invited to witness my transformation. Any hope that my legal representative, looking cool and formal in a lightweight two-piece suit, would find something in my condition that would free me of it early dashed by that earlier giggle and the look of pure enjoyment I'd seen beaming down to me during that brief glimpse of her I had just snatched. My *"condition"*, it appeared was not displeasing to her.

“Why exactly are you punishing him, Rani, and why in such a way?” asked my young solicitor, her familiarity with my tormentor not filling me with optimism exactly.

“My daughter and I have learned that to be lenient with him is for him to assume he can take ever greater liberties with our kindness,” Ms Rani answered, leaving me to ponder any instances of such compassion towards me. “The best results are achieved by punishing any infraction, however trivial, with the maximum severity. It is why is fast becoming a servant any proud Indian woman would be proud of owning and why, if we are allowed to continue with his training, he will eventually become an exemplary chattel.”

“And do you…?” Anya Boparai asked, referring to I knew not what and unable to finish her question, obviously having gotten over any concerns she may once have had as to the mistreatment of her client.

“Do we have him serve us sexually?” Ms Rani asked.

It was obviously the right question, for she went on:

“It is one of his uses,” Ms Rani told her. “Not with his cock, of course. *That* has no place in the superior pussy of his Indian masters. He is, however, most adept at pleasing either our cunts or our shit-chutes with his tongue.”

A gasp of shock that doubled as a sigh of sexual excitement escaped my solicitor.

“He is also now adept at massaging the feet of his masters and other parts of their bodies. A full body-servant, in fact – along with his other household chores.”

“And to which duty does he owe his current punishment?”

“For that he owes a tardiness in preparing my step-daughter’s laundry to her exact requirements.”

“He does not look very… *contented*,” my solicitor observed with the understatement of all understatements.

“And does this bother you, Anya?”

There was a pause and it was Ms Rani who broke it:

“You may speak in confidence, Anya. His understanding of our mother-tongue is functional at best and he cannot follow conversation. It is a condition in which we intend to keep him.”

“Very wise,” my solicitor agreed as I took some small pleasure from having deceived my tormentors on this one small matter at least. “And, to answer your question as to whether his condition and your… *supervision*… of him bothers me, I would have to say the opposite applies.”

My spirits sank and, yet, another part of me – one guaranteed in its current state of captivity to give me much pain should it, and I, react perversely – gave out a tiny twitch upon hearing Anya Boparai’s words.

It was a twitch that, over the past twenty-two months, had proved yet another unexpected and perverse reaction to a situation that truly horrified and shamed me.

And yet…

The *“twitch”* became a full-blown attempt at an erection as my previously correct and professional legal representative expanded on her own reaction to my plight.

“He is…” she giggled, “or should I say *was*, a man used to the attentions of women and I would wager he has made poor use of them during his life to now. To see him brought…”

She broke off and I sensed concern above me as I continued to gaze at the floor-tiles and tips of her toecaps which were the only sight of her available to me from such a position.

“You are quite sure he cannot understand what I am saying? I hold my career dearly and the bar are quite rigid when it comes to the application of either a barrister or a solicitor’s obligations. I should not wish to be on the wrong end of any… *unsavoury*… allegations.”

The woman who had told me on a number of occasions she now considered herself my owner was all concern and reassurance:

“Put your worries to the back of your mind, Anya,” Rani Dhaliwal advised. “The few functional words of our tongue he knows do not run to an understanding of a conversation and, even if they did, who would he make such an allegation to and what would be its purpose, given you have my assurance I would give testimony as to no such conversation having taken place between us. Your concerns are completely understandable, my dear, but totally unwarranted.”
I sensed relief above me.

“Now,” Ms Rani, urged, “do continue.”

“Yes… As I was saying, to see such a cocksure and self-regarding Englishman brought so low – and by two of my countrywomen – is very… *exciting*. And that such a man could find himself compelled to provide… *services*… to you both is… is…”

“Utterly wonderful,” Ms Rani agreed. “Believe me, I have not experienced feelings of such sexual satisfaction as those I receive when our white manservant is on his knees with his head between my legs and his tongue at my superior cunt.”

Ms Rani’s use before my solicitor of a word Anya Boparai had threatened would see her ditch me as a client when I used it triggered a quite different reaction in the erstwhile prim, proper and professional young woman.

“I can only confess envy,” she admitted. “If I am truthful, I have dreamed many times of having him in just such a position of service to me since you first came to me with the offer intended to keep him from prison.”

She laughed.

“Well, the more… *traditional*… kind of prison, anyway.”

Ms Rani laughed with her and I tried hard not to cry out as the flesh of my penis expanded against the unyielding metal confining it, my own shameful excitement at my young solicitor’s words and the image of myself on all fours before her as my tongue lapped at her causing me great distress of both a mental and physical variety.

“There is no reason it should remain a dream, my dear,” I heard Ms Rani tell her as I struggled not to let out any sound that would draw attention to my condition.

“You…? You mean…?”

“Would that please you, my dear?”

Anya Boparai’s reply came in an almost breathless exclamation:

“Oooh, yes!... But… But the two year period is almost at an end and he will soon become the master of the house again.”

Ms Rani’s laughter was almost cruel:

“Only if we keep his further unwanted attentions to my stepdaughter from the authorities. That is why I asked you to bring with you the forms renewing the Power-of-Attorney agreement. ”

“They are here at my side. But…? You…? You mean to say, he has again forced himself upon your daughter?”

Above me, the outright and easily transparent lie was received in silence and I knew it would not sit with my solicitor’s usually correct bearing when it came to the professional.

Or thought I knew.

“I could not be privy to blackmail or coercion, Rani,” I heard her say with some of the correct primness she had aimed many observations in my direction.

“Your professional attitude befits a young and superior Indian girl, Anya,” Ms Rani made compliment, “but, and again, you have no cause for concern on the matter.”

“But…?”

“There is no question of blackmail or coercion, my dear.”

“I… I don’t understand.”

“How can there be when the wretch on his knees before us wishes to continue his enslavement to both myself and my stepdaughter and cannot imagine life without our guidance?”

“This is incredible!”

Anya Boparai was right and, for once, the bitch-stepmother who had become my master was not lying.

Not entirely, anyway.

“Our lessons, I am pleased to say,” Ms Rani went on, “have not been wasted on this English animal and like the dog he truly is he wishes only to be of service to his Indian masters.”

“You… You are saying he will sign an indefinite and durable Power-of-Attorney without the need for… *blackmail*?”

“That is exactly what I say, my dear. Underneath all his male bluster there has always been a slave waiting to be set free. It was something I detected in him from almost that first moment he set foot in the home he thought was to

be his. He is, as I say, a dog at heart but, unlike the common cur, he has abilities that make him much more than a simple pet."

There followed a short pause, until:

"Abilities I am sure the legal representative responsible for his well-being will wish to sample for herself at some time… Perhaps after the formalities have been observed and our signatures on the Power-of-Attorney have been witnessed."

"I… I am not sure, Rani… My position is very…"

"Your position is totally secure, my dear. He is, after all, about to ask for his enslavement in your presence. After that you will simply be delivering his need to serve a kindness by allowing him to show his reverence for your… *shrine*… Allow me to demonstrate…"

Sensing what was coming, my body tensed and the delicious, if unwanted, sense of weakness I had started to experience shortly after the Dhaliwal's took control of me flowed through my veins. Somehow they had rewired my responses and my restrained cock appeared to have a life of its own whenever I was in the women's presence. And especially in such a servile way. But please do not run away with the idea that I embraced my servitude in the manner described by the woman who had subdued me. The mental anguish resulting from that duality of excitement born of shame was never stronger than in my quiet moments alone in the cellar when thoughts of my past life would surface to juxtapose with the current. Countless times I berated myself for showing these women the same weakness I had shown to the temporary cell-mate who had seen my fear and used it to make me his sexual plaything for a, thankfully, short time. I have lost count of the times I promised myself the most dire of paybacks upon the Dhaliwal's the moment the two years were up.

And now it almost was?

"Kneel, Dog."

The voice of the woman who had been my owner these near two years cut into my thoughts after the fashion of a verbal whiplash and, careful to keep my eyes lowered as taught, cheeks crimson with the shame of having Anya Boparai witness my subjugation, I did as asked.

"You call him *'Dog'*?" my solicitor asked, voice pleased rather than critical.

"You do not find it fitting, Anya?"

"On the contrary," came the young woman's breathy response, confident now she was assured I could not understand their conversation. "I find it utterly… *perfect*.

"You may gaze upon your superiors now Dog," Ms Rani told me in English. "Ms Boparai is very diligent and will require you to witness *all* our signatures before you can begin our new agreement and the rest of your life."

As I raised my head at the order, the eyes that found my own, those of my owner *and* those of Anya Boparai, were full of an intense excitement they could hide no more than I could hide my own unwanted reaction – thought theirs was neither unwanted nor hampered by a cage at their groin.

A reaction on my part not lessened any by the sight of a cool and severe looking Anya Boparai with long and shapely legs crossed, black pantyhose adding a sense of heightened sleekness to limbs already guaranteed to… *appeal*.

It was Anya Boparai who spoke first and, to my surprise, addressed me by a name I was no longer used to hearing in my regard:
"Mr Benson, I am obliged to make sure you understand that the moment this document is signed and witnessed Ms Dhaliwal will have complete and enduring control over your financial and social affairs. Am I correct in saying that you have this understanding?"

Believe me, a part of me wanted to say no, to tell her it was the last thing on this or any other planet I wanted to sign.

And yet…

For some reason, the prospect of again taking up my place in the world *without* the guidance and discipline of Rani Dhaliwal filled me with terror that was as real as it was shaming. I was her *'Dog'* now and wanted to continue being her Dog. The perverse sexual pleasure I experienced on those occasions when my behaviour had been warranted servile enough for me to deserve release had been like nothing I had experienced before and I knew I could not go through life knowing that pleasure – perverted or not – would *never* be replicated.

"Y-Yes, hmm, Ms Boparai," I consented in a voice croaky from recent lack of use.

She nodded, satisfaction at my ready capitulation all too evident; along, I thought, with a sense of marvel that I could have allowed myself to have been taken so low.

"Then all is in order and we may proceed." She turned to Ms Rani. "I have already placed my own signature upon the document, Ms Dhaliwal. If you would just add yours where marked I will have your servant do the same and the agreement will be considered notarised and you will assume complete and enduring responsibility for Mr Benson…"

To my utter mortification my cock strained against its restraint as the young solicitor was unable to prevent a tiny giggle and stop herself from adding:

"…Or, as he is to be known henceforward: *'Dog'*."

As Rani Dhaliwal added her name to the document and left it requiring only mine to seal my fate, a voice in my head screamed at me to end this madness and take my rightful place in the world again.

"This is irrevocable!" it screamed. *"Sign now and you deliver yourself to them as an indentured servant. You will be no more than their property. And for good!"*

When the voice stopped its screaming and my eyes re-focused on the scene before me, Anya Boparai was holding out a pen towards me expectantly.

I looked to Rani Dhaliwal and saw that, despite her air of outward authority and certainty of success, she was holding her breath.

“Sign where I have marked the document,” said my solicitor, still proffering the pen.

As the voice in my head again began to scream I watched my hand reach out and take the pen from her hand before, voice of reason still urging me to take back my manhood, I plucked up what remained of my courage and…

…*Signed...*

THE END

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The Compete Novel
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