From Husband to Manservant

A Modern-Day Indenture

By
Elise Marriott

COPYRIGHT © 2018. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the publisher.

All rights reserved

© 2018 Elise Marriott

The right of Elise Marriott to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with section 77 of the copyright, designs and patents act 1988. This book is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

"FROM HUSBAND TO MANSERVANT"

By
Elise Marriott

ONE

"Denny"

June 2012

"I left it for a while before spanking Denny again," she told me.

I had just returned from the offices of the software-company belonging to the woman uttering those words and where I had now risen to de facto CEO. We were seated opposite each other in the conservatory where we liked to discuss the week's events after my return from London. This to spend a weekend with my hostess and lover in her recently purchased – and suitably private – Kent home. The sprawl of her spacious and *very* well-kept garden and the rolling hills beyond which, and unseen, ran the River Medway was a tonic to eyes used to gazing out the office window at the urban sprawl of London. At least until after returning from work to the peace and quiet of the Dockside penthouse also owned by the animated and intense woman seated opposite me.

As we shared a bottle of chilled to the bone Chenin Blanc, I looked across at the woman who had uttered the remarkable sentence opening my story and who had, in effect, changed my entire way of thinking. My *whole* existence, in point of fact. She was some eight years older than me and had her heavily accented English not been a clue as to her country of origin then the brown subcontinent skin beneath the cool and vivid red cotton of her sari would certainly have filled in the blanks were corroboration absolutely necessary.

But it was *not* her place of birth that made her words so extraordinary.

Not by a longshot.

That accolade went to the fact that the *"Denny"* of whom she was speaking was the even older husband of the houseguest, lover and employee seated opposite at her leisure, this as she sipped wine and brought her hostess up to speed with the week's events at the company the death of the Indian woman from Hyderabad's own English husband had led to her inheriting.

"Events" that had now been dealt with and allowed us to broach a subject that was dear to both our hearts.

And that subject being?

Namely:

My *own* spouse.

A man who, in terms of being a husband in the true sense of that word at least, or even a man come to that, was as dead to me as the one-time partner of my hostess.

“I knew the pain he would feel,” she went on, “would be all the more excruciating, coming as it did so soon after his last experience under my hand. But I also knew that I needed to be really hard on him if he is to continue to improve his levels of obedience and commitment.”

“As well as making him think long and hard before disobeying you again,” I added with a smile.

“Of course,” she smiled in return. “And not only me, but you also.”

“Of course,” I paraphrased, knowing she was sincere as I savoured another sip of the delicious white she knew was a particular favourite with me.

“Given the severity of the beating I gave him, I knew he would have some difficulty performing his menial chores for a day or two. But… Correction needs to be applied when unavoidable and he must be taught.”

I nodded, pussy moistening as it always did when this, self-confessed, low-born and none too facially appealing Indian woman described with such relish having reprimanded my handsome one-time husband and boss.

A husband and boss who just happened to be something of a xenophobe when it came to the shores beyond Europe, let alone Britain – even if he did stop some way short of the cerebral deficiency that prompted one to vote UKIP.

Or worse!

“After an hour meditating over the form his discipline should take,” she continued, not even bothering to inform me of the infraction necessitating his punishment, knowing as she did that it was quite unnecessary, “I decided to put him out of his misery and had him leave the corner into which I had insisted he place his nose while I thought it over. Which was when I ordered him to the garden.”

“You punished him outside?” I gasped with genuine surprise, knowing that despite the secluded location there was always a chance of her – life itself having nothing if not a macabre sense of humour – being discovered in the act.

She echoed my own thoughts and in the process reassured me instantly:

“And risk being seen? Whatever are you thinking my darling?”

Relieved, I remained nonetheless baffled.

“I sent him to the garden that he may select and cut several fresh willow switches that would suffice for my correction of his tardy behaviour.”

A giggle escaped me at the thought of my older and formerly philandering husband being forced to collect and provide the instruments of his own correction.

How far we had come!

“Then,” she said, amused herself, “I sent him down to the *cellar* to wait for me.”

That we were talking about an undeniably handsome man who had chosen me to be his second-wife, this after his first had grown tired of his constant cheating and divorced his arse, never failed to amaze me and the pleasure I took from the knowledge his life was no more than a series of duties and homage to his dusky female master – as well as to me when I was in residence – showed no sign of waning.

“Why the strange look, my darling?” she asked, mildly concerned.

I reiterated my above thoughts and she smiled:

“Yes,” she could do no more than agree, “it must be said that we have come a very long way with him in so short a space of time. Though - and even if I do congratulate myself for having seen through him immediately as an impostor pretending to be a man of substance - I confess myself surprised at just how little he provided in the way of a challenge.”

Her eyes were suddenly teasing but held also a hint of reproof:

“In truth, it was a far more onerous task bringing you to your senses about him and your own potential than it was in making him the beast-of-burden he was always intended to be for a strong woman.”

I gave her a huge smile that was genuine in its gratitude for the way she had transformed my previously middle-of-the-road and vanilla existence.

Adding:

“And I thank you once again for having persisted with me,” I told her, winning an equally large smile of pleasure from my *‘none too facially appealing’* – at least to my husband – hostess.

“It has proved nothing but a delight, my darling,” she told me. “And will, no doubt, continue to prove so. But for now do allow me to put you in the picture more fully.”

I took an anticipatory sip of chilled Chenin and waited.

“When I entered the cellar he was, as taught, standing buck naked with his nose in the corner, unable to prevent himself from trembling as he contemplated what was to come and knowing, as he did, that once I had made up my mind to correct him nothing could or would dissuade me.”

This last I knew only too well.

Her face, as ever when describing the various ways in which she dominated the man I had once considered my life-partner, was beatific with unholy joy and, this time, a little puzzlement:

“I am amazed that you have no wish to witness him being reprimanded, my darling – let alone punish him for his treatment of you over the years for yourself. You would do well to forget he was once your husband, or even a man as the world knows one, and come to terms with what he is now.”

I waited, having heard much the same before from her lips and knowing she had not quite finished.

As I suspected:

“Only then will you take *full* pleasure from his… *indenture*… to us both.”

For once I disagreed with my employer and lover – or, more to the point, was already ahead of her.

“You advise me to do that which I have already done,” I told her. “How could I ever see him as a man again after the way he has allowed himself to be… *reduced*?”

The arms of my Indian hostess and Denny’s *‘master’* went wide with bafflement:

“Then why do you not avail yourself of the pleasure of correcting his behaviour? Especially as you are at least as much his owner as I?”

Placing my glass upon the low rattan table between us, I reached across to take one of her hands in mine:

“Because, my impatient saviour,” I chided her, “and unlike you, I wish to enjoy doing so to the full. At the moment,” I visited upon her a look of mock reprimand, “so often are you taking him to task, the full impact of having the young wife he once ruled-the-roost over correct his behaviour would be lost amidst such similar and frequent treatment.”

I could see she was thinking this over and knew from the imperceptible nodding of her head that she agreed with me.

“For the moment,” I went on, “it is enough that I get to be in a position of power over him as he performs all manner of menial chores for us he once considered beneath his dignity.”

I let her consider this for a few moments, knowing how highly she valued the intelligent application of patience.

Then, finally running low on that same quality:

“Now, do continue. I’m becoming *extremely* impatient to hear of his latest punishment at your hands…”

TWO

The New CEO

September 2011

The world changed for me the day Wesley Broderick, the owner of the software company employing myself and my husband Dennis, died.

I was not to know it at the exact moment of transition, but when his Indian wife, rather than sell to the highest bidder, took over at the helm everything I considered I knew about myself as a loving wife and a straightforward woman was about to be challenged and reset.

In its entirety.

The above, of course, applies to Dennis also.

And in ways as demeaning as mine were elevating and that can be said with some certainty to have my husband viewing his current situation in a far less positive light than that which illuminates my own perspective.

But, before I jump too far ahead of myself, allow me to wind back to the week following on from the arrival in our Ludgate Circus offices of Amrita Broderick as the new owner and CEO of Broderick Solutions.

Given that we knew next to nothing about her, and what we did know came from Wesley's long-term secretary, Jean, our expectations were not high. Wesley had, he confided in Jean – not being the most handsome man on the planet and downright ugly to those less caring and concerned with the feelings of others – entered into an Internet romance with a woman *"not English"*. Apparently, he was sending numerous emails between his penthouse in London's Docklands and, what we all assumed and later found we were correct to do so, the more humble Hyderabad abode and birthplace of Amrita…

Apologies, but her Indian surname remains unknown to me still, despite our closeness and to this day I still think of her as *"Mrs Broderick"*.

As well as in other, more intimate, ways.

To continue though, it was not long, according to the notoriously gossipy and surprisingly ultra-efficient Jean, before things between them had grown more serious and email had given way to Skype before the addition of a webcam had allowed the two would-be lovers to see each other for the first time.

Wesley Broderick's less than appealing features, it transpired, having not deterred his subcontinent paramour.

Not in the slightest, as a matter-of-fact.

A tolerance Jean took the view of meaning our employer's would-be Indian bride was either as physically off-putting as her boss or was simply – Jean being married to a somewhat cerebrally challenged UKIP activist and sharing many of his moronic and populist views - making the most of the association that it might enable her to become the latest Indian visitor to our *"beleaguered"* shores.

The view I take is the latter. For though she certainly couldn't be said to be a looker in the true sense of the term, there was certainly… *something*. And, if a new life in the UK was the main impetus for marrying Wesley, then it certainly turned out well for her.

As, it must be said, and by a more *indirect* route, it has for me.

After a week in which she took the time to speak with each of her staff – secretaries as well as executives and software engineers and sales people, such as my husband, the changes began.

Her husband's former secretary being the first to be let go – and with a generous package and gushing reference assuring she went with a minimum of fuss.

And her replacement?

None other than Mrs Dennis Bennett herself..

My husband, whose secretary I still was at the time – it was how we had met, after all, shortly after his first marriage had collapsed and he had been cleaned out by the ex who cited his adultery to a sympathetic female divorce-judge and was, consequently, awarded virtually everything apart from his less than coveted collection of eighties vinyl – had not been best pleased at the disruption to his working life and had even gone to see the new CEO to protest.

And probably wished he hadn't – even if what occurred would have been sure to have taken place at some time in the near future whether he had walked into her office without waiting to be told to enter on that fateful day or not.

Put simply, he was told she had evaluated the performance of different areas of the company and felt that his area of excellence could just as easily be covered by others in the company whilst saving a considerable amount in salary and outlay in the process.

Not only that but, and unlike Jean the gossip, the package he was offered that he might go without a fuss was the bare minimum required to be paid by employment law.

He was outraged and very, very, angry.

Understandable reactions that would shortly be joined by devastation for the loss of a position he had convinced himself would be for life given the solid relationship he had formed with the late Wesley.

Or at least until such a time as he had no further need for it.

Sorry. Did I not mention that my husband, as well as being a cheat and a chauvinist, was also something of a dreamer?

Anyhow, dreamer or not, you can only imagine the invective that fell from his lips towards my sensitive ears when we arrived home on *that* evening as he made his defence of me and my position as his secretary the *sole* reason for the loss of his job.

Invective that became no more mild when I told him of the substantial rise in salary - far more, in fact, than Jean the gossip had been paid by Wesley Broderick - that went with my elevation to the position of the CEO's personal-assistant and that we would at least be able to get by until he found another position. Insisting, as he did, that the *"half-crazed Indian goldigger"* was about to ruin all Wesley's hard work in making the company what it was. Ending by saying that his departure was a blessing as he really didn't want to be there when it all went down the pan.

Actually, within a month, and despite the misgivings many had professed for one taking over the helm who was so inexperienced in business and software matters, as well as being from a… *different*… background, Amrita – apart from the no longer in situ Jean and my husband – had won her employees around and seemed to have a healthy knack for delegating and allowing those who were good at what they did to go on doing it without unnecessary interference.

In short, and even more than it had during the time of the late Wesley and my departed husband, the company went from strength-to-strength.

At this point, it's probably as well to tell you something of my background and appearance that you may, where I've failed, understand what Amrita saw in me from that very first *"get to know each other"* meeting in her late-husband's former office.

I was twenty-seven when I first came to work for Dennis at Broderick Solutions and we married not three months afterwards. The speed with which he wood me and popped the question making me suspicious despite being flattered that such a handsome and seemingly self-assured older man – my boss – felt such a way.

Suspicions that firmed up a little when we moved into our first rented home together – we were still renting when Amrita came on the scene given my husband's parlous finances after his divorce – and it became obvious to me that, despite holding down an exacting job of my own and working the same hours at the company, I was also expected to take care of *all* domestic chores.

My ready acceptance of such an imposition going a long way to explaining just how flattered I was that such a handsome and important man wanted me for his own.

At least then.

You see, for although I've been blessed with shapely legs and breasts to match on a somewhat hour-glass, if prematurely matronly, figure, facially – and in common with Amrita – I've never been what one might describe as a *"stunner"*.

At just over five-and-a-half-feet tall the most striking facet of my looks above the waist has always been a crown of fiery red hair that belied my amenable temperament. My nose is a little too narrow and my mouth and plump lips somewhat too large – even if Amrita describes those looks as *"sensual"* and I suppose the green eyes giving evidence of some far distant Irish ancestry do compliment the hair perfectly; even if those eyes are *ever so* slightly crossed and detract from the effect a tad. But the truth is that - and I always laid the blame at the door of my *slightly* wayward eyes - I had never been much sought after by the opposite sex until the on the rebound Dennis took an interest in me.

He told me how much he liked me over drinks one night after work and I was so ecstatic to hear such a declaration from his lips that I ignored all the other warning signs to which his recent divorce should have alerted me. I was so pleased to be with him back then that nothing else mattered. And was even happier a month or so later when he told me he loved me and proposed.

No doubt doing so simply to have someone to share rent on a larger apartment and gain himself a cook, cleaner and bottle-washer into the bargain.

But then, and unlike Amrita, I was not impervious to the undeniable good looks and charm that runs in tandem with the low-grade cleverness and cunning many self-involved men seem to develop as they go through life and become more manipulative in the process.

Until, that is, and I refer to Amrita, they meet their match.

In short, things were not perfect, but I did have a handsome man on my arm who just happened to be my boss and this made it a pleasure to make infrequent visits to the family – a family I confess to not having much time for - who had assured me I would end up an old maid and confound their expectations.

Even if these few infrequent drop-ins became a thing of the past as my dislike for them remained the same and the novelty of showing my husband off to them soon lost its novelty.

When Amrita let him go – and I did try to intercede for him without, obviously, much success – he did, in fairness to him, immediately start searching for another position.

Without any joy whatsoever.

He was a jobless man in his mid-forties during a vicious and worldwide recession. His money and what few savings he had were rapidly running out and he had been forced, for the first time in his life, to accept welfare – such as it was. This for a man who had been brought up to believe – even if he only paid lip-service to it when he considered it convenient o that it was a man's place to provide for his wife. And here he was, knowing that he would have gone under were it not for the new and enhanced salary I made from working for the very person who had precipitated his fall to financial dependency.

Hardly surprising, then, when lack of success turned initial enthusiasm to lethargy. Before lethargy found itself joined by self-pity and hatred for the *"Indian bitch"* who had let him go and who was now, effectively, my boss. This until such a time as lethargy, self-pity, and too much daytime TV led him to start venting his frustration upon me.

This despite the fact I was still picking up around the apartment as if he were still in work and my being employed by the *"ugly Indian guttersnipe"* who had let him go, and at a higher salary that at least enabled us to get by, had changed nothing.

An *"ugly Indian guttersnipe"*, it turned out, who was about to make a proposal to the young wife he was riding roughshod over that would change their lives.

THREE

Acceptance

November 2011

For my first visit to her home, I had expected Amrita to be wearing a traditional sari for some reason.

Instead, she was dressed in western clothes like myself. A clingy black top which highlighted her full and still firm breasts while tight jeans in dark denim drew attention to her generous thighs and plump arse. By no means a looker in the conventional sense, my boss and Indian lover with the mix of facial features that managed to combine the cruel and avian with a sense of the feline exuded sensuality.

And knew it.

She also knew my visit meant I would be accepting the proposal she had made to me some two months before and was fully on board with the changes she had in mind.

Changes that had been thought out carefully with not just me alone in mind.

And changes that would be far more onerous on the oblivious husband for whom I was accepting them than the pleasure the suggested alterations to our entire lives together as man and wife held for me.

Alterations for which I would at one time have professed revulsion and contempt and now felt only the most incredible anticipation for what my boss and soon to be lover professed was achievable.

More of this shortly.

Sliding one heavily be-ringed hand over mine she squeezed it gently and I could feel my cunt juices beginning to stir.

“I have been looking forward to this moment all day, my English baby,” she told me in English suffused with the accent of her homeland she would *never* lose and which so added to my excitement. You have teased me for too long and I have found myself quite unable to get your little body out of my head.”

Her English, as I am told the English of many from her land who had not been born to wealth and privilege – quite the reverse in her case – was, along with its heavy accent, precise in its structure and lacking in total those ticks and contractions common to those, like me, for whom it was the mother-tongue.

“Am I to take it you dressed yourself in such a sexy way on your own?” she asked. The avian cruelness noted above was evident as she added:

“Or did you have your husband assist as I… *suggested*?”

I was wearing tasteful silver earrings and an equally fetching silver necklace my husband had bought me as an anniversary gift the year before and my white shirt was unbuttoned sufficiently to attract attention to the décolletage of my own not inconsiderable breasts as they rose and fell below it. A short black skirt hugged my rounded hips and arse, giving way to bare smooth legs with slightly muscled and exaggerated calf-muscles which, in turn, reached down to black stiletto shoes.

"I… I asked him, aunty," I began, using the form of address she insisted I should use if it was indeed my intention to take her up on her offer. "Just like you said I should if I took you up on your…" I stopped short of actually saying, even more nervous now the time was upon me than I'd been simply contemplating the giving of my assent. "But he… But he…"

"Like me, Chrissy," she began, pleased to have been addressed in the way she liked that was to be symbolic of my surrender to her, "you are not what might be called *catwalk model'* material, but you an attractive and highly erotic woman, just the same. It is no surprise that your husband would not appreciate being asked to help make you look more desirable for another. Even if that someone is a woman and his former boss and he has no idea of our… *feelings*… for each other."

"I did get him to help me on with my hose," I told her, knowing how she loved to hear me describe even the smallest incident where my handsome and older husband had *waited* upon me, my boss and soon to be bisexual lover having had no qualms in telling me how attractive she found Dennis and how much she would enjoy exercising… *authority*... over him. The latter having puzzled me for a while, given she had been the one who had ensured he had no choice but to leave her company and take him away from what authority she did exercise over him. Puzzlement that had turned to understanding when she felt comfortable enough with me to make her *'proposal'* and explain the nature of the control she – *we* – intended to wield over him should I find her *'offer*' to my liking.

"Your hose?" she asked, eyeing my bare and lightly tanned legs quizzically.

I giggled, it being early days in the re-definition of my marriage and still feeling unsure of myself.

"I decided you would prefer me bare-legged once he had gone to all the trouble of kneeling before me and sliding them up my legs."

"And did it feel good to have your husband on his knees before you? Did you feel… *empowered*?"

I nodded.

"I can picture his disappointment when you took them off again," my *'aunty'* laughed cruelly, relishing anything that smacked of male discomfort.
On this occasion, I was about to disappoint her:

"Actually, he seemed pleased."

Feline and avian features frowned their displeasure towards me.

“I thought you told me he had a *‘thing’* for women in pantyhose and stockings?”

“He has. That’s why he was so pleased to get back down on his knees as I stood above him and remove them for me.”

A few seconds were required before the light dawned and frown became beaming smile and we both burst out laughing.

Her grip on my hand tightened and our eyes met, alive with the possibilities opening up for us now I’d finally decided to throw off my town-mouse and underling shackles to experience all she had promised were I to do just that. There was a whole world in her gaze. A whole world of sensuous and guilt-free possibilities that made contemplation of my old life pale in comparison. I wanted to give myself to this Indian woman some eight years older than myself – though she was younger than my husband by that much again – and allow her to love me and dominate me as she saw fit.

And Dennis…?

We will come to *him* soon.

“I am so glad your husband could spare you for this evening. I know just how much he hates me and would not be pleased to have you meet with me socially – even if I am your boss still.

“He wasn’t happy,” I told her, recalling how adamant he was that I should stay home and his surprise that I did not concede to his wishes in the way of old. “Though he did perk up a little when I told him you were thinking of promoting me.”

“Did you tell him you would be taking over his former position?” a small hint of rebuke in her tone that I may have done just that despite her warning me against it at this stage.

I shook my head emphatically.

“Like you said, it is far too early to rub his nose in it,” I told her, the pleased expression that was a mix of both carrion and Persian she aimed my way making me feel like the *‘good girl’* she fully intended I become for her. “Though I have noticed a change in his demeanour now that he no longer earns a wage and he has no confidence of being able to in the near future and for as long as the current recession holds.

“Did I not tell say that you would soon see a different side to your *‘lord-and-master’* the moment he was not gainfully employed and you were?”

She *had* said that and I *had* noticed a difference in Dennis in the two months that had passed since he had lost his job.

Or, rather, had it stripped from him by the woman who had spent a large part of that time attempting to seduce his wife.

And in the most perverse of ways.

“Excellent, my sweet, excellent. But that is enough of… *him*… for now.”

Her smile broadened and became – there is no other word for it – *lewd*:

“He, my darling, is work-in-progress while *you* are what is delightfully known as… *unfinished business*.”

Raising my hand to her lips she kissed it and I knew from the way I melted inside that my powerful Indian boss and about to be lover could have what she wanted from me.

And not only me.

She flashed a smile at me and stroked coal black hair from that avian and feline face. Obsidian and all-seeing eyes did not taking their gaze from mine for a second as she removed her lips from the back of my hand and placed it upon the full and firm breasts covered by the tight black fabric of her top. My breathing became laboured as my own eyes took in the contours visible to their growingly hungry stare and I became aware of her nipples coming to even fuller life at the warmth of the hand she had placed upon them.

Breathing difficult, my mouth was also suddenly dry at the thought of drawing those large dark nipples past my lips and into my mouth before…

Still looking at me intently, she placed her open palm over my crotch and allowed it to rest there – along with placing my hand upon her breasts it was the most intimate and provocative move she had made towards me.

And I *loved* it!

I could feel cunt juice oozing from my open pussy as she simply allowed the palm of her hand to rest above the shrine I so wanted her to invade and make her own but was too reserved to invite.

Was I a lesbian now?

Despite my excitement, the conditioning of my background was ever-present and I found the prospect disturbing.

At least for a while.

Sensing my nervousness, she placed her free hand behind my head and pulled me in close to hold me in her soft embrace; both heightening my excitement and providing reassurance for my misgivings at one and the same time.

If being a lesbian could inspire such feelings, to hell with prior conditioning.

Suddenly, my inhibitions were melting away as ice before the onslaught of an inferno and I felt myself floating heavenward as I rested my head on her shoulder and planted a kiss on her exposed neck. The contrast of her brown flesh against the lightly tanned Caucasian variety that was mine adding yet another layer to the excitement she had and was inspiring in me as I ran my tongue over her salty skin.

"Yes, my good baby, that feels nice. Your tongue will perform many such… *duties*… for you aunty in the coming years."

The fact she was talking about us having a future together, so far had I been moved since her initial offer, was almost as thrilling as my close proximity to this lowly-born Indian woman for whom I was developing a most unlikely obsession.

"Does aunty taste nice to her good girl?'

"Hmmm," was all I managed to utter as I allowed my tongue to run freely along her neck and up to her ear, probing it with my tongue before kissing her full on the lips.

A big sigh escaped her when we broke the kiss and I realised she, like me, had never felt so horny and turned on. We were going to jelly in each other's embrace. Even if she were the dominant partner.

Lifting my chin with her free hand, she kissed me with soft but commanding lips until I broke free, panting.

"Aunty," I gushed, "I adore you. No one has ever made me feel like this."

"What?" she asked with mock reproof. "Not even your handsome husband?"

"Certainly not him," I snorted, beginning to resent the man I'd loved for having deprived me of such joy these past five years – even if I hadn't known I had such… *feelings*… myself.

"You prefer me to your husband then?"

There was a depth of contempt to her description of Dennis as my *"husband"* I could not miss, even in my current condition somewhere near delirium.
But there was something else also.

Something I knew to be desire on her part.

And how could I fail *not* to know it, given she was the one who had informed me of its existence in the first place?

"You know I do," I answered her breathlessly but no less truthfully. "I want you so badly it causes me physical pain. I want to worship your superior Indian body with my tongue, and my lips, and my fingers, and anything else of mine you desire to give you pleasure."

“My! We have travelled a great distance in so short a space of time, have we not?” she asked with just a trace of mockery for what we both knew was complete submission to the desires *she* had instilled in me and I now wished to experience with every fibre of my being.

No matter at what cost to my husband.

“That was not, you will recall, your response when I first made you aware of my interest in you and your husband,” she reminded me.

By way of not having to supply a response to a question I felt uncomfortable in answering, I took her hand from my crotch and slipped it under my skirt, knowing I was not wearing panties and what awaited her there.

“Oh, my!” she gasped and I knew I’d pleased her as her fingers came to rest on my distended and, now, hairless cunt lips. “You actually did it for your aunty. You wonderful little girl.”

About to thank her for the compliment, I was robbed of the ability to breathe as her questing fingers began to feather my labia as her eyes, full of their own delight for the conquest being made of me, held mine with complete confidence in her ability to… *control*.

She stroked me gently and subtly and I had, to that point, never experienced sensations of such intensity as she accompanied the task of placing me in both mental and physical bondage to her with words:

“My darling girl,” she whispered, voice growing husky with her own excitement and increasing mine into the bargain. “I love the feel of your smooth pussy. From this moment on I must insist you keep it this way for your aunty.”

“I… I will,” I somehow managed to assure her.

“And all this juice, my darling? Is it really for me alone?”

Her face suddenly became suspicious and it would only be later when I was not quite so feverish from anticipation that I would realise I was being teased.

“Or are you simply trying to win my good graces that I may reinstate your handsome husband at my company and you are excited because *he* is the one you picture at this moment? Even as it is my fingers that provide you with so much… *joy*?”

“No, aunty!” I cried out as those same fingers removed themselves from my growingly euphoric snatch as if by way of punishment. “It is my gift to *you* – as is the husband I now believe to be as weak as you insisted he would prove to be.”

“You are sincere in this, little Chrissy?” she asked teasing and leading at one and the same time. “You would give him to me? Even while knowing he would *never* be allowed to act the part of a husband to you again?”

“Totally,” I made reply on the instant, wanting nothing more than for the return of her brown fingers to my steaming pussy. “If that is what you really want.”

“Oh, yes, little Chrissy,” she told me, not bothering to go through any charade of disingenuous protest. “That is what I really want. But what else have you to tell me?”

I swallowed, knowing I couldn’t prevent the words about to leave my lips and not sure if I would if I could.

Then, finally, acknowledging my surrender to a self-confessed and none too attractive woman from the slums of Hyderabad:

“I… I want to be yours… aunty”

She waited, pleased at what could only be described as my submission to her, even as I sensed there was something else she wanted to hear.

Perhaps even more so.

At that moment, I would have denied this dusky and most unlikely goddess *nothing*.

“As…” I began, clearing a throat that had suddenly clogged with debris of a perverse if no less emotional kind. “…As is my husband if… if you can conquer him in the way you have conquered me.”

A look of pure satisfaction transformed features into a facsimile that was more feline than avian and, to my utter relief and delight, she slipped her forefinger into the wet and welcoming cunt of her younger white subject.

When her thumb circled my clit the scream of arousal that exited my lips was unrecognisable as belonging to me and I began to thrust against her soft and smooth fingers - so different from a man’s – and especially that of my husband.

“That is as it should be my lovely obedient girl,” she cooed as yet another finger joined its neighbour in my pussy and I began to hump at speed. “You must give yourself to your aunty. Let her see how little your husband is to you and that you are more than happy for me to make him of use to both of us as we make of him what he was always intended to be and we live the lives fate surely intended for us to live.”

At the mention of my husband and picturing him at my lover’s mercy in ways more abject and denigrating to his sense of male pride than he might be able to bear, I felt my orgasm begin to swell into an unstoppable force and thrust myself deep onto her invasive fingers.

I felt, and for the first time, truly… *alive*.

Again and again I thrust, all sense of pride and moral conditioning a memory as I gave myself over completely to the sensations the woman who intended to be not only my owner but – and in an infinitely more humiliating way – my husband’s.

I felt perverted, wanton, and totally out-of-control. And it felt sensational. For the first time in my life I was experiencing the kind of sex I had heard described by other women at the workplace I had thought to be exaggerating and in the more lurid novels I had read during my formative and schoolgirl years, and I simply adored it; knowing now that there could *never* be a return to the selfish and unimaginative efforts of the husband whose handsome looks I had allowed to blind me from his shortcoming for so long.

My scream as orgasm broke across the shores of what passed for my consciousness was nothing short of animalistic and seemed to go on forever!

“Such potential, my little white slut,” she observed when I had calmed enough to take in words that should have shamed me and had entirely the opposite effect. “I am so delighted that fate saw fit to throw us together and, now that you have made your choice, we truly do have a most delightful future ahead of us both.”

Her following laughter was not what anyone would have called pleasant.

Especially not the unknowing man at whom it was directed were he in a position to hear it.

“Though I have much doubt your husband will ever come to agree with me on this score,” she said as if reading my thoughts.

Still coming down from the most intense sexual explosion of my life I nonetheless managed a laugh at what I felt sure could only prove a truism as Amrita raised a hand soaked in the secretions from my pussy and offered it to my lips.

The surprise I could read in her eyes when I freely licked my own juices from her all-conquering fingers mirrored in my own as I submitted to yet another unthinkable act without missing so much as a beat.

“Oh, yes. You truly do desire this. To be auntie’s obedient slut as well as her much loved and adored sex-toy.”

I hadn’t thought of myself as a slut and sex-toy before but ,as I cuddled in the arms of this unlikely Indian goddess, pussy shaved at her behest and having given her the go-ahead to attempt the enslavement of my own husband, I realised there was nothing at that moment I desired more.

What my *husband* might desire was now of absolutely no account to me if it meant having my own wishes realised.

“Yes, aunty, I want it very much. To give you pleasure and feel loved in your embrace. I desire nothing more.”

“And Dennis?”

It was the first time I had ever heard her call him by his first name and I gave her a puzzled look before asking:

“What of him?”

“Are you sure it will not cause you pain to know he is owned by me as well? And in ways minus the love I will always feel and extend to you?”

Before she had even finished, I was already shaking my head to indicate *“pain”* at seeing her take over my husband’s life was the last thing I would feel and was, in fact, far more likely to react in quite a different way.”

“You need have no worries on that score, aunty,” I assured her. “I was committed to becoming yours before I arrived here. Now, after… *that*… I want to be yours forever.”

Pleased, my Indian boss and lover cupped one of my breasts before gently and playfully tweaking a nipple excitement and continued anticipation ensured remained in the condition of a projectile.

I did, however, have doubts and my *“aunty”* picked up on this.

“You do not feel it is possible for me to bring about such a thing?” she asked.

“Well…” I began, not wishing to offend her given the pleasure she had proved herself capable of delivering me, but not wishing to be dishonest either.

“Go on,” she urged, smile of encouragement assuring me no offence would be taken at my thoughts. “My little girl must always be truthful with her aunty.”

“Well… It’s just that this is the twenty-first century.”

“The fact, you may be surprised to learn, has not escaped me,” she replied with no small sarcasm.

“What I’m trying to say,” I persisted, ignoring her mild mockery, “is that what you’re describing for Dennis sounds awfully like…”

“Go on,” she urged when I hesitated, feeling almost silly to even by mooting such a prospect in our day and age.

“Like slavery,” I finished.

“Yes. And what is your point?”

Both the reaction and the question took me aback.

Was she serious?

She had just told me she wished to manoeuvre my husband into a position akin to that of an indentured-servant, that he may be available on a permanent basis to provide us with all kinds of domestic and sexual service.

What did she think was my point?"

"I… hmm… Well, for a start, the point I'm trying to make is that it's illegal."

Her laughter contained genuine hilarity now – along with annoyance for my lack of faith.

I could also see cruelty lurking not too far beneath the surface and I wondered at the depths of pure perversity that existed in the far reaches of her soul.

Despite what I acknowledged as my growing infatuation for her I was also more than a little afraid of my Indian boss and now lover.

"Believe me, my little girl," she said after supplying my lips a reassuring kiss, "what I wish to achieve with your husband and the position into which I shall force him is well within my grasp and will not impact upon the feelings we have for each other in any way."

Being the law-abiding citizen I have always been, a worried look must have crossed my face at her use of the word *"force"* as she added:

"And you have my most solemn promise that nothing we do to enslave your husband will be in the least way… *illegal*."

FOUR

An Evening Out

December 2011

I lay there, in post-coital bliss, enjoying the aftermath of the best sex I'd ever experienced.

With a man, anyway.

Tiny orgasmic eruptions continued to explode throughout my body but I put this down to my own head and its unwillingness for the sensations he had just provoked in me to end.

The *"he"*, you understand *not* being my husband.

In common with Dennis though, if in an entirely different and more positive way, this had not been love making.

Nor was it the ineffectual and self-loving efforts I had grown used to from my husband over the years.

This had been *fucking*.

Pure and simple.

Hard, long, deep and seemingly inexhaustible.

Fucking such as I had never known in my life to that point.

And I had my own boss and female lover to thank for it.

"You will be the main focus of my love and desire, darling," she had told me. *"And I hope and expect to be yours. But that does not mean we must be off-limits to the pleasures that can be provided by the brute male should he be used to provide us with sexual service in the way nature intended. I hope – no, insist – that you take as many men to your bed as you wish that you may learn best how to make use of what pitiful talents they have to please you. It is but one more way for you to come into your full potential."*

I hadn't gone looking for it and, despite the regular sex I was having with my lover and mentor, had not considered cheating on my increasingly marginalised husband with another man.

Until Amrita, witness her above words, explained that it would be good for both of us to be *"non-exclusive"* in sexual terms.

Especially, she had gone on to say, as it would be so much more humiliating for Dennis when the new home in Kent she was purchasing had been fitted to her

specifications and she was ready, with my considerable help, to spring the trap upon him.

Hence her troll of the Internet and likely lovers.

For me!

The man she chose was one I know she chose deliberately to drive home to me that men were essentially selfish brutes who needed to be controlled.

But not just that alone.

When they were controlled by a woman, she insisted, much pleasure could be gained by allowing them to assume a limited, and sexual, form of it again.

If only temporarily.

It was something I hadn't been expecting or seeking but, once experienced, I couldn't wait to experience it again.

And again!

The man she had chosen after much contact and Skype conversations had been nowhere near as handsome and attractive as my husband and had, into the bargain, been rude, crude and obnoxious.

He was also blessed with a cock twice the size of the one at home I was used to and had the stamina, endurance and belligerence of a bull to match.

All the above exciting me in ways I would once have found as repulsive as it was unimaginable.

"You're a slut and you want this, don't you," he had said as he dropped his trousers prior to lowering a pair of bulging boxer-shorts.

I could only gasp my response as he had lowered the boxers and his cock stood out from his body at such length and girth I almost asked him if he'd brought a Barber-Shop into the hotel-room with him. I had known only the cock of Dennis and two others to that point and what was in front of me dwarfed them all. It was curved and was uncircumcised, its bulbous tip looking for all the world like an old-fashioned Victorian door-knob. It was, I confessed to myself, as gorgeous as its owner was crude and insufferable.

"Touch it," he said. "Feel how hard it is because of you. Because I know you're a slut at heart and want nothing more than to take it in your whore mouth and suck it like the filthy cheating bitch you are."

I couldn't believe how such treatment was turning me on but recalled how Amrita had said it was good for certain women – not *her*, you understand - to give up control

from time to time; knowing as they did that, ultimately, they were the ones with the power.

“Yeah, that's the way, bitch,” he urged when my lips wrapped themselves around the mushroom-head. “Lick that lovely big lollypop and show me you know what an honour it is I’m doing you.”

I licked.

“In your mouth now and suck,” he ordered after a minute or so of my grateful slurping; take it in as deep as you can.”

I took it in deep.

“Eyes on mine while you’re sucking, slut,” he commanded. “Let me see that gratitude.”

I looked.

“Here it comes,” he warned me, a brute paw going to the back of my head that I might not remove it before his cum flooded my mouth and had no other means of transport other than down my throat. “Keep… looking at me when I… cum,” he reminded me, breathy words assuring me I was doing a bang-up job in sucking my first cock other than the mini version of my husband’s.

His eyes began to roll in his head as my own struggled to do as he ordered.

“Yes… Yes… Yes…”

His body convulsed as I continued to suck as if my very life depended upon it.

“Yeeeeeeeeeeees!!!!!”

He came… and he came… and he…

And do you know what?

He was right. I did indeed feel slutty. I also felt truly a woman for the first time in my life as well as, strangely, and just as Amrita had said I would, feeling in complete control of both situation and man. Brute or not.

When we finally made it between the sheets and his pile-driving manhood took me to sexual heights I hadn’t imagined possible, I not only, and as said, felt like a slut but I also experienced a sense of liberation that was almost as thrilling as the sensations provided by the cock that had just sated me.

A world I already considered to have changed beyond recognition had just done the unthinkable and changed again.

FIVE

The Proposal

September 2011

“I wanted to speak with you, Chrissy," Amrita Broderick, my employer of three weeks told me after I’d entered her office not seconds after having had her buzz me to do just that.

I had been with her for just short of a fortnight and, despite a guilty conscience, was already enjoying my work for her far more than I ever did with the unemployed and seeming unemployable husband who now vegetated at home in front of the TV and who knows what Internet porn that took his fancy.

“How can I help you, Mrs Broderick?”

She appraised me and I got the distinct impression she was assessing my readiness for something or other.

Even if I hadn’t a clue as to what.

Though I soon would.

“I appreciate dedication and hard-work, Chrissy, and I like to reward it at all times.”

“I’m sorry,” I said, believing this a reference to my more than generous pay-rise and the fact I had not thanked her until now. “I was meaning to thank you for increasing…”

“This is not a discussion about your salary, Chrissy,” she informed me while holding up a correcting hand to forestall me. “Though I see no reason why this should not be increased in the very near-future.”

As pleased and excite by such a prospect as I was, even though I knew my fetching home even more money might prove a red-rag to the lethargic and self-pitying bull waiting for me to cook for him at home, I was also puzzled.

My work, I knew, was efficient and good, but after barely two-weeks it was hardly worthy of such a swift salary increase.

My puzzlement, however, was overridden by her next words:

“I thought I owed it to you to explain my reasons for removing your husband from his position here.”

“You told him that it was a cost-cutting exercise, pure and simple,” I reminded her. “At least, that’s what he told me.

To my surprise, and rather than reiterating the same excuse, she went off on another tangent:

"Unlike the late Mr Broderick," she began, English thick with the unmistakable sound of her own roots, "I am from what most Europeans would describe as a *'deprived background'*. But, as my late-husband learned and grew to appreciate, I am a very strong woman who likes to be obeyed by the men around her and…"

Obsidian and subcontinent eyes drank in mine and for the first time in her presence I felt a little…

…Uncomfortable.

In fact, if I hadn't known better at the time, I would have sworn she was undressing me from my two-piece working outfit of skirt to above the knee and bolero jacket.

And, unless I was deluding myself and being far too sensitive, she also seemed to be flicking hungry and intermittent glances towards the chest of my white cotton shirt and the breasts that strained beneath it.

"Surely not!" I told myself.

She was – or had been until recently – a married woman.

The words with which she finished her sentence, however, were not reassuring:

"…and, *sometimes*, the women."

"I, hmm… I'm not sure what you mean, Mrs Broderick?" I asked, shocked a little by my own thoughts and hoping they were not about to be proved correct.

As it turned out, they were not about to be.

Not *entirely*, anyway.

"I sense," she said by way of an answer that you are a young woman who has not only failed to achieve her potential but has absolutely no idea she is in possession of any."

Holding up a hand to forestall my response, though I have no idea what form it might have taken, she went on:

"Why else would you have remained a secretary to your husband after marriage when you are so clearly capable of so much more?"

"I still am a secretary, Mrs Broderick" I reminded her.

"Yes. That is no more than the simple truth."

I waited, believing the point was made.

Not so.

“But,” she went on, determined to make a point of her own, “you are now *my* secretary and, unlike your husband, I value the talents I sense in you – even if you do not.”

Though I was, in truth, enjoying my work with her and the fact she involved me in ways Dennis would have found unthinkable when he was my boss and called the shots, I was still baffled as to where she was going with all of this.

But then, and at this point, I realise I would not have believed the destination she had in mind had I been told in advance at this.

It was also at this point that my new boss and CEO decided to go into a long ramble about her background and how fortunate she had been to meet a man such as Wesley Broderick.

A man, she insisted, who appreciated a woman for her strength of character and intelligence rather than *just* her background and looks.

She also explained that she enjoyed being in control – especially of men – and that nothing maddened her more in life than seeing a superior woman waste herself on an unworthy male.

“Your husband is a very handsome man, Chrissy. But he is also vain, weak and selfish.”

Still being the loyal housewife I was at the time – even if the gutless way Dennis seemed to be reacting to his unemployment was beginning to grate – I defended him:

“You don’t really know him, Mrs Broderick and, without wishing to be rude, he *is* my husband still.”

“That is very loyal of you, Chrissy, and no more than I have come to expect from you.”

I nodded at her by way of an unspoken: *“you’re forgiven but can we now put our relationship back on a working footing and refrain from personal comments that have nothing whatsoever to do with you?”*

The hint was not picked up on.

“But,” she went on, “it is high time your eyes were opened to your own potential and the fact this man has held you back.”

I knew instantly that I should be taking her to task for her presumption in involving herself in my marital situation but, irritation with my husband and the admitted pleasure I took from hearing myself described as someone with potential got the better of me.

Hesitation my Indian boss was not slow to spot and make the most of:

"*That*, to bring me back to my reason for speaking with you, is why I decided to let your husband go. Yes, there was some economic reasoning behind my decision but, in truth, I could as easily have employed him in another area."

"Then please do so," I pleaded, knowing how demoralised Dennis was at his current situation and his dim future prospects – not to mention how miserable it was making me. "Losing his position here and not being able to find another is absolutely killing him."

She nodded at me and for a moment I thought she was thinking of granting my request.

"Then my decision to remove him has worked out exactly as I intended."

I stared at her, askance:

"W-What?"

She made no reply and I rushed on:

"You made Dennis unemployed so that… so that he would feel…?"

"Demoralised?" she asked. "Yes. That would be the correct word."

I stood before her stunned, unsure whether to be furious or to simply go with the flow and be grateful I still had a job and she seemed taken with me.

Taking my silence as evidence I would do the latter, she went on:

"I also promoted you to increase his sense of… *desperation*."

My lips opened at this but no sound emerged.

"It was one way of showing you on just what a weakling you waste your potential."

At this, she rose from her chair and came around the desk to perch her buttocks upon its edge and face me; revealing a pair of strong and surprisingly shapely legs in tan hose that, to my disquiet, I couldn't seem to tear my eyes from.

"It was also," she added as I tore my eyes away and found her own, "a way of getting close to you."

I all but felt my jaw land upon my chest.

"Cl-Close to me?"

The Indian woman's eyes, there is no other description for it, were hungry as she nodded and went on:

“How else could I show to you the advantages of becoming my…”

She paused on the last word and I realised I had stopped breathing as I waited to discover just what it might be.

“…*lover*.”

SIX

"Beginnings"

FROM: *amrita.despotic@aol.com*
TO: *beloved.niece@hotmail.co.uk*
SUBJECT: *Progress*

Just a few words, my lovely Chrissie, to keep you in the picture in respect of your husband and his first day as my… manservant.

Just saying it thrills me to the core and if I am so turned on at this early stage in his training and subjugation – not that he recognises it as such – then I feel sure I must become a jibbering wreck when I have him at that point in his obedience to me that I can take either slipper or cane to his unruly backside and demand the use of his tongue upon either my glorious Indian arse or the pussy made slippery and moist from seeing him in such an abject condition and knowing myself to be responsible for his fall from grace.

With due acknowledgment made to the part you have played and are playing in his demotion from manhood.

I prefer that we communicate this way at such an early stage and would rather not run the risk of him overhearing a telephone conversation concerning his… situation. But this does not prevent me extending to you my best wishes for your first week as the head of the company and the hope that you have settled in to your new home. I can assure you, the surroundings in which you find yourself will be far more to your liking than the accommodation in my cellar I had designed specifically with a live-in servant in mind.

Oh, my! You should have seen your handsome husband's face when he realised he would not be living upstairs amidst the comfort of my secluded new home with its views over the Medway but, instead, would have as his quarters a well-appointed if Spartan cellar with its own tiny kitchen bathroom and be below stairs in the way of a Victorian flunky.

And a flunky whose employer was an Indian woman he despised, at that!

My race and gender are obviously problems for him and the fact I am a female on its own would be enough to rankle with him.

Add my ethnicity to the mix and his obvious distaste and feelings of superiority to those of my race and colour and the extent his disapproval is vast enough to be almost physical.

So distasteful to him is it, in fact, he can barely bring himself to look me in the eye at these early stages and he is, at best, surly and uncommunicative.

Good.

Though he does not look at me just yet as a way of showing respect but simply to avoid seeing the shame of his new position written upon my, I have to say, somewhat smug features, there will soon come a time when his eyes remain lowered for precisely that reason.

As I say, he has been surly and uncommunicative and, I sense, resents you almost as much as he hates me for your having contrived to force him to accept such a position while you run my company and live in luxury in the capital.

This has not, you will be delighted to hear, interfered much with my training of him as a lowly domestic – even if I can tell he is consoling himself with the thought it is but a temporary situation and he will, somehow, return to something approximating the life he formerly knew.

In this, my darling girl, we will disappoint him.

Anyhow, and in closing, take heart from the fact that your once macho husband is gradually becoming adept with both washing-machine and iron and will soon be ready for lessons in still more menial duties.

Be patient, my love, and when you visit at the end of the month I agreed upon there will be a marked change in your perception of the man you once allowed to lead your marriage.

I will share more news with you in a day or so but, for now, do give your husband a call and assure him of both your love and the pride you have for him in that he is willing to take on a position he hates that your relationship continue and grow stronger. Believe me, and as ludicrous as we know it to be, he will take much heart from your praise and reassurances and be made much more receptive to what is to come.

With love from your aunty and lover.

*****

December 2011

“Dinner is ready," came my husband’s somewhat surly voice from the kitchen and I found myself looking forward to this, the very first meal my husband had cooked.

And *all* for me!

Even if it was being served with less than good grace and, strictly speaking, was not the first time he had made sure a meal was waiting for me upon my return from the company that had provided him with such a large percentage of his self-esteem. And even if his new willingness to pick-up around the flat was grudging. *This*, however, was the first time he had cooked from scratch rather than open a ready-meal or a can.

But forward, progress, as they say, is better than none whatsoever.

I also realised that after a day at the office that I was as famished as I was excited and, as I moved towards the kitchen in the apartment we still rented that was minus a dining-room, I allowed my thoughts to run back over the conversation with my lover and boss, Amrita, that had sent my thoughts and expectations skywards.

Or perhaps I should say, given the altitude to which my bisexual Indian lover had taken them already, *"into orbit!"*…

…"I have decided to take a backward step and spend more time away from the office now it is running so smoothly," she told me, the announcement coming completely out of the blue and, I confess, leaving me a little worried. I had, after all, only just acclimatised to being her P.A., with all the added responsibility and getting to know her ways that involved. Now I was going to have to get used to someone else.

Except that I wasn't.

"That does not mean," she went on, "that I do not need someone here to take the helm. Which is why I have already chosen someone to take over the reins, so to speak."

I simply nodded, too disappointed that my female lover and boss had taken the "boss" part of the relationship and placed it first between us, deciding there was no need to inform me of her thoughts and plans until they were firmed up – a fait accompli, in point of fact.

"You will be relieved to learn that the person I have chosen is very well-known to you. Intimately, I think I can say with certainty."

The penny still hadn't dropped with me and I couldn't work out why she seemed so amused as my thoughts struck about for the identity of this person I knew "Intimately".

She did not keep me in the dark for much longer.

"Actually, the person I wish to take over is here with me now."

So out of the blue did it come, I think I can be forgiven for not grasping the obvious immediately – though the way she held my eyes and smiled ensured this did not remain the case for long.

"You mean…?"

Amrita nodded.

"But… But…"

"You are the perfect choice," she assured me and, to my incredulity, looked serious as she said it.

"But, Amrita, I know nothing of the technical side of what we do and…"

A raised palm forestalled my reservations.

"It should not have escaped your notice that I am not exactly 'tech-savvy', as I have heard it described."

"No, but…"

"I am, however, level-headed, organised, and able to delegate those tasks best left to those with the talents best suited to see them to fruition."

I was about to try and interject yet again when she went on; voice raised a little by way of telling me her mind was made up on the matter:

"YOU, my darling girl, are equally as able to run this company as…" she smiled, "your Indian aunty, and that is what you are going to do."

Seeing the look of steely determination in her eye I had come to know so well in the past few months, I fell silent and waited for her to go on, accepting as I did so that I was beginning to feel a sense of excitement overhaul my initial distrust of change – much as it had on all the other occasions she had led me into new and, sometimes, erotic, areas.

"My new home in Kent is about ready and I have decided – if you are of the same mind – that it would be more convenient if you relinquished the lease on the flat you currently rent and lived in the Docklands apartment during the week."

My excitement took another quantum leap.

Live in her Docklands apartment?

But she wasn't finished and went on in her excellent, if precise and heavily accented English:

"Then, again if you are willing, it would be my honour if you were to spend your weekends – many of them at least - with me at my Medway home."

My excitement waned a little at this and she noticed it.

"Problem?"

"Amrita, what you are offering me and the suggestion I spend my weekends with you blows me away. But…"

"Go on," she urged.

"But what about Dennis?"

"What about him? I thought we were in complete accord when it came to your husband?"

"We are," I assured her, "and you were right, now I've seen him in his true colours and just how weak and self-pitying he is," I neglected to touch upon the backbreaking sex provided by the black lover she had chosen for me that had placed my handsome husband's efforts in the sack in the proper, and ineffectual, perspective also, "I realise it might just be possible to achieve what you describe with him."

"But?"

"Amrita, it's only been a few months since you ousted him from his position here. He hasn't had a sniff of a job since and suspects he might not again. And guess who he blames for it."

My lover, boss and aunty pointed at her chest with mock surprise.

"He hates you, Amrita. With a passion. The fact I now work for the woman who got rid of him and the food he eats and the roof above his head is paid for by her only exacerbates the feelings of bitterness he had from the star."

"So?"

I sighed.

"So… although my relationship with him is changing by the day along with my own feelings towards him, he is not so frightened and pussy-whipped at this point that he will accept living in your apartment too. Believe it or not, he does have some pride left."

"Yes, well, he will not be in possession of it for too much longer, I promise you," she said, eyes glittering with her own excitement. As they did whenever she thought or gave voice to what she intended for my handsome and out-of-work husband.

"Which does not help us now," I reminded her. "I promise you there is absolutely no chance he will accept living in your apartment."

Her smile was sphinx-like:

"Then it is as well that I have no intention for him to do so."

"I… I'm not with you?"

"I have another location in mind for him completely," she told me, smile growing broader.

"Yes. I know. You've told me on many occasions. But…"

"When you return home this evening, this is what I want you to do…"

SEVEN

At Home

…The burger and salad he had concocted as his first effort from scratch was less than inspiring but, surprisingly, was at least decently presented with a fresh salad and the burger itself was cooked.

As I say: forward progress.

In fact, I was a whole lot more optimistic than I had been when Amrita had first suggested the possibility of my husband taking a more… *lowly*… role in regard of me. The images – mostly fuelled by my Indian boss and lover herself – of my husband as he waited upon me hand and foot and, more importantly, mouth to pussy were suggesting themselves to me with greater regularity and the prospect of treating him as if he were the servant Amrita intended him to be was just about the most exciting thing I had ever imagined. If, that is, he could be taken so low.

The less than manly way he had taken his removal from the company and his whiny and self-pitying reaction to his lack of success in re-joining the workforce elsewhere only part answering my concerns on the above score.

Helping out around the home, after all, was quite a different matter from accepting he was to become…

Let's just say I did not share my lover's unshakable optimism on the subject of his acquiescence quite so fully.

After we had eaten we took coffee in the living room – I insisted he made it – and I told him we needed to speak.

My new and, albeit ever so slightly, *superior* attitude not sitting well with him and not, I have to say, surprising me much.

In fact, so *not* well did it sit with him, I could see he was biting his cheek to stop himself from snapping at me for my new assertiveness. Something he had done quite a few times in the early days of my role as breadwinner and a reaction he quickly learned to quell when he realised the money in his savings account was about gone and that his credit-cards were maxed out. Leaving him only one alternative when it came to revenue.

Even if, at this point in our plans for him, he would not be earning it.

Something, if Amrita were as right about the approach she had schooled me to take as she had been about everything else, that would soon change.

As I relaxed on the sofa and accepted the coffee he passed to me with no great grace, I wondered if it was too early in proceedings to ask my increasingly marginalised husband to massage my aching feet through the nylon of my hose.

The way he continued to gnaw at his cheek answered my question for me - despite the fact I knew he was quite taken with the more *powerful* way I had started to dress lately. In fact, he was beginning to notice me more and more in… *that*… way these days. More and more my departure for the office of a morning saw his eyes roaming over my legs and I knew he loved the way my heels accentuated the sculpted calf muscles that had always been, along with my breasts, something of a turn-on for him.

When he wasn't being turned on by *others*, that is.

"Others" that had gone the same way as his job and the money it had brought in that was necessary to fund such *extra-curricular* activities.

"Others" that no longer bothered me anywhere near as much since the advent of Amrita to my sex-life along with *"extra-curricular"* activities of my own.

The girl who had once been in awe of his superior age, looks and position, was swiftly becoming a memory and I very much doubted my husband was going to be too happy with the version gradually taking her place.

"So, what it is you want to speak about?" he began, adopting the same superior tone towards me he had used when I was his secretary as well as his wife and entered his office with a query.

A *"superior tone"* that would soon be – along with the young wife he had once ridden roughshod over - no more than a memory if Amrita was right and he was as weak as she insisted him to be – and there had been plenty of evidence to suggest he was in the past few months.

"You know the lease on the flat is up at the end of the month?" I told him, knowing he wouldn't have a clue as he left me to deal with such mundane things – which was just as well given there were still three months left on it. Three months Amrita had already paid to give us – *me* – the option of leaving early.

He shrugged. As if to say: *"What about it?"*

"The owners want us to leave," I lied, knowing he didn't even know who they were, let alone how to contact them. "Seems they need it for family to stay."

"Can they do that?" he asked, the first signs of alarm crossing his still youthful features as it occurred to him there might be some upheaval on the domestic front that might require him doing even more than he had grudgingly consented to do thus far.

"Tomorrow is the tenth, the day of the month on which we first moved in, and they're only obliged by the terms of the lease to give us four weeks' notice," I told him truthfully – at least in this respect.

"Doesn't give us long," he said, alarm turning to outright concern. "How will…"

Exactly as Amrita had done earlier in the day with me, I held up a hand to forestall him; something that would have been unthinkable not too long ago and would have earned me a royal telling off.

"It's already taken care of," I told him, more and more becoming a figure of some authority in his life and knowing he resented the turnabout - even if he wasn't so stupid he did not know better than to let me see his resentment these days.

At least not too much.

"What do you mean: *It's already taken care of?*"

Answering him with a look one would reserve for a wilfully dense student – another piece of advice from Amrita – I made sure to speak *down* to him as if her were just that:

"Really, Dennis, I know how frustrated you are at being unable to find a position and to be… *picking*… up around the home."

As intended, his face coloured and I saw him biting back a retort – yet another tribute to the changes economic clout can bring about.

Especially as he had none and I now had it all.

I went on, not taking the chance he might find the courage to actually lose *it* with me:

"But you haven't suddenly become a simpleton."

The inside of his lip, I thought with an internal smile, could only be red-raw if the way he was chomping down upon it to restrain himself was any guide.

"What do you think I mean?"

My eyes invited an answer he was too angry to supply and I went on:

"I mean, it has been taken care of. Not only that, but we are going to be saving on rent."

He looked at me and I could see puzzlement and a hint of suspicion join the anger currently being held at bay by the pressure of teeth upon inside lips.

My poor husband had no idea of what we had planned for him!

I decided to hit him with at least this part of his fate without pausing to take a sounding from him.

That, I knew, would follow swiftly upon the heels of what I had to say.

"I was promoted today."

If he was pleased for me his expression was careful to hide the fact.

“Amrita has decided to step away from the company now she has so ably placed it on much firmer soil. And guess who she has chosen to take her place as CEO?”

His mouth began to sag with astonishment as the unthinkable finally suggested itself to him and I pressed on:

“That’s right. Yours truly. She says I have exactly the right skill set – much like her own, in fact – to take the helm and keep it to the course she has set. Not only that, but she is going to live in her new home in Kent and has graciously offered me the use of her Dockland’s penthouse free of charge.”

Now I did pause, long enough at least to see all the emerging emotions of surprise, shock, horror and, yes, jealousy, flit across his handsome cheeks.

Then I decided to hit him with the real stunner:

“Amrita has also decided to offer you a job.”

EIGHT

"Offer"

FROM: *amrita.despotic@aol.com*
TO: *beloved.niece@hotmail.co.uk*
SUBJECT: *Progress*

My Darling Girl!

It is shortly after breakfast and guess where your husband is right now.

Or, more to the point, try and guess what it is he is doing.

Unsuccessful?

Then allow me to help.

Your once high-and-mighty husband is, at this very moment, on his knees in the cellar that is now both his quarters and his place of work when not required above stairs.

Why so, I hear you ask?

He is on his knees, my darling, because it is the best way to set about the chore his Indian employer has set him.

And the nature of that chore?

Why, the ferrying to the cellar of my considerable collection of boots and shoes that he may lay them on a plastic covering prior to polishing each pair until he can see his own handsome, and increasingly abject, reflection in them.

Yes.

I know.

It is beyond incredible that I/we could have achieved so much with him in so short a space of time.

Your husband, the man for whom you worked, both at the office and in the home, polishing the footwear of a woman he despises.

Would any of his colleagues now recognise him for the man they once took him for?

Perhaps physically.

It is a turnabout, I confess, difficult to believe without actually seeing it in the flesh, but I promise you he is polishing my shoes at this very moment and knows that, when I have finished this email, I will visit the cellar to inspect his work.

And had better pronounce myself satisfied.

Such progress have I made with him in the two short weeks since he took up his new… position… with me and, between us, we must congratulate ourselves on our manipulation of him. Between your insistence that your marriage will be over if he does not prove worthy of my decision to give him a job and my promise that I will throw him out on his ear if does not prove as loyal and obedient as the most efficient and respectful of Indian servants, he finds himself in a constant state of agitation and fear at the prospects of what awaits him as both a jobless and divorced man.

And yes, you read my words correctly. I did say: the most efficient and respectful of "Indian servants".

His response?

Why, he insulted me, of course. I had deliberately provoked his temper and it finally snapped. All the names he had stored for me in his head found a voice and, for a few moments anyway, I even thought he was about to strike me – something you tell me he had not, at least, seen fit to do throughout your marriage. This did not happen and I could see a cooling in his anger when I calmly told him to go and pack his belongings and that I would be informing you of my decision to ask him to leave later that evening after your return to the penthouse from the office.

After telling him this I took myself off to my study and waited, killing the time before he came to his senses by watching a – ridiculous, I confess – Bollywood musical on YouTube. Though, even had it not been ridiculous, I am not sure I could have concentrated upon it. For, and to be completely truthful, my darling girl, I had the most awful feeling that I had finally pushed too far and that even his weakness and virtually non-existent pride would not accept such an indignity.

You may be sure that the next hour or so was the longest in my life.

Until, that is, there came the most abject and sheep-like knocking upon my door.

I took off the headphones through which I was listening to the film as your, suddenly sheepish, husband entered.

I spoke first:

"There is an envelope containing fifty-pounds on the hallway table," I told him, knowing that as I paid his salary from me directly into your account that he would have no access to funds of his own. "That will be enough for you to return to London and your wife."

I neglected to add "If she wants you" as that would have alerted him to the fact we were in collusion but, from his look of utter consternation, I realised he was far too wrong-footed to make such a connection.

"Hmm, look, Amrita," he began as I made to slip the headphones back on.

“You have something to say to me?” I asked, voice colder than Siberia during an energy crisis.

He spread his arms wide and smiled in an attempt to charm me – this despite the fact all previous attempts, both here and at the office had met with utter failure.

Then:

“I said some things earlier I didn’t really mean,” he told me.

I waited, face a mask of unreadable rigidity.

“It… It’s just that I’m not used to… to…”

“I take it you wish to apologise?” I asked, cutting through both useless charm offensive and ineffectual blathering.

“Well…”

“Do you or do you not?” I snapped.

His Adam’s apple bobbed convulsively as swallowed back what was, no doubt, a desire to repeat his earlier verbal abuse of me and I used his indecision to press on:

“Well?”

With an effort of will he attempted to keep his expression neutral and failed dismally.

His desperation could have been seen from outer space.

“Yes. I had a rush of blood and I apologise for speaking the way I did and I apolo…”

“You wish to stay?” I asked, speaking over him.

With an even greater effort at self-control, he managed to say:
“Yes. Of course. As I say…”

I overrode him again:

“And what if I say your apology is not good enough and I expect more?”

His eyes narrowed:

“Expect…?”

“More… Yes. That is what I said. I am not the type of woman who allows herself to be insulted by her manservant.”

He was in a hell of uncertainty and I pressed on, anxious to put the opportunity his mini-rebellion had placed before me to best use:

“If you are to stay here as my servant you will act exactly as an Indian servant would act towards the person employing him.”

It was the second time I had mentioned such a possibility to him and his reaction to it was markedly different from the first.

With what was, no doubt, massive restraint he remained silent.

“Up to now I have been extremely patient with you, but that stops as of this moment. Unless you would prefer to take the money waiting in the hallway for you and see how your wife feels about you having lost your position here, I suggest you listen to me very carefully and do exactly as I say.”

I let this sink in then, when no response appeared forthcoming:

“Understand?”

He nodded.

“Do not wag your head at me as if you were some dumb animal,” I scolded, delighting in the fire that kindled in his eyes and was quickly doused by his realisation I held the key to his immediate future and, perhaps, his marriage in my hands.

“Y-Yes,” he answered, impotent anger causing him to stutter. “I understand, Amrita.”

I shook my head at him.

“There will be no more addressing me by my first name alone,” I told him. “From now on, if you wish to remain in my service, I will be ‘Ms Amrita’ to you.”

Already reddened cheeks coloured further as I added:

“And at all times.”

I read his thoughts as he considered this.

“That is right. Even when your wife comes to visit I will expect you to address me this way.”

“But…?”

“No! It is not a servant’s place to question his employer’s decisions.”

Fully expecting another show of anger at both my words and superior tone, I professed myself amazed when, instead, he lowered his eyes before my own.

As you may imagine, I was not slow to utilise his show of weakness for my own ends:

"I will explain to her that I insist upon your addressing me in such a way if it will save your pride. But address me that way you will."

An imperceptible shaking of that handsome head was his only response as he marvelled, no doubt, that he could possibly be allowing himself to be treated in such a way.

"I realise that it will embarrass you to act in the way of an Indian servant before your wife and, when she visits, I will not insist upon it – though I will expect you to be most diligent in your duties."

Not knowing yet what acting for me in the way of an Indian servant involved just yet – and in truth I was making it up as I went along – he was not as relieved as he might have been had my thought been made known to him.

I pressed on:

"For now, however, and if you do not wish to leave my house this instant, you will give me a most sincere, respectful and abject apology for your behaviour."

His head came up at this:

"I… I just did."

"A verbal apology is not how a servant apologises to an employer he has insulted."

"I… I'm not with you?"

"You are not with WHOM?" I demanded.

It took a few moments for him to get up to speed and, when he did, the colour left his face.

For long seconds he stood facing me before, just as I thought he would refuse, he began:

"I… I'm not with you, hmm, hmm…"

I waited, heart in my mouth for what I regarded as his first real concession to my authority over him.

Then, to my joy and utter relief:

"I'm not with you… Ms… Amrita."

I nodded with satisfaction when I really wished to slide my trusty vibrator into the morass made of my cunt by his concession.

"There. That was not so difficult. Now, stand before me."

He looked at me blankly and I pointed to a spot on the carpet to the side of my chair.

Slowly and warily he took up the spot I indicated then, when he was in place, I swivelled my chair to face him and stretched a leg clad in black nylon towards him.

That blank look became outright puzzlement as I pointed a shoeless foot in his direction, blood-red nails visible beneath the hose, and ordered:
"Now apologise…

*****

December 2011

"Not to put too fine a point on this, Dennis," Amrita had begun, ignoring the obvious distaste written across my husband's face at hearing his first name upon her lips with such familiarity; almost as if she were a friend rather than the woman whose jettisoning of him from her company had sent his all *too* comfortable life into freefall, "but it has to be acknowledged that you have little or no chance – and I incline to the latter, I am afraid – of finding a position based on your age and qualifications in a sales market where so many hungrier, and considerably younger, applicants are willing to do what you do and have done for so much less.

"Take my word for it," she went on as my husband gave the impression that what he really wanted to take to her was an Uzi Sub-Machine-Gun, "as far as prospective employers are concerned they see the... more mature… applicant has carrying too much baggage with them when it comes to salaries and other demands."

"They also come with years in the work-force and offer reliability and insight," Dennis said in a voice that could only be described as *'tundra cold'*. "Quality should be rewarded and not *blackmailed* into taking insulting salaries by company's all too willing to take advantage of the economic climate for their own ends."

His inference was clear, but if Amrita was buying in to it then it wasn't immediately obvious:

"In some instances you may well be right," she conceded, doing her best I knew to conceal the physical attraction – along with the *other* sort – she felt for my husband. In truth, I had to confess that Dennis did look particularly good this lunch-time as we sat in a pleasant little Italian near the offices wearing jeans and a three-buttoned jacket with tee-shirt – the best I could get him to do under the circumstances and given who we were meeting. A suit and tie, he had told me, was out of the question.

He looked, I was a little surprised to note, and as well as extremely handsome, very… *confident*.

Surprise turning to anticipation – even if it was tinged with more than a little apprehension – of what was about to transpire between the three of us.

We had thought – Amrita and I – that our meeting would be best away from the office that he might not feel too humiliated to put in an appearance with his former colleagues looking on, knowing he was about to interviewed by his boss as was and the shortly to be new boss who happened to be his wife.

Sorry.

I neglected to mention that, at this point, he was still under the impression the position Amrita had in mind for him was something akin to the one he taken under Wesley, her late-husband.

He had actually seemed a little smug after I mentioned it.

This after informing him of Amrita's offer to me and my elevation and giving me the impression – the *certainty* – that he was under the impression she had come to her senses and realised what an asset her rashness and stupidity had lost to the company when she showed him the door.

"Such instances are, however," she went on as my husband sipped at a glass of Barolo, expensive veal dish ignored, as if her were trying to make a point given it was Amrita who was paying, "quite rare nowadays and becoming even rarer."

I could see the first signs of a little unease play at the corners of my husband's vivid blue eyes and knew his discomfort was not about to be made any less by the severely dressed Amrita in her two-piece business-suit and heels as she sat opposite him, Jet hair scraped from the angular features I knew he disliked and tied at the back to supply still more the impression of authority and discipline.

The *"effect"*, she had told me, being exactly the one she wanted have upon him from this point on – woman of a subcontinent he was dismissive about or not.

A delightful image of my husband upon his knees between her legs flashed across my vision, the head Amrita – along with many others – paying homage to the shaved and moist pussy of a woman I knew he detested.

Homage paid simply because *she* demanded it.

I shivered lustfully as my husband waited for that same *"inferior subcontinent bitch"* to continue:

"That is why," she obliged him, "those of more… *advanced*… years who wish to remain in the workforce need to be more realistic about the kind of jobs and salaries more suitable to their age and the requirements of possible employers."

Unease and insecurity or not, Dennis was getting irritable:

"My wife tells me you have a job offer to make me?" he asked, the ice in his tone showing no sign of thawing, even if there was just the whiff of *need* about him as he asked.

“Do you have to be so brusque?” I asked, my own tone unmistakable for a reprimand; something that would have been unthinkable not too long before.

Despite the more marginalised role he had taken in respect of me recently, something of the old Dennis surfaced and I saw the anger of old that had once intimidated me so much surface as he seemed about to rebuke me in turn.

Until Amrita saved him the trouble, that is:

“No, Chrissy,” she came in with firmness.

My look was questioning and, I confess, a little hurt at being taken to task in such a way before… *him*.

I need not have worried.

“It is entirely understandable that Dennis would not feel too warm towards me. I am sure we would feel the same in his position. That is one reason - apart from the fact I feel Dennis will prove a most admirable employee in a more suitable position - that I wished to make him an offer and, perhaps, take some of the strain from your domestic situation.”

The internal wince I sensed my husband make was almost palpable.

“I do feel responsible for the tension there now is between you,” Amrita added.

His eyes centred upon mine accusingly for sharing such intimate and private details of our marriage with a stranger.

A stranger he hated into the bargain.

“As well as my employer, Dennis, Amrita has become a very close friend,” I said by way of explanation and as a way of forestalling an outburst from him. “I simply told her that you were not best pleased at being unable to bring a wage into the home while I did and it was making you miserable.

“You can fucking say that again,” I read his expression to say, no doubt bemoaning the lack of funds that provided him with the wherewithal and independence to place his cock in other women as I took care of things at both his home and his office.

Conditions to my detriment rapidly becoming well and truly consigned to the past.

With no – I repeat, *no* – possibility of being repeated again.

Ever!

My words had however, and as intended, prevented any comeback from him and I knew we were, and despite my ever-growing confidence, fast approaching a tipping-point.

I felt my insides churn as Amrita kick-started his coming meltdown:

"As your wife now has a demanding and well paid job, a job that can at times be highly stressful but one that ensures she earns enough money to maintain both of you, it seems only right that you, as her husband give her the wholehearted support and backup that she supplied to you when the executive position was yours and there was still the possibility that you could go to the top."

I waited, holding my breath for his reaction which, fortunately, he made internally.

If no less visibly.

My husband's outrage at being lectured in such a way by what he saw a no more than a low-grade and *very* fortunate Indian woman was, I could tell, off the scale. His face was an absolute riot of conflicting emotions. If it's possible for you to picture a sickened, vengeful and utterly powerless psychopath then that is exactly how Dennis looked at this point.

And it was *not* about to get any better for him:

"That is why I decided – with your wife's complete agreement – that I would be doing both of you a service…"

My own breathing stalled as I waited for the fateful words to leave her lips.

"…if," she went on, "I could find you employment of some kind."

My husband appeared to be struggling to suck in breath at this point as a woman I knew he hated not only lectured him on his marital obligations but spoke to him as if he were a dependent while, worse, doing so in front of a wife who appeared to be in complete agreement with her assessment.

"That is why I decided to try and think of a position more suitable for your… *talents*."

Dennis waited.

I could tell he was both infuriated and disbelieving that he could still be sat listening and remain, on the outside at least, placid.

"I have no doubt that you will be surprised, perhaps even angry, at the solution I hit upon, but I truly believe it will provide your wife with the support she needs from her husband and you with the dignity of earning a wage and feeling useful," Amrita added with what she no doubt saw as a winning smile I knew was absolutely wasted on my husband as he sat and seethed internally,

I hadn't seen him blink for what seemed like an eternity and, when his eyes did close, I felt sure he was thinking he would open them to find himself back in his original position before the advent of the Indian woman intent upon proving herself his nemesis and find himself seated opposite one of the floozies I now know he used to treat to lunches such as these.

When the vivid blue eyes in that handsome head flashed open again, however, things were about to get worse rather than better:

“That is also why,” the woman who was my boss and my lover, as well as the woman who fully intended to own my husband, went on, “I decided to offer you the position of my…”

NINE

Ultimatum

…"Angry doesn't come fucking close!" my husband blazed the moment I stepped into the hallway of our apartment. "Is the bitch fucking serious?"

As incendiary and foul-mouthed as I'd ever seen him, I stepped past Dennis and made my way to the bedroom. The same bedroom in which I'd been denying him sex since his lack of funds had denied him his usual diversions and I had come to look more attractive to him. Pleading pressure of a new job and extra responsibilities for my unwillingness to *"put out"*.

If I'm honest, I confess I felt more than a little afraid at the intensity of his displeasure and, despite having been warned what to expect upon my return home by Amrita after he had stormed out of the restaurant, needed some time out of his presence to collect myself and handle him in the way my Indian boss and lover had suggested.

It was not to be.

"She says you agree with her, for fuck's sakes!" he raged, following me through to the bedroom to deny me breathing space in which to think and collect my thoughts, recent interest in my legs and my body in general forgotten as I sat on the end of the bed and removed my heels. "Did you fucking know she was going to ask me to become her… her…?"

His voice, enraged as it still was, tailed off and his inability to even say the word was, for some reason, *empowering*. It struck me that perhaps the fact he had sat in silence as Amrita had outlined her offer, this before exiting the restaurant without having the courage to confront her on something he found so insulting, was the reason for my sudden confidence in the face of the anger he was showing me.

My husband's unwillingness to engage, I told myself, was no more than simple weakness.

And exactly as Amrita had described it once he had left.

Suddenly, the apprehension his outburst had triggered in me was having a different effect.

I felt *energised!*

"The word you're looking for is *'Manservant'*," I told him with a neutral expression, not wishing to enrage him further by giving him some hint as to how wonderful I found such a prospect.

"What a fucking insult!" he cried. "I didn't even know people like that existed these days. What fucking planet is she from?"

“Do stop shouting and swearing Dennis,” I asked with a forbearing sigh, as if placating a minor, amazed at how natural taking such a superior tone with him was coming to seem to me.

“Then again,” he blazed on, “she is from a backward bastard country a century or more behind ours in just about everything.”

“She also happens to be the owner of the company employing your wife and has just appointed her the new CEO,” I told him, knowing my elevation to a position he once coveted made him feel as sickened as he was jealous. “If it wasn’t for Amrita we would be in desperate straits.”

I neglected to add that if it weren’t for me and the salary I now commanded it would be him alone who would come to know extremis; knowing that he might be weak but certainly wasn’t stupid and would have worked it out for himself.

“If it wasn’t for Amrita,” he paraphrased, neglecting to address my unspoken inference, “I’d still be at the company and you’d still be my secretary.”

“And be a sight worse off financially,” I reminded him. “My new salary as CEO dwarfs both of those we used to draw in from our respective positions. In fact, now we’re not going to have to pay rent on this place, we might actually be able to get some money behind us.”

“You…? You mean you seriously expect us to live in *her* apartment? After the way she’s treated your husband?”

“And just how has she treated you Dennis?” I asked him. “How exactly have you suffered at her hands?”

“Are you serious?”

“Think about it. Yes, she may well have closed your department and made you redundant, but she also promoted your wife. First to her PA and then – and yes, I do find it as incredible as you – to CEO of the whole company.”

“Yes, but…”

“We have more money coming in now than we did before and she is offering you a chance to return to full employment at a time when you’re all but unemployable.”

“But…”

“SO…” I cut across him, “in which kind of way is it, exactly, that you are suffering?”

His anger dissipated somewhat, no doubt by the fact I wasn’t blown away by it, he just stared at me.

Having won this first minor skirmish and weakened his defences still further, I decided it was time to let him know I hadn't been the unsuspecting dupe he had taken me to be.

"We have money coming in and a roof over our heads; both of which are about to improve in quantity and quality; and the chance of an affluent future if the company improves and the shares Amrita is giving me prosper with it."

It was the first time I'd mentioned any such *"shares"* and I could see it had hit the desired nerve.

Not only had I been elevated to a position he once coveted and come nowhere near achieving, but I was about to become a part-owner of that same company.

Talk about rub it in.

Something I was about to do more of:

"Apart from not having to go to the office every day and not having funds of your own to bed all those little floozies you spent *our* money on, what have you to really complain about?"

"F-Floozies?"

"Please!" I sighed with impatience, rising from the bed and making for the bathroom along the hall. "Did you think I was completely stupid?"

"Chrissy, I don't know what you're talking ab…"

I was already out of the room before he could finish and by the time he followed was safely locked inside the bathroom itself.

TEN

"Together"

January 2011

Even now, looking back after so many wonderful things had taken place in my life, I have to say it had been one of the best Christmas holidays I could remember sharing.

To hell with that.

It was by far the best!

After the confrontation with Dennis, Amrita had agreed that I could move in with her until she left for the new home on the Medway and it had been a relief to do so. I had no idea what my husband had done over the holiday and my only hope was that his yuletide had been as spectacularly miserable as mine had been wonderful. But then, without access to money, family or friends, I don't see how it could have been anything else.

In fact, if the missed-calls from our home-number to my cell were a guide, it was probably a lot worse.

Somehow mistaking my look as I pondered my husband's situation for second-thoughts, Amrita looked at me with an understanding smile:

"Are you really sure you wish to go forward with this, my darling girl?"

"No," I said with a shake of the head. "I'm not *really* sure."

My response, despite my preoccupied thoughts, was instant and I could tell it was the last answer my boss and lover had been expecting.

Hence the look of relief flooding subcontinent cheeks when I added:

"I'm *totally* sure."

"I am relieved," Amrita confessed, a brown hand resting in proprietorial fashion upon my creamy white thigh as we sprawled upon the bed she had once shared with her own husband in the Docklands penthouse I would shortly be occupying, the contrast of her dark skin against the Aryan white of my own adding to the sensuality of our coupling. "Just so, I would like you to know that you can stop at any time you choose should you have any doubts or the… *experience*… not prove as exciting and fulfilling in reality as it does as a fantasy. It may even be that the feelings you once felt for your husband return and you can no longer see your way to treating him in such a fashion."

She placed her arms around me and stared into my eyes intently.

“Were that to prove the case I wish you to know that nothing would change between us and you would remain at the helm of my company as well, I pray, as remaining my *very* close friend.”

With that, she kissed my forehead, almost as if she were a mother reassuring a nervous child.

The above an apt metaphor; or would have been had not the adult substituting for the child in question – *me!* – been completely convinced that she wanted this new life being dangled before her.

A life of sex with partners of wither gender and a position of complete – if shared – command over a husband I had once allowed to dominate me.

Stroking the underside of a hardened nipple as it projected from one of my lover’s *considerable* breasts, I returned the intensity of her stare with a frankness of my own:

“There is absolutely nothing, Amrita, that I want more at this moment, than to be able to continue seeing you like this and be able to see men also without feeling the least guilt.”

“That is easy to say before the act, my darling girl. My worry is that you may feel differently when he finally capitulates and you see him in a more… *abject*… light. You must remember that he will be at the beginning of a new life that, unlike yours, will not only make him miserable in the extreme but destroy any perception of himself as a man.”

Still unused to speaking of my husband in such a way, almost as if he were a commodity rather than a man, my response was not a direct one, but it was an answer just the same:

“You still feel he will cave in then? It’s been almost three weeks now?”

Amrita snorted dismissively, supremely confident when it came to my husband and the weakness she insisted lurked behind that macho exterior – even going so far as to say that we had yet to touch upon the depths of pusillanimity residing in his camouflaged and timid soul.

“How many times has he rang your cell-phone since you arrived here?”

“I know, but…”

“Unless he has found a new and most unlikely form of fresh revenue, I would say he must be near to tearing out his hair with desperation by now.”

“The lease on the flat does expire at the end of this week,” I reminded myself as well as her in an attempt to remain optimistic that his desperation would bring him to me, penitent and, more importantly… *malleable*.

The only reason he has not rang here or called in person is because he does not know either the landline number or that of my mobile and the address is unknown to him."

Her laughter was not pleasant on the ear – even for one on the right side of it.

"Unless, of course, he is going door-to-Docklands-door in an attempt to locate us."

To be totally honest at this point, my own laughter was scarcely more sympathetic than her own.

"Just the same, my darling, and if you are totally convinced you wish to proceed…?"

My nodded response was emphatic.

If Dennis was going to play any future part in my life then it would be just as Amrita and I wanted.

And, if the alternative was losing him, despite how badly we both wished to… *keep*… him?

Then so be it.

Amrita, it seemed, was thinking along the same lines:

"Then I think it would be a good idea to answer the next time he calls and put what we have in mind for him in motion."

Her smile mixed cunning with equal amounts of pure evil and uncontainable anticipation as she added:

"Especially now that he is likely to be in a slightly more… *submissive*… headspace."

Certain my own expression contained similar elements, I could only agree.

"Good. Now, while we wait for the latest of your husband's attempts to contact you, I suggest we put our time to a more positive use."

As her lips met mine I felt a hand caress my breasts and soon we were entwined in passion. Amrita's lips found my nipples and I moaned with pleasure at the exquisite touch that so put to shame the pawing of my husband.

When he could be bothered, that is.

Or, to be more accurate these days, when I let him near me.

Which was, of course, not at all.

Amrita raised up and placed one of her full breasts in my mouth and I almost swooned at the texture of her dark skin against my lips.

The taste of her was slightly salty and, as ever, wildly exciting to me as I began to lick and suck.

Slowly at first, then faster as her breathing quickened and I knew she felt the passion at least as much as me.

But a short time before I'm sure I would have been repulsed and offended had anyone suggested I could do such things with another woman.

And a woman from a different culture at that!

Now it not only felt normal but completely natural and right.

Amrita was caressing me now, feathering hands moving slowly down my body until she reached my thighs and parted them to begin rubbing the inside of my legs as her tongue lathed at my thighs.

Sometimes as we made love with each other, my thoughts would pronounce themselves amazed at what we had done, both with each other and my husband. The body I now made available to her readily had been placed off-limits to the increasingly marginalised Dennis and – exactly as Amrita had said it would – its lack, along with the absence of those other bodies the faithless fuck had once taken for granted, had him showing more interest in his wife. Far more, in fact, than when we first met even. I had not allowed him the slightest contact with me save for the most perfunctory kiss on the cheek and I had not allowed him to see me naked since I first came on board with Amrita's plans for him.

Which did not mean I neglected to take pains to let him see me roll on either my stockings or pantyhose and, especially the slipping of a foot into a shoe.

The changes to him were visible almost from the beginning and, so renewed was his interest in me, I had even been able – I'm sure I've already mentioned this - to get him to help me dress for that first visit to Amrita's penthouse, the same penthouse I now occupied during the week, in order to accept her offer in regard of him.

Not that he had been aware of the real purpose of my visit at the time and what it might mean for him.

Despite the wondrous sensations provoked from me by Amrita's skilful tongue and knowing hands, that first time, when my husband knelt before to slide, tug and smooth, sheer pantyhose over legs catching his interest again once he had been denied free access to them, made a still more powerful appeal to my sexuality. It was just so… *lowering*… for him. My refusal to let him see, let alone touch, my naked body – or even the clothed version until that point – had worked in tandem with the financial neutering that had ensured the bevy of bimbos he was so used to had dried up and delivered a whole new dynamic to our relationship whilst delivering him *nothing* of its vitality.

That, my sisters, was now firmly in my possession and, with Amrita's help, support, and *active* involvement, was where I prayed it would stay.

Coming back to the present, I heard someone whimper and realised it was me as Amrita sucked my clit into her mouth and began to *"hoover"* at it in the way she knew inflamed me.

My head began tow roll from side-to-side uncontrollably, breath coming in pleasured little gasps as I stroked her lustrous black hair.

Then she backed off, tongue barely touching me save for taunting little flicks at that same clit she had just been sucking upon with such passion.

I heard myself whimper again.

Louder this time.

Her reply was to laugh before, to my intense relief and need, the tip of her tongue dipped in again and began to stab at my pussy while using a finger to massage and pinch that my demanding clit might not feel ignored.

I felt truly as though I must explode with anticipation and my suddenly ravenous pussy was sopping wet when Amrita's tongue upped the ante to take possession of my womanhood in a way that was both worshipful and masterful and *utterly* beyond anything Dennis had either offered to do for me or would, indeed, have been capable of doing.

Even in the early days of our time together when I had virtually begged him to do exactly the same.

Yet one more thing Amrita and I had decided would change if – *when* – he came to his senses and…

All thoughts of my husband vanished for a few moments as I felt myself approaching the crisis and another finger inserted deep into my arse.

"Do you miss his cock, my darling girl," I heard and groaned an emphatic *'no'* by way of an answer.

"Of course you do not. But I would wager money he misses this glorious pussy of yours now he had no recourse to those belonging to others. This, my darling girl, will be a part of the power you, and then I, will exert over him."

All I wanted at that moment was for her to stop speaking and take me to Elysium and, sure enough, she sensed my need and began to thrust her fingers into my arse before heeding my unspoken plea to stop talking and vacuuming my clit between her fat and sensuous Indian lips.

I went over the edge with a vengeance and the scream that emptied my lungs must surely have been heard across the Thames in neighbouring Greenwich.

The hell with that!

A ship about to make passage up the Thames from the Channel itself couldn't have missed it!

My head fell back onto the pillow, spent.

Sliding up over my body, Amrita's eyes met mine and I could see in them the hunger for me to reciprocate.

Wanting nothing more than to bask in the afterglow of the orgasm she had just provided me so effortlessly, I was about to slide out from under her and return the compliment when my cell-phone on the bedside cabinet began to buzz and vibrate.

Our eyes met and it was not too difficult to read the frustration my lover and boss was experiencing.

Frustration that did not last as her somewhat forbidding features broke into a smile as I checked caller-ID and nodded.

"Well, what are you waiting for?" she chided me, frustration immediately forgotten. "Answer your husband's call."

With a smile every bit as excited and downright evil as her own, I did just that…

ELEVEN

"Denny"

FROM: *amrita.despotic@aol.com*
TO: *beloved.niece@hotmial.co.uk*
SUBJECT: *Progress*

My Darling Girl!

I have done it!

I do not jest.

The husband you thought was so domesticated and tamed during your last weekend visit is now in an entirely different condition of servitude.

That is right.

His cock is no longer his own to play with but belongs to his Indian master and, by extension, his loving wife.

It is unbelievably thrilling and I am sure that when you see the key that keeps him caged dangling from your loving aunty's neck you will feel the same. Even as you take care not to let him see either your recognition of its purpose or the arousal it inspires at your delightful and shaven little love-pot.

So much has been achieved in these past few months I can scarce believe it myself. But his servitude is true and his one hope now is that his loving wife does not discover the true nature of his service to the Indian woman who rules his life when she makes her weekend visits – even if the humbling nature of the domestic service he provides to his one-time secretary can hardly be missed. It is a hope we will dash as and when the time is ripe and he is beaten enough to accept such a humiliation in the same way he accepts correction at and from my hands.

Soon, my love.

For now, however, and when you visit tomorrow, it would be best if you continued to take the line of praise and pride for him that you have taken thus far. Assure him that, though you can hardly miss his obedience and new-found domestic diligence, your feelings for him have, if anything, grown stronger. Supply him with no hint that you know anything of his discipline at my hands when you are absent and give him no clue that you know his manhood is now under lock and key. In fact, my darling, and given that you have not shared a bed with him or had sex in some while now, this is how I would like you to approach your coming visit…

*****

April 2012

"Strange how things turn out, isn't it?" I said with unmissable pleasure to the handsome forty-something man who was up to his elbows in sudsy water as he did the dishes after our evening meal.

An evening meal *he* had been excluded from and had, instead, waited in the kitchen for a call from one of his… *employers*… should they need anything.

That the man at the kitchen-sink, kitted out in rubber gloves and candy-striped apron, was still legally my husband made my self-satisfaction all the greater as he went about his menial chore and explained why I had decided to spend some time in his company before returning to the front-room to spend some quality time with his other… *employer*.

The fact I was sipping at an ice-cold Chenin he himself had served to me and was watching, crossed-legged and at my ease, from a chair at the kitchen-table, only increased the pleasure I took from his reduction in status.

There came no reply from the turned back and I injected a little steel into my tones.

So far all the disciplining of him had been left to Amrita and he had been led to think I was oblivious to it; our reasoning being that having the threat of my being told or, worse, witnessing her… *correction…* of him would only make him all the more anxious to accept her…

Let's describe it as:

"Guidance"

None of the above meaning I couldn't take a more forceful attitude towards him during my weekends on the Medway.

At least until such a time as Amrita considered him ready enough and softened up enough for me to take a more active role in his – a beautiful word this – *"subjugation"*.

A tiny step forward in that regard about to be made during this very visit.

"I hope you're not ignoring me, Denny," I said, my use of the childish diminutive causing him to wince; hating as he did to hear its use from the lips of his Indian *'employer'*, let alone his once compliant and malleable young wife who now ran the company that had once employed them both. The prospect of a long weekend treating him in such a way – as a *servant*, in fact – giving me something to look forward to during a week at the office that was as pressured as it was satisfying. Seeing my handsome husband in his new role of manservant to an Indian woman I knew he hated a real tonic after a week spent at workplace and more luxurious penthouse.

“Sorry, Chrissy,” he began, barely able to maintain eye-contact with his wife as turned to present her with the splendid sight of him in his apron. “Did, hmm, you say something.”

“I did. I was saying that it was strange how things work out.”

“How do you, hmm, mean?” he said stupidly, given that he was a former man’s man standing before his wife in a pinnie as he washed up the dinner dishes in the home of the Indian woman who had cost him his job before deciding to offer him the position of her flunky.

He also seemed perturbed by something, as if his wife knew something he’d rather she didn’t.

That, however, would come later.

“Not so long ago, you were the big important executive with his own office and a wife who was also his secretary,” I began, noting his instant frown at my reminder of his… *demotion*.

And not perturbed by it in the slightest.

Quite the contrary.

“Now here we are. Me, freshly arrived at your new place of work after a week spent running the company that once employed me as your secretary. And you, taking care of all the domestic chores for a woman you once told me you despised.”

A vein throbbed at his temple:

“I think we both know I had little choice in the matter, Christine,” he said using my full name in the same he always did when displeased with me, displaying a little heat – or at least as much as he thought he could get away with. “There’s no need to rub it in.”

I simply stared at him, adoring the way he now flinched where once he would have rebuked.

If he thought this was *“rubbing it in”* then the future was going to be even tougher on him than I’d pictured it.

“Really, Denny,” I told him, careful to use the childish diminutive he detested so much by way of exerting the kind of maternal control Amrita felt sure he would respond to from me – at least eventually. “I’d have thought you’d know the difference between gloating and a compliment.”

“A compliment!” he gasped, unable to help himself – unsurprisingly in the circumstances.

“What?” I asked, an innocent abroad, “I can’t compliment you for the way you’ve adjusted to your new role without you showing attitude?”

“Attitude?” I could almost hear him asking. *“Does she think she’s dealing with a fucking child?”*

“Not many men would have what it takes to do what you’re doing,” I told him as his expression answered: *‘Too fucking right!’*

And yet…

I swore I could see a small flicker of… *pleasure*… greet my assertion.

“Amrita tells me you’re making marvellous progress and take instruction really well,” I went on, knowing only too well of what that *“instruction”* consisted.

Her *‘lessons’* something that remained uppermost in his mind whenever he sat down, in fact.

My husband coloured red at my mention of his new employer’s name; hatred and fear vying for ascendancy upon features that, now I had more control over their owner, had seldom seemed so handsome to me.

“That’s all I meant when I said, *‘strange how things turn out’*,” I told him, arms going wide to indicate the amazement equalling my – self-described – *‘pride’* in him:

“You? Of all people! An Indian woman’s manservant!” I marvelled to myself, head shaking at what had once been such an inconceivable prospect.

What manliness he had left to him seemed to drain towards his feet and leak from toes to ceramic terracotta floor-tiles at this reminder.

I went on, head still shaking with wonder:

“I suppose, when you think about it, it’s like a reversal of the roles that existed during the Raj.”

I laughed:

“A kind of subcontinent *‘Upstairs-Downstairs’* with Amrita as the lady of the house and you her butler.”

His cheeks were so red they almost looked purple as I continued:

“I mean, you’re actually living in her cellar!”

“That… That was her idea,” he spluttered. “Not mine.”

“Well of course it was her idea, silly. This is her home and you work for her. Not for you to decide where you’re going to sleep.”

“I…” he began hesitantly as I waited, knowing what was about to follow. “I was hoping that… that…”

“What, sweetheart?” I asked, loving his hesitancy in front of me and the power I felt.

“I was, hmm, hoping, that you’d ask her if… you know?”

I gave him a blank stare.

“You know? If we…? If we could share a room when… when…?”

“When I come to visit?” I prompted.

He nodded, shame at having to ask such a thing palpable.

“Would you like that?” I asked.

“More than anything,” was his instant reply and my contempt for him matched the arousal inspired by seeing him so weak and needy.

“You have tried to prove to me that you’re serious about our marriage, I suppose,” I pretended to reflect. “But I’m not sure if I’ve forgiven you yet for cheating on me with those bimbos you seemed to prefer to your devoted young wife.”

His expression was earnest as he took a step towards me, seemingly unaware of the ludicrous figure he cut in an apron and rubber gloves.

“They meant nothing, Chrissy. I… I was just under pressure and… and…”

“You felt fucking them rather than me would ease it?”

Whatever he had been about to say died in his throat and were replaced with an almost pitiful:

“I’m sorry, Chrissy. I… I underestimated you and…”

“None of that matters anymore,” I told him and was rewarded by a look of instant relief. “What matters is that we are still together and you’ve seen the light.”

I allowed his relief a few seconds before:

“You have seen the light, haven’t you?”

“You know I have, Chrissy. Why else would I do… *this?*”

My initial reaction was to say *“because you’re a weak and gutless bastard”*.

I decided against it, however, and decided more could be achieved with guile.

“Then you’re really serious about proving to me how much I mean to you?”

He nodded.

“How serious?”

“I’ll do anything if it proves my love to you.”

“You really mean that?”

“Try me,” he offered, arms held wide.

I pretended to think about it for a few seconds, then:

“Okay… Rub my feet.”

“I… I’m Sorry?”

“You heard me, Denny. I’ve been on my feet all day and they’re aching. You did say *‘anything’*. Or am I asking too much?”

I could see him thinking about it, eyes flicking glances at the hosed foot I had crossed casually over a knee.

“You used to say how much you liked my legs so it shouldn’t be too much of a chore for you.”

I was speaking the truth but we both knew that what I was asking for held a much greater significance than a husband proving his admiration for his wife’s legs.

Especially as I had yet to shower and change my hose after the day’s exertions.

You can only imagine my feelings of triumph and arousal when he actually knelt on the kitchen floor as I sat above him and began to knead my foot through the sweaty and, frankly, smelly hose.

I let him do this for a few minutes, luxuriating in the feel of his hands upon my tired foot and exultant at having manoeuvred him into such a position, then began to speak down to him:

“You know, sometimes, when I have a meeting with some of your former colleagues, I wonder how they would react if I told them what you were *really* doing these days when they asked.”

The look of pure alarm as face came up to meet mine and his kneading of my foot stopped told me that, maybe, his manly pride was more significant still than both his wife and his employer believed.

“You, hmm, don’t…? You know? Actually tell them, do you?”

I played it innocent:

“Why? Would it bother you if I did?”

Unlike mine, the wonder fetched to his face at this was not feigned:

“Are…? Are you serious?”

I crinkled my eyes with puzzlement, still in innocent mode.

“You… You gave me your word when I agreed to take this job, Christine, that it would be between me you and Amrita.”

I allowed my face to grow stern at his error and to my utter joy a look of what can only be described as terror joined the reproach aimed at me.

“Did she or did she not tell you, Denny, that as your employer it would not be seemly for you to be on first name terms with her and that, from now on, you should address her with the respect an employer deserves?”

“But…”

“No *‘buts’*, Denny. Did she tell you that or not?”

“Yes… But, surely, when you and I are alone I’m not expected to...

“At *all* times,” I overrode him, fighting back the urge to pull his head to my pussy and have him worship it in just the way I had always wanted him to and he had always refused.

Though not for much longer – even if I was taking things slowly at this early stage.

His mouth opened to deliver another excuse and I cut it off in its infancy:

“Try it again, Denny,” I ordered. “You might be my husband but Amrita is also my friend. A friend,” I reminded him, “who just happens to have saved our financial bacon as well as our relationship. She wants you to address her in a certain way and I think you should do so at all times.”

I could see him marvel at my description of our marriage in such terms. There had been no sex between us for months and he had been reduced to sleeping in Amrita’s basement that she had ensured was fitted out with running water and lavatory facilities for him to go with the ironing board and washing-machine that enabled him to complete some of his new duties in his equally new quarters. This while I spent my weekends in a luxurious upstairs bedroom alone to take my deserved and *“uninterrupted”* rest. How could anyone describe *that* as a *“relationship”*?

He would also have marvelled at the fact that I knew of what now lay beneath his trousers and that the knowledge was about to result in an offer of just that sex he had told me he missed so much between us.
First things first, however.

“Now,” I went on, “when you *finally* agreed to take this job, just who did I make you the promise to keep it between?”

“Come on, Chrissy,” he almost pleaded, endeavouring to maintain a manly profile with me I *knew* Amrita did not allow during the week when I was absent.

My eyes questioned his.

“Is… Is this really necessary?”

I waited.

“I… I mean, I’m doing my best to make this… situation… work, but… but it’s not easy. She… She’s not the, hmm, easiest woman to please and…”

“Who isn’t the easiest woman to please, Denny?” I persisted, providing him with no let up.

“Chrissy, I…”

“Who?” I demanded, voice a whiplash as it cut across him.

“Please, Chrissy, I can’t…”

“Would you prefer me to call your employer in here to deal with you?” I asked, removing my foot from his hands.

It was the closest I had come to hinting I might just know something of his *“lessons”* and the threat that they might be repeated in front of me had the desired effect.

The insinuation of that *“threat”* assuring me also that I was fast becoming as skilled at… *managing*… my handsome husband as my friend and lover.

“Well?” I pressed, sliding to the edge of my seat to imply I was ready to take the action I had just described. “Who isn’t the *‘easiest’* woman to please?”

The legs I uncrossed to plant both hosed feet upon the floor, as if ready to rise, had the desired effect and his shame was almost a physical entity as he croaked out a response that would once have been unthinkable for him:

“*Ms* Amrita.”

His eyes lowered with shame and I felt like a conquering Queen receiving fealty from a former King.

“There now. That wasn’t so difficult was it?” I asked, cursing myself when I realised I had paraphrased the words of Amrita’s email to me when she had described what she herself had said to him on the first occasion he had addressed her in such a way.

If he had picked up on it I could see no sign.

“And you mustn’t worry,” I reassured him. “I wouldn’t dream of telling your ex-colleagues what you’re doing. I gave you my word, after all. Though why it would bother you to have them know you’re holding down a good and honest position baffles me.”

“For god’s sakes, Christine!” he cried, my description of such a… *humbling*… situation taking him over the edge. “I’m the bloody woman’s servant for fuck’s sake! What’s good and honest about that?”

This time I did rise to my feet and, with hand upon hips, glowered down at the eyes he raised to my own.

“You are also my husband and I refuse to be married to a man who lives off me and does nothing.”

“But…”

Reaching down I placed a finger over his lips.

“No buts,” I shushed him. “This is just the way it has to be for now if we are to stay together.”

Again his head lowered and I took the opportunity to soften my tone as I reached out to stroke his still thick hair.

“You mustn’t believe I think less of you,” I lied. “Quite the opposite, in fact. I’m really proud of the way you’ve adjusted in order for us to continue being man and wife.”

His head remained lowered but, wonder of wonders, he seemed to be nudging his head in to my somewhat demeaning caresses.

It was time, I decided, to put him in another quandary.

“Actually, I’m so pleased with you I want us to spend tonight in the same bed for a change.”

Now his head did come up and the look of hope and anticipation in his eyes would have been laughable had it not been so downright exciting.

“Would you like that, Denny?” I asked, sounding for all the world the way a mother sounded when offering a well-behaved child a treat.

The involuntary glance he flicked towards his groin and the device hidden beneath his trousers that made my offer impossible for him to take up, was yet another invitation to laughter I had to fight hard not to accept.

“To spend the night making love to your wife the way you used to when we first got together and I was just your secretary?”

His lips moved but no sound came forth.

“Well?” I asked, hilarity bubbling beneath the surface.

He was struggling to swallow, let alone speak.

“What do you say? Do you want to fuck your wife or not?”

His eyes darted to and thro as he sought for a plausible excuse for declining my offer:

“I… I… I…”

TWELVE

"A New Regime"

April 2012

"As my husband knelt before me in the apron and rubber gloves that would have been unthinkable to him not so long ago - and would have earned me a thorough tongue-lashing for having had so much as the temerity to suggest he wear as he washed the dishes - I exulted in the conflicting emotions conveyed to me by his darting and, frankly, demoralised eyes.

I had just told him that I considered his behaviour good enough to have earned him a night away from the cellar that was, effectively, his "Servant-Quarters" and a bout of lovemaking with his wife that had not been forthcoming for many months.

Lovemaking" that he had not missed overmuch, if at all, when he had been gainfully employed and the master of his own finances.

Those *"finances"*, you might remember my saying, having been used to wine, dine and fuck any number of available women who were *not* his wife.

His cock, and the mind that followed its lead, in very much a different place now that those *"available women"* had gone the way of his monthly salary.

For those of you wondering where the salary he now earned had gone – what remained after Amrita had deducted his bed & board at least – allow me to explain that Amrita had arranged, and much to his consternation, for it to be paid into *my* new and decidedly *not* joint bank-account.

An arrangement that also explained his decision to forego the weekly visits to the village pub nearest his new employer's home rather than have to ask his wife for some *"pocket money"*.

Especially when his empowered and self-confident young wife was not of a mind to transfer the £20.00 or so that was the maximum she would allow him to his own depleted bank-account.

That figure arrived at, you may have guessed, as being the minimum required for him to pay his bus-fare to the pub and for a maximum of two or three drinks.

I had full use of his car now, you see, and the only driving he did these days was to ferry his Indian employer to wherever she chose to go.

Handsome looks or not, £20.00 was not likely to go far when it came to seducing and bedding a woman.

At least not a woman of the type my *fussy* husband preferred.

Even if he were to find one available in the cosy but less than vibrant village pubs of the area.

Pubs that were his nearest outlet save for a trip into Rochester that would have provided him with more choice.

"Choice" that would have cost him more of his precious *"pocket money"* to avail himself of and left him very little to buy himself a drink, let alone some Kentish bimbo.

He had, of course, complained to me that the money *he* earned should be his to spend, but I had remained firm and said that if Amrita was good enough to allow me to live rent free in her apartment in order that we get some serious savings behind us then the least he could do was save some of his own salary towards any future nest-egg.

The handsome man I was beginning to regard as a delusional cretin – even as I continued to desire him sexually; perhaps more so – actually bought this rubbish!

Albeit with no good grace.

Which left me with conflicting emotions.

On the one hand, Amrita had amply demonstrated that he was not the man I thought I had married – though, not being a complete fool myself, I was already in receipt of similar suspicions.

On the other, however, I still felt a massive physical attraction for him that had, somehow, been intensified by the knowledge he was being groomed to be a complete and abject chattel for a woman-of-colour from a land he held in contempt.

A prospect I found particularly… *heady*.

To return to his financial situation though, it was hardly surprising to either of us when he began to forego the pub and the less than inspiring evening on offer to him rather than have to go cap-in-hand to a suddenly parsimonious and unsympathetic wife living in luxury in a Dockland's penthouse.

Or, worse, ask for a subsidy from his new Indian employer.

Now, so great was my exultation as I looked down at him I almost felt something of the fondness and love for him I had felt when he was the big, powerful and handsome executive, and I no more a lowly secretary at the workplace.

Not to mention the wife he treated no better than a skivvy when at home.

As I say:

Almost.

The *"fondness"* I felt for him now had more to do with my anticipation of the fate my boss and lover had in mind for him and how it would benefit me than any return to the romantic yearnings he had once instilled in my considerable, if subsequently underused, breasts.

As his eyes darted to-and-thro and his mind frantically searched for a plausible excuse *not* to accept my offer, my own thoughts returned to the email that had brought me up-to-speed with his predicament and, maliciously, I confess, and at Amrita's urging, led me to make my offer of a night of sex to him…

THIRTEEN

New Arrangements

FROM: *amrita.despotic@aol.com*
TO: *beloved.niece@hotmail.co.uk*
SUBJECT: *Progress*

Now that you have been told of the astonishing change I have made to my living arrangements with your husband – astonishing for him, anyway – and you are up-to-speed with how I wish things to progress this coming weekend, I am sure, my darling girl, you would also enjoy hearing how I have managed to progress matters between myself and your husband so swiftly in the fortnight between both my last email to you and your last visit here.

The time between then and now has been, and I use no exaggeration, an utter delight to me.

My origins in Hyderabad are known to you so it will come as no surprise that there are times when I must pinch myself to make sure this life I now lead is real and continuous and not the wishful fantasising of a woman who sleeps and must necessarily end when consciousness returns.

You are, of course, aware he has been trained in the domestic arts and how, despite his hatred of these tasks, he becomes more and more efficient in carrying them out.

You are also aware that I have used his fear of your leaving him should he become… unemployed… to make him accept discipline from my hands.

This last, I understand, being hard for you to believe, given you have yet to witness him submitting to his Indian Master – how utterly thrilling such a description is! It is, I assure you, no less true for all that and he has truly begun to regard me with real fear.

Glorious!

Not one hour has passed it seems, let alone a day, when I have not forced upon him another concession to my power and used his terror of having you discover just how humbling his service to me now is to place him further in subjection.

He is becoming less and less recognisable as the man he was when I first took the reins at my husband's company and truly seems unable to refuse me anything.

Despite the fact I know he wishes to do just that.

Since that first real showdown I described, when he used abusive language in regard of me and I asked him to leave there is a whole new dynamic between us and I know you will excuse me if I allow myself to linger once again on that moment when I demanded he apologise by kneeling before me and placing his lips upon my foot.

It is, after all, something you will empathise with more when he places those same lips upon your delightful feet.

At that moment you yourself will experience the euphoria that is supplied by the ownership of a living and breathing male.

And especially one as handsome and masculine looking as the husband who acted as if he were your master for so long.

That moment, when his legs gave way beneath him and he crumbled to the carpet at my feet will live long in my memory. As will the mixture of abject humiliation, self-hate and purest loathing etched upon those features you have heard me praise on so many occasions.

That I was bringing him face to face with the weakness of his character, and asserting myself as his female master in the process, was so devastatingly thrilling to me that even now I confess myself amazed I could keep my joy from him.

Though it must be said the fact his shamed eyes were lowered and he could not see my own face was of immeasurable service to me.

We would not wish our chattel to look upon us both – or at least me – as perverts, after all.

However, the above being unavoidable, it will be as well for him that he does not feel himself in a position to make his views of us both known.

Even if correcting him for the holding of such views, and the pleasure such chastisement of him supplies, surely makes such a scenario "win-win" as they say.

For us, anyway.

Staying with the subject of his growing "respect" for his employer and which will soon be extended to you in its entirety if we play the cards dealt us surely; when you arrive, please make sure to evince no surprise at the way in which I now compel him to address me at all times.

For you will certainly hear him address me in these words of my own language:

"Paye lagu, Malkin."

Curiosity for the meaning of these words he addresses to me is acceptable my love and when you ask their meaning I will simply inform you in front of him that it is a form of respect from employee to employer in my land.

You will, of course, and to his relief, no doubt, accept this explanation without either disapproving look or comment - even though I inform you now that a loose translation of these words would go something like:

"At your feet, Master."

I hear your laughter and feel your excitement as if you were here with me and your auntie's tongue were being used for purposes other than to explain the shame of your husband at having to address an Indian woman in such a way.

You will also hear him address me as simply "Malkin" and it would be good if you adopted the same response when this happens and regarded it as no more than a form of respect in another tongue – which, of course, is exactly what it is; if a particularly humble example.

I ask you, is it not a heady proposition, my love?

To think that this superior and delusional Englishman could be forced to address one such as me in the way expected of the lowliest of Indian servants from the distant past?

Yes, of course it is, and, believe me, he will be relieved that I do not expect him to drop to his knees and kiss my feet in tandem with the words during your stay.

That is right. The husband you once believed so powerful and masculine has been proved to be nothing of the sort. And even his advanced self-regard must now find it impossible to believe he was ever any such thing when his weakness now compels him to utter such words of respect as he places his lips upon my toes when greeting me at the start of each day or after a spell from my presence.

Fantastic, is it not?

Also, the fact that I have kept my word to him and not informed you either of the true meaning of the above words of "respect", or the situation that exists between us when you are not here, will only strengthen the considerable control I already have over him.

In fact, on the two or three occasions when I have considered it necessary to threaten him with your involvement in the chastisement he now accepts from me for his shortcomings – yesterday I actually took him over my knee and spanked him with one of my shoes until he sobbed like an infant; this before taking the traditional position and ordering him to the corner to spend some time thinking about his misdemeanours – he has actually crawled to my feet without an order to beg me to reconsider.

Thus have I reduced your handsome and pusillanimous husband to a condition more in keeping with his true nature and fully intend he remain there.

Am I surprised he has succumbed to such treatment with so little in the way of fight, I hear you ask?

Yes… And no.

Most handsome men, in my experience – though certainly not all – are spoiled by women and remain little boys at heart. It remains only for the strong woman to exert her authority in the correct way for these men to return to that condition of dependence and submission to female authority that was their original state.

This is our true power and it is my belief that men, no matter their race, class or intelligence, are hardwired from birth to submit to women.

Should, that is, the woman in question realise her advantages and put them to the very best of uses.

Simplistic?

Perhaps

But then, maybe you have another explanation for my continuing success with your husband?

I, for one, am not particularly bothered either way.

It is enough for me that this handsome and self-loving Englishman who considers himself so far above one of my race and class becomes, with each passing hour, more and more my creature. And, though I would never allow him the pleasure of knowing it, his presence in my life makes a reality of all the deepest and darkest sexual fantasies I have experienced since the early days in Hyderabad, when my mother toiled for an English family who were always ready to let her know she was the lowest form of life.

How could I not be delighted with what I am in the process of making your husband?

And he has a way to fall yet.

The placing of the cock – the same organ that has been so treacherous to my darling girl – in restraint is but the start of his slide to a position in our lives from which he will never return and I am sure you will forgive me for reliving the lead up to this wondrous event…

"Come!" I said to the knock upon my study door as I gazed out onto the rustic and extensive garden with its views over a Medway less busy and populated than the watercourse upriver towards Chatham and its redeveloped docks and shopping malls.

I did not turn when he entered but made him wait, knowing what he wanted and not about to make the addressing of his concerns any easier.

The anguish and impatience I could see reflected in the window would have been palpable anyway but it was a tonic to be able to see the twitchiness of both face and body that had been produced by my latest demand of him.

"Could… Could I have a word with you?"

I turned at the request and allowed my eyes to drill into his, gratified at the instant look of fear my appraisal fetched from this handsome man who was some four years my senior.

"Have you forgotten something?"

His Adam's Apple bobbed in his throat convulsively and his cheeks coloured at what he knew I expected of him and would, no doubt, hate supplying for the rest of his - considerable time as my manservant.

Lowering himself to his knees; he placed his lips upon the toes of my bare right foot and its vermillion nails.

Yes, my love. You heard me correctly. Not only did he perform this ritual I now insisted upon from him, but he did so instantly. And without trying to persuade me to relent.

Even if the look upon his face promised my person all the horrors of a feudal torture chamber were he ever so fortunate as to find his Indian "Malkin" in such a place and at his mercy.

It is, while we are on the subject, yet another aspect of his servitude to me I adore. The fact that he feels compelled to pay me such humbling service. And hates both his employer and himself for delivering it.

But… Where was I?

Oh, yes!

As he knelt with lips pressed against my toes, handsome head bowed in homage to one he hated, I was, my darling girl, wearing one of my traditional Hyderabadi saris with diamante encrusted sandals.

And yes, it was a deliberate choice, my love.

For I knew my being dressed in the fashion of my homeland would only increase his sense of shame at being forced to act towards me in such a way; more so when he forced himself through the form of address I was equally insistent upon:

"Paye lagu, Malkin," he intoned as his lips left my toes, voice quivering with the emotion born of the deepest disgrace for behaving in such a craven way before a creature he despised with every fibre of his being.

Something, I add unnecessarily, I pray will not change with every fibre of my own being.

So long as he becomes more and more enslaved to me… and, by extension, your good self.

"What is it you wish to say to your Malkin?" I asked, the description of myself as such – despite the fact he had only recently been made aware of the word and its meaning in my language – evincing a wince from him as he struggled to frame the words of a request I had been fully expecting.

"I… I…"

He hesitated and I could see he was trying to summon up his resolve – that which was left to him still, anyway.

I helped him:

"I do hope you are not about to try and convince me to change my mind on the subject of your… cage?" I asked.

His expression was abject and, so lost in self-pity was he, he actually addressed me by name:

"Please, Amrita. This… This is too much. I… I'm trying to adjust to your ways and… Look, I know your culture is different and… and…"

Again I helped him, having concocted a ludicrous and totally fictitious explanation for my treatment of him that probably made the superior fool look upon my country with even more contempt for its backward social customs – even as he was forced to observe these completely fallacious mores:

"It is hard for you to come to terms with what I expect of you as my manservant – let alone to be compelled to take on that position in the way I would expect from a man of my own country?"

If hearing me describe him as a manservant was not to his liking, then he brightened a little at my seeming to be in tune with his thoughts upon what I was now demanding of him.

Add to that the fact that I had not yet taken him to task for addressing me by my first name and I felt sure he was beginning to feel more confident he could make me think again.

"Correct me, if I have it wrong," I went on. "Though you do not understand the need for me to discipline you for your tardiness and what I consider insolence, you realise it goes hand in hand with such employer-employee relationships in my country and submit to it because you love your wife and wish to remain in my employment that she may see how committed you are to remaining her husband?"

I could see he hated hearing his marital situation described from my lips but was biting back his distaste in the hope of keeping on my right side and changing my mind upon the subject of his coming… confinement!

"Have I assessed your thoughts correctly?" I inquired.

"Please, Amrita, you must see how hard this has all been for me. I… I'm a grown man and you treat me as if… as if…"

"As if you are a child in need of supervision and direction that he may fulfil his obligations to the best of his abilities?"

He swallowed back his pride and decided to talk around my question:

"You must see that I can't possibly go on being treated like this," he pleaded, eyes full of the same emotion that would make my victory over him – OUR victory – complete. "I... I'm a man for heaven's sakes. You must see that?"

To his surprise – and probably yours as you read this, my darling girl – I nodded my agreement.

Much good it was about to do him.

"Yes, you are a man. A man who is now my servant," I told him. But there are all kinds of men and you have been deluding yourself and your charming wife for far too long as to the type of man you are."

"Amrita, I..."

"Be quiet and do not interrupt!" I snapped.

I cannot tell you how gratifying it was to be obeyed so instantly.

The above concession made despite the flash of anger telling me wished nothing more at that moment than to throttle the life from my lungs.

Something I was confident he would never have moral strength enough to do.

"You have used your looks and advanced age to ride roughshod over a wife who was, and always will be, your complete superior in terms of both loyalty and intelligence."

His face was the usual picture of misery and disbelief that he could be listening to himself be described in such a way.

"You have cheated upon her with other women – yes, she has told me all about your indiscretions – and used her in the home as if she were just the kind of servant you yourself now find yourself to be."

A look of recognition passed across his eyes at this and I enjoyed refuting it:

"And no, the position in which you find yourself has nothing whatsoever to do with a desire on the part of Chrissy to punish you for your treatment of her. In fact, so great are her feelings for you still, it was she who came to me and pleaded for your return to my company."

Mention of my "company", as it always did with him, prompted yet another plea to me for a return.

"But, Amrita, surely with my experience I could still be a valuable…?"

"Did I or did I not tell you NOT to interrupt?"

He fell to a thoroughly beaten silence.

And was about to be beaten down further:

"The only position I would consider for you with my company is that of your wife's secretary and assistant. And think how humiliating that would be for you. To have the former colleagues who saw you as the manly womaniser you enjoyed portraying yourself as being reduced to a subordinate position to the wife who once worked for you in a similar role."

He was indeed thinking about it and, such was his hatred for his position with me, would, I felt sure, have accepted a job as his wife's secretary.

Had I been so foolish as to have offered it to him.

"My late husband was fond of you," I told him truthfully before going on to lie. "But he also confided in me that you were a weak personality and that your wife and secretary was the real strength in your life."

Outraged as he was at this, I overlooked the outburst that followed:

"That's not true!" he said forcefully – or as forcefully as a man could who was upon his knees before an Indian woman whose feet he had just kissed.

"You think not?"

"Wesley and I were close. He had nothing but praise for the way I ran my department."

I shook my head with finality.

"No. He had praise only for the way your wife helped you run your department."

"But…?"

"Before he passed away he told me that he was considering removing you and promoting Christine to your position."

He looked aghast at my lie and I knew it was one thing to have ME remove him from his job.

But for Wesley to be thinking of doing so!

I pressed on:

"All I did was to implement the changes my husband was about to make had he been fortunate enough to remain alive."

As he thought this uncomfortable – and completely untrue – fact over, I moved things forward even further:

“And now you wish to persuade me to reconsider my decision to place your cock under lock and key.”

It was not a question and his expression supplied me no need of an answer.

I could see an otherworldly look behind his eyes struggling to come to terms with the fact he could not only find himself in the position he was in but be on the wrong end of such an outrageous conversation.

An Indian woman he despised had told him she thought he would be a more motivated servant if his cock and balls were placed under her control.

And still he had not risen up the way any self-respecting man would and put her in her place.

To the contrary, he was still on his knees before her in the hope she would reconsider her decision.

In exactly the way she had said.

“My decision is final,” I told him, “and before your wife arrives for the weekend you will be fitted with the device I have already purchased for you.”

“Please, no, Amrita,” he said and I could see real tears that were not the result of any physical chastisement of him forming behind his eyes. “You… You’re going too far. How…? How will I explain it to Chrissy? What will I say if…?”

A raised hand gained his silence.

“I see no reason she should ever find out,” I told him and was rewarded with a small sigh of relief.

“I take this action simply to ensure that your mind is focused upon becoming the best and most respectful servant you can be for me. It is simply an arrangement between employer and employee and there is no reason I can see for involving a third-party.”

He was still not sold – how could he be – as I added, in the most conciliatory tone I had ever taken with him to this point:

“Have I not been true to my word up to now?”

There was only one answer but, in his current emotional condition, it was a monosyllable he found beyond him.

I went on:

“Knowing how humiliating you would find it were your wife to discover your correction at my hands, have I not kept this between us? Have I not said that you need only repeat the words of fealty to me when she is visiting rather than supply the physical show of respect also?”

“Yes, but…”

“Then you must believe me when I give my word that your chastity will not be mentioned from my lips.”

“But Amrita… What if…? What if…?”

“What if she decides she wants to have sex with you again?”

He nodded, shamefaced at having me know of your bedroom… inactivity. Especially as he was now compelled to sleep in the cellar that was now his quarters as my servant. Even when you, my love, were visiting at the weekend.

“When, as I am sure she will, she sees you performing your duties here and realises how committed you are to making your marriage to her work, then I have no doubt she will wish to resume having sex with you.”

“But how, Amrita? How can I if…?”

My hand again forestalled him:

“When that happens you will simply come to me and – should I consider your behaviour to have been worthy of reward…”

“Reward!” he all but exploded.

I held him with disapproving eyes and felt his anger dissipate beneath them.

Then:

“That is what I said,” I assured him in a tone he was beginning to know well and had prefaced the few physical corrections at my hands – and footwear – he had experienced to this point. “When your wife requires you in such a way, and if I consider your behaviour committed enough, I will release you from your cage.”

The involuntary wince this won from him was all the answer I needed – not that I required one -

“Now, unless you wish to feel the sole of my shoe upon your backside again, I suggest you NOT interrupt me again. We both know this is going to happen and you have neither the strength nor the support and finances to prevent it.”

The look upon his face told me just how much he wished he had either one, two, or all three of the things I had just mentioned.

But, and more crucially, the fact he remained on his knees before me told me he accepted he had not.

“At precisely 8.00pm this evening you will be waiting for me downstairs in your quarters,” I told him. “You will be naked and with your private parts completely shaved.”

Below me, his head shook from side-to-side and I could tell that he was still having trouble believing what he was being forced to live through.

This was, I confess, understandable.

And of absolutely nil interest to me.

“I will then place a ring around your scrotum that will be locked before attaching the cage that will contain your penis and securing that also.”

His head was shaking even more violently as I added:

“After that, it will be entirely up to the progress I see you make as my Indian trained manservant as to whether the cage comes off or stays on...”

…Seeing my husband now, on his knees before me in an apron, and knowing my friend’s handiwork resided beneath his trousers, did nothing to lessen an overwhelming sense of arousal I fought mightily to prevent him from noticing. Amrita’s description of how he had trembled as if he were a new-born foal in the presence of a predator as she fastened a steel-ring about his scrotum ringing in my ears. This as I once again wished it had been me who had gone on to insert his flaccid and terrified cock into its cage before locking it to the ring.

Oh, how I would have loved to be the one doing such a thing to his pride and joy.

“C-Can you excuse me for a moment, Chrissy?” he asked.

My eyes crinkled with puzzlement – even though I was well ahead of both him and the reasoning behind his request.

“Does massaging your wife’s feet upset you?” I asked, knowing that was exactly what it did under the circumstances but that he would be at pains not to let me know it.

“N-No!” he protested gamely, especially as the smell of my feet in their hose after a day at the office followed by a drive to the Medway must have been overpowering from his position with them in his hands. “It’s just that… Just that…”

“What?”

“Well,” he lied, having hit upon an approach he thought might work. “I’m sure Amrita…”

He caught my expression that was both frown and scowl in one.

"…*Ms Am*rita asked me to do something. If you don't mind, I'll just go and check with her."

"Not at all," I said as he rose and made for the front-room. "I'll come with you."

"No!" he almost screamed before regaining some composure and lowering his tone.

"What I mean is… You stay there and I'll be right back to, you know, to, hmm, massage your feet."

"You're sure you don't mind?" I asked, as if giving him a choice in the matter. "I mean, it's not something you would ever have considered doing not so long ago."

"No, no," he assured me before going on to lie: "You've had a hard day and there's nothing I'd like more than to relax you."

I gave him an appreciative smile of the type one might supply a diligent underling and, thus encouraged, he went on:

"I'll just speak to Am… Ms Amrita and I'll be right back."

He was out the door just in time to miss my triumphant smile.

I did, after all, know *exactly* what it was he wanted to speak to his *"Malkin"* about.

FOURTEEN

"Amrita!"

April 2012

FROM: *amrita.despotic@aol.com*
TO: *beloved.niece@hotmail.co.uk*
SUBJECT: *Progress*

This morning, my darling girl, and shortly after you left for London, your husband was introduced to the more… personal… side of his service to his "Malkin".

And, by the way, I must thank you for another thoroughly enjoyable weekend and hope you enjoyed our… coming together… once our chattel was settled in the cellar as much as your ever loving aunty.

Now however, and as you relax this evening with a nice glass of Chenin or Rioja to suit your mood – no doubt pondering the latest of the obliging cocks I have sourced to service my darling girl's ravenous and hairless pussy, your loving aunty is lying upon her bed with her laptop across her thighs as she catches her breath from the attentions of her darling girl's husband and his obedient tongue.

That is right, my sweet!

Congratulate me.

The handsome pig who would not perform this act of worship for his devoted wife has been taken so far down the masculine scale he not only placed his tongue at the service of his Malkin but was ordered to do so.

And, while I cannot say he showed any real talent in this area, I can guarantee that when his servile tongue finally finds itself upon your adorable gash and the sweet clit above it you will find yourself attended to by a master of the craft.

He will, after all, be getting much practice and an extremely attentive and strict tutor.

But allow me to take you back to this morning and the rather sulky excuse for a man that was your husband as he stood before me in my study and spoke what were fast becoming the usual – not to mention grudging – words of respect.

As we thought, he was much put out by my refusal to unlock his cage that he might spend the night with you. Almost as much, in fact, as he felt shamed for the lame excuse he dreamt up of wanting you to rest after your taxing week at the office. Not to mention the pathetic assertion that he would prefer to wait until you were more accustomed to the pressures of your new position before resuming sexual relations with you.

He truly is more credulous and stupid than even I believed him to be!

Oh, how I should have loved to have seen his face as he tried to convince you to buy such cow-dung!

Is this not a testament to just how far we have lowered him?

Anyhow, his sulkiness with me did not last – even if his shame did – when I told him, as I have already mentioned, that today was the day his service to me became more personal.

"W-What do you mean, Amrita?" he asked, before quickly correcting himself. "I mean… Malkin."

My expression warned:

"Do NOT forget again!"

His face was a picture of unhappiness and I exulted in being its cause as I continued:

"I have told you many times now that I intend to train you exactly as I would train an Indian manservant and it is high-time that you were shown how to attend your Malkin as she goes about her bodily functions such as bathing and the like."

I did not enlarge upon this "and the like" but I soon would. And, anyhow, he was mortified enough at this point at the prospect of having the woman who had the key to his cock-cage about her neck insist he be in attendance at her ablutions. "And the like".

"It is one reason I did not allow you to accept the offer made to you by your wife to have sex with her this weekend past."

Again, his face coloured with outrage at hearing me discuss your sex-life and be powerless to prevent me.

How much more his shame and anger at being powerless to stop me from preventing him make love to his wife?

In our own different ways, my darling girl, we are in two perverse and enchanting heavens!

"I have been moderately pleased with your efforts as my servant but, if you are to remain in my service as well as in the life of…"

I shrugged my shoulders, knowing it was unnecessary to finish the sentence and that he was more than aware of his… delicate… position in regard of your marriage.

"But," I continued, "if you are to stay as my manservant there needs to be much improvement and I need to see a willingness in you to adapt."

"But what has that to do with your refusing to…? Refusing to…?"

"Refusing to take your penis and balls out of their cage that you may have sex with your wife?" I asked, adoring how easily I could manipulate him.

The silence that greeted my words where once there would have been anger and curses – maybe even a pitiful attempt to leave – was all the answer I required.

"It supplies you with motivation," I enlightened him. "Something that has been sorely missing from your life up until now."

My next words were not unconsidered and would, I knew, have an obvious effect:

"You are an undeniably handsome man, Dennis…"

He was unable to prevent a look of calculation from entering his expression at this point. It was the first time he had received any kind of compliment from me regarding my attraction to his looks and it had the obvious effect. I could tell he was already asking if this "attraction" on my part could be made to work to his advantage.

Let him!

"…but because of that," I went on, "you have traded upon your looks rather than put in the work necessary to make the truly hard-yards."

He seemed about to refute this when I continued on over him:

"And no more glaringly and unfairly than you have done so with your long-suffering wife."

"But…?"

"BUT no more," I told him, compelling him to silence with no more than a simple change of tone, so far had I reduced him as a man. "Your days of using your looks to manipulate women into doing your bidding are over. And if you are deluding yourself that this is not so then think of where and who you are now."

His throat bobbed convulsively and I knew he was doing just that.

"You are a servant. MY servant. A woman from a land I sense you feel inferior to your own and from a class and background you no doubt view in a like manner."

Your husband did not even begin to attempt to refute my assertion.

"But look at yourself and the position you now occupy. You are there and I am here. The one with neither power nor choices and a wife who will leave him with nothing if he fails her good friend Amrita by not becoming the perfect… flunky."

I allowed his cheeks to redden further at my deliberately provocative choice of words, then went on:

"The other in a position to demand obedience and ensure that he becomes something worthwhile and useful, both to her and the wife he has treated so shabbily in the past."

Your husband, my darling girl, looked truly sick. Despite all that had happened to him up to now – and much of that as unbelievable to me let alone him – I am convinced he thought that if he could just bite the bullet and win himself back into your good graces he could retrieve his situation in which he found himself. But now I was determined to read him his future exactly as I saw it.

And, more gallingly for him, what would he could expect to happen to him if he were to lose the sanctuary of remaining in my home and my employ.

"Here with me as my servant you have a place in life that is secure," I told him. "I am not a stupid woman and I realise the position in which you find yourself is not one you would choose."

I leave you to picture his expression at this point, my darling girl.

"But, unless you wish to entrust your future to the great and British welfare-state now that it is highly unlikely you will ever find the kind of employment you seek, or prefer to work for your living collecting supermarket trolleys for minimum wage – and do so without a wife at your side – you will not only remain my servant but will endeavour to become the most diligent and respectful retainer you can possibly be."

"You…? You think I can accept that?"

"Do not be so ridiculous, Dennis," I scolded him, using his full Christian-name for the second time during this conversation. "You have already done so. Think about what you do for me and also your wife when she visits."

I gave him some seconds to do just that then, in case he saw things differently, described just what it was he was doing:

"Who is it, you think, who has responsibility for my house these days? Who has been learning to cook and waits at table as his Malkin eats, before taking care of the dishes afterwards before eating himself? Who cleans, does laundry, runs errands and chauffeurs his Malkin when she decides to visit town? Who is it that waits hand and foot upon his own wife when she makes one of her weekend visits?"

He had no answer save a shamefaced look and I pressed on:

"Who is it who decided to accept… correction… from his Malkin rather than have his position with her terminated and his wife informed of the dismissal?"

He could not meet my eyes and I pressed home my advantage:

"Or was it somebody else who lowered his trousers and draped himself over my thighs to receive a spanking for his tardiness?"

Again there was no answer but I could see the misery both deepen and darken those handsome features.

"Who is it that keeps the key to your cock and balls around her neck and who exactly do you think it was who allowed me to manhandle his pride and joy into the prison in which it now finds itself confined?"

At this, my darling girl, the floodgates opened with a vengeance:

"For god's sakes, Amrita!" he cried. "When will it all end? Haven't you ruined my life enough? What will it take to make you stop? My suicide?"

My answer, I assure you, came as a complete shock to him.

Rising from the seat behind my desk, and as quick as a flash, I cut the distance between him and slapped his face with all the strength I possess.

And did so again with the back of that same hand when his startled head returned to its starting position.
"You ingrate dog of a man!" I shouted at him. "How dare you accuse me of wanting such a thing?"

I drew back and slapped him again, conscious of wanting to show him once and for all where the true power between us lay and that – despite his desire – his life would never return to the way it was.

NEVER!

Again I backhanded him and again he took it.

Which was when, and through the self-induced rage I had cultivated, I heard it.

Your husband, my love, the man who for so long rode roughshod over you, was sobbing.

Literally.

I had reduced him to tears.

And it felt incredible!

I knew now with certainty – not that I had doubted myself on this score – that there was nothing I could not make him accept at my hands and feet. With the help of his own innate weakness I had broken him. He was mine to do as I wished.

And what did I wish at this point?

You may be surprised, under the circumstances, but I was a model of restraint.

Rather than heap more pain and abuse upon him, I simply allowed his sobbing to intensify before taking him by the lobe of his ear and pulling him to a corner of my study.

"I treat people as I find and, at this moment, I find you no more than a particularly ungrateful and whiny child," I told him as I forced his nose to the corner.

The sobbing that marked the almost complete loss of any self-respect he might still have retained increased as the tip of his nose touched cool painted plaster and I continued:

"I have tried to direct you to your true calling with firmness and patience but I can see I need to take a far stricter approach to your training," I informed him above his unmanly and wretched sobs, breaths constricting in his throat as if he truly were an infant being reprimanded by an angry adult. "From now on it is no longer a matter of you accepting a position as my Indian trained servant but a case of my telling you. As of this moment we have entered into what is, to all intents and purposes, a Master and slave arrangement. And if you do not wish your wife to know of the position you now occupy in my life then I suggest you do exactly as you are told from now on."

My hands went around his waist and – despite my excitement – deftly unbuckled his belt before unfastening a button, lowering the zip, and pulling his trousers down to his ankles.

And all without a hint of resistance from your weakling of a husband!

Truly, my contempt for the man is almost as great as my desire to own him!

And how much greater were both contempt and excitement when his cotton boxer-shorts joined his trousers and he stood with nose to the corner and his white arse showing.

"You are going to stay with your nose in the corner and think about your future behaviour until I give you permission to move," I told him as he struggled – unsuccessfully – to control his unmanly tears. "Then, when I have given it, you will place yourself on all-fours and crawl to my desk where you will apologise for your childish outburst in the hope that I will forgive you and not tell your wife of what had occurred and is about to occur between us."

There was no response except a sniffle and I finished:

"Whether I accept your apology or not will be entirely dependent upon how you decide to apologise to me and depends upon my finding it… abject… enough."

With that, my love, I turned on my heel and re-seated myself behind my desk.

And what kind of apology do you think it took from him to win my forbearance?

Did I not already tell my inattentive girl at the top of this email?

Oh, I believe I did, you know?

Well, here is another clue.

When I was seated, I hitched the sari I had worn this morning up above the low but spiky heeled shoes, into which I had slipped the bare-feet he had not long finished respecting with his lips, to reveal those strong, smooth and brown thighs you yourself adore so much.
But it would not be my thighs to whom he would address his apology.

That, my love, would be reserved for the depilated Indian pussy that was about to feel the first of many kisses and licks from the tongue of your beaten and enslaved husband.

And after that…

FIFTEEN

"Chrissy"

May 2012

"Get naked."

The man, whose name was Terry, gave a nervous half-laugh, unsure he had heard correctly.

"What?"

"I said take your clothes off."

He was still at a loss but something resembling anger bubbled away behind his eyes. Only months before we had been colleagues – in fact, and as a revenue generating salesman, he had been senior to me in my position as a run-of-the mill secretary. But no more.

I seated myself on the plush sofa Amrita had bought for the office that had one been hers and her husband's before her and crossed my booted legs.

"I won't tell you again, Terry," I said, voice firm despite a little nervousness at committing what amounted to harassment at the workplace, noting the look of concentration that went with his anger and uncertainty as he mulled over the benefits to him of what I was suggesting.

I had certainly come a long way.

I could see him balancing the minus points involved with doing as I asked against all the obvious plus factors. And I knew which of the two would win out. I also knew he found the new me sexy and, what with his current inactivity on the woman front, was ripe for what I was suggesting.

Or, to be more truthful, *demanding.*

He twiddled with his tie nervously and hovered on the edge of a decision that would place our working relationship on a wholly different level.

"But… What about Dennis?" he asked, obviously stalling for time, wanting and not wanting to submit to me.

I indicated the empty office.

"He doesn't appear to be here," I told him. "Next question."

"But… But…"

I rose to my feet swiftly and stood before him, heeled-boots and the hose beneath them feet planted squarely on the plush office carpet; hands on hips imperiously as I got right into his face and allowed my eyes to blaze up into his.

"If the next thing you do doesn't involve undressing you're finished at this company and I'll make sure any reference to a new employer reflects your recent… inefficiency."

"You.. You'd do that to me, Chrissy?"

"In a heartbeat," I assured him. "The *'Chrissy'* you used to know doesn't exist any longer and, unless you make yourself useful to her, the new one will make life *very* unpleasant for you… And please, don't waste your breath in threatening me or the company with a sexual harassment charge. With your recent work-record the only criticism aimed my way would be how I could have allowed you to stay in your job."

I gave him a few moments, then:

"It's your choice, Terry. Make yourself useful. Or make yourself unemployable."

There was unmistakable hatred in his gaze and, with it, something else.

Something I recognised in the expression of my husband these days.

Acceptance.

Acceptance that was reflected in his next words:

"But…? The door. What if your temp comes in while…"

"I told Denise not to disturb me," I said, referring to the latest in a long line of unsatisfactory temporary secretary's I was in the process of replacing right at this moment – even if the prospect I had in mind for the position had no suspicion of my plans.

"Still, if my unlocked door bothers you so much," I went on, "you have two choices. Either turn on your heel and walk through it and then keep on walking…"

He was waiting on my next words and I knew I had him; such was the confidence instilled in me by Amrita and her faith in my… *abilities*.

"…Or," I went on, "turn the key in the lock and come back to me like a good boy."

I could read his mind as if his head were a computer monitor and its thoughts were being flashed across it. He knew I was deadly serious at this point and was weighing his chances in the job-market beyond and feeling understandably unenthusiastic about his prospects. On the other hand, I could almost hear him asking himself, how bad could it be. After all, it wasn't the daughter of Godzilla, exactly, who was demanding he become her office-bitch.

Something in his eyes told me he'd reached a decision and, as confident as I felt about his *'acceptance'*, my breath caught in my throat as he turned on his heel and made for the door, fully expecting him to turn the handle and leave.

His handle actually rested on the handle and…

My breathing returned as the sound of the door locking shut returned me to my previous condition of confidence.

"Take your tie off," I ordered when he turned to face me, cheeks reddened with shame.

He was nothing if not a salesman – even if he was in a career and domestic slump – and having made his decision he went with it.

His tie fell to the floor and I felt my own expression infused with triumph as I turned on my heel and re-took my seat on the sofa to view his coming… *striptease*… at my leisure.

Terry had undone his shirt and was about to remove it when I said:

"Leave the buttons undone but don't take it off."

To my satisfaction and great anticipation, he did as I said and then kicked off his shoes without having to be told.

All very encouraging but I rather liked hearing myself giving him orders.

"Remove those socks off before you take of the trousers."

He actually nodded and did as I ordered without question as my smile grew.

He fiddled with his trouser belt in a way that lacked dexterity and was probably explained by his nerves and my eyes fixed him disapprovingly.

"Sorry," he apologised – unbelievably! Not minutes before he had been no more than a salesman trying to sweet-talk his boss on the subject of his appalling sales figures. Now he was apologising to her for not removing his trousers in a way to her liking.

Once again I gave mental thanks to Amrita for showing me my power and the pleasure I could take from its possession.

Eventually, he managed to undo belt before unfastening and unzipping his trousers.

"Mmmmmm," I said as they fell to his ankles and he stepped from them, naked now except for the unbuttoned shirt and a pair white Lycra shorts through which, I was a tad disconcerted to note, no erection was visible.

First things first, however.

“Off with the shorts,” I demanded, crossing my legs and re-adjusting my position upon the sofa that the hiss of nylon, this as one hosed thigh made contact with the other, might inspire some life into his netheregions.

He did exactly as I asked but remained unaroused, face full of discomfort and fear for the unnatural position I was forcing him to adopt; this despite the fact he was some seven years my senior.

A discrepancy in age that – and even more so with my husband – made the control I was exerting over him all the more intense.

Well, at least to me.

“Why is your cock soft?” I asked with a displeased voice, as if it was part of his job description to be hard for me.

Assuring myself it would be from now on.

“I… I don’t know, Chrissy. It’s just… It’s just…”

“Stop blathering and come here,” I snapped at him. “No wonder your sales-figures are so appalling if this is how indecisive you are with our customers.

When he stepped towards me I reached out and started rubbing his cock through the Lycra of his shorts.

A certain… *stirring*… rewarded my attentions.

“Focus on my boots and my thighs,” I told him, allowing my voice to take on a more… sensuous… tone. “Imagine yourself kneeling before them with your nose to my shaved pussy.”

He jolted at the latter and I smiled at having found another fan of depilated cunt; knowing as I did that he would soon be getting ample experience of serving it. Suddenly, his cock was rock hard in his shorts and looked quite amusing. Though amusement of a *jolly* kind was not in my plans at this particular point.

“There, doesn’t that feel better when you’re a good boy for your boss?” I asked, not wanting a reply and not getting one other than a sharp intake of breath from my soon-to-be office bitch as I removed my hand. “Lose the shorts now.”

Obeying instantly now, he hurriedly slid the underpants down and kicked them to the side.

“Not bad,” I said, less than fulsome praise for the erect seven inches or so that bobbed at my eye-level explained by the more appreciable packages possessed by the lovers Amrita had taken such pains – and pleasure – in finding for me on the Net.

I rolled the uncut skin over the by now pulsating head and scrutinised it as if it were a piece of fillet I was inspecting for the evening meal or, in this case, *lunch*.

“Turn around with your back to me,” I commanded.

He did so and, as he did, I could not help but marvel.

In a space of minutes I had turned an older man into no more than my puppet.

It was thrilling in a way beyond my capacity to describe.

“Spread your legs as far as you can and take hold of your ankles,” I told him.

He looked at me with horror, imagining the worst.

“Do as I say!” I snapped when he hesitated.

Adding:

“And make sure to keep your legs straight.”

He did as I ordered and his – thankfully hair-free – arsehole was exposed to me.

Even more deliciously, he had started to tremble involuntarily.

“That’s right, I can see your arsehole Terry. And I bet not too many women can say that. Am I right?”

No answer was forthcoming.

“I asked you a question,” I reminded him, confidence growing as I realised that, having allowed me to take him this far, there was little I couldn’t achieve from now on.

“N-No, Chrissy, they…”

“Start again!” I barked.

“I…? I’m sorry?”

“It’s not *‘Chrissy’* any longer – at least not to you.”

“I… I don’t follow,” he said, still bent over in unmanly fashion before his female boss with his arse viewable to her amused and aroused eyes.

“From now on it is *‘Ms Bennett’*. And at *all* times.”

I let him digest this, knowing he would be thinking how to explain addressing me in such a fashion to his colleagues I still allowed to remain on first name terms.

“Got it?” I snapped.

It took a few moments to arrive, but arrive it did:

"Y-Yes… Ms, hmmm, B-Bennett.

I allowed him a few moments to ponder his latest bending of the male neck to female authority, then:

"Good boy... Now, turn and face me once more."

When he did I could see he was – and understandably – uncomfortable and this pleased me. After all, I had expected to feel a little uncertain at my first attempt to exercise my dominance over a man other than my husband. My elation all the more elevated for the absence of any such inhibitions.

"Now," I said, as an erection that had become… *urgent*… in the last few seconds throbbed before me, "before you get to worship your boss's pussy for the first of many times, you are going to do something for me."

Eyes full of shame and an excitement that only served to exacerbate the emotion, he waited on my next words.

My smile was as cruel as it was aroused:

"Wank!" I ordered.

A few seconds later, when his shock subsided and he was used to the idea and its inevitability enough to wrap his hand around his cock tentatively, I asked myself if he could have had any idea of what was about to occur between us when he had entered my office not fifteen minutes earlier…

*****

…It had been Amrita who put me on to him.

Given she had only been at the company a short time before turning its running over to me and I had been there for so many years, I couldn't quite work out how she could be so knowledgeable and intuitive about the employees there. But knowledgeable and intuitive she was.

And for this I was most thankful – even if her assistance was really no more than a quid pro quo for my allowing her to use my increasingly demoralised and *Indian* pussy-whipped husband in ways of her own perverted choosing.

And even if we had both decided it was time for me to put him *under* also.

But back to… the *bitch*....

Terry Garvin had only recently been divorced and was living in a rented studio-apartment in Deptford.

His savings, the all-knowing Amrita had confided to me, were non-existent and he was having trouble making the payments the court had awarded his wife and the twelve-year-old son who wanted nothing to do with him.

All of which made the salary he earned at the company I was now running for Amrita crucial to him and his alarming recent drop in productivity and slack timekeeping all the more alarming.

For him.

Terry Garvin was also, if not quite in Denny's class, a highly desirable man.

He was tall, maybe six-one, and well-built if not over-muscular frame. Thick black hair framed rounded and pleasant features and his eyes had an almost doe-like quality.

Perfect for catching in the headlights of my burgeoning dominance.

On this particular day, I was power dressed in black with spike-heeled boots. I'd had some meetings with male execs from another company earlier and found they responded more positively – or at least acquiescently - when confronted by a female dressed in such a way. Beneath the boots and knee length skirt resided black sheen stockings while above a tight fitting blouse covered my shapely tits.

"As you are aware, Terry, your performance has dropped recently and…"

"It's a temporary slump, Chrissy," he interrupted, still addressing me as if I were a secretary and he a thrusting sales-executive. "A lot's been going on in my private-life but I have it under control now."

I let him stew, eyes holding his with displeasure until, to my joy, he was unable to compete and actually lowered his own.

"Please do not interrupt me when I'm speaking," I told him and was rewarded with the first sign of real fear flitting across those rounded features.

"As I was saying: your performance levels have dropped and the targets your line-manager have set are not being met at anywhere near acceptable levels."

"Chrissy, I…"

"Interrupt me just once more," I overrode him with a venom neither he nor the rest of the staff had seen from me to this point, "and you can empty your desk."

Stunned and even more disconcerted by this *new* me, he fell silent and waited, aware now that his recent performance had placed his position here in jeopardy.

"Now, I began," relishing the prospect of his reaction to the demotion of an administrative and… *sexual*… kind I had in mind for him. "I'm not heartless and I have taken into account the fact things have not been easy for you on the home-front."

My words seemed to relax him a little but I think even he knew my sudden – if less than heartfelt – understanding was not about to last.

I was in no mood to disappoint him.

“But that doesn’t mean I can let your poor performance continue.”

Sure that the next words from my lips would not be good for him, he was about to interject with some pathetic attempt to persuade me to rethink when I held up a hand to forestall him:

“However, and with that point made, I think there might just be a way I can keep you on with no appreciable loss of salary.”

If relief were liquid I should have found myself fifty-fathoms deep at this point.

Relief that did not survive the conversation that followed next:

“In fact,” I went on, “I believe you will make me the most efficient and obliging…”

EPILOGUE

"It really is hard to take in at times, Denny. You the servant of a woman – well, two women when I get to spend a weekend here. And an Indian woman at that. You mustn't think I'm rubbing it in because I really love this new you. But look at us! Me applying my make-up in the bedroom that's all mine – unless, that is, I'm sharing it with Amrita for some glorious woman-on-woman lovemaking from which my once masterful husband is now completely excluded – and you, no more than a manservant for that same Indian lady who has become your wife's lover.

"Well… One of them, at least.

"Oh, don't look so sulky, sweetheart. Just because things have changed between us it doesn't mean I don't love you and value what you still…

"No, Denny!

"You almost spoke then, didn't you? Despite not asking for permission and despite the fact you know Amrita doesn't like you being too familiar with me and that I don't like you speaking to me in the bedroom.

"It's okay, don't worry. I won't tell her this once. Believe it or not, I still love you and I really don't enjoy seeing you punished. But don't test me."

"Alright, apology accepted and you can stop licking my feet now. Just stay where you are with your head lowered while I finish off my make-up.

"Good boy!

"Now where was I…?

"Oh, yes… I mean, how strange is it that I only get to see you every other weekend and, when I do, you're here to help me dress of a morning or if Amrita – Malkin to you, of course – and I decide to go out for the evening.

"Look at us! Me, the confident businesswoman with her face framed by a new page-boy-cut hairstyle as she prepares herself for a day with her Indian lover. And you, a lowly servant with his head shaved and naked except for the ring around his balls and the metal cage imprisoning the cock that once used to get him into so much trouble. Not to mention the neck-collar with your Malkin's name and address written upon…

"Stop fidgeting!

"Keep your forehead on my feet the way I told you! I'm not saying this to make you feel bad but to boost your self-esteem… That's what I said… There's no shame in being the servant of a strong-woman such as your Malkin and there's certainly none in being helpful and obedient to me. I'm still your wife, you know?

"No!

"That wasn't permission for you to speak but a rhetorical question. If your tongue needs some exercise you can lick my feet and ankles if you like. I'll leave it to you. But absolutely NO speaking.

"There that's my lovely boy! I know you love my feet and legs and it makes me really happy when you do as you're told?

"Mmmmmm, what a good boy you are when you put your mind to it – and to think of all those years we wasted with you trying to be the big strong man.

"But we know that was never really you and this is how it has to be from now on. It was my job to please you once but that's all changed. The young wife you used to cheat on is now a self-assured and confident businesswoman with her own office-bitch of a male-secretary and personal-assistant to lower her stress levels and you're no more than an Indian woman's manservant, stripped of all personal pride and ambition who exists only to be used by his Indian master and, on occasional weekends, the woman who had once been not only his secretary but his loyal and malleable wife.

"I'm sorry to be so blunt but that's the simple tru…

"Oh, lord!

"Are those tears I can feel on my instep?

"Really, Denny, you're such a cry-baby these days I'm embarrassed to ever have married you. Do you think all the men with their lovely long and thick cocks who are fucking your wife could ever be taken so low?

"No. Of course they couldn't. That's why they get to have their cocks inside the pussy that was once yours and yours alone while you…

"What's this now?

"Sobbing!

"Dear oh dear!

"What a pathetic specimen you are.

"I mean, what woman would ever want your cock inside her?

"Certainly not me.

"And, while we're on the subject, if you ever want me to ask your Malkin to let you out of your cage so you can hump your little dicklet against the outside of my hosed leg, or against the sole of the foot your tears are falling upon, you had better pull yourself together. This is your life now and if you weren't so weak it could never have been forced upon you, so get used to it.

"Sorry, I don't mean to laugh and be cruel, but I often wonder what your former work colleagues would think if they could see you helping either me or Amrita take our showers before drying us and then helping us to dress in the clothes you've been told to lay out for us. I mean, it is quite incredible isn't it? Who could ever have guessed you'd turn out to be so adept at helping a woman with such intimate personal things? And what a wonderful eye you have! The way you can choose the perfect outfit for both us and, not only that, but match it with the hosiery and accessories. No wonder Amrita is so proud of you at times.

"Me too, of course – even though I don't like it when you get all sorry for yourself. You really can be very helpful when you put your mind to it. So much so, in fact, that I've asked your Malkin if she can spare you for a week every now and then to come and pamper me in London.

"Oooh, is that a smile I see.

"Yes, I believe it is. How lovely! My little sweetheart wants to come and be his wife's servant for a week.

"My, how far we've travelled

"Well, you be the best behaved boy you can be for your Malkin when your wife isn't here and I'm sure she'll let me have you for a week. Then you can be my maid, sorry, manservant and do all kinds of nice intimate things for me.

"Of course, you would have to stay in your room when my lovers stay over but you would still get to do things for me like pedicures and dressing me. I might even let you brush my hair out for me of a night before I go to bed. Would you like that sweetie?

"Yes. Of course you would. But you'd have to be good. I'd want plenty of attention from that tongue your Malkin has trained so well to lick her Indian pussy and arse.

"Sorry. I don't mean to laugh. But who would ever have thought it?

"Not me, that's for sure.

"I mean, my husband the womaniser, the man who refused to lick his own wife's pussy, trained to worship the cunt of an Indian lady… And one he hates at that.

"Life really can be as strange as it's wonderful.

"Of course, I'd want my arse licked as well as my pussy, even after – especially after – one of my lovers has left a lovely creamy load in one or both of those orifices your own cock will never know again.

"Oh, don't look so sad, sweetheart. It really is for the best. This way you'll never have to pretend to be a real man again.

“Yes. I can see in your face that you think you’d like to be but you must know it will never happen so stop tormenting yourself. You’re a servant now and nothing more. You have to accept your new status as the cost of the security your Malkin provides.

“Do you really think you can ever see yourself as a man again?

“Think about it, sweetie.

“More to the point, what woman could ever regard you as any kind of man?

“Not when they know how your Indian Malkin uses you night after night.

“What do you think she would feel about a man who allows an Indian woman to fill his mouth with her warm piss after he has spent the previous hour serving her cunt with his tongue?

“And not only allow her to fill it but to swallow it too as she looks down upon you with the contempt born of true ownership.

“No, sweetie. It’s exactly as I told you last night. Remember?

“You've found your proper place, I told you, and you have. You’re not really a man at all any longer, are you? You’re simply… a thing.

“Your Malkin’s thing.

“And mine of course.

“That, I’m sure you know, goes without saying…

*****

…My name is Christine Bennett and I do believe I am one of the happiest and most fulfilled women in the world.

And hope to go on being so.

The End