Groomed for Servitude

A Book of Erotic Female Dominance

By
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FDC

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"Groomed For Servitude"

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Main Characters

Nipa Kakkar (formerly Jhadav): 42 – Hyderabad born. Matronly figure. Full-breasts and powerful but shapely legs belying her subcontinent origins (or at least the English male's expectation of them). Facially no beauty but possessing a feline quality to her features that could as easily be mistaken for cruelty rather than the warm and cuddly.

Michael Grafton: 53 – A still handsome Londoner with an ex-wife and children and a full head of only slightly greying hair. Physically appealing still, despite the devastation to his finances and self-esteem along with being deprived of his family and the home in which they had once lived after he had declared bankruptcy and his wife had filed the divorce papers.

Padmini Johar: 44 – A childhood friend of Nipa Jhadav's before she left Hyderabad for England to become Nipa *Kakkar*. Tiny at barely five-feet, with pert breasts still and long, jet black hair that is a match of her friend's. An unmarried relationship counsellor still based in Hyderabad.

The Story So Far…

Where does a story *really* begin?

That's the question we each of us ask when setting out to describe either an adventure of our own or, as in this case, that of another.

Is it at that exact point where the adventure we are about to relate actually began its life in the physical – those events related to the episode in question and ignoring all extraneous factors leading up to it? Or does it have its origins in an earlier and seemingly unrelated event? Perhaps not an event even, but a character flaw of some kind that drew the personae dramatis together as surely as two magnets who feel the other's irresistible pull and can do no more than accept this immutable law – albeit that one will fare better than the other in the resulting clash.

Accepting that one of those magnets is capable of exerting a far greater power of attraction than its opposite.

Such was the case when the stars aligned and brought Michael Grafton under the influence of one Nirupa Devi and made his life until then academic. The one, a handsome Englishman in his mid-forties at the time, the other, a matronly Indian widow some eleven years younger. An Englishman and an Indian woman who, not so long ago, would have been likely to be Master and servant or, at the least, employer and employee, rather than the male dependent and female ruler they were shortly to become.

That the man had once been a reasonably successful owner of a business with an attractive wife and doting children while she, Nipa Kakka, had been the young wife of an arranged marriage to an even more successful and older Indian husband who, though he might have looked like a bull-frog, ruled her

as if he were a King of the jungle and she a lowly but necessary and constant presence on the food-chain, made no difference. The death of her sterile husband (that fact explaining, no doubt, why he was not able to attract a more beauteous example of Indian womanhood to his arranged bed) and her deliverance from a consequently childless union had freed the frustrated wife to use the wealth bequeathed her to become a *Queen* of the jungle in her own right.

Consequently, the stars sitting in judgement upon the fates of man and woman – no matter how unfair or harsh their indifferent rulings may be to one or the other – had decided that the paths of frustrated and once dominated Indian housewife and proud and once affluent English husband, father and businessman should cross.

And to hell with the consequences for the down-on-his-luck Englishman.

The freedom conferred by widowhood and the means by which to pursue her long held and undeniably warped sexual and domestic fantasies of physical and mental dominance, together with complete economic control, had set in motion the oft imagined plans she had thought must always remain a figment of her imagination.

A fantasy in regard of taking complete control of a handsome man and ruling his life in *all* ways.

The man of her fantasies being *always* a handsome Englishman.

A handsome, *older*, Englishman.

And the *ways* of her fantasies being of such a kind that the man in her toils would be in a constant condition of humiliation in his service to her – even if she would need to take care his life was not so without pleasure he might decide to end it.

Though the type of decadent and effete European male she had heard of, the kind who took pleasure from such usage, was of absolutely no interest to her. Obliging some male pervert with his fantasy, as if it were all so much role-playing, was not her intention at all. Quite the opposite, in fact.

What set her senses and her passion to white-heat was the prospect of having a man in her possession who hated his indenture to her, yet could find no escape from the ever tightening noose she would place about his neck.

And so it was that, with the death of her controlling but industrious older husband, she had finally been handed the means to see if her fantasy could be made life and had seriously considered any number of previously imagined approaches before settling on one. The one she believed – with great patience and calculation on her part – would deliver the man of her, admittedly, nasty and warped dreams to his knees. Exactly where he belonged.

At her feet with head lowered in supplication.

The merest lingering of her thoughts on the subject making her molten at the core and one carefully worded ad in the personal section of The Telegraph (her preferred hunting-ground) all it had taken to set the process in motion.

A process involving a less than patiently borne wait of almost two months and a parade of unsuitable applicants until she had been sure of both her ground and her man.

It taking over three months in total until she had been entirely sure the handsome and older Englishman of her dreams her ad sought had landed in her net.

His name, as you know by now, the very same *Michael Grafton*.

And the wording of that ad?

"Self-contained living-quarters in secluded and beautiful coastal home available for suitable applicant willing to perform light domestic and outside duties for an owner who regards privacy as paramount.

No salary to be paid but weekly spending money, together with food lodgings and other expenses will be met for the right applicant."

To Michael Grafton, the ad in The Telegraph's classified section, if it proved

as good as it sounded - the implications of the word *"owner"* taken as referring to the *"beautiful coastal home"* itself – could likely prove a temporary Godsend and, after replying to the attached Box-Number and having had a meeting in London, his initial reservations had been overcome and he had told the woman he was interested in the position.

Given he had been surprised to find the person who had placed the ad an Indian widow in her mid-thirties, it must be said that those *"reservations"*, held racial overtones. Overtones that were not unexpected when coming from a man of his race, age and background. And especially from one whose political and world views were mostly formed from the reading of a broadsheet that, despite much excellent – and, on occasion, factual – journalism, remained a bastion of colonial thoughts and attitudes in regard of a now marginalised island and those of its inhabitants still in denial in regard of their country's place in the pecking order of nations.

Though he was not so knee-jerk and uninformed as to favour the pig-swillers of UKIP and their weasel-like, beer-guzzling, leader with his support, Michael Grafton was, by background and inclination, certainly sympathetic towards the trough-guzzlers and so-called patriots of the Tory Party responsible for spawning the aforementioned amalgamation of opportunists and delusional recidivists in the first place.

The above remaining true despite his recent experience of the ruling party's austerity measures. Measures made via the cuts to welfare and to the vulnerable and needy upon whose heads was placed the greatest burden for the implosion of the economy. Even if that implosion had been none of their doing in the first place.

His first-hand experience of a welfare-state he had always decried as *"too generous and de-motivating",* when viewed from the perspective of a secure personal economy and a full stomach making, nonetheless, only a small dent in his somewhat right-wing mentality.

Just the same, his *"Reservations"* in respect of Nipa Kakkar's race, looks and class, had receded to the back of his mind when, after less than an hour of his initial meeting with the younger Indian woman, she had surprised him by

making an offer of the available position via a probationary period.

Even if he was not to know it had been the later background checks she had ordered run on him by a reputable agency that had clinched his presence in both her home and plans.

Ignorant and utterly clueless as to what she intended for him, Nipa Kakkar's quarry had taken the bait.

And once the invitation to her cage had been accepted…?

Now read on:

Michael's Dream

Four years ago:

In that strange place where we sleep and dream and, yet, retain enough consciousness to know that what our thoughts depicted, no matter how disturbing, was not real, Michael Grafton found himself no less troubled by the scene unfolding in his thoughts.

He was naked, back against the cool plaster of a familiar basement wall, legs sprawled out before him on the chill stone flagging that constituted the flooring of what he had come to accept was his abode, skin prickling with fear as he heard the clack of her heels descend the stone staircase and make their way towards him.

When he finally found the courage to look up, he saw with panic that she had taken a seat between his splayed legs and looked on as she positioned the legs of the wooden chair over to either side of his feet to allow powerful legs clad in black pantyhose to bestride his body, obsidian and quite

compassionless eyes boring down into his own to intensify his terror and set his body to shivering.

Unlike him, she was fully dressed. Outfitted in a sombre, severely cut, two-piece suit in charcoal grey with a crisp white shirt and matching accessories completing the effect.

Authority in monochrome.

Imparting an impression more redolent of discipline than nurture and incongruous to him given the gulf separating them via the disparities of age, looks, intelligence and, yes, race.

"Authority", he thought, terror growing that, by rights, should have been his. As he watched brown hands rest on hips and a confident tongue slide over somewhat plump, he realised he was falling further and further into her thrall. The eyes staring down upon him, subcontinent features as implacable as they were animated, were unable to disguise the delight she took from the journey upon which she had placed him. A "journey" he sensed which was about to take him to yet another new destination he would not be thrilled to visit.

He realised he was perspiring as something in her body-language divined her intention to him and the levels of fear he now felt for this younger Indian woman manifested themselves the length of his body in the form of goose-bumps.

So, that being the case, what explained the perverse urgency that was the throbbing at his groin?

Yet one more inexplicable and shameful reaction to his current situation he found it impossible to prevent lowering his already subterranean self-esteem. Throat dry and speech impossible, all he could do was watch as she seated herself and slipped one foot from a spiked shoe to slide it across his bare thigh; the odour of moist nylon reaching his nostrils heightening a disgrace that already functioned at a rarefied level. The race, gender and looks of this woman who intended to own him – already did, in fact - an unlikely triad in a

mind who's very Englishness made his situation all the more appalling.

To allow her to treat him in such a way was as unthinkable as it was ludicrous.

More so, given he had never had the slightest desire for women of her kind and race or possessed the masochism necessary to enjoy treatment of such a kind.

So. That being the case, what explained the way his breath caught in his throat as she slowly slid her skirt over powerful thighs to bunch it at her hips?

Why did the black pantyhose clinging to her legs so tightly focus his attention with such compelling urgency?

Why, as she undid the buttons of her shirt to reveal yet more of the full breasts he now found so mesmerising, despite his early indifference to her person, was he unable to take his eyes from her form?
And why, finally, when the sole of her sweaty and nylon-encased foot rubbed upon on his naked thighs, did his breathing suddenly sound in his ears as if it belonged to some be-masked and emasculated Darth Vader?

The linguistic corruption resulting from the accent of her mother tongue betrayed her excellent command of English and the ice cold implacability of her tone broke the silence in a way he found utterly terrifying - even as he castigated himself for such a reaction towards someone of her… kind.

"You like my feet, do you not?" she observed, English spoken in the precise way of the diligent student for whom it was a second language.

Despite a revulsion that was at least the equal of his new and perverse desire for her, he nodded, unable to find words but knowing what to expect if her were to ignore her question; eyes on their unavoidable upward swing halted by the red-light of her cleavage and remaining there. Astounded two such beauteous things could co-exist with the less than stunning face residing above them.

And then his lungs emptied as his attention was drawn elsewhere as the rasp of her pantyhose against his manhood diverted his gaze to her surprisingly shapely and well-tended foot as it slid along his penis, sole turned inwards as the column betraying him gave itself up to her caresses.
Through the frisson of nylon against foreskin, and the strange and not entirely unpleasant sensation of feeling that which made him a man giving way to his Indian tormentor, her words came to him as if through a thick and recidivist London fog:

"Look at me, you worthless English animal!"

The command jolted him from his introspection long enough for a scrap of backbone to assert itself.

Bad enough to endure the situation she had fashioned for him.

But to actually be forced to look into her eyes have his shame mirrored back at him was…

Before he could consider his feelings fully his body jack-knifed with agony as fleeting assertion of "backbone" vanished.

All breath left him as her hosed foot pressed his erection to his stomach and she brought the other, still clad in its high-heel, down upon his balls to crush it to the stone floor of the basement.

His intended mini rebellion had become a memory before it had full formed and suddenly he was trying to beg her to stop as his body spasmed involuntarily and she continued to press down upon his testicles, seemingly intent upon mashing the twin cylinders defining his masculinity into the cold stone itself.

"I warned you what would happen if you did not improve your attitude," she said, eyes merciless as she increased the pressure and his agony increased. "So perhaps you will find it easier to obey your master as a eunuch."
Through his agonies, he could only watch with terror as she increased the downward pressure of her foot yet again, oblivious to the soundless yet more urgent entreaties coming from him as he sought to find a way to end his

agony while persuading her from an intention he was certain she intended to carry through.

It was, he sensed through his torture, not to be.

Malevolent dark eyes showed the pleasure she was taking from his terror and he knew with a fear rising to hysteria that his masculinity and the testicles symbolising it was crushed beneath her shapely foot and its blood coloured nails.

As her smile became still more malevolent and the leather sole of her shoe supplied yet more downward pressure on his beleaguered scrotum, he found his voice at the same time as the sound of an inevitable "Squish!" reached his ears and he began to scream…

And scream…

And…

*****

Michael Grafton jacknifed into wakefulness on a cot in the very basement he had just dreamed of and which was, in effect, his quarters in Nipa Kakkar's home on England's Kent coastline. The dream was but the latest disturbing manifestation of his subconscious in regard of the woman he thought of as his *"Landlady"* rather than his employer and the ever darkening escalation of the dream's content seemed to be in direct relation to the subtle but no less obvious ways in which she was acting towards him after what he now perceived as the honeymoon period of his arrival in her home and… *basement.*

Yet, by way of some warped consolation, and despite its growing darkness, the dream remained preferable to the other two that had foreshadowed it.

Dreams of desertion, treachery and incarceration.

And dreams all the more disturbing for having their origins in real time and life.

It was just after three-thirty on a Thursday morning and there was still another four hours before he had to rise and prepare his employer's breakfast.

And now he was wide awake, back propped against the pillows of his cot in the basement of her house that served both as his quarters and his working space.

In fact, the whole of the open-plan basement was available to him but only the left side housed his bed, an armchair and television, a small cooking area with sink and running water and an enclosed shower-room with a toilet. The rest of the space was taken up with equipment necessary for his new employment – even if he wasn't technically paid a wage and received bed and board instead. This, together with the weekly cash she gave him as spending money and, to his mortification, described as pocket money, as per their arrangement.

The equipment in question being a washing-machine and dryer, an iron and ironing board, a high-powered Dyson vacuum, and the cleaning implements and materials necessary to complete tasks about her house that, after she had schooled him in his new domestic duties, had gradually began to seem more numerous and more onerous after his first couple of months in the home of the woman his thoughts described as "Nipper" rather than Nipa.

To her face, you may be sure, and much to his shame, he addressed her as she had required.
"Ms Kakkar".

And yet she remained pleasant, if not overly friendly, to him and this somehow managed to take the edge from his having to perform what he considered *"demeaning"* chores for the younger woman.

Even if he sensed a somewhat peremptory tone from her towards him lately and sometimes caught her staring at him when she thought he would not notice in a way that seemed to him….

Calculating.

Only yesterday, in fact, she had asked him to take her shoes from the walk-in closet in her bedroom upstairs to the kitchen.

Not only that, but she had asked him to shine them.

And, much to his amazement, thoughts of the office from which he had once overseen his own business and its employees, he had done as she asked with a minimum of hesitation.

Despite his thoughts being a maelstrom of anger and resentment that he could have fallen so low.

Anger and resentment that, at this time at least, was not aimed at the owner of his new abode.

For the thousandth time in the last week or so, he assured himself his situation was temporary and that as the economy turned around there would be a need for more men with his skills and he could chalk his current situation up to nothing more than one of the learning curves life places in one's way from time to time.

It was what it was and, when he came out the other side of his personal misfortunes, he was sure he would be a better person for the experience.
Then he could set about gaining some small measure of retribution on both the man who taken his wife and his two children from him and on that ex-wife herself.

Not that the retribution he constantly pictured would be necessarily *"small"*, and even he could not blame his former friend for the fact his teenaged children seemed to want no contact with him.

The latter being the sorest point of all with him and made his need for vengeance all but overpowering.

For the moment though, the basement at least had a television – if no computer or Broadband access – and a mobile library stopped in the village once a week. So at least he had some diversion. Twinned with his twice weekly visit to the pub on the pocket money she had given him, he at least

had something to look forward to – even if the regular crowd at the pub had not taken to him and seemed wary of having such a handsome and unattached man around their wives and girlfriends.

It was his need for vengeance that took up most of his waking and sleeping and would, indeed, prove an enduring passion that would give Nipa Kakkar the leverage to make him more than her live-in handyman and something less than a man.

A lot less.

But this we will come to later.

For now though, wide awake in the small hours with no light from narrow barred slit set high in the wall that remained the basements one window and its sole source of daylight, his thoughts returned to the events leading to both his marital and fiscal nightmare

As always, he heard the sirens that seemed to begin his return to the recent past and flashed forward to informing his wife Paula that Sandy, the wife of his business partner and old friend, Jerry, had driven head on into a tree while drunk and not wearing a seat-belt. The air-bag had not released in time to perform damage limitation and she was gone. Dead at the age of forty-two.

The union had been childless – a reason for Sandy's excessive drinking – and Jerry was able take a few weeks from work without childcare worries to make his life more difficult. Paula had been a huge help to him and Michael pitched in as much as he could while keeping his end of their business together and filling his friend's shoes. But it wasn't until two months after Sandy's accident that Michael noticed Jerry had a twinkle in his eye again.

Looking back, he realised he should probably have seen it coming. But he didn't. In his mind Paula and he were still a happy couple and he loved the life they had together with their two teenaged girls. They made love about as frequently as they had before the tragedy and he knew there was no reason he should have had his suspicions.

Paula, he now knew, had pulled off the acting performance of a lifetime.

Making love?

It was just sex, he saw now, and offered simply to keep him sweet and dumb until such a time as the two were ready to move on.

It was a Friday. Chosen, he knew, that they might have a whole weekend before their business opened again on the Monday. Their actions all thought out meticulously, knowledge of his pride and temper to the fore, that he might play his own part in swinging the wrecking-ball that was about to dismantle his life.

He had not disappointed them.

When he returned from the office that evening he was surprised to see Jerry's new car parked in his drive. He had spent the last couple of days on company business up North and had said he would drive back on the Saturday morning. The contract they were after looked good for them, so Michael hoped this visit wasn't to tell him bad news.

It was worse than he could possibly have imagined.

Jerry and Paula were standing in the kitchen. "Hi Jerry," he greeted him. "What's going on?"

It was Paula and not Jerry who answered him.

"Michael, I need to talk to you and I think you might want to have a seat."

He could see she was nervous and her manner was hesitant, something was wrong.

"I'll stand if it's all the same. Tell me what's going on?"

She took a deep breath and let it out:

"Michael, I need to tell you myself before you get the papers."

"What papers?"

She took a step backwards and the partner and *best-friend* he had supported through the trauma of his own wife's death cut in:

"Michael," Jerry started to say before Michael put up a hand to stop him.

"Jerry, I know you mean well but stay out of this, please. This is between me and my…"

One look at his partner and friend's face and then at his wife's and he suddenly knew what those *"papers"* would be.

"Jerry, if this is what I think it is and you value your ability to breathe, you should leave. And right *now*."

His hands had bunched into fists and Jerry looked scared.

"Jerry, stay," his wife told him. "Michael, this also concerns him."

"Ten seconds and counting, my loyal friend, Jerry," Michael told him, totally convinced by now that he knew what was going on "If you're still in front of me when I finish counting it will take a whole crew of paramedics to help you leave."

"Michael, I'm in love with Jerry. I'm so sorry," offered Paula, looking nothing of the kind.

"You treacherous pair of cunts," he roared, knowing the kids were staying at her mother's and wouldn't hear. "How long have you been fucking each other?"

A thought struck him through his growing rage.

"Is that what drove poor Sandy to drink? Is that why she drove into a tree while not wearing a belt? Because you two pieces of shit were fucking around on the two of us?"

The two of them at least had the grace to look semi-remorseful and Michael took the opportunity of their silence to rage on:

“All the while I was trying to console you, you sneak behind my back and fuck my wife. I’m going to rip your ingrate head off and crap in the hole it leaves behind.”

The two of them were now standing together in full panic mode while he ranted and raved but, to his surprise, neither made any attempt to leave even though he sensed they wanted to do nothing more at that point. In fact, looking back on it, he knew that they were steeling themselves for what was to come. More to the point, they were *banking* on it happening.

“No gain without pain,” his former wife had smirked the cliché to him after he had been sentenced and passed close enough as he was being led to the cells for her to whisper to him.

For when neighbours called the emergency services and the paramedics did indeed get a comatose Jerry to the hospital, it wasn’t his traitorous friend and partner alone who was in a sorry state and Paula herself had sustained visible but non-life-threatening damage from trying to protect her lover from the wrath of her cheated upon husband.

Their gamble had worked.

Michael had reacted in just the way they had predicted and, at the expense of a little pain – more Jerry’s than hers – he had soon lost more than just his wife in the subsequent divorce.

A restraining order prevented him being within three hundred yards of either his wife or children or even contacting them and a sympathetic judge had awarded Paula the house.

To heap even further pain upon him, the same judge ordered his wife was not obliged to pay him anything from the business he had helped build and she now owned along with Jerry.

His generosity and trust in making her a half-shareholder along with his friend had backfired on him big-time.

He was without his wife, his children, his home, and now, his business and livelihood.
Things could not have been worse.

But they soon were.

Found guilty of attempted murder upon his one-time friend and neighbour and assault upon his former wife, he was sentenced to seven years in one of Her Majesty's care-homes for wrongdoers and only the mitigating circumstances surrounding the assault had ensured his sentence was not longer.

Despite this and what he had endured whilst inside, the man who walked from prison some three years later was still the handsome specimen he had been when he'd entered.

But with massive internal differences.

Though his anger at what had been done to him burnt as brightly - if more coldly - than ever, he was a man stripped of his confidence and terrified of what the future might bring.

A man, in fact, who was just ripe for what Nipa Kakkar intended.

The moment, six months after he served his time outside on licence and his ankle tag had been removed, he answered that ad in The Telegraph, and though he could be forgiven for not knowing it, he simply swapped one set of bars for another.

And for a lot longer than three years.

Nipa-to-Padmini

Three and a half Years ago:

My Dearest Padmini

My apologies for the time between your letter and my response. I know how anxious and excited you are to hear of the progress I make with my handsome and – great and merciful Shiva willing – soon to be English chattel.

And make no mistake my best friend on this or any other planet, I do make progress; even if it is necessarily slow. Sometimes making me frustrated to the point of screaming as the object of so many of our childhood fantasies when growing up together in the slums of Hyderabad - where so little was expected of two young girls thought to be lacking the necessary beauty to bring them either success in business or marriage – is before my eyes daily and just seems to be waiting for my collar about his neck..

I well remember those boys who would taunt us as being too ugly to make even passable prostitutes and wonder what they say now. Now that you have your own successful practice and are so far above them as to be beyond their reach. The taunts we suffered from those wretches who saw nothing more than two less than beauteous faces and failed to see the womanly bodies and native intelligence flourishing beneath scars with me still and, I believe, explains a great deal about my attitude – and yours - to men in general.

And especially those bigoted, conceited and patronising Englishman who lived in the big houses at the time and continued to look upon our people as inferiors who owed any civilisation to their benighted country and its colonial past.

It is the residue of that very attitude which is still much in evidence in my second country that makes the prospect of what I attempt to achieve with one of its sons so… incredible!

And no, my darling, I do not forget the appeal of our own warped sexuality and its… *needs*.

Think of it, my lovely Padmini! If I judge my man correctly, I will soon have him bound to me in a way that is every bit as irrevocable as the indentured servitude of the past that is now proscribed and beyond the pale of civilised society.

Is this not what we dreamed of while fingering each other's greedy little pussies when we were growing?

And yet, I am not sad that the old ways are dead. What pleasure would there be in owning our very own man could we take if we knew there were others just like us? And "owning" him in his own land where such servitude of his kind to an Indian lady of mine is unthinkable only serves to make such an anomaly all the more… *delicious*.

God!

Just writing these words make me wish you were here with me to take the edge from my need with your gifted hands and wonderful tongue before I returned you the compliment. But do not be too sad at your absence as I feel convinced I know what is necessary to bring my prey to heel. The report into his background from those I had investigate him has been nothing if not illuminating and has given me everything I need to start turning the psychological, economic and sexual, screw upon him.

Be under no illusions, my love. Getting him to even his present condition of service has not been without difficulty. This is a man my report tells me was once an employer of men and women himself with a beautiful wife and two children to go with a home of his own. Hardly surprising he would be somewhat… prideful. But it is just that pride that will ensure his downfall.

What else could it be but pride that prevented him telling me the full story of his fall from grace? Especially when he did not try to hide the fact he had spent time in prison for what he did to his wife's lover. Yet what else could it have been that prevented him from divulging to me that the reason his wife and her lover had been able to take his company from him was that he was foolish enough – catastrophically so – to entrust his share of the business to the same slut who was sleeping with another man.

You see, I was right, my dearest Padmini, and my patience during his first six months or so in my home is bearing fruit. Discovering the true reason he lost his business underlined the weakness in him I assured you I had sensed in him on our first meeting. It was certainly not wishful thinking on my part.

His time in prison I mentioned has also left him a changed and terrified shell of what he once was and the treachery of his wife and a man he thought of as his closest friend has diminished his self-confidence. After what these people he loved and thought loved him back put him through I would be surprised if he could find the strength of character to take up the reins of the company he was forced from and begin again.

Even if her were allowed to do such a thing.

He is simply too… *beaten*.

Wonderful, is it not?

In stripping him of his livelihood, his marriage and his children; together with his very freedom, that faithless wife of his and the treacherous friend and business partner she has since married, provided me – us – with the raw material to make the dreams of our childhood real.
Trust me, my wonderful girlfriend. It will not be long before your friend and lover, Nipa, returns to Hyderabad with her very own English servant in her toils and the two of us can, together, make a triumphant return visit to what remains of the slum we grew up in.

But do not worry.

I promise we will be there long enough only to rub the noses of those former tormentors who remain there still in the reality of their miserable lives.

And the success that we have made of ours.

Believe me, the final report I received upon him not a week ago was worth the considerable amount of my late and entirely unlamented husband's money that is now mine in its entirety.

It will not be long before my superior Indian cunt feels the first respectful caresses of it obedient English lips and, I promise, my equally superior arse will not have to endure to great an interval before it receives the same attention.

I will write again very soon when I have more positive news, so please be patient with me.

All my love,

Nipa.

Michael Dreams Again

Four years ago:

Michael Grafton felt awful.

Demeaned.

Debased.

Emasculated.

The sensation of having his head buried under the soft cotton sheet between the powerful Indian thighs of the woman who was fast coming to rule his world, enhanced by fact his lips were pressed to that same woman's womanhood, was the perfect underlining of all the above words he himself used to describe his situation.

Not that he ever would – at least not aloud.

The previously unimaginable situation in which he now found himself was far too painful to his sense of manhood – as battered as it now was – to confide to any living soul. And, after all, hadn't it been his own choice? Hadn't the woman's knowledge of his past and need for revenge upon the twosome who'd ruined his comfortable life; together with her offer to help him realise the payback he so desired; led to his acceptance of the offer and the position he now occupied?

As he sweltered beneath the sheet covering her, careful to keep his nose buried in her anus the way she preferred he asked himself once again if the price for the vengeance she had insisted he pay was not too great.

And once again told himself the damage was done and he was now out of choices.
This position in her bed was something she insisted upon from time to time – thankfully not to frequently - and the consequences for not complying were ones he knew very, very, very, well and seemed to become more onerous and terrifying to him with each week he passed in her service. It was yet one more of the humiliations she enjoyed heaping on him and was all the more precious to her for knowing how degrading he found it. Knowing also that - despite his unspoken aversion to her - that the absence of another female in his life made close to proximity – even to one such as she – exciting to him.

As if to underline the truism, the sheet was suddenly swept back and a draught of cooler and most welcome air goose-bumped his own nakedness and the erection that throbbed uselessly as well as painfully in the cock-cage to which she had consigned it and for which she alone held the means of releasing him.

"I do not hear you taking in your Master's scent," her English, heavily accented with the cadences of her own land told him. "Did I or did I not tell you to breathe deeply through your nose that you may stay familiar with the smell of your Indian owner?"

As always when she used such a term of reference – "Indian owner" – his masculinity bridled; only to be replaced by a sense of helplessness and surrender he knew was growing stronger with each unanswered indignity she

heaped upon him.

"Do so now," she commanded, raising her head with its severe features he hated so much from a soft pillow to travel down the length of a surprisingly comely body with flawless brown skin to make contact with his eyes as they rose from between her legs to peer over her buttocks.

As always when she used him in such a way, or gave him any kind of order in a voice he despised almost as much as her features, his past life flashed across his conscious thoughts and he cursed his former wife and best friend for what they had sentenced him to live.

Even if the servitude in which he now lived had not been their intention.

And even if, thanks to his "Indian Master", they were now enduring a hell of their own.

As he sniffed at her netheregions and her musky scent enveloped his senses, he questioned what outraged him most:

The fact he had allowed himself to be reduced to such unthinkable humiliation?

Or the way his cock strained at the bars of his penile prison?

"Yes. That is as it should be," she told him. "You are in exactly the position nature intended you should occupy. Worshipping the hindquarters of a superior Indian lady you recognise as your owner."

It was all bullshit, of course, he told himself. The days when people owned other people had passed centuries before – if, that is, instances of women of her colour and class owning a white European had ever existed in the first place. So, that being the case, just why exactly was he occupying the very position she was in the process of describing?

"That is right. Deep breaths through your nose now. I wish my body-servant to know his Master's every intimate smell and to recognise instantly that part of her anatomy he is serving, be it her feet, pussy, arse or armpit. I want to

overload your senses with the fragrances of your owner."

With a feeling of dread, and through the humiliation of his unwanted but unavoidable sexual excitement, he prayed she would not choose to make him spend the whole of the night with his nose following every movement of her Indian arse. She had insisted upon just that on one other occasion and it had been the worst night of his life. Understandably unable to sleep, his physical discomfort and humiliation had been joined by a reliving of the life he had once had stripped from him and, by the morning, he was even considering doing away with himself so great was his desolation at what had become of him.

The ludicrous reality of having to inhale the smell of her arse and pussy the whole night through made no effect upon his funny-bone and again he questioned the levels of gutlessness that must reside in him to allow such an abomination.

After all, hadn't she been true to her word and served his ex-wife and friend in kind?

What was to stop him from saying a "fuck you" to their agreement and simply leaving the bitch and taking up his life again?

Such as it would be.

When all was said and done, what kind of a man and employee would be forced to spend a whole night with his nose buried in his employer's arse and his tongue in almost constant contact with her labia?

But then, he was hardly an employee, was he?

In fact, he was barely recognisable as a human being, in fact, let alone a man who had once been of any substance at all.

"I want your mouth on my pussy and your nose up my superior Indian arse," she had told him that first time; going on to warn: "By the time I am through your subconscious will be so well-trained that, even if you somehow manage to fall asleep, your face will not deviate from its position."

Adding, when the look on his face invited more cruelty rather than an extension of compassion:

"Forget you're so called pride and superiority and that famous British self-respect," she had told him as struggled to find any purchase on the smooth slopes of her buttocks and the drenched folds of her hairless cunt. "You are committed to me from now on and your life is no longer your own. You entered my service of your own free will in return for my assistance and I am now legally responsible for you. It is not too late for second thoughts and I have no way of denying them to you. Just so long as you know such thoughts are useless and will avail you nothing in what is now your real world."

To begin with, hardly able to believe anyone – even a heathen bitch from what he considered a backward land – could be so… perverted - he had tried to reason with her. To bargain. And even, though the thought sickened him, seduce her.

All to no avail.

He was not, she assured him, to be an equal in her life.

Nor a friend.

And certainly not a prideful man who could at least expect to be treated with a certain tolerance, if not compassion.

He was to be her English flunky and, though she would not labour the point in public enough to make their relationship a talking point in the small coastal village, anyone who came into contact with them would know who it was of the two who ruled and just who it was who served.
"I wish you to send me to my sleep with long worshipful strokes of my pussy," she spoke over her shoulder. "Flatten your tongue in the way I have shown you and take long and reverent sweeps the length of my labia. Do not attempt to arouse my clit but simply soothe my cunt that I may drift away into pleasant dreams."

Michael Grafton, a handsome and formerly masculine and successful man in

his late-forties, laved at her pussy in accordance with her command - careful to keep his nose as close to her anus as he could in obedience to her instructions.

"Yes. That is the way. You are becoming a good boy for me," she cooed in a satisfied voice. "Just as I knew you always would. Even from that very first moment we met and you were so desperate to gain the sanctuary my advertisement promised. I knew right away that any man willing to accept such a miserable domestic position, in exchange for a roof over his head and some weekly pocket-money more befitting someone with the status of a boy, was cut from the perfect cloth required to tailor an obedient and dependent manservant."

Michael Grafton cringed at her words, yet, as much as would have liked to refute them, the truth was he was where she described him as being and what man with any fibre, dignity, and sense of manhood, would suffer to be used in such a way?

Her hateful Indian accented English cut into his thoughts, sharp with impatience, as if dealing with the class dunce unable to grasp the most basic arithmetic.

"But I do not hear you sniffing. Are you trying to deliberately insult me?"

Hating the honorific he knew she would expect to accompany any verbal response he made, the handsome older man contented himself with deep breaths through the nose, knowing that of all the indignities to which she subjected him this was high on her list as her outright favourite.

Even if making him lick her armpits clean of the day's perspiration came close.

His spirits raised a mini-fraction, just the same when she went on to inform him:

"When you are quite certain that your Master is sleeping," her voice came down to him, "though I will be extremely angry if you wake me, you may fetch your blanket and sleep at the foot of my bed until morning."

If anyone had told him when he first arrived in her home more than a year before that he would have looked fondly upon the basement allocated him as living-quarters and the escape from his reality sleep in it offered, he would have counted them as certifiable. Yet now, rather than spend the whole night with his nose and tongue pressed to the netheregions of a slumbering Indian woman some ten years his junior, he even looked upon the prospect of sleeping at her feet upon the floor as if her were of no more worth than a domestic pet as preferable to the more claustrophobic and even more demeaning alternative.

He had, he realised, already been taken some ways down the ladder of his self-respect.

What was worse, however, was the suspicion, there were still many downward rungs to be negotiated yet.

Padmini-to-Nipa

Three and a half years ago:

Darling Nipa,

Oh, what joy your correspondence detailing the progress you make with the handsome Mr Grafton has bought me. Be it once removed or not. Seldom has my collection of trusty vibrators been put to the test as frequently as they have during the week since the arrival of your email and the attached picture of your growingly subdued flunky.

And the image your words invoked of this prideful Englishman with his lips pressed in reverence to your delightful Indian anus inflamed me almost beyond recall.

I cannot tell you how many times during a counselling session I have had to prevent myself from screaming at the female half of a couple to simply take control of her marriage and treat him as the beast he is that she may take her rightful place as head of the household. Truly, I often ask myself if I have made the right choice of profession if this is how I feel.

It is, after all, not the most professional mindset to have when trying to reconcile a wife and her husband, but at least I have shown restraint enough to now not to make my feelings known to my clients.

The fact I am sure my clients would view me as if I had suddenly sprouted two heads helps my restraint immensely.

As does the prospect of losing my licence to practice should my behaviour be reported to the proper authorities.

By the way, I agree.

From the attachment you sent with your update and the photos captured on your iPhone without him knowing, he is indeed every bit as handsome as you described him to be and looks far younger than his years.

Oh, Nipa, my sweetheart, can you picture the looks upon the faces of our fellow countrymen – and especially the no-hopers you mentioned in your last email. The low achievers who once derided us both and who yet remain in exactly the same location and lowly position the peasants have occupied from birth. Even as I type I am picturing the looks on their faces when we descend like visiting royalty upon those slums where we were once so unhappy.

And with a white-manservant dancing obedient and respectful attention upon our whims into the bargain?

I cannot wait until you have him bound to you securely enough to make this a reality and can once again bring yourself here to me.

Again, be assured it is only my genuine fear of travel by air or sea that prevents me from joining you, and be assured also that I often toy with the idea of making the arduous journey to your second country overland, so great

is my desire to experience you once again in the flesh rather than in the fevered imaginings my trusty vibrators only part satisfy.

To that end, I believe the infinitely patient and cautious approach you are taking towards his complete subjugation is not only the correct one but also provides the least risk to yourself, both legally and economically. By offering to satisfy his desire for vengeance upon his faithless wife and the man who stole both her, his children, and what was once his business from him, you dangle the proverbial carrot that cannot be resisted. It is also my belief that, by the time his need for revenge is satisfied and the scales fall from his eyes, he will be too far under your control to ever regain it back from you.

Everything you tell me of this man – and I realise he was not always the weakling he now appears to be; the beating supplied to the wife's lover ample evidence of this – points him out as exactly the right candidate for the life of service you have in mind for him. All about him is in place: looks, age and experience. He remains handsome enough to be of interest to women, but by dint of his age and circumstances is in no way of being a catch. Thanks to the betrayal of him, his future is now in his past and he surely knows in his heart that any forward progression he makes is not within his own gift.

He is, my sweetheart, a man without hope who yet lacks the courage to do away with his miserable existence.

In short:

Perfect!

Also, the triad you have in mind for him is equally as flawless and I will be amazed if you have not soon persuaded him to accept its logic.

Though you are advised, of necessity, not to lay too much upon him in one leap and must fetch him to his bondage by increments.

First the power-of-attorney; then the cock-cage; and then, when he is beaten down enough and sees no other recourse…

Guardianship!

All of the three – even the second; which is perfectly legal if proceeded with in the correct fashion – place you beyond the reach of the law and leave you defenceless only to public opinion should he find a way to challenge your *"Guidance"* of him.
And we both know how much we care a jot for public opinion!

Be strong my darling and do not allow thoughts of the condemning herd to deflect you from achieving what has always been our most vividly held and cherished fantasy.

I sense you are near to the goal of which we have both dreamed for so long and cannot tell you how… *energised*… the prospect makes me when I picture this man in thrall to you.

I also cannot wait to hear that he has agreed to the triad, and especially the power-of-attorney as this will be the first real test of his malleability and, once he has caved in to you on this demand, it will not be long before the roof under which his delusions shelter tumble to the floor at your shapely and slender feet also.

With every ounce of my love.

Padmini.

Nipa's Dream

Four Years ago:

"You must always ask me," she reminded him, buttocks resting against the desk in her study and arms folded across her considerable chest implacably, raven black hair hanging loose over a bare brown shoulder on the side not covered by her radiant white sari, the smooth brown skin of her shoulders the her expression on her sharp and angular features as she regarded him unmistakably… "Arrogant"

His eyes were drinking in her brown-feet with their black-painted nails in their low heeled sandals encrusted with diamante and she saw hunger there.

"Please, Nipa," he began, "can I…"
"No!" she barked, enjoying the way the handsome Englishman backed away from her, startled by the sharpness and authority of her tone.

"Did I give you permission to address me by my given name?"

"Well… no… but…"

"Do you ever imagine that I would allow a lowly dog such as yourself to be on such familiar terms with me – no matter how fleetingly?"

"I… I…"

"And, if you wish for something from me, should you be dressed as you are?"

She watched him swallow back what had to be yet another great gulp of his manly pride as he began to sense where she was leading him.

"Should not a supplicant be naked and on his knees before his female master when he requires her favour?"

"But…"

"Do it now!" she barked, feeling stronger and more self-assured by the second as the older Englishman stammered before her; almost as if his own

power and personal autonomy was transferring itself into her keeping.

For a few seconds their eyes locked in a battle of will.

A decidedly unequal contest during which he was the first to blink.

Then, suddenly, as if full realisation of his own impotence before her will had finally penetrated his bigoted and patronising mindset, he began to remove his shirt and then his jeans until he stood before her naked and a little above average cock straining at the leash in anticipation of what a younger and less physically prepossessing Indian woman could deliver him.

If she chose.

"Look at you," she jeered. "A handsome Englishman, naked in the presence of a younger Indian woman."

Her face twisted into a malicious sneer which did nothing to ameliorate its shortcomings.

"And simply because she ordered you to do so that you may have a hope of placing your unworthy lips upon her superior brown feet."
Her laughter was not pleasant.

"What would your friends think to see you in such an abject condition?"

His eyes were tearing up and this evidence of yet more unmanliness on the older man's part stirred her to more verbal cruelty:

"But I forgot. You have no friends. They all sided with your wife and former business partner when you attacked him after discovering you were not man enough for your wife and he was. Now, along with your wife and the house you once lived in, he also your children."

His eyes flashed as her words impacted upon his fast fading spirit but he did nothing.

"That is right. You must stand there and take it from me. For it is no more than the truth. You are not a man but a creature. My creature. You must take

pride from now on in the fact I choose to describe you as mine if you wish to have any kind of a life. Even if is a life you will spend much of at my feet."

A tear trickled down one handsome cheek and she felt her pussy flood at the realisation she was overmastering this once powerful and successful man.

Was there anything she could not achieve with him if she so desired?

"If you wish to ask for something from me I do believe you should be on your knees as I have taught you," she observed, completely unmoved – at least on a compassionate level – by his distress.

To her amazement, expecting at least some form of struggle from him, even if it was only internal, the naked white man slowly sank to his knees upon the carpet and fixed his eyes upon her feet, erection, if anything, more urgent than ever.

The need she could see etched upon his features a joy to behold.

"Ask your Master," she demanded him, as if he were little more than a half-wit rather than a mildly successful former husband and businessman many years her senior.

"Please," he begged, eyes still fixed upon her shapely brown toes with nails varnished a glossy black.

Above him her lip curled with disdain, despite the fact her intoxication at his submission was flooding her cunt with the most delightful of sensations.
"Please, what?"

Was that a tiny sob she heard escape his lips?

Her sense of intoxication intensified.

"Please… Please… Master," he choked out the words, self-hatred overwhelmed by the strength of his need for the younger woman he told himself was so far beneath him. Please let me… let me…"

"Go on," she urged. "I have to hear it."

“P-Please, M-Master, let me masturbate for you.”

“What?” she snarled, feigning indignation. “Are you some kind of a pervert? You want to touch yourself in front of me? In my own study?”

“Please, Master,” he begged, pre-cum leaking from his cock-head and too far gone to allow humiliation to offset need.
“Very well,” she conceded.

Adding:

“But you must stare only at my beautiful Indian feet as you pull on your pathetic little cock. Understand?”

“Y-Yes.”

“Yes, what?”

There was no hesitation and his hands were already moving to his erection:

“Yes, Master.”

“That is better. Much more respectful. And now, before you play with yourself to the sight of my beautiful feet, what will you do when after your useless seed has splattered over them?”

“I… I…”

“Will you be a good boy and lick them clean for your Master?”

The flinch she saw below her gave evidence to the revulsion he felt for such an act.

“Is that not the respectful thing for a servant to do after being indulged by his Master in such a way?”

“I… I suppose it is, hmm, Master.”

“Them after you have thanked me properly, you will also clean my sandals

and make sure they are once again pristine and worthy of the feet I deign to place in them, will you not?"

"Y-Yes, Master."
"That is as it should be, but…"

She hesitated and she could see him fidget with impatience below her.

"But it does not seem right that you should be rewarded before having earned it. Are you willing to please your Master before she allows you your release?"

"Yes, Master, anything," he agreed on the instant, desire at too high a pitch to consider anything other than its anticipated completion.

I am glad to hear it," came her voice from above him as his eyes continued to fixate upon her feet and sparkled with a hungry desire.

Without further ado, she took a half- step towards him and hitched her saree to her hips in one and the same motion, turning as she did so to present him with an arse he could only describe as voluptuous – even if it was totally out of step with the unprepossessing face above it.

"Here, on the carpet below me in the home that I own, you are going to show me your devotion by placing your tongue in my shit-chute and proving to me that every part of your Master's body is sacred to you."

Looking back over her bared shoulder, she could see him staring at her plump buttocks with their flawless brown skin and wondered if she had taken a step too far. Would this be the point at which he rebelled? Surely even he, as beaten and demoralised by life as he was, had a point beyond which he would not go?

The lips that attached themselves to her arse, first the left and then the right answered her questions for her and she knew with certainty that everything her fantasy life had sought in a man was contained in this handsome and weak vessel on his knees behind her.

"Sniff me, like the dog you are," she ordered and, immediately, she heard him do just that, despite her knowing that she had not yet showered and he had to be aware of just how fragrant was the condition of her back passage.

Yet still he continued to sniff as a half-smile softened her features before she ordered:

"Well, what are you waiting for?"

He was again at a loss and she let out an impatient sigh.

"Do I have to explain everything to you?"

There was a small movement at her back and she sensed puzzled eyes scrutinising the nape of her neck.

"For Buddha's sake!" she cried, impatient herself now. "Don't just kneel there like an imbecile,"

Still there was no response from behind her and she again allowed herself a big put-upon sigh before explaining it to him in words even he could not mistake:

"Get your unworthy tongue to work and clean me up, you animal."

Nipa's Offer

<u>Three and a half years ago:</u>

As the knock came upon the study door that had formerly belonged to her husband and been used as his office, Nipa felt nervous. It was, she realised only too well, one thing to imagine making the offer she was about to make to him while imagining his favourable reaction to it – favourable, that is, to

her. But quite another to actually be on the threshold of making that offer and watching it play out upon the sensibilities of her would-be serf.

Having utilised his greater age and the lack of an economic alternative to a life on the welfare-state, given those advanced years and his prison-sentence made him next to unemployable in any area save that of Fast-Food or the collecting of trolleys for a Supermarket, it had been easy enough to use his fear of the life awaiting him outside her comfortable coastal home to make him accept a situation he would once have found intolerable.

The situation in question being that of a servant in all but name and guaranteed salary.

Yes, in his desperation, he had accepted taking care of certain domestic duties about the house – though nowhere near as many as she intended for him in the future. And yes, he had also bent his neck to the fact that, though he would be living in her home by a sea he had always had a hankering to live besides, he would not be living in that home above stairs. His quarters had been the basement from the very beginning of his stay and his acceptance of such a telling allocation had gone a long way to persuading her that he was indeed the man of her fantasy in more than looks and nationhood alone.

The expensive and conscientiously put together report on his background from her investigators had also bolstered her sense that he was right for her. Yet still she was nervous.

He was a man still, if not a particularly vibrant incarnation of the gender at this point, and men could be unpredictable.

It was this unpredictability and what she was about to lay upon him that was directly responsible for her sudden attack of the jitters.

“Come!” she said grandly, hoping he had not detected the uncertainty she heard in her own voice.

“You wanted to speak to me, Ms Kakkar?” he asked, handsome, if a little flushed from working in the garden, cheeks reddened as much by having to address her in such a respectful and servile way as it was by his exertions on

the outside shrubbery. Over the last few months she had subtly but unmistakably altered her tone when speaking with him and had injected just a hint of the peremptory and expectant into her tone. She was also certain that he resented this minor shift in their interaction with each other and had taken much confidence from the fact he had not the self-confidence to confront her on the change.

Which, she told herself by way of a warning, did not mean his affronted manhood would not find confidence enough to confront when she finally made him her offer.

Just, in fact as she was about to do.

“Yes, Michael, I do” she told him as she sipped a cappuccino she had made herself while he was outside, eyes lingering on the features of the man who dominated her nightly fantasies.

She could not, she realised, recall a session of self-love that had not included the handsome Englishman, along with Padmini, since that first interview.

Nor the many sessions with her vibrator of choice that self-love had provoked.

An artificial aid she hoped would soon be replaced by a more… *human…* helper.

Though the human aid she had in mind was most certainly *not* a live cock and she had endured more than enough from the attentions of her late and unlamented husband to wish to experience more of the same.

Anyway, she had never been enthused by the thought or reality of having a penis inside her; though she was pragmatic enough to acknowledge that without such forbearance, and the inheritance it prompted, the fantasy she was on the verge of realising would have remained just that.

And still might if Michael Grafton’s reaction was not that of the vengeful but beaten down man she expected.

Hence her nerves.

She was seated behind what had once been her own lord and master's desk and was dressed in a way she knew her Englishman enjoyed.

At least on others.

The discovery of this preference yet another piece of knowledge she had utilised to gain his attention, realising as she did that all the help she could get was required to make him look upon her with more… *interest*.

Like her, she knew he was satisfying his own urges – if without mechanical assistance; certain, as handsome as he still was, that there could be no woman in his new life on the Kentish coast willing to help him in such a way.
How could there be, after all?

The only time he went out without her was for a long walk along the beach or into the tiny fishing village with its one pub that was just over a mile away via the beach walk itself.

And without money of his own, save for the meagre weekly pocket money he mostly used to savour a few pints in the local pub on a Saturday, what could he possibly offer a woman in terms of the non-sexual diversions required to make the act itself likely?

Yet for all the lack of money and the recreational opportunity it fetched with it, Nipa Kakkar sensed he was at least part content with his current situation and, like her, was solitary enough and happy with his own company – even if she guessed his thoughts could sometimes become… *dark* – to not need a constant flow of human diversion and take satisfaction from his trips to the library and the reading he fetched back with him.

In this they were not at all dissimilar.

The only other times he left the house were to drive her to the shopping mall on the site of the old docks in recently rejuvenated Chatham or one of the local supermarkets.

And he *certainly* had no opportunity for fraternisation on those occasions.

Though seeing him with crowds of people, many of them attractive women, had given her an insight into what appealed to him and formed his sexual tastes.

Even if, disappointingly, women of colour did not appear to figure in those preferences.

For now, anyway.

It was this insight and the women who took his attention – more importantly, *what* those women wore – that explained why she was sat behind her desk wearing a severely cut two-piece suit in deepest grey and had allowed the skirt to rise to mid-thigh as she rolled her chair back from the desk and gazed at him reflectively, knowing that the smooth brownness of her bare thighs would catch his attention. Her face may not have appealed to him but there was nothing wrong with her legs that were strong and shapely – even if they were not of the… *ethnicity*… he desired. They were still female legs and, ethnicity or not, she had seen enough of the way this handsome man looked at other women dressed in a similar fashion to know they would be appealing to him.

"And," she thought to herself, nerves forgotten for a moment, *"given his enforced abstinence from the real thing, a beggar could not also be a chooser."*

She realised the handsome features in question were directing a puzzled look in her direction and roused herself from her reflections.

"Take a seat, Michael," she offered, the first time she had done so on the occasions she had required him to visit *her* study; much preferring to have him stand before her in a position of subordination – even if he probably did not see it in the same way – as she made plain what she required from him. Doing so now because this was likely – at least she prayed that it would be – a long conversation and she wanted his concentration upon her offer to be total so that he might not plead confusion at a later date.

She could see confusion had joined his puzzlement as he seated himself and waited for her to begin and his presence across the desk had its usual effect upon her hairless pussy. The familiar wavy hair, streaked with grey, and the features below it never failing to provoke lust in her breast - and elsewhere. As she did whenever she was in such close proximity to the object of her, self-confessed, warped desire she felt a familiar weakness course through her veins. But this was no infirmity of either will or purpose but a simple admission made by her body as to the strength of the hold her taking complete command of him had upon her.

“I have something extremely important to say to you,” she told him, noting how his upper body stiffened at his words and taking the response as fear on his part that she might be about to ask him to leave her home and the security it offered, knowing that, while it was never his preferred choice of situation, it was at least preferable to what he had endured after leaving prison and being unable to find a decent situation.

Encouraged, she decided to make him feel a little more insecure.

“How long have you been with me now, Michael?” she asked, realising she was speaking as if he were no more than her retainer and she the great lady of the house.

She allowed herself an internal smile. It was, after all, no more than the simple truth. And, if she had her way, would become incontrovertible very soon.

“Just over a year and a half,” he answered, his concern at her question and what it might mean for him continuing in her home evidenced by his adding of the hated, *“Ms Kakkar.”*

“Hmm, she said making a steeple of her hands. “It does surprise me that you are still here. It is not, after all, a position one would expect a man such as yourself to take and remain in for very long.”

“I like it here,” he said unconvincingly. “I’m… I’m happy.”

She raised her large dark eyes at this, the crowning glories of a face in no

need of superlatives, knowing that he lied and that, though he liked her home and the area surrounding it, he was in no way comfortable with either his accommodations or the menial tasks he was obliged to complete in order to remain in them.

“What I have to tell you now may make you angry,” she told him, forcing herself to hold his eyes with complete confidence. “But it cannot be avoided.”

Again he looked puzzled.

“When all is said and done,” she went on, “I am a woman living alone with a man she does not know extremely well occupying her house in a domestic-cum-handyman position.”

He looked as if her were about to reassure her but the look she flashed him warned that she expected him to listen.

He did and, thus emboldened, she pressed on:

“I am sure you can understand that, though I have been quietly pleased with your efforts on my behalf, it is something of a puzzle to me that a man of your obvious education, background, age and looks, would accept such a… forgive me, but I must be frank… Such a lowly position. And for so long. The natural conclusion to draw is that you are running from either someone or something.”

His earlier concern was morphing into outright fear now as he sensed she was ready to give him his marching orders and the comfortable and secure, if *“lowly”* and impotent, life he had led these past nineteen months since the misery of prison had ended and the soul-destroying dependence upon the welfare-state had begun, was about to be stripped from him.

“Ms Kakkar,” he began, too concerned for his subconscious to inject the usual subtle but obvious distaste into the honorific, “I was completely honest when we first met. I told you of my divorce and the loss of my children and I also explained how my discovery of my wife and friend’s affair had led me to an uncharacteristic bout of violence; for which I was sentenced to prison and

served my time. At no time have I tried to mislead you."

"Then I take it you are happy here?" she asked, knowing he was anything but that, yet would not wish to jeopardise his fragile security by telling her otherwise.

"Well, yes," he began, unwilling to lie completely but reticent to give the complete truth either, she told herself; knowing as he did that to tell her he found it demeaning to have himself beholding to one of her… *kind*… would not exactly help his cause. "You know something of my background so, obviously, this is not my first choice of situation but, as I have said, I am happy here."

She allowed this economy with the verity to pass and pressed on, nerves still making her edgy but sensing somehow that all would turn out as she wished as images of him prone before her as she familiarised him with the divine Indian essence of her feet, pussy and armpits, that he may learn to differentiate and serve with due diligence, even if blindfold, sent her temperature ever higher.

"I am pleased to hear that because it makes the offer I intend to make all the easier to put to you."

As he allowed the relief of not being asked to leave and asked himself why she had indicated he might be running from *"someone or something"* in the first place, he was aware she had risen from her chair and had started to pace in front of the large bay window that looked out upon the garden and beyond to the shimmering sea itself.

He also found himself, as was her intention, allowing his eyes to drink in her form whenever she was turned from him, and especially her bare legs. Aware as he did so of just how long it had been since he had experienced sex with a living and breathing partner rather than the onanistic but necessary fingers of a consoling hand. A fact, he assured himself, which explained how he could be having lewd thoughts on behalf of a younger Indian woman he would once not have deigned to give a first glance, let alone a second.

Desire and sexual need, he was intelligent enough to know, and especially a man's, being nothing if not pragmatic in times of drought. More so when that drought had endured for a few years. Given any inclination of masturbating to images of himself with the faithless and treacherous slut who had once been his wife sickened him, it was hardly surprising that his thoughts would turn to the woman with whom he had the closest contact and that he would suddenly find himself overlooking her race, class, and facial features to take in her somewhat matronly and womanly figure with its hour-glass figure and large conical breasts supported from below by the strong yet shapely legs he was in the process of watching pace before him when he could be sure she would not notice.

Yet, though he suspected she found him attractive – and why wouldn't she, given the way they looked – she had betrayed no sign of that being the case. Which had not stopped himself from pondering what it would be like to seduce her and take a less *"lowly"* role in her household. Perhaps to become her husband – if he could live with such an anomaly given his personal feelings towards her race and kind. Marriage to her would, after all, restore the fortunes wife and lover had stripped from him and then some!

While neither a mercenary nor a greedy man, the prospect – aside from being joined to an Indian woman – did hold some appeal to him and it occurred to him as the woman in question continued to pace before the window thoughtfully, that perhaps it was this that was to be the basis of her offer to him.

He was still telling himself not to be ridiculous when she stopped pacing and turned to him, expression serious above the breasts pointing his way and from which he had to tear long deprived eyes.

"The offer I am about to make to you will change your life," she told him and he immediately revised his thoughts as to their being ridiculous. "It will also offer you the security you are missing since your life was disrupted."

She was saying nothing to make his thoughts any more ludicrous and he was already asking himself if he could pull off the act of becoming her husband.

And, neither mercenary nor greedy as he was, found himself surprised to hear his subconscious answer the question with a resounding yes.

“It is why I found it necessary to have your background investigated more… thoroughly… than the few routine checks I had made when you first took up your position here,” she told him.

The familiar taste of bile left his throat to make itself known to his tongue. As it had from the start of coming to live in her… *basement*… his spirit bridled whenever she referred to his stay there as a *“position”*. To him he was there as a guest who paid for his stay by helping out around the house and garden and by accompanying her to the shops from time to time. But that certainly did not qualify it as a “*position”*. And neither did the £50 she gave him each week and insultingly referred to as *“pocket money”* – even if he did welcome the cash and used it to take some recreation to have a few drinks and *“people watch”* in the local pub.
Even if the pub’s regulars in the gentrified former fishing village were made up of golfing types up from the City who had no interest in striking up a conversation with a handsome loner and had even less intention of allowing bored looking wives to do the same.

And the staff of part-timers, mostly studying for second-rate degrees from Canterbury and supplementing their meagre government grants, were scarcely any friendlier.

He was simply a part of the fixtures and fittings now and this suited him perfectly, as not being paid any attention also meant avoiding awkward and embarrassing questions as to what he was doing there and what was his *“position”* in the Indian woman’s home.

The Indian woman herself not what could be called a social type and much preferring her own company along with that of books, television and computer.

His thoughts came back to the now and he realised her eyes were still fixed upon him.

Disconcertingly so, he found for the first time.

As if they were assessing him.

“The investigators were very painstaking,” she was telling him and I have not only learned much about you but also about your former wife and children and her new husband as well as the business you helped to build.”

Her look was almost contrite.

Almost.

“I apologise for this intrusion into your life,” she offered, “but it was necessary if I were to make you the offer I am shortly about to make.”

He nodded, angry as hell at the intrusion but too intrigued by her *“offer”* to let it show, “I understand,” he assured her, feeling what he saw as the moral high ground allowed him to forego the *“Ms Kakkar”*. You are a woman living alone and you need to be sure of the person living with you. I get it.”

“That is very understanding of you,” she noted with barely a hint of sarcasm. “And you will be pleased to know that my investigators found nothing beyond what you have already divulged to make me wish to revise my intended offer.”

He was about to comment when she went on:

“Though they did,” she continued in her excellent if accented English, “find a number of things that could make the offer I intend to make you all the more… *palatable*… should you choose to accept it…”

Michael

Three and a half years ago:

He walked the beach in a state of, if not shock, numbed disbelief, barely able to process what the Indian bitch had laid on him before insisting he spend some time alone to think her offer over before giving her his decision.

It was hard to believe his life could continue getting shittier.

But it was.

The Indian woman in whose house he lived was some kind of a sexual pervert.

What else could explain what she wanted from him?

To be her manservant?

Him?

And not just any old domestic retainer either.

But to actually bind himself to her in a way that would make extricating himself from her employ difficult.

Not impossible, of course, but at least… *problematical*.

Of course, and as she had pointed out, her culture and background was different to his and what he found so mind-boggling about her offer was nothing out of the ordinary to her. These kind of arrangements were entered into all the time in her parent country. When the circumstances were right, she had told him, it made perfect sense for an offer of such a kind to be made.

Understandably, he wasn't an authority on the culture and domestic arrangements of a country in which he had only a minimal to non-existent

interest, but what she said did not ring true to him and he sensed that if she wasn't outright lying to him then she was at least applying a creative slant to the concept of truth.

Creative or outright lying, it did not matter. The bottom line was that she had made the offer. He had no choice but to consider it, she had told him before virtually demanding he take one of his long and soul-searching strolls along the normally deserted stretch of beach.

He laughed aloud, amusement conspicuous by its absence in the sharp bark it provoked.

Did she truly expect him to give serious thought to such an outrageous, such a… *humiliating and emasculating* suggestion?

But then, if he wasn't going to give it serious thought, why was he ambling along the beach doing just that as the clear blue sky and the soothing lap of the waves washing ashore made no impact upon his mood or thoughts in the usual way as they delved back into a conversation that had ended not long before?

*****

"I urge you to give this much serious thought, Michael, and to take into account that you will soon be in your fifties," she had advised him as he sat before her in numb silence, the suspicion that she had been about to propose in the more traditional sense blown to hell and back and stunning him too completely for him to utter a simple *"fuck you!"*.

"After what my investigators found, you can truly have no serious hopes of reclaiming either your marriage, your children, or any vestige of your former life and must make the most of the few, if any, opportunities life sees fit to throw you from now until the end of your life."

"Opportunities??" his numbed thoughts screamed.

She read them:

“Yes. I understand that what I am proposing does not seem to be much of an opportunity at this moment in time. But then that is because you are thinking of it from the standpoint of the life you once had and have no longer.”

Her mention of that life he had once cherished brought the pain and anger that was never far from the surface to the fore and she could see that it burned as fiercely now as it had from its inception.

Even if prison and the impotence of the life he had spent on welfare in its aftermath had all but destroyed the former manhood that had acted so violently upon discovery of his betrayal.

“That life is finished. Utterly and irrevocably. Your wife and the man you once considered your finest friend have stripped you of everything you held dear and enjoy it in your stead.”

She paused, allowing the old memories to scourge him before applying the carrot:

“But…”

It was at this point, as he had been jolted from his pain and anger and looked up at her, that she had said the words that explained why he was walking the beach to consider her insulting offer rather than having simply laughed in her face before taking himself off to pack his things.

That and his undeniable terror of leaving and what he would find away from her home.

“But… I am about to offer you the opportunity of a new life by my side and, should you accept, also offer you the chance to gain some measure of… *closure*… in respect of those people who have hurt you so badly.

“You mean…?”

That is right, Michael. My investigators report was not only most concise when it came to you and your past bur was also comprehensive on the subject of your former family and the friend who took them from you.”

“I… I don’t understand. How could…?”

“Trust me, Michael, you are completely justified to wish to take… *vengeance*… upon these people. They have completely and coldly, without any thought to your feelings or the efforts you put into making your company successful, or your dedication to both your wife and girls, eradicated you from not only their lives but the lives of your daughters also.”

He had already known or at least suspected this, of course, but having it confirmed from the lips of a stranger – albeit one who appeared bent on a relationship of some kind with him – only intensified his feelings of impotence and a burning hate for those responsible for having him incarcerated and stripping him of all that he valued.

“You would not know this as I know you have no contact with anyone from your former life; especially as the friends you shared were outraged at the way your wife described your life together and had no desire to remain in touch with a wife-beater.”

“Wife beater?? I never once laid a…”
She held up a hand of her own to forestall his anger.

“There is no need to defend yourself, Michael. My investigators have told me all about your former wife and I am well aware that she is a habitual liar who will do and say anything to achieve her own ends.”

Her next words gave him as much pleasure as he had had since his world had been taken from him:

“I am sure you will not be surprised to learn that the sainted Paula has been seeing – and still sees, no doubt – a number of your former friends behind your one-time partner and fellow betrayer’s back and has been doing so for some time.”

Michael’s spirits soared as he pictured how wonderful it would be to tell the treacherous Jerry that he was now the cuckold.

Until it occurred to him that his former wife had probably been seeing their male *"friends"* during her marriage to him.

"I have no wish to drag up your past further at this point," she told him, "but it is as well for you to know that both your daughters refer to this… *"Jerry"*… as *"Daddy"* and make no reference to you with either friends or acquaintances."

It was no more than he had suspected, even if the news cut, but hearing the two daughters he had doted on had erased him from their life so completely from the lips of another, and that they were now addressing the usurper as if he were, for all intents and purposes, their natural father, hurt like a bastard and intensified his need to extract payback until it reached a far higher stratosphere.

An intensification she spotted immediately and one that assured her she had been successful in at least this aspect when it came to her ultimate goal.
"Trust me also, Michael, when I tell you that the knowledge concerning your former company that was provided to me by my investigators will enable me to destroy the lives of your tormentors with as much, if not more, lasting damage than they perpetrated upon you…"

Again she allowed the carrot to dangle out there until she was sure the full temptation of it had been absorbed into his thoughts.

Then she added:

"Should, that is, I choose to do so."

Michael Grafton's breath had caught in his throat at this turn of affairs and the knowledge that the vengeance he had dreamt of and cherished through so many improbable but satisfying scenarios could actually be possible.

Her next words, however, reminded him that nothing in life was free and that he had yet to hear the offer that might make that *"vengeance"* possible; knowing that he was already sold on becoming her husband if that was what she intended.

“Such destruction is not only possible,” she continued, “but would be impossible to stop once started.”

She paused, eyes holding his unblinkingly, the earlier nervousness and uncertainty he thought he had detected in her manner at the beginning of their conversation replaced by something else that suggested itself to him as… *confidence*.

Whatever it was she had been nervous about putting to him now seemed to have been placed in a proper perspective and her body language already bespoke her certainty of his coming acceptance.

“Impossible, that is,” she continued, dark eyes still holding his and, for the first time, making him feel somehow… diminished; though his pride laughed this off internally, “if I am persuaded to act upon the knowledge in my possession.”

Unable to find the voice to reply, and not knowing which words he would have used had he not been temporarily deprived of the facility, Grafton waited.

Suddenly, he was aware she had come around the desk to stand at his side, buttocks resting upon the surface edge and arms folded across her chest in what could only be described as a no-nonsense pose, and already he was asking himself if his cock could perform for this plain-Jane with the powerful body and shapely legs from a country he looked down upon.

If the stiffening at his groin was to be believed, she would not be disappointed.

Even if he was about to be.

“Which brings me nicely to the offer I wish to make you and believe you would be extremely foolish to refuse.”

At this she uncrossed her hands and placed them flat upon the desk surface for support, crossing her ankles now as his eyes followed the movement, her own eyes, he told himself seeming…

He struggled for the adjective before hitting upon it.

Predatory!

“But first, please allow me to ask you some questions and I would like you to answer truthfully. Is that acceptable?”

For the first time he sensed steel beneath the surface of this younger woman he knew came from a lowly background and humble roots; sensing there was more to her than he had come to believe and that she possessed depths that went beyond being simply the wife in an arranged marriage whose husband’s departure from the mortal coil had left her sitting pretty.

It was a realisation, he would tell himself in the coming months and years that had come far too late to be of any use to him and, anyway, would have been unlikely to alter the events she had obviously had in mind even as she had penned the Daily Telegraph advert that had lured him in.

Realising she was waiting for an answer he nodded.

Something resembling displeasure arranged her plain if sharp features and he realised she wanted a verbal confirmation of his willingness to be quizzed.

“Yes. Of course. Go ahead,” he told her.

The displeasure was still present and without thinking, and before he realised he was going to say it, he added: *“Ms Kakkar”*.

A brief smile leavened her features and he cringed for having responded in such a servile way – though his self-disgust was mitigated by the thoughts of the painful vengeance such a bending of the neck might put in motion.

“No pain without gain”, as he recalled the bitch herself whispering to him as he was led down to the cells and the destruction of his life.

“Tell me, Michael,” began a bitch of another ilk, ever more certain of herself it seemed to him. “Where do you see yourself in, say, fifteen years’ time?”

Given what had just passed between them, the question caught him off-guard.

“Well… I… I can’t say I’ve given it that much thought to be honest,” he lied, knowing he thought of nothing else and his inability to frame a proper reply indicated only the fact that he had seen nothing but more of the same, if he were lucky, in his future.

“Perhaps it would be better if I supplied a brief description of what you are likely to expect in the coming years. By all means interrupt and tell me if you are not in agreement with my assessment.”

He did not appreciate being spoken down to in such a way – by anyone, let alone a younger Indian woman who was not in his class either by way of looks, intelligence, breeding or race - but, given the stakes she had raised, bit back his anger and waited.

“Firstly, you are still a handsome man but, other than that and because of the unwanted circumstances foisted upon you by your former wife and friend, you have very little to offer a woman when it comes to a relationship and the years are hardly likely to change that.”

She raised a palm to forestall the objection she sensed coming for what she knew he would see as unnecessary rudeness and added:

“I speak in terms of the material,” she told him, though she noted the addition did not seem to console him much. “You would have to agree that, with no home, no savings, and no full-time employment that pays you a salary, rather than your live-in arrangement with me and the weekly sum I provide you as spending money, you are hardly a catch for a single woman. No matter your undeniable good looks and still youthful physique”

She had, he felt compelled to confess, if only to himself, spoken no more than the simple truth regarding his prospects and his lack of any material worth to bring to a relationship; though, as she had no doubt intended, her remarks on the subject of his good looks and physique had gone some way towards ameliorating her less flattering observations.

What money he had been able to take from the marriage had been mostly

frittered away on expensive legal fees – for all the good it did him – and the costs awarded to the cunt Jerry for the physical damage inflicted upon him had taken care of the rest.

Contradicting Nipa Kakkar, on this point at least, was not an option.

“You will soon be in your fifties,” she went on unrelentingly, determined it seemed to him to lower his spirits further, “and your situation, bar a lottery win or some other equally unlikely miracle, is unlikely to improve if things remain as they are with you.”

Grafton snorted to himself: a lottery win would indeed be a *“miracle”*, considering he had yet to ever purchase a ticket.

“I must tell you also,” she added in a more ominous tone, “that should you decline my offer, then I will be forced to seek a suitable replacement elsewhere and insist that you leave my home immediately.”

He felt the strength leave his legs at this last and realised just how much he had come to depend upon his place in her home – demeaning as he found it – in the past year and more.

The thought of being removed from it truly frightened him as he recalled the way he had been forced to live after leaving prison and seeing her ad.

Could marriage to the bitch be any worse, he thought.

And then another thought struck him that, while he was not normally of a mercenary and calculating mindset, was undeniably out of character and unworthy of the kind of man he had always believed himself to be.

A partnership with her would at least mean plentiful sex.

Even if she wasn’t his bed-partner of choice.

It would also mean he would at least get to exchange the viewless basement for a bedroom with a sea-view.

And this, at least to him, was no small thing.

“What I am offering you,” he came back from his cogitation to hear her voice, “should you accept it, is security for the rest of your life. You will no longer have to concern yourself with the keeping of a roof above your head or in finding a career of some kind that might, possibly, offer you some solace in your later years.”

Certain that she was proposing to him then – what else could she mean by *“the rest of his life”* - and having already made his decision to accept her strange and unexpected offer of matrimony, he had allowed himself a small smile, understanding how much of a feather in her cap it would be to find herself married to an Englishman from a more exalted and favoured background than her own.

Despite the treatment handed out to him by his cheating ex-wife, a still vibrant ego led him to believe it was this chance to *“step-up”* that had prompted her to start the discussion they were now having.

He was about to be disabused.

“From your expression,” she began, “I take it that you are not opposed to the arrangement I propose. But I also take the impression that you are thinking my offer is something other than I intend.”

A frisson of insecurity wiped that *“expression”* from his face.

“I trust that you are not telling yourself I am proposing some kind of marital arrangement?” she asked, face stony as her eyes bore into his own.

“Well… I did think that maybe…”

Her head was shaking before he could finish:

“That is *not* what I have in mind at all – though I am truthful enough to say that your looks do not displease me.”

“I’m sorry, Nipper… Nipa, I mean, Ms Kakkar,” he corrected himself, having no idea where this was all leading now. “But if it’s not marriage

you're proposing to me then what is it?"

"I was about to tell you," she answered, re-crossing her legs at the ankles but realising the movement did not attract his attention this time, so puzzled – and worried – was he as to what exactly her offer might be.

"Before I do, however," she went on, "I would warn you not to make a reply or do something on the spur of the moment that would see you leave my house today rather than later."

His eyes narrowed and she could see he had absolutely no idea as to what she could possibly be about to suggest to him.

"What I am about to describe to you will, no doubt, seem alien and strange to one of your background and experience. But to those of my country who have, through necessity, become more practical in such matters such arrangements are completely normal if, it must be said, frowned upon."
She could tell he was totally at sea and pressed on:

"You are an intelligent man, perceptive enough to know that normality is only what we choose it to be. Please do not disappoint me in my evaluation of your qualities and make some knee-jerk reaction to what you are about to hear."

She paused for a moment to see if he would react.

He remained silent and she continued, knowing it was too late to turn back while praying she had judged his weakness correctly and, after having invested so much of her time in him, would not be required to begin the whole process of realising her fantasy over again.

"Do be warned, Michael," she told him. "If what I offer makes you angry initially then I would advise you to keep that anger to yourself until you have had an opportunity to consider all that I have said when you are calm and rational."

She knew that he had heard her words but was not so sure his mind had absorbed them, so wrongfooted did she have him.

And there was only one way to find out.

“I am convinced, Michael, that, should you do this, you will soon be of the opinion that what I am offering you is the best possible course of action, no matter that it may seem a little strange to you, and that by accepting you not only secure a very uncertain future but will also gain a huge measure of revenge upon your wife and former friend.”

Again she could see that the carrot of payback was working upon his thoughts and felt sure it would be incentive enough for him to do as she advised and at least think about what she was on the verge of offering him.

Though she did see fit to add yet one more layer of motivation to issues that would soon be under consideration:

“I promise also, that you will get to witness the payback to your former soul-mate and business partner at first-hand.”

Despite his puzzlement, his eyes could not prevent themselves from lighting up at the prospect and she pressed her advantage home:

“The lives they now know and enjoy at the expense of your own will be nothing less than the dust of memory and they will get to experience the miseries of anger, agony and helplessness they once inflicted upon you.”

He was nodding now and she sensed he was slowly but surely being reeled in.

“The life you once knew is gone forever, Michael. But, should you prove amenable to the arrangement I will soon put you, the same subtraction will be made to theirs.”

Having now described the stick that was his bleak future away from her home, and allowing him a good few seconds to digest the carrot of retribution upon his former loved ones should he stay, she then began to describe exactly what she would require from him if he were allowed to remain.

*****

Sitting on a log that had been washed onto the beach and staring out to wear sea met sky as North Sea prepared to join English Channel, Michael Grafton, *"calmly and rationally"* asked himself if he had really heard the words coming from the mouth of the Indian woman in whose house – make that *"basement"* – he had lived in these past nineteen months or so.
What she wanted in return for the security she offered, together with the opportunity of helping him gain a measure of revenge upon his ex-wife and former friend, was… was…

He searched for a word that could accurately describe his feelings and came up with nothing.

She wanted him to become her servant!

Him??

But that was only the tip of her delusions in regard of him.

She also required that she give him insurance that he would remain in that position from now on and it was the nature of the insurance she insisted upon that amazed him.

Even as it sickened his spirit that she could think he would be receptive to such suggestions.

And yet…

If he wasn't receptive then why hadn't he simply neglected her advice to *"stay calm and think about it"* instead of taking off to his favourite and pretty much deserted stretch of beach to do just that?

Was he seriously considering her proposals?

Were they even legal?

The answer to the last being in the affirmative. The way she had explained it the whole process would be overseen by a solicitor first and then, later, that

same solicitor in tandem with a doctor or doctors and an appearance before a court. All of which would require his willing cooperation and, from what she had told him, no small amount of acting skills on his side.
Though as far as the latter was concerned she said she was more than willing to *"Rehearse"* him until he was word perfect.

Had the wind not been fetching a constant stream of cooling sea spray to wet his cheeks and soak his clothes he would have laughed it all off as yet another of the weird dreams he had been having lately in regard of his… *hostess*.

But this was no dream and he knew she had been entirely serious in what she had put to him.

Incredible!

Only when she was satisfied he was committed to her, she had assured him, would she make good on her promise to bring him *"closure"* on the duo who had eviscerated his life.

He had, she had promised, her word on it.

But it was the words of her investigator's report on the subject of his children that had really ensured he did as she advised and took himself off to think *"calmly and rationally"* about her undeniably warped and, to a handsome, well-educated, and physically healthy Englishman, *uncivilised* offer.

Nipa Dreams Again

Three years ago:

“Enter,” she condescended to the two timid knocks upon the study door; picturing the handsome Englishman’s shame and helplessness as he awaited her permission to enter arousing her in the instant way it always did.

.

“You, er, called for me, hmm, master?” he asked forcing the honorific out with what she could see was incredible difficulty, the face that attracted her so much aflame with blood boiling almost molten from humiliation and self-abhorrence for his own weakness.

“Good boy!” she applauded him with still greater condescension, “you remembered to the proper form of address.

Swivelling her chair away from the desk and gazing into the garden as she spoke, she added in a less friendly voice:

“But what else are your required to by way of showing your owner respect when you enter her presence?”

Even staring out of the window she could sense the misery behind her as he realised she had not been joking and did indeed intend for him to “respect” her in the abject way she had described when first entering her presence.

“Fetch yourself around to this side of the desk,” she ordered without looking at him, pointing to a spot at her side where she wanted him to stand, expensive bangles jangling from a brown wrist as a finger indicated a spot at her feet.

When he was in position before her, face a picture of abject despair in the face of his own emasculation, she swiveled to face him, a black and high heeled court shoe dangling from one hosed foot.

“Stop fidgeting!” she snapped as he stood before her barefoot, clothed only in the tight and high lycra shorts and tee-shirt in matching pink she insisted she had insisted would be his “uniform-of-service.” Choice made to facilitate ‘Ease of access’; to the bulge she saw beneath those shorts and all the more exciting to her for knowing he was unable to come fully erect of his own volition and was dependent upon her for any release he gained from now on.

“Are you uncomfortable?” she asked, knowing what he was thinking without having to ask.

“Why am I allowing this? Why don’t I simply just rip the chain with the key to this cage from around her neck and kick her arse back to the shithole of the world from where she came?”

He neither took this course of action nor remarked upon it but, cheeks still coloured the highest scarlet and unable to meet the mockery in her eyes, simply answered:

“No, M-Master. I’m perfectly fine.”

It was another lie she knew, but not one she felt the need to call him on as his refusal to tell her the truth was not based upon a need to deceive her but simply to prevent her irritation with him.

What greater tribute to her power over him could there be?

“Do not delude yourself,” she told him. “This is not some little game I will soon tire of but a lifestyle choice. You belong to me as much as the furniture in this room now and will remain at my beck and call for the duration of what remains of your miserable English existence.

“Look at you!” she scoffed. “Would any real man allow a woman to dress him in such a fashion? And especially a woman he detests from a land he despises. But you are not a real man, are you?”

She waited, forcing him to respond:

“N-No, Ma’am.”

Her slap rocked his head to the side.

“Imbecile! How were you told to address your owner?”
She shook her head as if disappointed:

“Did your wife strip you of your intelligence as well as your children and business when she decided to open her faithless legs and allow your friend, a

real man, to fuck her?

The handsome white man, some ten years her senior, looked as if he were about to cry and her cunt fair gushed at the knowledge it was her power over him that had provoked such an unmanly reaction. That she, a girl from the slums of Hyderabad, considered worthless even by her own people, could wield such authority over an older man. And a man from the so-called superior mother country at that.

"How did I tell you to address me when we are at home alone?" she snapped. "You got it right not a minute ago when you entered and yet now you address me as 'Ma'am'. Are you becoming senile already?"

"I… I'm sorry, M-Master," he told her, still unable to meet her eye.

"Very well, I shall let it pass this once. But do not test me again."

Though he did not look at her she saw a shiver of what could only be relief caress his subjugated flesh and once again admired the work-in-progress she well on the way towards moulding into her perfect English peon.

"Now, what else was it you were told to do on first entering my presence?"

Even as she reminded him he seemed to be deflating in upon himself and his hatred of her and distaste for the humiliating show of respect she insisted upon was all too evident – though he lacked the necessary courage to supply a verbal commentary upon her usage of him.

Then, slowly, and without further prompting from her, he lowered his pink clad body to the carpet at her feet and lowered his head to place his lips upon the instep of a none too fragrant instep clad in black hose.

"I read you as easily as if you knelt before me with your thoughts written in neon," she told the top of his abject head. "You hate me and believe there will come a time when the tables will be turned between us."

Her laugh spoke of genuine amusement as he continued to press his lips to her instep until told to do otherwise, shame washing over him with as much

strength now as it had done the first time she explained what she required from him.

"Have you not worked out why you stay yet, my handsome English chattel? Do you still delude yourself that it is simply a matter of having nowhere else to go?"

Again she laughed.

"You are here, though you will not, perhaps never, admit it, because you are becoming addicted to having a superior Indian woman control your life. No matter that you do not consider her your equal in any way other than her superior bank-balance, you stay because deep in your subconscious a voice tells you that you are in exactly the place and position nature intended for you."

Below her she could see the back of his head shake imperceptibly in denial, even as he contrived to keep his lips pressed to her hosed and sweaty instep.

"Deny it to yourself as much as you wish," she mocked, but soon I will be such an integral part of your life the mere thought of not being with me that I can control and direct you cause you to experience a mental pain far greater and lasting than any of the physical variety.

"Imagine, my handsome older peon, how devastated you would feel to know you will never experience the taste of my toes in your mouth and feel the trickle of my urine as it makes its way over your docile face. Never to see these legs you adore so much and the breasts above them you have yet to feel or place lips upon. Though you will live in hope that I might release your pitiful white cock from its cage and allow you to fondle them."

Again she laughed.

"Though your behaviour has a long way to go and much improvement to make before I so much as consider allowing you such an honour.

"You will deny it to yourself, but I am in your blood now and I will stay there, of that you may be certain. Your body, along with your penis and your balls,

belongs to me now and I will NEVER relinquish my control of it."

She heard a small groan escape his lips as his, unwillingly or otherwise, his cock responded to her words and the perspiration of the feet upon which his lips remained attached and tried to expand inside the titanium encasing it.

Lip curling with unholy satisfaction she pushed his head from her foot with the sole of the shoe encasing the other and ordered:

"Respect my other foot now."

Instantly, he did as she asked and placed his lips upon her other instep, the black nylon rasping against his lips as he berated himself for allowing such a shameful act of submission to a woman – and one of her kind – to excite him so much his cock struggled painfully against the confines of it prison.

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As she gazed down at the man with his lips pressed to her foot, she felt a sudden emotion for him that was as akin to love as she knew she would ever have for a man.

Even if she had no doubt it was her ownership of him rather than any emotional attachment that triggered the response.

Aware she was in need of… attention… she slid the shoe from her recently attended foot and rested it atop his labouring head.

"I want you to count to twenty now," she told him as her pantyhosed sole ran itself through his still thick hair. Then I want you under my desk."

Another groan made its way up to her and she gave self-congratulation for how far she had come with him in so short a space of time.

"I have a lengthy email to send and while I compose it you can pay your owner's superior Indian pussy the attention it deserves…"

Nipa-to-Padmini

Three and a half years ago;

My Dearest, Most Wonderful, Padmini!

It has begun!

Today!

All my patience these past twenty months has been rewarded and he has finally taken the first steps that will lead to him becoming my creature – though he has no idea just yet of what actually belonging to me, and by extension you, will really mean for him. So obsessed is he with the idea of revenging himself upon his ex-wife and her lover, not to mention the fear he has of what awaits him outside my home, that he has consented to a situation I know appals him. And, as you know, it will only get worse for him.

I feel as if I live in a world of exalted sensual anticipation as his subjugation to me grows closer and all of the frustrations of having him so close these past months, and in a servile kind of a way that he can at least justify, seem as nothing when compared against the joys of ownership shortly to be mine.

Just think back, my wonderful Padmini, to all those times we would sit with each other and describe our schoolgirl fantasies and how joyous it would be to have a real, living and breathing, man at our disposal. Remember too how it was also a high and mighty Englishman who both headed our list of preferred candidates? And tell me truthfully, especially now you have seen pictures of the handsome and older Michael Grafton, is he not everything we envisaged for ourselves all those years ago in the schoolyard as our less imaginative and herd-like fellow pupils played at being warriors or Bollywood sirens?

How far we have come!
We returned from the solicitor's office not three hours ago and I cannot adequately describe my excitement to you. For we did not return to the same home or situation. At least it does not seem so to me. Everything has changed and I feel as though I am on the verge of paradise itself. For the first time I truly feel as if I have a degree of real control over this handsome older

Englishman and if the feelings I am experiencing, even at this early stage in my enslavement of him, are any guide I am not at all sure I will be able to handle the sensations of having him totally at my heel.

And does not that sentence alone make you wish to rush for the nearest sex-toy?

You may be sure the fingers of one hand are already toying with my sodden pussy as I type this email with those of the other.

Oh, Padmini! So much has happened since I last wrote to you and, though I apologise for the delay I am sure you will understand when I relate all that has happened between your friend and this older Englishman we both find so attractive. But where to start?

The beginning is always sensible, would you not say? And believe me, it was one thing to ask him to do menial things when my cards were not on the table, but the knowledge he would be thinking of what he had done for me up to then with different eyes once I made my "offer" to him was quite another. Polishing my shoes and hand-washing my laundry but two of the chores I had been so excited to set him and he so demeaned by having to perform them.

Performing those chores he disliked while under the impression they were simply duties he performed as payment for his board and lodging (in my basement!), as if for all the world we were already mistress and servant, he would see in quite a different light when he realised that, in order to stay in my home and the security it offered, he would have to accept the position of a long-term manservant and no longer be able to tell himself his situation was both temporary and semi-voluntary.

It was the prospect of introducing this concept that made me so uncharacteristically nervous and, I promise you, had it not been for the strength of the joint dream we two had cherished so long I truly believe I would not have been able to carry it off.

But I did!

And the results?

Padmini! Did I not already mention that we returned from my solicitors not three hours ago? And why else would I have taken our man to see the butch feminist legalista I retained upon my widowhood if it were not to deal with the first part of the “Triad”, as I recall you describing it so memorably?

Yes, Padmini. I neither jest nor tease. The first and most crucial part of that triad has been realised.

He signed the necessary papers along with me and in the presence of my man-hating solicitor who, unless I am much mistaken, viewed the arrangement so positively she could scarce contain her excitement at being instrumental in a man of her own race – and a handsome and older man into the bargain – signing over the rights to his personal affairs to a younger Indian woman from a far less exalted background.

Something tells me my solicitor would be very sympathetic were I to tell her what was in store for the delectable Michael Grafton and would, even, not be averse to playing some small part in his new and… servile… life.

We will see.

Of course, I realise that the agreement we have entered into is not binding in perpetuity and can be overturned, but it is a considerable start and the sooner he accepts I now control his day-to-day affairs the sooner he will become more… amenable… to that control spilling over into other areas of his life.

Is it not just too thrilling?

I can only thank his treacherous, faithless and venal, wife, together with the so-called best friend she seduced into shitting upon her loyal husband’s life and the two daughters who gave up on him so easily, for the leverage their poison towards him supplied me. For without the hatred that festers inside him and is tempered only by the fear inspired by a spell in prison and the joyless life waiting beyond its walls should he lose his position, such as it is, in my home, I truly do believe his pride would not have allowed him to accept my offer had it not been sweetened by a promise of revenge upon his tormentors and he would simply have laughed at my suggestion he become

my live-in manservant and taken his chances away from me – fear of the future awaiting him or not.

But, after taking the time to think about it, accept he did.

And do you know what was most influential in making him concede to this first step?

Let me enlighten you.

It was the evidence from my investigators and the DNA from both him and his “daughters”.

That is right, my curious Padmini.

It turns out that they were never his to begin with.

Could events have worked any more perfectly for us?
I still believe that I would have had enough to convince him to accept my offer eventually anyway, his rage and desire for payback being so strong still and he being without the means to exact the necessary retribution. But the proof, there in black-and-white, that the two girls he had loved and cherished until they had been taken away and thanked him for his love by promptly forgetting him were never his and he had been duped into bringing up the child of another man – or men, as is most probably likely – made his concession to my offer inevitable. Despite what he knew he would have to concede in order to win my help.

And yes, I sense the question upon your lips.

The answer to the third and most binding part of the triad is also in the positive.

I am nothing if not a woman of my word and one who honours her promises.

So, yes, I shall indeed make good upon my promise to make his wife and lover pay for the hurt they put upon him.

Even if I will do this with mixed feelings.

After all, if it were not for this pair's shameless treatment of my man he would not be about to become my flunky and our long-held fantasies would once again seem far distant.

Yet… I must confess that the prospect of meting out justice on the wife and lover who treated him so dishonestly appeals to me immensely.

And, before you accuse me of hypocrisy, I have been truthful – if not completely so – with Michael.

Can you disagree?
On only one subject – two, if you count my economy with the truth when it comes to the depth of his service to me – have I not been entirely truthful with him, and that is a sin of omission rather than an outright lie. And, anyway, is a little dishonesty not necessary when trying to achieve something that is no longer legal and would likely be frowned upon by at least 90% of people the world over?

An Englishman?

Indentured to an Indian woman?

Apologies.

Indentured to two Indian woman.

And in this day and age.

And in his own country.

Tell me you do not find this utterly magnificent and that your juicy little cunny does not burn molten at the very prospect and I will say YOU are the dishonest one!

I thought not.

Apology accepted.

But what about the second part of the triad, I hear you ask?

Ah, well, upon reflection I decided that I would leave this until last as it could well have proved the straw that… etc., etc.

Not to mention that, deprived of female companionship as he is, our handsome Englishman is beginning to take an interest in a certain Indian woman he would not once have looked at twice.

Can you see the possibilities this opens up for me?

Yet another carrot to make the stick that rules him seem less… harsh and inescapable.

And, now that I have the paperwork and legal authorisation supplied by the first segment of the triad in my keeping I can begin to apply both with much, much, confidence…

Vera Salter

Three and a half years ago:

"I am obliged to point out to you, Mr Grafton, that signing these documents and having them witnessed is no small matter."

Ms Vera Salter gazed upon the man and woman seated across from her in her Deal office. Through the rain lashed window a blurry view of the promenade could be seen and one or two walkers braving the elements and bracing wind, but the expression upon the handsome face of the middle-aged man seated next to her client was more depressing by far. He looked as if he would rather be anywhere but there.

"Michael has been lodging with me for over a year now, Vera," her client answered for him, "and I feel a great deal of responsibility for him now that he is undergoing… *problems."*

In her seven years as one of the area's few female and feminist solicitors with her own chambers, Vera Salter had seen a number of odd things, but nothing quite as off-the-wall as this. Before her was a handsome and well-presented Englishman of middle-years, about to give over the running of his life to an Indian woman, her client of over three years. And he did not look as if he wished to do so at all.

But then men were strange creatures and she knew nothing the beasts did should surprise her. Besides, if this was what her client wished also and he signed his name to the agreement without appearing to be under threat or coercion of any kind, what was it to her? In her opinion – and she knew people thought of her as a man-hating lesbian when in reality she had a healthy passion for cock, so long as it was well-trained and complied with her feminist sensibilities – the more women who took economical as well as physical control over the lesser sex the more agreeable life in general would become.
Though it did surprise her that a man such as this would be willing to hand over responsibility for his affairs to a – client or not – younger Indian woman

he so obviously outmatched in both looks and breeding.

She gave a mental shrug.

"Fuck it," she thought. *"Good for her. What's it to me, after all? I get paid whether the man's happy about it or not and as long as nothing illegal goes down on my watch, where's the problem?"*

If she was honest – and the wetness she could feel at the apex of her legs compelled it – she had to admit that there was something extremely erotic at the prospect of a white man ceding control of himself, or at least a part thereof, to a younger woman of colour his body language seemed to indicate he felt distaste for.

That woman of colour was looking at her *"lodger"* expectantly and, as the fascinated solicitor looked on and imagined the man's handsome head between her powerful thirty-something thighs, he seemed to be kick-started to make a response that, to Vera Salter's trained ears, seemed… *coached*.
"I… I've not been myself lately," he told her; nervous eyes flickering to the client at his side, almost it seemed to Ms Salter as if to make sure he was saying the correct thing. Intensely embarrassed, it seemed, at having his deference witnessed by another. "Ms Kakkar has my complete trust to administer my affairs."

"Hmm," thought Vera Salter. *"What a very respectful way to address someone who was both younger and obviously someone he did not seem to like much."*

"Still," she answered, knowing with certainty something beyond what was about to happen was going down between the two, "this remains a drastic step to take and I would be remiss in my duties if I were not to make you aware of that fact. I have known Nipa – *Ms Kakkar* – as a client for some time now so my reservations are no reflection upon her character in any way. But still, you are a mature man who seems in control of all his faculties and simply handing the responsibility of your day-to-day life over to another does seem a rather… steep… step to take."

Again the man seemed to glance at her client for guidance and Vera noticed Nipa give him the most imperceptible of nods.

“There have been traumatic… *events*… in my life and they… they seem to have caught up with me,” he told her and once again she got the impression they were lines learned rather than felt.

“I… I feel safe with… with Ms Kakkar, and I know she will take care of my affairs, such as they are, with honesty and compassion if…”

He hesitated and Vera knew he was finding it difficult to speak the next words.

“…If and… when… my problems…”

Again he hesitated and the aroused solicitor felt with growing certainty that his responses were not only pre-planned and schooled in some way but… voiced with a great reluctance he was doing his best to hide and in which task he was not succeeding completely.

“If and when,” he continued with what was obviously an effort of will, eyes fixed upon the surface of her desk and unable to meet the eyes of either the solicitor or her client, “my faculties deteriorate to a point where I can’t… where I can’t… look after myself.”

Even with his eyes lowered, Vera Salter could read the shame in his expression as he conceded needing the help of the younger Indian woman. The solicitor’s pussy flushed still more as she realised the words were indeed being forced from him rather than offered. To her surprise, and with only a smidgen of guilt, she sensed a power-exchange of some kind happening before her and found herself more excited by the prospect.

Were the two of them entering into some kind of female- dominant/male-submissive arrangement?

And, if the arrangement was consensual, why did the male-submissive half of the equation seem so… *reluctant?*

Consensual or forced, she told herself, it was still highly arousing; that arousal witnessed by a certain light-headedness and aforementioned wetness between her legs that made her look forward to them leaving her office and the brief window she had until her next appointment.

Not for the first time since the man had entered her office, she bemoaned the fact she was between partners when faced with such a... *titillating*… situation.

“Very well,” she said, squeezing her hosed thighs tight together under the concealment of the desk in an attempt to make her response to the situation… *manageable*, “so long as you are both aware of the gravitas of the arrangement to which you are both consenting we can move ahead.”

She swivelled around some papers upon her desk and slid them across to her visitors.

“As instructed, I have drawn up a Lasting Power of Attorney,” she said, addressing herself to the Indian woman who was her client and who looked calm and unruffled in a cream two piece costume with matching pantyhose and heels that showed off a surprisingly shapely pair of legs and an hour-glass shape that, if it didn’t entirely compensate for her somewhat sharp and unremarkable face, certainly diverted attention from it for a while. Her deliberate side-lining of the older man ensuring she crossed her thighs all the tighter as the sense that between them they were dominating him took her arousal up a few notches.

“By a Lasting Power of Attorney you will henceforward be empowered to continue administering Mr Grafton’s affairs even should his capacity to decide such things for himself be called to question. This would also mean that the courts would not have to become involved at this point as he would have freely given his consent to such an eventuality while in a reasonable command of his own faculties.”

The man said nothing and the red-haired solicitor, who was not exactly a looker herself, even if she did have a kind of buxom and matronly appeal, found it inexplicable that a man of his looks, age and standing could possibly

be thinking of taking the step he was about to make and allow a younger Indian woman to assume at least a part control of his life.

And a considerable part at that.

What was wrong with him?

Certainly not what he had tried to convince her was wrong.

Of that much at least she was certain.

He didn't seem incapacitated; either physically or mentally and, in her opinion of him up to now, seemed perfectly capable of managing his own affairs and, especially as those affairs, as his own words had inferred, were not unduly taxing.

So what?

Was she playing her own, albeit legal, part some kind of extortion on her client's behalf?
But, then, why would she need to blackmail the man at all if everything was consensual and above board with his consent freely given?

And that, for her, was the rub.

The *"freely given"* part.

Nothing in the man's attitude indicated he was happy about the arrangement.

And, apart from seeming a little sorry for himself in a way unbecoming in a man of his years and looks, he certainly didn't give the impression of a man who required someone to manage his affairs for him.

And, if he did, why on earth would he choose Nipa Kakkar?

Surely a man of his age had family and friends with whom he would at least have has a history to take on the task for him?

No. There was far more beneath the surface of the situation. She was more

convinced than ever that the arrangement was of a sexual nature and was connected somehow to some kind of sadomasochistic role-playing.

Albeit role-playing with a *very* serious edge.

A *"lasting power-of-attorney"* was, as she had said, no arrangement to be entered into lightly, giving as it did a person a degree of control and much insight into the affairs or another. Fine it the person being invested with that control and insight were loyal and trustworthy. Not so fine if there was another… *agenda*… at work. So, if they were simply trying to add some reality to what was nothing more than an elaborate *"scene"*, they were certainly giving it their best shot.

Even if all the risks were on his side.

And role-playing, after all, even when taken a little too seriously, was not against the law.

If, that is, it remained consensual.

But then, if that was the case and it was voluntary and not a blackmail scam, why did the man seem so depressed and indisposed? He could barely meet her own eyes whenever she asked him a necessary question, let alone those of her client, and seemed to be embarrassed to the point of mortification to be showing such docility towards the younger woman from a foreign land that *"consensuality"* seemed out of the question. In fact, far from seeking out their arrangement and accepting it, Vera Salter could have sworn she detected an undercurrent of hostility towards the somewhat smug-looking Indian woman for having placed him in such a position.

But what puzzled her the most, her feminist leanings built upon notions of equality rather than pre-eminence, was the satisfaction she found herself taking from the role reversal.

"As of now," she went on, amazed at just how arousing she found the situation and speaking directly to Nipa Kakkar while ignoring the older man - the marginalising of him empowering her in a way she had not experienced to this point; "he is entering into this agreement of his own conscious will and

can terminate that arrangement at a time of his choosing."

Her use of the third-person in respect of him was calculated and deliberate.

It was also, she knew, rude and extremely discourteous.

Yet she sensed he would not take her to task for her disrespect and the woman at his side would not disapprove. The feeling they were both between them somehow dominating this handsome man lent hear a feeling of collegiality with her a client who she had known for some years now but, while friendly, had yet to become a friend. An oversight she had the feeling might soon change.

A change she found herself surprised to be welcoming with such enthusiasm as she felt her deluged pussy fairly throb beneath the desk and she struggled to keep her mind focused as images of the man on all fours with his head between her legs as he munched on her underused pussy beneath the red bush she had always been assured was a turn-on threatened to keep her in orbit.

The situation, however, needed to unfold and she forced her mind away from the interplanetary and back to the work at hand:

"However," she went on, "should there come a time when…" she turned to the man briefly, unable to prevent manners from forcing her to acknowledge the actual person her words were aimed at, "or perhaps I should say, *'if'*, he comes to be regarded by either the courts or the relevant medical experts as incompetent to make such a decision on his own behalf, you, Nipa, will remain in charge of his affairs."

This nugget of information seemed to please her client and yet Vera Salter could not help but form the impression this was but the opening salvo in a more involved conflict – if, indeed it was a conflict at all.

And, as she uttered her next words, and not entirely seriously either, it suddenly struck her just where that conflict was intended to lead and how it would be resolved.

"Of course, if this were to happen you might want to consider petitioning for

legal guardianship to make things less confusing."

The light-hearted way in which she had thrown out the possibility changed to something more serious as Nipa Kakkar's eyes lit up; while, to her side, the solicitor had noted how a certain… *horror*… had transformed the expression of the man at her mention of such a prospect.

Despite the fact she remained on her guard for anything remotely illegal that could find its way back to her office door, Vera Salter found she was not only enjoying the situation but found herself actually envying her client.

The unexpectedly erotic notion of an older man of her country committing himself to the guardianship of an Indian woman she knew to be *not* of the highest caste – some way removed, in fact - appealed to a side of her she had yet to explore even in her dreams.

Or at least not as fully as she was at that moment.

"Well," she went on, not wanting their meeting to end but having others to see and impatient to make use of the window between appointments to at least ease the arousal soaking her undergarments, "unless you have any questions to ask me, I think we should make this arrangement legal."

"Before we do that," said Nipa Kakkar, taking a sealed brown envelope from her side, "I wish for you to take receipt of this letter."

Vera Salter's eyes asked the question.

"It is an agreement between myself and Michael that, if my part of it is not honoured within a certain time-frame, he is free of all obligations to me and will, from henceforward, be responsible for his own affairs."

The solicitor found herself surprised yet again. To her knowledge, the two of them were simply entering into a power-of-attorney agreement wherein her client would administer the man's concerns. Now she was being told there was an obligation on the older man's part.

She was more and more certain she was right about the nature of their…

"Agreement".

Though she had to confess, he did not look or act like the type of man who would find such sexual activity… *arousing*.

And, if he did have such needs, surely a man of his looks could find someone a sight more attractive than Nipa Kakkar to pander to them?

From force of habit, she took up a letter opener and was about to break the seal and open the envelope when Nipa Kakkar reached across to stop her.

"There is no need for you to read the agreement between us and I doubt that there will ever be such a need or that the envelope you hold will ever require opening, given I intend to honour fully the promise I have made to Michael here."

Again Vera's eyes asked the question.

"It is simply a reassurance for Michael that, should the promise to him I spoke of not prove possible within the time-frame we have agreed, then he will not be obliged to me and the sum of money indicated in the contents of the envelope will then be paid to him."

Vera Salter shrugged non-commitally. The situation was becoming more curious by the second. And no less thrilling to her.

"Well, it's a little irregular and out of the ordinary but, so long as Mr Grafton here has read the contents of the envelope and saw them sealed before you entered my office, I see no reason not to abide by your request."

Vera's questioning expression was aimed at the man now and she observed once again that he did not meet her eyes as he nodded in the affirmative.

"Very well. I shall notarise its existence and place it in my security deposit box along with the documents detailing the power-of-attorney as you wish. I will, of course, attach confirmation of the agreement via an email and will copy you physical copies once all is in order. If, of course, that is acceptable to you Nipa?

“My thanks to you, Vera,” said a smiling Nipa Kakkar, something in her eyes telling the solicitor she was not unaware of the curiosity – and sexual interest – she was taking in the matter..

“Shall we then?” said the solicitor, indicating the forms before them.

As, first the man, and then her client, signed on the required lines and she followed with her signature to supply the notarisation, Vera Salter knew exactly how she would use the time between her next client.

And, after seeing Nipa Kakkar and her new *“charge”* out and locking the door – this after having suggested they both meet up some time for a drink and a catch-up, the aroused solicitor knew just where her fingers would be the moment she was alone.

Despite the differences of ethnicity and geography between them, the smile of sisterhood with which her client accepted her invitation, together with the promise that smile seemed to be making, ensured it.

Michael

Two years and three months ago:

He couldn’t believe he had actually done it.

That he, Michael Grafton, had actually signed those power-of-attorney forms not three months before, in the presence of a female solicitor he had sensed from the start was attracted to him and had quickly picked up on his embarrassment, was still a of some surprise to him. But it really was as nothing in the general scheme of things. For what had happened since and the fact he had allowed it to happen made what had seemed to him at the time, despite it being the event part responsible for what had followed, the most embarrassing episode of his life seem as nothing.

Was he really going to go before the court and act in such a manner that gave the care for his well-being into the hands of a woman ten years his junior?

But then, if wasn’t about to do that, why had he allowed her to accompany

him to their local GP on three occasions to ensure he followed the script she had set him that the doctor would speak favourably for her… *"Taking responsibility for him"*.

It had been the most excruciating experience of his life to date.

As well as an acting performance of which he would not have believed himself capable; barely able to meet the doctor's compassionate if understanding gaze.

And the fact the doctor had been a younger man who had taken a patronising attitude towards him almost from the start had not helped any.

But the why wouldn't he have adopted such an attitude when hearing an adult man who seemed, to all intents and purposes, well-groomed and in at least a reasonable command of himself, utter such lines as:

"Just the thought of being on my own, makes me physically sick."

"I go to pieces the moment I receive anything that looks as if it might be official in the mail."

"If I had to leave Nipa's house and look after myself I'm not sure I wouldn't just put an end to it all."

The above, along with lots more like it and a thoroughly embarrassed (no acting required here) recounting of the events that had decimated his personal life and the thoroughly worthless (and factual) hours he had spent in court ordered counselling after his attack on Jerry, had ensured the doctor had no problem prescribing some mild tranquillisers and reacted to Nipa Kakkar herself as if she were the subcontinent's latest incarnation of Mother Teresa.

Another three visits and the doctor was even more convinced of her eventual divinity when, with Michael Grafton swallowing back copious amounts of bile as told the doctor he simply couldn't function without her guidance and the purpose his presence in her home, and the duties therein, gave him.

Hardly surprising then, when the man complimented *"Nipper"* by assuring

her she was one in a million for even contemplating taking on the responsibility of having him in her care.

It was also no surprise when he recommended the prospect of guardianship to the relevant authority.

Though his assertion that such arrangements – even for a man of Michael's age - were not as uncommon as one might think.
"You think?" thought a humiliated patient as he sat alongside the saintly one with head lowered and listened to the doctor spout nonsense intended to make him feel a little less like a loser while he prayed for the man to finish and their appointment to end.

And there were other questions he asked himself on a regular basis:

Was he really so obsessed with paying his ex-wife and closest friend back in like coin that he could submit to the indignity and loss of face the Indian woman – the same woman he had now decided was sexually unbalanced – was thrusting upon him?

Could he really be so weak and broken that he would accept what she was offering in exchange for a roof over his head and a smidgen of security?

Even if accepting it meant the death of him as a man?

And was his decision to accept her help and the emasculation acceptance necessarily involved not based entirely upon a need for payback?

That the answer to these questions every time his thoughts voiced them was in the affirmative did nothing for his sense of self-worth.

This much he acknowledged at least, even if the acknowledging both shamed and pained him.

The truth was, his acceptance of her offer had as much to do with weakness and fear as it had with vengeance upon those who had ruined his life.

In truth, he knew he was afraid – make that terrified - of what life would

mean for him beyond her home.

Correction:

Her *basement*.

He was approaching fifty without money, job, family or even friends.

What else was there for him?

Yes, the fact he was being reduced to little more than a woman of colour's chattel cut him to the core of his manhood.

How could it not, given the man he had once believed himself to be?

But would homelessness and a life dependent upon handouts miraculously give his masculinity back to him?

Perhaps it would, he had told himself on many occasions as he went about his menial domestic chores in the basement or lay upon the bed that was really no more than a cot with a thin mattress and waited for her to summon him. At least he could salvage some pride from the fact that he hadn't caved in to what he was now certain she wanted from him. Albeit his head would be held high as he exited the dignified ambience of a Jobcentre.

Yeah, right!

Unfortunately, however, he had also come to enjoy the life without financial problems and everyday responsibilities living in her home brought with it.

Even if living in that home meant his basement-cum-utility-room quarters, rather than the more comfortable upstairs with its airy rooms and sea-views, was the best he could hope for in terms of accommodation.

He had, of course, tried to soften the thorns of his dilemma by telling himself that nothing would be changed by his acceptance of her offer and that he would be doing only what he had been doing for her from the beginning.

What would really change, after all, save for the fact that the woman would

have his services on a long-term basis and, he was now in no doubt, have the satisfaction of knowing she was an Indian woman in a position of supervision over an English man.

A point-of-honour, he felt sure, she would enjoy relating to her friends and acquaintances in the area.

Had she possessed any.

For that was another positive point, and he freely admitted that there weren't many he saw as being in his favour. For personal reasons of her own that seemed more to do with temperament and personal choice than a lack of opportunity, she was not at all social and seemed completely happy in her own company and that of her books and television. The shame of being what was, in effect, her… *domestic*… would *not* be broadcast to an audience of more than one.

Or so he believed.

His denial lasted only as long as it took her to have a long conversation with him the week after he had signed the power-of-attorney and she was satisfied she knew all she needed to know about his minimal financial affairs and, even more minimal, obligations. She had already divested him of his solitary credit-card and the debit-card that went with his High-Street bank account, along with the other few bits of information regarding his affairs and he had questioned if that was really necessary. To which she had answered that she took her commitments seriously, even if he did not, and would do what was necessary to meet the obligations of the power-of-attorney.
Not for the first time since she had put her *"offer"* to him, Michael Grafton sensed that allowing the temptation of revenge upon the former partners who had proved so heedless of him might be getting him into waters he would have difficulty navigating his way from.

But then, she was only a younger Indian woman and, apart from her late husband's money, what could she really do if he decided to stop playing her game after his payback had been achieved? After all, hadn't even her butch looking solicitor told him that the power-of-attorney could be overturned?

This was the twentieth-century and arrangements of such a personal nature could never prove binding.

Could they?

Even if the prospect of leaving the basement in her home – if not the prospect of leaving her; even he had to admit; made him anxious and discomfited far more than he cared to admit and had at least as much to do with his newly minted insecurity than the prospect of vengeance the woman had promised to somehow deliver him.

Though the sealed letter notarised by her solicitor ensuring him a cash-sum and a return to the equilibrium if that promise was not delivered within the agreed time-frame helped him frame a *"yes"* also.

Anyway, the conversation in question turned out to be a dialogue of the defining kind – if something that would shortly become so… *one-way*… could be described in such a manner…

Nipa and Michael

Three years and three months ago:

…"The groceries have been put away, Ms Kakkar," he told her after knocking on the living room door and being told to enter. This after he had been told she wished to speak with him when they had returned from their weekly shop. The "Ms Kakkar" sticking in his throat even more now than it had before.

Things seemed, he acknowledged, the same but somehow different.

"Good," she told him, tone and expression towards him, he thought, becoming both more peremptory and dismissive since their return from her solicitors. "Now that you have committed to signing your affairs over to me I need to make you aware of what will happen and the changes that need to

occur as we move forward in our new roles."

"New roles?" he heard himself ask.

"Of course," she answered, seated in a comfortable chair by the doors leading to her conservatory. "We have an agreement and the roles we have assumed towards each other will be changed by it."

"Hmm, what did you have in mind?"

Her features hardened and, despite the chagrin and diminishment he felt for doing so, he quickly added:

"Ms Kakkar."

She appeared mollified by the concession; which was more than could be said at his feelings of shame for having caved in so readily.
"Really, Michael," she went on with a tiny shake of the head that let him know she was a little miffed with him. "I do believe I was quite plain when we had the discussion in my study upon what it would mean for you if my offer was accepted."

"Well…"

"Did we or did we not come from my solicitor's only this week after having signed the documents necessary to begin our agreement?"

"Yes, but…?"

"Be quiet, please, Michael," she cut him off despite having asked him a question, his gorge rising at being treated in such a condescending manner. "I would prefer from now on if you did not interrupt me when I am speaking. It is not respectful behaviour and certainly not in accordance with what I expect from my manservant."

His gorge rose further as he recalled her mentioning as much during their initial conversation on the same subject. He had told himself that it was only a word and that the duties he would be undertaking for her would not change

appreciably from those he was already doing. But here she was actually telling him he was considered her “manservant”.

She picked up on his revulsion for the word and the fact its reference was towards him.

“Did you not think I was serious when I explained you were to become my manservant?” she said with impatience, moving on quickly before he was tempted to fill the silence with a reply. “Were you so carried away with my promise of payback upon those who wrecked your life that you refused to absorb all that I told you – or at least refused to believe I could be serious?”

His eyes flickered from hers guiltily and she knew that was indeed the reason.

“Or were you so devastated by the news that your two girls were never yours to begin with and had been spawned by different fathers – neither of whom are the so-called friend she left you for?

“You may answer,” she told him, feeling like a Rani from olden times as he stood before her, as traumatised by the knowledge of his wife’s deception on this occasion as he had been the first time she had made him privy to her investigator’s checks into his “daughters’” DNA.

And his.

No answer was forthcoming and it felt to her as if she had just kicked a sick and needy canine.

“I am not heartless,” she lied, “and I realise how terrible it must have been to hear after everything you have been through that not even the children you loved were your own. But, in order to have any kind of a life from herein, you must make the most of what you have and the security I offer you. Your old life is gone. Forever. And, while I can and will help you find a measure of closure with those responsible for putting you where you are, even I cannot return to you what has been lost. You will, I am afraid, have to content yourself with the misery soon to come down upon your ex-wife’s head and simply devote yourself to the position you have here.”

“The position as your… *manservant,* you mean?” he said, almost spitting the description out.

She was unfazed at the level of hostility and no small amount of hatred for her she could see written across smooth cheeks.

Enjoyed it, in fact.
“That is the agreement you signed-on for,” she reminded him.

His head was shaking now as he stood before her in jeans and a loose fitting tee-shirt as sat at her ease in the same ankle length saree she had worn on their visit to the supermarket, her feet with their well-cared for nails and smooth brown skin resplendent in the style of diamante encrusted sandals that ere her footwear of choice when dressed in traditional garb.

“I just don’t understand what you’re getting out of this,” he said, almost as if to himself.

“Oh, come now, Michael!” she chided him, her full breasts rising and falling beneath the saree with the excitement of knowing she was now in a position to speak his mind now he had committed to the first demand made by her triad as described and set out by herself and Padmini. Convinced also that he would also submit to the third. Though she was not at all sure when it came to the second of her requirements and explained why she had decided to delay its implementation until he was more… amenable. “Can you truly not guess what a humble girl from a Hyderabad slum gets from having her very own white and obedient manservant?”

His face coloured at her description of him.

“Why the embarrassment, Michael? Surely you have not been deluding yourself during all this time that you have been living in my home as a guest? Do you really think I would be so inhospitable to place a visitor – were one ever to call – in my basement? That I would insist this guest use the utilities placed there to ensure my clothes were washed and ironed, along with performing other tasks about my home as repayment for my generosity?”

“I… I thought it was just…. Just…”

“Stop deluding yourself, Michael!” she snapped, voice taking on a whiplash quality that stunned him as he heard it for the very first time. “I did not allow you into my home for companionship – though I freely admit the prospect of having such an attractive man in my service has led to certain… thoughts… on my part.”

Despite the fact he had convinced himself she was attracted to him, hearing it confirmed so baldly came as something of a shock.

“It is something I fully intend to explore with you now you have taken the first step towards entering my service on a permanent basis.”

“Enter your…?”

“That is right, Michael: my service. I consider you my servant now and, in my country, we take our duty towards our retainers seriously. I realise it pains you to consider yourself as a servant, but that is what you are. I enjoy being in control of my own destiny and, by extension, want nothing more than to exercise a degree of control over my immediate circumstances and those who play a part in them.”

His cheeks coloured and she knew immediately what he was thinking.

“No, Michael. You are wrong. I am not some would-be dominatrix with a passion for leather and rubber and a desire to punish men and treat them as the naughty schoolboys they are. You misunderstand what happens here completely if you think that.”

His expression said: “What then?”

“As you know from my reading, Michael, I am an avid reader of history. We have much to learn from the ancients and especially when it comes to personal relationships and arrangements. They were – and still are in certain parts of my own country – far more clear-sighted and practical on the subject of service and duty. I fully believe in the old saying: “those born to rule and those born to serve”; whether it be in the workplace or in the home.”

He looked at her as if she had grown another neck; despite her own thoughts not being a million miles from those of his own inspired by England's colonial past and the right-wing recidivists in whose interests it was to keep the old ways current – or at least in the hearts and minds of the herd likely to be swayed by considerations of their own nation's superiority and virtually guaranteed to vote accordingly.

Though he did not voice his thoughts in such a way he at least had the self-awareness to assure himself such views were nowhere near as palatable when one was on the wrong end of them.

"It is time you were honest with yourself, Michael, the woman told him, crossing her legs beneath the saree as he stood before her and revealing the curvature of a muscular brown calf-muscle as the expensive cotton garment rode upwards. "I tried to make this point to you during our first conversation on the subject and I thought you had come to terms with it. Your old life is OVER and there will be no return to it. What I am providing you with here is an opportunity to feel safe. Secure. No more will you be worried about keeping a roof above your head and being able to pay your way. With me you will be fed, watered and clothed."

His colour rose higher as she – deliberately – made him sound as if he were already the dependent she intended him to be.

"Yes. I realise it is not the way you saw yourself spending the remainder of your life. But then, you did not expect to have everything from you and discover that the children your efforts have paid for and nurtured were the products of another man's sperm."
The wince this elicited told her just how much the knowledge – this last of the recent variety – burnt him still and made her even more confident of binding the handsome man to still further.

"But you remain an intelligent man despite the demotion thrust upon you by their actions," she went on. "Life has changed for you and, though you may not embrace what it has in mind for you, you are bright enough still to ask certain questions. For instance, will becoming my manservant and devoting

yourself to my comforts be as painful to your pride as you seem to think?"

She waited until she was sure he was not going to respond, then:

"And, even if it were, who would be there to observe it save for me? Think about it, Michael. On our travels beyond my home have I ever treated you in a way likely to draw attention you would find… humiliating? Has anyone paid us a second glance – other than those who wonder at the mismatch of a handsome Englishman involved with a younger woman of my race?"

"Answer me now, Michael, have you not found it far easier during your time with me, simply to do what I tell you to do?"

He looked away. He had once owned, or at least been a partner, in his own company where he was the one doing the telling. And yet, honesty compelled him to confess that he had found it liberating to not be the one people looked to and have a weight of responsibility upon his shoulders.

Unsurprisingly, the admission did not make him feel good.

"I asked you a question, Michael," she said, her voice sharper, as if defining their new interaction – should he allow it. "Have you not found it less… pressured… to do what I tell you to do?"

To his own surprise, he did allow it.

"Yes," he answered in a small voice she had to strain to make out, the admission making his stomach turn despite being truthful. "Yes, I suppose I have.

"And is doing just what I tell you exactly what you have been doing since your arrival here? Whether it be accompanying me to town, taking care of the grounds, doing my laundry or polishing my shoes?"

This last seemed to take the redness of his cheeks off the scale and she noted he could not meet her eye.

Nipa Kakkar also noted the warmth between her legs that responded so

instantly to her growing control of him. She sensed his thoughts roaming back the last nineteen months or so and sensed he was somewhat shocked to confess she was absolutely correct. Though why he would be shocked – male pride being her guess – she could not guess, considering he had done nothing but what she asked of him.

As he continued to look away she allowed herself a smile.

She would not be asking any longer.

From now on she would be telling.

And he would obey!

She decided to underline the new status quo while she had him on the backfoot upon which she always intended to keep him from now on:

“Tell me Michael, how would you describe someone who works to the direction of another?”

He did not respond.

“Is there not a name in business for that relationship?”

Nothing.

“Come no! You were once a businessman yourself. Surely you can tell me what that name might be.”

Something resembling spirit was provoked by his anger as he replied:

“I suppose if the ‘someone’ in question were being paid a regular salary then that someone might be considered an employee.”

She was unfazed by the yes full of hate beaming into her own and found herself curiously exhilarated to be alone with a larger and more powerful man who seemed angry with her; utterly confident she could manage her… chattel!

“Payment for services rendered,” she began, holding his eyes with fierce determination; enough anyway to let him know his display of anger was cutting no ice with her, “can take many forms. The fact you were not given a wage-slip made you no less my employee. In fact, given the services you have performed for me were on a part-time basis, and taking into account the cost of housing and keeping oneself fed these days, it might be said that you were paid handsomely of the duties you performed for me. Would you not agree?”

“Well…”

“And would you also not agree,” she pressed on now that she had him in a position to her liking, “that there is another name for a person who acts under the direction of another. A name I confess to liking much more.”

He remained silent now and she could tall that, once again, he was asking himself if the payback she had promised to deliver for him was worth having to suffer such a… belittlement.

Her internal laughter promised it would soon become much worse for him.

“Does the term ‘Subordinate’ not seem far more… truthful to you?” she asked.

The high colour of embarrassment drained to a pale mortification.

“That is how you must see yourself from now on,” she insisted as his eyes lowered to the floor to be met by her high and arched brown foot as it swung carelessly in its diamante encrusted sandal, an image of his lips pressed to her toes in a gesture of respect and supplication doing nothing to ease the fire between her legs. “My subordinate. My home and my rules. The conventional behaviour we indulge in whenever we are outside for whatever reason – though it will be obvious we are employer and employee is not something I find either necessary or desirable to continue with in the privacy of these four walls.”

A slight shaking of his head told her he was not sure what her words meant, but the fact he was still there waiting for her to enlighten him was all she

needed for the confidence already operating at a high altitude to reach a height that threatened to leave oxygen behind.

“What I intend is to create a little of my homeland in my adopted country and, in doing so, pay something in the way of a homage to those more socially tolerant – intolerant, depending upon your point of view - times when the differences between those with either institutionalised or personal power and those dependents without such means knew their place and saw no shame in acknowledging the superiority of their masters over them.”

As she thought it would, the word brought his head up with a jerk and there was a look of shock on that handsome face.

“Yes. I used that word and I meant it. I refuse to allow you to hide behind so-called civilised and politically correct descriptions for a position of dependence we both of us know makes me the master and you the… servant.”

This time she won a small gasp for her boldness.

Yet still he remained before her.

“Call it what you will in the privacy of your own head but, here in my home at least, you will acknowledge me as ‘Master’ from this point on; though, in public, you may continue to address me as ‘Ms Kakkar’.”

The silence between them that followed was charged as their eyes locked in unequal struggle before her lip curled in a derisory smile as he was the first to blink and returned his shaking head to a perusal of the carpet and her still swinging foot.

“It may seem incredible to you now,” she began, feeling herself grow bolder with each small concession to her domination of him he made, “but soon you will accept who and what you now are and the position you occupy in my life. Had you anything I wanted other than your person, I would wager it that you will soon come to take pride in the service you provide me.”

The eyes that again rose to meet hers seemed to say she was insane… or

worse… and the head still shook from side to side to underline his incredulity at what was taking place and the fact he allowed it to do so.

This last puzzled her. After the events that had led them to this position was he still deluding himself as to what the situation truly was and that he was suffering it only for a measure of vengeance?
“Do my words surprise you so much, Michael?” she asked, almost sympathetically. “After everything that has brought you to this position, do you still feel somehow that it will somehow go away and you will return to your life of position and marital harmony?

“Can you truly believe that your experiences have not changed you? Why else would you be here at all if you were not a shell of the man you were before your betrayal and the prison sentence that followed? You are here because deep down you know this is your future. That I am your future. Beginning again is not an option at your age and you are fortunate that I extend to you this chance to… ‘come in from the cold’, as it were.”

“I… I…”

“Stop it this instant, Michael” she raged, surprised at her own intensity and loss of control as she rose to her feet to confront him, the involuntary step backwards he took in the face of her sudden fury emboldening her still more. “I will tolerate no further denial from you.”

He looked as if she were about to strike him and she struggled not to do just that, contenting herself when the time came for such…. correction… it would be all the sweeter and more arousing.

“You are where you are because you are needy and weak and it is only your insistence upon clinging to a past now lost to you that prevents you embracing your new role in life. Tell me I am wrong?”

“N-Nipa,” he began, somehow hoping that the familiar usage denied to him would… soften… her a little, “I’m a man. You can’t expect me to allow you to treat me in such a way. I… Yes, I accept that events have made me less… vibrant… than I once was but… but…”

“But what?” she asked, keeping her voice low by way of contradicting the loss of restraint she had shown not moments before. “Are you telling me that by accepting my initial offer for food, board, and pocket money, in return for performing the menial tasks I would normally pay a housekeeper or a cleaner to perform, you were hoping to somehow springboard yourself back into the business world?”

“I just thought…”

“You just thought what? That doing laundry and shining the shoes of an Indian woman would look impressive on a resume? That agreeing to her request and signing a power-of-attorney before a notary that she might manage your affairs would show your readiness to return to a high-powered position and supervise others?”

“You… You know I only signed because you promised you would help me get back at my wife and her new man.”

“And help you I shall, just as I promised. But that is not the only reason you agreed so readily after your little walk upon the beach, is it?”

“I… I don’t know what you mean?”

“Liar! You were terrified of what life would be like for you if I were to remove you from your position here with me. Oh, yes, you are desperate to make your ex-wife pay – and she will. But what would happen to you after that if I were to change my mind and ask you to leave?”

“But…”

Before she realised she had done it, unable to restrain the adrenalin surge compelling her, the hand of Nipa Kakkar flew out to land him a resounding slap.
“No more!” she cried. “I have had enough of your denial.”

Her eyes became hard… *harder*… as she added:

“Or would you care to leave?”

Despite the shock of having her lay hands upon him, Michael Grafton, she noted with evil satisfaction seemed even more disturbed by her last question and remained rooted to the spot as if transfixed.

“No. I thought not. Well, in order to stay you are going to show me evidence of your commitment. You are my manservant now and I am your master and if I do not see acknowledgement of this from you in the next few minutes you will be through my door and will not return.”

The look she gave him was not pleasant:

“See how well you fare without access to your own affairs before you have the power-of-attorney overturned – if you can find someone to help you do it, that is.”

Her next move baffled him enough to make him partially forget the humiliation he felt.

Though not for long.

Running her hands down her sides, she took her saree between her fingers and raised it to the knee to reveal the legs she knew he enjoyed sneaking glances at whenever he thought her attention was elsewhere.

“You have five seconds to stop your nonsense and prove to me you accept your position as my manservant,” she told him.

He stood before her as if he were a goldfish gulping for air in a tank that had been recently de-oxygenised.

“If, by that time,” she assured him, “you are not kneeling before me with your head lowered and your lips pressed to my toes, I will have you removed from my home.”

A helpless rodent, transfixed by a more powerful and mesmeric reptile, Michael Grafton swayed before her, his emotions a mass of competing contradictions as he considered first laughing, then reasoning, and then…

strangling her.

“One…” she began.

He stared at her as if she had stepped from an alien life-pod, his instinct at this point telling him to simply laugh in her face and take himself from her home before she had the chance to order him from it.

But…

“Two…” she said, eyes holding his with unblinking purpose.

It was unbelievable, he told himself. Unjust. Warped… Perverted! She was obviously – and pretty much as he had begun to expect during their last month’s together – a control freak. And a bitch of the very worst order.

“Three…” she told him, voice resolute and unwavering.

“Fuck her!” he thought. He had been pushed too far. First his bitch of a wife and piece of shit friend, then prison and the knowledge his daughters were no longer his. Resulting in an offer of help that, while he knew she was serious about it, had been dangled before him simply to get him into a position of dependence.

Now it was his eyes that narrow with resolution and anger.

But…

“Four…” the count reached.

A wave of weakness, so great he felt barely able to support himself, swept downwards from his head to his legs and he found his eyes moving down to where her hands clutched at the saree.

From the knee down the smooth and unblemished brown skin of her legs stared back at him as if in warning; shapely and matronly calves narrowing towards the ankle and down to the diamante shod feet he had pictured in many a masturbatory session when the lack of female company made him necessarily more appreciative of the company available to him – despite his

earlier dismissal of her even in his dreams.

But masturbating in the privacy of one's… basement in this case… and the confines of one's head was another matter again to actually dropping to one's knees and placing one's lips upon…

"Five…"

Nipa to Padmini

Two years and eleven months ago:

Gorgeous Padmini!

We arrived back from Dortmund just over three weeks ago and it was only my desire to have all in place – and by *"all"* you know of exactly what I speak – before I wrote to you again that explains what must appear to be tardiness on my part.

But, now that I do have all to my satisfaction, I can report to you nothing but success and utter and complete joy!

On my part anyway.

The Latowski clinic – if I may be permitted to describe it in such a way – was in a small town some twenty kilometres from the airport and a little outside

Dortmund itself, and I had booked myself and my servant into a nearby schloss that had been turned into a splendid hotel – if a very expensive one. Of course, I booked a suite but asked for a small fold away bed to be placed in it as I was responsible for the care of the man with me. Believe me, I would have loved to say he was my English manservant but doing it this way seemed all the more embarrassing for him – as it had been for him on the plane journey over – because his opinion was not sought on any matter and everything and all questions regarding him were referred to me. I had explained to both the airline and the hotel that I not only held proof of Lasting-Power-of-Attorney but proof also of the fact the court had recently made me his legal guardian and I was empowered to make all decisions for him due to his reduced capacity.

You will be unsurprised then, if I cannot describe adequately my feelings of euphoria at the power I felt the whole time we were in Germany and you may be sure that my manservant's growingly adept tongue was put to work on many an occasion before our eventual departure.
More of this later.

For his restraining device I eventually chose to go with the Latowski people (Google it, my love, and you will get an idea of what to expect when I am in a position to visit with you. Soon, I promise) as I simply adore the look of their product and both the service and workmanship are of the very finest quality.

Michael, of course, and exactly as I intended, was in a condition of abject humiliation the whole time and I could tell he wished nothing more than a return to the privacy of my home where his service and deference towards me were at least unwitnessed. You cannot imagine how incredible it is to watch this handsome man dance to my tune though he hates to do so, and his face when confronted with the efficient but friendly technicians requiring his measurements was a picture of utter misery. Misery that became worse when they not only fitted him with a felt sports-dress that they might get a template for his restrainer they were to build but went on to explain in detail the nature of the restrainer itself to me in front of him as he stood naked save for the felt.

It truly is a triumph of the technical engineering and precision the world has come to expect from the Rhine-Dwellers or, in this case, the Ruhr. The penis and testicles are stored in chambers made of silicone rubber which, I am assured, feels to the cock and balls like a natural skin and does not leave any pressure marks; all of which makes extended wearing (my preference for him) comfortable and unlikely to do his precious manhood any damage. The interior is also protected from any outside access by the high-density stainless steel shell encasing it and is divided into two sections where the penis and testicles are separately housed.

Sounds good to you, Padmini?

It gets better, I promise.
You see, the penis tube, as it was described, has a downward slant to facilitate entry into it and it is recommended that standard water-based lubricants are used to treat the rubber – especially if long usage is the intention.

It is.

I was reliably informed that the penis that glides into the tube cannot help but believe it is being trapped in a kind of ungiving vagina and I was reliably informed that the penis being able to become almost fully erect while having no way of satisfying its need for release is a far more exquisite and frustrating torture for the wearer than the pain of a more restrictive cock-cage.

I did warn you that it got better, did I not?

But what about his balls, I hear you ask?

Well, for the for the testicles there is a separate chamber, which provides protection from pinching while removing them from the wearer's access and any desire to fondle, scratch, or generally fiddle with his pride and joy.

Can you not hear my laughter crossing the oceans towards you in Mother India?

Of course, security is critical to the pleasure of the *"Keyholder"* as I am now

known and in this our German friends have again excelled themselves. In order to fit him with the belt before locking it, I must have him in a standing position with slightly spread legs. There is a hinge section that is placed under the section where the ball sac is housed and the front and rear sections are pressed together until pins are engaged so the entire abdomen is enclosed. With the belt unlocked, the pins on each side can be adjusted to allow for changes in body shape but the locking of the padlocks is easier when the chastised one (can you really not hear my giggles) is either sitting or lying down.
The padlocks are built in and spring open almost alarmingly with a simple turn of the key. The "CB", as the technicians refer to it, contains an integrated lock system and there is no access to either open the locks or attempt to escape with a bolt cutter or a file.

I asked about using heat to make an escape and the unfailingly polite gentlemen educating me simply laughed.

As did I when they described the damage that would be caused to such a precious and sensitive area of the body by such foolishness.

My *"manservant"*, who could hear everything that was said in excellent English, looked as devastated as we all looked amused.

You will see for yourself when you go to Google, but to finish describing my servant's restrainer – and how exciting is it just to voice such words – the restrainer is three dimensional in shape and leaves the arse visible while completely encasing the cock and testicles. It has a hole for the discharge of urine and comes complete with tiny water-nozzles for interior cleaning when prolonged use is the intention.

And what was the cost of this wondrous piece of design and engineering, I hear you ask?

Well, my love, when you consider the joy and peace of mind it supplies by ensuring my man is now totally dependent upon me for any release save for that of the dreamt and wet variety it was almost literally a steal and I would have paid ten times the price to acquire it.

Of course, given that I was in some haste to have it in place about my servant's genitals and paid above the asking price that it may be delivered to me in England in three weeks rather than the 8-12 that is the usual for them, I think you will agree that 3000-Euros is barely worth mentioning.
Believe me, my lovely Padmini, simply handling his cock and balls prior to placing it on him, this as he stood before me in absolute agonies of misery and humiliation so great even the feel of his owner's hands upon his soon to be *"chastised"* manhood failed to gain the reaction one might normally expect and made the bowl of ice-cubes I had made him fetch beforehand unnecessary.

Oh, Padmini! I cannot tell you how placing such a device upon him has accelerated the power I wield over him. With each day that passes he becomes more docile towards me even as he continues to hate the woman who has placed him in such a situation. It is wondrous! So wondrous, in fact, that I must at times pinch myself in order to believe that I, Nipa Kakkar from the unflavoured slums of Hyderabad, am now a respected property owner on the south coast of England and the master of a handsome servant from that same land.

Can we truly say that we ever for a moment believed the adolescent fantasies we took into adulthood could have been achieved in such a way, my love?

I tell you, Padmini, on those occasions when he is upon either his back or his knees as he continues to familiarise himself with the bodily scents of his new master and *"Keyholder"* I often experience a great fear wash over me that, if I were to close my eyes and then open them once more, my euphoria and sense of possession will have vanished and I will return to the condition of longing that prevailed before he entered my life – or would it not be more correct to say: my web?

So great is the satisfaction he provides me when he drops to his knees and places his lips upon my sometimes bare, at other times hosed, feet to show the respect I demand, and the acceptance he now shows for his humble role in my life, that I have had no hesitation in honouring that part of my agreement in regard of the treacherous slut and base business partner he was unfortunate

enough to marry and befriend respectively. The necessary information regarding them found by my investigators has been sent to the relevant authorities and I will keep you posted upon its progress.

For now, however, my lovely and much missed Padmini, be assured that, the very moment my debt of honour to my manservant has been discharged, I will immediately book passage to the mother country and you will soon experience my control of him at first-hand.

And will also get to exert a huge degree of your own.

We will meet again very soon.

With all my love,

Nipa.

Nipa Educates

Two years and six months ago:

The sense of fulfilment was simply incredible.

And there was no shortage of such diversions in her life now that the man at her feet had bowed to the inevitable and submitted to her every demand

rather than know the cold beyond her home and the denial of the payback to his ex-wife and lover that so obsessed him he was willing – along with his fear of the future – to commit himself to the service of a younger Indian woman he still considered his inferior in all ways except cash flow.

And what a commitment it was!

Not only had he signed over his ability to manage his own affairs via a power-of-attorney, but he had followed a script of her own devising to convince not only a doctor but a court appointed examiner that he felt he could not function and may well harm himself if his *"Indian benefactress"* were not there to guide him and provide a place for him in her home.

The court's decision to place him under her *"guardianship"* was as pleasing to her as it had been inevitable.

And the *"CB"* he now wore, together with the joy of having him fitted for it in Germany as she luxuriated in the power she had to make him accept such a disgrace, was a constant source of arousal to her.

She had, to all intents and purposes, taken a handsome, mature and healthy Englishman and, in a liberal and socially aware 21st Century, made him as much as it was possible to make a man, her indentured servant.

After the years of childhood fantasies and adult yearnings, she had taken the opportunity of her husband's passing to make the dreams she had shared with Padmini a reality and take possession of what had always been her heart's desire.

A creature.

Her creature.

An English chattel who, metaphorically as well as literally, would never raise his head from her feet again.

Which, coincidentally, was exactly where he was on this blistering summer day, prostrated at her hosed feet after he return from Deal to meet Vera Salter

for lunch, his presence not required even if the list of chores she had left for him to attend during her absences did require his undivided attention if he were to finish them before she arrived home.

As he sniffed at her malodorous feet through the hose exacerbating the perspiration contributing to their… *fragrance*… she could not help but congratulate herself upon the way she had led… *groomed*… this handsome man to accept the invisible yoke she had placed about his neck and was in the process of making real if her Internet browsing were a guide to her subconscious leanings.

He abased himself on a daily basis before her now and she never tired – and was convinced she *never* would –of watching him actually petition her as she had instructed in a humble voice.

And petition her simply to be granted the privilege of emasculating himself further before her – be it at her feet, cunt, anus or armpit; obeisance made to her in a way she intended to soon seem as natural to him as was the shining of her shoes or the hand-washing of her smalls.

“I do not hear you sniffing your Master’s fragrant feet,” she said without being aware of having framed such a thought first. “Are you trying to say you find the task offensive?”

“N-No, M-Master,” came from below her and she could hear the self-loathing and sense of wonderment he felt that he could be compelled to behave in such a… *craven*… fashion.

And by such a person!

She never tired, she told herself with an evil little half-smile he was not privy to from his position upon the floor, of hearing this former master of his own destiny who had once been, her investigators had assured her, a self-assured and confident man, beg for his own dishonour. As his breath began to rasp through his nostrils in accordance with her demand and the smell from the sweat drenched hose assailed his every sense, she felt he was ready for her to place yet more humiliating responsibility upon him.

As he began to lave at her instep while still sniffing at her feet the way a dog sniffed at its owner and she luxuriated in his tongue's ministration she reached down to ruffle his hair as if he truly were her canine and told him in a matter-of-fact voice:

"From now on," she said, as if it were the most normal thing in the world, "you will be helping me when I need to piss or shit."

As she had expected, the prospect galvanised him, his horror at such a prospect, despite the fact he was at that moment licking and sniffing at her feet as if he were some kind of domesticated house-pet, stunning him into immobility.

"I trust you are not about to insult my gift to you?" she asked, tone menacing.

"G-Gift?" he repeated so softly she could barely hear him.
"Are you asking me to repeat myself?"

"N-No, hmm, M-Master, but…? Surely you don't expect me to…?"

"I intend for you to be the perfect servant," she went on, ignoring his objections. "And certainly not one of those faux English domestics one read of in your Agatha Christie and other writers of that period. With me you will always be, first, foremost and *only*, a servant and *not* some Jeeves-like power behind the throne."

She sensed she was erroneously mixing all kinds of reference points and accompanying metaphors but cared not a jot so long as her point was made and, if the look of horror staring up at her spoke true, she was having a fair success.

"I intend for you to have no inhibitions when it comes to your Master and the personal service you provide her," she told him, tickled at hearing her describe herself in the third person as if she were some kind of minor royalty. "Soon I will have you so well-trained you will be conditioned to look upon the responsibility for even the most humble task of serving me as not just a gift but an honour.

His expression when she told him this seemed to indicate otherwise.

But she knew better.

“From now on, whenever, I say: *‘Toilet’*, you are to stop what you are doing and crawl after me on all fours.”

If it were possible, the expression upon those handsome features became yet more horrified and repulsed.
“You will then kneel before the toilet bowl and place your upturned hands upon the seat as a cushion for your Indian master’s lovely brown arse.”

With an effort .he found his voice:

“I… I… I don’t think I can do that for…”

The slap rocked his head to the side and left an even redder imprint upon cheeks already badly reddened from the humiliation she continued to heap upon him.

“Do not be disobedient,” she snapped at him, snatching a handful of salt and pepper and still luxuriant hair to yank his head back that she might stare down into his eyes, her pussy a waterfall of desire for her own display of… *dominance*. “I can see you deserve a lesson and, when I have quite finished what I am telling you I am going to take you across my knee and apply a sandal to your insubordinate arse until you beg me to stop. Then if I consider you contrite enough I will allow you to kneel in the corner with your nose to the boy like the bad boy you are and contemplate the error of your ways.”

Real tears glistened in the older man’s eyes now and she knew she wished to see more before very long.

And would.

“Now, where was I?”

She placed a finger upon her plump red lips and pretended to muse.

“Ah, yes!”

Her eyes were stone hard serious as she intensified the grip upon his hair and ducked her head lower that her fleshy but cruel features were close his and her eyes beaming in to his own to accentuate the power she felt and knew he now recognised.

“When you are in the position with hands flat upon the toilet seat, I will take my place upon my throne and you will place a reverential and respectful kiss upon each of my thighs before placing your head between my legs to better observe your owner’s waste as it drops into the water below.
”
His face at this over-egged and yet still repulsive description of this most basic and personal of human acts was one of abject and, yes, *resigned,* misery.

“When I am finished, I will stand and you will then use your tongue to clean me – unless I say otherwise.”

For a moment, a strange look came into his eyes and she thought he was about to laugh; not believing she was serious - despite the cruelties she had inflicted upon him up until then.

“It seems you think I am jesting with you,” she told him, underpinning her words by yanking his head back viciously and moving her face so close to his he must surely feel her fevered breath upon his lips. “So perhaps this would be a good time to show you it is not a very wise move on your part to test me.

Abruptly, she released his hair and sank back in her chair, taking the hosed feet he still held in his grasp and crossing her powerful legs, the breasts she knew he now fixated upon rising and falling in keeping with the level of her excitement.

“I want you to go into my study and fetch the sandals you see at the side of my desk.”

His eyes were pleading with her now but there was no mercy in her for him.

“Then we will see if something cannot be done about this attitude problem of yours.”

Michael’s Retribution

<u>Two years and Seven months ago:</u>

Seeing the faithless bitch who had ruined his life again filled him with different emotions the second time around and the sense of loss and deep melancholy he had experienced after his *“Master”* had told him they would be attending court to hear the jury’s verdict upon his former wife and lover in

the case of the *"Crown against Mason-and-Mason"*.

As a concession to their agreement, Nipa Kakkar had even taken him shopping for an expensive Boss suit with all the usual accessories and, when they left her home with him at the wheel of her Mercedes E-Class Saloon, he felt about as human and like his old self as he had managed to feel in the years since the betrayal of him

Which was more than could be said for his former wife and best friend as they awaited the Foreman's verdict.

As he sat in reflective silence with his new Master at his side, he could see the stress of the past few months had shared its misery with more than just her emotions. The Paula who sat in the dock alongside the snake-in-the-grass he had once called a friend was some way removed from the carefree and immaculate wife he had believed to be the mother of *his* children filled Michael with a surprising sadness as recalled what he had thought they once had. To his surprise, having believed he would feel nothing but joy at being present to see his payback upon them unfold – despite the high price he had and was paying the Indian bitch next to him for making it happen – he felt nothing but sadness at the sight of his ex-wife in the dock and the daughters who had disowned him, even if they were not his, looking on away and down to his left in the visitor's gallery. It was, he realised, the final part he would play in this drama and, when it was over, they would all be going back to lives that had been changed forever.
The two co-charged embezzlers and tax evaders did not have the look of lovers as they sat together in the dock and Michael knew who his ex-wife would be blaming for their presence there at all.

And no, it was not him.

Jerry Mason, it had turned out, was not just a slime when it came to personal relationships but a greedy and unethical fuck when it came to his business dealings. With Michael at the helm these character flaws had no opportunity to reveal themselves and the business was run with probity and direction. A priceless helmsman-ship that was much missed upon his departure and Jerry's elevation into the top chair and gradually saw the company's

reputation for both financial probity and conscientious dealing take a hit.

As Nipa Kakkar's investigator's had discovered, the business was yielding nothing like the returns it had seen under Michael and, though how they found this out he had no idea, his ex-wife was soon in the habit of castigating the once new and exciting lover for his financial deficiencies.

Not to mention those of the bedroom variety now the excitement of the illicit and wrong had been sanctified by marriage.

Of, course, with the business haemorrhaging and their profit against outlay ratio narrowing – despite the downsizing of the loyal staff that been with them almost from the start and most of whom had been hired by Michael himself – it wasn't long before slippery Jerry was taking the shortcuts that Nipa's investigators discovered.

The subsequent embezzlement and tax evasion that might have gone unnoticed had his Indian *"Master"* not been true to her word and refrained from sending the relevant evidence to the relevant authorities.

In fact, the only interaction of a personal nature between them had been when Jerry's alarmed and satisfyingly frightened gaze fell upon Michael in the gallery as they waited for the jury to file in and he nudged Paula to make her aware of his presence.

The look she threw him held none of the contempt evidenced by her last whispered insult to him as he was being led down to the cells all those years before and he knew the terror she would be experiencing as she awaited what was considered a sure-fire guilty verdict from her peers and time in custody it would mean.

Under the circumstances, the exultant smile he allowed her after the expected guilty verdict was not as wide or gloating as she might have expected it to be.

"That," he had told himself, *"could wait for her sentencing"*, having his Indian Master's promise that they would be present upon the great day.

Today.

Right now.

As they entered the visitor's gallery they were approached by the young women he had thought were his daughters and were really no more than cloned and vacuous facsimiles of their mother and whoever of her numerous lovers who had seen fit to donate their sperm.

"Dad, we…" the girl he had once thought was his eldest began.

His raised palm and the look of supreme contempt written across his features halted her in mid-sentence.

"I am neither your dad nor your father," he told them as onlookers turned their attention to them.

He could care less.

The sadness for his loss that had overwhelmed him upon first seeing its cause as the jury delivered its verdict was gone in its entirety.

This time around all he felt in mind and heart was a burning need for the bitch and hers to get what they deserved.

The rest of his response to his *"daughters"* reflected his rage as he went on:

"Not in essence and certainly not in spirit. For that you can thank your slut of a mother and whoever donated the swimmers you were created with."

"But…" she who had been his youngest tried to interject.

"There are no *'buts'* for either of you. You jettisoned me along with your mother and were happy to live in the home that had been denied me with the sewage-spawned former friend who she had cheated on me with."

They had drawn a small crowd now and he continued, determined to bring the unwelcome meeting to a close:

"You needn't think," he said as he realised he had nothing to give them had

he wanted to do so anyway, “that I will ever have anything to do with you again now that your meal ticket will shortly be receiving its own sustenance in the kitchen of whichever prison she gets sent to.”

Nothing if not venal the both of them, Michael Grafton realised the tears streaming down their faces as he moved away to sit next to Nipa Kakkar were not for the loss of him in their lives but financial security he had once been responsible for and which her mother, with much assistance from her lover, had ensured they would be unlikely to know again.

As he reached his Master and sat next to her, the look she gave him was almost understanding and compassionate.

Almost.

He recalled the beating she had handed out to him for not showing her *“due respect”* and knew understand and compassion were the last things he could expect from her – even if she had at least been true to her word and delivered him the closure of sorts she had promised.

And yet, as the guilty parties were escorted into the courtroom and his ex-wife and friend were handed custodial sentences of ten years and three years respectively, he could not help but wonder if the surrender of his own manhood into Nipa Kakkar’s ownership was not too high a price to pay for the undeniable sense of justice being served he took from Paula and Jerry’s punishment.

Wonderment or not, his doubts were not enough to prevent him rising from his seat as the duo were about to be led away to their new accommodations.

“Paula?” he said in a voice loud enough to get her attention and that of everyone else in the room.

The lined and simply terrified face that had once been unblemished and youthful not so long before turned in his direction.

He gave her a smile full of mock affection and, as her slippery lover looked on, said:

"Remember: *'No pain without gain"*.

Nipa – Padmini - Michael

The present:

Had a complete stranger, without prior knowledge, been invited into the bedroom and asked to make a guess in respect of the activities going on there they would, no doubt, have taken what was happening as nothing more than some rather kinky role playing between the single man and the two Indian women writhing together on the bed above him.

They would have been wrong.

That it was a white European male kneeling in the corner nearest the bed would only have served to cement the assumption and confirm the onlooker as to the sexual degeneracy of the mature and Western male.

In this also they would have been off the mark.

The still handsome man with the recently shaven head was in his mid-fifties but managed to look far younger, helped perhaps by the fact he was in a position one associated with adolescent boys rather than grown men. In fact, if asked to place a bet on the identity of the man kneeling in the corner with his nose pressed to the wall, those same *'complete strangers'* would have been entitled to consider it less than a gamble to say he was not a once-proud man who had not only possessed a beautiful wife but had also been financially solvent into the bargain and the co-owner of a reasonably successful business

Not to mention a paid for home on England's affluent south coast.

The key words being:

"Had been."

Far from evoking such an image of maturity and self-autonomy, the sight of

the man sweltering on the hard wooden floor; dressed in nothing but what looked to be underpants made of some gleaming metal of whatever kind, perspiration glistening from his bare torso, would have taken those with memories long enough -and terms of reference wide enough- back to the more draconian schools portrayed at length in the works of Charles Dickens.

If without the semi-nudity.

Also, with the benefit of a closer inspection of the man's totally hairless scalp, they would have seen the condition of baldness was not a natural one; witness given by the crisscrossing of numerous razor nicks left by his most recent shave and still in the process of healing.

In short, it was a scene most people considering themselves civilised would have found as mystifying as it was abnormal and still more baffling were they to be told it was a view shared by the handsome Englishman on the wrong end of its import.

The same man currently seen attempting to keep his nose pressed to the corner lest he incur the wrath of one of the Indian women writhing upon the bed.

The same man waiting with ears-keened for the command allowing him to remove that nose from the lips of the younger woman who now considered herself no less than his owner and complete and utter dependent.

And had done for some years now.

A dependent, moreover, who was about as obedient as a servant could be for his master and was but a pale facsimile of the man who had once helmed a thriving business and thought himself a figure of authority and love to the two daughters whose arrival had made his life complete.
But then, just like his paternity and the love of his children for him it had all proved to be no more than a mirage. Dulling his senses before the future fate had always intended for him asserted itself and he found himself groomed for servitude by a younger Indian woman he was, as if he truly were the white-dog she insisted him to be, swiftly coming to worship as much as he despised

and hated. Incredibly, Michael Grafton was no longer a free-man and had not been of their number for a good while, having had his perception both of what was normal and the kind of man he truly was at base blurred for him over the past four years or so since his release from prison.

From his position in the corner, to the left of the window; peripheral vision was enough to give him a view of the Hussain Sagar Lake and the small-hour lights of Hyderabad across from the apartment belonging to his owner's lover and, he took what he could of them in, his thoughts took him further westward towards the home to which they would soon return some seven thousand miles away and it would be fair to say he yearned for the return to his own country he knew was imminent.

Even if he now accepted he would remain in servitude to the woman currently accepting the tongue of her lover into her hairless slit.

Even when he was back on home soil.

As his thoughts dwelt on what he had once been in his own land and the stretch of Sussex coastline he had once inhabited in quite a different guise, eyes accustomed to tears became moist once again at the thought of what had been stripped from him both before and after the Indian sadist screaming her completion to the ceiling behind him had entered his life.

"My name is Michael Grafton," he repeated to himself in the way of the mantra he had devised in the hope of at least retaining some sense of who he was and who he had once been. It was, he knew, no more than a sop to a diminished sense of his own self-identity. Even as he admitted to himself that "Identity" and what constituted it had been torn from him and replaced with a… with a…

The somewhat breathless answer came not from his thoughts but from the brown skinned forty-something who considered him as no more than property to be used for her own comfort, utility, and warped sexual satisfaction.

"Does my obedient white animal not look natural in the corner of your

bedroom, Padmini?" the question wafted across to him, voiced in English rather than the Bengali in which they normally conversed and he found impenetrable and yet another means by which he could be humiliated further.

A flush of deep shame reddened Michael Grafton's cheeks and he knew he would never become acclimatized to the dishonour his emasculation at the woman's hands brought him.

She was both a sickness and a virus, he knew, and had insinuated herself into his thought processes with an even greater finality than the heroin enslaving a junky. The crack addict, after all, could seek treatment for his addiction, while he knew of no means by which he could be rid of her save for the ultimate. And given the penalties for the taking of another's life he was certain he would never find the courage to take either hers or his own.

"He is so obedient for me these days, my Padmini," she went on, beatific in her treatment of him and never seeming to tire of the abuse she could heap upon his head in the sure knowledge he could do nothing to prevent it.

Cruelty both mental and physical.

"And to think, he once considered himself your equal, my lovely Nipa."
Their shared laughter was not kindly.

"Worse, Padmini. Though he was the one who came to me for employment and a roof over his worthless English head, I could tell he still saw himself as my superior somehow."

The laughter that followed was still less kind.

"He was obviously a very delusional animal, Nipa," the female voice Grafton hated so much responded in thickly accented English. "I have seen this many times in handsome men of his race with whom I have had to deal. They truly do believe they are superior to us, even when, as with your animal there, they are dependent upon us for everything they have."

"This is true, Padmini. I truly believe that even now there is one small part of his brain that tells him he is not my animal and but bides his time until

fortune favours him once more and he can again assert himself as a man."

More laughter.

"Yet, for all that, his behaviour towards me these days is exemplary and a tribute to what can be achieved if one applies the necessary strictness with the right amount of kindness."

Grafton squirmed in his corner as he struggled to come up with an instance of his *"owner's"* compassion.

"Your *caring* strictness with him," do not forget. "And you tell me he now has another mistress to supervise him when you are back in England and are absent from the house for a period of time?"

Grafton cringed; the angry red welts crisscrossing his buttocks beneath the tight underpants providing all the evidence he needed or wanted to be sure of that: "caring strictness" – from both her and the red-headed solicitor bitch who terrified him almost as much and seemed to love nothing more than taking control of him on those occasions when his master required time alone for whatever reason and the feminist legalista was called in to… *"Babysit"* him.

Control made no easier to take for the woman sharing both his colour and his nationality.

Even if, thankfully, she was the only other living person to know of his shame other than the woman currently cavorting with his owner upon the mattress behind him.

And at least her *"Babysitting"* of him usually resulted in his cock being released from its confines and finding its way into the cunny below her flaming red bush.

Though always, of course, with the bitch in the female superior position.

"Yes," his owner continued. "I had not intended to share my ownership of him with another save for yourself on your visits to England and mine here,

but Kate has been very helpful in making my ownership of him as legal as it can be in these liberal days and it is reassuring to have someone to take responsibility for him whenever I am required to be elsewhere."

He heard a wistful sigh from behind him.

"I envy your solicitor friend, Nipa," Padmini observed in a voice that was obviously sincere. "If it were not for the fact of my business and travelling that terrifies me so, I would sell up and join you."

Then, after a pause:

"I would truly love to assist you in removing what small amount remains of the wretch's manhood from him."

The laughter that followed certainly held more of cruelty than humour in its hilarity as the object of its derision continued to languish with his nose to the corner and his sense of manhood and self-worth nowhere to be found.

"Can you imagine, my Padmini; that he actually begged me to allow his pitiful white penis inside of me when I was good enough to take his cock and balls out of their restriction by way of a reward for his good behaviour?"

"You jest, Nipa.

"I wish I did. Can you imagine, he actually believed that little worm could be either worthy or of any use to me?"

A derisory snort responded to the question.

"As if you would allow the animal such a privilege when you have your devoted Padmini with you who is always at the ready to satisfy you in ways beyond such a servile wretch."

Delighted laughter filled the room.

"Padmini, oh my Padmini! You are right. He is only fit to use his tongue to please me when you are not available. I cannot number the times when I have pictured your absent features when my dog has knelt between my legs to

perform from fear and respect those duties you and I perform for each other from love and desire. I have never been one for romantic commitment – and certainly not with a man – but if there were a woman on the planet with a chance of laying claim to my heart then that woman would be you."
The English *"dog"* in the corner sensed their eyes on his back and cringed.

"Though it must be said," he heard his owner continue, "that even my late and thoroughly unlamented husband, was many, many, times more of a man than that specimen of mine in the corner."

"That is unfair, Padmini surprised her.

"How so?"

"Your husband, despicable and controlling bullfrog that he was, had certain advantages over your dog in there in the corner."

"Go on," urged Nipa.

"Is it not obvious, my love?"

There was a pause and it was plain Michael Grafton's master did not find it obvious at all.

Until:

"Really, Nipa!" scolded a lighthearted Padmini. "Think about it. Was your husband not only an Indian husband, but an Indian *man?*"

In his corner, Grafton could feel nothing but shame as they laughed gaily at his expense, thoughts striking back to the image of his ex-wife Paula whose desertion and venal disloyalty he considered to have been instrumental in setting him upon the road to his current location; sure that had she stuck by him he would have found a way through the problems he…

He cut the thoughts off in a hurry as he realised nothing more than addition pain and humiliation could be served by revisiting them and focused his attention on the conversation behind him.

“Now, Padmini, I have taught my dog a new trick in the months since our visit to see you. It seems only fitting after all your help and advice to me that you should get to experience my creature’s expertise in your own apartment, in your own town, and in our own homeland.”

Michael Grafton felt himself begin to shake as he sensed the hateful task his owner had threatened to make him perform, and one he had performed for her many times now, was about to be asked of him on behalf of her lover.

His senses were not wrong and the obeisance he knew he was about to be asked to perform would sicken him even more than it had to be forced to drive them to the place of their birth and then walk behind them respectfully as they showed themselves – and him – off to the slums that had spawned them and those people they knew who still remained..

“Have you ever experienced a white-man’s tongue in your shit-chute?” asked Nipa Kakkar.

The gasp that reached his ears was answer enough.

And the order that followed even more mortifying.

“Heel!” came the command and, feeling lower than any one of God’s creatures could surely ever have felt, Michael Grafton turned from the wall and crawled upon all fours to a position by the end of the bed.

The words he heard upon arrival did not make him feel any better:

“If you are anything like me, my lovely Padmini, you will find a need to urinate when my dog’s tongue has served its purpose and I extend my invitation for you to make use of its mouth rather than trouble yourself with a visit to the bathroom when the need becomes crucial…”
Michael Grafton could hear the deep pleasure she took from actually having conditioned him to such a demeaning form of service and it galled him to think that something that filled him so fully with self-loathing was no more than just another source of entertainment and satisfaction from which she took an immense pleasure and a perverted pride.

As he crawled towards the bed he stole a quick glimpse of their naked forms as they writhed together; the matronly and powerful body of the Master whose attentions he now craved almost as much as he wished to strangle her, and the slender body of the altogether prettier if, for some reason he could not understand, strangely less attractive friend who took an equal pleasure in her ridicule and control of him.

"Present yourself," his Master's voice came from above.

Sickened at heart but almost as if conditioned to instant obedience, Michael Grafton drew himself up before settling back onto his haunches and tilting back his head to open his mouth.

Wide.

A gasp came from the bed above him.

"I do not believe it. You mean he will really…?"

"I insist he perform the duty for me whenever it is more convenient than a trip to the small-room – or if I am simply too tired or in need of a diversion. So do not be bashful. He knows exactly what is required of him and will lick you nice and dry afterwards with the tongue I have trained to be… *respectful*."

For a few moments, the abject Michael Grafton heard no sound until there came a shifting upon the mattress and the unmistakably smug and Indian features of Padmini Johar stared down at him.

He closed his eyes to at least block out the sight of her triumph over him and immediately opened them again at a rebuke from his Master:

"How dare you close your eyes when a superior Indian woman favours you with her waste liquid? Do not close them again or I will take your worthless cock and balls from their restrainer and beat them with a bamboo switch."

Scared even to blink at this and knowing from recent experience she was totally serious, Michael Grafton did as she ordered and fixed his eyes upon a

spot on the ceiling.

“Go ahead, Padmini and avail yourself of his useless English mouth. He knows what he must do when you have finished.

Needing no further invitation, Padmini Johar placed herself over the Englishman’s waiting mouth, aware that all his eyes would be seeing was her glorious hairless slit as it hovered inches above his handsome and helpless face until the view was replaced with…

…A cascade of urine as it exited her cunt to his the back of his throat.

A cascade that had another purpose rather than allowing her to empty a full bladder without the inconvenience of leaving the bedroom to do so.

As the sound of him trying to swallow her emissions fetched a giggle from the watching Nipa, all three people in the room acknowledged that the white Englishman was not just the slave of an Indian woman.

Michael Grafton had just become the plaything and chattel of two.

The End