His Wife is Now His Master

A Book of Erotic Female Dominance

By
Miranda Cavendish

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“His Wife is Now His Master”

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Part-One

Prologue

Wembley. Western Australia – October 2014

"Ten months!" the Englishman marveled to himself as he buried the flimsy garment in warm water and the cloud-like suds upon its surface to complete that part of the hand-washing process that would eventually ready it for further use; the scent of its user having already had its usual humiliating and inexplicably *exciting* effect upon him prior to immersion.

Despite knowing that *"further use"* would not be for his own benefit.

That the garment being readied for later wearing did not belong either to him or his still absent wife only served to emphasise the nature of thoughts that found themselves unable to come to terms with what had been done to him and, more importantly, by whom.

And in such a relatively short space of time.

The sound of clacking heels upon the stone steps leading to the basement that served as both utility room and servant quarters made him forget his hatred for the person he had once loved.

The person who was partly responsible for his predicament.

Knowing that the equally hateful presence at his back had been the one to turn the loving and faithful wife and mother of his twenty-year-old daughter back in England into a woman he did not recognise.

A recently absent wife of whom she brought news:

“I have just spoken to the Master,” the hateful tones informed his back as the girl eased herself in the room’s one, semi-comfortable, chair that she might observe his efforts at her ease.

Forcing a neutral expression onto his face he removed his hands from the water and slowly turned that he may face her to adopt the position of respect she insisted upon from him whenever he was being addressed. Careful to keep his eyes lowered – as much that he might not have to look upon her as to obey her instructions in this regard – he knelt upon the hard stone floor that was so out of keeping with the luxury of the beach-side home above that had once belonged to him – or so he had thought. Her feet could be seen below him and he told himself that they were a sight more preferable to his gaze than the eyes of the young woman who owned them.

Eyes – not to mention feet - that would be sure to be mocking him as he knelt before her.

But then, how could such eyes do anything else but mock when confronted with the parody of a man – if that – she and his transformed wife had made of him.

That a handsome, once vibrant, forty-something white Englishman knelt before her dressed after the manner of an Indian flunkey in a loose fitting white linen top and trousers to match, barefooted to highlight his inferiority, could not fail to attract her derision.

More so, when that handsome and formerly vibrant man had been employed in the washing of her soiled panties.

He was not to know that the girl was at that point considering him *overdressed* and had already engaged in discussions via Skype with his absent wife regarding the possibility of his remaining naked as he performed his chores about the house.

It was, she considered, more fitting for the abject servant they had made of him. The climate, after all, was conducive to the absence of clothing. And, anyway, it was not as if he was allowed out in their

company these day – and especially not on his own.

It was a *"policy decision"* – the young Indian girl had chuckled to herself – that his wife was slowly warming to and one she very much hoped to have in place waiting to greet her when she made her return.

"She will be travelling back from England next month and was pleased to hear that you have behaved for me during her absence."

Both her praise and the prospect of his wife's return were less than thrilling to him.

"Your daughter also sends her love and wishes for your swift recovery, and hopes to be able to speak to you on Skype soon. So I will have to make sure you are wearing something more *suitable* when that happens."

The smile she aimed at the top of the head below her was not pleasant – though it was smug.

"After all, we would not want your young daughter to see her father dressed so… *humbly*… would we?"

As he scrutinised her feet and studiously avoided making eye-contact, her lip curled derisively as she added:

“Is Ms Nashi not kind to think of her servant’s well-being in such a way?”

He ignored the mocking first person reference to her new status – and his – and concentrated on the prospect of his beloved Berenice seeing him in his current condition.

No matter the *“mental breakdown”* spin his lying wife had placed upon it, his daughter seeing him in such reduced circumstances – even if those circumstances came nowhere near the full truth of his fall - was not one that made any appeal and the news he would at least be dressed semi-presentably when next they saw each other via Skype was a relief to him.

His thoughts were transparent to his young Indian tormentor and supervisor:

“It would, after all,” she agreed, “be terribly upsetting for your beautiful daughter to see her father in such… *humbling*… circumstances.”

Not for the first time, he wanted to wrap his hands around the throat of the young bitch and squeeze until all life left her mocking and perverse eyes.

And didn't.

He had, after all, tried it once and his existence had been made even more miserable after he had been unable to carry out his intent and steps had been taken to ensure he would think twice, and then twice again, before attempting such an *"outrage"* in the future.

He was, he often told himself, forced to live in some nightmarish alternative existence where everything, places and people, remained the same but with an entirely different dynamic.

A hateful, repulsive, and formerly unthinkable dynamic.

At least for him.

As if to underline the change made to his life after his attempt to throttle the life from her, the Indian girl's foot went between and beneath his spread knees and fetched a wince from him.

"Stay still now," she warned him. "You've been a good boy these past few weeks the Master has been away and it would be a shame to spoil it now."

Despite his hatred for the vile girl, he felt himself stir above the pressure applied to his scrotum from

her foot and waited for the pain he was certain would soon follow.

“It must be terribly shaming to you for a young woman such as I to be able to take such liberties with you,” she told him as he was unable to suppress a groan as his hardening cock made contact with the bars of his penile penitentiary his wife had allowed the girl to lock him into on the fateful first night of his fall.

She went on when he offered no response:

“And yet, even though you hate me so very much you cannot prevent your tiny cock from trying to get hard from no more than the contact of my foot.”

It was no more than the demeaning truth and, as much as he detested himself for the response, he felt a desire to smother her free foot with kisses, senses enflamed by sight of the flawless and shapely brown feet in their low-heeled sandals that were, equally impeccably kept toenails, the only truly flawless part of her.

He had sensed it before and sensed it again.

He was beginning to lose himself.

The feelings of hatred and anger were still there, of course, and he was convinced they would always remain, but…

Something was going on his subconscious that was not, he knew, at all healthy and could only make the unreal situation into which he had been forced even *more* binding.

A part of him was beginning to respond to their humbling treatment of him with… *excitement!*

Reading his thoughts once again with uncanny accuracy, she slid her free foot from the sandal and, with her toes, raised his chin that she might look into his hate-filled yet needy eyes.

He closed them. The indignity, despite all that had happened over the past year and his ever encroaching conditioning to their treatment, too great for him to stare upon it in its naked form for any length of time. Indignity not lessened by the scent of perspiration that mingled with the perfumed moisturising cream he himself had applied to those same feet that very morning.

And certainly not lessened by the overpowering and humiliating need he felt to place his lips upon her instep.

So far had he been lowered in so short a passage of time.

“How dare you close your eyes when I am speaking to you!” she scolded, almost giggling when his eyes snapped open instantly, so well-

conditioned to her authority was he becoming; even if it was his hatred of her that made the power she wielded over the handsome Englishman so… satisfying.

Were they tears forming behind his eyes, she asked herself? Knowing that if they were then it would not be for the first time. Knowing also how emasculating it must be for him to be reduced to such a condition by one of her race and age.

The sensations the wielding of such power over a man of his own age, race, and class induced in her were almost overwhelming and every bit as amazing as her childhood fantasies had promised.

Emboldened by the strength of her own desire, she placed a pedicured toe upon his bottom lip and teased it as they reflected upon their current positions – the one as master and the other as... no other word would serve… slave.

Then:

“You have my permission to kiss it like the good and obedient dog you wish to be for me,” offered the heavily accented voice of a girl from a different culture young enough to be his own daughter. “You may even suck upon it if you wish to be especially pleasing for one of your owners.

She felt rather than saw him flinch at this description of herself and, by implication, him.

“I am of a mind to reward you for your good behaviour,” she went on by way of an added inducement and, despite the revulsion he felt for her, his eyes betrayed his hope. It has been over a month since your little penis has been allowed out of its cage and the Master did give me permission to reward you if your behaviour towards me during her absence was… servile… enough.”

Taking her toe from his lip and raising her foot trap his nose between her big-toe and the next she gave it a tweak.

“Well? Would you like me to take you out of your cage so that you place your little cock against my leg and hump away like the animal we both know you are until your pathetic white sauce again exits your imprisoned penis?”

To his deep and sincere shame he felt himself nod, need for release far outweighing the bestial act she suggested that, apart from being a first for him, would give testament to just how far he had fall and, worse, how much lower he could be forced to go.

“Then show me how much you appreciate me showing you your true position in life and suck my

toes until the nails you painted this morning are even shinier."

Now tears did fall from his eyes.

"Then, once I am pleased with your efforts," she went on, holding his eyes with complete and utter inflexibility, "I will take you from your cock-cage and allow you ten minutes making love to my calf."

A brief silence followed as they stared at each other in unequal combat.

Then:

"Begin."

It was but a second or two later that the young woman felt the older man's mouth suck her toe into his mouth and begin to suck and she was unable to prevent a sigh of gratification from escaping her as she savoured the power she now wielded over him.

Her smile was genuine and terrifying as she thought back to just how different things had been between them not so long before…

Nashi & Emma

Wembley – November 2013

“You are a wonderful and strong woman who has sacrificed that strength in order not to damage your husband’s misguided pride and inflated sense of self-esteem.”

The speaker of these words, in a second language indicative of either a great and intimate friendship or at least a close family tie, was not as might have been expected either a friend or a blood relation to the forty-three year-old English woman from whose temples she was massaging away the latest of her headaches as she stood before her dressed only in a cotton robe.

In fact, far from being on such an equal footing, she was the woman’s – and, by extension, the

husband's – housekeeper and had been for the past seven months.

She was also a dark-complexioned girl of Parsee extraction whose family had come to Australia from Bombay – or "Mumbai" as it is now known – in 2007. At barely twenty years of age she had been recommended by a local domestic agency and, over Emma Coxton's insistence she wished to take care of the home herself, had been taken on by Martin, her husband.

At first, it had been every bit as difficult as she had expected it to be having another woman – girl – living in the home with them and not being responsible herself for the day-to-day chores that at least kept her busy. But, living as she did in the self-contained accommodation above the garage, the presence of Nashi Dass had not proved as intrusive as she had thought and soon, with Martin frequently away in either Brisbane or Sydney on business, she actively welcomed the girl's presence. She had never made friendships easily and had not taken to the wives of her husband's work colleagues, so it was nice to have some company.

There were, after all, only so many times one could visit the attractions of a city alone without becoming thoroughly bored.

And Perth was certainly no London in regard of antiquity and diversity; though it was a nice place to live she had conceded and the affluent City Beach in which her husband had chosen for them to live was more affluent than most. The activities awaiting indulgence there could be divided into those that took place within the suburb of City Beach itself and those available on and around the actual beach area. Football, cricket, volleyball and basketball, and any number of “guy” pastimes in which she, as opposed to her sports loving husband, had absolutely no interest.

Thankfully for her sanity, there were also numerous other grassy parks, as well a large area of bush land with a walking trail for her to stroll and have her own private thoughts.

Thoughts, with the advent of the young Indian woman into her domestic life that had, of late, become more… complex.

Safe to say that the life of an expat English wife in an unfamiliar country – and as affluent as the area she was favoured enough to live in was – did not enchant her and she missed her home in the south of England and the daughter studying at university there with a dull ache that was fast turning into a burning passion.

Not that she could confide that sense of loss to her husband, of course. At the opposite extreme to her, her husband had bought into the life Australian and thrived in their home environment. When he was at home long enough to do so, that is.

He had fallen in love with the area and its two major beaches and had even taken the surfing and wind-sailing lessons recommended by some colleagues at the workplace; though – thankfully, given her preference for a quiet life and her distrust of strangers – he had not required her to interact socially with these colleagues and their other halves.
A small mercy.

Unable by temperament to enjoy the social activities that would have seen her make friends and occupy her time, and while he saw their surroundings as a private paradise not to be had in what he saw as a more claustrophobic and expensive Britain. The same Britain for which she pined so much and away from which she found only loneliness. Uncomfortable in her comfortable and affluent lifestyle she sometimes longed to be able to share her private misery and yet had objected when Martin told her he had hired a housekeeper to free up yet more time to add to that she found hard to pass already.

Objections that were soon a thing of the past.

Their home was a monument for those who recognise the good things in life. A hundred yards from the beach of this prestigious beachside suburb. An elegant and spacious ocean-side home finished to the highest standards with tasteful design in its bright casual living areas that opened out into a gorgeous alfresco area with a gourmet outdoor kitchen, formal lounge with gas log fire, magnificent open plan kitchen with quality appliances and a beautiful pool with pool jets.

In short, it was spectacular and, had she been able to transport it to the other side of the world to another chillier coastline, she would have adored to have it. Added to its five en-suite bedrooms and the impressive appointments already mentioned were a gym, a five car garage and a whole host of other features including keyless entry, security cameras, electric gates, ducted air conditioning, bathrooms lined with engineered stone, frameless glass doors and easy care and already established gardens.

But a home to her it was not.

At least, it wasn't a home to her *yet*.

She was, in short, and despite the love she felt for her handsome and growingly successful husband, *ripe* for something different.

The hands of her over-familiar employee were massaging behind her ears by now and it was only with an effort that she managed to defy the delightful circular motions of the girl's talented fingers to remonstrate with her:

"Nashi," her employer tried to remonstrate, knowing she had already allowed the girl too much familiarity and feeling guilty to hear the husband of their daughter mentioned in such a way, "please don't speak of Mr Coxton in such a way."

Emma Coxton gave a sigh as the girls skilled hands worked their way down to her neck and her concerns for the girl's growing familiarity became less… pressing. Younger age or not, the girl had become something of a friend to her in this land where she had none and, consequently, a degree of familiarity had developed between them. And appeared to be growing.

"You are more loyal to him than he deserves," the girl went on in her highly accented English, confident in her own hard-won power and the knowledge that the attractive and middle-aged European woman was beginning to respond to her

influence. “I have been with you these past months and I have seen for myself how he takes you for granted.”

“Nashi…”

Genuinely fond, as well as highly attracted to her employer – almost as much as she was to Emma Coxton’s handsome husband, Nashi’s hands slid her employer’s robe from her shoulders and ran them across the unblemished white skin gently… tantalisingly… the contrast of her own brown hands on the lightly tanned European epidermis of the blonde woman thrilling to her.

“You are unfulfilled and have been for many years now, while your husband has no difficulty with you remaining that way,” the girl went on, dark-skinned fingers startling against her employer’s white flesh; flesh that remained only lightly tanned, despite the pool beyond the patio and the consistency of the southern hemisphere sun.

“You have sacrificed your own fulfilment for your daughter and your husband’s career,” she went on, allowing the robe to drop to the ground and leaving her employer’s forty-something and still shapely body in all its naked glory. She was not one of the beautiful people herself and even at her young age accepted the fact, but she also knew there was a

sensuality in her plump features, as well as something not unpleasing and erotic in her fleshy but hourglass body and the strong legs with their somewhat over-defined calf muscles.

“It was a noble and loving thing for you to do,” she went on. “But now it is your time.”

Emma Coxton knew she should be stopping the girl. This was wrong. Yes, she had yet to really connect with the Western Australian lifestyle and pined for the familiarity of their old home just outside London. But she was the girl’s employer. Familiarity of such a kind could only lead to… difficulties.

She was, in fact, about to stop this… *seduction*... in its tracks that very moment when the girl’s fingertips traced the length of her spine and her breath caught in her throat.

It was so, so, wrong, her thoughts screamed as she felt the wetness between her legs grow.

The young Indian girl was younger than the daughter she had delivered some twenty-two years earlier.

But she had not felt so aroused in…

Her thoughts broke down as she realised she had *never* before felt such a way.

And this under the hands of a member of her own sex!

How could this be?

She loved her husband.

Didn't she?

How could she betray him in such a way while he was away working for their futures by allowing a young Indian girl they had employed to care of the home to not only badmouth him but take liberties with the body that was supposed to be his alone – and had been until this point?

The girl seemed to read her thoughts.

"Do not think for a moment that I am suggesting you should not be with Mr Coxton," she felt the girl's warm breath in her ear. "I do believe that, in his own way, he cares for you very much."

Emma Coxton waited, sensing a "But" coming as she willed herself not to take the girl in her arms and smother that sensual brown face and plump lips with kisses.

Then, as anticipated:

“But… it is not enough. A woman such as yourself should be adored. And it is now time for you to be aware of your own womanly power and…”

Emma gasped as she felt a hand on her right breast and a very erect nipple taken between two brown and teasing fingers.

“…and take control of your man, your marriage, and your life.”

As sensations, the strength of which she had never expected to experience in such a way, assailed her and the fluent if highly accented English of her employee as it tempted her, Emma closed her eyes and savoured them. Martin seemed to be away more and more and though she found it impossible to believe he would ever betray her with another woman it had crossed her mind. But was that enough justification for her to…?

“Your thoughts must be for yourself now,” Nashi interrupted her guilty thoughts by breathing into her ear, tongue actually protruding to make contact with a white lobe. “It is your time.”

“N-Nashi? Are…? Are you trying to seduce me?” Emma asked in a faltering voice, finding the situation and her reaction to it each as mystifying and incredible as the other.

“Would that be so bad, Mistress Emma?” asked the girl as her free hand covered the lush bush leading to the entrance of her employer’s womanhood.

“N-Nashi,” Emma Coxton breathed, all but swooning under the power of the unexpected seduction, “this… this can’t happen. It’s not…”
“But it is happening, my lovely white memsahib,” her housekeeper cut her off as her questing fingers explored the bush before gently teasing the labia beneath it and, a few moments later, alighting on a thoroughly responsive clitoris.

Emma thought she must pass out as she wondered what had made the girl so confident she could take such liberties, so strong were the feelings of desire the wrongness of what she was allowing to be done to her inspired.

“And if you will let your loyal Nashi help you learn, much more will happen that you will love.”

The English wife groaned as a finger found its way into a pussy that had known only a trusty vibrator in four days since Martin had left on his latest trip.

“And do not worry,” the girl finished in an accented and shaky English that gave evidence of her own excitement. “Your husband will not miss out on the learning process either…”

Martin

Sydney – January 2014

It was truly a stroke of luck – or fate, if you prefer – that saw Terri end up coming to Sydney.

She told Martin him how she and her husband had won a contest for a week in a suite in the Park Hyatt, one of the best and most beautiful of the hotels in the city with exceptional views of the Harbour Bridge and Opera House and within walking distance of both.

Staying for five days on business and being without his partner himself, it seemed like kismet when they had met at the bar. Two visitors alone in a strange town, they had soon got to chatting over a

glass of white. Conversation that led to dinner and then…

It wasn't Martin Coxton's first dalliance while away on business and he always assured himself these "flings" in no way interfered with his feelings for the love of his life waiting for him back in Perth. He loved his Emma more today than he had when he'd met her, he always told himself, and the fact he indulged in some strange pussy when the chance presented itself on his travels altered his feelings not a jot. In fact, told himself also, had it not been for a certain Victorian reticence in his wife when it came to sex he would not have felt the need for other women. Other than that one small caveat his marriage, he thought, was about as perfect as a marriage could be and the two of them complimented each other wonderfully. She the mother and loving homemaker, he the father, provider and decision maker.

As he walked back to the hotel from the plush offices on George Street where his meetings were taking place throughout the week of buyout negotiations with a rival software company, the waters of the harbour shimmering ahead of him, he congratulated himself on all that he had achieved and just how much more success was ahead of him.

One of them being Terri herself.

Fate had decided that her husband would come down with a virus the week of their trip and he had insisted she not miss out; hence the fact he was about to spend the rest of the evening wining, dining and, hopefully, fucking the stunning looking thirty something from Alice Springs.

He was, in fact, awaiting her call even as he walked and this explained the KY massage lotion he had picked up that afternoon and was now secure in his briefcase.

He was certain they would be getting very intimate and, despite feelings of guilt for his loving and dutiful wife awaiting him back in Perth, he could feel the excitement build in him.

The honeymoon suite she had won as part of her prize was truly sumptuous and as he entered the door she had left open for him he could see the panorama of Sydney's town, opera-house and harbour bridge before him in all its splendour.

Quietly closing the door behind him and ensuring it was locked, he entered the luxurious suite and was taking in the fine furnishings when he noticed the note on the glass-topped coffee-table:

Lover,

When you've undressed come through to the bedroom where your gift awaits you.

Terri.

Such was Martin Coxton's haste, he almost tripped himself up in his efforts to divest himself of his trousers and was soon headed towards the bedroom doors, very quietly, with KY and a filmy silk scarf to hand.

The sun was still streaming in through the window when he entered and there, in the middle of the king-sized bed, was a body under a sheet, completely covered, but from the way the sheet hugged her contours it looked as if she were naked beneath it.

He gazed at his gift for a few moments, mouth made suddenly dry by lustful anticipation.

The sheet rose and fell with Terri's breathing and all he could see were the aforementioned contours of her body.

Quite enough on its own to bring him to full erection.

That and the fact her own arousal in the way of two excited nipples were visible beneath the fine cotton sheet hiding the rest of her.

He and Terri had discussed their previous extra-curricular encounters with other lovers and she mentioned that often when she meets a man the sexual connection doesn't match the initial attraction.

That, he promised himself, would not be a factor on this occasion.

He reached under the sheet and took hold of a foot, the skin cool and marble smooth in his hand as she gave a little start of surprise and uttered a semi-concerned "M-Martin?"

"Were you expecting someone else?" he asked, feeling her un-tense as she recognised his voice.

"No, but…"

"Shhhhh, now! I'm unwrapping my gift."

Slowly he pulled the sheet away enough to expose the shapely foot he had admired in stiletto heels with peek-a-boo toes the evening before and began to knead and fondle its high-arched perfection before placing his lips at its service and kissing her

toes with a reverence he knew the utterly glorious Milf body above them deserved.

He then repeated the manoeuvre with her other foot as his lover's breathing became shallower with the expectation of what was soon to occur between them.

Absent and much-loved partners notwithstanding.

He peeled the sheet back slowly and began to touch and explore every inch of what was uncovered, caressing his way up past her ankles to her knees, again taking his time to discover every tiny area of the smooth and tan skin with deft and gentle fingers, enjoying the feel of her under his hands as his gift subsided into a succession of small and breathless sighs.

Suddenly moving upwards, he lowered the sheet to her neck to reveal her face and her eyes opened with a start as she felt him lay the silk scarf across them and hold it there as he slid the sheet away from the bed in its entirety.

"W-What are you doing?" she asked as he fastened the scarf behind her head to render her temporarily sightless.

“Be quiet,” he ordered, feeling almost godlike in the exercise of his power over her – a power he would have liked to exercise over his wife and was, given what he took as her repression, unable. “I want you to feel without being able to see. Trust me.”

She was completely exposed to him now, her arms at her side as he takes in the sight of a body he considered wasted on a place without a beach such as Alice Springs, his own exposed cock threatening to betray him prematurely so great was his desire for her.

Picking up her arm he tugged her forward until she was crushed against his chest tightly. And then it was his turn to sigh as he felt her glorious and still firm breasts flatten against him. She felt so warm and soft as his begging cock pressed against her thigh he was tempted to just push past the neatly trimmed bush at its entrance and gain access to the moist heaven it guarded.

With an effort, he fought the temptation and was rewarded when her hand took a hold of his cock with just the firm and gentle touch that would soon send him over the edge if she were to continue. Indeed, it felt so wonderful he didn’t want her to stop. Only an effort of will allowed him to remove her hand from his throbbing and urgent manhood to

suck each of her fingers into his mouth before turning the attention of his lips to her wrist and then running them up her arm before, shoulder reached, turning his attention to her other arm that it may not feel neglected. All the while enjoying the warmth and softness of a woman in her thirties whose body seemed to have lost nothing of that nubile quality normally found only in girls about to leave their teens.

Grabbing a pillow, he finally moved lower and lifted her buttocks to accommodate it beneath her as he spreads her legs as wide as they could go.

Her glorious married pussy was raised up now and completely open to his gaze, even though she can see nothing, her moist lips begging for attention as he rested a hand on her mound to make circular motions before using his fingers to tease and tantalise her engorged clit.

As the unmistakable scent of her arousal began to flood his senses, his cock seemed to become even harder.

But the time was not right.

Yet.

Positioning his head between her legs, he began to lick her sweet and copious moistness.

He kissed and blew upon her lower abdomen just above her clitoris, before draping her legs over his shoulders and turning his attention to the underside of her labia just above her anus, this as she began to groan with her own need and the impatience to have it fed.

Martin blew air onto her exposed clitoris but didn't touch it, preferring to keep her on the edge by changing tack and licking and kissing the inside of her groin and only occasionally allowing his tongue to brush against her labia, images of the wife he loved coming to mind as he did so, together with her refusal to ever allow him to perform such a “dirty” act for her.

Images, heavy with implied guilt for his current betrayal, he quickly willed away.

Finally, he started to lick her lips and tease her clitoris.

Her juices started flowing in the way of a torrent and he could not get enough of her taste.

“Oh God!” she muttered over and over before snatching a handful of his still full hair and

mashing him to her cunt as she came violently, unaware for a few moments that he had not stopped and his insatiable tongue continued to lap at her as she came back to earth after her first crisis.

There was a pause.

And then the breath was expelled from her as he drove his cock into her interior with all the smoothness and expertise of the practised lover he was – even if that expertise has not been honed on the body of the wife he loves.

“Yeeeeeees!” she screamed.

And was soon joined by her married lover.

*****

It was after some forty minutes, and another crisis later, that Martin Coxton turned the thirty-something mother, wife, and goddess face down on the mattress to reveal the wondrous arse that made her rear view equally as knee-weakening as the front.

Squeezing some of the KY onto his fingers, he ever- so-gently inserted a finger into what he instantly knew was a virgin anus and prepared it for invasion.

Though he would never meet the man, he was sure, it would be something he would forever hold over him.

He had tapped an intimate part of the wife before the husband, whether she allowed that husband access to that same part upon her return home or not.

The thought excited him and, though not a cruel or vindictive man, added yet another dimension to his cuckolding of the stranger.

As he carefully and slowly inserted himself into her heretofore unexplored back-passage, Martin Coxton asked himself the same question he aways asked himself on these occasions:
"Why won't Emma loosen up and try different things like this with me?"

Had he only known what was about to befall him on his return home he would have been praying that she never would.

*****

At the exact moment Martin Coxton was bemoaning the fact of his wife's lack of adventure in the bedroom or… well… *anywhere*, she was

screaming her arousal to the ceiling of their bedroom as their young Indian housekeeper squatted on her haunches on the mattress between her legs and lapped at her flooded pussy with a tongue the besotted older woman knew must have known many other such interludes if the expertise the young woman was displaying spoke truly.

The guilt with which Emma had started the affair was nowhere in evidence – though she knew only too well it would come later - as the girl flattened her tongue and slurped at her labia as if she were a canine presented with a long desired treat.

She could hear screams and it took her a few moments to realise they were coming from her, so great was her dislocation from her previous self and the surprise she felt that an act she had previously regarded as *"dirty"* could reduce her to such a condition of need and arousal – and this with a woman! The girl was turning her on like no lover had, including her husband – not that there had been that many before him and certainly not after. Until now.

Looking back afterwards, she would tell herself she felt some erotic musical instrument in the hands and under the tongue of her young Indian virtuoso as she brought her to a crashing climax. Time after time, after time. For now though, she pulled the

girl's strong but undoubtedly homely face into her snatch and pulled into her as if she would only be content when the girl's head itself was trapped inside her flooded cavern. It was, she acknowledged through the mind-boggling sensations assailing her, the greatest satisfaction she had known in all her years on the planet.

After countless climaxes, and with her tongue sore no doubt, the girl removed her tongue and replaced a finger before insinuating her way up her body, heavy breast mashed against her employer's still flat stomach.

When their feverish eyes met and Nashi pressed her lips against Emma's, the older woman got to taste her own excitement on the lips of another woman for the first time.
It would not be for the last time and, when her husband returned from his business trip to Sydney, he would find things *very* different.

And, Nashi had assured his wife, not at *all* to his liking.

Part-Two

Martin & Emma

Wembley – February 2014

A few months on from the exercise of his male dominance with a milf from Alice Springs in a Sydney hotel suite, Martin Coxton marvelled at the position in which he found himself.

Wonderment increasing as his wife, Emma hummed to herself while handcuffing his wrists to the bed-head.

His ankles had already been tied to the foot rail and his previously timid and unimaginative wife of twenty-three years was acting if what she was engaged in was no more out of the ordinary than pegging out the laundry on a washing-line. But what was more surprising to him than her own behaviour was the effortless way he had been persuaded to accept this new “wrinkle” to their lovemaking.

“I imagine you’re wondering where I got the handcuffs from,” she said, almost to herself as she smiled down at him; smile turning to smirk as she saw his cock twitch before becoming fully erect.

She sat on the bed next to him.

“I’ve been discovering a few things these past few months,” she told him. As much about myself as you.”

Taking his hardness in her hand Emma began to work his straining cock as he attempted to come to terms with his position, spread-eagled and naked upon his own bed with a ball-gag preventing any recognisable words from leaving his mouth.

At first, he had been excited that his wife of so many years was trying to spice up their love-life – even if her wanting to take control of him while she

went about it was not what he wanted. In fact, when she had told him she had a few ideas on the subject. He had been disappointed when she suggested that she tie him up but decided to humour her so he could take control the next time – a desire that explained how she had gotten him into such a position so easily.

Emma had hummed to herself as she handcuffed him to the bed-head and proceeded to secure his ankles to the foot rail as he marveled at the change in her and wondered how his once unadventurous and deeply private wife had set about acquiring a set of cuffs.

Let alone the ball-gag that prevented him from asking.
“You talk too much,” she had said as she placed it in his mouth as if doing so were no more unnatural than spoon-feeding an infant.

He had smiled to himself at that, pleased that she was coming out of her sexual shell at last and looking forward to the time when she would be on the bed and he could indulge the fantasies of domination he had long held in regard of her.

She buckled the gag in and, as he protested at its tightness, she breathed into his ear, the Opium she

had dabbed behind her ears enflaming his senses as much as the sibilant words she uttered:

“It’s been so, so, long in coming,” she told him as he stared up into her eyes and saw only determination and excitement rather than the sweet and biddable wife with whom he was so familiar.

A small smile played at her lips and he suddenly felt a little uneasy. When she had suggested that they “play” his eyes had lit up at the prospect. But now he was getting the impression of something far more serious going on as he saw the obvious delight she was taking from the powerless position he had consented to allow her to place him in.

It was just so unlike her.

Suddenly she walked to the bathroom and returned with a towel and some electric clippers, looking for all the world like a rather strict librarian in her black rimmed glasses and the two-piece skirt and jacket in charcoal grey beneath which was a white cotton shirt. Black shoes with a pointed toe and dagger heel he couldn’t recall seeing completed the ensemble and, her greying blonde hair scraped from her face and tied at the back, she looked every inch the institutionalised martinet.

“What the fuck is that for?” he tried to mouth when he saw the clippers in the hands of this… *stranger*… and succeeded only in some garbled and senseless mumbling.

Her cool hand with its long and slender fingers gripped his testicles and she licked her lips at the defenceless and still well-kept, tanned and naked, body of her husband below her.

He flinched from her grasp and she slapped him, not gently, across the thigh, stunning him further with both the intensity of the smack and the accompanying look she beamed down at him.

“Behave!” she snapped. “Or this could go very badly for you.”

Saliva dribbled from the corners of a dumbfounded and disabled mouth as he wondered when and how the body-snatchers had managed to get to the soul of his previously loving and tender-hearted wife. He grunted into the gag as her attention returned to them and she cupped a hand around their fullness. For the first time he began to feel real trepidation.

“Lift up,” she said.

This time he did not hesitate. There was something different about her and he was sure he didn’t like it.

Her behaviour itself was surprising to him, but it was the change in her demeanour he found really concerning.

Despite those concerns, however, and treacherous to a fault, his cock remained hard and throbbed above the hand squeezing his ball-sac.

“Looks like you're enjoying yourself,” she said, the smile at her lips not mirrored in her eyes as she switched on the clippers and held it before his eyes with a flourish. The same eyes that took on an even greater and more disturbing intensity as she used the clippers to trim his pubic hair before, to his horror, lathering up his entire genital area and using a razor to shave him entirely bald.

“Don't move,' she warned as he felt the razor move over his balls and, despite his unvoiced promise of eventual retribution on her, his cock twitched.

When she had finally finished, she wiped him dry with the towel and he felt somewhat emasculated by the results of her ministrations – even if his treacherous and denuded cock and balls took a different view of the proceedings.

“Yes,” she said with satisfaction as she studied his reaction. “It’s just as Nashi said it would be.

You’re enjoying this, even as a part of you is angry at it.”

Martin stared up at her, hard cock and anger forgotten for a moment. “Nashi?” he asked himself as an image of the facially unprepossessing immigrant he had employed to help his wife run the household entered his head. “What the fuck did she have to do with anything?”

The full import of his wife’s words hit him as she took the shaving bowl and razor into the en-suite and he prayed she was joking.

Surely she *ha*d to be.

He knew Emma. There was no way his sexually conservative wife would discuss their sex-life with anyone. Let alone a young Indian domestic
“How about that!” she exclaimed as she returned and took in her handiwork from the doorway. “It makes you look much bigger,” she said before laughing and adding: “And that’s certainly no bad thing, is it?”

As he fought unavailingly against the restraints, his anger with her for humiliating him in such a way was off the chart now and he realised he was going to have to show some serious restraint when she finally released him.

Anger and humiliation that went stratospheric as she opened the drawer of her bedside cabinet and retrieved a digital camera.

“Smile, sweetie,” she laughed as he fulminated incoherently and I tried to protest through the gag.

The flash of the camera, again and again, gave evidence of just how unsuccessful his fulminations had been and he bucked wildly as she lay a plastic ruler alongside his betrayingly erect cock.

Her face clouded with an anger of her own he had not seen until now as the ruler dropped to the carpet but, when she retrieved it and stood above him to stare into his eyes, her next action defied his belief.

Taking a firm grasp of his penis she yanked it flat against his stomach and proceeded to use the ruler to beat his exposed and now hairless balls.

The pain was incredible and he felt as if his life were being sucked from him through the very equipment nature had provided him with which to express it.

When it finally finished, he heard the sound of whimpering and realised it was coming from him.

“Look at me,” he heard the command as he tried to come to terms with the gradually receding pain and the knowledge it had been his loving and caring wife of these past twenty-three years who had supplied it to him.

His eyes opened and through tears he considered unmanly and diminishing he saw her staring down at him with an expression of displeasure and inflexibly he would never have dreamed seeing her wear.

An expression of displeasure and inflexibility aimed at him!

“Do that again and I’ll superglue the ruler next to your cock. Understand?”

Her eyes flashed when he made no response.
“Nod your head or I’ll take the ruler to the bottom of your feet until you can’t walk for a week,” she snapped and, as he complied, he wondered if she was experiencing mental problems. She hadn’t wanted to leave England and her family and few friends behind and he was away from her more than he should be. There were enough examples of expat wives having problems of such a kind, after all – even if he had yet to hear of them manifesting themselves in behaviour of this kind.

Again she placed the ruler next to his surprisingly rigid cock so the measurement could clearly be seen and a few second later the camera flashed and then flashed again…

And again…

“I’ll just load these onto Nashi’s computer from the email on yours and she can send them to me later with a suitably guilty email confessing the filthy things you have… *begged*… her to do for you.” she called back to him as she left the room, totally confident he would be unable to release himself in her absence.

“Load them onto Nashi’s computer?” he asked himself. *“Suitably guilty email?”*

“What in the name of a flying fuck was going on?”
“And what filthy fucking things am I supposed to have wanted her to do to me?”

She was gone for a longer period this time and he knew she was probably doing just as she said and downloading the pictures of his measured cock onto their housekeeper’s laptop.

But why?

This was already a game that had gotten her into deep shit with him once he was finally released, and if she thought he would be looking at those pictures and laughing at her out of character escapade any time soon she was much mistaken.

When she returned and sat on the bed to cross one thigh over another and gaze down upon him, the nylon of her pantyhose clad legs rasped and her hand took a hold of his obstinate tumescence.

“I’ve been having some conversations with Nashi these past few weeks,” she told him.

Her hand slid up and down his still hard cock and he let out a muffled groan of equal parts anger and anticipation.

“Some *very* interesting conversations, in fact.”
He wanted to ask his wife what possible interest he could possibly have in her chats with their Indian skivvy but was again prevented by the ball-gag.

“It seems she thinks you are a little too big for your boots and need taking down a peg or two.” She laughed. “Not that she said it in exactly those words, you understand, but the meaning was the same.”

Now he knew she was joking.

There was no way his straitlaced wife would talk to such a person about him and their marriage in so intimate a fashion.

Would she?

But then he would never have believed her capable of doing what she was doing now as his eyes closed and she again began to apply feather-light strokes of her hand to his captive cock.

“You’ll be surprised to learn, given how easily I’ve let you walk over me all these years, that I agree with her.

Despite the pleasure her gossamer touch was affording him, his eyes flew open in shock at her words.

“Walk all over her?”

She smiled down at him, fingers giving his cock a squeeze by way of highlighting her next out-of-character words, “Would you like to cum soon, Marty-Pops?”

Swallowing with difficulty, he nodded, realising he was more excited by her than he could ever

remember, despite her childifying of his name in such a ludicrous manner.

A finger was placed on her lips and she seemed to be giving it some thought.

“Hmmm, I don't think so, not for a little while yet, anyway,” Emma said, smiling coldly at him as she released his cock and drew a groan of frustration from him.

Suddenly angry, he strained at his bonds and cursed himself for letting his sense of smug superiority allow her to persuade him into them.

“Of course, you don’t have much time for young Nashi, do you? To be honest, your xenophobia has always been one of your least attractive qualities. That’s why I think it would be beneficial if you were to start giving her more responsibility over you.”

For a moment he thought he’d misheard.

“More responsibility”

“Over him?”

He wasn’t aware the plain little Indian girl had *any* responsibility when it came to him apart from

cleaning the house, cooking, and keeping his clothes laundered.

“And,” she added, “if you aren’t inclined to give then we will just have to take.”

The laugh she let out was not one he had recognised hearing from her before.

“It’s just one of the many changes I’m considering making to the household and our life in general,” she told his shocked expression. “After all, you did put both the company and this house in my name at the start of the recession, didn’t you? When you thought things might go badly for us and your accountant advised you that if they did then it was best only one of us be declared bankrupt while the other remained status quo with an unblemished financial record and an equally pristine credit-rating. That person, of course, being you if you wished to start another company of your own after the event and the house had been used as collateral to help pay off some of what would be *my* debt.”

He mentally kicked himself. She was right. He had indeed done just that and, after his accountant’s fears had proved groundless, neglected to correct the changes when the economy began to turn around.

But then, she was his wife and had no idea of such things anyway.

Or at least she hadn't.

Until now.

"You will also recall the post-nuptial your accountant advised you to implement that insisted no part of the company would be yours were we to divorce, that you may not be considered accountable for any of its debts should it founder, either while we were married or after."

"What the fuck is going on?" his thoughts shrieked at him for the umpteenth time that minute as he recalled signing the document.

"And what fucking alien has taken over my wife?"

For a moment he wondered if her uncharacteristic behaviour was a result of having discovered his affairs while travelling away, but discounted the idea. He had never been anything less than loving and devoted to her – at least when in the same city – so why would she even be suspicious? Let alone be able to discover his affairs if she had been?

Desperately, he tried to yell through the gag while she looked on, expression colder than he had ever

seen it, and knew that when she released him – given the hold her name on both house and business gave her – he might be advised not to vent his building anger upon her.

Not *too* much, anyway.

“Anyway, Nashi and I have become firm friends as well as employer and employee and it is thanks to her precocious wisdom that I now have the confidence to do what I should have done long ago.”

To his amazement, not to mention pain, she raised her arm and brought the palm of her hand down to slap his naked thigh.

“Not only has she convinced me I am more than capable of becoming the Master of our household but has also shown me how, with sensible delegation, I can run the company after you have been removed from its operations.”

His anger was white hot now and he bucked against the cuffs holding him in yet more futile attempts to free himself.

“Run the company?”

“Her?”

“Has she gone out of her tiny fucking mind?”

“As I recall,” Emma went on as if he were no more than a badly behaved infant in the throes of a tantrum, “you’re always waxing lyrical about the talents of that woman you took on as your 2IC. What was her name now? Oh, yes! Marlene. Attractive too as I recall.”

Her look was accusatory despite the fact he had never been anything but professional with the woman who, as said, was very good at what she did and would have no trouble, he knew, helming the company if he were not there.

“What the fuck is happening here?”

He had come home happily to a surprise that had turned to a bad dream and was swiftly degenerating into the worst of nightmares.

“I have a meeting scheduled with her in your… *my*… office tomorrow, and I am going to ask her if…”

She smiled.

“But that’s all for later,” she said as she turned to the door and prepared to leave him. “Let’s get the new household arrangements in place first.”

She turned at the door and blew him a mocking kiss.

“Do you know, Marty-Pops, I really can’t recall you ever looking as attractive to me as you do at this moment.”

With that, she had switched off the light and closed the door behind her, leaving a bemused and angry – take fearful as read – husband tied helplessly to the bed.

But then, if he was as bemused and angry as his thoughts proclaimed themselves, what explained the unrelenting erection that continued to soar above his freshly denuded balls?

Nashi

Wembley – February 2014

“I do not wish you to see how I fit this to your cock and balls so this has to go on.”

Martin Coxton twisted his head from side-to-side in vain attempts to prevent her adding the blindfold that would render him sightless to the ball-gag that prevented him from speaking.

Coherently, anyway.

As the black sleep-mask slipped over his eyes the sound of its elastic snapping against the back of his head heralded his descent into darkness. It had only been a few minutes ago that the door had opened and light had been restored to the bedroom.

By Nashi!

For a split second he had thought she had become aware of his wife’s descent into madness and had come to release him.

Then he remembered Emma telling him how close the two of them had become and the “good advice” their housekeeper had given her.

He was effectively, helpless and bollock-naked, restrained to his bed as a low-caste Indian girl he had employed stared down at him as if she had just taken ownership, her eyes lingering upon his now

hairless and vulnerable looking cock and balls as if they truly were trinkets in her possession.

As he listened with incredulity, the young bitch had informed him in the sing-song English he hated so much that she would be responsible for his good behaviour now that he would be spending such a lot of time at home and, though she knew it would be difficult for him, his life would be a sight easier if he got into the habit of obeying her.

Instantly!

“Of course,” she had gone on in that same excellent but accented English he found so irritating, placing a bowl of ice-water and a washcloth next to the bed, “such obedience will not come instantly to you and that is why the *‘Master’* and I have agreed to provide you with some necessary motivation.”

“The Master?”

When she sat next to him on the bed and placed her brown hand around a cock that had been flaccid since the departure of his wife, he was not sure which surprised him most: the audacity of *such* a person in handling him in *such* a way; or his instant rise to tumescence – even if his eyes promised unimaginable retribution.

“You look so angry,” she commented mockingly, eyes not flinching from his gaze as she manipulated his manhood. “And yet your lilywhite English cock seems to enjoy having little Nashi take it in her hand and pleasure it. Is that not so?”

He was indeed angry. Incandescent. Homicidal, almost. And he wasn’t sure what it was that made him angriest. That his wife and this… *Indian*… girl had plotted behind his back? Or that he seemed to be responding to the little brown hand deftly sliding his foreskin the length of a cock he struggled to recall being so… *urgent*?

Unable to help himself now, he was humping against her hand to increase the friction in order to get off, the thought uppermost in his mind, along with a sudden and inexplicable need for that little brown hand to continue its ministrations, being to get the humiliation over with as swiftly as possible as her giggles reached his semi-receptive ears.

Martin Coxton could have no idea that his new life of service and humiliation to both wife and housekeeper was only just beginning.

His groan of disappointment was totally genuine when the girl’s hand left his cock, so great was his unexpected response to having her handle him in such a personal and highly debasing way.

“You must answer Ms Nashi when she asks you a question,” she leaned down to whisper in his ear, her warm breath tickling its lobe even as his thoughts screamed.

“Ms, fucking, Nashi??”

“You cannot speak at this time, of course,” she went on smugly, still whispering into his ear and enflaming his senses as she did, “but you are able to nod.”

She sat upright and gazed down at him, eyes blazing with a passion he had not seen in them before now – though it had to be said he had seldom if ever been of a mind to hold them for long anyway.

It was a passion, he decided, like none he had witnessed before save once.

And that had been witnessed only minutes before when he had seen the same look in the eyes of his own wife.

And yet…

Despite the anger that was only matched by his disbelief at the situation in which he been placed, and much to his amazement, he felt himself nod as she stared down at him with what seemed absolute confidence in his concession.

“That is better,” she praised him as if he were an infant who had just grasped a valuable lesson. “You will find your life from now on will be much easier if you simply obey your betters when they tell you to do something.”

His eyes widened at her words.

“Yes. You find it hard to believe this is not some game your wife has devised with my help to spice up your sex lives. But I assure you that this is not a game but the very start of your life of service to both your wife and I.”

Again, his eyes promised incalculable retribution once he was free and, again, the young housekeeper smirked down at him.

“Service?”

“To her?”

Was she mentally deranged?

And, more importantly, had she somehow managed to infect his wife with her insanity?

“You think this will end once you are free of the restraints in which your wife has placed you,” she told him. “But you could not be more wrong. As you will soon find out when we release you, the restraints binding you are far more inflexible and impossible to escape than the metal of those handcuffs and the gag preventing you from speaking.”

He knew she was referring to the fact his wife was the de facto owner of his company and that he would lose that company if they divorced, per se the post-nuptial.

But when had his buttoned up and private wife become so intimate with their… *servant?*

A *“servant”* who appeared to be reading his thoughts:

“And no. I do not refer to the fact it is your wife who owns the company and that you would be without a livelihood should a divorce occur.”

“Now what?” his thoughts screamed.
“But we will speak of this later after you and I have concluded our business and taken care of your cock

that, despite the anger in your eyes, seems no less excited than it was a minute or so again when it was held in Nashi's young brown hand."

To his amazement, given the anger and loathing he felt, he realised his cock was, if anything, harder than it was before.

Was, in fact, harder than at any time he could recall before entering the bedroom with his wife.

The *"young brown hand"* returned to his erection and wrapped gossamer fingers around its throbbing and pulsing girth and, if anything, he became still harder.

"Be a good boy and lie still now," the sing-song English mocked him as she again began to manipulate his foreskin over a shaft so sensitized he felt he must explode imminently. "We need to get rid of this nasty erection before we can move on and I have decided to do it this way for you. Am I not kind?"

He closed his eyes, as much to blot out her disdainful expression as to savour the sensations that brown hand was delivering to his cock.

“Look at me when I speak to you!” she snapped in a voice he had yet to hear from her and had certainly not expected ever to hear.

Especially when directed at him.

His eyes opened instantly as he realised her hand had removed itself once again.

“Good boy,” she said, lips mocking him. “Now,” she began, placing her hand around his cock again, though so lightly he could not gain friction by humping against it, “Ms Nashi asked you a question.

Her eyes blazed down into his as he tried to thrust into her loose hand and he felt added shame as he realised his response was fearful.

Him?

Afraid of her?

“I asked you if Ms Nashi is not kind?”

Her hand loosened its grip further and, heightening both his own self-disgust and amazement, his lust for the touch of the brown girl won out over his anger and mortification instantly.

“Good boy,” she again gave mocking praise as his head nodded up and down, the shame she could see written in his eyes no match for the need of a cock teased to within a fraction of iron-bar status.

Martin Coxton sighed into the ball-gag and closed his eyes to the contradictory sensations of the surprisingly firm but gossamer caresses of his young Indian housekeeper.

Only to open them wide as the palm of her free hand delivered a stinging slap to his stomach that, if he had not suspected as much already from his wife’s words and their menial’s behaviour towards him, explained that both women were serious and that they truly believed he would simply accept what they had in mind and roll over.

Something, he assured himself, he would have no trouble doing.

At least until his cock had received the treatment promised it that was.

“Ms Nashi told you to keep your eyes open and to look at her as she takes care of your little white cock,” she warned him and, despite knowing his manhood was certainly not small, he found himself giving an internal wince at the disparagement.

“That is better,” she told him, enjoying the hatred in his eyes that promised later retribution and revelling in the knowledge that what his wife and she had put in place over the past few weeks would prevent him making good on the threat as yet unuttered and delivered only visually.

The young Indian girl’s hairless pussy flooded as she savoured the prospect of the days, week, months and years to come as her gossamer caresses temporarily took all thoughts from his head save those anticipating his release.

And when she had given him his release and cleaned him up…?

She smiled to herself at the shock in store for him.

“Oooh, yes,” she cooed, the sing-song accent he despised so much having the perverse effect of making him thrust against her hand all the more urgently as she tightened her grip and luxuriated in the power she was wielding over this handsome white-man she knew looked down upon both her and her race, knowing that between her efforts and those of her lover, Emma, that power would only grow only more… *inescapable*.

For him!

And, given her new power, she was not about to let him explode into her hand until she had extracted some pleasure for herself and, in the so doing, give him some idea of how things were going to be for him in the future.

Unless, that is, he decided to choose, divorce, disgrace and destitution.

She took her hand from his cock and her sadistic little soul soared as she heard the sigh of frustration his ball-gag could only part muffle.

“Do not worry, little Martin,” she cooed into hate-filled eyes contradicted by need for contact with her… or at least her hand… “Ms Nashi’s brown hand will soon take up your tiny white cock again and give you the pleasure you so desire.”

He averted his eyes as his anger conceded to the shame he felt at being treated in such a way by such a person.

“Look at me!” she snapped.

He did, amazed that she could make him react so obediently and so instantly.

“I want your eyes on mine the whole time, or not only will you not feel the caresses of my hand but I

will take the ruler your wife left on the side and beat your balls until they are blue for a month."

Knowing she was serious and recalling the agony he had experienced at his wife's hands, Martin Coxton felt real fear.

"Now," the Indian bitch above him went on, eyes satisfied she had his *full* attention, "You are going to show me you accept your place by sniffing my superior Indian pussy and becoming used to its fragrance. Only when you are addicted to my scent and that of your loving wife who now owns you will I allow you to worship my shrine with the same tongue you have used to lie and cheat upon your wife all these years."

His eyes flashed with alarm and it was not lost upon the young woman controlling him.

"Did your new Master not tell you?" she smirked. "Thanks to a local investigator from the Chelsea area she hired to check up on you while you were taking your latest *business* trip in Sydney, she now has visual and audio proof of your… *dealings*… there."

Dismissing the *"Master"* reference for the nonsense it was – at least at this stage - Martin Coxton felt ice-cold and metaphysical fingers take

a hold of his vitals as he finally realised what had triggered the personality change in a wife he loved and adored, despite the fact he sought out other women willing to engage in those acts she had, until now, frowned upon.

"It was only sex!" he wanted to scream, but sensed that even if the gag weren't still in place and he could be heard it would be an argument that would serve him no purpose.

He tried to concentrate when he realised his bitch housekeeper was speaking again:

"When this is added to the other… *evidence*… your long-suffering wife has put in place with my help," she told him, the eyes holding his brim-full with the enjoyment she was taking from his predicament, "your life, should you find the courage to leave, will not be a pleasant one and I think you would find yourself disowned by even your own daughter who you love so much and who loves and looks up to you in return."

"Other evidence?" his thoughts raged, eyes not leaving hers as if he were already conditioned to obey the low-born Indian domestic. *"What 'other' evidence?"*

A more painful question occurred to him:

"And why would my lovely Berenice disown her father?"

He knew, of course how devastated she would be to know he had cheated on her mother. How could she not be? But *"disown"* him?

No further time was allowed for him to ponder the conundrum as, with a *"But that is for later"*, the young Indian girl for whom he had barely spared a thought, save to grudgingly admit she was an efficient household servant, climbed upon the mattress and, slinging powerful but surprisingly shapely legs over his chest inched her way forward until the gusset of her black panties were before his captive nose.

Martin Coxton was horrified on so many levels, but by far the worst of his humiliations was the fact that he was responding to the scent of this young woman he considered of no importance in a way that could – sexually at least – be described as… *longingly*.

"As I told you, I am not going to allow you the honour of tasting and satisfying me until you have performed the service for the wife and Master who deserves that worship and submission first."

"Submission?" his thoughts screamed.

“But, once I am satisfied you have taken in the scent of your second owner with the correct… *diligence*… I will again use my that brown hand you were thrusting against so eagerly not moments before and provide you with some pleasure before your little white cock has the ability to satisfy itself taken from you.”

Looking down at him as she was, Martin Coxton knew she could not miss the horror written into both his eyes and his features.

“That is why, after you taken in the scent of the Indian girl who is your second owner to her satisfaction, she is going to pull-your pathetic penis to completion and then blindfold you that you may have no idea of how the cock-cage about to be placed around your penis and balls remains attached.”

Had he not been certain he was awake and that what was happening was neither practical joke nor sexual foreplay, Martin Coxton would have been convinced that at any moment he would awake and find himself snuggled alongside his loving wife in the bed they had shared for so long.

But he was awake and knew with certainty that the life he valued and the marriage he cherished - sexual cheating notwithstanding – was in danger.
His standing as a man went without saying as the accented words from the young Indian mouth of the girl he, ostensibly, employed wafted down to him:

“You may start to take in my scent now.”

Martin

Wembley – April 2014

Performing oral sex upon her was, frankly, distasteful to him.

Worse.

To be forced to show subservience of such a kind to a woman more than half his years, hands clasped behind his back in the deferential way he had been warned not to deviate from as he knelt between her legs, naked save for the cage around his cock, was utterly repugnant to his value system both as a man and a human-being.

How much more killing to him was the fact his efforts were being watched by three people on the sofa opposite.

His former 2IC, Marlene, The wife who had done so much to ensure his humiliation, and, the coup de grace when it came to the death of him as a man, a husband, and a father, his beloved daughter, Berenice.

With his eyes fixed upon the hairless Indian pussy he was intended to serve, he could not see the expressions upon the faces of the three women and could have cared less for what he would see on the faces of two of them.

His daughter was another matter though and he could only imagine the feelings of pain, anguish and, yes, contempt, sweeping through her as she took in what her once manly father had become.

Not for the first time, he considered simply giving up and letting the dice dictate. What did he have to lose? After all, could penury, homelessness, and disgrace be worse than the dismantling of the life he had built until now?

Not to mention the method of demolition.

But, again, all he did was consider.

He heard a whispered instruction from the hate figure above him – the same brown girl with Jeans lowered to her ankles who remained clothed above - as she indicated with one imperious finger where he should make a start with his humble and servile pleasing of what she had already described on so many occasions as her "superior cunt".

Her juices were soon wet upon on his face and her hands had taken a grip on his ears to keep him in place now that the once luxuriant hair she had shaved from his head only the day before was not available to her.

It was not long, having already provided much the same service for the wife he had once loved earlier that morning – thankfully in private – before his jaw began to ache as his tongue continued to suck lick and probe at the young pussy before it.

Discomfort was present elsewhere in his body also.

But not enough to make the mortification he felt for attempting to become erect under such circumstances – and in front of his beloved daughter – less… sickening.

And still the Indian bitch who so loved her control of him whispered her directions to him and he obeyed, hesitating only once when a voice from behind cut through the fog induced by his humiliation and took it an even greater depth.

"Oh, daddy, how could you?"

He thought he heard a sob from behind him and his sense of self-worth, what was left of it, died yet another death.

It was not the only death he gave fond thoughts to as the thighs of the bitch closed around his face and their owner moaned loudly as her crisis approached and she began the rush to orgasm.

On and on and on it went, her frantic hands almost pulling the ears from his denuded head as she let herself go before their invited audience and he continued to place tender wet kisses upon her equally moist pussy when she had returned from her visit off-planet.

After what seemed the longest time, she placed a hand beneath his chin and raised his eyes to meet her own.

The triumph, ownership and sheer contempt he could read in her gaze hurt almost as much as the knowledge of just who was witnessing her treatment of him.

"Good boy," she gave demeaning praise. "Your face is all wet with the juices of one of your owners. Does that not make you proud?"

He stared at her helplessly, knowing she required an answer and hating both having to give it and the fact he knew he would do so.

Her eyes were expectant.

“Y-Yes, M-Ms Nashi,” he heard himself croak. “It makes me… makes me very proud.”

She ran a brown hand over the head that was, thanks to her all too recent efforts, smooth as silk, and cooed.

“That is our lovely good boy. You have please Ms Nashi and your Master and I am sure your two visitors have been equally impressed.”

He cringed, body going cold as his thoughts returned – not that they had ever been far away – to the reality of just who one of those “visitors” was.

But the next words from the lips of the Indian bitch turned that cold to outright ice.

“Now show our visitors what a really obedient boy you have become and crawl to them and kiss their feet as a way of showing them you’re gratitude before you...”

…Martin Coxton came out of his sleep with a scream and a cold sweat.

And he did not feel *any* better for being awake.

Part-Three

Emma & Nashi

Wembley – July 2014

“Has it been everything I promised you it would be?” the former housekeeper who was now Emma Coxton’s lover and the co-keeper of her husband asked.

“And more,” the English housewife assured her as she placed a loving kiss upon the engorged nipple closest to her head as they lay alongside each other upon the bed that same English housewife had once shared with the husband who was, at that moment, locked in his basement quarters until morning.

“Could you ever have believed when I first came to work for you that we would be here together in such a way while your husband would be confined to his quarters downstairs?” Nashi questioned further.

“Don’t be silly, Nashi. To believe that I would have had to have some idea of the pleasure one woman can give another. And be receptive to it. And we both know I wasn’t.”

Her tongue lapped at the brown nipple, eyes never leaving those of her brown-skinned lover, before:

“At least not until you seduced me.”
Both women laughed at this but it was the younger who suddenly became serious:

“And do you ever regret that I did?”

Emma Coxton thought about it. “To begin with, yes. I felt as if I’d soiled something special between my husband and myself.”

Her expression hardened:

“Until the investigators you suggested I check on him provided the proof he’d already soiled it. And had probably been doing so since we were first…”

Her face was white with anger.

“Bastard!”

The Indian girl leaned in to place a kiss of reassurance upon the older woman’s forehead.

“Go with your anger, my wonderful Emma. Hold onto it and remember its cause when he turns those piteous eyes on you and silently begs for things to be returned to the way they were between you.

“Yes. I am aware I have a vested interest in his situation remaining the same and do not deny it. Why would I when my feelings for you are certainly greater than those of his. With me you can be assured that I will never cheat upon you with anyone. Have I not even insisted that there would be no jealousy on my part if you were tempted to know the cocks of all the many men who must now wish to be with you? Especially now you possess the added attraction of being a woman with her own business to add to her physical enticements. Just so long as it is to your loving Nashi that you return.”

Emma nodded, cheeks blushing at the compliment and the truth behind it. She had lost count of the men who had hit on her since the change in both her home circumstances and her physical and mental philosophy. As yet, however, she had not taken advantage of those changes. Not because of some lingering loyalty to the husband who had cheated upon her – or even to her lovely Nashi, who had given her blessing anyway. No. She had not succumbed to the charms of another man yet simply because she had not come across one she sensed was right.

And, to be *right* – given her new outlook on life – the man whose cock she used would need to be suitably… *submissive*.

Nashi continued, unsure as to her partner's exact thoughts but more than capable of making an enlightened guess:
"You would be surprised to learn how many men enjoy being led by a female," she told her as Emma wondered where one so young obtained the information she was imparting in her accented and somewhat Victorian English.

"My husband doesn't appear to number amongst them," Emma observed, stating a simple truth Martin's unmistakable hatred for her Indian lover, as well as a similar and ever growing reaction to her, made obvious."

Nashi's first response was laughter.

"And yet still he is unable to prevent his cock from attempting to become hard when he is required to please us… *intimately*."

She smiled.

"Also, if we are both truthful, is it not so much more satisfying to know his obedience and servility

is made to us despite the fact it goes against his nature and emasculates him in the process?”

Emma blushed a little. She was pretty much over the guilt of her lesbian affair – even if her demoted husband was still in the dark about it. But she had yet to quite come to terms with the fact treating him with such disdain and humiliating him so thoroughly could… *fixate*… her in the way it did.

Though she was getting there.

Again, Nashi read her thoughts:

“Soon, he will be in a place where he will accept most anything from you and you will be comfortable with giving it to him,” she told her lover. “Even now I see no reason to hide the fact from him that his wife and the housekeeper who rules him along with her are lovers. But that is your wish and I can only agree that it will be even more of a shock to him when the fact is revealed to him in a suitably *humiliating* way.”

They shared a smile, having both discovered what that *“way”* would be.

“But,” she went on, “and to return to the subject of finding the right kind of man to satisfy you when that particular *itch* becomes too much. You will be

surprised to learn that there are many men who enjoy a woman who… *leads*. Even amongst those swaggering business types who like to pretend they are alpha-males in the workplace even as they dream of feeling a woman's heel upon their neck in private."

As Emma again wondered where a girl of her straitened background and immature years could have received such knowledge – let alone be so certain it was true - Nashi took her hand and gazed into her eyes with all the affection and sincerity she could muster:

"All I ask, my love, is that you do not see such men without my knowledge. I promise I will never show even the slightest jealousy if you ever find yourself in… *temporary*… need of a man. So long as I know about it."

Emma was already nodding; the conversation being a familiar one to her and the point of which she had already conceded.

The pain of having a loved one cheat was all too familiar to her, after all, and Nashi was fast superseding, if she hadn't already, her husband as the main port of call in her emotional as well as sexual thoughts.

“Believe me, Nashi, what I have here with you and my beaten husband is precious to me beyond my wildest dreams. I will *never* do anything to put it at risk.”

“No regrets?” asked Nashi knowingly.

“You know I do, Nashi. And you know exactly what that regret is.”

“Berenice?”

Again, Emma nodded.

“Nothing can be perfect, Emma. You know this. It serves you great credit that you would go to such lengths to preserve your daughter’s affection for the thing in the basement who used and cheated you, but you must see that it would have been impossible to preserve those feelings as they once were. The loss of her respect for her father is inevitable – as understanding as she is of his… *problems*. But there is still love for him on her side and that will remain.”

Emma agreed with this and waited, knowing Nashi had more to say and suspecting she knew exactly what it would be.

“It is the fact she still has this love for her father – even if he knows it can never be what it once was since he became… *ill* – that makes your hold over him even more secure. Should he ever try to convince Berenice that you are behind his current predicament he knows that the second truth we have put in place will make him look a lot less in his daughter’s eyes.”

“Yes. I know that, Nashi. But it doesn’t make deceiving the daughter I love about her father any easier.”

Nashi shrugged:

“Would you prefer to have divorced him and make your reasons for doing so plain to her? Would she love him any more for the knowledge that he placed his treacherous cock in the cunts of women not her mother?”

Emma winced at the language but gave an almost imperceptible nod of agreement.

“Or is it better for Berenice to believe that her father is ill and that, though her mother’s relationship to him has become more… *supervisory*, her parents are at least still together?”

Emma thought about it some more until Nashi's somewhat forceful hand guided her face downwards.

As Emma hesitated before kissing the denuded outer labia presented to her, all previous feelings of doubt and self-revulsion for engaging in an act of such a kind, and with one of her own sex were no more than a laughable memory from a time when she, Emma Coxton, was just another repressed and frustrated housewife.

Worse, she now knew.

For, back then, she had not even had the consolation of being repressed and frustrated while at least having a faithful husband.

Something else that had changed, thanks to the young Indian girl whose pubic area she was now smothering with kisses as thoughts of Martin in his lonely basement with his caged cock heightened her excitement for the act.

Her husband – if he could be described in such exalted terms – would *never* be unfaithful again. Or at least not without her permission. And only then, permission granted, would it be young Nashi who released his caged cock to ease his… *torment*.

Though, and as per her lover's suggestion, she herself might deign to unlock him and let him find his satisfaction by humping against her leg when his behaviour and obedience had been especially… *pleasing*.

As she felt Nashi's gentle brown hands at the back of her head, urging her to add tongue to lips and please her in the way she loved best, Emma could only marvel at just how swiftly and how easily she had, with Nashi's guidance and help, changed not just her own life but taken a wrecking-ball to that of her own husband's.

Did she feel guilty for having removed the man she had once loved and still had… *certain*… feelings for from the company he had created and fashioning the circumstances that kept him malleable and in thrall to both her and the young girl whose pussy she was in the process of pleasing?

To begin with.

But not for long.

In fact, the ease with which she had gone from being the supine and biddable housewife and mother to household goddess and… *"Master"*… had surprised her. From that first moment after she

had sweet-talked her previously dominant husband into allowing her to restrain him on their so, so, solid marital bed and he lay before her helpless, it felt as if some higher power had flicked a switch to some previously unsuspected energy source inside her. The rush of pure satisfaction as she had taken a ruler to the underside of his balls, and been rewarded by his helpless and muffled screams of agony as they were smothered by his ball-gag, had all but taken her over the edge and, later, when she had stood unseen at the open door to their room and listened as young Nashi manipulated his cock and told him how it was going to be for him from that moment on, she knew she was on a path from which she would not make a return.

As the tip of her tongue fluttered at the girl's clitoris she recalled listening to her housekeeper and lover as she wanked her husband to a humiliating but explosive climax before fitting him with a device she, older and supposedly more sophisticated, had not suspected existed.

Though it had taken the bucket of ice-cubes and a liberal and freezing application to his perversely excited cock and balls before the expensive device could be placed upon him.

She remembered the charged silence, pristine only for her husband's muffled, blindfolded, and futile

protests, before her breath caught in her throat at a sound she knew should not have excited her so much.

A sound that, it seemed to her, denoted the reality of the course her housekeeper had persuaded her – *seduced her* – upon…

Nashi & Martin

Wembley - February 2014

...The click of metal joined to metal travelled to where she stood just outside her bedroom's open door and Emma Coxton had to fight to keep herself from walking in and taking a more active role in her husband's… demotion. Though she did peer around the door cautiously. At least until she remembered her husband was blindfold as well as gagged.

Nashi was seated astride her husband upon her bed and facing the door as she manipulated his frozen and shrivelled cock into a cage that would soon be fastened to the similarly titanium ring encircling the balls that had helped that same cock cheat upon her.

The sight of her fully dressed lover astride her helpless husband was, she had to admit, about the most erotic thing she had witnessed in her life to that point. Unaware for the moment that her employer and lover was watching as well as listening, the somewhat stocky but still shapely Indian girl, with the wonderful breasts that had seduced her equally as completely as the pussy below them, was intent upon her task, skirt riding up to reveal her powerful legs in black pantyhose as she sat upon her husband's bare stomach. Her hosed feet were placed – deliberately? – to either side of his head; both the feel and the scent of them leaving him in no doubt, temporarily sightless or not, of the added humiliation to a position that must already have been excruciating to him.

Still unseen by Nashi as yet, Emma realised she had lowered a hand to her crotch and was frotting herself through her own hose, indecent passion soaring as she watched her lover place her husband's ice-cold cock into a shining metal tube that would effectively prevent him from ever becoming hard again.

Unless one or other of them decided to release him, that is.

She continued to watch as her husband struggled futilely against his restraints and tried to buck the girl from him.

Only to be quieted by the simple application of a brown hand around his be-ringed scrotum and some pressure.

"I have just locked your tiny white cock into its new home," the girl told him in her excellent but sing-song English as she placed a thin silver necklace from which dangled a key around her neck. "Your manhood is no longer at your disposal but belongs to your wife and, by extension, me."
Emma could almost sense her husband's disbelief – rage she took as read – at the situation into which he had been placed.

Disbelief and rage that must have gone off the scale when Nashi eased back along his body and placed her pantyhose clad arse over his nostrils – making sure to raise herself a few inches every few seconds or so that he might not asphyxiate..

"The reason you are blindfolded is because I did not wish you to see how I used this," she told him, holding up a tiny screwdriver.

"Oh!" she laughed. "But you cannot see, can you."

She laughed again and the pure joy she took in her treatment of the white man below her – a man she was married to! – flooded Emma's pussy with its… rightness.

"I am holding up a screwdriver," housekeeper told husband. Along with the key I just used to secure your tiny cockle into the cage and join it to the ring about your pitiful balls, it has just made your genital captivity… complete."

Her husband desperately sniffed air into his lungs as Nashi raised her arse from his nose and moved off his face that he might concentrate upon her words better.

"As well as a lock," she told him, "there are four screws next to the keyhole and I am about to insert the last of them into the device. Only when the key has unlocked the device can the screws be loosened that you might be released to either be cleaned or rewarded with some hard-earned relief."

Emma gave a silent gasp of lust as she heard the words and tried to imagine the effect they were having upon her husband, aware that it would not take much to send her over the edge herself – albeit in a more fulfilling way.

“The problem for you, however,” Nashi told him with a cold smile, “is that the screws must be unlocked in the correct and exact order.”

Her laughter was not pleasant – at least to the man beneath her.

“This is a sophisticated and expensive device and is the best of its kind. Your wonderful wife and I took many hours to discover its existence and order it for you. It comes in different sizes and that is why your new Master measured your cock and took a picture for our amusement. I needed to know which of the two sizes, large or small, were required before getting you fitted out for your new life.”

Emma smiled to herself. She liked the thought of what her new life would be. And she was surprised at how readily she pictured herself as his… “Master”.

“There,” Nashi, said with the air of having completed a tricky task which, Emma confessed had to be the case when that task consisted of locking an unwilling man’s pride and joy away from him. “It is done. You are now a chastised husband and will not be pleasuring yourself at any time in the future without either my permission or the Master’s.”

More confident by the second, the girl fondled her former master's captive scrotum as if she had just been handed its deeds and went on:

"You see, Martin, your wife – sorry, 'Master' – and I were assured that if the screws are not unscrewed in the correct order they will fuse into the holes and, as they too are made of titanium, it would be necessary for them to either be drilled out or to have cutting equipment do the job. Who knows what that would do to your cock and balls should you find the courage to try?"

Emma felt a rush of lustful elation that sent her over the edge as her lover's words sent him over a precipice of his own and he screamed into the gag and struggled against his cuffs as Nashi slid of him and smoothed her habitual black skirt over her thighs.

If her husband had thought she was finished, however, there was still some disquieting news for him to come – news that Emma herself would be both delivering and showing.

"If that is not enough to persuade you how serious a situation your treatment of your lovely wife has placed you, then I am sure that what your Master has to show and tell you when she is good and ready, will."...

Emma, Nashi & Martin

Wembley – July 2014

…Emma was licking and kissing Nashi's pussy as the memories of that first submission flashed across her eyes and was gratified to hear the girl's soft moans drift up to her as her hand pulled her face closer and closer into her crotch. She loved the taste and the feel of her lover's pussy and was equally as enthused to be on the receiving end of the girl's attention. So different to the few times she had taken her husband's slippery eel into her mouth and the one time she had allowed him to use his tongue upon her. Both acts. She had thought at the time were demeaning and… *submissive*.

Though now she only considered one of them in that same light.

And it was not the feel of his obedient tongue upon her pussy.

Not to mention arse.

Now *that* truly was *"Submissive"*.

Emma recalled a conversation he had instigated with her during the first month of the new… *regime*. She had just finished the wonderful meal Nashi had prepared for them to share while her disgraced and increasingly marginalised partner had served it before eating his more frugal offering alone in the kitchen. Nashi loved cooking and, given the hatred and venom he felt towards her and, increasingly, his wife, it did not make sense to allow him anywhere near food or drink he might be tempted to… *soil*.

He had been taking care of the dishes – sullenly – as Nashi had gone upstairs for a shower when she had entered the kitchen and thanked him for serving her.

The courtesy did not lighten his mood noticeably.

Quite the contrary, in fact:

…“I didn’t see other women when I was away on business because I didn’t love you,” he told her, eyes revealing the anger and bitterness he felt towards her for treating him in such a way.”

“Really?” she asked, careful to keep her manner and tone even but authoritative as Nashi had suggested. “And just how did you think having sex with women who were not me was going to strengthen that love?”

To her surprise, his answer was instant:

“By taking care of needs you were incapable of addressing, that’s how. By preventing me from leaving a marriage that wasn’t satisfying me sexually and a woman I loved.”
She had been to the office that day – his former office – for one of her thrice weekly visits and an update from his former 2IC, Marlene Price, who was now, after Emma herself, the force to be reckoned with at the company she had stripped from her husband. The woman herself someone she found she like as well as being, from all soundings, highly capable and more than up to the task of moving *her* company ahead and upwards. Subsequently, not having showered before she ate, she was still dressed for the office and noticed he responded to her shapely legs in their navy hose

and the spike shoes she had yet to slip off. His grudging interest was obvious and she had no doubt his cock was pounding futilely in its cage.

The above suspicion confirmed when he gave a low groan and changed his stance.

Nashi – again – had been right and the moment he had been released from the bed that fateful day when the new regime was put in place his behaviour towards both her and the former housekeeper given responsibility over him began to compromise.

Even if there could be no doubt that he hated the young Indian girl and his wife was not so far behind her in his beaten and revised estimation.

But it hadn't been his removal from his livelihood and the cock-cage alone responsible for his, admittedly sullen and resentful, acquiescence to the new rule.

She smiled internally as she had taken him to the former study now out of bounds to him and, via Nashi's laptop that was now set-up in what was to be the *housekeeper's* new office, shown him the emails he had supposedly sent to her from his own computer and which had subsequently been deleted from his machine.

Though a record would, of course, always exist with his server.

It had been what was written in those emails that, more than the cock-cage and the company now lost to him, prevented Martin Coxton from seeking the divorce that would at least give him a part of the proceeds from their savings and the value of the house and allow him to start again…

Most Glorious Mistress Nashi

I know you were shocked by my declaration of last night, but I beg you to think about it seriously. I know fond you are of Ms Emma and would do nothing to hurt her. It's one of the reasons I came to you along with the commanding presence I sense beneath your professional demeanor.

You would be helping our marriage immensely if you were to take on the new responsibilities I mentioned. I love Ms Emma and she returns that love. We have a daughter we both adore and would do nothing to hurt her but, that said, I really believe that my wife's lack of sexual curiosity and an absent desire to experiment could spell the end of our marriage if I can't find another way of satisfying certain sexual desires that have long held me in their thrall.

So, yes, I was serious when I asked you to become my Mistress and take charge of me at those times when Ms Emma is absent and we could be discreet. I want to experience service to a young woman of your race and I would make sure you were amply rewarded for both granting this boon and saving my marriage. You would not be cheating with me or showing disloyalty to my wife so much as providing a kind of marriage counselling service – albeit for only one of the partners with the other ignorant of such an arrangement.

Please, my glorious Ms Nashi. Take this unworthy white man as your part-time and private servant and keep his marriage whole. I know you have been giving this serious thought since I first mentioned it last month and I also know that only your loyalty and genuine affection for my wife prevents you from exercising that commanding personality I sense.

Help me, please! I wish nothing more than to serve you – and in ways of your own choosing. You can surely see by the attachments regarding male-chastity I have sent you that placing me in such a contraption would not only make you feel safe but give you complete control over my sexuality. Think of the power you would feel when I came to you and begged to be released from my cage that I may

make love to my wife on those all too rare occasions when she is interested enough to participate. Anything else you wished to do with or to me would be a bonus for your humble servant and I cannot wait to feel the sole of your superior foot against my servile head as I lay before you, prostrate and obedient.

Tell me you will at least think about it, Nashi. I am sick at heart of seeking out other women to satisfy my desires and cheating on my lovely wife. Be assured that by taking control of my manhood – even if it cannot be 24/7 – you are not only saving a marriage but discovering a facet of your own dominant personality that has lay hidden for too long and hindered your own development as the superior young woman fate surely intended for you to be.

Please give this serious thought my hopefully and soon-to-be "Ms" Nashi. Think of how wonderful it will be to have the tongue – and other things – of an obedient Englishman at your disposal whenever the urge takes you.

Yours with hope,

M.

Emma felt amusement bubbling beneath the stern exterior she was showing her husband as she recalled his reaction to that first email and then the others that he had supposedly sent from his desktop to Nashi's email:

"For god's sakes, Emma. Do you hate me so much you could go to all these lengths to… to humiliate me?" he had asked. *"And, apart from the fact nobody who knows me will believe such rubbish, do you really take me for the kind of pantywaist who'd accept such shit?"*

"Firstly," she replied, *"I had no idea I could feel the kind of hate I felt when I first had evidence you were fucking other women on your trips."*

She had been lying. There was no such "other" evidence and all she had was scenes from his fuck-fest with the woman from Alice Springs. But to let him know that would be to invite the question of just why she had been planning his downfall for so long if she hadn't discovered his infidelity until recently.

"That evidence is all tucked away nice and securely in a bank security box to which you have no access," she continued to lie, *"and the reason I showed you the fuck-fest in Sydney with Mrs Alice*

Springs is that I knew it would be freshest in your mind."

"It was nothing, Emma! Just s…"

She had slapped him.

Hard.

The shocked expression upon his face that she could do such a thing to him, despite what had taken place in their own bedroom on that fateful evening, and despite the fact he was now before with all but his faithless cock free, gave her a pleasure she was feeling less and less guilty in the experiencing. She could feel her whole body tingling from anticipation of what was to come between them and the timidity she might once have felt in the presence of change – especially change of such a kind – was conspicuous only by the complete lack of its presence. The perverse joy of her growing control was, she knew, enflaming the unexpected sexuality her own affair with their housekeeper had kicked into life and would, she knew also, change her life as much as it would her husband's.

Her face had almost cracked a smile as she conceded her own changes to be far preferable to

those in store for her once independent and controlling spouse.

And, if ever she were to waver in her treatment of him, all she need do was summon up the images of him fucking other women while she was alone in their home, oblivious and dutiful, to allow the white-heat of her anger to chase such indecision away.

Heat that had grown in temperature as she had gone on:

"To answer your two other questions: yes, I do expect people to believe it, no matter how long they've known you. You forget that most of them have known me just as long as you and that, along with the evidence of your cheating and fucking and Nashi's tearful admission that she agreed to your filthy suggestion only out of loyalty to me, will certainly be enough to make them view you in a new light."

It was as if he saw the seriousness of his predicament for the first time and the look of horror spreading across his handsome features betrayed that fact as she continued, feeling more empowered by the second:

"It was a lot more than just sex, you faithless bastard," she had screamed at him, untroubled by her own hypocrisy and the knowledge she had been having sex with Nashi before she was even aware of his own *extra-curricular* commitments.

"It was a betrayal. Of me, our time together, and our daughter."

He had paled at the mention of *his* Berenice and she knew Nashi was right that his fear of having the daughter he doted upon discovering he had been cheating on her mother would be a potent weapon – probably *the* most potent - when it came to making him capitulate.

That and other, more… *duplicitous*, discoveries.

The prospect of his daughter reading the perverted emails he had supposedly sent to their young housekeeper and the shameless way he had bribed her into becoming the strict mistress he longed for – not to mention pictures of him in his cock-cage, taken from Nashi's very own cell-phone, added yet another strand to the power they now wielded over the hapless husband and father.

How do you think Berenice is going to feel to see pictures of her father fornicating with women other than her mother?" she had pressed him as he stood

behind her, eyes still riveted upon the fake yet damning email. To counterpoint his growing powerlessness she brought up a picture of him licking at the pussy of Mrs Alice Springs in a way that, fortuitously, made their sex seem submissive on his part.

"How lovely for her," she had gone on mockingly. *"But then, Berenice is a compassionate and understanding young girl who loves her father as much as she loves her mother. I'm sure she'll come to terms with seeing pictures of Nashi fondling your trapped scrotum as your cock tries to harden in its cage and then reading the emails between you and realising you actually begged for the privilege.*

Back in the present, Emma recalled the colour draining from his face as he realised she was utterly serious in her intent to destroy his former standing in their daughter's eyes and realised Nashi had been totally correct in her confidence that this alone would bring him to his knees.

Aided and abetted by the emails, of course, and the fact his livelihood had been stripped from him.

She remembered the last of those fake emails.
This one from Nashi to her husband, aided by his good wife.

Sent in the small hours to his desktop while he slept.

This that Emma might make her silent way to his study before he woke in the morning and had a chance to read it.

Pig!

You are no more than that but seem to have a desire to become a lot less.

Your sick desires revolt me and I cannot believe that a wonderful and caring mother and wife such as Ms Emma has not seen through to the sewage that constitutes your true nature. My anger towards you for the way you treat such a marvellous person is as great as I can recall in my short life to now and a part of me truly wishes to cause you the mental pain and suffering you say excites you so much. Or at least that is what you say now. It remains to be seen if you will be so enthusiastic when it comes to pass.

Yes. You have read that last sentence correctly. Despite my relative youth and the fact you revolt me, handsome looks as well, I am going to indulge you in your desires and try to effect a cure for them. And no, I have no wish to take your money and will not do so.

I am going to become your mistress because I have too much affection and respect for your wife to allow you to deceive her with some other woman who has no such regard for her quality, so do not think you will be experiencing me sexually because you will not.

There will be no such placing of your tongue upon me in the way you describe, though I will certainly use you for all manner of humble duties you will no doubt be well-suited to performing. In fact, all your sexual efforts, from the moment I lock you in that chastity contraption you asked my opinion of, will be devoted to pleasing your wife in any way she wishes and no matter how "tame" you find her own desires. I promise I will take great pleasure in locking your cock and balls into the contraption each morning before you leave for the office and releasing you of an evening to please your wife.

Given that Ms Emma likes to take her morning run before breakfast and the fact she always retire before you, there should be little problem in performing the locking and unlocking in an entirely discreet way.

Remember: I do this for Ms Emma and not you. You have hurt her enough already, even if she does

not know of it yet. But, if I have my way, you will never hurt her again.

So yes, you may go ahead and order your "cage" and I will take great pleasure in attaching it to you in order to ensure that you never again cheat upon your wonderful and loving wife.

If this is as acceptable to you as you say it is, then you may seek me out in my room when your wife is sleeping and kneel before me to kiss my bare feet as a token of your willing submission to my supervision.

Believe me, though, I feel much anger for the way you have treated Ms Emma and if we do this I will not consider it a game and will treat this servitude you say excites you so much seriously enough to ensure you perform a penance of sorts for your lovely wife.

Do not say you were not warned.

The choice is yours, Pig!

"How long is this going to continue, Emma," she came back to earth to hear him ask, her thoughts still luxuriating in the noose she and Nashi had fashioned for his neck and the surprisingly swift way he had accepted their suggestion as to how he

would step down from his company and still manage to save face with friend, colleagues and, most importantly, daughter.

“Yes. I had affairs. But I never once stopped loving you or providing for you. What you and that Indian bi…”

Her eyes flashed and he corrected himself.

“What you and the Indian girl have done to me is beyond cruel and despicable.”

His eyes were imploring her at this point and she conceded herself pleased that she was unmoved. Her own husband was standing before her with a chastity-cage beneath his trousers and was in the process of washing the dirty dishes after having waited upon his wife and Indian housekeeper as if he were some flunkey from a few centuries previous. And she could not help but get the impression he was exactly where he deserved to be.

And *exactly* where she intended for him to stay.

“Have you no love left for me at all?” he asked, taking her silence as indecision and guilt and determined to play upon it. “You’ve taken the company I built from me, made me a servant in my

own home and convinced my daughter I'm suffering from some kind of mental meltdown."

His outrage was building as he finished:

"You've even had me pretend in front of a doctor that my former life terrifies me and I only feel safe at home and supervised by my *loving* wife and our dutiful housekeeper."

Emma recalled their visits to the *woman* doctor, listening at her husband's side as he explained to the doctor - and in exactly the words she had told him to use - that he felt unsafe with strangers and only felt able to function in the presence of his wife. Refusing absolutely when the doctor suggested psychiatric treatment and saying the only treatment he needed was the presence and security of his wife. The doctor had even sent him into an empty treatment room that he might not be panicked at mingling with others while she spoke in private with his wife. Going on to offer praise and admiration as Emma convinced her that her husband was the most important thing in her life and if her having to supervise him was a condition for keeping him in it she would do so without regret or loss of respect for him.

She also told the doctor – putting on an embarrassed face as she did so - that he seemed to

get sexual pleasure from… *looking after*… both her and the home.

The doctor's acknowledgment, that this was not an entirely uncommon response from once high-powered men who found the pressure of daily life too much, was yet another brick in the growing wall of circumstantial evidence binding him to both wife and housekeeper.

He was still bemoaning his lot as she came back from what was, she accepted, a surprisingly pleasurable review of something most people would consider… *nasty*.

"I only get to speak to Berenice for a few minutes on Skype! And that's with you in the background listening in. My own daughter thinks I'm a basket case who's scared of the outside world and needs constant supervision. How can having her feel that way about her father be any worse than having her find out he has had some meaningless affairs?"

She stared and said nothing.

"You tell me," he pressed.

She did.

“They were not meaningless affairs to me, Martin. They meant everything, in fact. And if it were not for Nashi persuading me not to destroy my family by throwing you out and finding an alternative solution, you would be out of a home as well as a job.”

“Alternative solution?” he exploded, forgetting himself and the consequences should he anger one or the other of them. “To make me a fucking manservant in my own home? To go from being the owner of my own company to taking orders from an Indian girl less than half my age? To have the wife I loved telling our daughter that I was mentally ill and needed constant supervision? What kind of fucking solution is that?”

As his anger rose, Emma found her hand moving to the fob on the key-ring with her car and home keys she had in the pocket of the business jacket she had yet to take off because she liked the way it seemed to underline her authority over her almost thoroughly housebound husband.

It was an addition to the cock cage that had come as an extra with the purchase and transmitted to an attachment affixed to the titanium ring encircling his scrotum. Attachment made during the first week of the new regime when he taken Nashi by the throat and began throttling her after she had

made a belittling remark to her. It had taken a vase smashed over his head by Emma to stop him short of strangling her lover.

When he had come back to consciousness he found that, along with a thumping headache, he was also in receipt of a new attachment to his cage that could deliver a highly painful and debilitating shock should he give cause in the future.

“I had an affair because I was frustrated by our sex life,” he went on, face purple with rage by now. “But I did it far away where it could cause you pain or humiliation. And not *once* did I treat you with anything less than the love and respect I’ve always showed you from when we first met.”

Once again, his eyes implored her compassion and forgiveness while his mouth voiced all the clichés by way of mitigation:

“Yes, I was wrong. I’m sorry I cheated on you. Believe me, if I could turn back the clock I would. The women meant nothing to me. Hell, I hardly remember them now. It was just sex. But…”

She waited as his expression took on an aggrieved look:

“But what you and that little bitch are doing to me is not just wrong but evil.”

At mention of the *“bitch”*, Emma felt some heat of her own towards him and removed the fob from her pocket.

The sight of it in his wife’s slim-fingered hand instantly robbed him of his anger and replaced it with the fear he had felt for thing and what it could do to him after his cock and balls first experience with the pain it could deliver.

“It’s fully charged and ready to go,” she warned, referring to the battery that had been changed earlier that week before the tiny compartment housing it had been locked again securely with an equally tiny Allen-Key. “Mention *Ms Nashi* disrespectfully again and I’ll have no trouble showing you the consequences of such behaviour.”

She had spoken to him just as if he were one of her charges from the primary school she had taught at before meeting him and jettisoning the career for that of housewife.

And the fact was not lost upon him.

“You’ve stripped me of everything,” he told her. “What is it going to take to finally satisfy you? My suicide?”

Strangely enough, it was something she had considered and the thought disturbed her. Yes, she loved the fact she was now the force in their marriage and she adored being able to command him and watch and listen as young Nashi did the same. But he was still the handsome man she married and, just because the balance of power in their relationship had shifted, his reduced circumstances did not mean she had no feelings for him.

Even if those feelings were based less on the usual concepts of married partnership they had started life as and more on those of obedience and service from one partner to another.

“You’re not the type to even consider taking your life,” she told him while fervently praying she was right – she was not a monster, after all, and still had a… *small*… sense of conscience when it came to his well-being. “You’ve always been an optimist and even now, though you’re deluded in the assumption, you’re telling yourself that things will change for the better. It’s why you were able to overcome so many setbacks and build the company Marlene is now running so ably for me.”

His cheeks flushed an instant red and she knew this last was right up there with things he resented her for most.

Something that went right to the heart of who he was as a man.

The need to feel in control of his own destiny.

A control he no longer had and which, with each passing day of domestic servitude to both his wife and the young Indian girl so instrumental in bringing about the demeaning change in his circumstances, diminished more and more.

“And do you know something else?” she asked.

The eyes that gazed into her own were baleful as she answered her own question:

“You are right to be optimistic.”

Hope replaced outrage across his features.

But not for long.

“Things will change for the better for you.”

His hope was almost physical by now.

“The moment you accept your new position in my household and towards Nashi, will be the moment your life becomes more… *realistic*.”

His face fell.

“Finding out you had been cheating on me – probably from the very beginning of our marriage – killed the love I formerly held for you.”

She could see the beginning of a tear forming in an eye and knew he was hurting from her words, but she pressed on:

“But Nashi…”

She saw his flinch and knew just how much he hated her young lover – even if he didn’t know she occupied that station in her life at this point.

“But Nashi,” she began again, persuaded me not to just kick you out, take your company from you, and go for divorce by way of punishment. So, regardless of your obvious hatred for her, you have my young Indian housekeeper to thank for still having a home and a family; despite the fact you are not thrilled by your new role within it.

“For god’s sake, Emma,” he pleaded. “You’ve humiliated and disgraced me. Everything I valued has been stripped from me and I’m forced to work as a domestic servant in my own home. We no longer share a bedroom, let alone a bed! What’s the fucking point! Why don’t we just end this charade, split all I’ve… all we’ve worked for, and walk away from it as friends at least? Berenice still connects us and think how she will feel to hear you’ve treated her father in such a way.”

Feeling a little guilty for leading him on, but enjoying it too much to stop, she pretended to be giving his suggestion some thought.

“If only for what we once meant to each other, Emma, let’s just sell the company and the house and divide the proceeds between us. Then we can each go our own ways before the feelings we once had for each other are totally trashed.”

“Yes, I see where you’re coming from, Martin,” she lied, continuing to take what she knew was a squalid delight in leading him before lowering the proverbial boom. “Unfortunately, for you at least, those feelings I had for you that you just referred to have already been trashed and, so complete a job did you make of it, that it took much persuasion on young Nashi’s part to allow you to remain in my

life at even the humble and servile level you now occupy."

Again, the frisson of hope she had purposely fed fled from his face and the look of a man who was trapped and could find no way out from his incarceration save total ruin and utter disgrace reinstated itself.
"Had someone asked me some months ago if I could ever feel in such a way when it came to the husband I adored I would have considered them at best deranged. Yes, you could be arrogant. Yes you could be overbearing and dictatorial. Even racist when it came to our young housekeeper. But not for one moment did I ever believe you could be unfaithful to me."

A look of remorse mixed with the misery already written across his features and she recognised the emotion as sincere.

As well as recognising that it made absolutely no difference when it came to the path upon which she had set their future relationship.

Too much had changed in her world over the last few months and she realised she had changed along with it. Already, having benefited from Nashi's tender and caring lovemaking, she found her only sexual rush when it came to her husband was when

she was in the process of dominating him. The thought of ever allowing his cock inside her again was of absolutely no interest to her though, perversely, the prospect of continuing to allow his tongue to please her in the way he had pestered to be allowed to do and she had refused, finding it… *dirty*… was so great she could barely contemplate foregoing it.

But then, how could she?

Especially after Nashi had pointed out that she was no longer granting his desires a favour but insisting he worship the partner who was no longer a wife but a master.

“You… You have no idea how much I regret what I did,” he told her in a voice that, to her delight, sounded beaten and, more importantly… *malleable*.”

“Then it shouldn’t be too much of a hardship for you to try and make it up to me, should it?” she asked, leading him once again.

“Emma, my love, I want nothing more.”

“Do you really mean that?”

He was nodding frantically, standing before her with arms covered in soap-suds to the elbow still from his efforts with the washing-up – despite the fact they had a top-of-the-range dishwasher Nashi refused to allow him to use until he was more… *domesticated*.

"Try me, my love," he urged her. "You're the only woman I've ever loved and it kills me to think my stupidity might cost me yours in return."

"And what would you do to prove it?" she pressed, leading still.

"Anything," he said instantly, sincerity shining from the same eyes that had cheated on her for so long while she, sweetly oblivious, had followed in his footsteps, content to let him lead, even if it meant leaving her home and her friends and uprooting herself to a strange land across the world, simply because her all-knowing husband had always called the shots in their marriage and considered Australia more fertile ground for both the business he was in the process of building and, no doubt, his philandering.

"And what if I told you that taking a backseat in not just our marriage but in our home-life from now on was the price I expected you to pay to stay with me? What then? Knowing that this was not

some game devised to punish you but a lifestyle choice I was forcing upon you. Knowing also that, if you left, I would keep the company you put in my name and remain in this house that also has my name and my name only on the deed. Would you still be willing to do *'anything'* under those circumstances?"

He looked at her as if he could barely believe the words he'd heard, despite what had happened between them recently, and she knew he truly had deluded himself that all the humiliations he had allowed her and Nashi to heap upon his head had been allowed in order to let her work out her anger at him until such a time as she saw fit to reinstate the old order.

For a reason she didn't quite understand, the knowledge he felt this way enflamed her anger with him to an even whiter heat.

And his next words were not exactly… *cooling*.

"Emma, you surely don't mean for this state of affairs to continue. I've put up with it to now because of the guilt I feel for having cheated on you. To show you I still love you and want to make things right. But surely you can see I can't accept what's going on for too much longer."

His cheeks were tinged with colour and she could see his animation grow as his thoughts considered just what he *had* accepted to this point.

“Do you think I’d have gone along with what you and… and…?”

“Ms Nashi?” she prompted.
He nodded, unable to get past his reticence to address such a person in so deferential a way.

“Do you think I could have done it if I didn’t love you so much?” he went on. “What else do you think is keeping me here if not the desire to make things right between us again?”

He was, she knew, being delusional, but she allowed him to finish.

“I understand your need to… *punish*… me for what I did, Emma – and believe me, you can’t hurt me more than the thought of what I did to you does already. But you’ve already taken it too far and if it goes on much longer I see no way I can stay and still think of myself as a man.”

“And you’re making this sacrifice for me?” she asked, leading him all the time without him having the slightest suspicion she was doing so.
“Why else would I still be here?”

“So, becoming my househusband…” his wince was palpable “…and living and sleeping in the basement Nash… Ms Nashi… arranged as servant-quarters is all for me?”

“Who else?”

She lowered the boom:

“Let’s see, shall we?”

The smile she aimed his way was both superior and condescending as the first suspicion this may not have been the beginning of the reconciliation he had hoped for began to penetrate his heated thoughts.

“Firstly, there’s the none too small matter of what you will be giving up if you do leave. Realism is the way forward for you here, I think,” she said, taking a chair and crossing the hosed legs that had always been able to capture his attention – even when he’d been paying attention to the limbs of others.

She saw him swallow back a great lump of outrage and saw it as a testament to how far her control over him had extended that he felt unable to expel it from his mouth.

She also, much to her delight, saw his eyes flicker to her sleek thighs and travel down to where a black court shoe dangled from the very ends of hosed toes belonging to a shapely foot.

It struck her that she had never felt so alive and powerful as she had since allowing Nashi to seduce her and set in place the scenario that would place her husband in her – *their* – thrall also.
She also knew neither her Indian lover nor her growingly compliant husband were things she felt inclined to see disappear from her *new* life.

“That realism,” she went on, “should tell you that your life if you decide to leave or I decide I have no further use for you, whichever comes first, is unlikely to be anything like a picnic. More *soup kitchen* if anything.”

She saw him swallow with difficulty and knew she had touched a nerve – albeit an extremely obvious one.

“Think about it, Martin,” she went on. “Marlene is running the company you put in my name and doing a good job of it with my backing and no input from you whatsoever.”

In truth, this was never far from his thoughts, but he did as she asked anyway and felt the usual bile rise in his throat as she continued to enumerate the factors that constituted his… *powerlessness*.

"So, no need for you there – even if I were to allow it. And, obviously, given that you left the company because of your… *breakdown*... and the word has gotten out within the business, it's highly unlikely you'll find a company willing to employ someone with those kinds of issues."
More bile made the return journey from throat to stomach as he recognised what was no more than a sickening truth.

"So, no income and not much possibility of finding any – save for cleaning burger bars or collecting supermarket trollies. Not looking good so far, is it?"

Not for the first time since his world had crashed around him, Martin Coxton felt an overpowering urge to wrap his hands around the throat of the wife he had once loved and cherished and squeeze until the life left her eyes.

Would probably have done so, in fact, had it not been for the memory of what had happened the last time he did it.

The tiny black fob resting between his wife's fingers and the attachment connecting it to the infernal cock-cage all the motivation he required to find the necessary restraint.

His recall of the agony delivered him the last time one of the bitches saw fit to use it but one more facet of that motivation.

"Of course, our daughter loves you and you could always turn to her."

Her laughter was not kindly.

"Not sure what she could do for you, mind. Given she's still a student and shares an apartment with three others. Though I'm sure she'd help you with the social services and make sure they do their best to look after her *sick* father."

It was too much for him.

"And just how do think she'd feel about her truly *'sick'* mother if she knew what she had done to her father? Yes, she'd be disgusted with me for cheating on you. *I'm* disgusted with myself. But *never*, no matter what you had done to me, would I ever have considered treating you the way you're treating me."

Emma was unperturbed and knew her calmness would only serve to enrage him.

“And how will she ever find that out, Martin?” she asked, quelling a small upsurge of guilt at his words and staying on-message. “You asked for your servitude. Remember? Begged Nashi in your emails to put your cock in a chastity-cage. Told her how you had always wanted to serve a woman-of-colour.”

She saw his temper simmering as he recalled the fake emails and how they made him look, knowing there was no way he could ever persuade his daughter that her sainted mother could ever have set him up in such a way and written them herself before sending them onto Nashi and deleting them from his sent-items.

He knew this because he was having trouble believing it himself.

And he *knew* what she had done.

“At the moment, Berenice believes you’ve had a minor breakdown brought on by the pressure and stress of running a company and making decisions. She was upset to hear that her *‘Daddy’* only felt safe and secure when at home with his wife and the housekeeper he looked to for guidance when that

same wife had to be absent. But soon got over her surprise to hear that her once vibrant and commanding father took more pleasure these days in making himself useful about the home than going out into the big scary world beyond its walls."

She gave him a smile full of faux compassion she knew had to be infuriating to him and went on:

"That explains all the lovely little chats you've had with her on Skype as I listened in for any… *indiscretions*… on your part and why she is so patient and understanding of you when you try to act as if you're still that same old *'Daddy'*," she went on before her face suddenly hardened. "Even though I've told her it's unlikely you will ever be the same man again."

As she had known it would be – and even as she contemplated how the love she had once felt for him could so swiftly have been transformed into a desire to… *punish* – her depiction of his situation proved too much for him and her finger was already on the fob waiting when his extended hands lunged for her throat.

As the voltage was conducted through the titanium containing the Coxton crown jewels she intended *never* to know fully independent action again, and

he gave a scream before the air was sucked from his lungs and made speech impossible, she kept the fob depressed until his knees buckled and he sank to the floor at her feet.

It was a position, she knew, that was now symbolic of how she hoped their relationship to each other would remain and, as she took her finger from the fob and he rolled onto his side, she placed a foot still in its court-shoe upon the side of his neck to consolidate that symbolism in the mind of her husband also.

When he recovered from the shock to his system, she decided, it was high time she showed him it was not a case of his *"accepting"* but rather a case of her *demanding*.

Her once benign an amenable features twisted into a malevolent smile as she hit upon just the way to put across her message.

After all, the foot and its counterpart that was currently resting upon his neck had experienced a hard day at the office and, air-con notwithstanding, had understandably perspired in the hose and court-shoes confining them.

And, as he had so often protested to her when trying to sell her on the pleasures of oral sex:

“I do have a tongue in y head, you know?”

Epilogue

Martin Coxton considered it a by-product of the treatment he received at the hands of his former wife and her Indian housekeeper, and now lover, that the long hours alone in the basement now serving as his servant quarters seemed to have made his senses so acute.

What else could explain the fact that, when the key turned in the lock and Ms Nashi came downstairs in a cool and flowing sari he was crouched naked at the foot of the stairs, forehead lowered to the cool cement of the basement floor in the position of respect she had taught him to adopt when either he entered the presence of the two women ruling his life or they entered his?

His senses, it struck him, were becoming positively canine in their application.

And as for his responses…

No matter how often he performed the sexual and domestic chores of his new existence, familiarity could not dull the sense of shame that now far outstripped the levels of surprise and outrage he had once felt for his wife's treatment of him.

Shame that seemed to grow by the day as his manhood shrank and he became no more than an emasculated factotum to the two women who seemed to glory in taking him to still lower depths.

How could they have done this?

And so swiftly?

And achieved the transformation with so little in the way of resistance from him?

If he hadn't, after all, been the pitiful excuse for a man they now insisted he had been all the time, how could he have succumbed to their treatment of him so… *gutlessly?*

Why else would he be responding in the way he was? Actually looking forward to time spent in their presence – even if it was as the lowliest flunkey of the low. A chattel! With no more input into what went on around him than a particularly tame and docile household pet.

And why, in the name of all that was holy, would the prospect of the young Indian bitch slurping at the shrine of the once repressed wife who had refused him the same privilege send him to such levels of arousal even his cock-cage was hard-pressed to contain him?
"Your former wife belongs to me now," the girl had informed him. *"As I belong to her. You are of use to both me and her only as a servant and plaything."*

Even those words from the low-born bitch had provided him with a perverse excitement and he could not fail to acknowledge he had somehow, and fundamentally, changed.

And not for the better.

Even the growingly infrequent Skype conversations with his daughter were not events he looked forward to experiencing any longer. It just wasn't the same. And, even though she was always at

pains to assure him of her love, he could detect the undertone of…

What?

Disgust? Disappointment? Betrayal?

He was her father, after all. He had no right to make her feel sympathy for her. He was the rock, the strength upon which their family of three had been based and for her to have to view him in any other way was simply too much to place on a young girl's shoulders. Which was when, no matter how many times he dwelt upon the transformation, he found anger enough to distract him from his self-pity and sense of helplessness; knowing his wife and the Indian bitch between them had manoeuvred him into a no-win situation.

Either he let his daughter continue to believe he was a shell of the man he once was who could only function under the supervision of the wife who once lived by his word…

Or he try to convince Berenice that her mother had engineered the whole situation in payback for his affairs and that the perverted and incriminating emails he had supposedly sent to the Indian girl – *as if!* – were no more than examples of her need for revenge.

He knew full well who his daughter would believe.

And *he* was *not* it.

Better, he had told himself – as much to console himself for his own weakness and fear – that his daughter believe him the recipient of some kind of mental breakdown; rather than some masochistic freak who craved the dominance of an Indian girl a year younger than herself.

Which begged the question:

If he wasn't the masochistic freak they had threatened to paint him, then what could explain his reaction to life they were thrusting upon him?

The short but spiked heels of her diamante sandals, echoing on the stone-staircase as she made her way down to him, drove further contemplation of his cowardice from his mind and, like the Pavlovian beast he sensed he was becoming, his denied cock attempted to stiffen in the titanium cage that so successfully prevented this basic form of manly self-expression.

Had he really fallen so low that the simple sound of an Indian bitch's sandals – an Indian bitch he loathed with every fabric of his being – could

reduce him to a state of unholy and unresolvable longing?

His thoughts could not be bothered to make reply as her smooth and well-tended feet stopped inches from his lowered eyes and he immediately shuffled forward to lap at their vermillion painted nails with doglike servility, the saltiness of her slightly perspiring brown flesh counterpointing his unnatural excitement with a real taste of degradation.

What other answer could possibly be made to the previous self-asked question?

“That is a good boy for your Malkin,” the hated sing-song accent praised, using a word from her own language she had insisted he adopt when addressing her.

She as *“Malkin”*, his former wife as *“Master”*.

He sensed her bending down and, sure enough, a condescending hand patted his denuded scalp before caressing his neck reassuringly, exactly the way an owner would reassure a skittish pet.

“Your Malkin is very happy with you she said, squatting down beside him. “She returned from England yesterday and has spent today… *relaxing*.

That is why I have kept you down here until she is ready to see you."

In his new nakedness about the house, Martin Coxton was not at all sure he wanted to see his wife – not that he had a say in the matter.

And why, he asked himself, did the Indian bitch make such a point of placing an emphasis on the *"relaxing"* part of her observation?

"She was, however," the bitch herself continued, "most impressed when I told her how obedient you had been for me during her trip and told me to tell you that, if you behave pleasingly when your Malkin takes you upstairs in a few moments, she is going to let me release your little white cock when I return you to your quarters later and please it with my very own hand."

Her words passed through him as if they were an electric current.

Never, on the all too few occasions she had taken him from his cage and allowed him release, had she taken him in hand the way she had on that fateful first night of the new regime when she had manipulated his engorged cock to an explosive orgasm before encasing it and the scrotum beneath in captivity.

He had suffered the indignity of using his own hand as he knelt naked before her, and had humped the sole of her brown foot and the outside of her muscular calves.

But never had she taken his released manhood in her hand again.

Until now.

Perhaps.

Martin Coxton groaned as – and not for the first time - titanium met cock and gained its usual victory.
Yet another perverse reaction underlining how far from the state of manly grace he had fallen.

“Yes, I thought that would excite you, my good obedient boy,” she chuckled as the titanium bit and he squirmed with discomfort. “No more bad thoughts about, Ms Nashi anymore, heh? She is your Malkin now and will be a kind owner so long as you show her the proper respect.”

As he allowed himself to try and latch onto any one of the number of *“bad thoughts”* on her behalf that flashed through his mind he was also beset by the conflict of wishing to please the bitch who was part

responsible for destroying the comfortable life and wonderful loving marriage he had known, while at the same time wanting nothing more than to dismember her limb by limb and feed the dislocated parts to *real* dogs.

Leaning in to her caress as she took an ear between her fingers and tugged at it playfully, he knew it was a *conflict* whose outcome had already been decided.

The rattling of what sounded like a length of chain distracted him from his cur-like enjoyment and looking to his right he saw he was not mistaken.
“I’m taking you upstairs to see the Master in a moment,” she told him. “And if you behave pleasingly enough you may be allowed to sleep at the foot of her bed for a while before I lock you away down here for the rest of the night.”

Her fingers released his ear and he again heard the rattling of the chain before she ordered:

“Head up for Malkin, now.”

Still on all fours, the taste of her perspiring toes fresh upon his tongue still, Martin Coxton saw she held a length of chain in one hand that appeared to be attached to leather at its extremities.

“That is right, my good boy,” the sing-song English mocked. “It is a dog-lead and a collar.”

His face coloured an even deeper crimson as two questions occurred to him yet again:

“How had he fallen so low in so short a space of time he could allow a girl of her… type… to do such a thing to him?”

And…

“Why, if he found the situation as shameful, mortifying, and emasculating as his thoughts professed, was his cock trying to burst from its restraints with a vigour the likes of which he hadn’t experienced to that point?”
“There!” she said, eyes glittering with an unnatural intensity that bespoke the delight she took in controlling the handsome older Englishman and former master of the house, buckling the collar at the back of his neck and rising to look down at him. “Now you look what you truly are.”

She laughed.

“An obedient dog in the home of his Master and his Malkin.”

He felt a tear trickle down his cheek as he sensed he would never fully be a man again.

Not after this.

She took the slack out of the chain and fetched his head up further.

“You will remain on all fours until given permission to adopt another stance,” she informed him.

He waited, near numb with incredulity and humiliation that his life could have been reduced to this, knowing that the Indian bitch keeping him on a collar and lead was not finished yet.

“When I say the word *‘Heel’* you are going to follow me upstairs to your Master’s bedroom where she has a surprise for you.”

What was left of his spirit sagged.

Surprises, he had learned recently, were *not* good.

And he was not be disappointed on this occasion.

“Your Master has something nice and juicy in her glorious pussy you wished to service with your tongue for so long.”

His eyes flashed suspiciously, praying she was not telling him what he thought she was telling him.

“That is right,” she said with a smirk. “The wife you cheated upon has taken her first male lover. And in your former bed.”

As much as he hated Emma for what she had done to him, Martin Coxton’s eyes flooded with tears as memories of their early days together juxtaposed themselves alongside his current misery and he finally realised the true cost of his cheating and the pain it must have caused her – even if her retaliation had gone far beyond anything he would have believed her capable in his regard.

“Unlike you, I am not the jealous type and realise your Master deserves to have herself filled with the cock of a real man after so many years experiencing the disappointment provided by yours.”

His eyes lowered to fixate upon the sight of the feet he had had just licked, one sandal tapping out a rhythm on the cement floor as she went about belittling him, concentrating hard that he might block out her words.

He was unsuccessful.

“He has left copious amounts of young and virile cream in your wife’s superior pussy,” he heard her say and a mixture of disgust and arousal coalesced in his thoughts as he again prayed he was not going to be asked to do what he thought they were going to ask him to do.

Yet still he voiced no comment, inquiry, or complaint.

He had, in fact, long before given up asking her to explain why she took such pleasure in denigrating and humiliating him and realised such inquiries only served to heighten the bitch’s unnatural pleasure his torment provided.

“That is right, my dirty-boy,” she told him. “You are finally going to be given the honour you were always so persistent in asking for.”

He felt his stomach give a lurch and could only imagine what might happen if worst came to worst.

“You are finally going to get to worship Master’s superior pussy that I, your former housekeeper, know so well. And not only that, but you are going to kill two birds with one… *tongue*.”

She giggled at what she saw ash her own special humour.

“Not only are you going to give Master’s cunt a nice and reverent tongue-bath but you are going to clean her pussy of her young lover until it is as pristine as the day of its birth – and be pathetically grateful to do so.”

Martin Coxton felt weak in the knee and felt sure that if he hadn’t already been on all-fours he would certainly have had no choice but to drop to them.

The waking nightmare was about to take another turn.

Very much for the worse.

“It will please your Malkin greatly,” his Indian keeper said from above him, “if you keep your nose as close to her heel as you can until we are upstairs in the Master’s bedroom.”

He continued to stare at her feet.

“Am I to take it you are ignoring me and wish for a taste of the pain from the fob I have in my pocket?” she asked when he made no answer.

“N-No, M-Malkin!” he answered instantly and desperately at the prospect of having his balls and cock semi-fried once again. “I… I understand.”

She left a silence, finding it pleasurable to toy with him, then:

“Very well. I shall overlook your rudeness this time. But there will be no further softness on my part.”

Hearing such a word fall from the lips of a perverted Indian guttersnipe with neither a soft nor sympathetic bone in her body, Martin Coxton wondered, and not for the first time, if he was simply having a recurring dream and that soon he would wake to find himself in bed with his wife and ready to tackle another day running *his* company.

He was not allowed to wonder for long when the voice of the Indian girl who was now his *“Malkin”* barked:

“Heel!”

THE END