House of Servitude

Indian Mistress/English Chattel

Malkin Jamali

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“HOUSE OF SERVITUDE”

By
Malkin Jamali

With thanks and gratitude to my dear friend, Ms Indira



PROLOGUE



“What concerns me the most is my privacy and the possibility of illegality,” the woman whose house it was told her guest; a fair-haired woman of middle-years and Germanic stock she knew to be of a likemind to go with her love of self-determination and the money supplying it. It was their fifth meeting and, as is usual with women whose approach to life and the desires accompanying it are similar, they had grown both comfortable and trusting in each other’s company.

The latter of the two most important, given the nature of what they intended – even if it was not the woman of Germain stock’s first *“rodeo”*, so to speak, when it came to such matters requiring much in the way of intimacy and that aforementioned trust before it could be spoken of with both truth and openness.

Something her precise if accented English emphasised as it exited thin and spiteful lips towards the younger Indian woman sitting with unmistakable, if obvious impatience, on the sofa opposite:

“As you know, Garima, all contracts entered into are consensual in nature…”

She paused to allow herself a conspiratorial smile to which she was pleased to see her hostess, client and, increasingly, friend respond favourably.

Adding:

“At least in the beginning.”

Going on then, as the excitement of her hostess revealed itself in the colour spreading across her plump yet curiously feline cheeks:

"I intend no boastfulness when I assure you that no man I have considered… *suitable* …for the kind of service required by my ladies has yet to be found… *wanting*."

Her Indian client with the short but powerful legs and exaggerated Subcontinent calf-muscles, similar to her own of the Northern European variety, was breathing shallow breaths and the rasp of nylon against nylon could be heard as her growing arousal for the prospect being described to her increased.

It was not, after all, every day that a once poor girl from Brahmapur in the West Bengal was offered her most cherished social and sexual desire.

A desire which, no matter her religious devotions and how warped and depraved she knew it to be, had never lost its power over her.

Even when her wealthy and controlling pig of a husband had been alive.

Not that she had been the one to choose the older and demanding swine.

For that she could thank her grasping father who had been only too willing to commit his only daughter to a loveless union with the swine for no more than what was a pittance when compared to the fortune belonging to the man acquiring her.

A fortune that now belonged to her.

In total!

A fortune of which her pathetic excuse for a loving father would never see one single rupee.

"As you know," the woman promising to deliver her fondest fantasy to her in real for went on, "I have placed many men with women in similar situations to yourself. And, though some of those men have required more involved handling than others, I have yet to know failure and you can be assured that, if you follow my instructions to the letter and do not allow impatience to make you move too quickly and too soon, you will soon be in utter and complete control of just the type of mature European male of whom you have always dreamed."

The Indian woman whose name was Garima Setty nodded again; hosed thighs pressed together with even more force as she sought to hold back the tide of arousal inspired by the words of the woman opposite – even as she gave thanks for responding to the online advertisement she had inadvertently come across a few months before.

Helga, she knew, was a woman entirely after her own heart in at least *one* respect and it was, in fact, an incredible relief to actually and finally speak of her childhood desires translated to maturity with a fellow woman without the slightest hint of judgement offered her way.

“I am at pains for the selected applicants to know as little of me as possible,” her guest continued, “even to the extent of not revealing my features until I am satisfied they are suitable.”

“But how on earth do you achieve that?” asked her hostess. “Do they not think it strange?”

The woman named Helga allowed herself a laugh:

The men who are desperate enough to respond to such an advertisement as I place are usually in desperate straits and it hardly matters what they think. And besides, by the time I am certain they are suitable, it hardly matters and it is not as if we are doing anything illegal anyway… Yet.

Both women laughed at this having already discussed possible future ramifications should the *“applicant”* prove reticent and wish to break their agreement.

“By the way,” Helga asked, “did you manage to read the eBook I sent you?”

The woman’s features seemed to become even more animated and supplied and amused Helga with her answer as she sensed the reminder had already sent Garima Setty’s thoughts back to the text by a woman titled, *“Ms Indira”* and called *“A Passage to Britannia”*.

A text she herself had found both cerebral, well-written and, above all… *hot*…

… My brown hand was startling against the white cock that strained within its grasp. Angry red lacerations, where it had thrust so urgently against the metal bars containing it not minutes before, adding yet another visual element to the meeting of East and West. As well as confirming the triumph of the former.

“Me”

“There,” I cooed down to him, his back against the less than luxurious paillasse that now rested upon the unadorned floor and served as his bed – less inviting even that the single-cot he had provided for me in the tiny box-room that had once been my quarters in his home. “Does it not feel… right… to have your revered young Malkin’s hand around your manhood in such a way?”

I knew from his own lips – from his writing, anyway – that he despised my heavily stressed English, no matter how fluent and articulate I was in his native tongue; so the fleeting grimace that crossed his handsome, if undeniably preoccupied, features was not a surprise to me exactly. The man was a snob and a xenophobe of the highest order and to find himself dependent upon a creature such as his young Indian housekeeper was a humiliation great enough to cause him an almost physical pain. And yet, such is the complexity, weakness, and contrary nature of the human mind – especially of the male variety – his obsession for the body of that same young Indian housekeeper, along with his growing acceptance of the obedience and respect he must show in order to receive its bounty, ensured the human-bondage that kept him in place at her feet.

Using two fingers either side of his pylon hard penis, I began a slow up and down movement, squeezing intermittently on the journey down and then back and feeling my

own unholy excitement rise as the breath of the older Englishman who had considered himself my master became both ragged and rasping.

"That is a good obedient boy," I told him, deliberately exaggerating the thickness of my accent that he be under no illusions as to just who was exercising such intimate control of him. "You see the rewards that can be yours if you please your young Malkin."

I gave his cock a firmer squeeze, robbing him of even more breath and making any reply he might have considered making academic.

"Yes, your Indian master may be so much younger than you, but she is also your superior now, and knows just what her servant needs as a motivation to prove himself her most dutiful and doting chattel."

My words were calculated to enflame further the fire of his submission to me but were also sincerely meant on my part.

I am his superior.

His Malkin.

His… MASTER.

The outward differences between us, in looks, age, and background that might make the casual observer consider the reverse to be true, have been placed upon their head and it is the young Indian woman who rules his world.

Totally.

"To whom does this worthless white cock belong?" I asked, and to this question I did require a reply; regardless of any difficulties he might have in finding it.

When no response was forthcoming, I removed my hand from his cock and held it palm up before his eyes that he may inspect what had been withdrawn in greater detail.

"Your Malkin asked you a question."

It was all there in his eyes: anger, need, self- disgust and, most important of all, weakness. He was being stripped of his manhood and it was the pusillanimous of that manhood itself allowing me to do it. The outward appearance of strength and authority had always been a façade and, now it had been removed, would never show itself again.

If I had my way.

"It… It belongs to you, Malkin," his voice croaked up to me as I squatted upon the floor at the side of the paillasse to which I had relegated him.

He was prevaricating, knowing exactly what I expected from him and trying to avoid the giving.

"What belongs to me?" I snapped in a voice that left him in no doubt I was losing patience and his manhood would soon find its way back into its cage if it snapped completely.

The contemplation of such loss was enough:

"My cock belongs to you, Malkin," he said, voice thick with a shame that matched his perverse and pitiful desire.

Still not good enough.

"Are you trying to provoke your Malkin?" I hissed, supplying his naked thighs with slaps upon each from my free hand.

"No, Malkin!" he protested, his desperation to feel my brown hand again take his white cock in its grasp strong enough to lend force to his words; the images in my head of how his snobby friends would react upon seeing him in such an abject condition before a young Indian woman who had come into his home as a housekeeper and, instead, had taken him as her own servant enflaming my own desires further.

Imagery, if he was experiencing the same, that diluted the power of his need not one whit.

"P-Please, Malkin. Wh-What I meant to say was: your servant's worthless white cock belongs to you."

I gave him a few seconds, peering down at him with a stern expression it utterly thrilled one of my years and race to be directing towards a man of his. My firm and hourglass shape and the bare and full breasts with hardened nipples that swayed above his prone form, seeming only to emphasize my superiority over him; despite the undoubted attractions of his older but well-kept body and the handsome head atop it. There was no longer any doubt in my mind at this point that we had reached the exalted condition of "owner" and "owned".

Exalted for me, that is.

"Do not forget again," I reminded him, before returning my hand to the cock that remained at rigid attention and being rewarded with the gasp that was part swoon and served to let me know my conquest of him was all but complete.

Retaining my grip upon his erection, I swiveled my head in the direction of his feet and slung a leg over his face before lowering my hairless and gushing cunt to within a few inches of his mouth.

"This is not all about your pitiful pleasure," I told him. "You can thank your Malkin for her kindness by worshipping her superior Indian womanhood in the way she has taught you."

I was about to lower my dripping sex onto his waiting mouth when I paused:

"And if you wish to be released from your cock-cage in the near future, you would do well to remember not to cum until your Malkin has received her own satisfaction."

Not waiting for a reply from below, I sat my brown arse directly upon his waiting white face and felt his tongue protrude to slather the length of my gash; my own sigh that was more of a swoon having followed the moment his head was trapped between my thighs and made no less… incredible… by the throbbing of the cock he had conceded I now owned against the palm of my controlling hand.

That I had waited until granting my own excitement expression not so surprising when all was taken into account.

It would not do to have a lowly servant see the effect he could have upon his Malkin now, would it?

He was not entirely stupid, after all, and, just like her, he might see it as a means of gaining some power of his own.

As his lapping tongue became bolder and I felt my orgasm rushing ahead of me that it might break on some very welcome rocks, the up-and-down strokes of the hand manipulating his cock became faster.

Much faster!

After all, I did wish him to disobey me and spout his pathetic English semen before I reached my crisis and gave him permission.

And punishing him was so pleasurable, I thought to myself as the mere thought of doing as much brought the rocks up to meet me faster than I had anticipated and jets of creamy white semen left his cock before I made impact.

Ensuring my own scream of release that followed a few seconds later owed a great deal to the imagery of how I would be meting out his discipline once I had recovered…

…It… It was…" Garima began, feline subcontinent cheeks looking molten to the touch as she attempted unsuccessfully to describe her reaction to the eBook she continued to masturbate over some three weeks from having had it given to her.

“My own feelings exactly,” said Helga truthfully, saving her new friend and client the inconvenience of framing an answer.

“Can… Can you tell me if you have someone in mind?” Garima asked the overheated hostess finally, squeezing her thighs together for all she was worth as, to her disappointment, the stockily built woman from Saxony stock shook her head.

“These things take time, Garima, and I will not commit to a course of action until I am certain the man in question is of the mental and physical make-up, not to mention one whose circumstances make him perfect for our purposes. I will not deviate from my usual screening procedure and neither will I waste either your highly expensive time and money or my own by putting forward an applicant I am not entirely sure of.”

Garima nodded, impatient but understanding.

After all, this was no straightforward household appointment they were discussing.

What they *were* discussing was nothing short of the emasculation and enslavement of mature and healthy Englishman in his own land.

A position in the Indian woman’s household that would be nothing short of a modern form of indenture…

ONE



He stood shuffling from foot-to-foot in front of the entrance to Berkeley House and seemed to be arguing with himself as to whether he should enter or not. He was not a wealthy man, or even comfortable, if the shabbiness of his down at heel boots and the suit above spoke truly, though he was clean shaven. Probably handsome, with his dark eyes, had he not looked so… *hangdog*.

Taking out an advertisement he had torn from a copy of the Guardian Classifieds he had been reading at one of the few reference-libraries still left open in the area, he again scanned it.

Wanted
Mature man of good education for live-in position. Household work and domestic duties will be required.
All will be found for the right applicant in a comfortable and respectable home along with an amount of weekly spending money, should performance of duties prove satisfactory.
This position would be suitable for a more mature gentleman who has, perhaps, fallen upon hard times for reason of either ill-fortune or reasons beyond his control.

Apply in first instance to Ms Helga Hertzog at…

…Making a decision, he placed the ad back in his pocket as climbed up the few steps into the reception to stand thoughtfully before the board indicating the various businesses contained within the building.

What he wanted was at the very top of the building upon the seventh level and, if the board was correct, had the whole floor to itself.

"PERFECT RETAINERS"

He took out a newspaper cutting and compared it to the name on the board and pressed for the lift. His coat was buttoned tightly and the shirt collar seen beneath it was frayed and had seen the greater part of a week's service. It was obvious to anyone interested enough to look that this was a man who was *not* in a good place.

Just the same, the ad had said – unusually – that no appointment was required and that applicants should simply present themselves the company offices.

What had he to lose, after all?

After the lift deposited him on the seventh floor he found himself in a hall with a single set of large double-doors glazed with frosted glass and the nerves that had seen him prevaricate downstairs returned with a vengeance as he was again confronted with the company logo on large brass plate to their side.

Approaching and looking for a buzzer of some kind, he was surprised when the doors opened electrically and he found himself in a minimally furnished room with a wooded floor and no more than a small glass table with some magazines to go with the four or five chairs dotted about what was obviously a waiting room – though how he was supposed to let anybody know he was waiting was beyond him.

Mystification that was soon redundant when the doors to his left opened with a whoosh and a female voice beckoned with what he took to be something Germanic in its tone:

"Come."

Irritation was his first thought upon hearing the somewhat disdainful timbre in the voice of this person who had yet to meet him, but then he realised the circumstances that had brought him here in the first place and swallowed his indignation back to enter.

The room was far larger than the one he had just left but was furnished with no more than a carved oak writing-table upon which sat the obligatory computer. One of the walls was covered with books but looked to him more for decoration than actual reading.

The most remarkable feature of the room, however, was the woman who sat behind the desk.

She was, he saw, of solid build and by her upper body looked to be in her mid-thirties perhaps, but her face he could not see.

And for excellent reason; given it was hidden behind a veil of fine silk net which had been adjusted over the head like a loose bag and tightened under the chin.

The woman at the table snorted at his surprise.

"Be seated," she said in a precise English that confirmed his suspicion she was not a native of his own land or, at least, not to begin with. "Do not be alarmed. I suffer at this time from severe eczema and prefer to remain covered until such time as the treatment I am receiving has taken full effect."

"Be assured Im not alarmed," he told her, feeling somehow that she was talking down to him and, in the process, emasculating him – especially when the nature of the position he was here to seek was taken into consideration.

"Nothing is likely to alarm me more than my own situation right now.

The veiled figure said nothing for a while and he took the opportunity to appraise what he could see of her, given her legs were hidden beneath the desk and her face covered.

Again his thoughts remarked upon her solid upper body and the, admittedly, magnificent and inviting breasts jutting from a figure-hugging black top in Lycra.

"You're here about our advertisement," she said after a long pause.

The other bowed.

"You require an assistant for a private home," he answered, "though your ad made no mention of what that assistant would do other than help around the house. Someone discreet who can follow instructions."

"I would have thought the name of our… *enterprise* …might have given you at least a little insight into the kind of assistant our clients are looking for," she told him with a hint of rebuke.

He was aware that she was scrutinising him through the strange veil and felt his temper rise a little; despite the need he had for what the ad said was on offer.

"I took it that the *'Perfect Retainers"* referred to some kind of cleaning service and that you provided personnel in that area."

The veiled head shook slowly from side-to-side.

"If that isn't the case, I think it would be courteous of you to tell me just exactly what the position you are offering involves. Your ad mentioned live-in and board for the right applicant."

The woman behind the desk leant back and intertwined her fingers across her stomach.

“The question is, are *you* the kind of applicant I can… I can… *offer* …to my clients.”

A sense of unease made him fidget before her as he got the distinct impression she had been about to say *“sell”* instead of *“offer”*.

Unease he shrugged off as being entirely too fanciful; though what followed soon had him re-evaluating the dismissal.

“From what I can see of you so far,” she went on with what he took to be a German-accent, “it is obvious that you are desperate and in a bad way financially.”

He felt her eyes evaluating him through the veil.

“I would say a bad divorce. Am I correct?”

The colour rose to his cheeks as he recalled the wife responsible for where he was now and it was all he could to regain control enough to nod in the affirmative.

“I am an astute judge of character and accompanying circumstances,” she went on without false modesty. “It is what makes my services and that of the company I own most prized.

“From the moment you entered until now has been enough to persuade me that you will prove an invaluable addition to my existing… employees.

Again he had the impression she had intended to use quite another description of him, but he was too overjoyed to hear that she was already thinking of taking him on to dwell on it for long – though he would later. No matter, a few minutes in this was already proving the strangest interview he had taken part in no matter which side of the desk he was sat.

“But… What exactly would I be doing as one of your… employees?” he asked. “And why would you be so ready to employ me? We don’t even know each other’s names!”

“Easily remedied,” she said, rising suddenly and moving around the desk to pace before him. As he had suspected, she was short and the matronly legs clad in black hose below were a match for the solidly compact body above with their equally matronly and conical breasts. “You may call me, Ms Helga.”

She stopped in mid-stride without supplying a surname or offering a surname and he realised she was waiting for him.

“Sorry. It’s Fulton,” he said after a pause, wondering if he should pay her in the same coin and add his own male honorific before deciding against it. He was the petitioner here, after all. The cards being held were certainly not in his hand.

“Vaughan Fulton,” he said at last, feeling as if she had somehow forced a concession from him.

Not to know that she had and it would not be the last, or the worst, of them going forward.

She nodded and then continued to pace at his back, speaking in that patronising English accented German.

“Before I explain your duties and the training you will need to undergo,” she began, “allow me to tell you how I can be so sure you are suitable after so short an acquaintance.”

Vaughan Fulton waited, hatred for his wife and her new man simmering as he told himself he would not be in this situation were it not for her… *“fucking treachery!”*.

“We have already confirmed that you are divorced and, from your general appearance and your demeanour, I think it is safe to say that the parting was not without acrimony – at least on your side.”

He bit his cheek angrily.

Was he really so transparent.

Apparently so:

“I would also say that you have spent some time in prison recently. I am only guessing here, but I would say the cause was most likely some kind of physical retribution you tried to take on the man who came between yourself and your wife.”

It was too much.

“Not *tried*,” he exploded. “l put the slimy bastard in the infirmary!”

There was no reply and his spirits sank as he realised what he had just done and how it had probably lost him the first job offer to come his way since being released from the hell that had been Brixton Prison these past two years before spending the last three months of his sentence in an open facility on the Kent coast.

“Please forgive my outburst,” he apologised in an almost grovelling voice he hated. “It… It’s still a bit… *raw* …with me.”

“I shall overlook it on this occasion, Fulton,” she told him, using his surname in the way of a superior towards an underling, and in a voice entirely too haughty for his liking. “But, should you repeat such behaviour going forward there will be consequences.”

Again there was a long silence as she continued to pace and he, despite her haughtiness, professed himself relived his outburst hadn’t blown things for him.

Then:

“Obviously, you have no current employment or you would not be here,” she said, almost to herself. “Where do you live?”

The humiliation of his living situation and what he had been reduced to filled his throat with bile as he prepared to answer; knowing he had no alternative if he wished to join the ranks of the housed and gainfully employed once again:

“On the fourth floor of a council halfway-house in Mitcham,” he replied at last. “The family home used to be in Beckenham, not far from my former business in Croydon. Couldn’t think of anywhere else to go.”

“You have no family? Close friends?”

He snorted.

“I’m an only child and my parents passed the day after my fortieth birthday.”

His head shook wonderingly, as if he still couldn’t quite believe what had happened to him.

“Three weeks later, my lovely faithful wife and the mother of my eighteen-year-old daughter told me she’d fallen in love with the supposed best friend who was my business partner. That was when I put him in hospital and lost everything. Wife, daughter, home and business.”

“The business was not in your name?”

“No. I was made bankrupt seven years ago when a former business failed through no fault of mine and I put the new one in my wife’s name and that of my… *friend*.”

If he expected sympathy to emerge from behind the veil he was soon disappointed:

“An ill-advised move that probably indicates why your first business failed and explains why your former wife and friend were able to treat you with such contempt,” she all but sneered, her own contempt for him not entirely restrained.

It was no more than Vaughan Fulton had told himself on many an occasion, but hearing it from the lips of a stranger seemed to make it even more infuriating.

As well as… *shaming*.

“Why did you stay in the area?”

Fulton shrugged his shoulders.

“Why?” insisted the woman.

“I’m not entirely sure myself,” he shrugged again. “Suppose I was hoping my daughter would want to reconcile with me.”

“And has she?”

His head shook and he felt tears form at the back of his eyes.

“My loving wife and loyal friend put the poison into her too deeply, it seems.”

His scowl went deep and was saturated with bitterness:

“It appears my daughter now believes I was a mentally as well as physically abusive husband.”

Still nothing resembling sympathy was forthcoming.

“And now you are without a home or the means to support yourself and find the street but one fragile step away.”

It wasn’t a question but a statement of fact, but this didn’t prevent him from having to bite back a sarcastic retort to her obvious description of his new day to day and her unfeeling reminder to him of it.

“And, of course,” she continued, “as a convicted felon and with your advanced age, at least in vocational terms, finding employment of any kind, let alone of the decent and long-term variety, is next to impossible in today’s job market.

Again, it wasn’t a question and he remained silent.

“Perhaps, Fulton,” she said, again using his surname in the finger-snapping kind of way one might address a servant, “coming across my ad was the day your luck began to change.”

Despite her haughtiness, he felt a surge of elation. It was the first interest any prospective employer had shown in him since his release. Made all the more encouraging by the fact he had not had to lie.

Especially as she seemed to be able to read him with such uncanny facility anyway.

“Am I to take it you are willing to become one of my… *employees*?”

There it was again, he thought. Hesitation. Using a word that had *not* been her first choice.

Fulton nodded and she stopped to her side with hands on hips imperiously, body radiating annoyance.

Despite the pride he took in his own manhood still – despite everything that had happened to him – he felt a frisson of something he grudgingly described as fear course through him.

“If that is the case,” she told him in a hard voice, “I suggest you address me formally and with the respect an employer deserves.”

Bile rose once more but he wisely kept silent.

“Understand?”

An image of himself behind the desk in the computer-software company his hard work had made a success, dealing with the owners of other companies and managing the ten strong workforce he himself had recruited, made her words to him and the fact he was still there to hear them all the more incredible to him and was indicative of how far he had fallen.

“Y-Yes, of course, hmm, Ms Helga. I understand,” he said.

“Good,” she said and returned her short matronly body behind the desk as he realised he felt not on jot of desire for her – despite the absence of sex in his life since prison; and certainly the absence of the kind with which he had been threatened on a daily basis while incarcerated - while for her part she felt nothing but elation at his readiness to accept her rebuke and correction of him.

A readiness, she assured herself that, along with her instincts in regard of him, convinced her even more that he would be just perfect for the client she had in mind.

“Because if I am going to help you make your life into something worthwhile and secure – and let us be truthful – under the circumstances and at your age, it is hardly likely too many similar opportunities will present themselves to you in the future – I need to feel you will be respondent to the necessary training and will not let your more comfortable and affluent past to influence your male ego into thinking having a female superior is beneath you.”

It had, of course, been exactly what he had been thinking. He had always been a little old-fashioned when it came to such matters and, though certainly no chauvinist, certainly believed men were better suited when it came to certain matters than women. A somewhat archaic attitude that probably dated back to his father’s relationship with his mother and might have explained his wife’s willingness to do what she did with his sleaze-ball friend.

Either that or she had been a slut in disguise all the years of their marriage.

If pressed, he would have plumped for the latter explanation.

“…If that is the case and you think being in a subordinate position to a woman is beneath you,” he came back to the present to hear her say, “then we can terminate this interview now.”

His desperate, *“No, no, no!”* was entirely too weak for his liking and he knew that if she hadn’t believed she had a supplicant on her hands before now then she would certainly have revised her opinion.

“Excuse me?” she asked, seeming to grow in the confidence of the power she wielded with every second that passed.

He stared at her – baffled.

“Did we forget something?” she asked as he imagined cold and hard Arctic blue eyes aimed at him from beneath the veil – an impression he would later discover to be accurate.

“I…” he began, still mystified, “I was simply trying to assure you that the gender of my employer was of no importance to me.”

There was a brief silence as she took in his obvious lie.

Then:

“I am glad to hear it,” she said at last. “But there was something missing from the end of your assurance.”

His mind flew in all directions to try and locate the missing piece.

“Something I expect to hear every time when you have finished addressing me.”

It came to him with a rush that coloured his cheeks and made him question why he was taking… *“her shit!”* …and how he had allowed the situation between them to deteriorate so swiftly that he would simply suffer it.

Or at least he did question it until the half-way house that would be his resting place when he left her office, and the seriously worrying prospect of what awaited him on the outside when the council decided his time there was at an end, smothered any resurgent masculinity and fight with true fear for his plight.

He felt truly sick as he said:

“What I meant to say was, ‘no, Ms Helga’. I have no problem with working for a woman.”

To his relief, though it didn’t dilute his own self-loathing for responding in such a servile way, he saw the veiled head nod, seemingly satisfied with his capitulation.

Then:

“I am pleased to hear it Fulton, as I have a lady for whom I think you will prove perfect if the rest of your details prove satisfactory and I believe you are worth the expense of training.”

The veiled head rose and fell as if the eyes behind it were evaluating him.

“I can arrange an interview with her tomorrow should you prove suitable,” she told him. “Though, should that prove the case, we will need to do something about both your clothes and your grooming. Our client is most particular and, though she will be tolerant until your training meets her requirements, her patience will only go so far and a good and respectful first impression is most important.”

“Yes,” said Fulton, still with many questions he needed answering. “But what exactly will I be doing for this lady if I’m successful?”

The compact and matronly upper body opposite tensed and he quickly added:

“…Ms Helga.”

The body relaxed.

And then she went on to explain…

Two



Vaughan Fulton had finally retired for the evening in the converted cellar that was now his quarters and, as they usually did these days, his thoughts backtracked to the treachery of those people he had loved and thought loved him that explained his presence there.

An image of the wife he had loved, looking sexy and radiant on their wedding day, accompanied him back to that other fateful day when he had returned home to the very worst greeting a husband could find…

…When the wife of his closest friend and business partner had upped and left Eric without reason, Vaughan's wife Marsha had been a huge help to him and even Vaughan himself took on greater responsibilities at the office when his friend seemed unable to cope.

Luckily though, and just as he felt he would have to step in ask his pal to pitch in again, he noticed Eric had a twinkle in his eye again.

Looking back, he realised he should probably have seen it coming. But then he had been busy, hadn't he? Busy busting a gut to help a friend. And why wouldn't he? He and Marsha and were a blissfully happy couple and he loved the life they had together with their teenaged Carly. Their lovemaking was as frequently as ever and there was no reason for him to be suspicious.

Now he knew differently.

Marsha had pulled off the acting performance of three old thesps lifetimes.

Lovemaking?

The fuck it was!

It was simply sex, he saw now. An itch like any other the bitch needed scratching. Offered simply to keep him sweet and dumb until such a time as he was considered ripe for removal.

It had arrived at the end of one particularly gruelling working week for him.

Chosen, he knew, that they might have a whole weekend before their business opened again on the Monday and give his pride and temper plenty of time to play its own part in pulling his life down around him.

He had been too incendiary to even think about disappointing them.

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

It was worse.

Far, far, worse.

"Hi Eric," he greeted him after finding them together in the kitchen. "What's going on?"

It was Marsha who answered:

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

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

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

She took a deep breath and let it out:

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

“What papers?”

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

“Vaughan,” Eric started to say before Vaughan put up a hand to stop him.

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

One look at his partner and friend’s face and then at his wife’s and he suddenly knew what was going on.

“Eric, if this is what I think it is and you value your ability to digest solids, you should leave… NOW!”

A terrified Eric seemed on the verge of doing just that.

“Eric, stay,” his wife told him. “Vaughan, this also concerns him.”

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

“Vaughan, I'm in love with Eric. I'm so sorry,” offered Marsha, looking nothing of the kind.

“You shitty pair of cunts,” he roared, knowing Carly was staying at the in-laws and wouldn’t hear. “How long have you been fucking each other?”

A thought struck him through his growing rage.

“Is that why Suzie kicked you to the kerb? Because you couldn’t keep your little weasel dick in your trousers? Because you two pieces of Yak-shit were fucking around on the two of us?”

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

“All the while I was trying to console you, you sneak behind my back and fuck my wife.”

By this time his now former friend was near to pissing himself.

He had seen Vaughan’s temper growing up by, thankfully, have not been on the wrong end of it.

That was about to change.

“I’m going to rip your fucking balls of and stuff them down your sleaze-ball throat.”

The two cheaters were now standing together in full panic mode while he ranted and he could see his wife was almost as terrified as her piece of shit lover. She had never seen this side of him and, though Eric had warned her, couldn't believe the change in the mild mannered and kind husband and father she had known and once had actually loved. Yet, to Vaughan's, and despite their obvious terror, neither made any attempt to leave.

Looking back, he knew that they were hoping for the reaction he was about to give them. Provoking it, in fact. Their whole game-plan depended upon it.

And had proved successful.

When neighbours the paramedics did indeed get a comatose Eric and an hysterical Marsha to the hospital, it wasn't his traitorous friend and partner alone who was in a sorry state – even if Marsha's condition was more one of forced hysteria.

The gamble she had suggested after hearing of Vaughan's temper from Eric had worked and he had reacted in just the way they had predicted.

At the expense of a little pain – more her lover's than her own – he had soon lost more than just his wife in the subsequent divorce.

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

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

His trust in making her a half-shareholder after his former bankruptcy, along with his friend, had backfired on him big-time.

He was without his wife, his children, his home, and now, his business and livelihood.

Things could not have been worse.

Except they soon were.

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

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

But with massive internal differences.

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

A man, in fact, who was just ripe for what *"Ms Helga"* and her company offered…

… It was just after three-thirty on a Thursday morning and he was still wide awake with hatred and a thwarted desire for revenge preventing any sleep worthy of the description, and in no more than four hours he would be require to rise and prepare his new employer's breakfast.

Wide awake he simply propped himself against the pillows of his cot in the basement of her house that served both as his quarters and his working space.

In fact, the whole of the open-plan basement was available to him but only the left side housed his bed, an armchair and television, a small cooking area with sink and running water and an enclosed shower-room with a toilet.

The rest of the space was taken up with equipment necessary for his new employment – even if he wasn't technically paid a wage and received bed and board instead; together with the weekly cash she gave him as spending money and, to his mortification, described as pocket money, as per their arrangement.

Should, that is, his performance warrant it; which, so far it had and at least allowed him to have a solitary escape to the pub on the one free day she allowed him.

His eyes turned to that part of the basement where the tools of his new and unwanted trade rested.

The equipment in question being a washing-machine and dryer, an iron and ironing board, a high-powered vacuum – the small mercy being it was not made by that self-involved cunt Dyson - and the cleaning implements and materials necessary to complete tasks about her house that, after he had been schooled him in his new domestic duties, had been left to him to accomplish.

Not for the first time his thoughts went back a few months before to the interview in Ms Helga's office and the way she had utilized his desperation to gradually lead him further and further into the subservience both she and her client required.

It not hindering her, he now saw, that he was so ready to accept anything rather than be at the mercies of the street and Theresa May's Tory version of the so-called *"Welfare State"*.

A version the blue rinsed mono-minister and her fellow trough-guzzlers had actually been delusional enough to call *"Universal Credit"*.

The first part of that *subservience* the woman of German extraction required involving a period of "domestic training" at the woman's own home before he was considered capable enough to take up residence with his new… *"employer"*.

He would, she had told him, remain in her home until she considered he was ready to be interviewed by his prospective employer – of whom, by the way, he had yet to told anything save for the fact she was a woman.

It was a home that was luxurious and well-appointed and, obviously, in complete contrast with the living arrangements he had experienced since prison and one where he learned her surname was actually *"Hertzog"*.

A return to the kind of surroundings he had known previously and had been guaranteed to weaken him further, he saw now.

Now that it had proved successful and he was too far down the line to resist such blandishments.

He remembered how the woman would utilise his day with menial tasks and make him repeat them until they were to the requisite standard; lowering his resistance to such humble and, at times, abject duties by normalising them.

And then taking him further down the road of domestic service as he allowed the fact he was living in surroundings with which he had once been familiar – even if no part of them belonged to him - to further lower his defences against what was being prepared for him..

It was only after a few days that he realised she had not been going to the office and he inquired about it.

Her answer stunned him:

"I only accept one client at a time," she told him, the veil removed from her face now that she had proclaimed herself eczema free and revealing a flaxen haired woman with harsh features of the kind he soon told himself he would expect to be the last a victim would see as his executioner released the catch to allow the guillotine to fall.

"But…" he began, not understanding how she could have such a luxurious home and seem comfortable while running a business with one client at a time – though it would *eventually* become clearer to him.

"My services are much sought after and I am rewarded most generously for my expertise and effort by those women wealthy enough to engage me."

"But…"

She had held up a hand to forestall him, sharp features looking none too pleased that he might question her.

"That I only work for one client and train only one applicant at a time is no concern of yours," she told him haughtily, breasts looking larger than ever beneath the clinging white leotard she had worn for her morning workout in the gym at the bottom of her garden.

“We have entered into an agreement and all you need do is live up to it.”

Her piercing eyes held his now and their was something intimidating and predatory in them. So intimidating and off-putting, in fact, that he wondered if the eczema had not simply been an excuse to not show her features. Or at least until she was comfortable enough to reveal them.

There was a cruelty and inflexibility to them that, despite his male pride, he found daunting.

In fact, had he been able to organise his thoughts enough as she trained him, he would have realised that with every day that passed she forced him to take a backward step in her presence. His boundaries were being stretched. And, while his relief at having found a position was paramount, what would once have seemed humiliating and beneath his dignity was becoming worryingly routine.

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

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

And, much to his amazement, yet without any sign of rebellion, he had done as she asked.

She had even praised him when returning from the shops and after inspecting his work.

“Yes. That is the kind of application your new own-…”

She had caught herself and added the word “employer” instead; leaving him to guess at her real intent while hoping it was not what he suspected it to be.

“…your new employer will expect to see from you.”

She seated herself at a the table and her glacial and avian features had regarded him expectantly as his thoughts raced.

“Did she expect him to thank her?”

“It would appear you have forgotten to shine a pair.”

His eyes ran over the shoes arrayed on the floor atop old pages of The Times and could see none he had overlooked.

When he turned back her eyes were waiting for him and one matronly leg clad in black hose was raised and the pointed toe of a court-shoe aimed in his direction.

His face reddened and for one moment he thought she had gone too far.

Except that she hadn’t.

The Vaughan Fulton of a time not so long passed would have given her short shrift and a burst of invective.

That for even suggesting such an abject chore.

Let alone insisting that he do it.

The Vaughan Fulton of now did *not*.

It was then he knew how weakened his recent experiences had left him. In his mid-forties, the prospect of being forced to live on the street, and with all the hardships that went with it, was terrifying. He had neither family, friends or relations to fall back upon as a support system.

He was alone and, as ridiculous as the thought first appeared to him, this glacial and Germanic matron – some eight years younger than him – was seeming more and more like a life-raft in a force-nine.

As well as a figure of some authority.

Lowering his eyes, he reached for her foot that he might remove the shoe requiring his attention.

Only to have her set it down on the tiled floor as he stood bent at the waist.

He stared at her and she returned his look with impatience as she waited for him to divine her intention.

Despite his thoughts being a maelstrom of anger and resentment that he could have fallen so low, he slipped to his knees on the pristine floor he had cleaned only that morning, took a foot in his hand to remove her shoe, grabbed as cloth and some polish to the side, and began to set about the abject task she demanded of him.

"Yes," he heard her voice from above as it fair dripped smugness and a sense of its own superiority. "That is as it should be. Your new Mistress will not want to have to expend effort telling you what to do and you will have to be ready to anticipate her wishes."

His head had risen at the word: *"Mistress"* and his thoughts had been deflected for a moment from the humiliating task he had been set and the repugnance he felt for both the shoe in his hand and the earthy and none too fragrant odor of the hosed clad foot that had spent the day inside it as she shopped.

"Are you surprised?" she asked firmly, the hint of a rebuke in her voice. "How else will you describe the woman who is not only going to house you but will feed and clothe you also?"

She thought about it for a few seconds.

"Though," she went on, "and to be perfectly truthful, she has yet to express a preference for the form of address she will insist upon from you."

He had no answer, his thoughts dwelling on all the negative images the previous word conjured up; though he had, of course, realised he would need to address his new… *employer* …in a more deferential and formal way.

But not *this* way.

"We have had this conversation once already at my office," she reminded him. "Or have you forgotten so quickly?"

No. He hadn't forgotten. But he had, somehow, managed to put the somewhat unbelievable images her words had summoned up on the day to the back of his mind.

As he knelt before her, shoe and waiting polish to hand, she spoke again:

"Actually, before you polish my shoes, I think my feet are in need of a good old-fashioned massage."

He had stared at her dumbfounded. Up until now, his training and the chores he had been asked to perform were shaming enough. But to actually be expected to touch her body?

And such a lowly part of it!

The thought appalled him now as it did then, this as he went back over what she had outlined to him that day and expected him to accept…

"…My company provides a service to wealthy women – mostly women for whom this is not their place of birth – who have neither a use or a desire for a man in their life in the traditional way."

His thoughts raced as to exactly the true purpose of that "use" and he knew it was only fear and desperation at his circumstances that was keeping him in place to hear the words of a woman he was more and more fearing was not quite right in the head.

"Most of my women have had husbands – many of them through arranged marriages – and found that one experience of such an unequal relationship was not something they wished to repeat."

She had stared at him across the desk and through the veil as if expecting him to break his silence at this, despite having taken pains to ask him not to interrupt as she outlined what he could expect and what would be expected of him.

He said nothing – even if it was obvious he was bridling at being spoken down to in such a patronising and insulting manner.

Yet another positive sign – together with her incredibly swift and favourable assessment of him as being suitable – that told her those first instincts were correct. Instincts that had been sharpened and honed by degree-level studies in psychiatry and psychology and a gift for recognising a man or a woman for exactly what he or she was at base.

Even if they most times had no idea of the weakness lurking within their souls themselves.

This man was desperate.

And fearful.

And totally ill-equipped to extricate himself from the living nightmare into which his supposedly loving wife had thrust him.

Helga Hertzog was convinced that, once the agency she employed to look into her applicants' backgrounds came back with a report on Mr Vaughan Fulton, her confidence in his suitability would prove… and pretty much as it had always proved in the past… well-placed.

He would, she was convinced. seem even more perfect for what she had in mind for him.

His age, circumstances, and the experience of time in prison ensured he was now a different man.

All but unrecognisable on an emotional level to the husband, father, and business owner, he was before the betrayal by his wife and business partner and best-friend.

And she was convinced the agency-report she would soon ask for would verify her own assessment.

Which, given the sums of money wealthy widows and divorcees were prepared to pay her to have a man in their life who had absolutely no say in it as well as in his own, was very good news for her own dominant nature and her bank balance.

"This does not mean," she went on, surprised he hadn't interrupted and a little disappointed he had not given her the chance to rebuke him and take his standing down a peg or so lower – it was after all what got her juices to flowing and explained why, though she did not have a man of her own, she maintained contact with a few selected clients for whom she had trained a… 'retainer', that my clients do not have a use for a male presence about the home in a less… traditional …way."

She had stared him at him again and he sensed the hardness of her features behind their concealment.

"This may as well be said now," she told him, "for if your manly sentiments are offended too much you may as well leave this office now and return to your half-way house. If, however, and after hearing what will be expected of you should you decide you need to think the offer over, you may have a day – no longer – to consider your response."

Again, she interlaced her fingers across her stomach.

"You do not strike me as an ill-educated man, Fulton, so I am sure you realise that the position you will take on for your new employer – should the lady I have in mind find you suitable – will be that of her live-in manservant."

He sensed a malicious smile beneath the veil.

"Though you will not, I assure you, be a run-of-the-mill, come and go as you please variety of servitor," she went on, loving the way his cheeks coloured with indignation at hearing himself spoken of in such a way and yet remained in place to hear it still.

She was more and more convinced that he would be perfect for the lady he had in mind – even if she warned herself that this one would need to be led gently and gradually towards acceptance of what would be his future.

"Should your petition prove successful," she told him, receiving a narrowing the eyes from him for her strange choice of word, "You will be housed in your employer's comfortable home in the Surrey Hills and be provided with the usual necessities for your comfort and your leisure. There will be time-off, of course, but the amount and duration will be for your employer to decide.

"This is intended as a permanent situation and, if you cannot commit to such an arrangement, you can leave this instant…"

…He had not left, however, and was eventually persuaded that, despite the unusual and somewhat humbling nature of what would be expected from him in his new role, he would do best to bear another night in the half-way home and think about it.

He needed, she had told him, to be *completely* sure before committing himself as he would be expected to sign a contract as binding as it could be legally.

And now here he was, in the basement of a woman's home in the Surrey Hills. A fully trained factotum responsible for the domestic well-being of his employer and finding himself more and more submissive as the humbling and abject nature of his new position ground him down.

Something of the consequences that position could lead to becoming apparent on the fateful day Helga Hertzog pronounced herself satisfied with his training and took him to meet his prospective employer…

THREE



The house to which Helga Hertzog had told him to drive her in the top-of-its-range Audi four-wheel-drive was adjacent to and looked down upon a golf-course close to Addington.

Though they had not left Helga's own home before she had made him listen to some last minute advice and instruction:

"Remember what I have tried to drum into you, Fulton," she said, in that haughty and patronising voice she never failed to use when addressing him and he had yet to stop bridling at, underlining as it did what he had been reduced to accepting – even if his pride was not so far gone he had stopped hating it. "Respect, deference, and obedience at all times. You are in no position to let male pride mess this opportunity up for you."

He had quailed at the word aimed at him by a woman of whom he still knew virtually nothing, despite having lived in her home as an erstwhile flunky for the past months.

"Opportunity."

Making it worse was the fact he knew she actually viewed the position he was here to interview for as just that!

For some reason his thoughts flashed back to a couple of weeks before when she had asked – *commanded* – him to rub her feet as he knelt before her ready to polish her shoes; recalling his heated cheeks as he had reached out and taken the stocky German woman's surprisingly dainty foot in his hands while all the time reviling his weakness and raging at the ex-wife responsible for his being in such a position.

He also recalled the none-too-pleasant aroma of her perspiration after a day spent on her feet shopping and the sigh from above as she basked in his careful, if unsought, manipulation of the underside of her foot and then the toes above as her delighted flexing sent ripples the length of her powerful calves.

It was, he saw now, simply the latest means by which she took him further downhill and lowered his resistance to the performing of tasks too menial for him to once have given a moment's consideration.

Once being the key word.

In fact, his acquiescence to her demand for such service seemed to accelerate his fall into domestic servitude and, soon, he was not only performing any number of abject personal tasks for her – including the handwashing of her hose and underwear; but no sex; thank God, given he had developed a personal and understandable antipathy to her to go alongside his developing servility – but actually beginning to anticipate her wishes.

The above pleasing her so much that, after only three months of training – a record, according to her, though not one of which he was ever likely to boast – she pronounced him ready to meet the woman he would actually be serving on a long-term basis.

Should, she had told him, her client found him… *suitable*.

Adding more ominously that, should her client's acceptance of him prove the case, then there would be one last… *"modification"* …that would have to be made before her religious beliefs would allow her to accept him into her service.

It would, Helga Hertzog reassured him, be something she herself could ensure and nothing for him to be concerned about.

As it turned out, this final *"modification"* would almost prove to be the proverbial straw to the much put-upon camel.

But first he had to meet his prospective employer, mind still in quite the condition of disbelief that this could be happening to him and he accepting it; despite all the abject and menial domestic and personal coaching he had been supplied and, more crucially, allowed…

The house in whose drive they parked was, in keeping with the area, large and looked far too big for one person; which immediately had a worried Fulton wondering if there were others living there.

The thought not a pleasant one when he pictured others witnessing him in his new role of domestic flunky.

The thought becoming even less pleasant when the door was opened to them both and they were shown into a wooded hallway by a dark and chunkily buxom woman whose Indian roots were not to be disguised by a skirt he immediately considered too short for her mid-thirties age – though, and much to his surprise, he did find himself aroused by the sight of her powerful yet shapely legs in their hose.

No doubt she was the servant he was intended to replace, he told himself; not quite able to picture such a woman as the owner of such a grand residence.

A miscalculation made plain to him when the women embraced and kissed twice before turning their attention to him.

"This is Fulton, the man I spoke of, Garima," Helga Hertzog told the woman before turning her gaze upon him.

"Malkin Garima owns this property, Fulton, and it will be her decision as to whether you are suitable to live here as her manservant."

Despite the indignities his desperation and fear had allowed him to discount over the past months, he felt something in him die a little more as he was spoken of in such humbling terms before another person.

Not *just* another woman.

An Indian woman.

"I will leave you now, Garima, said the woman responsible for his training. "As agreed, I shall have a stroll to the golf-course clubhouse and have some refreshment before returning to hear your thoughts."

They hugged again and Helga left, leaving a decidedly queasy feeling Fulton alone with the woman who had been introduced to him as *"Malkin Garima"*.

The woman beckoned him to follow her with an unsmiling face and her heels pecked out a rhythm on the wooden floor as she entered what looked to him like a home office to begin a discussion that was not only about prove unbelievable but would also change his life…

"…Ms Helga tells me you are aware that this will be a permanent situation, should I find you suitable, and you are willing to place yourself at my full-time disposal," she had began in an accented English he found even more grating than that belonging to the German woman responsible for his presence there; the basis of what would prove their relationship – if something so one-sided could be described in such a way – defined from the very beginning by the fact there was chair on which for him to sit as she interviewed him from the comfort of a swivel-chair behind her desk..

He nodded, feeling insulted in the face of her rudeness – *"even the German bitch had allowed me to sit during our first interview"* - and strangely intimidated by this younger woman who he sensed was not only his intellectual inferior but was most definitely nowhere near his league when it came to a physical comparison.

Much good his superiority on both levels had served him.

"Yes, hmmm…" he hesitated.

"A simple 'Malkin', will suffice," she told him. "Should I accept you as my servant you will address me in no other way."

"I… I don't understand," he said, genuinely confused, if pleasantly so for the moment. "Ms Helga insists I not use her first-name alone."

"And 'Ms' Helga is right," she told him.

"But…?"

"Malkin is not my first name but the Indian term of respect a servant uses for his female master when either addressing or referring to her."

Again his cheeks coloured and again he wondered why he was accepting such treatment..

Until, that is, an image of cardboard and the bone chilling flooring of paving stones beneath it nudged his memory in regard of what had brought him to such a pass in the first place.

Surely, even if not ideal and the performing domestic chores for a woman did not make much appeal to him – this was better than penury and the street.

And the longer he kept his head above water, even in such an abject and demeaning way, the more chance he had of extricating himself from his fate and setting his life upon an even keel once again.

It was wishful thinking, he could have no way of knowing, that the widowed and feline featured Indian woman opposite had no intention of allowing to come to fruition.

Or even close to it.

Right at that moment, as she took in this handsome white-man standing before ust like the supplicant of whom she had always dreamed, she gave thanks to providence for having led her to Helga's online posting on Craig's List and to Helga herself for having defined both her wishes and her tastes so perfectly.

Though she had no intention of telling him just yet, he had already won a place at her feet simply by dint of his physical appearance and his maturity.

Not to mention the hang-dog demeanour behind those looks Helga had already described.

In fact, even as he was thinking such thoughts, she was seeing their future together.

From now on, she told herself, exactly as she had told herself upon the loss of her unloved and unmissed husband, the only man who would be allowed in her life would a man she would ensure was totally servile to her wishes.

And that man would be white – not of the variety of the men of her country who deludedly considered themselves the superiors of their women.

No.

Her man – *this* man – would be the devoted white chattel she had always dreamed of owning; even if the owning of one human-being by another was beyond legality in her second-country.

He would be a chattel.

A chattel she fully intended to make as dependent and obedient as any of the most powerless and abject of those indentured to the great and not so good of times past.

Of course, and as Helga herself had intimated, natural optimism on his part would mean he would imagine his situation as temporary. At least until she had asserted her authority over him to a point where he would regard that optimism as no more than a fantasy. In fact, her German mentor had insisted, it was no bad thing that such thoughts were not disabused. As a man named Solzhenitsyn of whom Garima had not heard had written:

"People only have power over others so long as they don't take everything from a man. Take everything from him and leave him invested in nothing, not even the small personal enjoyment you see fit to allow, and he is no longer under your power. Without ANYTHING to lose he is free again."

Ignorance of the writer or not, Garima Setty had seen the wisdom of his words and would not make the mistake of stripping her creature of everything.

He would be fed, clothed, and quartered in comfortable, if suitable serviceable, accommodations with warmth and *certain* entertainments – though access to the Internet would not be amongst them.

She was also encouraged that, despite his obvious physical and even mental superiority over her, and even more obvious disinterest in her as an object of romance, that he found something at least appealing in the strong legs she had decided to reveal to his gaze for their interview.

This she found exciting.

Especially as, if all went to plan, she would be the only woman in his life from this point on.

Not even Helga.

“From what Ms Helga tells me of you,” she told him, “this is a good opportunity for a man of your age and situation.”

He had bitten his tongue as the woman had gone on to describe that *‘situation’* and she had not missed his annoyance but continued her embarrassing assessment of his future in her correct, but poorly enunciated English.

“It is regrettable that your personal life took such an unfortunate turn. Especially when you are at an age when making a new start anywhere near worth having, and especially without connections and means, is difficult to the point of impossibility for one in your position.”

She noted the effect her words were having upon his shamed features and thrilled.

“It seems that society values only youth rather than experience and, I regret to say, you are only sufficient in the latter of those qualities.”

As his cheeks burned, she continued:

“I can well understand how difficult – perhaps impossible – you will find it to ever find

He had bemoaned the same problem to himself, of course, but hearing it from her lips only served to deepen his already considerable depression.

“Believe me, Fulton,” she went on in a way that sounded almost kindly, “it is not my intention to rekindle your memories of the shameful way you were treated and what it has led to, as explained to me by Ms Helga.”

He nodded with a tiny smile he didn’t feel, all too aware that he was dependent upon the good impression he made with this Indian woman so many years his junior for finding a place and employment that kept him from the streets.

Even if the nature of it shamed him to his core.

Had it been only two years since he had felt happy and on top of the world?

He took her in again as she spoke and again noted the plumpness of her features and the feline quality that seemed to mix the kittenish with the feral. Her raven black hair was pushed from her face and tied at the back in a way that did nothing for the kittenish and, instead, added severity to its outward impression - though it did bring her vivid green eyes into startling and somewhat disturbing effect when he realised they were trained upon him and seemed to have no intention of blinking first.

With yet more shame, he turned his head to the side, unable to meet her gaze and berating himself for the weakness.

“However,” she went on, hiding her delight that he was at least a little cowed by her already, “you must place all thoughts of your past misfortunes from your mind and contrate on your new position – should, that is, I choose to give you that chance.”

Again he bit into his lip, as if it would somehow alter what had happened – what *was* happening – to him.

Not a thing changed.

“Ms Helga tells me she has explained to you that I have paid a considerable sum for her to train you to my domestic requirements and will pay as much again if you prove as suitable as she insists. Your place in my service will not be some here today gone tomorrow position and the contract into which we will enter if I accept you will have obligations built-in on both our parts.

“That said, however nothing must come between your duty to me, and if you feel the position you are being offered is not one you can perform to my satisfaction then we must end this now.”

Strangely, the thought of being ejected from her beautiful home disturbed Fulton and again his thoughts compared what he would be leaving behind to what would await him outside the sanctuary of first the German woman’s home and then this one.

Suddenly, he found his voice and was surprised to hear a… *beseeching* …quality to it:

“I realise that, Ms Setty and I assure you that…”

“How were you told to address me?” came the instant rebuke and again his cheeks coloured as quickly as his thoughts raced.

“I…”

“I distinctly recall telling you to refer and address me as *‘Malkin’*.”

He swallowed with difficulty and realised what was sliding down his throat was still more of his male pride.

“Yes. Of course. My apologies, hmm, Malkin.”

“Good. See that you do not forget again,” she told him, tone haughty before pausing thoughtfully and then going on.

“No. I am not so sure that you do, Fulton…. It is all about respect. Of which the late Mr Setty showed me none. He was successful in business but a disaster as a man and a husband. Only by paying my father was he able to find himself a wife. And trust me I prayed to be free of him every day of my hateful union with him.

Vaughan Fulton shuffled uncomfortably before her as she related what should have been private between herself and her late partner – even if it struck him that she was none too discomfited to know and speak openly of his own.
"Our *union*, as people have it, sexless and, thankfully, childless. My great good fortune in marrying Mr Setty was the fact that he was mercifully impotent and wanted only a wife for the sake of appearances. Which was just as well given my utter lack of sexual passion for him. The only reason I kept his name after his passing was the nuisance of changing it and the fact I despise my father and his own name even more than the pathetic excuse of a man to whom he gave me for no greater reason than money."

His cheeks had flushed at her recital of the man's failings she smiled at his discomfort with her mention of that *"sexless"* marriage.

"You are not comfortable with such talk," she observed. "This does you credit. But you will find I am a very forthright young woman and that my new wealth and security has given me greater confidence to not just speak my mind but have my wishes obeyed."

Fulton allowed himself a nod, but though the German woman had alluded to him being mindful and obedient during her training of him, there seemed something ulterior in the woman's words.

More shockingly for him he acknowledged, even if he was loath to do it, was that he felt himself respond ing to what he could only describe as her… *authority*.

Worse, it was his cock doing the responding.

"I am, you will come to find," she began as he tried to come to terms with the excitement he found shaming at his netheregions, " a private and religiously devout person and, aside from visitors from my Temple in Selsdon, enjoy my own company while either walking, reading and listening to music or watching a film."

This was at least something it pleased him to hear as it seemed she lived in the house alone.

His worries about his… *"service"* …being witnessed by others receded a little.

"I will also require you to accompany me to the shops and act as my driver on those occasions when, not being a driver myself, I am in need of one to chauffeur me in the car of my late-husband."

This – being seen by shoppers and the public as he assisted her – was *not* his liking.

"There will also be occasions in my service where I may wish you to accompany me to the theatre or a concert of music."

She stared at him and he knew she was expecting the deferential response she had insisted upon.

Bemused by the erotic thrill travelling his spine, he marvelled even as he responded:

“Yes, Malkin.”

“Of course,” she told him, lips almost curled with derision, “we will not be a couple but a Malkin in the company of her servant. However, as we will be in public, I would expect your attention to me to be more subtle than servile.”

Fulton’s response, as he stood before her thankful for the three-quarter coat that the German woman had purchased for him and fell below the waist, was to spurt jet after jet of his cum into the underpants had had put on only that morning.

“Are you unwell?” she asked as his eyes fluttered despite his attempts to keep a neutral expression and posture.

His voice when he answered was shaky:

“Ap-Apologies, M-Malkin,” he began. “I feel a little… a little dizzy. It… It must be the heat.”

To his relief she seemed unaware of his shameful explosion and nodded before pointing to a chair in the corner.

“In that case,” she began, “ and just this once, you may fetch that chair over here and sit down in my presence as we finish the rest of your interview.”

To ashamed at his reaction to be even more shamed by her words, he did as she asked and was soon seated opposite her as the evidence of his unsought explosion began to seep through his pants.

As the woman responsible for his unaccountable lapse of control outlined what would be expected of him in her service, his thoughts could only scream one question:

“What the fuck is wrong with you?”

FOUR



Two months into his tenure as the manservant of Garima Setty and in a new world of service, respect, and obedience – though he sensed she was easing him into his new situation and there would be… *developments* …still - Vaughan Fulton could only wonder at how easily he had been led into his servitude. His self-contempt only heightened by the knowledge that he had begun responding positively to the Indian woman's control of him. Almost from the start, in fact.

But why?

After all, he had not felt the same feelings of weakness and a need to obey and please the woman who called herself Helga Hertzog; so why the inexplicable and growing ever stronger need to bend his neck to an Indian woman he knew looked upon him as a man in name only?

Had something about her really kicked into life a masochism and a need to serve he never been aware of or even considered?

Perhaps.

And yet, whenever he thought back to the real beginnings of current situation and his inability to end it, it was an image of the German woman after she had driven him back to her home to await Garima Setty's decision on the subject of his employment under her that filled the flat-screen of his thoughts. That and what she insisted was a non-negotiable requirement of his would-be employer for him to enter her service after the Indian woman herself had called to tell her that she would be willing to take him on…

…It was unthinkable, repulsive, probably illegal.

And yet, as he stood before her in the bathroom, her sturdy thighs below him as she sat on the closed toilet lid, he was allowing it.

"I understand that you do not enjoy being handled by me in such an unmanly way," said the German woman he had come to detest – even if he did acknowledge it was her intervention and training that had secured him a position that kept him from the streets.

The same position and the training that went with it that had done, and would do, so much to put what remained of his former masculinity in the toilet.

"In fact, this must all seem quite incredible to you," she went on, her voice as she cupped his scrotum with one hand and applied downward pressure seeming, for once, almost companionable.

He felt his balls dragged downwards and winced, though he knew she was not trying to cause him discomfort and was simply creating the space required to place the steel ring around his scrotum before locking it in place and placing his cock in the cage that would, in turn, lock to the ring.

"There," she said, as he heard the two ends of the ring meet and click into place before she locked on the tiny but sturdy padlock that would ensure it remained that way. "Just the cage to go now and you will be chastized just as your Malkin Garima insists."

At mention of his new employer's name, and despite the nature of that employment and what he was undergoing to be considered suitable for it, he felt his cock give a twitch and a lurch as he recalled her short but powerful crossed legs in their hose as she sat at her ease behind the study desk and explained matter-of-factly what she would expect of him from her new employee.

His reaction was not missed by the woman handling him for whom he had no desire whatsoever.

"Oh! Does Malkin Garima's new manservant find her sexually attractive then?"

Fulton cursed the reaction that had left him open to the mockery and knew it was prompted in part by the fact Helga Hertzog was aware she made no appeal to him of a sexual kind whatsoever.

Which did not stop the imagery of the Indian woman her words provoked from preventing his cock coming to full erection.

"Now you can understand why your Malkin requires you to be caged," Ms Helga told him, recalling his reaction – the most violent since she had outlined the role expected of him and the training at her hands – and thinking that she may have just pressed him too far too soon.

But then, it had been at the client's insistence and she had allowed Garima's insistence when they had spoken privately after his interview in her home, that he was a desperate man too afraid of the life that was ahead of him if he refused this… opportunity …that he would cave in to the demand.

And especially if it was posed to him as being at the insistence of her spiritual advisor at the Temple where she worshipped that he be… chaste …while in her home.

Except that is, when Garima wanted to use his freedom from chastity as a carrot, for those occasions when his behaviour warranted a release.

Under secure conditions, of course.

And, more importantly, beneath her supervision.

His response, she had thought it would be, had been so angry.

So angry, Helga had thought he would not bend on the condition.

But no doubt the fraudulent religious element - for Garima was indeed devout in her own way, though not to the point of allowing her beliefs to override her own needs or individuality, had eased the path to his capitulation.

It was not long before Helga, using the usual method of making the outlandish and perverse seem like sweet reason and the only choice available, had managed to talk him around.

Even if his expression remained one of wonder for what he was allowing to happen to him as she described how his new employer was a woman not of the European culture and that what seemed humiliating and plain wrong him was n more than the norm in her own land.

To even her own surprise she found that what she knew to be the most arrant rubbish actually mollified the masculinity he was so worried about having mocked.

The locking of the cage, she thought, having seen the process with other desperate men and having witnessed the same eventual capitulation, would be the last real barrier to his coming indenture and servitude to his Indian master.

And from there, as it had been for those other men she had delivered into the sexual and domestic servitude of women from all kinds of races and backgrounds, his fall to service would be both swift and permanent – or at least as permanent as his "Malkin" wished it to be.

"Just think," she told him, taking his erection in hand to feather it into an even more urgent condition as his thoughts filled with the Indian woman for whom he had developed such an inexplicable attraction, "it will soon be the slender brown fingers of your Malkin who provides this pleasure for you."

She heard his gasp and the breath which then caught in his throat.

"But only, of course, if your behaviour has been pleasing to her."

Taking a firmer grip of him, it took but two pumps of her hand for him to spurt his seed over the bathroom floor.

“Oh, my!” she gasped mockingly. “You really do have a thing for your new owne-“

She caught herself and hoped he was too lost in his sensations to pick-up on the description she had been about to use.

Though she felt sure he was at the point where he would hate hearing it but be too far down the line to make too much of a fuss about it, she also knew it should fall to the client to be the first to use it when describing either him as the owned or herself as his owner.

After all, she was certainly paying enough for the privilege.

“Now you understand why your Malkin’s spiritual advisor insists upon your cock-cage,” she told him as his explosion was followed by shame for having had it witnessed and part provided by the woman about to lock away his manhood. You are still, after all, a stranger and you will be living in her home on a permanent basis. His way she will have peace of mind.”

He made no response and she used his silence to use a wet-wipe at her side to clean her fingers.

“It will also motivate you to provide her with the most obedient and diligent service should you wish to feel her hand upon your caged cock by way of a reward for good behaviour.”

To her amazement, so soon after having exploded, his cock gave a tiny lurch and she pressed on quickly by handing him a wet-wipe also:

“Now, before you get all excited again thinking about your new Malkin, clean yourself up… Then we can get you all locked away in your new… jewelry…”

FIVE



...Marsha was riding him with a frenzied expression, bouncing up and down on his pole-hard cock as if he were a pommel-horse and an Olympic gymnast. The look on her face appeared to be a combination of pleasure and pain as her moans intensified into a shrill squeal as orgasm overtook her. Making her writhe sinuously and stretch like a marionette being controlled by someone with a nervous disorder.

She collapsed on his when finally spent, breathing deeply while he lay there grinning and moving as he remained still buried deep inside her still.

Then, after about a minute of recovery, she sat up on his slowly wilting cock, smiled contentedly, placed his hands back on her waist, and resumed sliding up and down.

Still-excited, he lasted only about three minutes this time around before he came again and squirted more evidence of his love and lust for her in her wonderfully warm and still tight pussy.

She rode him until he was soft enough to… "plop" ...from her satisfied cavern then she lay with her head on his chest. After all these years and a child she still did it for him and his love for her had increased over the years. Along with their daughter, she was his world.

And, to his mind, their lovemaking remained as hot now as it had when they first met.

Hotter, in fact.

They had started off the evening with him putting lotion all over the upper half of her body, slowly rubbing it into her tits and nipples, knowing how she loved to have her nipples massaged and toyed. He then trailed the lotion down her stomach, stopping just above her completely shaven pussy before finding the hard nub of her aroused clitoris with his thumb and index finger.

Not ten minutes later she was the recipient of three orgasms and on the way to a fourth courtesy of the four fingers of his left hand he now had deep inside of her.

Twice more he brought her off with his fingers before straddling her stomach and rubbing the crowbar that was now his hard cock on her slick tits.

Then moving, up further, he slid his cock into the warmth of her willing and waiting mouth as she sucked on his hardness for about five minutes before he pulled out of her and moved back down to her hot slit to resume his attack on her clit and bringing her once again to orgasm.

Sliding further down the bed until his mouth was aligned with her pussy he took an arse cheek in each hand.

At that point he drove his tongue into her for everything he was worth; licking first deep inside of her opening and then finishing up with a lick and a suck on her clit as his wife's screaming began in earnest.

As did the bucking.

In her usual fashion, she kept trying to buck away from the pleasure she was so desperate for. But his grip upon her arse-cheeks ensured she wasn't going anywhere. Ten minutes later they were both near exhausted, so he flipped her over, set her on her knees and took her doggy, which earned yet one more orgasm of appreciation before he blew his own load.

He came with a power not reduced by his middle-years and, after half-resting on her body and half on the bed, slowly slid out of Marsha and cradled her against in his arms.

It was this feeling of closeness after the act that he loved almost as much as what went before it and, as he stared into the blissful face he adored so much, his last thought before finding the arms of Morpheus his efforts had made impossible to resist was:

"Life is good…"

…Fulton came awake with a smile on his face that soon became a frown as the basement quarters he now occupied supplied the reality check.

His dream had actually happened.

But not five days later the point of the dagger had been thrust into his back…

*****

"…I will not sugar-coat this, Fulton," the younger woman he now addressed and even thought of as *'Malkin'* declared as he massaged the feet she insisted he pamper upon her return from the daily ritual of the Temple, nails translucent red from the varnish he himself had applied only that morning. "I see you as nothing more than an indentured servant without the legal standing."

He stared up at her from his position upon the floor and wondered yet again why not only did he allow himself to be used and treated in such a way but seemed to take a perverse sexual joy from her treatment of him; realising that even as she verbally demeaned him his chastized cock was trying to become erect in its confinement.

"You must not think that I do not value the service you provide me." she began, noting his shock at her having stated the fact so baldly. "Up until now, I have been impressed at hos readily you have taken to your new and subservient role in my regard and I will continue to honour our agreement by ensuring you are looked after and your needs provided for."

Beneath her, he sensed a *"but"* coming.

"But, in order for me to continue providing for your welfare and allowing you to live here," she told him ominously, "you need to become more devoted to me as both your benefactress and your Malkin."

"But…" he began.

The speed of the hand that snaked out to slap against his cheek would have been too great for him to avoid even if he had managed to respond and take evasive action.

"DO NOT INTERRUPT ME AGAIN!"

He was too stunned to respond. Despite all that had happened in the short-time since he had come to live in her home and the strange feelings of *wanting* to serve her she elicited from him, she had yet to lay hands upon him save to handcuff his hands behind his back and lower his trousers to his ankles before unlocking his cock from its cage and manipulating it until it exploded into the paper-cup she held over it in her free hand. It was, on the four occasions she had done this, the most degrading experience of his life – and, for reasons he could not rationalise to himself, the most exciting sex he had ever known.

Including those marathon romps with Marsha when she was still his wife and someone he felt worthy of his love.

But this?

She had actually struck him!

How would he react?

"Yes," she said in answer to his thoughts it seemed. "I have physically chastised you and will do so from now on whenever you displease me."

He stared up at her as if she were an alien.

“I have tried to ease you into your service to me but it has reached the point where you are showing no personal initiative when anticipating my needs and I now need to take a more pro-active role in your training. I realise you are not a servant from my own country with a history of personal service, but I fully intend to ensure you become every bit as diligent and respectful as the best and most servile of them.”

As she had intended, a high colour flushed his cheeks at her comparison to a servant from her own land who was actually only a tool she was using for her own ends and probably did not exist anywhere in the modern India.

She wanted him to confront her.

“In short,” she continued, “what I want is a domestic chattel in human form I will consider less than a man and nothing more than my property.”

His thought processes, triggered by her words, may as well have been written in neon across his face, so obvious to her were they.

“That is right, Fulton. Though it is illegal, and though you will not be formally acknowledged as such, you will be – and to all other intents and purposes aside from the official – my slave.”

The word entered the already charged atmosphere of the front-room where he still knelt with her bare foot in his hands and added an even higher voltage to the considerable electricity already there, as Fulton’s jaw fell open to hear this verbal receipt of her intentions.

Before, despite her request he not speak:

“And…? And you think I’m the type of man who’d be willing to let himself be treated in such a way?”

Her eyes flashed and he thought she was going to slap him again, but instead she simply stared into his eyes and nodded.

“I think you are exactly the kind of man who accept my mastery of him? Why else would I have paid Ms Helga such a sum of money for you?”

“For me?” he exclaimed. “I’m not some piece of livestock to be bought and fucking paid for!”

Ignoring the obscenity, she continued:

“But that is exactly what you are. A weak man who considered himself strong until his wife decided otherwise and destroyed his world.

“And with ridiculous ease from what Ms Helga assures me happened.”

As Vaughan Fulton tried to defend himself his anger at being described in such a way prevented him from seeing just how ludicrous was his case when he was delivering it in the role of a manservant who, not seconds before, was on his knees massaging the feet of his… *"Malkin"*.

A position he still occupied.

Even if the fingers rubbing those feet were now idle.

"D'you think my former best friend thought I was weak when he was carted off to hospital after I'd finished?"

Her answer was to smirk, the feline features above him regarding him with more contempt than pity.

"I know for a fact that he did," she replied. "As did your wife."

She went on before he could respond:

"They knew your flaws so well it was easy to devise a means by which they could remove you from their lives with a minimum of fuss and expense. And you certainly lived down to their expectations."

Fulton Wilson shook his head, recognising the truth in her words while only some last remnant of pride prevented him from breaking down in tears before this Indian woman some decade or more his junior. His life was a bomb-site and his own failings had been used to detonate the explosive device that had laid waste to it.

And beneath it all, adding to his shame, was the undeniable suspicion that something mental and physical was responding to the new… *dominance* …with which she was treating him.

The pain as the cage surrounding his cock bit into its flesh, as it once again tried to expand, ensured that, this time, he could not pretend it was the warmth of her shapely foot as it nestled in his hands provoking it.

As if by way of an epiphany, the scales of self-deceit fell away and he suddenly lowered his eyes, rebellion quashed almost before it had begun.

"B-But…" he began in an uncertain voice that only served to emphasise her description of his weakness, "why would you want to treat a man in such a way? And…? And wh-what would he get from being allowed to be treated so… so… disrespectfully?"

He felt her fingers take his chin a raise it up so that his eyes were staring into hers.

Despite the younger years, she was all dominance and he suddenly felt an overriding need to…

Abase himself before her…

To own that his life was longer his own, but hers…

To actually become her slave…

“What I will get,” she began, face moving closer so that her breath grazed his cheeks with a warm freshness that did nothing to abate his growing desire for her, “is something I have always desired to go along with the wealth and independence I have since the departure of my worthless toad of a husband.

“Not only will I have the privacy of which I have always dreamed but I will also be in possession of a household chattel who will take care of all the abject and menial tasks that fall to either wives or employees. A handsome Englishman – for I do find you appealing – who acknowledges himself my property despite his greater years and experience and strains every sinew to make his owner proud of his efforts on her behalf.”

The look she gave him was not fond:

“Efforts which, up to this point, have disappointed me greatly.”

Fulton’s thoughts flashed through a collage of abject tasks he had taken on for her from laundry to cleaning, garden duties, to the actual massaging of her feet as well as chauffeuring her around to her various outings, and wondered how much more effort he would have had to expend to make her.. *“proud”*.

A question she soon answered as his expanding cock met the usual resistance and he bit back the groan of pain and discomfort he was on the verge of uttering and making his masochistic excitement plain.

“At no time, though I have rewarded your less than satisfactory efforts when serving me by unlocking your white-cock and affording you the release you so obviously craved, have you once anticipated my own needs by either easing my aching feet with either your fingers or your mouth without being ordered.”

Fulton groaned as an image of him with his lips attached to her foot again allowed the bars of his prison to do their infernal work.

And it was to get worse.

“Neither have you once asked if my superior Indian cunt required the attentions of your servile English tongue.”

His gasp of shock brought a smile of cruelty to her feline and commanding features.

Beneath the tight fitting black trousers she had bought him by way of a serving-uniform, and fully erect or not, Fulton felt the warmth of his own semen as it erupted from his semi-flaccid but wholly energised cock to saturate his underwear – so great was his newly minted masochism and his desire for the commanding Indian bitch so instrumental in bringing it to the fore.

The prospect of abasing himself fully to her needs and placing his tongue completely at her disposal filled him with a quite delicious weakness before which he was powerless; a prospect that would once have fetched mocking laughter from his lips as he described the person delivering it as mentally unhinged.

No more was needed to tell him just how far his life had descended into the toilet.

A descent that shamed him even more for the fact some perverted part of him was embracing the new reality Garima Setty was outlining for him:

"As to what my slave would get from a permanent place at my side as a servant after the Indian fashion, I think you already have some idea of it."

Placing her other foot between his legs where the cock-cage resided, she provided just one of the advantages that would come from his service to her in more than a simply domestic manner – even if the fact he was already wearing a cage at all pretty much placed that service beyond normal.

"Never again," she went on, eyes bright and shiny with the delight she was taking in spinning her new web of dominance around his heart, his, mind, and his caged-cock, "will he have to trouble himself with those everyday terrors he was unable to rise above. His only concern will be to please his female owner totally, that she might continue to be responsible for his well-being and bring order and respect to his meaningless life."

His shamed eyes lowered again and she rejoiced that she could have such an effect upon him as she promised herself many years of enjoyment with her new chattel.

"Such things are commonplace in our culture between the rich and the destitute," she told him. "In my land we are not so precious of either individual liberties or pride. Especially not when all those liberties fetch are hardship and displacement. Far better, we believe, for a man to know himself and, rather than find himself clinging to the bottom rung of the ladder and finding his grip slipping, to commit himself to the service of his superiors. This that he might be housed, fed, and experience a productive life."

Beneath her, his own semen cold against the inside of his thighs where it had seeped, he was assailed by an image of his ex-wife and her new man, together with his daughter, looking down upon him in his current abject situation and laughing.

When his thoughts came back to the present and the Indian woman dominating them, it was almost as if she had read them:

"…If you accept that your place in life from now on is to serve me, I will make you one promise, and one only," she assured him. "A promise, once made, you may be sure my own sense of religious conviction and moral compass will *never* allow me to break."

Her fingers again took his chin and raised his eyes to hers.

"My promise is this: that those who treated you so appallingly will *never, ever,* see or hear of you in your new position as my household chattel and body-servant."

His eyes widened at the latter and Garima Setty thrilled at the hold her body and her dominance had taken over the man's senses

"Believe me, I am a most private person, as you already know, and it will not be your wife and daughter and ex-friend alone who will be denied any knowledge of the way you will serve me from now on – though it will, of course, be obvious to the women at the Temple that you are my highly obedient and devoted servant.

"You will also be prevented from ever knowing anything of the poverty and hopelessness that exists in my country of birth and is becoming more marked – if not as drastic – in your own."

"That is why from now on," she continued, "my authority over you will be as total as one person's authority is possible to be over another in these supposedly more enlightened times. From this moment on I will govern your life in a way totally of my choosing. Whether you are serving me domestically or sexually, you will always be aware that you have no say whatsoever in how I direct you to go about it and will simply submit to whatever is my desire at the time.

Again, stomach lurching with an unholy excitement that shamed as it thrilled him, Fulton felt his groin respond positively in its restricted space to words he knew his head should find both offensive and warped.

"I tell you all this because I am a truthful and god-fearing person and will not lie to you about either your responsibilities in my home or the fact that I will be from now the only woman in your life."

Fulton's breathing had grown shallow as his positive response to the unthinkable future she was laying out for him overtook the distaste and self-loathing he felt for the weakness at his core that had to have been lying dormant his whole life to this point.

God save him!

He actually wanted what she was describing for him.

"Not to swell your head," she told him, seeing capitulation in his every response, "but you are just the type of handsome and older Englishman I have always pictured as my slave."

Her foot jiggled the underside of her ringed scrotum to emphasise both her attraction to him and the position of power she now held in his life.

"So, tell me, Fulton, do you think that, knowing what I expect from you, that you will be willing to accept my total authority over your life?

He sensed that she knew the answer already or would not have asked the question, yet something of the former man still left to him felt compelled to answer – no matter how pointlessly:

"Isn't that pretty much what's been happening since I came to work for you?" he asked.

She shook her head.

“Not in the way I wish to see from you. Ways I have already partly described. If your presence here is to continue then I need to know that you acknowledge me not just as the Indian woman who employs you but as your… *owner*.”

The word took the breath from him as he realised it had been the very description the German woman had been on the verge of uttering a number of times. Garima Setty’s use of the word almost provoking yet an almost seismic reaction at both summit and groin as the sheer perversity of his new need responded to what it implied.

“I…” he began, only to feel the slap of her hand upon his cheek in rebuke.

“Are you deliberately trying to antagonize your Malkin?” she blazed, eyes bright with the unholy arousal treating a handsome man so many years her senior afforded her.

A handsome… *white* …man!

“You were told not to speak without my permission or having asked for it first.”

He looked into her eyes and saw in them the death of his manhood.

And still could not look away.

The seemed to hold him powerless before her and again he felt that debilitating weakness as the feeling of surrendering to her power made him weak of both body and mind.

“Apologise,” she barked suddenly, startling him.

The ability to be able to so thrilled her.

And then, without even considering the implications of doing as she ordered, and words and a tone of voice that would not have shamed the lowliest and most obsequious of toadies on this or any other continent:

“I.. I’m sorry for interrupting yo, Malkin. P-Please accept my apologies.”

She thought about it but, even to him in his new hell of service and degenerate sexual desire, it was obvious there was no possibility of her *not* accepting them.

Her nod, when it came, was haughty.

She knew his thoughts would be in an even greater turmoil by now and he would be asking himself how he could allow himself to be treated in such a way.

But she also knew, and gloried in the knowing, that her sexual power over him – as unlikely as it was – became stronger with each day he passed in her presence and each abject step he conceded before her.

Her confidence with this man was greater than she had ever known with another and was made even more remarkable – and arousing – to her by the fact this was no physically unattractive and unintelligent peasant she was in the process of dominating.

She took in a deep breath and tried to rein in the build-up of her own perverted arousal as it threatened to take her over the edge; having no intention just yet of allowing him to see the effect his servitude to her had upon her – an effect never more difficult to control than when he had stood before her with arms cuffed at his back as she manipulated his recently released manhood to an explosion all the powerful for his having been denied it for a week or so.

A denial that would be longer from now on when she took greater control of him.

"Your watchword from now on if you decide to stay…"

She broke off and again used a finger to raise his chin that he might look into her eyes; her voice dark and threatening:

"You do wish to stay, I take it?"

Mesmerised by both woman and unlikely situation, he was unable to frame an answer.

"Because if you are not," she said, voice becoming even more intimidating, "You can go and pack your meagre belongings and I will give you some money to take you wherever you wish to go."

The upward surge of fear, despite the changes prison and his current situation had already wrought in him, was as shocking in its pure power as it was surprising and, again, had him questioning how he could have become so weak.

And in so relatively short a space of time.

"Y-Yes!" he heard himself blurt out suddenly, realising later when he had time to go over things more minutely in the privacy of the basement space where he lived and served, that the sheer need and desperation of his outburst had forced a brief but self-satisfied smile to her plump and feline cheeks.

A brief smile, he would tell himself without it making a jot of difference to either his degenerate sexual response to her or the fear he had of being excluded from her home, that struck him as holding more than a little in the way of evil.

"Y-Yes, Malkin," he went on regardless. "I.. I do want to stay."

"I did not hear a please," she pressed, sensing her advantage over this abject and powerless Englishman increase with every passing second and finding her growing dominance to be all her febrile childhood dreams had promised it would be.

"I… I meant, I would like to stay, please… Malkin."

She nodded as if thinking it over, then:

“That is a start,” she told him, “but as I was explaining to you: if you do remain here I will expect the same level of devotion and servility from you that I would expect from a man of my own country who has placed himself in my service.”

She gave him a hard stare and, to her unholy joy, he could not hold her gaze and, instead, allowed his gaze to rest on one of the feet for which she knew he had developed something of a fixation along with her short but powerful legs.

“Understand?” she pressed.

“Yes, Malkin,” he answered instantly as she sensed his shame for having done so.

It had, she told herself, barely even begun.

“No,” she told the top of his lowered head, “I don’t think you do. Up until now your service to me has been more that of an everyday and normal domestic-employee who happens to live in his employers home with all the comforts that home supplies for one in his position.”

She paused before continuing, knowing he would be trying to reconcile his wearing of a cock-cage – as well as the fact it was only when she released him and took his cock in her own hand that he could find pleasure - as *“everyday and normal”*.

“Now, however,” she continued, “though you will still enjoy the comforts afforded you in my basement and I will; subject to finding your behaviour appropriate – continue to supply you with pocket money enough to enjoy a night at the pub for two or three drinks once a week; though not enough to return to my home in a drunken condition - a condition I advise you not to test me on - you will be on call 24/7 as I see fit and your whole attitude towards me will be defined by one word.”

Again she paused.

Then:

“Respect, Fulton,” she told him firmly as he remained at her feet with head lowered.

The pressure between her legs was becoming difficult to manage as she mastered him in the most undeniable way since his arrival and it was only with a supreme effort of will that she forced herself to concentrate and resist the urge to take a hold of his hair and thrust his handsome face to the sodden mess his submission had made of her panties.

It was not easy.

“Complete and utter respect,” she went on, hoping her voice did not betray her own arousal. “If I am to take on the responsibility for what remains of your life, then I shall expect nothing else from you and will make no allowances for the fact you are English and your countrymen once held power over my land and its people. I shall treat you *exactly* as I would treat a man of my country who has consented to become both a domestic and sexual chattel”

Garima Setty did not miss the shudder that ran through him at her mention of the word.

"Sexual."

She raced on, totally energised by the control she now exercised over him and knowing its levels were in their infancy still.

"I want you to picture yourself falling to your knees respectfully whenever I enter a room to show your gratitude and appreciation for the Malkin willing to take responsibility for you. Though for the sake of appearances and my own privacy, you will only do this while we are alone in the house together. As you know, the only visitors I receive are my ladies from the Temple you have yet to meet – though I will be informing them that I have taken an English manservant into my service shortly. When they are here you will be attentive and obsequious, to their needs as well as my own in a way that will leave them in no doubt you are my servant but nothing more. For this, however, I will coach you, as my religion is most important to me along with the friendship of my sisters."

She saw the almost imperceptible shaking of his head as, no doubt, he asked himself yet again how he had landed in such a situation and why he was allowing it to continue.

The fact that he had and *did* was intoxicating to her.

"Will you be able to swallow your English pride and be waiting on your knees at the door for the return of your Malkin from whatever she has been doing? And then show your utter devotion and commitment to her by placing your lips upon her tired feet as a sign of your gratitude and pleasure at her return?"

Again she saw a shudder run through him and again she knew it was mixture of purest shame and unwilling sexual desire prompting it.

Not so pure and unwilling, however, that he had made even a twitch of rebellion.

Yet he had not moved and she felt encouraged.

She could not remember feeling so…

Alive!

Emboldened and wishing to experience more, she crashed on, the shackles of caution banished as she went on in the third-person:

"Would you be capable of bathing, dressing, and worshipping the body of your Malkin the way she demands – despite the fact she knows you do not consider her either your mental or physical equal?

"You are, after all, a handsome Englishman who is far older and been educated at the finest schools? While she is a relatively lowly-born Indian woman from West Bengal you would once not have given a second glance."

There was no response from the man with his eyes lowered and this was as much by way of a confirmation of her thoughts as he needed.

It pleased her.

How much more humiliating would it be for him to not only be in the service of such a person but to know she actually considered him her property?

As well as sexually dependent and fixated upon her.

When he was not luxuriating in joys of subspace her would be full of self-loathing.

Exactly what her youthful fantasies had told her she wanted and wholly enchanting!

Unable to stop now, caution a memory, she pressed on:

“Would you be willing to place your hands and your tongue at the disposal of your Malkin that you may please and satisfy her at the back as well as the front? To worship her shit-chute as well as her moist Pakistani cunny and the feet below them?”

His body stiffened as though she had prodded him with a fully-charged cattle-prod and she raced on:

“To become familiar with her most intimate perfumes – even when she is not at her most fragrant: From feet and toes to arse and armpits? To not only assist in her bathing but attend her as she goes about her more personal bodily functions?”

She fell silent and waited, stunned and eroticised by her own words as the helpless features that finally managed to look upon her own as he took in the full impact of her words.

“Well, Fulton,” she demanded, resisting the urge to thrust her finger inside her own panties and satisfy the cunt which felt to her as if it were a flood-plain; looking upon those shamed and undeniably attractive features and feeling something she described to herself as almost like love for the man she was tormenting and enslaving.

Garima Setty kept her expression inflexible and unreadable as the sound of his shallow breathing gave his own responses away.

As he her eyes devoured the chattel she was fashioning beneath her, *“Malkin Garima”* almost wished her golden moment of victory would last forever.

Then:

“Well?” she demanded. “Do you think you can be all of those things and more for your Malkin?”

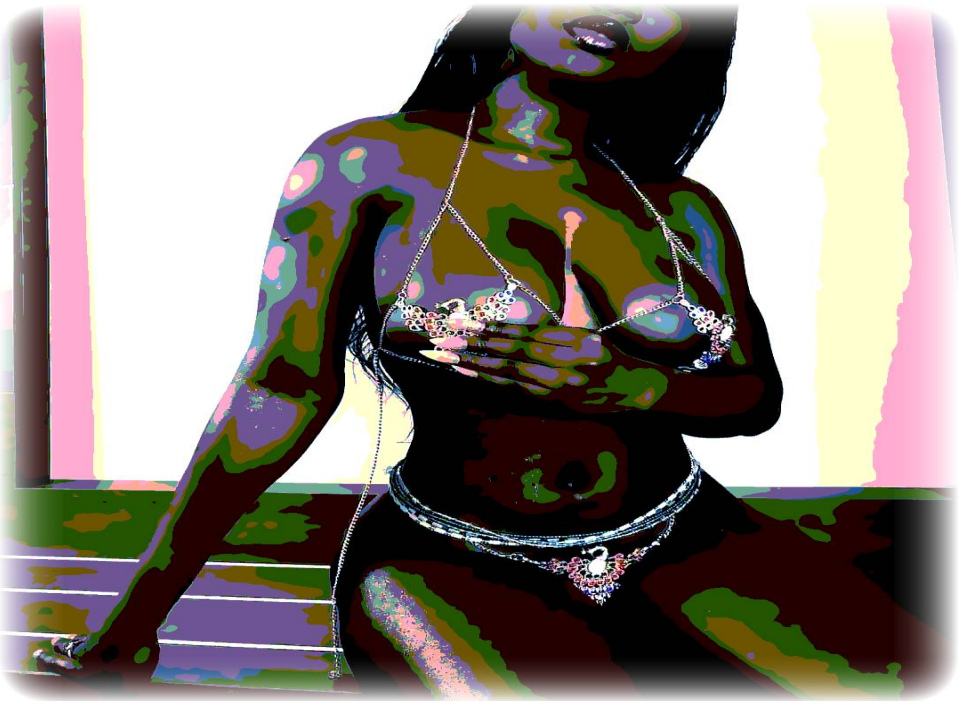
His eyes were moist and she knew, as he now did, that there was nothing in his future but capitulation.

He required just one further push.

Sliding back the skirt in which she returned from the shops over her bare and silkily powerful thighs, she pointed a sharp red fingernail to her sodden black panties and ordered:

“SHOW ME!...”

EPILOGUE



“Is it everything you wished it to be in your feverish schoolgirl dreams?” asked Helga Hertzog after the once successful and happily married man who was now an Indian woman’s manservant had served their coffee and departed.

It was seven months on from her last visit to her former client and the change in the bearing and demeanour of the man she had placed in her service was most satisfying to her. After all, it was not every day that a woman such as Garima Setty entrusted such a sum of money to someone who was, to all intents and purposes, a stranger she had only recently made acquaintance with via the Internet. It was gratifying to be in the company of a satisfied customer – even if that gratification was hardly of a kind useful in marketing terms.

Then again, marketing had hardly proved necessary to the success of her amoral and, to some, repulsive business up until now.

“It is,” answered Garima, still in the flowing sari and diamante-sandals she had worn earlier that in the day for her coffee-morning with ladies from the Temple. This would be the last time she would see Helga Hertzog since the acquiring and successful enslavement of Vaughan Fulton and it was not a parting she viewed with any great sorrow. Quite the contrary, in fact.

There was something mercenary and self-centred about the woman Garima did not like and expressed as much to herself without any concomitant self-accusation of hypocrisy. To her, her enslavement of the handsome Englishman was as much a relief and growing joy – if a perverted one – to him as his submission was an unmitigated delight to her.

She was only showing him his true path in life – despite his greater years – and in no way was she doing so for monetary reward.

In fact, she had even convinced herself that she was acting in accordance with the tenets of the religion about which she was so devout.

Was not that religion's teachings, after all, about helping others and showing them their true path in life?

"Your services have been most satisfactory," she told the woman with a perfunctory smile, knowing that she was expecting to see – and perhaps even enjoy – the attentions of the manservant she had initially assessed worthy of training before passing him on.

Knowing also that this would *not* happen.

In fact, she had no intention of discussing her new life with the Englishman who was now, to all intents and purposes – if the hold she had over his senses and the fear he had for being excluded from her home spoke truly – at all. She considered the German woman to be someone she had employed and paid well for her efforts. Simply because she accomplished what she had promised did not make them intimate friends but business acquaintances.

And, to Garima Setty's way of looking at things, that business had been paid for and accomplished.

A look of disappointment crossed the spiteful featured German blond's features as she sat power-dressed in a severe two-piece costume in charcoal grey with spiked heels to complement sheer pause in navy – neither of which doing much to offset solid and matronly legs that had yet to know the catwalk and never would.

"Forgive me if I sound discourteous," Garima told her, almost affronted that the woman could have expected her to share such intimacies with her as if they were old and intimate friends. "But I have much to do this afternoon."

Rising to her feet to indicate their coffee soiree was at an end – not that it had been long – Garima smiled and offered a hand as she prepared to end their association:

"Again, accept my thanks for your efforts and allow me to take this opportunity to wish you much success in the future."

Looking distinctly miffed, Helga Hertzog rose to her feet and accepted the outstretched hand, though not without one last attempt to build a bridge between them and, perhaps, have herself included in some way in the domination of the Englishman she had part trained for whom she herself had developed such a passion:

"It was my pleasure," Garima, and do bear in mind that, should you need him supervised if you need to be away from the home for any length of time I am more than willing to help."

Garima smiled, though had the German woman looked close enough she would have seen that it did not touch the corners of her mouth.

"I will indeed," she lied, edging her towards the exit to show her out without calling for the servant she was so obviously interested in to escort the German woman from the house in the way he so deferentially performed the same service for the ladies from the Temple.

Ladies, her sense of self worth acknowledged, who were amazed, impressed, and envious bordering on jealous, for her possession of such a handsome – and *English* – servant.

When Helga Hertzog's car finally pulled from her drive for the last time, Garima allowed herself a small sigh of relief for the knowledge she was *never* likely to see the woman again.

Then, knowing exactly what she wanted now, she called for her English slave and ordered him upstairs…

…She loved the way her handsome white boy looked in the gift she had so thoughtfully provided him.

Well… for her, actually.

Naked as she wanted him, his white flesh pale and somehow… inferior …to the smooth brown of her own naked body, his cock was already trying to extend in its metal prison at the sight of her, the eyes above desperate to please that he might in turn be pleased. The imprisoned penis that was now her property in its entirety together with the man to whom it was attached, was bursting with blood and tension. Tension increased when she told him to close his eyes and not open them again until he was given permission.

Feline features smirked as she saw the wince that greeted her placing of the rubber at the base of his gift and pronounced themselves pleased when he did not open his eyes despite the shock of the insertion.

"Bite down and apply enough pressure to keep it in your mouth," she ordered before pulling half a rubber face-mask over his heads and fastening it to the latex cock now protruding from his mouth by sliding some straps through the loops in the face-mask at the back of his head.
His eyes were visible between two slits in the rubber.

And still they had not opened.

"Open your eyes," came the command.

The first thing he saw was her plump and catlike features regarding him before realising what it was she had inserted into his mouth and strapped into place.

It was a face dildo that stood up a long way from his face.

The surface was made to assimilate that of a long, hard and thick, white cock and had veins and artistically wrought details over its surface so that it looked like the real thing.

She chuckled and then stroked the latex surface with her left hand while using the other to stroke the top of his rubber-clad head mockingly; knowing it was his first experience with her gift to him and just how hateful this once most masculine of men would find it to have such a thing in his mouth.

Even if that mouth was not around the working end of it.

Though the lips she had painted a deep red for the occasion soon would be as she moved closer and started to lick and suck on the latex veined monster just as if it had been a real cock.

The upper part of her crimson lips were sometimes close enough that he could the breath rasping from the sides of her mouth tickle his nostrils as she concentrated on taking the thing deep into her mouth. Her eyes were open and staring to the rubber slits behind which his own bulged. He had always been mildly claustrophobic and the sensation of being enclosed – and especially in such a way – was causing his panic to rise to such a peak that it was only his newly found desire to please his Malkin that prevented him from rising up, unbuckling the intruder from his head and spitting the thing from his mouth.

Suddenly, taking her lips from the artificial cock, she stood so that both her legs were on both sides of him and the hairless Indian pussy to which he was now so addicted and served so dutifully. In fact, so devoted had he become to his Malkin and female master, that when she brought up the idea of him accompanying her on a visit back to her own country with a new passport proclaiming him her manservant, he had actually felt a sense of pride to go along with his sexual reverence. There was not one of her orifices with which his slavish tongue was not both familiar and devoted.

Then, suddenly, she thrust his head back with the palm of a hand in order to raise the face-dildo towards her before, with the other, she guided it into that moist cavern he had been assured his own cock would NEVER experience.

"Keep your eyes open," she ordered again, not to know that he could not have closed them at this point if she demanded it of him.

As he watched, the arousal of her pussy making its way into his nostrils and making gasp around the rubber into which he was biting as his cock made yet another futile attempt to become fully erect in its cage, she lowered herself onto the prepared face dildo and gradually sank down upon it until her English serf could feel her flesh on his face and the overspill of her arousal begin to moisten his cheeks.

An image of his ex-wife and daughter being there to witness his degradation and his positive response to it supplied a few moments of self-revulsion and anger as images from his former life crowded in upon and almost made him remember he was a man.

Almost.

Hands placed behind his head and fingers interlocked, she rammed his head into her and started to fuck herself on the indefatigable latex cock with long, even strokes before allowing herself to fall forward so that her thighs were about his head and the dildo embedded still further in her demanding pussy.

Every time she thrust forward he felt as if he couldn't breathe and, moaning and sighing with ecstasy, she stayed down long enough for him to be on the verge of panic-attack before slowly rising up again once more.

Only to repeat the maneuver seconds later; juices from the sides of her pussy flowing freely over his cheeks as her rich moans filled his ears before rising up once more and repeating the procedure yet again…

And again…

And again…

And…

Finally, she let out a howl of utter abandonment and satisfaction and dropped forward to support herself with both arms as he marvelled at the perfect full breasts and doorstop nipples above him; even his claustrophobia banished for the moment as his eyes drank in the sight.

He did not know how long they remained in this position but did know it was not long enough when she raised herself from him and the close-up of her magnificent subcontinent tits.

"Good boy," she told him, voice husky from the pleasure his sexual servitude had just supplied her. You have pleased your Malkin."

A thrill of pleasure and almost complete contentment came over him then as the sight of her powerful but shapely legs rose at his side and the still fresh feelings of subspace and the utter subservience to another's will that went with it made him feel like a powerless child in the presence of the all-powerful matriarch.

He was utterly lost by now and had already conceded himself to be totally in the thrall of his Indian master.

"Kneel up and let me remove your gift now," she ordered.

He did so.

Instantly.

After she had removed the face-mask and made him suck the latex clean of her, without anything coming remotely near to protest from him, he patted his head almost fondly while jiggling his imprisoned scrotum with her free hand.

Then, smiling with pleasure that was no less mocking for its satisfaction, she asked:

“Does my good little slave think he has earned the right to some pleasure?”

Knowing the response and the way it was to be given she insisted upon from him, even if it was the one he most hated supplying – and knowing also that he would NEVER leave her side – he obliged.

When the first canine whine left him she laughed, allowing him to go on until she was satisfied his begging was sincere enough before deciding to give him what he was so desperate to experience and could no longer supply for himself.

“Oh, well,” she began almost playfully, as if she were indulging the whim a indulged pre-pubescent, “since you’ve been such a good little English doggy, Malkin is going to unlock your little cock from its cage and let you press it against the outside of her leg until spurts. Would doggy like that?”

More whining later, she took the key from the necklace at her neck and did exactly as she had described.

Then, and unsurprisingly, not seconds after his cock’s release, so did he…



THE END