It Was Just His Way of Relaxing

(The Revised and Extended 2nd Edition)

A Tale of Subcontinent Femdom

By
Ms Indira

FDC

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Part One

The words reaching his ears are unbelievable.

Incredible.

Soul-destroying and mortifying.

The lips from which they are emerging, to form what must surely be amongst

the most outrageous suggestions ever to have been put to a white Anglo-Saxon male a day short of his forty-first birthday, are plump and full and in no way contradict the fleshy features above and within the frame of long and silky black hair that, along with her skin-tone, speaks so eloquently of her lowly Bangalore roots.

Fleshy features that cannot quite hide their delight at being able to direct such words at the man below her in the full knowledge retribution will not be neither forthcoming nor even hinted at.

That no such vengeance will be either threatened or extracted upon one who was, until recently, no more than a plump, if reasonably pretty, Indian girl of nineteen and the housekeeper to the man upon the bed, can be laid squarely at the door of his absent wife who has used *certain* fortuitous discoveries to not only place him in his current position of dependency but ensure he must remain in it.

Of these *"fortuitous discoveries"*, I shall speak shortly for, unless you have yet to guess, your narrator is she of the fleshy features and self-described prettiness contained in the brief description above. The same *"lowly"* Bangalore girl who right this moment explores the inside of an open pyjama fly and cradles in her brown hand the full balls of the man who is still, to all intents and purposes, her employer. A girl safe in the knowledge that the secure metal ring surrounding his scrotum which, in turn, is attached to the cage in which his penis rests, will prevent him troubling me.

Not when the only key capable of unlocking his manhood is currently around the neck of his American wife.

The *"only key"*, that is, of which he is aware and would be surprised to learn of the other currently hanging from a long silver-chain at my neck, hidden beneath my sari as it dangles in the unseen valley between my young and firm breasts.

The same full breasts I have asked for his wife's permission, along with other things, to have him suckle upon in the bedroom upstairs to which his wife has elevated his former housekeeper, this while he occupies the less spacious and far more symbolic sleeping quarters that were once hers.

An elevation making it easier for the two women, American employer and Indian employee to enjoy their new… *closeness*.

Even if that *"new closeness"* does not prevent the wife herself being *close* with others of her choosing and even if that *"choosing"* provokes no jealousy on the part of the girl and sometimes lover who remains in her service.

Albeit with extra, and *welcome*, responsibilities.

The key in question is a key the young Indian girl will soon tell him of and remains yet another means by which she can add to the torment of him she enjoys so much.

But, for now however, he believes it is only his wife who can unlock the white cock that so aches for the release it can no longer provide for itself.

And *she* has yet to return from UB City after a day in her Concorde Tower offices where she operates one of the most successful sole-owned commercial leasing companies in the south of the country, let alone Bangalore itself.

But then, the time has yet to reach 8pm and it is likely she will be out many more hours yet – if, that is, she returns at all, given that she is meeting a very influential client who, she assures me, is *extremely* attracted to her.

And why would he not be? Still in her mid-thirties, Suzanna Parkes remains a highly attractive woman with a full-body. The sharply defined face beneath the page-boy cut blonde hair holds a severity that seems only to make her features as sexy as they appear determined. Any man in his right mind would wish to place his love-stick at her channel before exploring further and she has assured me that Mr Gokhale, as she referred to him, is nothing if not entirely sane.

At least upon this score.

Though I doubt he is as handsome as the man below me whose stupid fantasies have allowed his young housekeeper to lead both him and his wife to this household turnaround.

A young *Indian* housekeeper who has contrived in an incredibly swift space of time to turn the love and devotion of his wife into contempt and a desire to…

Punish.

Mentally *and* physically.

Again, I shall return to these… *fantasies*… shortly.

My name, by the way, is *"Sahila"*. In my land it means *"Guide"*. A very apt coincidence, as it is exactly what the wife of the handsome man whose scrotum I currently fondle wishes me to be.

For him.

And a role I, in turn, have worked to have my wonderful mistress wish for me to adopt.

Though I have little doubt – how can I when I am responsible for having inspired such thoughts in her – that the kind of guidance she wishes me to supply is not welcomed by the husband on the single-cot of the tiny downstairs bedroom.

A bedroom to which he has been demoted that is at the back of the house and which once was mine.

It must go without saying that I am extremely grateful to "Suzanna", as she now insists I call her, for without knowing it she has allowed me to experience a dream I have cherished since I first saw the aunt who brought me up after the early death of my parents work herself to her grave for a pittance in the way of salary.

This in the home of a haughty Englishman who was working in our country as Professor of History at Bangalore University.

It is the oldest university in India and dates back to the end of the nineteenth-century and, if the attitude of the man himself towards my aunt were a guide, so did his ideas of station and service.

Quite simply, he treated her as if she were barely human and unworthy of consideration – and all this for the very lowest amount of pay he could get away with for services that were hardly well-remunerated to begin with. I am not gifted academically and this treatment was handed out to a wonderful woman who brought me up single-handedly and worked for such scum that she could put me through school as well as feed and clothe me still makes my blood boil with rage. That schooling necessary, you understand, to gain an excellent if over formal – so I am told - written English that would at least qualify me for work as a live-in housekeeper of the kind required by the Parkes.

Even if my speaking of the language is accompanied by a heavy accent I am quite unable to lose.

My earliest sexual fantasies, I confess, were of taking a bamboo-stick to the pale and naked behind of my aunt's employer and somehow finding myself in a position of unquestioned power over him.

Fantasies that grew in strength – if not in fruition – and, despite my youthful years and the time still left to me, seemed unlikely to ever be realised.

Until, that is, I came to work for Suzanna and William Parkes.

Until I found myself fantasising harder than ever over the snobbish and handsome husband who, while not anywhere near as cruel and overbearing as the former employer of my aunt, could not help revealing to me the contempt he felt for someone of my origins.

The American wife, whose business and money was responsible for their presence in India and paid for him to continue indulging his dream to be a writer of fiction he will now *never* fulfil, a thankfully different proposition.

"You must take no notice of William," Suzanna had told me shortly after taking up my employment with them. *"This is his first time out of England for any length of time and he is not very… cosmopolitan. If he seems gruff and superior to you, take no notice. He will soon get used to things and adapt."*

Evidence of this ability or willingness to adapt had been lost upon me, however, and as much as I was coming to regard Suzanna with great affection, and she me, I had grave doubts I would ever see the man accustom himself to the ways of the country in which his wife was making the considerable living that kept him. There was, it seemed, little or nothing he found to like in his new abode. Whereas Suzanna herself seemed to flourish in her second land and appeared to delight both in its people and its culture.

Thankfully, apart from serving him tea, sandwiches, and other refreshments as required, I did not see much of him throughout the day while his wife was out at UB City amongst the other movers and shakers of the Bangalore business and commerce world. This, apart from being unable to gaze upon those handsome features and his still boyish appearance – which I confess were the object of *certain* nightly dreams, was not a great loss to me. Shut inside the room designated as his study and furious to ever be interrupted, his absence gave me time to go about my housekeeping with a diligence - though I could hear him pecking away at his computer keyboard whenever I passed his room.

A computer that would soon prove pivotal in his downfall.

But back to the here and the now…

“Who would have thought it?” I muse as if to myself, speaking with an obstinate accent that refused to leave the articulacy of my second language I know surprises him each time he hears it – yet more evidence of the contempt in which he holds both me and my country. I also know that no answer will be forthcoming from the older Englishman who is the room’s only other occupant and that, so far has his wife placed both herself and her housekeeper in a position of power over him, he would be terrified of the consequences should he supply one. “The oh, so, superior man who looked down his nose upon his young Indian housekeeper when she first came, forced by his wife to obey her orders when she is not present as if he were a tiny child in need of supervision.”

The look of utter misery on the handsome features below a smooth and shining dome Suzanna only recently had me shave, making me wish to sling

a leg over the cot and squish his face into my moist pussy. A response his shame and humiliation *never* fails to provoke and one I have still to force him to satisfy. Though this evening will, I have promised myself, and with the full knowledge of his wife, see me do so.

For now though, I run a patronising young, brown and Indian hand over his gleaming dome that he may again focus on the missing head of full hair of which he had once been so proud.

How must it be for a man of his years and looks to have to accept the authority and supervision of an Indian girl so much younger, I ask myself?

To have her dictate what he must and must not do when his wife is absent.

To have himself… *handled*… by her!

And to know she has absolutely no intention of making either his life or the constant round of humiliation it has become any the more bearable for him.

"But such snobbery on your part is all in the past now," I tell him as he closes his eyes to the shame of being spoken to and handled with such… *demoralising*… familiarity by a girl yet to leave her teens – if only for a few months longer. "Ms Suzanna has seen you for the type of man you are now and, with my help, will make sure you become the type of husband you were always intended to be for her."

As a means of underlining my words, I lift the metal cage imprisoning his defeated manhood before releasing it to fall back upon the full balls that have only just left the grasp of my brown hand that becomes ever more proprietorial with each passing hour of his wife's new… *regime*.

"In her own way she still cares for you," I go on, "but you must get used to the idea that you will never be a husband or a man to her in the truest sense of the word again. If you wish to continue knowing the security of the home she provides and which you have taken for granted for so long, you must show her you understand and accept that this is how things will be for the foreseeable future."

The *"foreseeable"*, I told myself, being forever if I had my way, the misery

staring back at me from the single-cot below after my heavily-accented pronouncement, and far from stirring sympathy in my breast, goaded me to revel in my new and thoroughly wonderful position of power and responsibility over him to take his torment further.

“Have you any idea how lucky you are that she still finds a place for you in her life after the disappointment you have proved to be as a husband?” I asked, following up quickly that he did not take the rhetorical question as an excuse to reply and ruin my flow. “It is to her credit that she keeps you at her side still and has not simply divorced you to the life of penury that your abilities ensure is all you may expect from a life without either her or her money.”

His expression told me it was not a *“credit”* he was of a mind to apply to her at this or perhaps any other moment.

“Is it not fitting that you repay her for providing you with such security by serving her in the best way in which you are capable? Surely she is not asking too much that you take care of those household chores and duties that once fell to her young Indian housekeeper now that she numbers that same girl amongst her lovers? Especially now she has seen through your looks and charm to know the *real* you more fully and decided to allow her housekeeper to ensure you become more…

“…*useful*.”

At what was no more than a truism in regard of a man who had traded upon his looks and charm to gain what he wanted from the women in his life, and without supplying anything in the way of a compensatory and lucrative talent or even a desire to toil for pay in a way that was honest and decent, a tear squeezed past a closed eyelid and ran down the still handsome cheeks of the forty-something man.

I shivered for knowing my words were the cause of that tear and continued to stroke his head and coo at him as if he were, for all the world, an infant and it was only right that he be in his pyjamas and in bed at such an early hour.

But I was not finished yet:

“It must be such a relief for you to know that bigger and more powerful men will be relieving you of having to satisfy your wonderful wife in the bedroom from now on.”

The features below the head I had recently shaved and was petting as if he were a domestic pet in need of calming and reassurance – even as I went about torturing him – looked ashen; still quite unable to believe *this* could be happening to *him*!

“It is only right that a superior lady such as your wife be satisfied by real men with larger cocks and the ability to use them. Especially as you have proved so disappointing in this respect.”

He shook his head free of my stroking hand with as much petulance as he thought he could get away with and I tutted:

“Now, now, little Willie,” I chided him, using the diminution of his first-name I knew he hated. “I will tolerate no petulance. Is this not, after all, what you wanted?”

“No!” he cried vehemently, unable to prevent himself and using another rhetorical question from me as an invitation to speak; the sight of this handsome man reduced almost to floods of tears threatening to make me return to my intention to sling a leg over him that his lips may supply the likewise flooded Indian pussy of his former servant a thorough and worshipful licking. “It’s the last thing I ever wanted.”

I gave him an innocent stare.

“Then, if this is the case, why on earth would you have sent your wife a story describing such a situation?”

He had to have gone over the same question in his head a thousand times, I knew, and come up with the same answer each time.

“I… I’d been drinking… Who knows what I was thinking,” he almost wailed, appealing it seemed to a higher power other than the young Indian girl his wife had left to supervise him.

And, absent higher power or not, it was true.

He had been drinking.

Of that there could be no refutation.

But, as for thinking?

It is fair to say that, and no matter the extenuating circumstances, he had not been doing any of that at all.

That distinction, I am both proud and grateful to say, had been all mine…

*****

…On that fateful night when everything changed for both me and my attractive employers, I had taken myself from my ground-floor room at the back of the house to fetch myself a glass of water. Thirsty after, yet again, having used my fingers in the morass that was my young cunt to bring myself not once but, incredibly, four times. And each time it was the handsome face of my erstwhile *"Master"* I pictured between my legs as his servile tongue strained to provide me with the release I demanded of him.

This fantasy of my own was as wonderful as it was ultimately frustrating to know it was a release I would never experience for real.

Or so I believed.

I still give thanks, and believe I always shall, to the thirst that awoke me at such an opportune time.

On passing the study of "Mr Parkes" – as I still called him at this time – I noticed the light beneath his door and realised that even though the time had passed 2am he was still at his computer.

It was not uncommon for him to keep such late hours, normally with a bottle of two of Rioja and a few vodkas if the evidence I was left to clear away the following morning spoke truly, but on this particular night he must *really* have had the mood upon him.

A fact explaining how he did not notice me in the darkened kitchen doorway as he stumbled from his study to virtually crawl upstairs to the bedroom he shared with his wife.

And leaving the light blazing in his study in the process.

Unfortunately for him, it was not the only thing he neglected to switch-off.

When I heard the bedroom door close and was certain he would soon be sleeping the sleep of the drunkard and dead to the world for many hours, I moved to his study and switched off the light like the dutiful housekeeper I was – at least for his wife.

It was at this point that the glare still coming from his computer screen alerted me to the fact he had neglected to turn shut-down after finishing and I moved to his desk with the intent of performing the task for him – tutting to myself with disapproval at the empty bottle of Rioja and drained wine-glass next to his keyboard along with a tumbler that had, no doubt, once been filled with the vodka he enjoyed so much.

Too much!

I cannot say with any accuracy when the idea came to me but, from experience with the laptop in my room and purchased with Suzanna's help - and when I saw he had attempted to shut-down having neglected first to save a draft of his latest fictional masterpiece and his machine had asked him to do so before it went on to do close - I realised that he had given me free access to his computer.

An unknowing gift that was about to alter his life and that of his wife.

Together with mine, of course.

Though it would be only the females of the equation who would benefit from the coming change.

Leaving the study door open that I may hear any movement from upstairs and make myself scarce – movement at such a late hour unlikely it has to be said, as *he* would soon be dead-to-the-world and Suzanna is a sound sleeper

herself – I seated myself and began to go through his history.

To say I was amazed would paint nowhere near a vivid enough picture of my astonishment.

The sites and blogs he most visited during the nights locked in his study when he had assured his wife he was busy completing the long overdue best-seller that would put him on the map as a writer, were…

Yes.

I am sure you will have guessed.

They were sites and blogs for men who found it sexy to be dominated by women!

And not just men who found it sexy.

Many of them were familiar to me and I myself had visited sites such as BDSM Library, Literotica, Diana the Valkyrie and Femdom Cave – though some of the foot-fetish sites were new to me; even if they would not prove strangers for much longer than it took to retire to my own room and boot my own laptop.

He had also downloaded many pictures from sites such as Only Tease and Vixena, along with other domains featuring women in pantyhose.

These he kept in separate folders he had named to make his particular fancy of the time in the way of women's legs easier to find:

"Upskirt."

"Shoe-Dangling."

"Crossed-Legs."

To my surprise, there was an absence of, what I considered, outright and offensive ePorn and I at least revised upwards my opinion of a man I had grown to dislike, even as my inner-life revolved more and more around *certain* fantasies of my own in his regard.

Revised them a little, anyhow.

I was, just the same, totally stunned – if in a positive way – by my discovery, for the handsome and somewhat *macho* William Parkes had shown no visible sign or giveaway clue of finding such *assertive* women attractive.

Quite the opposite if the way he took the lead with his wife in all decisions save those relating to her business spoke truly.

Which, obviously, they did not.

At least not in terms of his fantasy life.

By far the biggest collection of folders, however, dealt not with pictures of clothed women in pantyhose but with the fiction of female domination.

And it did not take long for me to track down their source.

In a folder marked *"Passwords"*, he had conveniently given me access to all his memberships – even if it were Rioja and vodka that had extended the gift rather than any intention to provide me a diversion on his part.

Along with memberships to sites showcasing *"Femdom Videos"* he had also taken out a life-membership with the aforementioned *"Femdom Cave"* which gave him unlimited access to their whole catalogue of fiction that dealt specifically with domination of the male by the female from authors as diverse as Miss Irene Clearmont and Clare Penne.

My breath had caught in my throat at this coincidence.

Not three days before, I myself had purchased the same life-membership for myself and read some of the works of those same authors!

Along with, in a fever of lust-inspired leisure time, fiction from Clarice Darling, Rebecca Sharp and Shayla Marks, to name a few.

Only the previous night before sleeping, I had downloaded and started upon a story called *"The Inferior"* by a writer calling himself Kurt Steiner and had all but frigged myself to exhaustion at his description of a *"young Indian housekeeper"* who gradually enslaves her handsome English employer who,

to add coincidence upon coincidence, just happened to be a writer.

The same author had written a number of other tales on the same lines of handsome and, sometimes, successful, Europeans dominated by younger and less attractive Indian women and I could not wait to sample more.

Even if I did counsel myself that enjoyment would be all the more potent if I were to take my time and savour the fictional experiences ahead of me.

To my disappointment – later I would revise my reaction upwards when it fell to me to introduce him to the concepts contained in Mr Steiner's writings - there was no sign of my *"master"* having downloaded or read any of this author's fiction; though he had downloaded some novels by a writer called Gudrun Lindstrom who specialised in tales of male-white-slavery in a Middle-East setting.

A location not *too* far removed, I had told myself by way of encouragement.

As I explored the folders containing his fiction further, I promised to acquaint myself more fully with the work of this Frau Lindstrom.

Along with all the other titles, old and new, to which my membership entitled me.

I had, in fact, already taken advantage of the other perks of membership to ask the advice of the Cave and its resident agony-aunt, Miss Irene Clearmont, on the subject of placing a European man under my complete power.

Her advice was both knowing and wise but, as the good lady herself pointed out, such men did not fall from the skies and advertising for one who sought out such a situation would, she sensed, not prove satisfactory to me.

And now, it was to prove, one had just plummeted to earth and delivered himself into both my clutches and, necessarily, those of his wife.

Possibly.

For even if he had fantasies of a dominant woman I felt sure, having seen him at close-quarters, that the reality would prove far more than he would be able

to handle.

A dissatisfaction, assuming he could be placed under our control, that would make my pleasure all the sweeter in exactly the way Miss Irene sensed.

Where was the satisfaction, after all, in being the dominant if the man in question welcomed being dominated in such a way – even if he had only fantasised about such things to that point?

Far better, from my point of view, that he come to hate having to bend his neck in cold reality as he found his masturbatory fantasies far, far, more than he could handle in a way that was… *pleasurable*.

On that very score, and if I had to pinpoint when the idea first formed – this as I read with ears keened for any movement from above stairs – I would have to say it was while reading a free story he had downloaded of a man who comes clean about his femdom desires to his wife on one drunken night. Only for her to take him up on his proposition in the sober light of the next day's dawning. This estimable lady taking his desires and using them to give him far more than he had ever wanted in his cosy fantasy world.

And certainly more than he could take.

This, having not pictured Suzanna's husband *ever* taking enjoyment from what I did to him in my own fantasies, pleased me; guessing correctly, and as aforementioned, that what he found exciting in his head might not prove so thrilling in reality.

It was, I believe, at this point that I set the ball rolling, praying as I did so that the beautiful Suzanna would take the bait I was about to offer up and use it to make the husband who was already financially dependent upon her a chattel when it came to sex and domesticity.

Something I did by opening Microsoft Outlook and accessing his email.

Specifically, to begin with, his *"Sent-Items"*.

What better way to send his wife a message with attachments purporting to be him than by actually mimicking the tone and words he had used in one of

his own emails to his loving wife?

After I had done just that, I retraced my steps by returning to the work he had neglected to save that had prevented the computer from shutting down and repeating the same process.

After that, and still with neither sound nor movement from upstairs where my intended victim and his innocent and unsuspecting wife slept, I switched the study light back on as the drunk had left it and took myself back to my room.

Together with the glass of forgotten water that had been my initial, and most fortuitous, reason for being awake at such a time in the first place.

Though when I reached my single-cot I was, as you can well imagine, far too animated and excited to sleep.

I will leave it to your imaginations to picture just how I spent my time before I finally found the sweet embrace of Morpheus.

*****

Part Two

“Do you like it when I stroke your balls, Willie?”

There was only one answer he wanted to give and it would have arrived, I knew, with many profanities.

Though I also knew he had grown too afraid of the power Suzanna now allowed me to wield over him as an extension of her own to utter it.

“I know how frustrating it must be for you not to take *little Willie* in your hand and please yourself as and when you want, but is it not nice to have your good Sahila at least caress your aching balls in such a way?”

He contented himself with silence in the hope I would refrain from questioning him further on the subject.

A hope that was no hope at all.

“Because I like to do this for you, Willie,” I told him as he kept his shaved head studiously averted that he may not see his humiliation mirrored back at him from my dark and lustful eyes. “It gives me a nice warm feeling to know that I can touch you in such a way and you can do or say nothing to prevent me.”

I paused for a moment.

“Unless, of course, you wish me to tell Ms Suzanna you have disrespected me.”

The man below who I fully accepted was my superior in terms of age, looks and education, was in a hell of mental agony and I could see him fighting

back the urge – and not for the first time – to tear my hand away, leap from the bed, and slap me senseless for daring to touch and speak to him in such a way.

My next words, had they been required to do so, made any such intention stillborn:

"After all, you would not want your lovely caring wife to put you over her knee again and spank your bare bum with her hairbrush, would you?"

I saw his eyes close as the memory had its usual effect and he cringed at the image of himself draped over the shapely and powerful legs of his wife – pantyhosed in just the way he liked. And deliberately so – as she prepared to deliver him his very first correctional spanking.

And deliver it in the presence of the young Indian woman towards whom he had one taken such a superior attitude.

"My, how she made you squeal," I giggled. "Just as if you were a young girl over a strong man's lap in the way of those old American films."

His cheeks were fairly throbbing with humiliation now.

Or should I say: *more humiliation.*

"And with your young Indian housekeeper there to witness it too!" I finished in a tone that expressed disbelief that he, of all people, could have allowed himself to be treated in such a way.

Now it was my eyes that closed to the memory – even if my response was of a different and more elevated kind. Despite all the changes in their relationship that had taken place so swiftly in the time leading up to this first *"attitude correction"*, as Suzanna had described it, he had still not believed his wife could possibly be serious when she announced her intention to correct his *"bad boy"* behaviour in the *"time-honoured way"*. When she had told him he would be receiving the spanking in front of the person he had sworn at – *me!* – I truly thought she had gone too far and his fear of the divorce, with the subsequent homeless and penniless condition to which he would be reduced, would not prove so terrifying to him he would accept her

emasculating him further in front of their… *servant*.

I need not have worried.

First he had asked to speak with his wife in private.

Request refused.

Then he told her that what she expected of him was not just unfair but completely and utterly perverted.

The correlation she drew between how she intended correcting his rudeness to me and the material *he* had been found surfing on the computer soon took care of this particular attempt to shame her for treating him in such a *"perverted"* way.

The attempts that followed availing him nothing as he succumbed to the inevitable and finally, cheeks fiery red with shame, lowered both trousers and underpants to reveal an average sized cock to the eyes of his Indian housekeeper for the first time.

This before lowering himself over the *hosed* thighs of the wife who was now the authority figure in his life.

Along with the young Indian girl to whom she was devolving more and more responsibility when it came to… *managing*… him.

And thus began the most exciting experience of my young life to that point.

In my mind's-eye, as he himself pictured the same scene to which my words had referred, I saw Suzanna's hand rise and fall to bring down the flat back of her hairbrush upon his tender behind.

Again and again.

Relentless.

And she did *not* hold back as all her pent-up fury with him for his nights spent pleasuring himself before a computer-screen as she slept upstairs, innocent and frustrated, before rising the following morning for yet more toil

at her place of work that kept him in laptops, Red-Wine and vodka.

Just the same, and apart from a few supressed grunts, the Englishman being spanked over the black pantyhose-clad thighs of his wife she was wearing more and more these days despite the heat and humidity, even in air-conditioned UB City, did his best not to provide either her or the almost delirious Indian girl watching with the pleasure of hearing his pain.

An intention that did not survive the relentless and surprisingly powerful rise and fall of his wife's arm as it brought the back of the brush down upon formerly white buttocks that were already glowing the most angry and vibrant red.

As my memory savoured the screams and pleas for his wife to stop he had soon found himself unable to prevent - this before she had sent him, a blubbering wreck, to place his nose in the corner of the room while he knelt to reflect on his disrespect of *"my lovely Sahila"* - my thoughts again gave thanks for the night thirst that had led me to his study and the computer he had left on without knowing it.

Not that I *ever* intended to tell Suzanna of my full part in his downfall, of course, but that withholding did not mean my private thoughts could not return to those early stages in the downfall of William Parkes.

A downfall my initial sending of that email with attachments from his AOL account had set in motion…

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The following morning was Saturday and a beginning of the weekend Suzanna Parkes looked forward to immensely after a hard week at her UB City offices.

Though as she entered the kitchen where I was preparing her usual coffee and cereal, feeling fully awake and excited despite my own less than complete sleep, she gave no sign of any such positive anticipation.

But then I told myself, knowing her routine as I did by this time, she would have checked her emails first thing and be in… *shocking*… receipt of one in

particular.

“Good morning, Mrs Parkes,” I greeted her as usual – still on a semi-formal basis with her at this time, you understand? “I hope you slept well.”

“Thank you, Sahila,” she said with a wan smile, though as pleasant to me as ever. “Yes, I did. Though I don’t feel too refreshed, I must say.”

In a silk kimono that revealed a thrilling ravine between womanly and firm breasts, long, smooth and tanned, legs crossed one over the other and shapely enough to make me wonder why her husband would *ever* feel the need to gaze at computer generated images picturing the legs of other women – pantyhose clad or otherwise – she did not look exactly *unrefreshed* to my not exactly without envy eyes.

“What is it?” I asked, all concern despite any discernible physical distress being in evidence. “Are you feeling unwell? Is there anything I can get you?”

She seemed about to say something then thought better of it as I felt a few pangs of guilt for what I had allowed myself to do to her life and marriage - simply in the hope of achieving self-fulfilment of a kind.

“I’m okay, Sahila, no need to worry.”

Then:

“Just the usual man-trouble,” she added with a game wink that made me smile and provided the opening I was looking for.

“I hope he did not snore too loudly?” I asked jestingly, manner usual for us on the mornings after her husband had partaken a little too heavily.

Her usual and self-mockingly put-upon good humour was almost entirely absent this time:

“If only that had been all,” she said, almost to herself.

“I did notice that he had drank a little more than usual when I cleared the bottles and glasses from his study this morning, if I am not being too forward in saying this, Mrs Parkes.”

“No, no,” she came in quick to quell my supposed misgivings for having spoken out of turn. “You really shouldn’t have to wake up to his… *mess*… anyhow.”

“It is no trouble, Mrs Parkes,” I assured her. “I am glad to do it and it is, after all, what you pay me for.”

“Just the same, you shouldn’t have to pick up after a… a drunk.”

It was the first time she had spoken of him in such a way and I knew my email had caused a revision of opinion on the subject of her handsome husband.

Now all I needed was to get her on to the computer.

I had left it on from last night and needed to get her in front of it before the *“drunk”* woke up – though on that score, at least, I knew I had a good few hours yet.

“I am sure it was because he stayed up later than usual at his work that he drank more than he would have normally.”

My excuse did not, understandably, appear to cut much ice with her and I continued in loyal housekeeper mode – even if my loyalty was *only* to her:

“He does work very hard when you are at the office and in the evenings when you are asleep,” I assured her. “I know it is not my place to comment, but I sometimes think he is at the computer too much and becomes over-tired.”

Her response?

“Hmmpf!”

“I know this is so,” I went on, straining to keep my excitement under control and my voice normal as I placed her cappuccino and muesli in front of her, “because when I woke this morning he had left the light on in his study and his computer was also turned-on still.”

The eyes in that severe yet attractive face flickered and I prayed she was

following where my words led.

“I did not switch it off, Mrs Parkes, I told her, going on to explain: “as I did not wish to be responsible for him losing his work if he had not saved it.”

The eyes, given his password-protected computer was – or had been – as inaccessible to her as it had been to me before he left it switched on, had stopped flickering and were alive with interest now.

“I hope I did not do wrong?”

“Not at all, Sahila,” she said, already preoccupied with her own thoughts and rising, cappuccino in hand, to move in the direction of her husband’s study. “You’re a very thoughtful girl. I’ll go and do it now.”

I may leave it to your own thoughts to divine just how much more *thoughtful* that *“very thoughtful”* girl became as she set about her morning chores and her *mistress* set about the contents of her husband’s computer and its incriminating hard-drive.

*****

“So, while I’m out at the office, earning the money that keeps you, this is how you pass your time?”

My employer’s tone with him was as hard as I had ever heard from her and certainly towards *him*. This as I listened to their argument from beyond the closed door of the study in which she had decided to confront him. My senses keened for every word and nuance.

Of which, I might add, there were many.

It was three hours on from her decision *not* to switch off the computer and I was about as excited as I could remember being as she confronted him with its contents.

Guilt for my actions already firmly in the past.

Despite keeping myself at the ready to make a diplomatic retreat should one or other of them leave the study suddenly.

“Suzanna… Suze…” he began, attempting to charm himself from the nightmare he had woken to with, no doubt, a thumping head and equally debilitating nausea. “I’d had a drink. You know how off-the-wall I get when I…”

“If you wanted that excuse to fly,” she told him, voice as contemptuous as it was spiteful, “it would have been a good idea to erase your history.”

“Suze, I…”

“Oh, save it, you perverted fuck!”

It was the first time I had heard such language from her lips and it must have taken him by surprise too as there was no comeback.

She continued:

“This wasn’t some drunken one-off. You’re a regular patron of these… these… *sick*… sites. You’ve even *paid* for membership to some of them. With *my* money!”

“You’re overreacting, Suze,” I heard him tell her, his usual confidence in his own charm beginning to fail him if the wavering voice were a guide. “It’s just my way of relaxing. Nothing more. Most men…”

“Just your way of relaxing?” she blazed. “Have you not heard of television or music? And what’s wrong with bowls? Or are the old blue-rinses not *dominant* enough for you?”

I placed a hand over my mouth to prevent the hilarity I felt rising from the picturing of such a prospect.

“I wondered why you weren’t fucking me as much as usual. Now I know. You were too busy in here, pretending to be writing this… *bestseller*. And all the time you were pulling off your cock to images of yourself licking some woman’s boots and… and… *worse*.”

“Suze, this is not what…”

“And I read some of your, *so-called*, writing, by the way.”

There was a pause in which I could almost hear the self-involved pig, and despite other concerns that should have been more pressing, ask himself:

“And?”

It would turn out to be a question he would rather he had not asked – even if it was only in his thoughts.

“What a farce!” came her verdict. “What numbskull ever told you or led you to believe you could write?”

Had they been made audible his shattered delusions would have been heard in the far-off foothills of the Punjab.

“It’s pitiful!” she continued, on a roll and going with it. “You’ve always talked such a big game about your literary gifts and you have not one single scrap of discernible talent.”

“Suze, you’re just angry and it’s making you…”

“Too right I’m angry, you perverted fucking prick!”

I sucked in air at the sound of such language on the tongue of my previously correct and loving employer.

And she was not finished.

Not by a longshot.

“You’ve been living off me for years on the pretence of being the next John Grisham in waiting. When you’re not even close to being the new Jeffrey Archer – as if the fucking world needed another one!”

Despite his situation, this damning evaluation of his literary aspirations spurred him to anger:

“And what the fuck would you know? The last book you read and understood came complete with play-bricks.”

“Really?” she responded, voice dangerously low in a way that allowed me a glimpse of the steel explaining just why she was such a formidable negotiator in the world of commercial lettings. “All I can say then, is that thank the lord I’m not so stupid I can’t make a living good enough to keep both myself and my pervert husband.”

The sense of wind leaving a sail and the subsequent becalming of the vessel to which it was attached came through the door to me.

The sinking of that same vessel imminent:

“How fortunate I make enough for you to pay for these memberships,” I heard her continue. “I mean, just how much of the money I work for have you squandered? Look at this one! *‘Femdom Cave’*, for crying out loud! A lifetime-membership giving you the right to read every book – and *forever*. What the shit did that cost me?”

“Oh, grow up and be reasonable, Suzanna,” he responded at last. “Do you think I’m the only man who looks at stuff like this?”

“Certainly the only man married to me,” came her instant response.

His sigh was huge as she continued:

“If men I don’t live with want to look at sex-sites like this *‘Femdom Cave’*, or whatever it calls itself, that’s up to them. But, not only *do* you live with me, you happen to be my husband.”

I heard him sigh again before she finished:

“And I’m the one paying for you to do so.”

“Yes, you do,” he admitted, “and I love you for it almost as much as I love your personality and the way you look. But I’m still a man in case you’ve forgotten.”

“That’s right,” she agreed. “A man who looks at porn and expects his wife to pay a fortune for it.”

Another big and put-upon sigh greeted her reminder, as if he were the one

who should be aggrieved at her behaviour.

“Firstly,” he began, “Femdom Cave is an erotic eBook-publisher, *not* a porn-site.”

“Oh, well, why didn’t you say?” she mocked him. “We could have avoided all this fuss.”

“Secondly,” he went on, determined to make his point despite her mockery, “the life-membership does not cost a *‘fortune’*, as you say.”

“There you go then. I mean, what’s a few hundred pounds between man and wife?”

“Thirty-Seven pounds, to be exact,” he corrected, as if it could possibly make a difference with all the other damning evidence of his Internet activity she had at her disposal. “Or, if you prefer it in the vernacular and currency of the good old US-of-A, *sixty-dollars*.”

A few beats passed until he finished:

“A pittance, in fact.”

The anger beamed back at him was palpable even through a closed door.

“You really must think I’m an idiot,” she hissed. “And, if it’s any consolation to you, I’m beginning to feel the same way about myself too.”

“Check it out for yourself if you don’t believe me.”

“Sorry,” she responded, tone deceptively apologetic. “I apologise. It’s not me who’s the idiot now, is it? I mean, if you really think I give a shit about the money you’re about as savvy as that pile of crap I just waded through you describe as creative writing.”

“Look, I’m sorry if it’s not to your taste, but that doesn’t mean it’s not well-written and that other people won’t…”

“Well-written?? Please! It’s less well-written than the story you had the fucking nerve to email me last night when you were drunk enough to pluck

up the courage."

There was a pause and I could picture his dumbfounded look as he stammered:

"St-Story?"

A few seconds passed.

"What story? What…? What fucking email?"

"I'm talking about this one," came Suzanna's response. "Sent from your very own temple of Internet perversion. Or are you going to deny it or say you were too drunk to remember sending it? Too out-of-your-head to remember leaving the computer on that I could find the rest of your masturbation material?"

There was some shuffling around from inside that was followed by a long pause and I knew he would be staring at the screen containing the email I had put together in his name, careful to use the same tone and terms of endearment I had found in the other emails to his wife contained in his sent-items.

Finally:

"I… Suze, this is nothing to do with me. You have to believe…"

"Oh, really?" she spoke over him. "What does this say: *'Dearest Suze, my American sex-pot, does this excite you the way it excites me? Your ever obedient husband, W.'*."

There was silence and I could almost see his befuddlement.

"I mean, an email couched in exactly the terms of endearment used for me by my beloved and faithful husband sent to my computer from his own? Who could possibly have done such a thing, you think? The March-Hare?"

She allowed him a few moments to make an unsuccessful search for an explanation, then:

“How could you send me such… *filth*?”

“Suze…”

Is this what gets you off?” she asked, on a roll now and going with her anger. “Picturing your wife being fucked by men with bigger cocks? Having them fill me with their cum while you get to stay at home and do menial chores as you wait for me to come back and make you suck it out of my…?”

“Suze, I…”

“What kind of a fucking sicko have I been married to all these years?”

“It… It must have been the drink, Suze. I would never send you that kind of… I mean, I might have read it but…”

“What do you mean: *might have?*” she blazed, on him in a flash. “You downloaded it and sent the perverted crap to me in an email. Of course you fucking read it!”

“Suze, you have to believe me, the thought of… *that*… kind of stuff sickens me. I love you. Do you really think I could stay married to you if I thought you were going with other men?”

“I don’t know, William,” she said with heavy sarcasm. “You tell me. After seeing what you’ve been reading online I have no idea what you’d put up with.”

From behind the door, and even without seeing her, I could sense Suzanna’s mind working and my pulses raced at what her thought processes might run to.

“After all, when you think about it, you’d be pretty lost without me and the money my business brings in. in fact, in the light of this… *filth*… I’m beginning to wonder if that’s the only reason you’re with me.”

“Suze, you’re the love of my life, you know that. Do you really think I’m that shallow?”

No answer to this was forthcoming.

“This… This is just harmless fantasy,” he went on, something like desperation entering his voice as he began to realise he may have landed himself in a world of mental pain from which his charm might not affect him an escape. “That’s all it is, Suze. Just because I look at the Eiffel Tower it doesn’t mean I want the thing to fall on top of me. It was just too much red-wine and vodka, nothing more. An accident.”

“Well, in case you’ve forgotten, my pervert husband,” she reminded him, “I took a course in basic psychology as part of my business degree and I’m a firm believer that, as Freud said, *‘There are no accidents’*.”

“Suze, please, I promise you, this isn’t what…”

“Is that what gets you off?” she spoke over him, ignoring his protestations. “Me fucking other men and treating you more like a servant than a husband?”

“No! Of course not. Don’t be ridiculous. It’s just…”

“Because I have to tell you,” she crashed on over him once again, “that it’s something I might be persuaded to consider given your lack of interest lately.”

My breath caught in my throat as she seemed to be taking the bait I had laid for her.

“In fact,” she went on, “perhaps a good stiff cock that’s actually interested in me is just what I need while you’re stuck in here pulling yourself off after you’ve given the house a thorough cleaning.”

Her next words were uttered with supreme contempt and were all the more thrilling to her eavesdropping housekeeper for it:

“I’m sure Sahila would be grateful for the help and more than happy to supervise you?”

I was unable to prevent a little squeal of pure excitement from leaving my lips at this and my ears keened further as I prayed I had not been overheard.

Prayers that were soon answered.

“Suze,” began William Parkes in full charm-mode, “I love you.” Then, taking entirely the wrong tack, “But you’re being ridiculous. You know the kind of man I am. Do you really think I’d consent to not only you having sex with other men but having myself supervised by a low-born Indian girl while you went about it? Come on!”

“Nothing wrong with your ego,” she hissed. “Or your snobbery and misplaced sense of superiority.”

The strong feelings I already had for my employer became stronger.

“Please, Suzanna, “stop being so unreasonable. I’ve told you, it’s just fantasy. Something to help me relax.”

“Relax?” she exploded. “From what? I’m the one with all the stress and responsibility. All you do, it seems, is take advantage of the fact to masturbate to stories and pictures when I’m either at the office or tucked up in bed… You… You disgust me!”

“Suze, I…”

“Not another word!” she barked with an air of command that was unmistakable. “If this marriage is to have a future I’m going to have to think long and hard about the kind of man I married.”

“You don’t mean that, Suze,” he responded anyway. “You know I love you and you’re the only woman there will ever be for me. Why would you let something as small as…?”

“Your dick when it comes time to fuck your wife?” she finished for him.

His sigh was a mixture of exasperation and pure fear for seeing his charm wasted upon her for what was probably the first time in their marriage.

And was not about to be eased any.

“I’m going upstairs to lie down and think it over,” she told him, “and it might be a good idea if you took yourself out of the house and made yourself scarce for a few hours…. Right now I can’t bear to have you anywhere near me.”

“Suzanna, please,” he all but begged.

To no avail.

“I can’t promise you that this marriage will continue after this,” I heard her tell him as I made ready to beat a discreet retreat, “but if it does I can promise you this: *things are going to change around here big-time!”*

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Part Three

“Think about it,” I teased as I stared down into eyes that grew duller and more beaten with each passing day. “Right at this very moment the cock of a real man is sliding into the cunt that was once yours to give Suzanna the pleasure she deserves and you can no longer supply.”

He averted his eyes and I could see the moistness in them my taunting and control had inspired. His life had turned to complete hell. A knowledge made worse by the fact he also knew he was too weak to just swallow his pride and the poverty that would follow and leave the home and security – such as it now was – of his wife and owner and the young *“low born”* Indian girl who managed her chattels.

“Picture it,” I went on, my own words exciting me as much as they mortified and shamed my… ‘*Charge’*. Imagine your lovely and once faithful wife sucking the largest black dick you have ever seen as she kneels naked between her lover’s legs to worship a real man. Look! She has both hands wrapped around it. Oh my word! It must be at least twelve inches long and another two and a half around.”

I felt my own excitement release into my panties as what I swore was a sob escaped him.

But I had no pity.

“Can you hear the slurping of her lips around this monster as her man urges your wife to take it deeper? Look at him! This is a real man and even if you were there you could do nothing to prevent him having your wife – even if she wished you to try. He would beat your pitiful sissy body to a pulp. I’ve seen him before,” I lied, “and he must be at least 6'4". He is well over two-hundred pounds and all of it is muscle. He would wipe the floor with you.”

I gave him a sweet smile as if sympathetic to his impotence and continued to make him feel worse:

“Look” He is between her legs now, sucking on her beautiful shaven pussy. Oh my, I have never heard a woman moan so loudly. Look at the way she pulls his head, into her wet pussy and grinds it into his face!”

I release a huge breath of envious air that is only part faked.

“She is screaming now. Begging him to place that monster black cock into her flooded gash. *‘Fuck me’*, she cries. “Fuck me harder than I’ve ever been fucked before by my pitiful husband. Nick.

“She is taking it! Every last inch of that monster cock is sliding its way to places inside her your own unworthy morsel has never come even close to reaching. Can you hear those screams?”

Again a sob escaped him.

“But what is this? Oh my! He is fingering her back passage. Surely he is not going to take her in the anus when he has finished taking her cunt? Surely she cannot take such a cock in her most private place!”

I shook my head at him, as if the invasion were actually taking place in front of me and I was stunned that she could even consent to such an impossibility.

“But no,” I told him. “It is enough that his beautiful manhood is taking her to the heavens and, for now, he is content to supply her extra pleasure by teasing her asshole with his fingers and…

“She is coming! He is pistoning her as if he were a metronome and your wife is coming” Oh my, I have never heard such screams from a woman… Ooooooooooh!”

Clasping my hands over my heart I let him know just how incredibly fulfilling I found the prospect of his wife being fucked in such a way by a bigger and more powerful man than himself and allow another huge sigh to escape my lips before lapsing to silence prior to resuming my torment of my handsome English captive.

“It must be awful for you to know that she does not consider you her husband any longer so much as her… *dependent*,” I told him, hand having returned inside his pyjamas to fondle the full to bursting sac that gave evidence of his recent denial since Suzanna had insisted I fit him with the cock-cage he found so hateful.

And fit it in her presence that his mortification might be magnified.

He gasped at the feel of my slender brown fingers manipulating his scrotum and you can only imagine my euphoria at being able to handle my former *"master"* in such a way.

And for him to submit to me doing so as I locked him in the contraption bringing his complete emasculation another step closer.

So far had, Suzanna, with her new Indian housekeeper and lover's considerable help, brought him in so short a frame of time.

"It is to her credit that she continues to look after you and not simply throw you out onto the street after you have abused her trust and feelings for you in such a way. Not only does she take care of you but she does so in a way that allows you to experience your dirty fantasies. How many wives would be so tolerant of their husband and his failings?"

There was no response and I had not expected any. He had come a long way from those early days and the re-evaluation Susanna had made of him. The same evaluation in which the input of a certain Indian housekeeper with whom she was growing fonder and closer had been sought and given.

"I know it must be difficult to realise that the woman you once considered your own no longer regards your cock as worthy of knowing her intimately. It must be so painful to know that even as we speak she is being wooed over dinner by Mr Gokhale and will shortly retire to his penthouse apartment where he will introduce her to his own manhood."

He was in turmoil at hearing me describe what his stupidity had lost him and the good fortune it was for both his wife and the men to whom she was now available.

But of pity I had none.

"Are you not grateful to this man? The same your wife has told me is everything you are not, as she wraps her mouth around his superior Indian manhood to make him ready to ravish her? Did you see her gasp of surprise and arousal as his cock eased past her shaven pussy and into her eager and

moist cunt to take her to places your own inferior version of a penis could not dream of allowing her to visit? Could you not hear her screams as he pounds into her, again, and again, and again and ensures that she will *never* consider you a worthy lover again?"

My words again ensured it was not only the imaginary Suzanna whose cunt was moist at this point and once again I marvelled at how swiftly I had grown used to not only treating him in such a way but using the kind of language my aunt had decidedly not intended for me to use.

In either the English she had worked for a pittance of pay that I may become fluent or the Kannada of my native Bangalore tongue.

"If I am truthful, however," I told him, not entirely deceitfully, "I believe Ms Suzanna is even fonder of you now that you have taken on a more domestic position in her life than she was when you were pretending to be a real man and a successful writer-in-waiting."

He gasped and I knew it was not from outrage at my words but that they had, along with my caressing hand, inevitably provoked a reaction from his caged and frustrated penis.

I could see him fighting back not only the erection itself but inevitable pain and discomfort as it swelled into the cold steel of the bars imprisoning it.

"Oh, you silly boy," I scolded him, knowing my age and heavily accented English only heightened the extreme mental anguish he was undergoing and which, I felt sure, was nothing like his fantasies – even if they were certainly like mine. "Is little-Willy trying to get hard again without permission?"

I heard a sob from below me and gloried in the knowledge that I was instrumental in both provoking it and leading him to his current status. Not only was he no longer the man-of-the-house but his wife was out fucking better endowed men as he remained at home and performed the tasks that were once mine. And under *my* supervision.

Far worse for him, however, was the knowledge that his wife had also become the lover of her former housekeeper.

Everybody, it seemed, was getting something from the new household arrangement.

Everybody *but* him.

“It might interest you to know,” I told him, sure my surprise would be one he would both welcome and find repellent, “that Suzanna has decided it should be left to me to decide when and if your little-Willy deserves to get to spurt or not.”

Beaten eyes turned themselves upon me, eyes that no longer belonged to a man worthy of the description but, instead, shone out from a debilitating and shameful self-knowledge.

His wife – with my assistance – had used her knowledge of him and the fact he was, in economic terms, a dependent with no other visible means of support, to use a series of threats and ultimatums that had resulted in both his complete capitulation to her authority and his emasculation.

From a position of initial revulsion she had arrived – again with the assistance of yours truly – at the conclusion that keeping him in her life could prove domestically useful and sexually… *fulfilling*.

If not for him.

And with me placed in a position of authority over him whenever she was away, leaving him strict instructions to make himself useful about the house and to learn from me those household chores she intended him to take over – under my supervision of course – she was more than pleased with the results we were achieving and beginning to enjoy the power she now wielded over the former love of her life.

In fact, as I removed the chain from inside my sari and dangled the key before cobalt blue eyes that seemed almost hypnotised by its presence, I was surprised at just how easy it had proved to insinuate my own agenda into her thoughts that she might set about achieving my own for me and how even easier it had proved to topple her husband from his former perch of superiority…

*****

…I pushed my breasts against hers and mashed feverish lips against her own to kiss her hard before applying playful bites and going on to trace her upper lip with my tongue.

This was the first experience of a lesbian affair for both of us and had seemed a logical progression when I had taken a drink to her room to console her after her husband had left the house for a *long* walk, absence made in order that she may be alone to consider her startling new knowledge of the man she had married.

We had, without either of us seeking it, simply fallen into each other's arms as Suzanna's shock and frustration made her vulnerable and me, in turn, predatory.

At first, of course, and as you might expect given the difference in age and race, it had seemed as strange as it felt wonderful to both of us that we could find ourselves in a sexual situation with another woman.

Now it was just *wonderful!*

With the added bonus of giving me my employer's ear on the subject of her husband.

Her *"pervert"* husband.

"Instead of divorcing him," I had suggested after one such bout of the lovemaking that had taken us way beyond the simple relationship of housekeeper and employer – how could it do otherwise when the taste of each other was upon our lips almost constantly, "why not give him what he wants?"

I smiled before adding:

"Or at least what he *thinks* he wants."

Suzanna was already nodding to herself.

"Don't think I haven't thought about it," she had answered in a way I found

encouraging. “In fact, the only thing stopping me from doing just that is the bastard would enjoy it.”

“As I just suggested, Suzanna: *not* necessarily,” I told her as we lay on her bed while he was out on yet another of the long walks he had taken to having rather than bear the coldness and silence of his wife as she *‘thought things through’*.

A thought process that had taken over two weeks already.

“Just because he fantasises about such things does not mean he would enjoy them.”

“Really?” she said, expression teasing. “And my young Indian lover and housekeeper has experience of such things does she?”

“No,” I told her truly, before telling her with equal, if not quite total, honesty, “but I have started reading of such things on the Internet and it is not uncommon for men to fantasise about such relationships with their wives – even if they would hate the humiliation of being forced to live them.”

“The thought of humiliating him does please me,” she confessed. “But I doubt he would accept it.”

“You are wrong, my lovely Suzanna,” I told her with a passion that gained her interest and suspicion. “He is a very weak man. Why else would he live off you in such a way? His life would be quite different without you in it and I would risk money that the thought of losing both you and the roof over his head is utterly terrifying to him. From what you have told me he has neither friends nor close family he could turn to and this must make the prospect of being banished from his comfortable life with you all the more worrying to him.”

I seemed to be winning her over as I added:

“This, Susanna, is your power.”

Her look was odd but not disinterested

“My power?”

I nodded.

“And am I right,” she went on, clever woman that she was, “to say that you would not be disagreeable to wielding some of this… *power*… for yourself?”

I sucked one of her bullet-hard nipples into my mouth before answering, knowing a crucial time had been reached and wishing to help my cause with a little distraction.

“I would love to play a part in making your husband more… *useful*… to you,” I replied as her hand stroked my silky black hair with affection and, I sensed, growing excitement for the prospect I described.

“You…? You think it could be done?”

My answer was to smile before burying my head into one of her shaved armpits and licking it in the way I knew she loved; running my tongue up and down until her breath became faster and a moan escaped her lips.

Moving my attentions lower, I cupped her wet pussy and her moaning increased; becoming even more pronounced as I slipped a finger into the crevice of her slit.

She groaned and pushed my head down to her pussy whereupon I started to lick her silky, tanned and powerful thighs as the fragrance of her pussy juice assailed my nostrils.

Her delightful pussy was completely shaved and, moving up slightly, I allowed my tongue to slide over her labia before insinuating my way up to her clit and inserting my tongue between the lips to take possession of her little knob, tracing its outline with the tip of my tongue and teasing it out of its fleshy and moist carapace.

The moans that left her startled me and for a few moments I was worried that *he* might have returned from his solo *ramble* earlier than expected and hear us.

Until, that is, I felt my lover's finger insert itself into my own moist love-box and I too began to moan.

The simultaneous explosion that had erupted from both of us only seconds later, so excited and ready were we to cum, would surely have been heard by him if were within two miles of the house.

It was after we had both collapsed to the mattress on our backs and when the world finally came back into focus that Suzanna raised herself upon an elbow and gazed down at quizzically.

"Did you mean what you said, my wise beyond her years young lover?"

I waited, praying she was about to set my dreams, and her sexual and marital liberation, in motion.

"Do you really think we could use William in the way those stories describe? And that, rather than find it pleasurable, he would know only humiliation? Do you really believe he is so weak he would accept such a… a demotion and not just leave?"

The shaking of my head was emphatic and my breath caught in my throat as I realised she was truly considering the two of us setting about making that *"demotion"* a reality.

"And how about you?" she asked.

My look was puzzled.

"As much as I love what goes on between us I'm certain I could never forego a nice big cock when the urge overcame me."

The mist cleared and I was ahead of her when she finished:

"How would you feel, Sahila, to know that you shared me with men other than my husband?"

Craning my neck forward, I kissed the still hardened nipple pointing down at me.

“So long as I am not *completely* forgotten by my sexy American mistress,” I told her, “I would take great pleasure from knowing you are being satisfied at last by *real* men.”

“No jealously?”

“None whatsoever.”

“You are sure on this?”

My smile was as instant as my nod.

“Besides,” I told her, “if you intend me to help… *train*… him, I will be quite busy myself on those evenings when you have… *bigger*… things to consider.”

When we had both stopped laughing it was Suzanna’s turn to lean down and place a kiss on my waiting mouth.

Before:

“Well, if that is the case, I think I had better work out a plan of approach before I suggest to my husband that we might have a *very* serious chat…

*****

As I toyed with the key dangling from the chain at my neck – the same key upon which his freedom, at least of the testicular kind, depended – it struck me that the husband possessed nothing like the talent for pleasing a woman with his tongue as that possessed by the wife now lost to him and, presumably, being fucked by another man at this very moment.

Though I was determined he would learn and that he would get much practice at the pussy of his young Indian master who was also his tutor in all things domestic.

Even if he did appear motivated.

Too much so, in fact.

“Slow down,” I ordered, the sharpness of my tone forcing his head away from my pussy. “No wonder your wife has been forced to seek satisfaction elsewhere if this is the level of your finesse. “If you ever wish me to give your wife a good report of your oral skills that she may honour your tongue with another taste of her, you must show my superior Indian cunt the respect and reverence it deserves. Pleasing it must become your highest ambition along with the domestic service you now provide for your wife and mistress.”

Placing my hands atop his smooth dome, I pulled his head back into my moist gash.

“If you wish your young Indian teacher to unlock your little cock and allow it a little spurt,” I reminded him, “you need to show a more considerable amount of devotion and a desire to please.”

No sooner said than done as, all pretence of resistance gone, my – *our* - handsome English peon placed his lips upon my slit through the subcontinent bush Suzanna had urged me to shave and I was seriously considering doing.

Gently, this time. Thoughtfully. Considerately.

“Yes, little-Willie,” I breathed as the tip of his tongue teased at the inner folds of my labia. “That is better. Continue doing that for a few minutes or so then suck my clitoris into your mouth and vacuum it as if you were trying to suck up nectar through a straw.”

“That is good,” I told him, my senses beginning to leave me at the combination of his tongue at my slit for the first time and the fact I was exerting greater and greater control over him. “Keep this up and Ms Sahila…”

Did I not mention that he was now compelled to address me formally and respectfully in such a way also?

“…Ms Sahila will seriously consider unlocking the cage from your cock that you may hump her leg like the lustful English dog you are and…”

I fought back a deep-throated groan of the most sensuous and depraved pleasure as the fluttering of his tongue and my unchallenged domination of

him threatened to drive me over the top, images of the young Indian housekeeper in Mr Steiner's wondrous tale of female domination suggesting themselves as this handsome older, would-be, writer knelt between my legs to give worship not helping any in the way of cogent thought.

And he had yet to reach my waiting clit!

I forced my less than *cogent* thoughts to the next stage of his training.

"Tomorrow," I began with an attempt at a normal voice, "we will go shopping for your new clothes. Clothes more suited to your new role. Your role as the manservant of your estimable wife."

To my delight, he did not stop licking me even though the prospect must have appalled him.

To be taken shopping by an Indian girl less than half his age and be fitted for the uniform of a menial.

His wife's menial!

"Then," I continued, "when we have returned, I am going to show you just how you attend a superior woman at her toilet and ensure you know how to provide the very best of manicures and pedicures. Then you can…"

And now my senses did scramble as his hoovering mouth found my love-bud and vacuumed it into his mouth exactly as he had been ordered.

"…Then you… Then… you… you…"

It was all too much for a simple young Indian girl in the process of having her heart's desire fulfilled.

Cupping my hands over his ears that he might not hear – completely anyway – the screams denoting the pleasure he was providing me already in this early stage of his oral servitude, I pulled him into my hairy young muff and let myself go…

*****

It was some two hours later when I returned to his room. The glow of his first oral tribute to me still fresh and feeling invigorated after a long hot soak in the en-suite of the bedroom he had once shared with his wife and was now off-limits to him. Despite his former housekeeper having access when and how she wished.

Those two hours in the en-suite tub had flown for me as I reflected on how my life had changed for me so swiftly; though I feel sure, given his frustration and anticipation, that same time had dragged for him as if it were trying to replicate eternity itself.

Especially as I had told him he would only receive his reward if he were kneeling naked at the foot of his own bed in the downstairs quarters that had once been mine when I decided to return.

To my utter and, I confess, evil joy, he waiting for me in exactly that condition and in exactly that place.

My joy going off the scale not five minutes later when, having freed his cock from its captivity and stood above him as I allowed him to hump up against the sheer navy and opaque hose I had worn - simply to titillate the fetish for them I had discovered on the computer he was now refused permission to use - I looked past his shoulder to see we had an audience.

As a radiant and freshly fucked Susanna looked on with amazement as her once masterful and proud husband humped the leg of her young housekeeper like a dog-in-heat, hands clasped behind his back in the way I had insisted, his breathing began to rasp in his throat and a long stream of creamy white semen spurted from his cock against the hosed calf he was rubbing against and up towards my thighs.

When his body sagged and the cheeks of his handsome and sated face pressed against the very thigh upon which he had just unleaded, I took the opportunity to gauge the reaction of Suzanna and hope I had, despite her assurances, not gone too far.

The sheer radiance and unholy joy in the smile she beamed upon me all the reassurance I needed.

Reassurance, where William Parkes was concerned, *neither* of us would ever need again.

EPILOGUE

The market was local and used almost entirely by the residents of the area.

Which, as I intended, and greatly to my pleasure and sense of self-esteem, made my charge's white face, pale from spending most of his time indoors in his new domestic capacity, draw attention.

I revelled in the looks of my fellow countrymen that were both inquiring and envious of both my expensive clothing and the man waiting attendance upon me as he followed a respectful distance behind with a basket at the ready for the fresh fruit and vegetables I was in the process of purchasing.

That he hated me I was in no doubt. And, yet, I was also certain that he accepted my control of him. Just as he accepted that the days prior to my discovery on his computer would never return and his wife would never be his in the traditional sense again.

In fact, to see him stand with head lowered in the presence of the woman who was now his supreme commander was to know he would never have a wife again.

Though he would have owners.

As she had intimated, Suzanna had left his training to me and, during our weekly lovemaking sessions that seemed to grow more and more charged and intense, had assured me she was delighted with the way he had not only began to accept my authority as well as hers but was becoming the most diligent and eager to please of manservants to a degree she would not have believed possible.

And his reward for giving himself up and allowing himself to be ruled – not that Suzanna had offered much by way of a choice?
Simple.

And most fitting for the dependent creature we had made of him.

When his obedience and attention to servile detail had been to our

satisfaction, either Suzanna or I would allow his little cock out of its cage and give him permission to empty balls that would, by then, be bursting for relief.

And the manner of this relief?

No. Most certainly not. If I read your thoughts correctly.

His cock has not been permitted into the pussy of another woman since the day his wife and owner – with the help of her lover and head-housekeeper – locked his manhood into its cage and secured it to the ring encircling his scrotum.

So how, I hear you ask?

The answer to that is in any way we see fit.

So long as it supplies maximum humiliation along with what is now a warped pleasure for him.

My preference?

Well, it is only slightly different from the preference of his wife who enjoys having him kneel against her with his hands clasping her waist and eyes forced to look up into her eyes as he is forced to hump the shapely and beautiful legs that were once his to enjoy as a free man.

You see, I prefer to make him lay flat on his back as I sit above him comfortable and make him rub his penis against the sole of a foot he himself ensures is well tended and groomed.
Though I do insist his eyes, as they do with his wife, remain locked upon mine as he humiliates himself for the release he once took for granted.

Now, as he follows behind me with his eyes trained respectfully on the stylish heels that once belonged to his wife and now, along with many of the clothes and accessories she replaces, belong to me, I tell myself that the looks of wonder and envy his obedience and deference have prompted towards me from my fellow countryman, this as they see a young woman of their class in command of such a handsome white Westerner, deserve a reward.

A smile curls my lips as I promise myself that after we have returned home and his tongue has pleased my pussy in the way I have shown him, and he has licked my buttocks and anus as a way of thanking me, I will free his little cock and allow him to acquaint himself with the soles of the shoes that once belonged to his wife and now belong to me.

As does he.

The End