Serving Ms Shreya

A Work of Erotic Womanly Control

By
Malkin Jamali

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“SERVING SHREYA”

By
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Dedicated to my friend, the great Kurt Steiner, with gratitude for his support, generosity and assistance

PROLOGUE

It would have been an unlikely pairing to most people.

An Englishman, obviously good-looking, in the latter-half of his forties and looking a sight younger; and a woman about to turn thirty who was quite obviously punching well above her weight when it came to her… partner.

That she was from the Indian Subcontinent – a small village in Pakistan bordering the troubled Afghan territory – was neither here nor there; for there are many attractive women from the region and, indeed, there are those who would assert the Subcontinent to contain some of the world's most beautiful examples of femininity.

But this woman was not of their number.

She was not even plain.

Her facial composition was far too asymmetrical to win such an accolade; a face, in fact, framed by a glorious mane of coal-black hair or not, that most people would have described as ugly; while those whose perceptiveness went further than the superficial would have conceded there to be something… compelling …in the skewed countenance staring back at them.

And there was another factor that, for men of certain tastes, would have been sure to add another dimension to the handsome Englishman's seeming willingness to adopt such a debased and adolescent position before her.

The factor that was her physique.

Even if, excluding the facial features some of the less stereotypical models made work for them, features that held a certain compelling and off kilter fascination, her brown body was not catwalk material.

Though it did hold a kind of maternal and before its time fascination on one of her relatively tender years that was sure to buy into the more lurid fantasies of those men of a submissive bent.

To which number the kneeling man with his nose pressed to the corner did not belong; despite the evidence to the contrary and the fact she had led him by that same nose to a point where he had been conditioned to accept her...

Authority.

And, to his ever-lasting shame, find a certain… pleasure …in her discipline of him.

Sitting at her ease behind him, as turned on and moist as ever at having taken a man of his age, race, and standing, so low against his own inclinations, the woman scrutinised the stockings she had taken to wearing in order to tease and tantalise her captive Brit,

their sheer black nylon seeming, for some reason. even more defined against her smooth brown thighs than they would have against the milky European skin of a woman belonging to his own race. She knew also that they really complimented her strong brown legs with their well-defined musculature, perfect calves and thighs. Legs that seemed to the European male so uncharacteristic on a woman with her origins and background; more used to seeing, as they were, the less substantial legs seen on both the indigenous and the Anglicised variety of her Pakistani sisters.

It had, though, taken her a while to realise the effect her wearing them had upon him – an effect only marginally less obvious when she encased them and her awesome brown arse in pantyhose.

But, once she had, it had given her the confidence and belief that she could take him to that place of submission and servitude of which she had always dreamed in regard of herself and an, oh, so, superior, man of his background, standing, and looks.

Dreams in which a man who was a composite of the creature she had sent to his corner was always prominent.

Before she started wearing both stockings and hose on a regular basis, finally eschewing the traditional and indigenous costume of her country. Especially now that she knew the effect her body – if not her face – could have when garbed in more stylish and figure-flattering Western fashions. Though she had detected nothing in the way of carnal interest on his part on those special occasions when she had asked him to act as an escort for either a meal out, a concert, or a play.

Her wearing of them, along with complimentary heel, had changed that dynamic somewhat and, though she knew she made no appeal to him on an aesthetic or emotional level, his lack of passion for her as a woman had been short-circuited by his obvious and growing lust for a body that seemed to buy into the fantasies of his adolescence.

A happy regression she had set-upon gleefully to regress him even further and found herself helped immensely in this aim by the absence of a woman in his day-to-day life.

Though she knew with certainty there would be no shortage of them in his fantasy world.

And was equally certain at the time that she did not number among them.

Even if she had certainly changed that state of affairs of late.

And considerably.

Looking at him now, with his nose pressed to the corner in exactly the way she had demanded, the pathetic, and frankly ridiculous, figure of the undeniably attractive white-man would, she knew, have taken an onlooker's impression of the pairing as being unlikely into a whole new-world of contempt and risibility.

For, first impressions being what they were - and the acceptance of one's own flaws and addictions not something to be addressed by certain people lacking self-awareness - those onlookers would have been certain to consign the man, and perhaps even the woman, to the ranks of sexual deviant. After all, why else would an older and attractive white-man abase himself before a woman of her standing – of any standing! – if he hadn't a need to actively seek such treatment out?

Subconsciously or not.

That such treatment was forced upon him, and he no longer had the wherewithal to fight it, would not have occurred to onlookers of such an ilk and would likely have made no difference when it came to their perception of him anyway.

The judgmental seldom view the actions of another from any other vantage point than that of what they would expect their own reaction to be, were they placed in a similar situation.

The morality and mind-set of many of those with a full-stomach, when it comes down to it, cannot be equated with that inspired by the desperation of the malnourished.

Be that malnourishment physical or spiritual.

So, no matter that the man with his nose pressed to the corner had once been a respected and valued government official with a sense of duty and self-pride, he would be almost certain to be labelled by the majority a pervert and a deviant.

Forget mitigating circumstances.

Only their own addictions and flaws are forgivable to people of such low quality.

That this once virile and vibrant man was kneeling in the corner of a room, in the home of a Pakistani woman who was coming to rule him with a rod-of-iron, would only have concreted such people in their contempt, though they might have been surprised to learn that the man himself shared their distaste.

The way in which he was dressed not likely to leaven their response any.

Another reaction he the man himself would have understood completely.

The oversized Legoland-Junior-Builder tee-shirt and striped shorts he was wearing, along with a pair of white ankle-socks, not exactly guaranteed to promote and project an image of vibrant masculinity.

In tandem with the fact his hands were clasped behind the back of his head as his nose rested against plaster and the boyish basin-cut of hair that had once been of a style befitting a man still in command of his full-share of it.

Far from evoking an image of mature manhood, the first response of anyone stumbling upon such a scene would have been to tell themselves they had somehow been transported into the world of the dominatrix or strict nanny and were watching a paying customer have his sick rocks catered to.

It was not, after all, unheard-of.

The reality, however, was far less simplistic and, at its basic level was little less than…

Wicked and malevolent.

As well as planned.

Had these accidental intruders been equipped with a less jaundiced eye too ready to accept the face-value, they might have noticed the angry red weals across his recently denuded thighs; not to mention the way his body shook with a kind of tremolo regularity it was impossible to either act or invite.

Those of a more analytical mind-set would also have noticed how his head shook imperceptibly in its corner; as if he were trying to convince himself he had stepped into another dimension and might, at any time, be transported back to that original where he remained a self-determinate and respected man.

Whatever the response of those seeing it, there can be no doubt that all of them would have found it, initially at least, a scene as inexplicable as it was abnormal and repugnant.

And find it more mysterious still were they to be informed their reaction was one common to the middle-aged Englishman on the wrong-end of the humiliation.

The voice that carried across from the sofa behind him was unequivocal in its own response to his situation and her English was accented with the Hindko that was a direct follow-on from her Peshawar youth.

Another grating aspect of his submission to her.

Tears at the weakness that had led him to this point streamed down his cheeks as the pain of the thwarted erection her placing of him in the cage brought him intensified. The whole of his past life seeming to flash before his eyes and dwelling more on his failures than any of the successes he had once been so sure of. The commitment to Public Service that was a hallmark down the years of both his country and a rather superior self-congratulatory smugness on his part, especially when counterpointed to those one-dimensional creatures whose raison d'etre was money above all else, had gone. Replaced by a commitment to something – someone – else now.

With the marriage he had thought was for life in his rear-mirror, his devastation at its loss had soon led to issues in his professional existence and it had not been long before the suggestion he might wish to think of early retirement had been broached by his superiors with more… intent.

Just past his mid-forties, at a time when most men were reaping the benefits of their hard-work and diligence, he was without either a wife, a secure home, or a job to call his own, and living meagrely off the reduced Civil Service Pension he had virtually been forced to accept.

That a part of that pension went to his faithless wife ensured a cutting of his own cloth was necessary if he were to keep his head above water and was ultimately responsible for his presence in the woman's home and life.

Though it did not explain his abject capitulation to the creature.

The voice of the younger woman who had gained such ascendancy over him almost making him flinch in his corner as he knew what would soon follow:

"Crawl over to your Malkin now and persuade her you have learnt your lesson," she ordered, before, more ominously for the Englishman who had yet to have a third-person witness his subjugation to his Malkin other than the female solicitor who had witnessed the transfer of his power-of-attorney; and even then in only the most limited sense.

Stroking his hair as if her were a pet in need of reassurance, she watched with delight as his lips pressed against toes she so loved having him worship and savoured what was soon to come.

"We will be leaving to meet my friend Nita shortly and I wish you to be on your very best behaviour…

ONE

Third-Person: Michael/Shreya

Looking back, he would realise all the signs had been there.

The ever-so subtle assertions of control and the gradual positioning of herself into a figure of authority in his life. All the while, conditioning and training him to her service as she weakened his resolve by supplying him a comfortable home he knew he had no likelihood of supplying for himself – either then or at a future date. Ensuring his life in her home gave him something to contrast against the harsher realities awaiting him if her were to leave.

All the above done beneath an umbrella of care and understanding of his position that was really no more than a gossamer barrier she had erected to prevent the rain of true perception from falling onto his unsuspecting head and preventing the knowledge of just how expertly she was manipulating him from scuppering the long-cherished plans she had for him – or at least a man of his kind – and was now in a position to implement.

Too late now, for either him to rescue himself, or for her to re-think her course.

Both, in their own markedly different ways, imprisoned in the situation she had engineered.

The only difference being that only one of them would have loved nothing better than to find the right circumstances or the strength-of-will to leave it.

And that someone was certainly *not* her.

Of course, and as is always the way with hindsight, by the time suspicion of her motives had crystallised into pure and hard certainty it was far too late to extricate himself from the shackles she had placed around both the sexual desires now obsessing him and the nuts and bolts of his life itself - the spanner for the latter a tool she had taken into her possession and used only to secure even further the control she already wielded over him.

He often asked himself, normally after the delicious and, at one-time, uncharacteristic weakness she had worked and contrived to overlay upon his sensibilities had been satisfied and he could think clearly again – and at least until his need for her and what she had become to him kicked in again – how a man such as himself could have been so easily taken in and reduced to such a condition of dependency.

And by *such* a person!

After all, hadn't he always been considered a man of principle and substance?

The scorched earth approach he had taken with his ex-wife after discovering her affair with a young intern at the PR firm where she was a junior executive, surely evidence he was anything but a woman's dupe.

Even if it was pretty much the last manly thing he had done.

Patsy's avowal that it was a one-time lapse and that she couldn't live without him, and the tears and seemingly genuine devastation greeting his determination to end their twenty-three-year union, doing nothing to move him.

There was no way he would be a cuckold for any woman – no matter how deep his love for her had once been.

What would be the point, after all, of a marriage without trust?

Neither had the entreaties of his two university age daughters who insisted their mum loved him and had simply made a menopausal and hormonally driven mistake, make him reconsider for a second.

A stubbornness and refusal to forgive that had ensured what remained of his life would be shifted onto a completely different trajectory.

And one that would not be an improvement in any way.

The fact both he and his wife had been forty-four-years of age at the time of her faithlessness, and that she had exhibited *none* of the visible signs of a woman going through the change at that time, not supplying their pleas for him to forgive the errant wife and mother with any teeth.

Second-thoughts that recall of even *one* hot-flush might have given him pause to make.

Though it was unlikely it would have made him re-think his first reactions after having given due deliberation to the affair she insisted was evidence indicating her… *change*.

Change of which, as we have already mentioned, there was none according to the evidence.

All the above, perhaps, explaining why neither of his daughters would speak to him and showed no sign of shifting their total support from the mother who had trashed her vows in the first instance.

A stance, he often told himself, that did not bode well for his daughters' future marital prospects or those of the men they managed to snare.

Which did not stop him from missing the love and affection he had once been sure of from all three.

Though he was glad his parents were no longer around to see how low he had fallen.

As for friends?

Well, they had taken pretty much the same stance as his daughters and, if not sided with the cheater exactly, had let him know she had their sympathy for her regrettable *"Mistake"* and his stubborn refusal to forgive it.

A response he did not take well and the forthright language with which he took those friends to task ensuring he was unlikely to ever be a part of their social plans again.

Or wanted to be.

When he first met the woman about to become both his landlady and his employer, she was a widow of two years while he - Michael Wilson – had less than proud possession of a decree-nisi barely six months current.

Together with a small rented apartment for which the first half-year lease was about to lapse and not be renewed by an owner who wished to move in a renter with both the capacity and the willingness to pay more on a monthly-basis for what was barely above being labelled a *"shit-heap"*. The family home had barely any equity left in it after their having borrowed on the strength of it for the Uni-fees of his two estranged daughters - that and some renovations Patsy simply had to have. This and the fact his wife actually earned a little more than him in the Civil Service position at the Department of the Environment he still had at the time – Executive level or not - ensured he had agreed when she offered to buy him out and take on the remaining mortgage herself.

Hence his removal from the Beckenham home *she* had been awarded in the settlement and his renting of a tiny and depressing studio apartment in the dormitory town of New Eltham on the outer-edge of South London that was at least more in keeping with his now modest means than more upmarket Kentish location of his former residence.

Hence also, his ever-growing panic as his savings receded and his six-month lease neared expiry without him finding either a job or a living space within his reduced means.

It was a nightmare and he now sympathised with refrain of many of the recent homeless that it was but one small setback from an evening spent sleeping warm and cosy on a mattress, or trying to snatch a few hours rest while under cardboard upon the paving stones of a street or alley.

No surprise then that the advertisement he had seen while scanning the pasteboard for local adverts at Sidcup library caught his attention:

"Living-quarters in large and comfortable Chislehurst home offered to a suitably mature candidate with no issues in regard of performing light chores in and out of the home for a private lady requiring both domestic and DIY assistance and an unobtrusive presence.

The owner being a woman who regards privacy as paramount.

The most suitable candidate will be paid weekly spending money, together with food lodgings and other expenses, by way of a salary.

The ideal applicant will also be between forty-five and fifty-five years of age.

This is intended as a long-term position for the successful applicant"

Which was how the forty-five-year-old Michael Wilson came to meet Shreya Laghari and found himself living in a self-contained flat above the garage of her home, not a mile from the high-street at expensive Chislehurst and only a few miles distant from the bustle of Bromley and its popular shopping-centre.

The somewhat unusual composition and requirements of the ad not concerning him so much when what it offered was taken into account, along with his recognition that living there would afford him the time to get his head right and find a way back into *proper* employment.

It was just what he required at this time, and if it meant stringing along whoever had placed it on the subject of making it long-term then he didn't see the harm in such a small subterfuge.

That *leaps* into the unknown of such served only to irritate the fickle and easily angered fates who laughed at the making of human plans, and that designs of such a kind seldom turned out well for the one taking the gamble, did not occur to him.

Though the fact he would be working under the supervision of a woman did.

And a woman of Indian subcontinent origins, too.

A fact that was embarrassing to him, given his somewhat old-fashioned views and the pride that went with it?

Certainly.

But hardly a position of a kind likely to prove injurious to his future health!

Even if those *"light chores"* did prove to be a little more involved than the advertisement had first described them to be.

Such was his belief at the time, anyway.

In the end, it had taken two interviews, and a rather painful recounting of his life and personal situation when the Pakistani woman in her early thirties told him she required complete transparency from the person who would, in effect, be sharing the home she owned.

This a non-negotiable part of the process before she could even think of allowing him to move into the space above her garage on a month's trial basis.

And barely a day before the lease on his current residence expired and he found himself on the street.

A last gasp reprieve from a possible new-home made of cardboard and a flooring of paving stones that made him thankful to the fates already planning to betray him and even less likely to trouble himself in regard of the position he was about to take on.

If not ideal, he had told himself – the prospect of doing domestic chores for a woman not making much appeal to him – it was certainly a relief to find himself with a roof above his head when his lease expired.

Understandable that he could have no inkling that the widowed young Pakistani woman had instantly seen in him the devoted white chattel she had always dreamed of fashioning for herself after having interviewed so many applicants who were utterly unsuitable on so many different levels.

The same Pakistani girl now in a position to make her fantasies a reality since the death of her unmissed husband of an arranged marriage.

The arranged marriage that had brought her to the country of which she had fantasised as a young girl.

Moreover, her new house-guest would be a chattel she fully intended to make as dependent and obedient as any of her fellow countrywomen and men who had served the British during their time ruling her land.

Though even she might have conceded that there would not have been many who served their English masters in the way she intended Michael Wilson to serve her.

And in *all* ways.

His unawareness of what she had in mind for him and what would befall his life were she to be successful, not enlightened any by the fact she made no appeal to him as a woman whatsoever.

Despite a suspicion there was a *very* womanly body beneath the concealing silks of her habitual sarees.

The face above, along with a certain sense of unspoken and subliminal superiority on his part for people from her part of the world, ensuring he felt no attraction for the woman whose house he was living in whatsoever.

A condition, he was not to know, that she fully intended to change.

By the end of his first week in her comfortable home, he professed himself delighted with the way things were turning out.

By no means his first choice to be performing her cleaning, doing laundry, and ironing – amongst other less than manly delights; and especially for a young woman from a land his own had once ruled – he was surprised to find how easy the chores Patsy had performed and he had taken for granted came to him. All his life and work had involved logic and practicality and it stood him in good stead in his new role.

At least until he could get his head right and start applying of for jobs in the real-world more suitable for a man of his ability and experience, rather than the new-role he had been forced to take on.

A new-role, she had been insistent upon in both interviews, that might be made more lasting.

If, that is, his work merited such longevity and she found him… *suitable*.

You can only imagine his inner outrage at being patronised in such a way.

And by such a person.

"It is a good opportunity for you, I think," she had told him evenly and without seeming to crow in the least; though in truth there was no way she could have delivered the words within his hearing without sounding condescending.

"A good opportunity?" he had thought through gritted teeth.

For him?

Living in the home of a young Pakistani woman and doing her household chores?

It made him grateful that he had no contact with either his loose-legged wife or the two daughters who had treated her betrayal of him so lightly while expecting him to simply forgive and forget.

The humiliation of having the former love of his life see what he had come to since their separation might just have tipped him over the edge.

And as for the daughters who had once been the apple of his – undiscerning, it turned out – eye?

Fuck them!

Fuck all three of them, in fact.

And the former friends who'd taken sides against him.

He had bitten his tongue as the woman had gone on with her embarrassing assessment of his future in her excellent and very correct, but poorly delivered English.

"It is regrettable that your personal life took such an unfortunate turn at this stage in your life. It seems nowadays that society values only youth rather than experience and I can well understand how difficult – perhaps impossible – you will find it to ever find the kind of employment to which you were used."

Hearing a similar sentiment exit her lips to the one he had been attempting *not* to address to himself only served to depress him and she noted his reaction.

“Believe me, Michael,” she went on in a kindly tone – a tone that seemed to him even then, and through the gloom her reminder of his condition had inspired… *ersatz* …and unnatural to her; “it is not my intention to rekindle your memories of the way you were treated and what it has led to.”

He nodded with a tiny smile he didn’t feel, all too aware that he was, to all intents and purposes, a supplicant before the Pakistani woman and that he needed to… *cultivate* …her.

At least if he wished to experience a roof over his head in the immediate future.

Her black hair was pushed from her face and tied at the back in a way that did nothing to alleviate the asymmetry of her features – though it did bring her eyes into startling and somewhat disturbing effect when he realised they were trained upon him and she seemed to require some kind of…

What?

Thanks?

Validation for her having mentioned a past she knew was painful for him?

Thanks, for having extended him the opportunity to enter her home and take care of her chores?

“I realise that, Mrs Laghari…” he began before she interjected with a tight smile of her own.

“I prefer *‘Ms’*,” she told him.

“I’m sorry?”

“I would prefer it if you addressed me as *‘Ms Laghari’*,” she explained. “It is the name I went by in my homeland, Michael, and one I returned to after my husband died.”

“I see,” he replied with a tight smile, not having missed the fact she continued to address him by his first-name, despite having just insisted he address her more formally in an obvious attempt to let him know he would not be in her home as either a guest or an equal.

She shook her head.

“No. I am not so sure that you do, Michael. My marriage to the late Mr Bhabra was an arranged one, entered into by my family for reasons of money. My husband, you see, was very successful in business but physically repulsive. At least to me. As you can see, I am not what men describe as a *‘beauty’* myself in facial terms, so it was not so surprising when he found the more desirable women back home – and certainly those who were already here in England – were not amenable to either his advances or the money he was prepared to pay their parents. Explaining why he decided to set his sights… *lower*.”

Wilson shifted uncomfortably on his chair in front of her desk in the downstairs room she used as an office. Hearing of her relationship with her late-husband – physically repulsive or otherwise – was not high on his list of must-have conversation. Though he managed to keep his expression blank as he nodded what he hoped she would interpret as understanding before changing the subject.

"Our *union*, as people have it, was joyless, sexless, and, thankfully, childless. My great good fortune in marrying Mr Bhabra was the fact that he was mercifully impotent and wanted only a wife for the sake of appearances. Someone to take his arm at the many business functions and dinners he attended that he might not be seen as alone and desperate; despite knowing we hardly made what would be described these days as a *'dream couple'*. It was this need for face and to put up a good appearance on his part that was responsible for him sending me to a tutor in English that I might be able to converse with those present upon such occasions. It also explains why my proficiency in your language is so correct and extensive – even if my tutor was unable to prevent me speaking it without the thick accent you hear that was already too far ingrained for him to alter.

"My utter lack of sexual passion for him, together with *any* fond feeling is another reason I took back the name of my parents after his death," she finished.

The older man's cheeks flushed a little at her volunteering of such personal information and 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, now that I am also a very wealthy one, I find my security and new confidence allows me to speak my mind. I warn you in advance because I will not hesitate to take you to task should you be less than diligent in the duties I expect from you during your four-week *trial* period."

His cheeks flushed a little more at the way she emphasized the word *"trial"* and seemed to be talking down to him, but he remained silent.

"This brings me to the point I was making originally," she went on, seemingly completely at her ease as she took the commanding role in their conversation prior, though he could not have known it, to adopting that same position in his life further down the line.

"As I explained during our meetings with each other," she continued; "I am not looking simply for a temporary…"

She appeared to be searching for the correct word.

Then, finally, latching onto a description he sensed was *not* her first choice:

"…*assistant* …but a long-term presence in my home and an arrangement that will be mutually beneficial for both of us – if you come to see your future here with me."

"The fuck I do!" ran his thoughts as it struck him again that her emphasis on the word *"Assistant"* seemed to indicate she had another word in mind and that he would not be too thrilled to hear it.

A word, it struck him, she thought he might take exception to her using.

Though he had no idea at this time of just what that word might have been.

And would hardly have been likely to take too great an exception to it if he did – so marked was his desperation for something likely to give him some respite that he might at least attempt to restore his fortunes.

"I am, you will come to find," she went on, " a private person and, aside from visitors from my Temple in Orpington at certain times, enjoy my own company to read and listen to music or watch a film."

As his cheeks reddened at having heard her virtually describe him as a non-person who would *not* interfere with her desire for solitude, and for all his bitterness at being in such a dependent position – outright anger for the wife who had precipitated his fall – he also recognised the younger woman offered him a lifeline; even if, naturally, he saw it as more temporary than a commitment to spending his future with her.

"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."

*****

And so he had begun his first week in her home and retired each evening to his quarters above the garage.

From a Civil Servant at a reasonably high executive level, he was acting as a young Pakistani woman's de facto servant.

And it would soon become worse.

Much, much, worse…

TWO

Shreya's First Fantasy

Her dream had transformed her into a svelte and commanding priestess with flawless brown skin whose sensual curves glistened as they were bathed by the light of a thousand candles illuminating her chamber as she stood above the white man sprawled beneath her on the divan.

Naked.

Just like she herself.

But different.

Different in that he was not naked by his own choice but simply because she had demanded he present himself to her in that condition.

She was, she knew, an image of feminine perfection – even if the geography of her homeland made her less than acceptable to him. Magnificent breasts projected proudly from her chest, dark brown nipples already hardening to the sight of his submission. There was an entirely womanly curve to ther hips and waist upon which a single insolent hand rested, the curl of her lip inviting her captive to look upon an oiled and denuded cunt she saw as the supreme vestment of her power.

The movement of her other hand attracted the older man's eyes and the object she held within it had them bulging with fear and helplessness as it glistened in the candlelight.

Knowing he was powerless to refuse her anything, she held the object aloft that he might see it in its fullness; to know beforehand and be able to anticipate the horror of the latex phallus with which she intended to cement his subjugation to her forever.

Brown and shiny, in homage to the cocks belonging to the men of her own race, it was of average thickness and had a long and curved shaft. At its base, where the cock should have ended, there protruded an exact replica. It was glistening with the same oil bathing her labia and she could see he knew that it was coated in the same oil with which she not moments before lubricated his virgin rectum.

His fear was as the taste of nectar to the dehydrated.

Kneeling upon the divan and parting her legs slightly, she inserted one end of the latex phallus into her hungry cunt and let out a sigh of arousal that was as much for the anticipation of what she was about to do as for the entry.

Fully engulfing her end of the cock, all that protrude from her hips now was artificial penis by which she intended to deflower ad fully subjugate the handsome Englishman whose eyes peered up at her with such pitiful entreaty in an effort to make contact with her merciful side.

That, she told herself with a certainty that was sacrosanct in it pure evil, was a location he would never experience.

As he closed his eyes to the humiliation and pain about to be heaped upon him, she knew that all fight had been driven from him and he was hers to do with exactly as she chose.

He had been mastered and would never know freedom again.

As he sensed her approach, he let his head fall back in resigned submission to his fate and, had she needed it, supplied her with all she required to be certain he was now hers.

As her own excitement threatened her with insanity, she felt his body tense begin drawing in deeper breaths; obviously trying to relax himself so that the coming invasion would be less painful.

If not humiliating.

With his eyes closed still, she placed her hands on his spread thighs and took in the exposed anus awaiting its nemesis; then, easing the oiled tip of her cock up against his aperture, she for the first time since ordering him onto the divan; her fluent if accented English as spellbinding and terrifying to him as her appearance:

"Open your eyes now, and do not look from mine until I have taken your virginity."

When they did not open instantly, a flash of fury made her own eyes flash lightning, but, before her anger turned molten, the eyes in that handsome and beaten face did indeed flicker open and the tears of submission greeting her almost barbaric presence atop him were enough to bring her thoughts and emotions back to a place where she could exercise greater control..

Gently teasing his perineum with the strap-on's tip, and smiling to herself when she realised it would be the last gentle thing he would feel for some time to come, she asked that question to which she already knew her captive's answer:

"Who is your Master?"

The voice croaking out an answer resembled that of a frightened schoolboy rather than that of an adult male with adult children.

"Y-You are," it conceded in a low croak that was barely audible.

But enough.

"Good boy," she praised him.

His head turned to the side as the shame grew too much to bear and she took hold of his hair to twist it back and counterpointed her annoyance by slapping those handsome cheeks and then backhanding them for good measure.

“Take your eyes from your Master once more and you will regret it,” she said, lowering her head to his until he could feel her hot breath brushing the cheeks she had just abused.

“Understand?”

An even croakier voice confirmed that he did.

“Very well then,” she sighed, raising herself back up. “We have settled that I am your Master and can do just as I please with you.

Her smile, she saw, only seemed to exacerbate the terror she could see in the eyes he was trying to keep fixed upon her own.

“And what your Pakistani Master wishes to do right this moment,” she went on, “is to fuck your weak and inferior English shit-chute until you know in every crevice of your being that your life belongs to her and that you are nothing but her abject chattel.”

She paused to savour the once-proud man lying vanquished beneath her and realised she was all but primed to reach her crisis, just from anticipation, and did not wish it to hit before his virgin rectum had felt the full force of her artificial but no less potent cock.

Checking that the eyes of her chattel were still upon her, she pushed her hips forward and began to enter her property’s most private and taboo place, stopping only when she had filled him and the latex ring that joined the cock in her pussy was pressed against his tight balls as he uttered a low groan.

The feeling of pure and unfettered power was everything she had dreamed it would be since those long ago childhood nights when her feverish fingers had taken her over the edge to such imagery.

She could tell that even expecting what was about to happen to him, the feel of the brown latex as it pushed through the tight ring of his anus, and on into his no longer virgin rectum took him by surprise.

His abject misery excited her.

Until, after a number of increasingly powerful thrusts, she became the one who was surprised as she realised that despite his discomfort and humiliation, his body was relaxing around her cock.

And his own cock, she could see as she gazed down between their bodies, was straining for all its worth to make acquaintance with the underside of his own chin.

Soon, as she continued to thrust, he began bucking his hips in time with her invasion, as if he were trying to welcome every inch of her unyielding and artificial cock inside of him.

Unsure as to whether his embracing of her use excited her more or less, but too far gone in her own dominant lust to analyse, she continued to hammer at his male-cunt as his legs came up around her back to herald that their roles had truly been reversed.

The feeling of utter and unholy joy she experienced as she realised that not only had she taken an unwilling Englishman who was older, better looking, and better educated than her and made him her peon but she had actually dominated him to such a degree that he was now – whether he liked it or not – acknowledging and embracing her complete and utter control of him…

…The scream of unholy pleasure that brought her awake in her own bedroom, bathed in perspiration and flooded from the aftermath of her own wet dream was so great she immediately found herself praying that it could not be heard in the rest of the house.

Her lip curled derisively as she chided herself for such timidity.

It was her house, after all.

So what of it if it could be heard?

THREE

First-Person: Shreya

For the first month or so, our relationship remained exactly what I had outlined to him in our two interviews.

I had indicated the work he was expected to do around the house and he, as unused to such domestic tasks as he was and obviously more than a little embarrassed to be tackling them on behalf of a younger woman from my part of the world, carried them out to the best of his ability, and in a way that I considered boded well for our lives going forward. His background was in government service and I knew he was the kind of man who would respond well to routine and structure – even if it would eventually prove to not be in his best interests. By giving him a comfortable living space above my garage and enough *"pocket money"* to allow him to indulge in a trip or two to the pub each week and provide him with a computer and wireless access to the Net from his quarters above the garage, I was investing him in my home and what it had to offer him.

I had warned myself beforehand not to make his life with me so spartan and draconian that his sole motivation would be the sexual dependence for me I intended to gradually instil within him, and saw such things as access to the Internet in the privacy of his quarter and a few drinks at the pub – should he have earned them, of course – as no more than good sense if I were to keep him at my side.

I had, of course, insisted there could be no possibility of his claiming any kind of social benefit for as long as he was in my home and considered that the longer he went without finding another job – and I knew he had interviewed for a number of them unsuccessfully – the more demoralised at his lack of future prospects, and appreciative in regard of what the sanctuary of my home offered him, he would be. Though I do confess myself puzzled at how he thought he could possibly be successful in a job application without a home address. Given, of course, that he was unable to use mine; knowing that, if he were successful, I would have no hesitation in asking him to leave. Knowing, as I did, that he had neither the savings nor the credit-rating to rent a home of his own.

All the above and the pains I had taken to both select such a man and the lengths to which I went to keep him, will give you some idea of how deeply ingrained and sexually intoxicating was the prospect of owning a mature and handsome white Englishman.

And this in an age when slavery – even of people of my race and background – was punishable with imprisonment.

Imprisonment or not, however, I was convinced that all the above in regard of my intentions was firmly in my favour and boded well for what I intended him to become.

A bondsman and chattel in the most strict and unbending interpretation of those two descriptions.

The prospect of having a man of his looks, age, and race, at my complete disposal in my new and husband free existence threatened to make me giddy with joy whenever I contemplated it at any length. With no intention of ever committing myself fully to another man, I also had no intention of spending my time alone. And what better companion could there be than one who was under my control in the domestic sphere as well as the sexual?

Enslavement that was, in fact, as mental and spiritual as it was physical..

Even if it was the last thing Michael Wilson would have either wanted or believed possible at this point.

With the above in mind, my approach to his coming subjugation to me was, of necessity, gradual, calculated, and insidious.

In fact, it was some four months into his stay with me that I felt confident enough to begin upping the ante.

Up until this time I had been wearing only my traditional sari's and sandals before him and could tell that he showed no interest in me as a woman at all – even the shapely feet I made sure to keep as well-groomed as possible, and with a variety of nail colours to enhance them, failed to capture even a sniff of interest from him.

But this was soon to change and, when it did, I became even more confident in my ability to both master and keep him at my side.

So confident that the idea I had formed and revised, until it was refined to such a condition only acting upon it would serve as a next step, was put into place far more swiftly than even I had believed possible.

A number of related incidents that made my course of action clear and was almost breathtaking for its simplicity.

I had noticed, of course, when he accompanied me to the supermarket for our weekly shop or any other errands where I needed him with me, that his interest levels rose whenever a woman or girl with shapely legs passed us. His head swivelling as if with a mind of its own as they passed, that he may gain himself a rear-view of the legs taking his interest. Bare or hosed, thick or thin, fleshy or muscular, it seemed to make no difference, so long as they were shapely – though it did not escape my notice that he lingered longest over those legs that were covered in either the nylon of stockings or pantyhose.

The very first thing to take my notice, his head swiveling as I shopped while slyly observing him as he people watched, was the way his attention deepened whenever a particular type of woman either passed or went ahead of him and the interest levels peaked in him by most examples of the limbs exciting him were elevated.

A woman of *colour*, you will be unsurprised to learn, not counting amongst their number.

Much to my disappointment at the time.

Disappointment, thankfully, that would not endure; but I will come to its easing soon. The absence though, was a little dispiriting for me at that point. After all, what I had in mind for him would be a lot easier to achieve if there was a sexual soft-spot somewhere inside him for women who were *not* white. And I had been given no reason to suspect such was the case. In fact, I was coming to realise that, like a lot of his countrymen there was a latent racism in his make-up – even if it was unvoiced.

A suspicion that, far from angering me, made the prospect of his coming submission to a woman of my looks and heritage all the sweeter.

If, and this is where my disappointment came in, it could be achieved.

Was that subliminal and colonial distaste for those of my race so deeply ingrained he would find it impossible to commit himself to my service when he was asked to either do so or leave?

Despite the consequences leaving would have for him?

On this, despite my optimism and excitement for having managed to take him so far in the four months of his stay with me until then, I was not certain.

But back to my supermarket reminiscence…

It soon struck me, to my self-confessed surprise, having no idea what his wife looked like or what his preferences regarding women might be, other than suspecting they did *not* extend to women of colour, that his preferences were at least not of the obvious kind.

The fake tanned, fake blonde, fake breasted variety I had somehow convinced myself would be his type did not elicit one glimmer of interest from my handsome prey. These passed him by without a flicker of interest – even if the same could not be said of them in return.

It soon became obvious to me that the examples of womanhood that set his eyes to swiveling as they followed the progress of arse and legs ahead of him or behind him, were not of the stereotypical kind. None of them, to my utter delight, were of the obvious, glamour-photography, kind bimbo and varied in age from late-teens to late-fifties. One, to my surprise, having good legs, despite being in what I took to be her late-sixties, gaining his interest in a most obvious way.

All of them, however, possessing one thing in common.

A common denominator providing your writer with an insight into his sexual preference that, while not conclusive, was at least revealing.

Each of the passing women who grabbed his attention had figures that could most accurately be described as…

"Matronly".

Even the younger ones amongst them.

And, of these, the women most likely to transfix his attention were those with strong and powerful legs.

Short or long, bulky or just plain muscular.

It made no difference.

Well, perhaps a bit…

So long, you see, as they were of a certain shape and clad in heels and hose he was drawn to them – even bare legs caught his attention, so long as the legs themselves were of the requisite kind. Legs and figures normally to be found on the more authoritative nurse, governess, or any female in a position of some authority.

The same kind of legs, you understand - and explaining the optimism my discovery triggered in me - I had seen only that morning.

This as I dressed before my full-length bedroom mirror and before they were covered by a flowing red sari.

But it was the coffee-morning I hosted the following day for some wives from the Temple who had only recently arrived from India - and with some of whom I was fast becoming not only a friend but something of a mentor - that truly cemented me in the approach I was going to take.

My thoughts ran back to the evening after my epiphany at the supermarket, as I outlined what was expected of him the following day…

"…It is only a meeting of some new arrivals to the Temple," I explained to him in what I could sense would become our first real battle of wills.

It was just under half-a-year into our arrangement and I was desperate to move him onto more …fertile… ground.

Fertile for me, that is.

So far, apart from the chores I had outlined earlier in which he had, to my surprise, swiftly become proficient, I had fought my impatience to ensure that he became used to – and dependent upon – the relatively easy life and security living in my home provided for him. Knowing as I did how devastating it would seem to him at that time when I deemed fit to tell him it would soon be coming to an end and he would once again be upon the street and at the mercy of what is now called, courtesy of a particularly repellent, thrice-named former leader of his swill-slurping party, "Universal Credit".

Not that I am particularly political or liberal in my outlook, or even vote. But I do have an interest in history and the past of the thrice-named one's party and its venal, condescending, and unjust treatment of the people of my country, as well as its own, was not something that warmed me to them.

Knowing also that, despite his fear for his future, and even when I finally considered him ripe, I would be taking a considerable gamble.

A gamble I was not yet ready to take but whose foundations and footings I was more than eager to enlarge upon.

My request that he be present to serve my guests refreshments, however, came as a shock to him, if the pallor of his expression and the look of repugnance he could not manage to hide were a guide.

It was one thing, after all, for him to be at a woman's beck and call when it came to household and other such chores, such as serving her tea or coffee when she requested it.

Quite another to perform the same task in front of witnesses from her own land and then do the same for them.

So far, his position with me, and the services he provided, had been between the two of us and, even when he accompanied me to the shops for necessary provisions, I was at pains to ensure nothing gave rise to embarrassment for him.

"It is not as if you are unused to performing the same service for me when I request it, Michael," I reminded him.

He looked unconvinced.

"Or is it that you have a problem doing this for me because of the nationality of my guests?"

His silence told me I had struck a nerve; despite the fact he was living in my home as a de facto servant and I, of course, was of the same nationality as the visitors who would arrive the following day.

"Is that it?" I pressed. "Do you see it as below you to serve refreshments to my guests simply because of their skin-tone an nationality?"

I had hit upon a fruitful seem of discomfort for him and he seemed unable to frame a response; allowing me to press my advantage further:

"Because, if that is the case, I hardly see as you can stay here in my home?"

The mere hint of a threat in this regard made his eyes go wide and his handsome features took on a look of fear as his thoughts scrambled here and there that he might find words to save himself.

"N-No," he stammered finally, giving me a thrill for having inspired his uncertainty. "I don't feel that way at all."

"Then why does the prospect of waiting on my guests make you seem so… distasteful?" I asked, knowing he was lying through his teeth.

"It… It's not that at all," he repeated. "You, hmmm, just surprised me. Like you, I'm a pretty private person and… well, I'm not good around gatherings of people."

It was not a bad attempt under the circumstances but, of course, absolute rubbish. During his time as a Civil Servant I knew he had attended many such gatherings with even more guests – even if he had not been expected to wait on them; so his excuses held no weight. Though the fact he had lied to make them, rather than simply say "No", left me feeling highly encouraged in regard of my future aspirations and the role in my life as a white chattel I intended for him to occupy."

"Then it is settled," I told him, the crisp preciseness of my oh, so correct English and the intent with which I delivered it rising above the sing-song accent I was unable to prevent when speaking his natural and, for once, sounding quite… authoritarian …even to my own ears. "I would like you to prepare tea, coffee, and a few plates of biscuits for their arrival. Nothing fancy is required – it is just a gathering of some recently arrived ladies from my own country who are new to the Temple. But it would please me if you were both courteous and diligent in their regard."

I watched as his cheeks coloured and knew my words had achieved my intention.

To place him upon the back foot and make him feel insecure of his position in my home.

To give him the first hint of just how much authority I had over him should he prefer to live under a roof and be fed and watered; as opposed to spending is nights and days under either clouds or sky with nothing but a covering of cardboard for comfort.

Great as the effort he made was to disguise the distaste he felt for what I proposed – and the racism underlying it – his expression undercut the lie.

I could almost hear his thoughts:

"She expects me to wait on a bunch of women from her own country like a fucking servant! I should just tell her to go fuck herself and leave."

But he did not – in the words my thoughts imagined to be his – tell me this and, instead, simply stood before me in silence; hoping, perhaps, that I would have a change of heart.

Not wishing to push too hard too soon, but with no intention of letting him off the hook, I decided the time was ripe to press my authority at least a little more forcefully upon him.

"Unless, of course, you feel it is asking too much of you to serve some ladies of my own race refreshments in my home?"

He remained silent for a few moments and I raised my eyes expectantly.

"Because, if that is the case, then you can always pack your things and…"

I was allowed to go no further.

"No!" he cried, fear obvious as prevented me from completing a sentence it was not in his best interests to hear.

A worried look crossed that handsome face as he realised he had come close to shouting at me, so worried did the first half of my uncompleted sentence have him. The pussy - moist as it always was whenever he was in my pussy – threatened to burst its banks as I realised at just how great a disadvantage I already had. And without even having worked hard at achieving such a superior position.

"Wh-What I mean," he went on in a lowered and, it struck me, ingratiating voice, "is that it's no problem at all and I'd be glad to look after your guests…"

…And look after them he had.

All three of them.

Fresh to the country and none of them beyond their mid-twenties. Awaiting, as I had awaited some years before them, a marriage they had *not* chosen to a man who was an effective stranger to them. Three young Pakistani woman to whom seeing a white Englishman perform so deferentially such menial duties would be both shocking, enlightening, and, of course… *thrilling*.

Which was exactly their reaction; gushing in excited voices, one over the other, after I had explained that my manservant – yes, I explicitly used that description – had not a word of our native tongue in his head and that they could speak freely without fear of retribution.

From either him or the elders of the Temple, were I to tell them, that is, of the less than spiritual conversation that sprang from the lips of my young guests as my older English *"Manservant"* served them tea and biscuits and was the recipient of many lustful looks thrown in his direction.

Looks, I confess, that had my complete understand, given the good looks of my servant and what awaited them in their arranged marriages if my own experience was the norm for such travesties.

It was, of course, impossible for him not to sense he was the object of these young women in their traditional costume and their excited jabbering.

Though I did get the impression that because, in common with their hostess, they were not of the most facially appealing his embarrassment was not at the levels it might have been had the opposite been the case.

The chatter that was incomprehensible to him was giggly and self-conscious and often made behind the hands, despite the fact I had told them he had not a word of their/our tongue. The general consensus being how wonderful it must be to have such a handsome servant and how important must be my standing in the local community that I could have one of my own. Observations that both pleased me and left me feeling a little frustrated at the truth; knowing as I did that his service to me was not seen by him in the same light as it was perceived by them and that, to him, he was simply a handyman who happened to live in my home and pay for his presence there with the odd chore, either in the home or in its gardens.

I was unsure, to be truthful, whether to be flattered by the admiration I could see in the eyes of my young friends from the Temple, or unfulfilled because he was not exactly what I had led them to believe he was.

One thing I was sure of, however, was that my determination to ensure he became exactly that – my servant and chattel – had only intensified and a steely resolve formed behind my eyes to make a reality of those oft experienced dreams and fantasies I had basked in for so long without ever believing that one day they could become a reality.

Doubled, in fact.

I would not allow his distaste – even if it was not expressed and he was careful to hide any reaction of facial expression that might indicate such was the case – to deter me from my ultimate goal in his regard and, almost as a reward for my tenacity, I saw that he was not *totally* disinterested in the young women from my Temple as they jabbered excitedly to me and amongst themselves as he went about offering biscuits and refilling cups where required, expression one of courtesy and good humour; even if I could see behind the mask to the seething anger he felt for having been brought so low.

It was an observation on my part that made it difficult to keep the amusement from my face as I considered what I intended for him if he were to stay in my home.

He had, I assured myself, seen nothing yet.

But back to the young woman I sensed had pricked his interest…

On one too many an occasion for it to be coincidence, and to my surprise as well as pleasure, I noticed that he sent more than one glance in the direction of my guest and seemed just a little more attentive whenever he filled her cup or offered a Petit-Four or Custard Cream her way.

A guest he seemed interested in despite the fact she was certainly no more facially appealing than either her fellow visitors or her hostess herself – in fact, unless I flatter both myself and the other girls, a little less.

A girl who, though she wore sandals along with the rest of us, had distinguished herself by being the only amongst us who had troubled to paint her nails.

And had painted them a most striking purple.

A colour which, together with feet and long shapely toes for which I had to confess no small pangs of envy, and despite knowing mine were also shapely, caught my would-be manservant's attention with a power beyond that of either my other guests or myself to compel.

By this time, as previously mentioned, I was aware of his penchant for legs either bare or in hose – of the stocking or panty variety; so the evidence of his attraction for painted nails made me forget my envy and take pleasure and optimism from yet another facet of his sexuality likely to gain me more power over his senses to run in tandem with the fear he had of his economic situation and the influence over his future that extended me.

As I caught his eyes wander over her shapely ankles and slender painted toes for what was the umpteenth time, I assured myself that this new development was something of which I could take advantage if I were serious about placing him in my service.

A service he would *never* leave.

FOUR

Michael's First Fantasy

Bolt upright and suddenly wide-awake, Michael Wilson allowed the air to escape his lungs and his head to slump back against the pillow it had left not seconds before; unsure what disturbed him most: the nature of the dream from which he had just woken, or the baffling erection that still raged unabated beneath the cool single sheet covering him in the comfortable but somewhat humid apartment above Shreya Leghari's garage.

As his scrambled and somewhat shamed thoughts regained a near even-keel, he was quick to point out to himself that the dream which had disturbed him so could only have come about thanks to the events of the morning and his serving of the young women in their native subcontinent costumes who so plainly enjoyed having an Englishman of his age and looks waiting upon them so respectfully under the eyes of their hostess.

So far, so explainable.

That being the case, then, along with the distaste and mortification he felt for feeling he had no choice but to act in such a way; how was he to explain the bolt hard excitement that raged at his groin still?

And *especially* given the nature of the dream itself.

Right at that moment, in fact, he wanted nothing more than to reach for himself and pull off his cock to a joyous climax to the image of Shreya Laghari as she had appeared in his sleeping mind.

It was only with a huge effort of will, bolstered by the shame he felt for having such feelings for a woman he felt, was beneath him – despite the fact he lived in her home and would, like as not, find himself on the street if she asked him to leave – that he manged to restrain himself long enough for his excitement to wilt and take his erection with it.

Which did not mean he could forget the dream itself and, even as his penis softened, he soon found himself reliving what had so disturbed and excited him.

And not just the dream.

He had found the whole day as disturbing as it had been uncomfortable, forced as he had been to wait like a Victorian flunkey on a gaggle of giggly brown-skinned girls from an area of the world he had neither time or interest in. Having no option, if he wished to maintain a roof over his head for a while, but to smile false smiles and act as if he truly were Shreya Laghari's English factotum as went about the room offering refreshments. Even the perfect feet of one young women, with their exquisite toes and exotically painted nails, had served to depress him as much as they triggered sexual desire in him.

Had he truly come so low that he could contemplate with excited anticipation being allowed to retire to his flat above the garage and manipulate his cock to the memory of those sleek brown feet in their diamante sandals?

The answer, after they had departed and he had cleaned away the cups, saucers, and plates to take a late lunch in his studio, seemed to answer in the affirmative.

And now here he was, some eight hours or so on from that solitary midday pleasure, awakening from a dream that humiliated him even more than pulling off his cock to a young and not facially attractive woman he would not have given a second glance before.

Staring up at the ceiling he allowed his thoughts to play themselves out upon the emulsion of its plaster…

...He was in a place he did not recognise, sat naked upon the cold stone of what appeared to be a cellar, bare-back against the rough un-plastered walls, senses keened for any sight, sound, or smell, that might give him some small clue as to his whereabouts.

His legs were sprawled out in front of him and he felt a chill of foreboding rush the length of his body as the sound of a heavy door was heard opening above and slightly to his left.

The sound of heels, clacking against the stone steps leading down, only served to heighten his sense of impending doom and that feeling only intensified when the owner of those heels came more fully into the light so that he might recognise her.

She was carrying what appeared to be a light plastic table of some kind as she approached and his hysteria rose as he watched her position it over his prone body. Powerful subcontinent legs in the sheerest of black hose towered above his trembling and fearful body as her eyes beamed down into his with an unholy light that reflected the sheer animal delight she took in having a man of his race, age, and looks at her mercy.

Eyes made notable for their compassion only by the complete absence of such an emotion..

She was fully dressed in a dark and severely cut two-piece suit in the most stygian of blacks; even the crisp linen shirt along with her hose and her shoes were of a matching shade and the overall effect was decidedly funereal and added yet another layer to the sense of menace he could feel emanating from her.

Together with an impression of control and self-sufficiency that left him with a distinct feeling of loss and made the dire nature of his situation all the harder to bear.

How could it not be, his beleaguered thoughts told him as he thought back to the heady days of his marriage.

Those same days when his wife had been faithful and his daughters looked up to him for the security and protection he provided them. Days when his position as head of his own household was unquestionable.

He watched, amazed at the levels of terror he could feel for this younger subcontinent woman who was not his equal in terms of either maturity, looks, education, or breeding. Finding it hard to believe still that his life, once so enjoyable and fulfilling – if a trifle predictable – could have been reduced to such a pass. Looking on with a sickly thrill of horror as saw her rest hands upon on hips and slither an insolent and anticipatory tongue over lips so plump he would have suspected the insertion of collagen had he not know different. Lips curling with the derision of the powerful for the powerless, while knowing the creature beneath her would never know the former again.

NOT if she had any say in the matter.

And it just so happened that she did.

As her implacable eyes and smooth brown features continued to stare down upon him, beating back the ability of his once-proud eyes to countenance the joy he saw her take from the position of utter superiority she held over him, he realised the whole of his shaking body was covered in a sheen of perspiration. Something primal telling him that her presence above him was likely to prove even more painful and humiliating for him than the torments to which she had subjected him thus far. But his terror was only one aspect of his discomfort.

The other, throbbing with a perverse urgency at his groin, ensured his shame was at least a match for the strength of his fear.

What had he allowed to happen to himself?.

No matter for how long his situation as her white-chattel continued, he knew, he would NEVER come to terms with the creature she had made of him.

As opposed to the man he had once believed himself to be.

For, despite his overpowering urge to rise to his feet, slap her senseless, and achieve his freedom, he remained motionless below her; unable to move despite the fact he was unrestrained in any way, he also seemed incapable of even the most basic of speech unless given her express permission.

And yet, though his eyes were unable to countenance the strength of ownership in hers, he was more than able to watch as she slipped off her heels and seated herself upon the surface she had placed across his shaking legs.

A blockage seemed to appear at the base of his throat and he had trouble swallowing.

The smell from the moist black nylon, covering her feet and the vermillion pained nails beneath, attacked his olfactory senses and, far from triggering a bout of nausea, actually heightened that sense of personal disgrace and emasculation he had thought could not find a higher and more demoralizing altitude.

The looks, intelligence, gender and race, of the woman who proclaimed herself his "Master" and his "owner", setting off a demonic triad in the mind of the man whose life she had beneath her heel.

Again his thoughts took on an almost incendiary heat; even as he acknowledged he would never find the necessary courage to allow her to feel it.

To allow this ill-bred woman – the beneficiary of an arranged marriage and a deceased husband, financially secure through no effort of her own - to override him so shamefully was almost more than he could bear.

And yet…

If the above was the case, then why was his manhood so responsive to the least sight of her?

And with an urgency far beyond anything he had experienced before then.

Why, as she slowly raised her skirt above those shapely but matronly subcontinent legs, did the expanse of black hose that clung to her thighs to underline the… power …in them, demand his attention with a force undiluted by the humiliations he knew he would endure as a price?

Why, as her black shirt opened to display the full-breasts with their deep brown areolae and engorged nipples, was unable to avert his gaze by so much as an inch?

And, then, all questioning left his head as the moist and odiferous soles of her nylon-encased feet came to rest on his bare stomach. All humiliation forgotten and, instead, re-directed to his cock as it seemed to stretch and expand even further; almost as if it was looking burst through the ceiling above and find release in a more… natural …world.

"Sniff them," came the order, made in the fluent and correct English that could not disguise the sing-song accent of her own land he had come to hate and despise so much.in which she had an advanced degree of fluency unable to prevent the linguistic corruption resulting from the accent of her mother tongue. The diamond-hard pitilessness of her tone making a mockery of her relatively youthful years with an accompanying cruelty he found utterly and emasculatingly terrifying. No matter how a constant inner-voice derided him for accepting such treatment another, more pragmatic resident in his soul, assured him he would NEVER find the strength to refute her assertion of ownership.

And then all save one inner-voice was silenced as he breathed deeply through his nostrils and her unholy and savory aroma permeated the inner-recesses of both his senses and his soul itself, overriding everything that made him a man and sending him into a frenzy of submission towards her he would once have believed impossible had anyone ever suggested such a thing to him..

Unbelievable!

Risible!

Fucking insulting!

“Lick them now,” came the order, her tone not only provoking obedience but sending his cock into a fresh frenzy beneath the twin torments of her odor and that authoritative tone of voice.

“From the heel to the toe,” she added unnecessarily, given his tongue was already upon the hosed heel of left foot.”

In a world of submission and service he was coming to know more and more, he tasted the revolting tang of a foot that had been clad in hose the whole day and felt sure he must gag.

A certainty that proved misplaced as not only did he not gag but his tongue rasped upwards towards her toes with a most unmanly hunger.

“Good boy,” he heard from above and, far from shaming him into rebellion, it spurred him to even more furious and abject efforts to please his subcontinent master; his eyes focusing on the wonder that was her breasts and hearing a small voice in his head profess astonishment that two such erotic beauteous things could possibly be attached to the creature in ownership of them.

And then, suddenly, her foot was removed from his slathering tongue and his breath caught in his throat as both it and its companion went either side of his straining manhood before pressing their arches against it and beginning to slide its length.

“Look at me,” she demanded as he gasped for breath and prayed she would not stop and that the utterly erotic, if demeaning, frisson of nylon against foreskin would continue unabated until he had deposited the contents of his underused balls onto the ceiling above.

He tried to do as she asked and found himself unable to meet the look of triumph and sheer contempt he saw beamed back at him.

“If you wish to be disobedient,” he heard her say as his head lowered and his elation went with it as the movement of her feet halted, “so be it.”

He tried to will his eyes to raise to hers and found he was incapable of doing so, such were the levels of his shame. It was one thing to debase himself in front of her while she was pleasuring his treacherous cock; but quite another to stare into her eyes and see the joy her utter dismantling of him gave her

Which was when he became aware of her rising from the table-top and all thoughts save one leaving him.

To be replaced with only one.

The acknowledgement of… PAIN.

His body became a repository of debilitating agony as it spasmed him into a sitting position, his jaws wide in silent protest. The same feet that had been rewarding his degraded desires with such intense and perverse pleasure were now stamping upon his balls as if, for all the world, he were a grape and her feet the instruments chosen to extract a juice of some worth from them.

"You were warned of the consequences if you disobeyed or disrespected me," she told him, voice mocking his agony. "I can only assume you prefer to serve me from now on in a neutered condition."

His thoughts raced, pain receding a little in the face of her threat.

She couldn't be serious.

Could she?

And now he did stare up into her eyes, his own bugging from his head as he realised she was serious in her intent.

And then, before he could even think to frame a plea for mercy, her left foot pressed down upon his testicles and she began to lean her body-weight upon it; wicked and sadistic brown eyes taking on an unholy luminescence as the breath left his body and he realised she fully intended to mash his manhood into the stone floor of the cellar beneath the sole of a foot that had been pleasuring him not seconds before.

As the pain all but robbed him of consciousness, he realised it would only be moments before his unmanning was complete and he became not just her chattel and human property but her eunuch too.

Any moment now, he thought through his intense agony and the equally as agonising burden of his own thoughts, he would hear the inevitable sound of manhood being flattened upon the stone.

Then, as the pain intensified and she applied more pressure from above, he heard the shrillest scream he had yet to hear or expected to hear.

A scream that went on and on until he realised it was his own

Until…

…Still staring at the ceiling as the last – thankfully unrealized – reel of his dream played itself out, Michael Wilson kicked off the sheet covering him and tried to cool a body he felt sure that, like an engine having run for too long in the midday sun with an empty water-tank, must soon overheat, so disturbed had it made him.

It was only after he had left the bed and made for the fridge in his small but comfortable studio-space above *her* garage to quaff back a copious amount of chilled Pepsi-Max, that both his body and his thoughts began to return to something approaching normal.

It was not long after that he also began to laugh at the pure risibility of his own dream and the way he had allowed it to disturb him after waking from it.

He was not to know that both the dream, and the day that had preceded it, would see the beginning of his slide into a condition that would take him even further from that state of grace he had once known.

FIVE

First-Person: Shreya

The first time I clothed myself in Western fashion was a revelation to me.

Following on from having had the girls from the Temple visit and having an outwardly smiling and courteous, while inwardly seething Mr Michael Wilson serve them – the very next day, in fact; I had asked him to order me a taxi that it might take me into the shopping centre at Bromley, some three miles from my Chislehurst home.

He had given me a surprised look. Usually, I would have him drive me to either supermarket or the Temple – even the library, which had a surprising number of titles written in my own tongue and had been a real boon during my marriage to the aforementioned boor and bore of a husband; and still was, despite my discovery of the eBook and the greater choice the Internet provided me to indulge the reading I had always loved. But, on this occasion, instead of asking him to ready the car – a Saab convertible, for those interested in such things, and one of the last made before the company stopped producing them – I handed him a list of chores I wanted him to complete while I was away.

It was the first time I had done such a thing and I could tell it did not sit well with him. Being asked to take care of something and being given with a list of chores prompted an entirely different set of responses. And a list of the duties one was expected to accomplish must, I told myself at the time, seem entirely too…

Servant-like.

Which was certainly how he saw it, if the spots of colour at his temples spoke the truth.

I was in Bromley not forty minutes later and, for the first time in my life, shopping for clothing more in keeping with the country I lived in than the homeland I had left.

And had not a clue.

Thankfully, the women's department in the Debenhams store I had chosen to visit – that I might make all my purchases in one place rather than have to visit any number of shops – possessed a very helpful young woman who not only helped with my choices after I told her the kind of look I was hoping to achieve but also showed me how to put on the various pairs of pantyhose and stockings I had chosen. I have no idea if she worked on a commission basis but, if she did, I am sure she was one happy young lady.

It was over two hours later when I rang him at my home and asked him to again ring for a cab to pick me up.

Yes. I am more than aware that I could have done this for myself. Which was exactly why I chose not to.

The pure pleasure of getting my would-be chattel to do such a thing I could as easily do for myself was a delicious foretaste of the pleasures my increased control of him down the line would bring and, though the request was made in a courteous manner, he could hardly have missed the fact that he was expected to comply with my wishes and thus my superior position in relation to him would be kept to the forefront of his mind.

I actually smile when I think back to that delicious and anticipatory time. A time when he was in my service but *not* in my service, if you take my drift. That period when I was about to increase the temperature in my own household for both of us.

And in ways he would find impossible to lower.

I was dressed in a dark blue blazer and skirt, with a tight-fitting white blouse, sheer black hose and black shoes with a peep-toes and a dagger heel. I had applied light make-up consisting of no more than some mascara to darken eyes I had been told were piercing and some dark-red lipstick. It would be the first time he would have seen me in Western clothing and the first time I had worn it anywhere other than the changing rooms of the Bromley store where they had been purchased. Despite the patient efforts of the sales-lady in showing me how to put on the hose, it had taken me many careful attempts that morning to get it right and not ruin the delicate sheer fabric.

My nails – feet and hands - were painted the same deep purple of my young friend from the Temple that had so enamoured him and could be clearly seen beneath the nylon of the hose and the only other form of adornment was a thin silver necklace at my throat from which hung a small half-moon pendant.

My long black hair was, as ever, pushed from my face and tied at the back.

The efforts I had taken with my appearance were more than rewarded when Michael Wilson entered my study with the morning-coffee I knew he so hated preparing and delivering to me while I sat at my desk and went through my correspondence and other business as if having a handsome, mature and English, white man wait on me in such a way were no more than an example of the world being in its correct order.

What better way of telling someone their position in one's home, without actually expressing it through words, than to give them a duty they *must* perform at certain times of the day.

And more than once.

Especially, you see, as I am most partial to my coffee and like it served regularly.

He was wearing his usual denims and comfortable long tee-shirt when he entered and, as ever, had me picturing him in the servant's livery I had in mind for him when his position with me became a more permanent and more… *servile* …one.

Nothing *too* obvious, you understand?

But obvious enough that it would underline the difference in our respective household status.

Clear ice-blue eyes that always seemed preoccupied these days – no doubt as he dreamed of his fortunes changing and being in a position to extract a measure of payback upon the ex-wife whose faithlessness had led him here – did not take me in at first. I was standing in the picture-window with views out onto my garden and had my mobile-phone to my ear. Speaking to a dead-line in my native tongue while I stared out into the garden with my back to the room.

And why was I doing this?

The answer is a simple one.

I wished for him to take in my new look unconstrained by the knowledge my eyes were upon him and had carefully positioned myself that I could still observe him with my back turned - this by way of his reflection in the gleaming window frames I had insisted he clean only the day before.

What the glass revealed to me was nothing less than a joy.

As he moved towards my desk with the mug of coffee – I always prefer mug to cup when drinking my favourite brew – I saw him finally take in my presence.

And halt in his tracks as if hitting an invisible wall.

Used to the sight of me at my desk in a brightly coloured sari and unadorned feet extruding from covered legs, this as I took care of the usual paperwork dealing with my late husband's estates and those business dealings still current, I was amazed he did not send my morning refreshment clattering to the floor when his eyes acquainted themselves with the rear view of my hosed legs for the first time. I watched, almost too excited to remember to keep up my pretend conversation as my eyes drank in his reflection as his own took in my rear view, as the knowledge dawned upon him that they type of woman whose leg and body shape excited him most had been near to him the whole time he had been searching them out in either the supermarket or through the car window as he ferried me to-and-from.

Even if her race and social standing, despite her inherited good-fortune – would not have been the first port-of-call in his fantasies travels.

Pretending to be oblivious of both his presence and his inspection of my rear view, I continued to spout gibberish into the phone, knowing he had no way of being able to understand what I was saying, watching his reflection as it moved towards my desk to place the mug down, eyes not once taking themselves from my powerful hose-clad legs.

Drinking them in, in fact, from the hemline of my skirt, down past my somewhat exaggerated calves, until his absorbed vision came to a halt at my feet as they perched upon the spiky heels I was, as yet, still unused to wearing.

Through my joy and excitement at having won his attention in such a way, I felt amusement as I watched him place the mug down carefully without spilling a drop without depriving himself of a single sight of the legs I intended to obsess him.

Usually after serving my coffee, he would accept my thanks with a forced smile – I am not a rude person – and take himself off to begin the household chores for the day.

But not on this particular morning.

And not since, in fact.

Instead of turning and closing the door behind him, he stood motionless before my desk, taking advantage of my feigned preoccupation that he might continue his scrutiny of my – unleashed from the disguise of its traditional costume – rear view.

The seldom blinking way in which he drank in my new incarnation went beyond all my expectations. I had been expecting to be rewarded with some small acknowledgment of my new look and was prepared to work on that ray of sunlight to bring him to a fuller… *appreciation* …of my charms. Only to find I was light years from that position in which I expected to start.

When I suddenly turned, wrapping up my pretend call with promises and goodbyes he could not understand, I allowed myself a look of surprise to find him standing there still.

Surprise that would have turned to unmistakable pleasure had I not fought the urge, when he returned my gaze and his cheeks suddenly reddened.

"Yes, Michael?" I questioned, returning to English and supposedly ending the call that never was.

He actually looked nervous and all at once a feeling of utter conviction energised my body as what had only been suspected and now had been confirmed altered the dynamic between us.

Now I *knew* that what I intended for him was not only a possibility but *would* happen.

His eyes flickered to the mug resting atop my desk and for the first time I sensed he was nervous in my presence:

"I, hmm, brought your coffee, hmm, Ms Leghari," he told me unnecessarily given I was hardly likely to miss it.

"Thank you, Michael," I replied, seating myself behind my desk and removing the legs that appeared to be unmanning him from his view – which did not prevent him from snatching glances at my chest, where my large and firm breasts strained against the fabric of my fitted blouse.

"Was there something else?" I asked when he made no attempt to move.

To my delight, he swallowed nervously, a lowly Private on the carpet before his commanding officer and choosing his words carefully.

I marvelled to myself:

"Was that all it took to gain his attention? European fashions that included heels and hose?"

I almost laughed out loud as I assured myself such a delight would not prove so easy.

I was wrong.

It turned out even easier.

"Its just that… Well… You seem… different, today," he went on, attempting to talk over his obvious interest in the way I looked – at least *below* the neck.

I gave him a quizzical crinkling of the eyes, as if I had not a clue of what he was speaking, then pretended enlightenment.

"Oh, I see. You are referring to my new clothes."

He nodded.

"I have decided to adopt a more Western style," I told him, "though I will, of course, alternate it with my usual costume for the Temple and at other gatherings or occasions."

He gave me another nod and I could see he was unwilling – or unable – to bring himself to leave, so marked had been my effect upon him. Even beyond all the hopes I had held for just such a reaction. And even if he did not have a woman in his life or the money to wine, dine, and copulate with her if he were to meet one. Reliant, as he was these days, upon his own hand and the vividity of his own imagination.

A condition not likely to improve.

Not with the fifty-pounds a week I allowed him in… *"pocket-money"* …anyway.

"I take it you do not approve," I said when he made no reply.

"Wh-What?" his eyes went wide, totally at a loss before my entirely deliberate misreading of his reaction.

"You do not approve of me wearing the fashions of your country," I repeated.

He shook his head, almost frantically, worrying, no doubt, that his disapproval might send me rushing upstairs to change back into my normal garb before returning to tell him his presence was no longer required in my home.

"Not at all, Ms Leghari," he assured me, the form of address I knew he hated for once sounding normal and automatic coming from his lips.

Another sign of the transformation his thoughts had undergone in relation to me.

And brought about by nothing more substantial than a change of style when it came to clothing.

Along with my burgeoning conviction and confidence I could soon have him upon his knees before me, another feeling in his regard was taking a greater hold for both him, his race, and his gender.

Contempt.

“I think what you’re wearing looks very fetching on you. You, hmm, just took me by surprise, that’s all. I’m used to seeing you in… you know?”

“More traditional costume,” I finished for him, loving the way his eyes continued to flitter towards my breasts guiltily despite the risk I might notice, though I sensed his real desire was to see once again the hosed legs that were now tucked away beneath my desk.

Again, I was required to exert my will in order to prevent a smile of amusement from softening the features I intended to remain authoritative and in control when in his presence - this as an image of him masturbating in his bed to my feet and hosed legs occurred to me for the first time.

He nodded and a tongue actually protruded to moisten suddenly dry lips, so powerful had been the effect of my… *new look* …upon him.

“You do not feel I look out of place wearing a jacket and a skirt with pantyhose?” I asked and could see he was taken aback by such a bold question as he struggled to frame a reply; no doubt grateful for the long tee-shirt which ended halfway down his thighs and concealed the erection I could sense lurking under the camouflage.

With an even greater boldness that thrilled me to my core, I rose from my seat and came around the desk that I might twirl before him.

Slowly.

Leaning forward upon the balls of my feet that even more pressure might be placed by the heels upon my already exaggerated calf-muscles and emphasize them still more.

“Be truthful now,” I urged from over my shoulder, giving him the privacy to drink in the legs I was now confident could enslave him to me – along with other things, physical and economic, in my favour. “I promise not to take offence or hold what you say against you.”

He hesitated.

“Really, it is a very simple question, Michael,” I told him in a light tone. “Do you think I look… *presentable?*... Or should I return to my usual costume?”

I heard him clear his throat nervously and, deprived of his reflection in the window, tried to picture his expression as he drank in the hosed legs that were the archetype of all the legs I had seen him transfixed by during our numerous trips to the shops and elsewhere.

Then, finally:

“I think you look very, hmm… Very fetching.”

“Then you think I should continue to wear outfits of the kind from time to time,?” I pressed, twirling back around swiftly enough to catch his eyes drinking in the legs I fully intended for him to worship – along with the owner residing above them.

Not forgetting the heels which so transfixed and would, if I did not overplay my hand, be to him as those of Achilles were to the great warrior in his turn.

He brought his eyes up to meet mine quickly and gave me a smile that was equal amounts sincerity for the words he had spoken and relief for not having been caught lusting over the rear view of his… *landlady*.

“It makes a nice change for you, I think,” he said with more confidence when he considered his appraisal of me had not been noticed. “You look very nice in them.”

“I am not so sure about the heels,” I told him, slipping off a shoe and balancing with a hand on the edge of the desk as I rubbed the sole against the back of my calf, the sound of nylon-upon-nylon adding yet another layer of excitement to the charged atmosphere and ensuring he hopped nervously from foot to foot as his eyes fixated upon my toes beneath the darker denier of the hose.

“By that, I mean I like the way they look upon my feet rather than the sandals I usually wear. But I have a feeling wearing them will take me some time to get used to the slight discomfort.”

Again he swallowed hard but made no attempt to frame a reply, simply nodding his understanding.

“I may just require you to supply me with a foot-rub every now and then if I am to continue wearing them,” I told him with a playful tone as I slipped off my other shoe and left it with its twin upon the carpet; turning away from him then to resume my seat behind my desk.

Without looking at him, I could sense the galvanic effect my jokingly delivered proposition provoked in him.

“You would not mind doing that for me, I take it?” I asked, emboldened by the last few minutes and wishing to press home the advantage it gave me; though I contrived to keep a small and teasing smile on my face in order that I might have a place of retreat should he take offence.

The last thing I wished at this point was to press too hard, too quickly.

No.

Slowly, slowly, would catch this monkey.

And once he was caught…

Contrasting emotions flitted across those handsome features and, for a few seconds, I thought he might be about to take me to task for making such an insulting suggestion.

Then, to my wonder and delight:

"N-No," he began – omitting the *"Ms Leghari"* without me reminding him of his forgetfulness for once. "Just let me know when, you know, your feet are aching and I'll be glad to lend a hand."

"That's very kind of you, Michael," I responded, at pains to keep any hint of sarcasm from my voice. "And I shall certainly bear your offer in mind if ever I require your services."

I could tell he was *not* thrilled with my choice of words and decided to cut our tete-a-tete short now that I had achieved my aim.

And achieved it handsomely.

"But do not let me keep you from your chores any longer," I said dismissively, saving him the necessity of a reply and as desperate to ease my overheating pussy as he, no doubt, was anxious to attend the nearest bathroom that he might take care of his own needs.

My picturing him as he went about manipulating his English cock to the visual stimulation provided by my subcontinent legs and feet – not to mention the shapely breasts he had so suddenly become aware of – threatened to launch me from the cliff-edge and send me screaming all the way to the canyon floor; so it was with some relief that I saw him turn away and leave my study.

For the more prosaically minded amongst you, my coffee was stone-cold and undrinkable by the time I was in a condition to drink and enjoy it.

And its loss did not trouble me in the slightest.

SIX

Michael's Second Fantasy

Her bare legs rose either side of his head as he knelt before her upon the carpet of her study, his naked and depilated body straddled either side by her powerful and equally bare brown thighs as she sat at her ease on a chair she had placed in the middle of the room.

Never had being handled by a woman while naked been less exciting to him.

And a woman fully-clothed at that.

The legs that fixated him so notwithstanding; the same legs to whom the five brothers belonging to his had been paying homage since seeing them clad in hose for the first time, the skewed and unappealing countenance that was her face diluting his lust for her not a jot.

"It is for your own good and will help you be more… pleasing …to me," she cooed to him, the warm breath passing her lips as he was mashed into her breasts tickling his inner ear as his eyes took in with trepidation the device at her side in which she intended to imprison his pride and joy.

The tray of ice-cubes on the carpet alongside them hardly required now after his initial excitement at being handled by her in such a way had vanished upon sight of the device itself and made the cubes necessary to diminish his ardour redundant.

In fact, were his cock to shrink further it would have been a feat beyond the famed Sherlock Holmes and his equally famous magnifying glass to reveal its location.

"That is a good boy for your Malkin," her voice continued to tickle his ear, any offence she might have taken for his disinterest – at least for now – in having her handle him completely absent. "In order for you to be the servant your young Malkin wishes you to be, it is necessary that your little English penis, together with your mind and the rest of your body, be made wholly subservient to her will. Only then will life become simpler for you, for only then will you be certain that the only way for you to receive pleasure is to be as obedient and pleasing as you can be for her that she might see fit to reward you."

Feelings of the most acutely humiliating kind washed over his senses at her words and were made all the more excruciating for knowing that he had not the will to fight her growing domination him.

Far from it.

There was, in fact, a perverse corner of his soul that welcomed the power she wielded and underneath which he was buckling.

The humiliation at having been taken so low was only made more acutely painful for him when an image of his ex-wife and the daughters he had disowned crept into his thoughts and asked him what they would think to see him in such a position.

And with such a woman!

Continuing to speak to him, tone almost motherly, despite the difference in their ages, it seemed to him as if she felt the act of emasculation she was about to perform was not considered enough and words were required to bring the full horror of his humiliation home to him.

"I did not purchase your restraint without a great deal of research, you will be relieved to hear. I consider you a valuable possession and, so long as you continue to earn my approval, I wish you to be comfortable as well as secure," she told him, sounding for all the world as if she expected him to be grateful for her largesse.

"Of course, the idea of a woman locking a man into such a device – let alone a man so handsome and many years older than her – had not occurred to me until I began my research upon the Net into ways to make a man more… obedient.

"I discovered that many ladies swear by the plastic restrainer," she told him, almost as if she were a well-informed sales-rep and he an interested customer. "But this, to me, seemed too… impermanent."

She reached below him suddenly and took his scrotum in the palm of her hand, allowing it to rest there as if she were buying plums and testing them for both weight and ripeness; clucking like a mother-hen when he shivered at her touch and kissing him reassuringly, as if he was an adult-male about to become the chastised servant of a young Pakistani but a nervous infant in need of reassurance and pacification, taking the analogy further by pulling his demoralised head into her large and conical breasts.

"Be a good boy for your Malkin now," she cooed to him. "It will soon be over and she can exercise proper control over you from now on."

Adding to his humiliation, he felt a tear begin to trace its way down towards his downturned mouth.

"Anyhow," she went on, as if he were an audience desperate to hear her story, the plastic models did not seem suitably… serious …to me. For some reason, I wanted your restrainer and the ring encircling your balls to be made of something more permanent than mere plastic. Which is when I began to explore the more expensive models that were made of stainless-steel."

Another shiver travelled the length of his denuded body at this and she pressed his head further into her magnificent breasts as if to pacify his fears.

"The model that took my eye was the one currently resting at my side," she cooed into his ear as if imparting a forthcoming treat. "It is called "The Fortress of Solitude" and cost your Malkin a considerable sum. Apparently, it is named after a fictitious residence in an American comic-strip, but I am assured it is amongst the most comfortable and impregnable of the devices on offer."

A feeling of sickness and rising bile made him swallow in deep breaths; not wishing to even contemplate what she might to him if he were to cover her in vomit.

"Of course, she went on, in the thick accent he hated and now could do or say nothing to refute, "I did consider – like many of the ladies who gave testimonials – easing you into your chastity. But then, as the 'Fortress of Solitude', as it is known, is vaunted to be so comfortable, I saw little to be gained by going to the further expense of buying another, plastic, device, that I would soon be changing anyway."

Taking him by the chin, she lifted his head from her breasts and stared into the eyes she had made moist:

"As your 'Keyholder'," she went on, "the beauty of the 'Fortress' is that, unlike many other steel versions, it allows me to be able to tell if your little cock is trying to get hard in its prison and whether your behaviour and obedience deserves a reward at this point, or a punishment for displaying such temerity."

She allowed him to assimilate her words as she stared into his eyes; knowing that he knew better these days than to look away or speak without her express permission.

"You will find," she continued, certain she had his attention, that the pain of a thwarted erection is a severe enough punishment in itself. So the sooner you learn control, the sooner the device will become even more comfortable for you.

"In short, the 'Fortress' is the best device of its kind on the market and, once locked around your cock and balls, can only be released by the owner of the keys."

Her laughter was not pleasant as her head was thrown back by the force of it.

"Unless," she finished, attempting to suppress her amusement, "its wearer is desperate enough to have it burnt off and risk melting his genitals in the process."

The growing excitement of having her own restrained white-man at her disposal was obvious in the Pakistani woman's tone as she rushed on:

"It also has three locking mechanisms. One at the top of the cock-ring that will soon be locking itself about your scrotum, where the sack ring and the cock-cage connect, and two underneath the cage at either end of where the penis is enclosed. The locks require a unique key that is provided only to the keyholder and I am told not even the most gifted locksmith would find himself able to get past them."

She gave him a big satisfied smile and another kiss upon the forehead that left a red halo of lipstick behind it.

"So, as you see, it will give me an even greater degree of control over you and can only make you more diligent in u roles of Malkin and Servant."

Her delight was not shared and she sensed it.

"But you are worried, of course. Do not be alarmed though. Your Malkin understands. You are concerned about how you will be able to pass urine."

The knowledge he was in imminent danger of being spectacularly sick over her told him his concerns – and understandably so – went a long way beyond the simple proposition of pissing.

If she was troubled by or interested in these other concerns he was at a loss to discern her discomfort or curiosity.

"The slit at the bottom of the cage will allow normal urination," she told him. "But only if you are in the seated position and keep the head of your penis completely still against it. To do otherwise would result in some messy and unhygienic sideways defecation which you would need to clean up immediately."

She paused for effect:

"Which would also make your Malkin extremely angry."

Again she raised his eyes to hers that he might see her intent then winced as her hand gave his scrotum a none too gentle squeeze and she went on in the accented and sing-song English he still found hateful and irritating – as well as, shockingly, debasingly arousing:

"But let us get you all nice and cosy for your Malkin in your new… jewelry."

Then began an uncertain bu indomitable handling of his shrivelled scrotum as she guided the base-ring upon it and set about imprisoning what had once been free as if it were no more than a minor problem requiring her attention.

"I am told," she began as she went about caging him as if it were no more than a new daily duty she was obliged to perform, "that many men find something… comforting …in being owned in such a way and actually seek out a superior woman that they might be confined in just such a way as I am confining you this moment."

He could not prevent an involuntary wince at such a prospect as her hands continued to place his manhood in shackles and wondered what could possibly possess a man to seek out such a thing.

As is the way with the vast majority, his own actions and the weakness that had brought him to this pass remained unaddressed.

"Yes, I agree," she said, reading his thoughts easily as she continued the locking process that would both cage and enslave him further. "It is quite shocking that a healthy man would consent to such a thing and, to be truthful, a man of such a kind would be of no interest to a woman such as myself."

Her snort was loud and derisive.

"I have had quite enough through my married life of men who think women exist to gratify their passions and bolster their egos to ever satisfy another in such a way."

The sickness that had led him to the toilet-bowl when she first showed me the device intended to… limit …his manhood again threatened to erupt from his throat once more and the knowledge there were other men out there in the same situation – and had actually sought it out – gave his shame no respite.

“It is,” she went on, “what makes you so… special …to me,” finishing with a laugh that he might know he was being mocked.

It was only with an effort of will that he forced back the urge to vomit and steeled himself to remain motionless before her; knowing as he did that the cock-cage would find itself on him no matter what he did – the locking ring was already snugly fitted about his scrotum -, and it was as well to get it over and done with now than prolong his own feelings of shame and discomfort at being handled in such a way.

Young and low-born Pakistani woman or not, he knew, her money and his lack of it gave her the power and, more crucially, the confidence with which to handle him.

She intended to have him both caged and tamed – the latter pretty much achieved already - and was totally focused, inflexible, and unbending on the subject.

“Of course,” she continued, not pausing for a second in her caging of him, “when the key turns in this last lock, you will be just as helpless to pleasure yourself without my permission as the pervert who gives away his freedom voluntarily.”

Her sigh at her own words seemed anticipatory rather than wistful to his tender ears and he was soon proved correct:

“If I am truthful with you, Michael, there is something I also find… appealing… about having the manhood of an older yet still virile Englishman such as yourself secure and at my sole disposal.”

His flesh crawled and she sensed it.

“Yes. It must be difficult for you. And such a handsome man too. But, then, even handsome men have their weaknesses and we both know it is not so difficult for you when your lips are sucking at my toes or having them about your little cock by way of a reward for good behaviour.”

She laughed when he could find no words to refute her words and again he wondered where that ‘weakness’ in him had come from.

Laughing, she returned her attention to his balls.

He was not sure which pained him the most: the thoughts that seared his consciousness with their shame, or the completely natural way in which she handled his cock and balls against his wishes.

What he was sure of, however, was the fact he felt himself powerless to prevent her doing with him whatever she chose.

“I wonder,” she began, almost to herself, “if your wife sensed this… weakness …inside you. My feeling is that she did. It probably explains why she felt the need to find a real man to satisfy her.”

It was too much for him and, unmindful of the position in which she had him, his head came up, eyes flashing into hers and promising retribution.

Her own eyes did not blink, but simply stared back into his and dared him to take back the manhood she was trampling underfoot.

It was no surprise to either of them when he did no such thing.

Seconds later, he heard the sound of a lock clicking shut.

"There!" she exclaimed, with a self-satisfied air. "Your Malkin now has your cock and balls under lock and key."

The sickness threatening to overwhelm him grew stronger and he felt unmanly tears at his eyes.

"By way of a thank you for your Malkin – and also as a reward being so well-behaved as she caged you – I think it is only fitting that you show her feet your gratitude.

"Then," she said after a pause, "you can begin the rest of your life with me…"

SEVEN

First-Person: Michael

Once again, I plunged my hands in the soapy water and manipulated the mesh of her soiled hose between my fingers in order to make them clean and serviceable once more.

It was still a chore I had yet to come to terms with.

Me?

Michael Wilson?

Handwashing a Pakistani girl's fucking smalls?

What the shit was I allowing myself to come and why was I simply going along with it?

An image from not a minute before sprang into my head and supplied shame to accompany a part-answer to the latter.

How could it not?

Especially when that image consisted of me pressing my nose to the gusset of her unwashed panties with one hand and taking deep breaths as, with my free hand, I caressed the raging cock threatening to bust free of my jeans.

What in fuck's name was happening to me? How had a respected, if not particularly high-flying member of Her Majesty's esteemed Civil-Service sunk to such a level? And what would those former colleagues who once valued my sense of purpose and calm head in a crisis make of me now?

Now that I'd sunk to the level of flunkey in the home of a young woman from one of the colonies we had once governed.

A flunkey, moreover, who was developing something of a sexual fetish for his erstwhile employer.

Hell!

Obsession came closer to describing what had taken a grip of me.

What else could explain a man in his late-forties placing the gusset of her soiled hose and panties to his nose and masturbating as if her were a fourth-former left alone at home and taking advantage of the freedom to rifle through his sister's laundry basket?

Certainly not a pride in one's own manhood and sense of independence.

Again, as my thoughts always seemed to these days – and especially after I had indulged my new… *lusts* …the hatred I felt for my treacherous ex-wife intensified and I placed the responsibility for both my current living arrangements and the shamefully spineless way I was behaving at her door.

Correction.

At her open-legs.

Yes, I'm sure it did strike me, at some subconscious level where the man I had once been still functioned, that I was simply lashing out in order to provide myself with some peace of mind – subliminal and baseless in fact, or not.

It altered nothing.

I was bitter, vengeful, and, increasingly powerless before my desire for a young woman I once would not have spared a second glance and, actually, did not even like.

Which made my craven behaviour towards her even harder for me to understand.

Behaviour that had begun to change, I see now, from that moment in her study when her back had appeared to me as she spoke on the phone in clothes more in keeping with the Home-Counties than the foothills of the Himalayas.

I fully confess, having always had a thing for the more full-bodied and matronly type female figure, even if those figures were predominantly of the European and American variety, that my first sight of her in clothes that were not flowing and concealing sarees hit me with the force of a thunderbolt.

Leaving me unable to do anything but stand motionless with her morning coffee as she gazed out into her garden and continued her call.

Even when I regained enough power to deliver the mug to the surface of her desk, I could not take my eyes from the powerful and shapely legs she had covered on opaque black hose and perched upon spiked-heels.

Only later would I recall how equally voluptuous had been her arse in its clingy skirt and the breast thrusting outwards from beneath a similarly fitted shirt.

In fact, so great was my absorption in the sight – and so painful the erection my long tee-shirt thankfully hid – it was not until she had ended her call and seated herself back at her desk to favour me with a quizzical look, that I realised how odd my behaviour must have seemed and mumbled out some feeble response.

Which was when she rose from her seat and all but pirouetted before asking me if her new-look suited her.

My answer, being neither a fool nor an untruthful man, was positive, of course; though to my eyes she looked a lot closer to sexy than stylish.

But it was her suggestion, when the conversation turned to her shoes and how difficult it was to walk in the heels and how they made her feet ache, a few seconds later that sent my erection off the scales and ensured I would need to pay the small-room a visit when I left.

"I may just require you to supply me with a foot-rub every now and then if I am to continue wearing them,"

As I stared back at her, perverse reaction almost taking my cock into orbit, she had added:

"You would not mind doing that for me, I take it?"

Even with my thoughts befuddled with lust, I was positive I felt the hint of something more than a request in her voice.

Though I did not dwell on it for long before a voice left my head, seemingly of its own volition and said:

"Just let me know when your feet are aching and I'll be glad to lend a hand."

*****

It was around five days later when that particular conversation came home to roost.

And with lasting effects for both of us.

Though they would only prove devastating to me.

"This is very good of you, Michael. My feet truly do ache whenever I spend any length of time in my new heels."

I was kneeling before her as she sat on the sofa sipping at the coffee while I gently rubbed her bare feet after having removed her shoes, unblemished brown skin warm and cool to my touch at one and the same time as I set to wondering how I found myself in such a position.

And so swiftly…

*****

We had just returned from the supermarket in Chislehurst where she had lingered in just about every aisle and, it appeared to me, purchased very little for her efforts.

Never a fan of such outings when I was married, I was bored from my skull and may even have gone asleep at the trolley.

It was a close run thing.

Were it not for the fact her legs and heels – bare and smooth skin this time and with shoes possessing pointed toes through which her painted nails could not be seen – seemed always in my eyeline.

Whether the fact she had hidden their presence – her toes, I mean - was a deliberate move on her part, or a result of her having noticed what was fast becoming something of a fixation with me, I could not say for sure.

Save to tell you that, forewarned of my own response, I had again worn a shirt outside the Ralph Lauren jeans that were the best thing in my straitened wardrobe these days, as it seemed I couldn't be in her presence lately – visible painted toenails or otherwise - without my cock betraying me.

Which was another source of embarrassment.

Not the erection itself, you understand – though that was baffling and shameful enough.

No.

My embarrassment stemmed from the fact it was *she* who provoked it.

Her and those matronly legs that had been playing a role in my dreams more and more lately.

My ex-wife – the bitch – had been English, you see, and something of a looker; as had the women I had known before her.

So to react in such a way over a woman who was neither English and was nowhere near close to being a looker, was…

Well…

Let's say *"inexplicable"* and leave it at that, before the usual cry of racism gets thrown at me.

Haven't I enough to contend with?

Anyway, when I'd made her the usual coffee and served it to her in what she pretentiously called: *"the drawing-room"*; I was about to go off to put what purchases she had made away when she stopped me.

"Michael," she called.

"Yes, Ms Leghari?" I questioned as I turned back, my use of such a respectful form of address to the younger woman while she continued to address me by my Christian-name rolling off the tongue with less difficulty these days – which is not to say I didn't hate the deference that seemed, to me at least, demeaning and unnecessary.

Not by a longshot.

“I would like to take you up on your offer.”

I was at a loss, thoughts racing to recall what offer she could possibly have in mind, the episode in her study of the previous week not registering at first.

Though it soon did.

“In my study a little while back,” she nudged my memory, eyes holding mine with a confidence I found a little unnerving, despite my greater age and experience. The young Pakistani woman, I would decide when thinking about it later, not seeming at all fazed or uncomfortable with asking what she was about to ask of me. To the contrary, she seemed completely at her ease when asking such a thing of me.

“Your offer to rub my feet whenever they ached from wearing my new shoes?” she said finally, looking, I thought, a little miffed that she had been required to provide a reminder.

My breath caught in my throat as I finally realised she had *not* been joking or teasing when she had suggested I might perform such a menial chore for her. Though it also struck me I had been quite deluded to think she might have been. Joking and teasing, from my experience of her, were not mindsets this rather serious young woman seemed inclined to adopt.

Or at least not in my presence.

I was, though, unsure if I was indignant or aroused at her suggestion.

But soon had an answer.

I was, in fact, both.

And especially if the heat at my apex matched that at my mid-section.

“I take it you were not serious when you made it, then?” she asked, something in the expression upon that off-kilter subcontinent face making me… *nervous*.

“N-No,” I heard my somewhat croaky voice protest, even as I berated myself for allowing myself to be put on the backfoot by one of her age and standing. “Of course, I was serious. I… I just thought you were being lighthearted when you made the suggestion.”

“Not in the slightest,” she answered without the least hesitation. “In fact, I was most pleased at the way you immediately assented to perform such a task for me.”

Her eyes held mine as she paused; eyes, I would decide later, that held a certain… *insolence* …I would realise before long was the insolence of… *power*.

“There are not many men – and especially not amongst those of your age and nationality – who would consent to perform such a… *chore* …for a young Pakistani woman.”

She had drawn out the word, *"chore"*, and I knew instinctively that she was letting me know that, if I agreed to do as she asked, I would not be bestowing a favour upon her but, rather, simply performing a task she had dictated I perform.

Yet another humiliation to be heaped upon the head I had once held so high and proud.

Which, the above certainly being the case, made the excitement I felt at the prospect of having her feet and her toes, with their immaculately painted purple nails, beneath my hands as baffling to me as it was incredibly and inexplicably erotic.
If I am to be truthful, it was up until that time the most powerful sexual stimuli I could ever recall experiencing.

And would soon be overridden in my memory.

Very soon.

"But then," she went on, "I suspected when you first applied to me that you were not the usual type of man one expects to find in England."

Complimentary as they were to my ears, her words also made me sound as if she had received me into her home as some kind of supplicant. I was unsure whether to feel pleased with her praise or insulted by its wording. Though I soon decided on the former when she raised one of her exquisitely erotic brown feet and pointed those painted toes in my direction.

"I can feel a cramp coming on from all that walking," she said as if to herself, her eyes regarding the foot aimed in my direction with displeasure before turning her gaze upon me .

Expectantly.

Her eyes flickered from mine to her foot and then back again as she waited for me divine her meaning.

It did not take me long and I felt my cheeks colour as I realised what was about to happen.

And, worse, just how much I was looking forward to it.

"Yes. Of course," I smiled, trying to make light of what was without doubt until then the most humiliating act I had ever been asked to perform for someone who, to all intents and social purposes, remained a stranger.

Which was when, making what was already demeaning awkward, I realised that, in order to gain access to her feet, I would be required to kneel before her.

Which was also when a feeling of what I can only describe as the most profound… *weakness* …debilitated my whole body in a way that made me grateful I would not be required to stand upon my own two feet before her for long.

It was, far from alarming, about as deliriously sexual and sensual a sensation as any I had ever known to that point.

As mentioned above, *until* then.

I'm sure that, had I been able to see into the eyes I could not bring myself to meet as I allowed myself to sink to the floor before her, what I would have seen would have been triumph.

For I have certainly seen it since.

At that time though, I was too concerned with my own mortification and the excitement that went with it to allow her to see my own eyes and risk her reading what was in my expression. In fact, my breath was almost rasping in my throat, so great was the anticipation of taking in my hands one of the feet that were so shapely and out of keeping with the view to be seen at the woman's summit. The prospect of feeling the warmth of its flesh against my fingers depriving me of almost all other thought.

A sigh of contentment reached my ears from above as I brought her hovering right-foot up to my chest and began to gently knead the lighter coloured flesh of her sole; this simple action alone almost enough to make me cream myself involuntarily for the first time since adolescence.

I was also aware of a faint odor reaching my nostrils from the foot in care. Not an unpleasant one, you understand. But an odor I instantly and thereafter identified as hers. A combination of perspiration from her time spent in her heels and something that was as earthy as it was spicy and yet remained indefinable.

And no, for those of you jumping to the obvious conclusion.

The… *tangy* …quality I mention was not a result of the kind of diet we Brits and fellow Europeans associate with area of her birth.

My erstwhile landlady and employer, you see, did not indulge herself in those spicier dishes that, in bastardised form, have become a staple on the menus of the restaurants from that region which dominate our High-Streets.

Her tastes, surprisingly, tended more towards the Northern European and those dishes originating in France, Spain, and, more often, Italy. A self-confessed lover of Anglo culture and customs without losing any of the pride she took in those of her native land, the cuisine of that land had yet to rear its head during my time in her home. Despite the fact she loved to cook for herself and was, if the delicious smells reaching my studio above the garage from her kitchen as I took my own relatively prosaic feasts spoke truly, most adept at doing so.

These were not, of course, my thoughts at the time and it was only later, when calmer and able to think more rationally, that they occurred to me.

No.

At that moment; all I could think about were the twin preoccupations of providing her with a pleasing foot-rub that would ensure she would want the experience repeated on a regular basis.

As well as restraining myself from smothering her painted and delicious toes with kisses before hoovering the largest into my mouth and sucking upon it.

The thought of doing so literally made me feel light headed.

Even if the next words she spoke to me added a little cold water to my imagined euphoria and would provide me much food for thought later when I finally achieved the privacy of my own living-space and was able to apply prolonged and rational thought after having first…

Do I need to say more?

"You have a real talent for massage," she told me again, my preoccupied senses having missed her first attempt at praise that was unusual coming from her lips.

How do you answer that? I was certainly at a loss.

Responding to praise for a project I'd overseen with favourable results or some other workplace diligence…

Easy.

Humility and words of praise for the colleagues who'd played such a large part in my success – even when that was plainly not the case – making response all too simple.

Finding the words to respond to a young Pakistani woman's praise for the way I was handling her feet while kneeling before her on a carpet in her own home?

Well…

The way I hummed, aahed, and prevaricated, before supplying a response to her praise making my dilemma all too obvious.

"Thank you," I contented myself with saying, careful to keep both eyes and reddened cheeks lowered that she might not see them and hoping she'd stay silent from then on and I could letch over her feet without any accompanying soundtrack.

It was not to be – though my lechery was not dampened in its entirety.

Even if my masculinity was.

Though it would not be until later in my own studio above the garage, worrying and inexplicable desires satisfied, if you take my meaning once again, that the full extent of my unmanly behaviour hit me with full strength.

More of this later.

“To someone looking on from outside,” she continued in her excellent and correct English, the sing-song accent at least taking some of the sting from her words, “I imagine your position below me and the service you are performing for me would seem somewhat… *submissive*.”

Again I felt that curious mix of anger for her words and unholy excitement for what they implied; hands suddenly motionless on the smooth brown-sole to which it seemed I was giving so much pleasure.

A curious mix, or at least the anger, she seemed to sense.

“Do not take offence, Michael, and please do not stop. You are doing such a good job of making my poor tired feet feel so much more… *comfortable*.”

Unbelievably, my anger not mollified in the least by the praise with which she had finished her somewhat… *authoritative* …statement – even if she had inserted a *“please”* into the latter phrase of the first sentence, I found my hands moving to do her bidding and once again rubbing her foot slowly from heel to toe as the disturbance at my groin refuse to lessen and, inexplicably, continued to rage in frustration at my groin; this as I fought the twin urges to slap her offensive face and to pull the sole of her foot against my overheating cock and rub myself off against it.

“Yes, That is so good,” she cooed, which at least took the tone of smug authority from her voice.

But not for long.

“When you first applied to me,” she began…

“Applied??” my Janus-like thoughts screamed indignantly without interfering with the *‘service’*, as she had described it, I was paying to her foot.

The word, and the tone of voice in which she delivered it, making her sound like the CEO of a multi-national corporation who was working late and giving a pep talk to the lowly janitor employed to clean her office.

Except that this particular lowly janitor was on his knees before her attempting to soothe her tired peds.

I tried to concentrate on the erotic vision that was her foot as it was manipulated by my hands rather than the nonsense passing her lips as I did so.

And was not at all successful.

“…I had my doubts that you would prove… *suitable*,” she continued. “After all, you were – and still remain in some aspects – a handsome and well-educated Englishman over a decade and more my senior…”

Again my thoughts raged, and yet still I remained below her and did her bidding.

Though not without wondering in which *"aspects"* I remained the same apart from my obvious and inviolable Englishness.

"…But, as is obvious, I decided to take a chance with you after I had heard of your marital difficulties and the deplorable condition of both your finances and future prospects," she went on, confidence obviously high that she could now speak to me in such a disrespectful way and comment upon elements of my life that were rightly, or wrongly from her point-of-view, my business and my business alone. "I did, however, have the suspicion that you were not truly committed to the opportunity I was offering you and were only waiting for something better to come along."

A feeling of sickness threatened to overcome me at her insulting words.

"Opportunity!", for fuck's sakes!!

My feelings were leavened only by the ever-present, and seemingly growing, lust I felt for the foot in my hands and the legs above them as the heat from her sole transmitted itself to my hands and wrought even further change in my reaction towards her.

Not to mention the almost equal sexual arousal inspired by those conical and magnificent breasts at an even more northerly point.

Even if the face owning all those individual aspects did not figure in my assessment.

At least not then.

"As I mentioned when I interviewed you for the second time," she began, my thoughts and what they might contain not halting her for a moment, "I was looking for an..."

Again there was that hesitation I had noticed before whenever she attempted to deliver a description of my role in her home.

Then:

"…*assistant*…" she finished, again leaving me with the impression it was *not* her first word of choice.

Though I was still clueless enough to be unable to guess at the word she truly wished to use.

I would soon wish I had remained in such a blissful condition of ignorance.

"…An assistant," she continued, "who would find a position at my side for life, should he prove diligent and hard-working enough."

Not trusting myself to frame a reply, I turned my attention from the neck above I was willing to strangle to the heel of the foot upon which I wished to bestow great slobbering kisses and prepared to massage it again.

Only for her to prevent me.

“No,” she ordered, voice unnecessarily peremptory it struck me as my hands discontinued their ministrations. “You have paid sufficient attention to this foot for now.”

The foot in question was removed from my grasp and left me stunned by the sheer volume of disappointment I felt for its removal.

Disappointment for its removal which soon waned as she crossed one leg with its toned and powerful calf muscles over the other and presented my fascinated eyes with its twin.

“Well…?” she asked when I made no move to begin massaging it, the sight of her high-arch and the beautiful formed toes with their purple nails taking the breath from me once again; despite having stopped rubbing its twin not seconds before. “Is something wrong? Would you prefer not to do this for me?”

I struggled for a response, something in her tone telling me she would not take a refusal lightly – even if I had no intention of making one.

Which left me with the need to provide an excuse for my momentary hesitation.

An excuse, depending upon perspective and her reaction to it, that was either ill-advised or utterly right.

“Sorry, Ms Leghari,” I apologised, again using the honorific and not feeling diminished by doing so – even if I would cringe when I recalled doing so later. “I was… I was… just admiring your feet.”

There was one of those charged pauses then, and I kicked myself for being so forward and, worse, truthful.

Worried too that she might take offence at my forwardness – she was, after all, or at least appeared to be, devoutly religious.

I would not want to find myself on the street, after all.

Then, as if to give credence to my fears:

“Are you trying to mock me?” she asked, tone about as cold and unfriendly as I could recall from her and, shamefully, fetching butterflies to my stomach.

“N-No,” I defended myself, arms going wide to underline my sincerity. “I meant every word. You truly do have exceptionally shapely and attractive feet.”

To my relief, unable to believe at this point that I could be so easily manipulated by a young woman from her part of the world who was, into the bargain, nowhere near as well-educated or experienced as myself, I saw her expression soften.

“You are not just saying that?” she asked, eyes holding mine. “I do not appreciate being lied to and if I were to discover…”

“I mean what I say,” I spoke over her, going on to egg the pudding a little, spurred on by the ever-present fear of her asking me to leave. “Your feet are not just shapely but beautiful, Ms Leghari. In fact, I can’t recall seeing a woman with feet more attractive.”

“Really?... Well, I am not so sure I agree with you. But, though your words surprise me, I must confess they please me also.

Thinking I was winning her around, her next words took me aback:

“Are you one of those men who desire to be ill-treated by a woman, Michael? I know it is quite common amongst your fellow countrymen,”

She gave it some thought as I rested upon my haunches, too outraged to respond immediately.

“The *‘English Vice’*, I believe it is called.”

“I… I…”

“Is that, perhaps, the real reason your wife felt she could cheat on you and get away with it?”

“Certainly not!” I snapped, finding my voice at last and half-rising to my feet with outrage – at least before the precariousness of my position diluted my anger with reality. “I… I was simply paying you a compliment, that’s all.”

She nodded to herself with what looked to be, if not a half-smile then certainly a quarter of one. Her thoughts as she did so, however, were impenetrable to me. Just the same, she did not look displeased and once again I breathed a great inward sigh of relief. For, though her observation angered me, my own innate honesty told that, though she wasn’t entirely correct, there was certainly something that had been dormant and unsuspected in my soul until now that responded to the degree of power her own secure position in life gave her over me. Even if, wrongly as it turned out, I suspected she had no idea just how far reaching that power could be if she ever decided to explore it fully.

“Well,” she said with a shake of the head that did not disturb a single strand of the lustrous black hair that was, again, pushed from her unprepossessing face and tied at the back. “I cannot say your appreciation of my feet does not please me…”

My inner relief went straight to calculation as I realised praise of such a kind might just be a means by which I could gain more influence over her and, in the so doing, create a better life for myself.

I was, as later events and the one about to unfold proved… *delusional*.

And, had I been analytical enough at the time and able to read the signs with any degree of intuition, what was about to come would have proven the lie far sooner.

“But…” she paused. “I cannot bring myself to quite believe your sincerity.”

"How much more fucking evidence do you need?" my irritated and unspoken thoughts had screamed at me over my calculation. *"I'm on my knees massaging your bastard feet. Would I be doing that if they repulsed me?"*

"I cannot but help get the impression you are only saying what you think will pacify me," she told me, going on quickly – and insultingly, I would think then as well as later – before I could frame another defence of myself.

"After all, it would prove quite disastrous for you were I to be displeased enough with your behaviour to ask you to leave my home."

"My behaviour!" my thoughts screamed.

Did she think it was some errant schoolboy she was dealing with?

She had picked up on the direction of my thoughts and, for reasons of her own I would later question to myself, suddenly took on a softer, more womanly, tone that, though it didn't seem entirely natural, certainly took the edge from my irritation with her at that point.

"You can understand my suspicions, Michael, surely?"

"Well…"

"Here you are, a handsome European man, telling a plain young woman from a land your country once ruled, that her feet are – and I quote: *"not just shapely but beautiful"*. Are you surprised I should be so skeptical?"

Again, I spread my arms wide, noth pacified and encouraged somewhat by her explanation and the fact she found me handsome – another piece of knowledge emboldening my aforementioned… *calculation*.

"I can only speak as I find, Ms Leghari," I assured her. "When I say your feet are shapely and, even, beautiful you can believe what I'm telling you.

"Really?" she questioned in a voice that was as close to playful as I had yet to hear from her.

"Really," I confirmed.

"Hmm," she reflected to herself, expression still approximating the lighthearted and teasing.

Then:

"If only there were some way of proving what you say is true," she said, adding coquetry to playfulness – or as near as she could come to the two in tandem; actually placing the tip of a forefinger upon reflective lips as if trying to think of a solution to her dilemma.

Which was when, after what could only have been a few seconds of thought – this as I continued to kneel before her, sensing something was about to develop between us, that she uttered the words that would eventually set our relationship into what it is today and will, I am sure, remain.

And I *know* she expects just that.

"I suppose that, if you find my feet as attractive as you say you do…"

I realised I had stopped breathing as my new and unlikely lust object considered the words about to leave her mouth *never* to be unsaid.

"…you would have no problem proving it by placing nice respectful kisses upon my toes."

Not only had I stopped breathing but the oxygen seemed to be sucked from the room as the full import of what she was saying and, if the flushed cheeks of her own skewed face proclaimed truly… *expected*.

I watched as an expression of disappointment lowered the corners of her plumpish and red lipsticked lips before it took on a more serious and visibly displeased look.

"No. I thought not. It is one thing to say what you think I wish to hear and another to…

"Oh!"

Now it was she who had the breath stolen from her lungs as, without any conscious warning I was about to do so, my hands cupped her foot and brought her toes to my lips; my own eyes closing under the weight of a number of conflicting emotions.

Shame, for behaving so obsequiously.

Fear, that I may have misjudged her intention and would lose my place.

And, overwhelmingly, the most incredible and near indescribable sense of sexual, sensual, and spiritual well-being as I finally found, what I describe to myself now, and not without shame I promise, my true water-level.

Though it would take some time, and with help from Shreya Leghari, for me to accept it.

As my lips continued to plant kiss after kiss upon her delectable toes and she could not prevent my hearing her sighs of contentment from above, I realised that a whole new dynamic had been opened up in our relationship.

After this, nothing could possibly remain the same between us and the lives we shared beneath her roof would be irrevocably altered.

And especially for me…

EIGHT

First Person: Shreya

It is hard now to picture a life without the presence in it of my English chattel. As outrageous as our living situation might prove to those looking in from the outside it has come to seem normal to both myself and the man who is, to all intents and purposes, my property. Or as near to property as one older Englishman can be to a young thirty-something Pakistani woman living in an affluent suburb of London where such personal ownership of another human-being is not only frowned upon but, as it is in most civilised regions of the planet, illegal.

Of course, it is this fact that makes his slavery – what else should I call it – to me all the more precious.

That I, Shreya Leghari, a less than beauteous woman from a poverty stricken village on the borders of the Peshawar and Afghanistan, could be living where I live, and in the way in which I live, in an environment about as far removed from my humble beginnings as it is possible to imagine, can still appear to me at time as if it were no more than a fairy-tale I was reading and allowed my thoughts to become too absorbed.

But it is not.

I truly am the owner of a beautiful home and the recipient of money from my late and unlamented husband's former businesses, together with the dividends paid upon his shares and investments.

And, into the bargain, I am the Malkin and undisputed Master of a man I would once have considered so far above me in terms of class, looks, and education, I would barely have had the temerity to address him – let alone rule his life with a rod of iron to which has so far submitted that there is no coming back for him from the disgrace to which a perverse corner of his soul and my unbending will has consigned him.

I cannot describe for you the utter joy I feel at those times when we are in public together and I feel the eyes of other women upon me – eyes belonging to women of my new land as well as those from the old. Envious eyes. Jealous eyes. That the handsome and mature man dancing attendance upon me so respectfully – if not with an obsequiousness that was *too* blatant – was so obviously in thrall to me.

It is amongst the deepest joys I can imagine.

My power to order him to perform the most demeaning and abject household chores – the personal go without saying – and the cock that can know of no release without my permission and the keys which dangle from a thin chain at my throat, just some of the other delights I could no more forego now than I could stop myself from breathing.

Though without those delights, wonderful do I find them, I truly feel there would be little point in my breathing at all.

I even have complete control over his personal life and what I laughingly call his finances.

But how, you ask, from such small beginnings, did I contrive to bring all this about?

Allow me to explain.

Since that joyous and revealing time in my study, when he first saw my body clad in fashions that made more appeal to his Western sensibilities – or, more crucially, my legs and feet clad in heels and hose – events between us progressed more swiftly.

The first time I reminded him of his offer to me and had him kneel at my supposedly aching feet to provide them with a massage – and he did as I asked; my course with him not only became clearer but inevitable.

From there on it became easier for me to demand certain services from him.

And, each time he acquiesced to my demands, the more… *debasing* …my demands became.

Demands that would have ensured any man worthy of the name would have laughed in my face before taking himself from my home without my having to order him to leave.

How could such weakness *not* embolden me?

Before long he was not only providing with foot-rubs at my request but actively seeking me out to see if were in need of one – so ingrained and irreversible was his fetish for me becoming.

From there, of course, it was a short hop to insisting he not only massaged my feet and hand-washed the panties and the hose that had spent time next to the young and unblemished brown-skin that had come to so inflame his senses, but spent time learning how to pamper the feet he was in bondage to and apply the nail-varnish I now wore on a daily basis.

I had yet to have him between my legs to service me with his tongue – *never* his cock, you understand, as I had no use for him or any man in that way – but I was in no doubt whatsoever that, and at a time of my own choosing, he would be between them with the merest snap of my fingers if I so chose and considered the time to be ripe.

So what was stopping me, you might be asking.

To be truthful with you, even I was unsure at this stage.

All I knew for sure was that I desired another, and more lasting, facet of my domination to be in place before I allowed his willing tongue to serve my superior cunny.

I was just undecided upon what that *"facet"* might be.

Until, suddenly, I was unsure no longer.

My indecision ended by the contents of a book by an author going by the name of "Kurt Steiner".

It was called *"The Inferior"* and I had purchased it from Amazon as a Kindle title, there being other works of erotic-femdom from the same author listed but the one I chose was the one with a synopsis closest to my own heart.

It went as follows:

"A reclusive and chauvinistic writer on England's south-west coast finds himself becoming obsessed with the Indian woman he has employed as his live-in housekeeper; but he is not to know that the younger woman is equally obsessed with him.

Obsessed with owning him, that is.

And in as abject and servile a manner as possible!"

Yes. There were fundamental differences between my situation with my prospective chattel and the central relationship of Mr Steiner's story. For one, the Englishman involved was the person with the socio-economic power in the relationship and not the young Indian girl he had taken on as a housekeeper, And, for another, the young woman had an older mentor in her native country who was advising her on how best to enslave her employer – something entirely absent in my attempts to do the same with my own employee. But, for all that, there was something eerily reminiscent of myself and my own situation in that of the young Indian woman's.

But is was deeper into the book, and her introduction of a fake religion that enabled her to keep the employer she had ensured was becoming infatuated with her at arm's length and, thus, stoke the fires of his infatuation to an even more intolerable heat.

At least for him.

A fake religion that set my own thoughts off in an entirely different direction when it came to making his… *subjection* …to me more real and lasting.

A different direction that came into a fuller and more complete focus with a visit paid by the fictional version of me and her own infatuated and obsessional chattel to a local solicitor who just happened to be from her land and with whom I was on good, if not intimate, terms.

The happy coincidence for me being that I knew just such a widowed solicitor from my own temple who, like me, had come to England to be a part of an arranged marriage a decade or so before myself.

A solicitor who, I knew, was a lover of the country in which she found herself – if not its people so much.

A devout woman who was also *very* private and, as dictated by her profession, unlikely to be free with her knowledge of my situation.

As I read the passage from Mr Steiner's novel for what was the third-time – the previous two purely for reasons of self-satisfaction – my course of action laid itself out before me…

…"I am obliged to point out to you, Mr Lambert, that signing these documents and having them witnessed is a serious matter."

In her fifteen years as one of the area's few –if only- Asian solicitors, Sreelatha Chakravarthi had seen, and arranged, many strange things. But then, the English were a strange people as her late husband never tired of pointing out. Just the same, that a handsome writer in his late forties would virtually hand total responsibility for the running of his life over to a young girl from her homeland had to be right at the top of her list.

A "Girl", moreover, she could tell instantly was not of good caste.

"I… I've not been myself lately," he told her; nervous eyes flickering to the girl sitting at his side as if to make sure he was saying the correct thing. Intensely embarrassed, it seemed, at having his deference witnessed by another. "Ms Anya has my complete trust to administer my affairs."

Sreelatha Chakravarthi missed a few beats:

"Did he actually address her as 'Ms Anya?" It seemed a very respectful way to address someone who was not only of a lower social class to him but was also his housekeeper and, therefore, his underling.

She was not even a "Looker" as the English gutter-press had it; so she could hardly extend him the courtesy of believing him ensnared by her beauty.

However, for all the buxom Indian lady's surprise at what was unfolding she found something in it not displeasing to her.

A "Surprise" undiminished by a certain lightheadedness and a wetness between her legs.

"I have drawn up, as instructed, a Lasting Power of Attorney," she said, addressing herself to the girl who, it seemed, was obviously in charge; realising she felt a sense of exhilaration at her deliberate sidelining of the handsome Englishman.

"This will mean you continue to administer Mr Lambert's affairs even should his capacity to decide such things for himself be called to question. Meaning the courts would not have to become involved"

In her late thirties, the solicitor found it inexplicable that a man of his looks and standing could possibly be thinking of taking the step he was about to make.

To allow a young woman who was not his equal in terms of age, standing, looks and education to assume control of his life?

What was wrong with him?

He didn't seem incapacitated; either physically or mentally; and, from what she knew of his financial affairs, all was sound; so why this?

The thought had occurred to her more than once that she might be playing her own, albeit legal, part in a blackmail scam – though what the girl could possibly be blackmailing him with was beyond her comprehension.

But then, why else would such a man be going through with what could only be described as: a preposterous arrangement? An arrangement, he had to be aware, that would make him the laughing stock of all those who knew him – were they, of course, to learn of its existence.

Also puzzling was his docility before the girl; looking to her for approval for even the most basic answer he was compelled to give; as if her word were law on all decisions – which, to all intents and purposes, it would be once the relevant documents were signed.

Even more puzzling was the satisfaction she, Sreelatha Chakravarthi, took from the role reversal.

"As of now," she went on, amazed at just how arousing she found the situation; "he is entering into this agreement of his own conscious will and can terminate that arrangement at a time of his choosing."

Her use of the third-person in respect of him was calculated and deliberate; sensing he would not take her to task for her rudeness and the young girl at his side would not disapprove; the feeling they were both dominating this handsome older white man lending her a sense of empowerment she had yet to experience in her relations with the opposite sex.

"However," she went on, "should there come a time when he is regarded by either the courts or the medical profession as incompetent to make such a decision, you will remain in charge of his affairs. Of course, if this were to happen you might want to consider petitioning for legal guardianship to make things less confusing."

Something in the way the young girl's eyes lit up and a certain… horror transformed the expression of the man made the situation even stranger to her – as well as more appealing.

Despite her suspicions regarding legality, Sreelatha Chakravarthi was enjoying the situation and found she was envying the young girl.

The delicious notion of an older man –an older white Englishman- committing himself to the guardianship of a low-caste young Indian girl appealing to a side of her she had yet to explore even in her dreams.

“Well,” she went on, not wanting to end their meeting but having others to see and impatient to ease the arousal soaking her undergarments, “unless you have any questions to ask me, I think we should do the deed, so to speak.”

After watching the man sign and then the girl, Sreelatha Chakravarthi added her own signature, deposited the documents in her safe and showed her clients to the door.

“It has been nice to meet you,” she said to the girl, deliberately speaking in Bengali and ignoring the man; a dismissal intended to show the girl she approved of the way she was managing her older employer.

“It is much to your credit that you would accept responsibility for your employer,” she went on, flashing a look at the red-faced man at their side as he fidgeted uncomfortably, unfamiliar with the language but sensing it would be nothing good and eager to make an escape.

“But you must not let his advanced age influence your decision making. Men are born children and remain that way; a firm hand is always the best way with them.”

“Thank you, Mrs Chakravarthi,” the girl said, pleasantly; not missing the way the man at her side had been sidelined; “I intend to do just that.”

“Very wise, Anya – may I call you, Anya?”

A flattered smile and a nod confirmed she could. The girl, despite her air of self-possession, quite unable to prevent the pride she took from being treated as an equal revealing itself. Especially when it was offered by a professional woman of her own country.

“Be careful, my dear,” Sreelatha continued, “he is still a handsome man and, in my experience, they are the worst; spoilt as they have been, throughout their lives.”

“Those days are over for him, Mrs Chakravarthi. He has had life too easy for far too long. It is why he is so weak and needs the guidance of a strong Indian woman.”

“Well-spoken, my dear. And the name is Sreelatha.”

As if to empathise his “Weakness”, the girl turned to the older man and reverted to English:

“Go to the car and wait for me while I speak to Mrs Chakravarthi,” she ordered, manner peremptory. “I expect to find you there when I am finished.”

As an amazed Sreelatha looked on, the man’s cheeks performed quite a feat and turned an even deeper shade of scarlet; actually lowering his eyes in –unless she was completely mistaken- what looked to the middle-aged solicitor like an unwilling but impossible to forgo show of deference.

His answer made in the same weak voice with which he had answered the few questions the solicitor had required of him:

“Yes, Ms Anya.”

Sreelatha could not help but be congratulatory when the door closed behind him, noting that even his footsteps as they descended the stairs sounded servile and despondent.

“You are a woman after my own heart, Anya,” she gushed; envious of the control the young girl form her own country seemed to exercise over such a handsome man.

From Anya’s smile Sreelatha could see the girl was genuinely pleased with the compliment and was emboldened to go further:

“I only wish I had taken Mr Chakravarthi in hand in such a way before he died,” she confessed.

Giving it some thought then, before:

“But then, he was not some spineless…”

She caught herself; knowing she was being extremely unprofessional and had already said too much. The girl may well be kindred to her own sudden conversion to relations between the genders. But she was still a client. And it hardly required saying that a reputation for indiscretion and speaking out of turn was not exactly career enhancing for a solicitor.

“Excuse me, Anya; I allow my admiration for what you are doing to run away with my tongue.”

“Do not trouble yourself. He cannot understand it and, even if he did it would make no difference. As I think you were about to say: he is a spineless Englishman and not the proud Indian I am sure your husband must have been.”

Sreelatha smiled a thank you, a little relieved.

“As I say,” she listened as the girl continued: “he needs the guidance only a strong Indian woman can give and I intend to see he gets it.”

Sreelatha could do no more than be impressed with the strength of character of her countrywoman.

“You have my sincere wishes for your success,” she told her.

“That is very kind of you, Sreelatha. If you would please forward your bill to our address I will ensure it is paid immediately.”

She had the door open before she turned:

“Should you ever be in the area, do call and arrange to come by. It would be lovely to see you again.”

The buxom solicitor's face lit up.

"Some sea air will do you good," the girl told her. "And it will do my charge no harm to show some respect to two Indian ladies instead of one."

Yet more activity between her legs told Sreelatha it was not an invitation she would be likely to refuse.

Quite the opposite!

"I would like that very much," she said smiling. "And if it is okay with you, I think I will take you up on your invitation very soon."

"I will look forward to it," the girl said, still in Bengali and with what appeared to the older solicitor as sincerity. "Though do bear in mind I intend to visit the old country sometime within the next couple of months and will be away for a considerable period of time."

Sreelatha Chakravarthi nodded:

"I will call you soon and arrange it, Anya, rest assured. I have enjoyed speaking with you immensely and…"

She hesitated, unsure despite knowing the young girl had everything under control and not quite believing all could possibly be as it seemed:

"You are sure he won't… mind? I mean, I would not want to…"

The look preventing the finish of her sentence could only be described as contemptuously dismissive as the girl told her:

"It makes no difference whether he does or not."

The contempt and dismissal visible to Sreelatha now seemed to have joined in partnership to create the malicious:

"And, anyhow, when you do visit, you will see a big difference in the quality of his behaviour."

Anya gave her older admirer a few moments to consider this, then:

"Now, if you will excuse me, I do not like to leave him unsupervised for too long."

Having no real idea of what the first part of the girl's statement meant, but excited just the same, Sreelatha nodded and leaned in to kiss each of Anya's cheeks; before, both smiling, they had said their goodbyes.

Waving the girl down the stairs, her next client not due for a further ten minutes, Sreelatha Chakravarthi locked her door and moved to the, thankfully, tinted first floor window of her office to watch her exit.

The hand thrusting itself into her pantyhose to ease the arousal that had been mounting since they had first entered bringing a gasp from her glossed lips.

Watching him as he stood by the car and held open the passenger side back door for the keeper of his Power-of-Attorney, snapping to attention at her approach like a corporal before a Brigadier, her fingers became more frantic. Something in the docile and beaten way he acted in the girl's presence ensuring the orgasm she had been threatening to have since they first entered her office exploded upon her senses with a swiftness and knee buckling force she had never experienced from the attentions of the late Mr Chakravarthi.

As her breathing slowed and she moved away from the window to her desk, she was grateful she had some free time before her.

When it came down to it, Sreelatha Chakravarthi was nothing if not a realist.

And one orgasm was not going to be enough…

…My own self-induced orgasms, I assure you, after having read the above chapter, and then reading it again before repeating the process with a clearer head, had been as satisfying as nay I could recall.

And how much more satisfying would they become when, instead of my own fingers manipulating my love-slit to completion, it was the tongue of my very own, helpless and virtually indentured, English slave?

An object and destination, with the help of the above text and the novel of which it was a part, I put into place the very next day…

NINE

Michael's Third Fantasy

He could see her body trembling as he strolled into her bedroom as if he owned it, emboldened by the fact that the detached house was set back from the road and there would be no-one likely to prevent him from putting the uppity bitch in her place.

The house was empty apart from them and they both knew it would stay that way. There would be no neighbourhood or cavalry in uniforms of Police blue to save her now she had finally given in to her need for him and there would be no limit to what he could demand from her. Her days of demeaning and talking down to him were done and her pretence of being the dominant partner in a sexual relationship she had been too proud to acknowledge wanting in the beginning had faded and finally vanished as the extent of her need for him and his close proximity to her had grown.

Now there was no doubt it was HE who was the one with ALL the control.

Stepping past her into the bedroom, he did not even bother to close the door before yanking her into his arms . He had told her what he wanted earlier and now he wondered just how wet her hairless Pakistani pussy was and if the black panties he had insisted upon to better contrast with her smooth brown-skin were already soaked through. Especially as he was in no doubt that she would have been playing with herself prior to his arrival – regardless of his admonition that she leave herself alone.

His own order amusing him, knowing as he did that she would have been unable to prevent her own self-pleasuring no matter that he had forbidden it or the threats he had issued when doing so.

He had lingered before coming to her room.

Intentionally.

A ploy designed to ensure her unease, anticipation, and outright fear, built to a frenzy in both her head and her denuded pussy.

The room was just as he remembered it from cleaning it the day before, he thought, smiling to himself at just how quickly power could be lost and re-established in the body of another.

Him.

The uppity and oh, so, devout bitch who had once treated him as little more than a household flunky was before him now and, naked apart from her black panties and with her eyes cast to the floor at his feet, looked nothing like the commanding household mistress she had set herself up to be.

Standing on shaking and matronly legs, the fleshy and hour-glass figure whose voluptuousness so contradicted the skewed facial characteristics above them put him in mind of some desirable jelly-mould in human form as it wobbled before him.

The quirky face he had at one time found forbidding, despite her race and relative youth was studying the floor as if it might deliver her from the fate he had in mind and he placed a finger beneath her chin to raise her dark and terrified subcontinent eyes to his, her shame and sense powerlessness before him triggering a desire in him he recognised as dark and unworthy.

Even if, he told himself, it was completely deserved when it came to her.

"Have you disobeyed me, slut?" he hissed, voice stern and menacing.

"N-No, master," she assured him, remembering the proper form of address he insisted upon, though her voice stammered and stuttered as she delivered it.

"So, I can take it you haven't had your slut fingers in your pussy, the way I ordered?"

Her posture was redolent of guilt and no verbal answer was required.

He tutted to himself.

"What a stupid slut you are," he told her. "Despite me explicitly telling you to leave yourself alone you saw fit to defy me."

"Forgive me, master," she begged. "I… If I think of you I get so… so…"

Unable to finish, her chin escaped his grasp and she lowered her head from his gaze, the raven black long hair he had insisted she keep free – the same hair that, along with her feet, legs, and breasts, were her best feature – flowing over her shoulders as he gazed down upon her and reveled in his mastery.

"You are a useless and filthy slut, aren't you?"

She nodded, uncomfortable, he knew, with anything remotely critical of her homeland or its people.

"Tell me!" he demanded, and watched a tear land on one of those magnificent and self-supporting breasts as she attempted to give him what he demanded.

"Y-Yes, Master. I am a filthy slut, master."

"A useless and filthy, Pakistani slut," he reminded her.

"Y-Yes… Master," answered the small and beaten voice.

"Say it!"

"I am a useless and filthy Pakistani slut, M-Master," she repeated.

Nodding, he stepped to her side and two none too light smacks to the back of her powerful and muscular thighs.

"Your Master needs to hear his useless and filthy Pakistani slut is sorry for disobeying her English owner?"

Cowed and submissive, and wishing to avoid any further attention to her thighs, her answer was immediate and made in just the way he expected apart from the omission of the word decrying her as "useless":

"The filthy Pakistani slut is sorry for disobeying her master."

Deciding to let the omission go on this occasion, he moved behind her he took another step that took him behind her and, thinking he was about to administer further punishment to her rear, she immediately began to plead:

"Please, Master! I was thinking of you and could not help myself. Your Pakistani slut is sorry and will not diso…"

She let out a screech of shock as he took her by the hair, twisted her around to face him and delivered a hard smacked to her face.

"Never disobey me again. Understand, slut?"

Never having considered himself a vengeful or cruel man, he was surprised at the venom he heard in his own voice as she stared at him with terror.

"No, Master. I'm truly sorry. Master. Please forgive me."

Contrary to how he saw himself as a man, he was smiling internally and thoroughly enjoying the mastery he was now exerting over this bitch who had once thought her money, together with and the fear and desperation he felt for his own lack of the same. could buy him.

"On your knees lick my shoes," he ordered, and even he was surprised at the instant way she fell to her hands and knees on the soft bedroom carpet of a room he had decided would no longer be hers after he had finished with her, that long and lustrous black hair contrasting starkly with the carpets cream coloration as she lapped at the highly polished black brogues she had purchased for him in Bromley not two days prior to this encounter.

The memory brought with it an unholy for him and his aching cock to humiliate her further.

"On your feet, slut," he commanded when the sheen of his toecaps met his approval.

Raising herself up to her knees, she stared up at him, face a mixture of fear and need, expression exposing both the self-hate she felt for being in such a position and, contradictingly, the pure sexual pleasure she took from having him master her in such a humiliating way.

With her hands by her side, he could see the hardness of her nipples as they jutted outwards to denote her arousal.

"You know you will be punished for playing with yourself without my permission."

They both knew he was speaking rhetorically and he forgave her lack of a response.

It was, after all, early in her training as his cock-slave and did not bother him over-much to acknowledge her behaviour during these early days warranted a little – very little - indulgence on his part.

He smiled, knowing it was actually how he thought of the once haughty bitch these days:

His Pakistani cock-slave.

"Do you want to feel my English cock in your slutty mouth, slut?" he asked, uncharacteristically thrilling to his dominion over her and feeling almost as if he were re-asserting some of the colonial past his once supreme country had lost down the years – despite not being able to recall feeling such a way before.

The speed of her response and the breathless way she delivered it underlined the power of her own need:

"Yes, Master… P-Please."

"You want my cock between your slutty hungry lips right now, don't you?"

A tongue protruded to wet those same plump lips that had gone suddenly dry and enabled her to answer:

"Yes, Master," she all but swooned.

"We'll see," he told her, holding out two fingers before her moist again. "Let's see how you perform with these first."

His smile was cruel as her lips and her mouth opened instantly to take them in and begin sucking upon them.

"We'll call it an audition."

His smile became a mocking laugh.

Then, as she commenced to suck upon his fingers as if they were the most attractive and fragrant of erect cocks, he upped the ante:

"You do know you'll never feel my big white cock in your tight and slutty pussy the way my fingers are fucking your dirty little mouth right now?"

Disappointment evident in her eyes, she continued to please his invading fingers just the same. until he pulled his hand from her lips and smeared the saliva dripping from them across her cheeks, her eyes closing under a humiliation that distressed her more for being so… thrilling.

"But that doesn't mean I can't fuck your mouth, does it?"

"No… Master," she agreed, eyes flickering open to send a beseeching look in the direction of his own

"Show me," he demanded.

After a moment of bewilderment, she lifted her hands to his belt and slowly worked the leather from the buckle, full conical breasts quivering as she undid the trouser button and slowly inched the zipper down with long and delicate fingers that were as shapely in their own way as the toes of the feet below for which he had developed such a passion, fingernails, like those upon her toes a most startling and visceral blood-red.

Fingers, he noted, to his immense satisfaction, that could not stop from shaking as she lowered the zipper and reached inside his Boxers to release the cock her mouth was about to please.

As she fished out – and not without some difficulty – the cock hardened by her own humiliation she was intended to serve, she could not prevent her head from bobbing forward to rub her cheek against the object of her desire.

"Yes," he told her. "That's the spirit, my little Pakistani cock-slave. That's the kind of devotion I want to see from you going forward."

About to command her to wrap her plump and lush lips around his hungry manhood, he was surprised when the woman he was dominating made any order unnecessary.

The gasp involuntarily escaping him soon turned to a groan as she began lapping at the underside of his shaft with the flat of her tongue as if she had been born to the service, staring up at him and daring to smile as she eagerly licked away the pre-cum that had already formed at the head of his manhood.

It did not take long before his hands were upon the back of her head and her silky black hair twisted around his fingers as she began to dart her tongue the length of his cock, deft hands jiggling his full-to-bursting scrotum as she went about it.

Wanting to wipe the smile from her face, he suddenly tugged her head back and delivered a gob of saliva to her forehead.

"I'm going to shoot my shit all over your ugly slut face,," he told her when he had allowed her attention and her warm and eager mouth to return to duty; the degrading nature of what he was insisting she do for him fetching him to the chasm's edge faster than he had expected.

Which was when semen fairly erupted from his cock head and he was so he was unable to prevent her from swallowing it down, rather than slide his erection from her mouth and cover her cheeks and hair with his discharge that he might insist she spend the night with it marking her a she slept on the floor at the side of her own bed.

"Now lick my big and superior English balls clean, slut girl," he ordered by way of consolation once she had finished sucking him dry and swallowing.

If there were any reservations left to her he was hard-pressed to notice them as he felt her moist tongue begin to lap instantly at his scrotum.

Adoringly and worshipfully, she sucked and slathered at and over his testicles as the wilting cock above rested on her forehead.

The power of having her serve him in such a way felt utterly wonderful to him.

Not that he would ever tell the ugly subcontinent bitch.

The only language she needed to hear from him from now on was that which told her how best to please him.

Reaching out with his fingers as she continued to lap at his balls, he began to smear his own discharge over her face and throat before running his hands through that lustrous black hair to clean them of the emission she had drawn from him.

"Consider yourself marked," he told her, eyes boring into hers.

"You're my property now…"

…Michael Wilson awoke from his dream in a conflicted condition.

That its contents had excited him was beyond dispute.

And especially if the sticky wetness upon his groin and the sheets covering it were to be taken into account.

A stick wetness he would need to clean from the device in which she had locked his manhood.

A chastity-device, reality aping an earlier fantasy of his that was really more by way of a nightmare, she had fastened upon him shortly after he had committed himself to her service – or, rather, been manipulated into it.

And a device, for all her praise of it – and even with his cock unable to reach full hardness – that had not been able to prevent him experiencing his first wet-dream since childhood.

And, given his new inability to please himself as the mood took him, a wet-dream that was most welcome.

But yet, with recent events foremost and despite the hatred for Shreya Leghari which functioned with almost the same degree of white-heat as the twisted desire enslaving him to her, he felt a sense of the deepest shame for having gone against a lifetime of compassion and treating her in such a way.

Even if it was only in a dream.

And despite the fact she had no such reservations when it came to treating him even more humiliatingly.

Moving to his small bathroom in the living space above her garage and cleaning both himself and the device caging him, he had then returned to bed and tried to sleep, before morning came and he began another day as the chattel of a young woman from another continent.

A descent into modern-day slavery that had happened with incredible swiftness, after that day in her *"drawing-room"* when he had knelt before her to massage her feet and, in his excitement and unnatural arousal, gone on to confess to her how *"shapely and beautiful"* her feet were to him.

A descent even he had to confess had been designed and implemented perfectly by the young Pakistani woman he had once considered – in the most liberal and humane of terms, of course – his inferior.

A way in which he would never, except in dreams, think of her again.

His thoughts went back to that day, shortly after he had confessed his appreciation of her feet and she had used his weakness to start having him perform ever more menial tasks for her such as hand-washing her hose and smalls, and even polishing her shoes – on one occasion while they were still on her feet and she insisted she was in too much of a hurry to meet a solicitor friend from the Temple to change them.

But nothing could have prepared him for the sense of loss and the pure terror of finding himself excluded from her home she had sprung upon one day not so long ago…

TEN

Third-Person: Shreya/Michael

What she was explaining to him turned his insides to mush.

All the more so because he now had an insight into her character and knew she both meant what she said and *would* follow through with it.

As he stood before her desk in the same study where he had waited upon her with coffee and been taken aback to find her in Western clothing for the first time - and had even lowered himself to his knees to supply her hosed feet with a foot rub on a few occasions since - she had explained her reasoning for the decision she was only now presenting to him.

“It truly is a dream come true for me,” she told him, preparing to go with the scenario she had developed from a femdom tale she had purchased from the Net.

A scenario that posed a certain amount of risk, she knew, but one that was necessary if the handsome man before her with whom she had become just as obsessed in her own degenerate way as he had with her and fully intended to make him her property.

In so much as such a thing were possible.

She had, in fact, planned everything before confronting Michael Wilson with the bad news he would soon have leave her home.

Unless…

The realisation of what he needed to do to make that *“unless”* happen, something she fully intended him to come to of his own accord – with, of course, much in the way of help and insinuation from her.

Her discussions on the subject – tentative at first, then becoming more intense and *real* – with the female solicitor from her own land who worshipped at the same Temple, had reached that point where they either continued to simply talk about the possibility of all but legally indenturing an Englishman in his own land, or actually set things in motion.

It had helped that Nita Kapoor, her friend’s name, had proved to be likeminded as both their discussions and their friendship developed and took an excitement that was almost as elevated and undeniable as that of Shreya Leghari’s herself and left Shreya convinced that it would only be a matter of time before Nita realised there could be no professional comeback upon her if she went along with the plans they had developed together.

And so it had proved.

All that was required now was for Michael Wilson to be manipulated into asking for what was, to all intents and purposes, his own indenture.

An admittedly ersatz indenture, even if it would seem all too real to him.

And an indenture that would ensure he not only had one Pakistani but two – even if his exposure to the second would only be in small doses rather than on a full-time basis.

And for this she required a young and fictitious Pakistani servant who was trained in an equally fictitious and non-existent way.

"Since I was a child," she had continued, "I have dreamed of having such a servant. A servant trained in the ways of my land who would commit himself to a lifetime in my service."

"But… But…"

"I am sorry, Michael," she told him with an empathy she did not feel but was certainly capable of feigning. "I realise how comfortable you become here with me in my home and how hard you have strived to be the kind of servant I wish you to be."

She watched his expression as she described him as a *"servant"* for the first time – despite the fact he had been massaging her feet, painting her nails and hand-washing her unmentionables in a way no modern servant would either be asked to do or find himself doing.

His cheeks reddened but he did not refute her assertion.

"This is an opportunity for me to take possession of a young man who is not only trained to the ways of service in my region of the world, but accepts his place is below me and that he must strive to please me in all ways."

"B-But, Ms Leghari," he began, eyes almost moist as his initial shock receded and horror at what would happen to him if he didn't persuade her to rethink her intention. "I… I thought you were happy with… with my… work for you?"

She saw the effort it had cost him to plead with her in such a way and knew, if she allowed him to persuade her into letting him stay – and under the conditions she would insist upon – that there would be much work needed on him before she could be certain he would *never* leave her side.

Though the fact a part of him would forever hate her for reducing him to such a condition excited her depraved nature more than it troubled her.

Who, after all, wanted a totally broken chattel?

Where was the joy and sensuality in that?

She pretended to give it some thought, having already decided what she would say beforehand should he take such an approach.

"Michael, I…"

She paused noting that he was waiting on her words as if his life depended upon them; which in a way – the quality of that life, anyway – they certainly did.

"I am going to be absolutely candid with you, if that is acceptable," she lied, knowing what she had to say next would only be truthful in part.

How could it possibly be otherwise, given her real intentions towards him and the life wished him to have with her.

A life of the most abject and complete service that was as nothing to what he had provided for her in that respect thus far.

"I take it you have no objection to me speaking in such a way?"

"N-No," he confirmed with a shake of the head, adding, though she seemed intent on his leaving and he must surely feel there was no further need for him to curry favour with her: "Ms Leghari."

The fact he still addressed her in the respectful way she insisted upon was not lost on her and, emboldened, she did as she had said she would.

"The thing is, Michael, and I am sure you will have noticed this at least a little," she began as he waited, expression curious and terrified at one and the same time. "Is that I enjoy being in total control – or at least as near total as it can be in these days of governmental and bureaucratic interference in the lives of ordinary citizens. And, by being in control of my own life, I mean that I expect to have total control over the lives of those who play a part in it."

Michael Wilson stood before her in the study where he had first noticed her sexually and noticed, for pretty much the first time since she had landed her bombshell upon him a minute or so before, that she had returned to her native costume. Instead of the sheer hose and figure hugging two-piece costumes she had favoured recently, she was wearing a vivid pink saree, beneath which he could see the outline of a bra in a deeper cerise containing the breasts he now found *almost* as sexually arousing as the legs and feet below that were hidden by the desk itself.

But her choice of costume was – and understandably – not the thing uppermost in his mind at this point.

How could it be when he was racking his brains to think of a way to persuade her to rethink what had recently become unthinkable to him – or, to be more accurate: the even *more* unthinkable?

That unthinkable thing being his ejection from her home as well as access to the brown-skinned body that excited him beyond rational thought, for which its loss was near equal to the prospect of a life in either various hostels or under cardboard.

"The young man has been vetted by a most respectable agency back home in Peshawar and will, I am assured, have no problem acquiring a British-Visa owing to the family connections he has here.

“He is also, I am assured, willing to dedicate his life to me as my manservant and underling.”

The pure fear he experienced at what her words meant for him overrode any headway his once self-vaunted male pride and sense of independence might once have made against the unavoidable consequences for him if she followed through with what she intended.

In fact, far from triggering any fighting-spirit from him, her words were turning his stomach to mush and his legs to a jelly-like consistency barely capable of supporting his weight.

And she was a long way from finished ye.t

“Not only,” she went on, “has he been trained thoroughly in the ways of not only a domestic servant but…”

She pretended to hesitate.

Then, forgive my boldness and accept my apologies if I shock you, but… well… My new manservant is also as familiar as he is willing when it comes to satisfying a woman’s needs without the need to place his…”

She broke off, the feeling of pure satisfaction as she led the handsome man before her with all the surety of a hunter trampling a well-travelled path, and the certainty of success enabling her to do so, making her feel as if she were some barbarous goddess leading an unbeliever to his doom.

Or, in this case, his fate.

“You are a man of the world, Michael, with far more experience of such matters than I, so it is hardly necessary for me to finish the sentence. Suffice it to say that, with his addition to my home and service, I will not have the same concerns I have had since your arrival here.”

“Con…? Concerns?” he asked, open-mouthed with shock. “But…?”

“Yes,” she came in quickly and with all the authority bestowed by confidence. “I realise you have been very good in your service to me… Surprisingly so, I would say… But this does not alter the fact – and you must be truthful here – that you would, and would do the same now, have left the moment an offer promising to return you to your future fortunes came your way.”

He opened his mouth to refute her but she simply held up the palm of her hand to prevent him and, like the well-schooled animal she was more and more seeing him as being, he fell silent.

“It is the truth, Michael, and nothing you can say will persuade me to believe otherwise. I told you at the beginning of this conversation that I would speak boldly to you and I shall do so now.”

She could see moistness in his eyes as he waited for her to begin and the sensation of power and control the sight imparted to her was almost enough for the proverbial Dutch finger to be removed from the dyke that was her pussy and allow the evidence of her arousal to saturate the underside of her desk with her juices.

"I will not lie," she began. "There is something I find wholly pleasing in having a servant of your looks, education, and race at my disposal. I am a keen student of history and there is something I find both ironic and just in your presence her as the…"

Again she hesitated.

"I will not say the word *'manservant'*, as I am aware you do not see yourself in such a light in regard of me. But I do think you have no option but to agree that, during your stay with me, your behaviour has become so much more… *servile*."

She looked on as, just as she had known it would, his cheeks took on that high colour she had seen before whenever he felt his masculinity was being impugned.

Even if his behaviour prior to the insult had been fully deserved.

Wishing to linger over his discomfort, Shreya Leghari passed on the temptation and forced herself to press on. He needed, she knew, to be alone to compress and analyse his thoughts. Before, hopefully, reaching the decision she both prayed and expected him to make.

"Believe me, Michael," she continued before going on to lie through her brilliant white teeth, "I realise and regret that what I have to say hurts your pride, but I can be no more than truthful. And, you see, it is the fact that your submitting to what I see as your true nature and serving me in a way that gives you as much pleasure as it gives me that has led me to the conclusion you will never be the servant I wish to have for myself and ensured I must take advantage of the offer that has come my way for just such a manservant from my own land."

Again, despite the fact she could see her words had hurt his pride even further, his mouth opened to refute her claim, so great was his fear of what awaited him when he was forced to leave.

"No, Michael!" she said loudly and firmly, killing his protestations in his throat. "My mind is made up. I was hopeful that you could be shown how to be the manservant I wanted and have always dreamed of. But it is not to be."

The look of complete demoralisation with which he greeted her interjection left her both aroused and even more confident he would follow the scent she had laid down until he responded in the way she expected as the trap slammed shut on him.

For a moment, she almost felt sorry for him.

"You have a month until my new Manservant arrives," she told him. "I would suggest you use that time to find yourself both a new position and a new residence."

When a silent and utterly dejected Michael Wilson did as she asked and left her study for his quarters above the garage that would shortly belong to another, Shreya Leghari sat back and smiled to herself for having led him so beautifully towards the end result of her choosing.

Until, that is, the usual doubts that follow those moments of supreme self-confidence set in and she began to pray to the great deity that her confidence was not about to be acknowledged with a fall…

ELEVEN

Third Person: Shreya and Michael

There was less than a week to go when Michael Wilson made his latest attempt to make the woman standing between himself and homelessness rethink her decision on asking him to leave her comfortable Chislehurst residence and replace him with a more… *servile and permanent* …replacement from her own country.

The first two attempts on his part since having been told he needed to make other arrangements had been met politely but dismissively and he had grown more despondent and, despite his middle-years, sulky and surly as the time for his departure came closer.

This occasion, however, proved a little different.

For on this occasion he was not just dismissed but given, and at greater and more painful length, the reasons why she would not be persuaded to keep him.

Despite the fact she had already conceded just how thrilling she found it to be in a superior position over a man of his looks, standing, and race.

"I can see," she began as he once again appealed to her with protestations of how he didn't see his position with her as temporary – a change in his mindset that was not entirely untruthful, "that I shall need to be even more blunt with you if I am to make you understand the seriousness of my intention."

"Ms Leghari," he said, if not a supplicant before then certainly as near to one now as made no difference, "all I want to do is assure you that I do see a future here with you. Haven't I already proved that by how diligently I've worked for you?"

She had pretended to consider the proposition.

He was close, she knew.

But he was not there quite yet.

She allowed herself a long-suffering sigh.

"Your diligence and willingness to obey me in certain ways," she began, "is not the issue."

"Then please," he all but genuflected, his terror at what the outside world held for a man of his age and lack of finances growing exponentially as the deadline – the *fictitious* deadline – she had set grew ever nearer. "Please tell me what the issue is. Because I'm perfectly prepared to commit myself to being here with you for the foreseeable future."

His arms went wide in appeal, so great was his desperation.

“I’ll even sign something if it reassures you of my sincerity.”

Despite the thrill, of pure triumph setting her veins afire, Shreya Leghari knew that she could not relent yet.

The time was close.

But, as of this moment, not close enough.

“But you are wrong,” she told him as she watched his face fall – again. “It would not reassure me. And for a perfectly obvious reason.”

“But…?”

“Sorry, Michael. But you must understand the difference between you offering to serve me and the kind of commitment I would be assured of from the servant from my own land I will be purchasing.”

She watched and forced herself not to smile as his jaw dropped to his chest with disbelief at what she had just told him in regard of her totally non-existent servant and the financial arrangements she insisted would bind him to her for life.

Then, finally:

“You…? You’re not serious?... You mean to say you’ve…? You’ve actually…?”

“Bought him,” she finished for him. “Or at least I will have when he finally arrives and I arrange to pay the outstanding amount on his purchase to the agency who trained him and took care of his visa details.”

“But…? But that’s…?”

“Illegal?... Yes. That is correct. If, that is, it can be proved to be a purchase of human stock rather than simply the hiring of a household domestic.”

He shook his head stunned, despite everything he had submitted to himself and she herself had told him that such a thing could happen in this day and this age.

“My country, though it is modernizing all the time, remains very different to your own.”

“But, surely…? Even in your country times must have changed. What you’re suggesting sound awfully like slavery and surely that notion is legally as well as morally dead and buried.”

She was shaking her head, unmoved by his argument.

“Laws are simply guidelines,” she told him, feeling exultant as she realised she was talking down to an Englishman with a Public-School background.

A background far removed from her village schoolroom and the local teachers who tried to educate their pupils as they sat uncomfortably on the classroom's earthen floors.

"If people are willing to risk being punished for breaking them then the law only has power over them *after* the act."

She paused a moment.

Until:

"And only then if they can prove beyond doubt that their actions are illegal."

"In heaven's name, Shreya," he protested, forgetting himself and addressing her by her first-name. "What you describe is barbaric. Uncivilised.

If she was offended at having her country – and herself by implication – insulted in such a way the only clue came from an indifferent shrug.

"That may well be so to those with no sense of history or understanding of human relations, Michael. A mindset, that I can attest prevail here in your land. But I can assure you the old ways still thrive throughout my native land and even that of India. There is much the life I led back there that was not to my liking - and I certainly have no desire to return to the existence I led there. But, with that acknowledged, I see nothing wrong with a system of personal service that provides many people with a livelihood and a roof above their head that is unlikely to be provided to them otherwise."

He shook his head at her logic but was unable to come back with an answer likely to prove persuasive.

"Tell me if I am wrong in this, Michael. But did I not just describe your own situation perfectly?"

Gain he remained silent, unable to refute her argument and feeling even more diminished for not being able to do so.

"And that unwillingness to grasp what to me and people of my background is self-evident is why I have decided to dispense with your presence and purchase a younger servant trained in the ways of my land who will have no problem accepting my word is his law."

Not expecting the response he made next to come so soon, Shreya Leghari was no less pleased and sexually aroused when it did.

"And… And just what does being a servant trained in the ways of your land entail?"

TWELVE

First-Person: Michael

Having entered her study hoping to persuade her to re-think her intention to take on a servant from her own land, rather than keep him, Michael Wilson, as her… *assistant* …he had come away even more dejected than when he had first entered.

Not to mention utterly incredulous after she finally told him what was to be expected of the servant she had – legally or not – purchased to be a chattel in her home.

"I can see that I am going to have to be completely frank with you, Michael," she had told him, rising from her seat with an irritated expression as she rounded her desk and placed her capacious arse on its edge for support as she folded her arms across a chest that was equally as curvy as her derriere.

She was dressed today in a Western two-piece with a cut which seemed to his eyes even more severe than usual and lent her an even more severe look which, when added to the unsmiling expression her skewed features directed towards him did not fill him with any great optimism for the success of the task he had set himself – though the sight of her legs, crossed at the ankle and arrayed before him in the sheerest of black hose did have what had become the usual effect upon him.

Sensing the man's excitement beneath the obvious level of concern darkening his handsome features, Shreya Leghari played her part in what she sensed would soon become the end-game between them.

With a less crucial concern of her own, she prayed the result of that vital game would be one likely to please her.

"You are asking me to give up, in order for you to remain in my home," she began in a less than warm voice, "the possibility of a Manservant prized in my own land who would devote himself to both my home and to myself… Am I correct?"

"Yes… I know, but…"

"No!" she barked, reducing him to instant silence, almost coming off her position perched on the desk, so animated had she become. "I want no interruptions. This is the third time you have come to me asking me to reconsider and still I neither hear and nor am I offered anything new from you to make me rethink my position in the slightest."

Underneath the intimidation he felt and which shamed him in her presence, Michael Wilson's thoughts raced.

"What does she mean?... Offered nothing new?"

He was still wracking his brain for her meaning when she continued:

“All you have had to offer so far is some unsubstantiated commitment to stay with me and perform the same tasks and duties my new man will be performing when he arrives to take your place.

“A commitment,” she went on after sucking in necessary air, “that you offer without having the slightest idea of just what those tasks and duties involve.”

He was on the verge of commenting when her eyes caught his and he thought better of it.

“Well,” she said emphatically, “I think it is high-time you were made familiar with those tasks and duties so that there is no further possibility of you troubling me again with this nonsense in the short time you have left here before you leave.”

Once again, his spirit descended to subterranean levels – and this at the mere mention of his coming ejection from the studio apartment above her garage that had come to seem almost like a home.

As Shreya Leghari observed his reaction, the prospect of what awaited him when he was forced to leave filled him with pure dread which, again, led to a renewal of the hate and bitterness he felt towards his ex-wife whose betrayal had cost him both his standing and his pride – together with the loss of his career, his home, and his daughters.

In short, and were he to know it, she told herself as she sensed the direction of his thoughts, he was near perfectly ripe for what she had in mind for his future.

Or would be, she considered, if the fictitious duties of a non-existent Manservant she was about to outline for him were not so appalling to what remained of his sense of manhood they made even his fear of homelessness and impoverishment seem less…

Horrific.

“The man who is coming to replace you will be, in real terms, nothing less than an indentured servant,” she began, noting his shock as at having state the fact so baldly. 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, Michael. Though it is illegal, and he will not be formally acknowledged as such, he will be – and to all other intents and purposes aside from the official – my slave.”

The word entered the already charged atmosphere of the study and added an even higher voltage to the considerable negative electricity already there, as the Englishman’s jaw fell open to hear what he had at first only suspected given a verbal confirmation.

A verbal receipt he received with what to her was a predictable horror and distaste.

Before, unmindful of her request he not speak:

“And… And this man you’ve… *bought* …?... He is happy with this?”

She shrugged.

“I have seen pictures of him, of course, and read the detailed testimonials, reports and descriptions of him from the agency who are supplying me. But, obviously, we have yet meet. I do not find him anywhere near as handsome attractive as you, but this is not the most important issue. As to the answer to your question, all I can tell you is that I have no idea if he is happy with what is to be his lot in life or not.”

Michael Wilson shook his head, still unable to believe such things could happen and even more alarmed by the fact that he found something in her description of the young Pakistani man who would soon arrive to serve her… *arousing*.

“And neither does it interest me,” she concluded. “Whether he is happy or sad is of no interest to me whatsoever. All that matters is that he serves me to the very best of his ability.”

“B-But…” he began in a definitely croaky voice. “What exactly does he get out of such an arrangement?”

“A permanent place at my side and the security it will bestow upon him,” she answered instantly, having foreseen just such a question and made herself well-prepared to deal with it.

“Never again,” she went on, eyes bright and shiny with the delight she was taking in weaving the story she had concocted with her new solicitor friend and fellow devotee, Nita Kapoor – the same friend who would soon be playing a more pivotal role in her plans, “will he have to trouble himself with those concerns that so worry you at this time.”

The blood left his cheeks instantly at her reminder and she rejoiced that she could have such an effect upon him.

“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 individual liberties. Especially not when all those liberties fetch are hardship and displacement. Far better, we believe, for a man clinging to the bottom rung of the ladder and finding his grip slipping to commit himself to the service of his betters. This that he might be housed, fed, and experience a productive life.”

Again, Wilson’s thoughts raged at the nonsense he was hearing – even if he had nowhere near the courage to give voice to his thoughts before the woman who held his own housing and feeding in her brown hands.

“Productive life?”

“As her fucking servant?”

No!

"As her fucking slave!"

"…Believe me," he came back to the present to hear her expanding her thoughts on the subject, "poverty and hopelessness of such a kind in my country goes far beyond how the people here would describe such things. Your own situation, though it terrifies you, is as nothing to the sheer nothingness save for hunger and hardship awaiting one of my countrymen in the same situation."

Again, Wilson felt sick to the stomach. The situation was making a nervous wreck of him and he was not eating. Which did not prevent the need he felt to vomit.

"That is why," she went on, "the man shortly to arrive will be willing to accept my total authority over him and have his life governed in a way of my choosing. Whether he is serving me domestically or sexually, he will always be aware that he has no say whatsoever in how I direct him to go about it and will devote all his energies and, eventually, even his subconscious thoughts towards pleasing me to the best of his abilities.

"It is, of course, a great responsibility for a young woman to hold but one I feel I have the necessary wealth and strength of character to accept."

Again, stomach notwithstanding, Wilson felt his groin respond positively to words his head found offensive.

And was about to hear more of them likely to produce a similar but greater response:

"I tell you all this because I do not wish to have you trouble me again on the subject. Of course, were you not such a creature of your own age and environment and so set in your ways and preconceptions, I would have loved nothing more than for you, a handsome and older Englishman, to take on the role expected of my younger countryman. But that is impossible."

The words left his lips before, it seemed, he even gave thought to them and left no possibility of his taking them back:

"But why is it impossible?" he asked, sounding more and more like the supplicant he was before her.

She tutted and shook her head from side-to-side with a mixture of exasperation and weariness for his inability to grasp what she was telling him; knowing as she did so that they were nearing a crucial moment in the scheme to enslave him she had devised with the help of her friend and solicitor and thrilling to the way he had so far danced to their every tune.

"I can see I am to be required to speak more… *crudely*," she said with a look of feigned disappointment, as if she had hoped it would not come to this.

As if!

Returning to her seat behind the desk, leaving him standing before her in a position of agitated anticipation that made him seem even more of a supplicant, she steepled her fingers across her stomach and speared him with those strange yet compelling eyes that were, somehow, made no less authoritative for presiding over a face unlikely to ever gain her much in the way of romantic plaudits.

“Tell me, Michael, do you think, apart from having the responsibility for all the menial tasks required to keep it in the condition I expect, that you would be willing to behave towards me in the way of my new servant?

He knew she was being rhetorical but answered anyway:

“Isn’t that what I’ve been doing?”

“Only to a small extent,” she told him with a shake of the head – and with nowhere near the levels of respect and commitment I will expect from – I am sorry to be so bold, but we are long past having to pretend the situation does not exist - my slave.”

Her use of the word again provoked an almost seismic reaction at both summit and groin and, for the life of him, he could not think why.

Thought the truth, a part of him suspected, was that he did not *want* to know the answer.

“It is a respect he will have been trained to show and it will be far more than a symbolic token of our respective positions.”

“But surely, I can…?”

“And right there,” she said, speaking over him, “is why I could never expect you to function at the levels of service I expect and *he* can deliver.”

“But…”

“I have told you on a number of occasions now *not* to interrupt me. And been ignored upon each and every occasion. My… *slave* …would never dream of disobeying me in such a way.”

The words leaving his lips even as they shamed him, were about as obsequious, and worse, genuine as any to leave the lips of the most subservient and fearful flunkey in either her country or his own.

“I’m sorry, Ms Leghari. P-Please accept my apologies.”

“They are accepted,” she agreed, with a haughty nod. “But they will serve you no purpose as I know with certainty that you could not adopt the role in my life I intend for my slave.”

She was using the word with more freedom now, the intention being to normalize it in his head.

Or at least as much as such a word could be normalized, for a white English male of his age and self-conceit with many centuries of domination over lands such as hers at his back. She knew his thoughts would be in turmoil and he would be asking himself how he could allow himself to be spoken down to in such a way. More than that, however, she knew he would be questioning his own manhood and the fact that, not only was he still in place to hear her speak in such a way but why the cock defining his manhood responded so positively to her treatment of him.

The knowledge his new awareness of just how weak he truly was, and how an unsuspected corner of his sexuality responded so positively to it was directly attributable to her treatment of him, was yet another source of pride and great joy in her.

“Ask yourself,” she began, “if you could show the same respect for my person and the opportunity my generosity provides your replacement will have no problem delivering?”

She took in a deep breath and tried not to show her nerves as she realised she was reaching that – planned – point in her discussion with him that would certainly have him scurrying from her presence and prayed that the fast approaching deadline and his fear of it before he left her home would enough to make him overlook even this indignity if he wished to stay.

On this point, she was nowhere near as confident as tried to assure herself she was.

“Can you truly see yourself falling to your knees respectfully whenever I enter a room to show your gratitude for the Malkin willing to take responsibility for what remains of your life?” she asked, knowing it would only be later in the privacy of his quarters that the imagery of such an act would finally come home to roost and he would find it either repugnant or highly arousing – perhaps one and the same at the exact same time.

“Would you be able to swallow your English pride and be waiting on your knees at the entrance of her home for your Malkin to return 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?”

His expression was horrified.

Yet he had not moved and she felt encouraged.

She had a lot more to say still, after all.

“Would you be capable of worshipping the body of your Malkin the way she demands – despite the fact you a handsome Englishman who is far older and been educated at the finest schools?”

Despite his obvious chagrin at being spoken to in such a way, she could see an underlying excitement he was doing his best to hide and being given away by the nervous way he shuffled from foot to foot before her.

On a roll and unable to stop – wherever the dice may fall – 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 shit-chute as well as here moist Pakistani cunny and the feet below them?”

His body stiffened as though she had prodded him with a fully-charged cattle-prod.

“To become familiar with her most intimate perfumes, from her feet and toes to her arse and armpits and not only assist in her bathing but attend her as she goes about her more personal ablutions?”

She fell silent and waited, watching the helpless look upon his features as he considered the full impact of her words.

“Well, Mr Michael Wilson,” she demanded. “Do you think you can be all of those things for me?”

For a moment, as his jaw clenched, she half-expected him to become violent with her.

Then, eyes moist with frustration and no small repulsion, for himself as well as her, he did exactly as she had expected him to do.

He turned upon his heel and left…

THIRTEEN

Michaels Fourth Fantasy

The bathroom was arctic white and even more pristine and spotlessly clean as the drama between them played out once again.

A bathroom belonging to just one of them.

Its owner NOT the man currently kneeling upon the cool tiled flooring between the smooth, brown and matronly shapely legs of the woman some years his junior, his eyes fixated upon one powerful thigh as he awaited the sign that he should serve her in the way that was now familiar to him as a ritual to be repeated on numerous occasions throughout the day.

And on numerous occasions throughout the day.

It was by far the most emasculating requirement of the daily routine she required from him and – aside from those times when his behaviour warranted being allowed from his cage that what she considered his "good behaviour" be rewarded; normally with his cock between the soles of her feet as he knelt before her with hands clasped behind his back – was that part of the service she insisted upon from him that was most likely to see him find some spine and rebel against her ownership of him.

An urge to slap her senseless and leave behind the daily grind of service and sexual humiliation that was nearly always triggered by the same questions:

"How would my ex-wife and my family react to see me being treated in such a way? And not only allow it but have my cock attempt to become erect in the cage to which the controlling brown bitch above had the only key?

Hatred aside, for the ex-wife whose infidelity had played such a huge part in his abject current predicament, the prospect of having those once close to him witness his fall from grace as a man worthy of respect always triggered a desire to once again take up the challenge and reassert himself as a functioning member of the male gender.

Before his resolve vanished as it had so many times before.

The trickling of her urine as it spattered into the bowl only highlighted his fall from grace and, knowing what must shortly follow, his eyes moved over her smooth thighs towards the hairless cunny from which the last trickles of her piss were emerging and he would shortly be required to clean.

It was a "cunny" with which he was all too familiar now, required as he was to give it his most servile and worshipful attention with such undeviating regularity – even if, at those time when subspace was denied him, wished to do nothing other than take her brown throat between his hands and squeeze until the smug light vanished from her eyes forever.

As the last of her piss trickled into the bowl and the brown thighs rose up before him, hairless Pakistani pussy suddenly at a level with his eyes, he awaited her command and used the pause to consider his own thoughts.

And did not like them

Not in the slightest.

No matter how hard he tried he could find no mitigation for the carven, cowardly, and utterly degrading way in which he had allowed her to strip him of his manhood.

And nor would he.

As she finally decided she had made him wait long enough for his "reward". she snapped her fingers by way of giving him a soul-destroying permission to begin and he sensed her look of total triumph and satisfaction as she gazed down upon the top of the cowed head she had mastered with such ease.

Then, leaning forward almost automaton-like – if an automaton cold ever be said to feel such debasing and perversely exciting feelings of lust and submission – he extended his tongue and began to lap at the subcontinent labia before that same tongue ventured inside.

Cleaning her in the most abject way imaginable that she might once again be pristine after her voiding by more natural means.

That natural cleaning agent, of course, being his tamed and domesticated tongue.

Not for the first time, his senses were assailed by her own distinctive perfume and the taste of her acrid and slightly salty urine again provoked him to that mix of deep shame and unholy excitement he could never reconcile one with the other, even if he could do no more than recognise the strength and superiority of the latter provocation over the former.

"That is my good boy," he heard from above as a brown-hand ruffled his hair in the way a pleased master might reward the obedient canine who had just fetched and released to her hand the ball she had just thrown for it. "Your Malkin is pleased with your progress and you can expect one of her treats your little cockle loves so much soon. Just so long as you continue to be the most obedient English chattel you can be for her for the rest of the day."

He could almost taste the pure joy of dominion emanating from both her words and her presence.

Unnatural excitement replacing the heartfelt gratitude he gave to providence, that the prospect of cleaning her other end – even if she did at times feel the need for a worshipful tongue upon it from time to time; thankfully when it was fresh and clean, or at least as clean as such a place can be – he felt himself leaning his head into her humbling caresses as if he actually were her dog.

The sensations of submitting one's will so totally to another human-being – and especially a human-being of her kind – were undeniably and perversely delicious, he told himself, as if doing so would provide some respite for the guilt and shame he felt for submitting to both the sensations and the warped human-being providing them.

Again, and in the latest of a thousand such recriminatory outbursts, he asked himself the question he sensed would elude him if he asked it a million times:

"What the fuck has happened to me?..."

…When he woke from his dream this time, it was not with a scream and his return to consciousness was not accompanied by the sheet drenching perspiration of other, similar, nightmares.

What it was accompanied with was the utter and demoralizing knowledge that, in less than three days' time, and whether he had another roof to place over his head or not, he would be leaving the comfortable home he had come to see as a refuge.

Despite the semi-humiliating position he had been expected to take up while in it.

Humiliations that would, he told himself, be far worse for the young man who would soon be arriving from the subcontinent to replace him and take up...

An unholy epiphany suddenly bathed his troubled thoughts with both hope and a sense of purpose and sprang up in the bed he might shortly be forced to leave.

Might.

The humiliations his replacement would be forced to undergo, after all, could only be experienced if he actually arrived in person to receive them…

FOURTEEN

First-Person: Shreya

Despite wanting what he proposed with every straining fibre of my being and having assured myself my plans for our future together would be successful, I had been the recipient of enough doubts to make his complete capitulation to me somewhat unbelievable.

As well as adding an extra layer of contempt in my mind for a man so weak he could give himself up to me with so little by way of a fight.

He was, after all, an Englishman in his mid-years who had once been the head of his own household and held a responsible position in bureaucratic government. A man with a wife and children who, also, had once known the responsibility of being responsible for others.

If the weakness he had shown before had come as a pleasant surprise to me, what he had proposed not thirty minutes ago – despite it being exactly what I had wanted and angled for – was nothing short of miraculous.

Knowing my decision was already made, but wishing to torment his anxiety further, I had told him I needed to give what he was proposing some thought and would call for him when I had reached a decision.

The sense of power I felt as he left my study, looking like a man under a death-sentence who had just presented a last minute attempt at a reprieve to the hanging-judge who had sentenced him in the first-place, was of a power that tempted me to call him back immediately and place his tongue at the service of my sopping cunt.

In fact, only the knowledge I would soon be able to demand just that from him prevented me from such a rash action.

The was, however, and while I was making him sweat, no reason I could not savor the words he had used prior to leaving my study and awaiting my decision…

"…I trust you are here to tell me you have found somewhere new to live?" I asked after he had knocked and came to stand by my desk, praying that he would not be telling me any such thing."

"Er, no, Ms Leghari," he soothed my worries, looking nervous as he shuffled from foot-to-foot before me.

"You do realise it is less than a week before my new Manservant arrives?" I asked him, marvelling at how such a question, inconceivable not so long ago, could have come to seem so… normal.

“I do, Ms Leghari,” he confirmed, never having looked so handsome and desirable to me as he did at that point; his anxiety and sheer desperation washing over me as if it were a potion designed to instill lust.

“Well…?” I pressed when he seem ed hesitant to continue.

“I… I…”

“I do hope this is not another attempt to persuade me to allow you to stay,” I said in a cold non-nonsense voice.

“No, No!” he said quickly. “Well… It is, but…”

“But what?” I snapped. “I have explained why your staying here is impossible. What could you possibly offer me to change my mind?”

“I… I…”

His throat bobbed up and down as if it were a cork in a rough sea but, instead of pressing him to hurry, I simply fixed him with my eyes.

“What if…? What if I were to offer to… to… to work for you in the same way as the man who’s coming here from Pakistan?”

My soul thrilled as I realised I was on the verge of achieving exactly what I wanted from this man and it was a struggle to keep the evidence from both my voice and body language.

Instead, by way of camouflage, I heaved a huge and put-upon sigh.

“Really, Michael,” I began in a voice that would have done credit to the strictest governess from the Victorian era of his country that was a particular favourite of mine. “You are an intelligent and well-educated man. Did you take in nothing of what I told you on the last occasion you asked why you could not take on those duties about to be assumed?”

At this, a little spirit seemed to exert itself in the man I was slowly emasculation:

“On the contrary,” he answered, colour high at the way he was being spoken down to – despite the fact of what he was asking for. “I took in everything you said and am prepared to act exactly in the way you wish your new, hmm, assistant to act.”

“But he will not be an assistant, will he Michael?” I reminded him. “Nor will he be my servant, except in the eyes of the law and those friends who know me. I was at pains to imprint upon your mind that he would, in fact, and to all intents and purposes other than the strictly legal, be my slave.”

Again the word reacted upon him with equal measures of what I took to be pure horror and an unwilling but powerful fascination at the prospect of finding himself reduced to such a status.

To me!

"I… I realise that, Ms Leghari. And I am willing to… to live under that description in your home if you are willing."

"Really?" I all but gasped, feigning incredulity.

The eyes in the head that nodded towards me were moist with his shame and triggered a moistness between my legs that was already in an advanced condition as I prepared the words that would make him feel even more ashamed for his capitulation.

"You? A handsome Englishman?" I asked almost to myself. "A man over a decade my senior? You…? You would serve me in the way I describe?"

Again he nodded, red-faced as well as moist-eyed at hearing my incredulity he was willing to… abase himself …in such a way.

I pretended to give this some thought – not because it needed any on my part, but simply to give him a little… much-needed …encouragement.

Then, finally:

"Even though I tell you it is not a game and that your treatment would be no different because of your race and advanced age? You would still offer to become my…"

I placed air between my last question and its final that it might take on an even greater significance in his mind.

Until:

"…slave?"

His "Yes" was barely audible but, even had he screamed it at the top of his voice, it could not have thrilled me any more than I was thrilled already.

But it was not enough.

Not yet.

"Michael," I began, I will not lie and say I am not absolutely thrilled that you would offer to serve me in a way I know goes against all your instincts and even those very traits that make you a proud Englishman."

I saw from his expression that he was ahead of me and had already sensed the approaching… "But".

"But, for all that I would love to have a man such as yourself in my service, it cannot be so."

His colour soared even higher with his disappointment and he was about to respond when I pre-empted him:

"Think about it, Michael. I have already forwarded a large non-returnable deposit to the agency supplying my new servant," – this last a lie, obviously, given there was no servant let alone an agency willing to supply him. "Yet you would have me cancel the arrangement simply because you are willing to acknowledge the description 'Slave'."

I shook my head sadly.

"And, aside from that, I am not all convinced that you are serious in your intention and have the necessary… staying power …to serve me in the any I wish."

"Please, Shreya," he pleaded, again forgetting to address me correctly in his desperation, no doubt as amazed as he was appalled that he could possibly be speaking in such a way to now when it would have been utter anathema to him not long before. "Let me prove it to you. You won't be disappointed, I promise."

"Michael, I was at pains to tell you what I expect of the man I accept into my home as my… slave. I truly cannot believe you would be able to handle what I would require of you."

"Try me… please," he quite literally begged.

Begging of which my sensitive and anticipatory ears wished to hear more.

"Could you really accept that I would no longer see you as a man or allow you to behave as one?" I asked, seeing the effect my words had upon him and pleased that he still remained in place to hear them. "That you would no longer have any say over even the most minor of your affairs and that you would be dependent upon me for everything?"

He thought about it for a few moments, before, sick-at-heart but seeing no option for himself, he nodded.

Again, I pretended to give this serious thought.

Until:

"Very well, Michael. I will give what you say some consideration over the next few hours and see if there is not some way I assure myself you will not go back on your word if I decide to accept it."

He quite literally sagged in his own skin with the relief of my concession.

"Do not congratulate yourself too early though," I deflated him. "I have much to lose here and I will not contemplate changing my mind unless I feel your service is as guaranteed to me as it can be in your own and with its own laws."

He only deflated a little at my rejoinder and it struck me that, if I was as confident of the need he had for me, he was at least partly assured in regard of my own feelings towards him.

“Go to your quarters now, and wait until I summon you,” I ordered him, mood made peevish by my realisation of my own need in regard of my putative chattel.

“Yes, Ms Leghari,” he said, manner obsequious now he felt he had… persuaded …me.

“I have lots to think about…”

FIFTEEN

First-Person: "Malkin" Shreya

He was mine.

Or as close to mine as was possible in this country and in this age.

As much my human-chattel as a man could be under the circumstances.

In Nita's office, not days after I had pretended to be convinced by his sincere offer of service, he had signed the durable power-of-attorney which removed from being able to manage his own affairs.

Such as the paltry things were.

More importantly in my view, given a man's understandable pride and protectiveness towards those crown-jewels he considered were the source of his masculinity, he now wore a state-of-the-art cock-ring and cage that was the best Ukrainian engineering could supply and widely regarded as the king of chastity-belts for the queen who wished to utilise its own power-of-attorney.

That queen, of course, the young Pakistani woman who speaks to you now.

When I thought of all that I had achieved, having taken a handsome, mature and healthy Englishman, in a liberal and socially aware modern-era, and made him into as much of a slave as it was possible to make a free-man, I could sometimes feel heady with a sense of my own achievement.

After all the years of childhood fantasising that had matured into an adult obsession of what I myself could only describe as being a fetish, I had, with the help of a growingly obsessed Nita, taken the opportunity that had been the death of unlamented husband to use the wealth he left me and take possession of what had always been the truest desire of my heart.

Complete and utter ownership of an Englishman older than myself and for whom, under normal circumstances, my existence would barely have been acknowledged.

An English chattel who, metaphorically as well as literally, would never raise his head from the soles of my feet and the shoes or sandals containing them again.

Which, coincidentally, was exactly where he was beneath my desk, prostrate at my hosed feet after having driven me to Bromley and accompanying me as I shopped – careful, of course, and in a bastardising of certain religious and social imperatives, to follow me at a respectful distance of a few paces.

Notwithstanding one or two curious looks from those shoppers with a more enquiring mind and a vigilant eye.

As he sniffed at my malodorous feet through the hose making the sensation worse and contributing to their… *fragrance*… I could not help but feel a sense of the most profound well-being and congratulate myself upon the masterful – or should I say *"Malkinful"* – way I had manipulated him into the yoke that left his neck free but placed his cock and balls under my control.

Totally.

He abased himself on a daily basis before me now and, though I was all too aware that a part of him hated and detested me, I was convinced he had gone too far towards the dark and once unsuspected side of his submissive nature and would never possess the strength of purpose to defy me in any way.

Though a part of me hoped he would.

It would, after all, be only too delightful to quash any rebellion and demand requisite contriteness afterwards.

"I do not hear you sniffing the hose of your Malkin," I told him, injecting just enough by way of a threat into my voice to fetch an instant reaction. "Is this your way of saying that you find the task offensive?"

"N-No, M-Malkin," came the instant and muffled response from below – though not so muffled I could not detect the self-hatred he felt for responding in such a way and the sense of defeat and self-loathing that went with it.

I felt my evil little half-smile and knew I would never tire of having him behave in abject and servile a way towards me; knowing that even as the perverse sexuality I had uncovered in him ensured he would try to become erect in his cage in a futile attempt to become erect, that he would be raging at the insults heaped upon his all but unrecognisable manhood.

Had I been in possession of a conscience – at least when it came to him – I would have been sure to feel compassion towards my white-chattel.

I can only pray, given the pleasure my control of him provides me, that I never develop one.

As his breath began to rasp through his nostrils, that I may be in no doubt he was observing my… *instructions* …I could only imagine how overpowering would be the smell from the sweat drenched hose clinging to my feet.

And how he could bear to suffer it.

But then this was what he had asked…

No.

Begged for, would be the correct term.

The above being undisputedly the case, it would be a betrayal of the truth were he to say he had not known what he was getting himself into.

As his tongue began to rasp over my ripe instep as he continued to sniff when capable of taking a breath, I luxuriated in the sensation of pure power and, by way of both motivation and appreciation, reached down to ruffle his hair as if he truly were the dog at my feet I was intent upon teaching many new tricks.

Then, in a matter-of-fact voice:

“From now on,” I told him, as if it were the most normal and everyday task a servant should perform for his Malkin, “I will require your assistance in the bathroom whenever I am in need of a piss.”

I felt him flinch beneath the desk but felt proud of my training of him that he did not hesitate for a second before returning his full attention back to my hosed and smelly feet.

“Who knows?” I added. “There may even come a time when I feel you are deserving to wipe my arse clean of its shit.”

This time his flinch was more pronounced and, though he returned almost immediately to the licking of my instep, I sensed, and understandably so, that this last addition to his duties appalled his sense of what remained to his masculinity more than it galvanised the sexual perverseness I had uncovered and encouraged.

Given he was still licking and sniffing at my feet as if he were exactly the kind of domesticated house-pet I was being treating him as being, I told myself that the latter would probably outweigh his sense of outraged morality.

“Actually, I told him, I feel the need for the bathroom now.”

His hands, and more importantly, his tongue ceased their ministration to my feet.

“I trust you are not about to insult my gift to you?” I asked.

There was silence.

Then, tone menacing:

“Are you going to ask me to repeat myself?”

More silence followed, until, sharp and expectant:

“Well?”

The implied threat in my voice was enough.

“N-No, hmm, M-Malkin Shreya… But…? But…?”

“Yes, I am waiting?”

“Surely you… you don’t expect me to…?”

“That is exactly what I intend,” I told him, leaning down that he might see my displeasure at first-hand before taking the lobe of his ear in one hand as if he were an errant and persistently offending schoolboy and dragging him out from beneath the desk.”

When he was on his knees before me, dressed in shorts and one of the oversized and adolescent tee-shirts I had purchased for him as an interior uniform of sorts, I took his chin between my fingers and stared deep into his shamed eyes that he might see the full seriousness of my intent.

“It is my wish for you to become the perfect servant,” I told him, ignoring the unmanly tears forming at the corner of his eyes. “The perfect servant you said you would become for me if I were to forego the possibility of owning a slave of my own from my own land. His loss to me, I hasten to add, going hand-in-hand with the rather large deposit I had already paid.”

I allowed the reminder to sink in before continuing in carrot-and-stick mode:

“Up until now, and with you having made good on your word to sign the power-of-attorney *and* allow me to place the cock and balls of which you are so proud under my lock and key, I have been reasonably pleased with your efforts to make good on your word.”

His eyes lowered and, for once, his thoughts were unreadable to me.

I pressed on regardless.

“Yet now,” I went on as if mortally offended, “after my express efforts to forewarn you of what to expect in my service, you express reluctance to do what we know you had already agreed to do for me.”

Again, I paused.

Then:

“From this moment on,” I told him in a cold voice welcoming no kind of argument, “if I say the word, *‘Toilet’*, and you do not stop what you are doing immediately and crawl after me on all fours to the bathroom of my choice, I will have you removed from my house and, this time, there will be *no* last-minute reprieve.”

At this he raised his eyes slowly to mine, beseechingly, imploringly, as if he had not learned by now that such attempts to persuade me from a goal once my mind had been made up were utterly futile.

At least where he was concerned.

“Understand?” my voice fair lashed at him and I saw my handsome English chattel wince.

“Do not make me ask again,” I warned.”

Then, quietly, almost sotto voce:

“N-No… I mean, yes, Malkin Shreya. I understand,” real tears glistened in the older man’s eyes now and yet I felt nothing but contempt and sexual arousal rather than the compassion I knew he seeking from me.

He was, I told myself, living in a world of denial.

“Good. I trust we will not need to have this conversation again.

His answer was instant this time and was and I prided myself on the speed with which my slave took on his lessons.

“Now then,” I began to myself, “where was I?”

I placed a finger and it’s scarlet and perfectly manicured nail upon the bottommost of my plump red lips and pretended to muse.

“Ah, yes!” I said after a moment or two as he waited on his knees below me.

Then, when I felt his dread and anticipation were at their height, I uttered the fateful word that would herald a new addition to his duties in my service:

“Toilet…”

EPILOGUE

It was an incredible sight.

Had a complete stranger, without prior knowledge, been invited into the bedroom and asked to make a guess in respect of the activities going on there they would, no doubt, have taken what was happening as nothing more than some rather kinky role playing between a mismatched pairing of handsome white man and the Pakistani women who were obviously punching many weights above their own in terms of looks and attraction as they writhed together on the bed above him.

And been utterly and completely… *wrong.*

Well… Perhaps not utterly..

The man in the corner with the recently shaven head was indeed a man who even the two women would have considered beyond their power to attract at one point. In this our pretend onlookers would have been at least partly right. He was, after all, a man who had not only possessed a beautiful wife and tow daughters he had loved to distraction, but had also been a financially solvent Civil Servant with some years of his career still left to him and the part owner of nice property in neighbouring Beckenham.

The key words in that assessment being:

"Once".

Had our imaginary onlookers been able to make a closer inspection of the man's hairless scalp, they would have seen that the condition of baldness was not a natural one.

If the almost grid-like effect of numerous razor cuts left by his most recent were any guide.

Which, of course, they were.

That the same man was attempting to keep his nose pressed to the corner in accordance with the same women these onlookers would have regarded as of a lower class, at least in terms of their looks, would have made them more convinced than ever that they were watching some perverted sex scene for which the man was paying.

A conclusion they could hardly have been blamed for drawing.

Who would not have come to the same realisation?

In the dark, as they would have been, and not suspecting that the handsome older Englishman had neither money nor position and would not have had access to that money even if he had.

Though these same onlookers would scarcely have been prepared to believe that, far from being a sex scene designed to appease his masochistic tendencies, the man's subservience was real and he was about as near to being a slave to the plumper of the two brown-skinned as made no difference.

A dependent and a chattel who was about as obedient as person could be to his owner and who was, at least emotionally and spiritually, an almost unrecognisable facsimile of the man who had once held a position of authority over others and had been the head-of-his-own household.

From his position in the corner, and by turning ever so slightly, he could see his owner in his peripheral vision as she cavorted on the bed of the one real friend he knew her to have.

The same solicitor who had signed and witnessed the document giving him power-of-attorney over him and instigating his journey into slavehood.

"Does my obedient white chattel look perfectly at home in his corner, my lovely and sexy, Nita," he heard his Malkin ask as a flush of the deepest shame reddened his cheeks and Michael Wilson, as was, knew he would never become comfortable enough in his servitude to ever hear such remarks aimed in his direction.

He also knew he was so far gone in what she had contrived to be his own personal subspace that he would *never* have the strength-of-will to do anything about it.

Recognising that his supposedly devout Malkin was both a sickness and a force for evil, led him no further towards a resolution to his predicament and knew beyond doubt he had neither the resolve nor the madness to end it by taking either her life or his own.

"He is so obedient for me these days, Nita," he heard his Malkin observe. "Do you not think?"

As ever, the cruelty extended to him was both mental and physical.

"And yet, if I remember you telling me correctly, he once considered himself your equal, my lovely Shreya."

From his corner, Michael Wilson could picture the curl of his owner's lip and the derision of her expression.

"Worse, Nita," he heard her begin. "For though he was the one who came to me for employment and a roof over his head when he was desperate, it was obvious to me that he still looked upon me as his inferior."

"Hmm. Yes, Shreya, he was obviously a very delusional animal. " During my time as a solicitor here I have seen this many times in handsome men of his type who have come to me with their issues. Their sense of superiority when they realise it is with a woman of our land that they will be dealing really is as insufferable as it is insulting."

“You know, I do believe you have it on the nail, Nita. In fact, I truly believe even now there he is telling himself he goes along with my ownership of him simply because of the pleasure he receives when I allow his worthless English cock from its cage and allow him to thrust between the soles of my feet until he spills his equally worthless seed.”

Strangely, knowing they were receiving as much perverse sexual pleasure for the situation as him did not lessen that pain of hearing himself spoken of in such a way, and once again he felt a longing for the life he had known before his wife took the wrecking-ball that was another man’s cock and terminated it.

“Yet I must not complain too much. His behaviour towards he has accepted my control is exemplary and a tribute to what can be achieved if one applies the necessary compassionate strictness.”

Michael Wilson cringed in his corner. The raised and red welts that marked his buttocks beneath the shorts she insisted he where whenever they were indoors – be it in her home or that of her solicitor friend; provided all the evidence he needed or wanted to be sure of that: *“compassionate strictness”*.

“Of course,” his owner continued. “I had not intended to share my ownership of him with anyone but your help was vital in giving me the hold over his affairs I required if I were to have any chance of placing our relationship on a right and even keel.”

He heard a wistful sigh come from his Malkin’s friend and now lover.

“I cannot tell you how much I envy your arrangement, my love. Just this small taste of the dominance you exercise over him makes me feel more alive than I can ever remember feeling. If it were not for the fact that the nature of my business and travelling makes it impossible I would do everything in my power to emulate.”

Then, after a pause:

“Though, if you could find it in yourself to be so generous to an envious friend, I would love nothing more than to assist you in removing what still remains of the wretch’s arrogant English manhood from him until he truly is what he was put on this earth to be.”

The laughter that followed owed its hilarity to cruelty and nothing else, as the man in the corner with his nose to the corner felt his manhood recede further from his grasp.

“Can you imagine, Nita; that he actually begged me on one occasion to be allowed to place the cock I now have under lock and key in my superior Pakistani pussy?”

“I am surprised at nothing such a wretch would attempt,” Nita hissed.

“And this after I had allowed his cock from its cage and given him permission to rub it against the soles of my feet by way of a reward for his good behaviour.”

He heard the solicitor tut out her disgust.

“Can you imagine, he actually believed I would permit such an unnatural act from him?”

“It is unthinkable. As if you would allow the animal such a privilege when you have your devoted Nita ready to serve you with her big fake cock.”

Delighted laughter filled the room.

“You are right,” my lovely Nita. Only his tongue is of use to me that way. But only when you are not available.”

More laughter followed.

The Englishman in the corner sensed their eyes on his back and cringed.

“Though it must be said,” he heard his Malkin continue, “that even my late brute of a husband, was many times more of a man than that… *thing* ... in the corner.”

In his corner, the *“thing”* could feel nothing but shame as they laughed at his expense, again striking back with venom to thoughts of the ex-wife whose infidelity had led him to his current disgrace.

Then, as if to heighten his shame:

“Tell me, Nita have ever had the tongue of a man in your shit-chute?”

He heard a gasp.

And especially the tongue of a white-man?”

There was short silence.

“Then you are in for a treat,” he heard the hateful tones that managed to heighten his sexual excitement despite his distaste and repulsion.

And then the word he dreaded hearing burst into consciousness.

“Heel!” came the command.

And, after only a few seconds of hesitation, Michael Wilson turned from the wall and lowered himself onto all fours that he might present himself to worship the arse of yer another brown-skinned woman from a distant-land.

A brown-skinned arse that was already facing him, its cheeks pulled apart that his tongue might have access to the… *“shit-chute”* …to which he was about to pay homage.”

Then, a few moments, later as he waited for the command to abase himself in her eyes even further…

“Lick my friend like the English dog you are and show me you are proud to be my chattel.”

Then, almost instantly, Michael Wilson finally gave up any pretence of being a man and did exactly as his Malkin Shreya ordered.

The End