Serving Sreelatha

Book One in the Story So Far Series

By
Kurt Steiner

Part One

The Story So Far:

When Sunil Kakkar, Tim Benson's partner in a thriving retail business, passes away it brings the handsome middle-aged Englishman into contact with his late partner's younger wife, Sreelatha.

Being something of a snob, with an attractive wife of his own, Benson had kept his dealings with his partner on a strictly business footing, finding Sunil's wife –on the few social occasions where he had been forced to interact with her- uninteresting as well as unattractive.

However, when he goes to his former partner's house with the intention of buying the wife out of the business, he comes under the influence of a strange tea, the young widow herself, and her disapproving and sadistic housekeeper, Abhaya.

Now, seven months on -via the permission of a hypnotic command- he finds himself able to remember *certain* events of his life since the first taste of that *"Strange tea"*.

The same events explaining the destruction of his marriage of twenty-five-years and the gradual erosion of both will and self-respect that would ensure he became…

The servant of Sreelatha.

Now Read On:

For the best part of seven months I'd been little more than semi human; a sizable portion of me scarcely more than an automaton-like creature denied the luxury of conscious volition.

The man's man I'd once been forced to spend his days surrounded by all things -and all depravities- female; the simple peck of a heel on wooden flooring, or the hiss of nylon against nylon snapping, me to attention with more speed than a threat of court martial or firing squad - even as I tried in vain to work out how and why I'd been brought to such a pass.

Now though, I remember everything.

And wish I couldn't.

Then again, if those seven months have proved anything to me it's the fact I could no more refuse the hateful Indian bitch and her sadistic housekeeper than I could turn cheap ale into vintage wine.

Their hold on me, I now know, is irrevocable and, so great is their confidence, they want to twist the knife further.

Hence the hypnotic command given me to not just remember the shameful events of the recent past, but to actually recall the response to them they had programmed me to erase each evening before retiring to my cot in their basement.

Even I still find myself proscribed recall of the triggers and conditioning that had forced me into instigating those *"Shameful events"* in the first place.

Of course, a different imperative held sway when it came to Vera, my wife. The deterioration of our marriage and her complete loss of respect for me as I –her husband of twenty-five-years- shamed myself before her, all too easy to recall. A shame and deterioration dating from my very first visit to see the widow of my former partner.

Seven months ago.

"What is this?" I remember asking after my first sip of the tea I'd just been served by Sreelatha Kakkar's unsmiling housekeeper; the same housekeeper who appeared to regard me with baleful eyes; as if my mere presence were an affront to her dignity, let alone having to suffer the humiliation of waiting on me.

A response from the opposite sex towards me –no vanity intended- I was quite unused to.

Standing at an inch over six feet, with a full head of only slightly greying hair, I knew I wasn't making a bad fist of my forty-five years.

Sure, I might have thickened a little in the beam but that was so slight as to be negligible, the blue eyes my wife and others of her sex assured me were my best feature remained bright and full of life. Despite being old enough to have a daughter who'd married an Australian and settled in Melbourne and another teenager in the third year of Secondary School- I remained vital and ambitious; goals still there to be achieved and life enough left in me with which to achieve them.

All the above, you'll understand, making it more than a little galling to be treated so dismissively by a grim faced sari wearer in her mid-thirties; piercing and obsidian eyes doing nothing to lessen my distaste for a visage as soft and welcoming as Punjabi granite.

A *"Sari wearer"* who was, after all, no more than the hired help.

"It is a tea special to Abhaya's village in the Punjab," Sreelatha Kakkar, told me, her plump, birdlike and predatory, features almost as dismissive of me as those of her older flunkey's who had taken up a position to her side from where, if anything, both her scrutiny and all too evident animosity seemed to increase.

In fact, had I not known otherwise, I could easily have been persuaded the red tilaka in the middle of her forehead was a warning sign indicating the heat of her passion against me; rather than the religious marking I knew it to be.

Seated in the living room of my late partner's Home Counties house, and not for the first time, I wondered how a distinguished and intelligent man of Sunil's years could have tied himself to a twenty-something of such limited cerebral and physical interest as the housekeeper's mistress.

Even if, I felt bound to confess –to myself anyway- the legs crossed before me in black nylon were right up there with those guaranteed to press my buttons.

Other things being equal that is.

A likelihood -in regard of this particular example of subcontinent womanhood anyway- never likely to hold sway.

Though, I felt obliged to admit to myself, her breasts were quite impressive too.

"Do you not like the taste?" she asked, English thick with the accent of the homeland she had left behind not six months previously; a stark contradiction to the inexpensive British High Street fashions in which she'd garbed herself in an attempt to appear Western.

Like Sunil himself, the wife of my late partner could not be said to splash money around.

Witness the cheap furnishings of what was, after all, an expensive property in an affluent area of Surrey.

The Mondeo on the drive that had seen better days long before its purchase, yet another example of the *"Kakkar's"* reticence when parting with a pound note.

“It’s very nice,” I told her truthfully, taking another sip and feeling a strange lassitude come over me before, with an effort of will, pressing on; wanting my business with her over and done with.

“Now, Sreelatha, the reason I’m here is to…”

“Buy my shares in the business left me by Sunil,” she finished for me.

I nodded, a little discomfited -not to mention irritated- that the flunkey in the sari had taken up a position behind her young employer’s armchair.
A position enabling her to keep that baleful stare trained upon me.

“We will discuss it shortly,” Sreelatha told me, with what passed for her as a smile. “Finish your tea first, then we will speak.

Biting back my impatience, wanting nothing more than to be out of there, I gave her a smile of my own and then, watched by the intent housekeeper – waiting, no doubt for a positive review of her hometown brew- did as my hostess asked…

“How did it go?” Vera asked, placing a coffee on the kitchen table before me as I slumped into a seat next to it, exhausted for some reason.

And more than a little confused.

I was about to tell her that Sreelatha had invited us over for drinks tonight, though for the life of me I was unable to remember any such invitation having been made by the woman/girl in the first place.

Realising, now I come to think of it, I remembered very little of anything in regard of the meeting with my partner’s widow; despite the fact I had left her home not thirty minutes prior to returning to my own.

My wife’s expression, as she leaned against the front of the sink with a coffee of her own, and regarded me was quizzical. She had just returned from a trip to the shops with a friend and was dressed in a nice two-piece outfit

that showed off her legs and still shapely figure perfectly. The same figure and shapely legs I had, in truth, lost interest in over the years – even if I still regarded the woman and mother of my two girls in possession of them affectionately.

So why, all of a sudden, was I in a state of rut at the sight of her?

“Planet earth to Tim Benson.”

“Heh?”

“Is this the onslaught of early Alzheimer’s, or had you forgotten I had a pair of legs?”

“Sorry,” I said, the first erection instigated by my wife in some time growing even more urgent as she playfully tugged up her skirt at the hem to emphasise her point, revealing an expanse of thigh in tan pantyhose in the process.

“I asked you how it went?” she reminded me, allowing –to my disappointment- the skirt to fall; a hint of puzzlement for my preoccupation fitting across her still fresh, Nordic like, features.

I stared at her nonplussed, knowing something was wrong –or right, if my reaction to her was any guide- but not knowing what.

“With Sunil’s wife?” she prompted.

“Oh!” I exclaimed, reminded and *not* reminded. Having, for some unaccountable reason no recollection of my meeting with the Indian girl.

Making my next words even more baffling.

“She was very open to the suggestion,” I told her, having no recall of any such thing but, for some reason, knowing I was compelled to say just that.

“She thought it would be nice to finalise the deal over drinks at her

place."

Vera's puzzlement became surprise.

"And you agreed?"

"Well, I…"

"I thought you couldn't stand her? You told me she was nothing more than a dull and unattractive little Indian girl from a low caste background."

She was right, of course; it was exactly the way I'd described the girl. Unable, even, to hide my distaste for her even from Sunil; my partner knowing I didn't like her and shrugging it off as unimportant; professional enough, luckily for me, not to let it taint our business relationship. Seeming, now I think of it, strangely unconcerned by my dismissal of his new wife and assuring me my *"Subconscious prejudice"*, as he put it, altered his regard for me not one jot.

A description of me as a racist, by the way, I didn't and don't, accept in regard of me.

Not being a racist does not mean one has to like *all* the people of a certain race.

Or their customs.

Though I do admit I was –even more so now- no fan of that particular region of the world.

"If having a drink with her is what it takes to buy her out of the company then that's what I'll do," I told her, still struggling to remember the earlier conversation leading to the one I was now attempting to hold.

"Fine," Vera said, with a conviction unusual to her, having been nothing but supportive of me and the business from the very beginning, "but you can go on your own. There's no need for two of us to spend time with someone

we don't like."

A feeling of mild hysteria made my stomach churn.
Something was badly wrong with this conversation.

I knew with certainty that it wasn't enough for me to go alone and the prospect of so doing was inducing a panic attack in me –though, not having experienced one before I had no terms of reference regarding the condition.

What I *did* know was that Vera *had* to be there and I *had* to persuade her.

Even if, for the life of me, I couldn't supply a reason why.

"She expects both of us to be present, Vera," I told her.

"Really? Well she can just go on expecting then."

"But…"

"Since when has it mattered to you what *"She"* expects? You've never liked her and –for once- I agree with you. Just go on your own and finalise things with her. I'm staying put."

"But…"

"I'm sorry, Tim," she came in again. "I don't ask for a lot and you pretty much have things your own way, but I do *not* fancy spending an evening with *that* girl."

She was right, of course, and I knew it.

When we had married she was fresh from Bristol and the possessor of a first-class degree in business studies – far superior, I can do no more than admit, to my 2-2 from a low demand redbrick.

Subsequently headhunted, she was already being fast tracked to the top of the multi-national employing her when Sonia, our first, came along, an

arrival ensuring she give up a highly promising career to stay at home and support mine.

A decision she had not seemed to regret even when Melanie, our youngest, arrived some eight years later – even if I did detect the odd wistful expression when I left the house some mornings on route to my office.

Hardly surprising then, after having made such a real sacrifice, she would baulk at something as unnecessary as joining me for drinks at my late partner's home in the company of his dull and unattractive young widow.

So why was I filled with such dread at the prospect of turning up alone without her?

Unaware of a conscious decision to do so, I rose from my chair to stand before her, my wife puzzled again as she brushed away a strand of still naturally blonde hair; her puzzlement accurately mirroring the mystification bubbling away inside my own head.

For a few moments we seemed frozen in place, then, without a word, as if on autopilot, I lowered myself to my knees before her.

"What are you doing?" she asked with a laugh I read as one-third bemused, another curious, and the last excited.

"Persuading you," I heard myself say.

Then, actions beyond my own volition, I raised her skirt and pressed my nose to the gusset of her pantyhose, drawing a gasp from her despite her aforementioned bemusement.

Suddenly, as if a switch had been thrown, I was like a madman, doing my best to eat her through the fabric separating her pussy from my eager tongue, the smell of her arousal, already soaking the cotton of her panties, driving me on to even greater efforts as she took a handful of my hair to make sure I remained in the unlikely position and continued to service her in what was, until then, an unheard of way.

When the crisis hit her –and had I been in command of my own thoughts- I would have sworn her screams could be heard in neighbouring Sussex.

"Unusual taste," Vera told Sreelatha as we sat in her front room.

The *"Drinks"* she had promised turning out to be more of the strange tea, served by her housekeeper – a housekeeper, I noticed, who seemed a sight friendlier to Vera than she was to me – my first visit, it appeared, not having warmed her to me any.

"It is a blend of leaves and herbs from Abhaya's village," Sreelatha told her, dressed, like her servant, in a sari for some reason, eschewing the cheap High Street fashions and leaving me disappointed –not to mention baffled- at being deprived a sight of her shapely legs.

The presence of the beautifully manicured and painted toenails I could see peeking from her sari on the end of one sandaled foot, however, going some way towards compensation.

Even if my reaction to it was equally baffling.

Since when had I become interested in feet?

And, moreover: a foot resting below such an unprepossessing visage – even if the superstructure seemed to be interesting me more than it had before.

Switching my thoughts away from this new development, I was grateful Vera seemed to be okay with her presence there.

More than okay, it appeared.

Still more mystifying to me than my sudden foot fetish, was my wife's apparent enjoyment of our hostesses company and, yet more mystifyingly, the company of her cold and unsmiling -with me anyway- housekeeper.

Her acquiescence in accompanying me -after I had overcome my distaste

for the act and gone down on her for the first time in our marriage; albeit through the fabric of both panties and hose- had turned to sulkiness in the car on the way there.

A sulkiness offset by the genial and hospitable way both Sreelatha and her housekeeper welcomed her inside; greeting her as if she were a friend of longstanding they were seeing again after too great an absence.

A seemingly heartfelt and warm greeting that overcame both Vera's sulkiness and reticence at one and the same time; though their reaction to *me* remained frosty.

Frosty, in the case of the woman I'd heard addressed as: *"Abhaya"*, approaching *arctic*.

"It's very nice," Vera told them, taking another sip before smiling at Abhaya and receiving a smile in return.

"Yes," Sreelatha agreed, "your husband seemed much taken with it earlier."

Adding with a chuckle:

"See how he swallows it down so greedily."

With a start, I realised I had finished my cup, despite having only just received it.

Piping hot, too.

"Bad boy!" Sreelatha chided me, bringing a laugh from Vera for my schoolboy scolding and a curling of the lip from the housekeeper. The three of them, it seemed, united in their mocking disapproval of my greediness when it came to the housekeeper's unusual brew.

My response, however, consisted of neither mirth nor contempt.

At the words *"Bad boy"* something stirred in me and rendered me speechless.

Unable to move or speak as a great darkness seemed to surge upwards from my feet towards my stomach and past my chest until…

"I liked what you did earlier," Vera told me.

"Heh?" I asked, at a loss, feeling somewhat… *dislocated* after our visit to see the *"Bitch"*, as I described her to myself.

"It seemed… *natural*," she continued over me, looking, I remember thinking, a little dislocated herself.

Back in our own home again after the visit to my former partner's for drinks, I realised that once again I seemed to remember nothing. The issue of my buying Sreelatha out of my company not addressed – or, at least, not recalled. In fact, apart from the housekeeper's strange and admittedly delicious tea, I couldn't seem to bring to mind much of what happened there at all.

"What are you on about?" I asked, thinking she referred to our time at Sreelatha's and curious to know just what I did there that she liked and seemed so *"Natural"*.

Seated opposite me with a glass of Pinot, Vera held my eyes with her own.

A different Vera.

For some reason, I thought, an element of her character I'd yet to see or even suspect had decided to reveal itself. An assertive element, I told myself correctly. Forthrightness in complete contradiction to the amenable woman I knew as wife, mother and homemaker.

"You," she said simply in answer to my query.

“What about me?”

“In the kitchen,” she said. “Getting down on your knees and worshipping my pussy.”

“Oh!” I exclaimed, memory flooding back and unable to meet her stare for some reason - as troubled by my uncharacteristic behaviour, and her description of it, as she appeared delighted.

My wife’s plain speaking in regard of such matters, surprising me and placing me on the backfoot at one and the same time.

“I really liked it,” she went on, “especially as you haven’t had much interest in me these last few years – and certainly *not* like that.”

“That’s not true,” I replied hotly, embarrassed by the reminder. “Things change with couples, that’s all. We’ve been together a long time and…”

“They haven’t changed for me,” she came in – and not without some asperity. “I still want a good hard dick in me on a regular basis.”

“Vera!” I could do no more than gasp; never having heard her speak so bluntly before and feeling, I’m obliged to admit, more than a tad threatened by the development. Such talk alien and unnatural on my amenable wife’s lips.

“Don’t *‘Vera’* me,” she snarled, asperity turning to outright anger. “It’s high time we had this conversation. I’ve let you run things for far too long.”

It was, I thought at the time, as if my earlier –and one-off, I believed- performance of oral sex upon her, simply as a means of persuading her to visit Sreelatha with me, had opened the floodgates on a far darker and more demanding Vera.

A Vera, something told me, even at this early stage, I was not going to like very much.

“The least a woman like me can expect,” she was continuing, “is a

husband able to fill her with cock when she needs it."

Her eyes were flinty in the lamplight and she looked angry as she added:

"Even if it is a tiny one."

I was stunned.

Take *hurt* as read.

At no time in our relationship had she complained about the dimensions of my equipment. Fair enough, I realised I wasn't what you'd describe as a size god in that department but I was some way –a *long* way, I considered- from being *"Tiny"*.

"You've never complained before," I reminded her, still fighting the inner displacement giving everything an air of unreality. So unreal, in fact, I could almost persuade myself I was dreaming.

I wish.

"And hurt your poor male ego?" she asked, lip curling with derision.

"But…"

"No *'Buts'*. Things are going to change around here."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded, a little adrenalin lessening the numbness I felt and allowing me to engage a little more fully.

"I think it's about time I took control and started calling the shots."

"Do you now?" I asked, voice dangerously low now as my own anger kicked in; the removal from events I'd been feeling since my first visit to Sreelatha's temporarily sidelined by the nonsense spouting from my wife. Unable to know the events of the next few hours would prove her words to be anything but the *"Nonsense"* my mind asserted it to be.

“I do,” she told me, not backing down, eyes holding mine. “I know you for who you are now. All these years, when I thought you were a strong, take charge, man for whom it was worth putting my own life and career second, you were actually terrified of me.”

If I hadn’t known of her capacity for drink and that she was still on her first glass of Pinot Noir I would have sworn she was inebriated.

“That’s the reason you would never put your tongue at the service of my cunt when I begged you to do such a thing for me.”

My jaw sagged at hearing *that* word on *her* lips for the first time.

But she was already ploughing on:

“You knew once you’d had a taste of me the real Tim Benson would surface.”

“The real Tim…?” I half repeated, too taken aback to finish.

Vera was nodding, fiery eyes, actively seeking confrontation I thought.

“That’s right,” she sneered, confirming my suspicions. “I let my feelings for you cloud my judgement and allowed you to run the show, when all along it should have been me calling the shots.”

“What?”

“I should have seen it years ago,” she went on, overriding me. “You’re a born follower. An *underling*, to be more precise. Someone who needs to be told what to do and when and how to do it. When you knelt in front of me and worshipped my pussy, simply to try and get your own way, it all became clear to me.”

“Really?” I said with sarcasm.

She nodded, unperturbed.

“A *‘Follower’*, you say?”

My persistence rewarded with still another nod.

“*‘An Underling’*?” I said, instilling a little more attitude into the repetition.

Her eyes did not leave mine and if she was thinking of backing down the intention was disguising itself pretty convincingly.

A lack of contriteness ensuring my next words were laced with a hint of threat to accompany their aforementioned sarcasm and acidity:

“Think my employees might have trouble agreeing with you on that one, sweetheart.”

Irony and growing anger; along with the endearment I knew she disliked - though it was one she used herself- either lost to her or of nil importance.

“It was Sunil they followed not you,” she replied, unconcerned, it seemed, by either sarcasm or acidity.

“Now *he* was a *real* man,” she mused, smiling to herself. “A strong man.”

Her eyes appraised me with undisguised contempt.

“The same way,” she added, “as Sreelatha is a strong and warm woman – even if she is young.”

“Sreelatha?” I repeated, the name, for some reason, sending a shiver of dread through me I immediately dismissed as simple distaste.

“Warm?”

“That’s why you dislike her so much. Because she sees you for what you are and has done from the beginning. You’re a pussy-boy. Not a real man.

“P-Pussy-boy?”

“She highlights your weakness the way all strong people highlight your weakness.”

“For heaven’s sakes, Vera,” I began, attempting to reason with her. “Where is all this coming from?”

She shrugged, expression remaining contemptuous as I continued:

“Me?”

Shrug turned to nod.

“Weak?”

She smiled, as if to say: *“Didn’t I tell you that already?”*

“What utter nonsense,” I cried, indicating our surroundings, our life. “Could a *‘Weak’* man be responsible for all this?”

“Think it’s nonsense, do you?” she said, rising to her feet to stand before me, hands on hips, eyes lasering into me.

“What are you doing?” I asked, suddenly nervous in spite of my anger.

“I’m about to show you,” she said, moving towards me, “just how nonsensical it really is.”

Mouth dry, unable to make saliva; I waited as she stood poised above me, amazed at a sudden transformation I’d experienced only second-hand in a Robert Louis Stevenson novel.

“I’m going to bed soon,” she informed me. “I’m meeting Sreelatha for lunch tomorrow and I want to be bright eyed and bushy tailed for her.”

“Meeting, Sreela...?” I began to protest.

Only to be instantly overridden.

“But I’ve just enough time for a small demonstration of how things between us are going to be from now on.”

“Vera, what’s got into…?”

My words died in my throat as she raised her knee-length cocktail dress above her thighs to reveal black stockings and satin panties in a matching shade; the front of said panties, I saw, already soaked with evidence of her passion.

Her verbal abuse of me, the small part of my brain that was actually functioning reasoned, was obviously triggering her arousal.

Another facet of her personality I hadn’t suspected until that moment.

Even more unsuspected, and despite my increasing anger, was the discovery she wasn’t alone in her response.

Though I knew her description of me as weak bore no relation to reality, something in the situation and her changed attitude in my regard had translated itself directly to my groin.

A location, I realised with a start, which was already according it a very warm welcome.

Yet, and you really do have to believe me now, so far was I from being *“Weak”*, as she described, that I was about to stand and give her a piece of my mind; determined to overturn this blip in our relationship and return things to normal.

A t least, that was the plan.

Until she said something that quelled all such thoughts of husbandly authority.

“Bad boy!”

For a few moments I stared at her as if she were mad.

Who did she think she was talking to?

Talking to *me*, her *husband*, in such a patronisi…?”

As I said:

“For a few moments.”
This time, however, it wasn’t darkness the words triggered in me.

Sat on the edge of our sofa in the front room of the house in which we had brought up our children, I realised that not once, in all the years of our marriage, had I wanted my wife more than I did at that moment.

And in the worst possible way.

For me, at least.

Which was when, knowing what was expected of me –if not *how* I knew it- I slid from my chair and went to my knees before her; eyes riveted on the pussy she pointed to with the red painted nail of one imperious finger. About to place my lips on the fabric covering it when she stopped me.

“Not yet!”

I looked up at her, questioningly.

The look on her face as she gazed down at me was unmistakably one of triumph.

The sneer of derision aimed in my direction one I had never seen, or expected to see, on the face of my wife of twenty-five years.

But it was the words she used next that told me something had changed between us.

Something that would alter our relationship forever and something only she would benefit from.

“Before I let you worship my pussy,” she snarled, “you can beg my forgiveness for pretending to be a man all these years by kissing my feet…

“You don’t look well,” my PA, Fiona Briggs, told me the next afternoon, entering my office unannounced to make the observation after having taken note of my performance throughout the preceding morning.

Her observation being one I found hard to disagree with; even if I knew my sickness owed more to the quality of my mental well being than the physical.

In truth, the day until then had been difficult, the events of the previous twenty-four-hours continuing to play themselves out in my mind; reaching for the phone at times throughout the morning to call Vera and have it out with her, only to pull my hand away at the last second as if its plastic casing were molten hot.

Times too numerous to count with any accuracy.

Even going so far as to punch in the number at one point before slamming the receiver back on its cradle and asking myself if I really wanted to hold such a conversation over the phone.

Or, more relevantly, in my workplace.

The negative answer to such a question not preventing me from dwelling on these worrying new developments and asking myself any number of questions.

Questions I continued to ask throughout the morning and on through

lunch until mid afternoon.

“How had things come to such a pass between us in so short a space of time?”

“Did she really mean the things she had said?”

“Had I really lowered my head to the floor and apologised for pretending to be a man before kissing her feet and begging forgiveness?”

And at no time, so strong was the programming I now know myself to have been under, did I once connect the Indian bitch, and her equally hateful housekeeper with the strange tasting tea, to my predicament.

“Are you sure you’re okay, Tim?” she asked for the fourth or fifth time; the matronly fifty-something who had been with the company since Sunil and I started it looking truly concerned by my listlessness; having noticed my unprecedented preoccupation and lack of attention and had taking it for illness.

The same older woman who –matronly or not- still managed to look sexy and youthful and, consequently, received a lot of male attention for having achieved the feat.

A fan base including both Sunil and myself in its membership – though today I was far too preoccupied to give her my usual once over whenever I thought she wasn’t looking.

In my present mood, even her still shapely legs, in their habitual nylons and high-heeled courts, could do nothing to shake my fixation on the problem awaiting me at home.

The same problem that had come from nowhere and appeared to be developing with a swiftness matching its unexpected arrival.

“Actually, Fiona,” I lied, “I’m not feeling too great. Might be an idea if I call it a day early for once.”

Her expression told me she concurred:

"I'm sure it's nothing a bit of TLC from Vera won't cure. Get her to make you a nice hot toddy and tuck you up in bed."

With a smile of gratitude for her consideration, I assured her that was exactly what I would do and left for home.

To find Vera waiting for me.

Expecting me, in fact.

"Good," she crashed straight in: "I called the office to order you home but was told you'd left. We –make that *I*- need to speak."

Order?" I mumbled to myself, immediately on the back foot, despite having girded my loins during the short drive home to nip her new assertiveness in the bud and return our relationship to its footing prior to the day before.

"I've been speaking to Sreelatha about how we see the company developing from here."

"You've been spea…?" I began; unable to quite finish my question, so taken aback was I at what had prompted it.

"Sreelatha feels –and I agree with her- that you don't have the necessary expertise to take the company forward," Vera informed me, for all the world a senior exec breaking the news she was letting an employee go.

My temper snapped.

"What the fuck do you mean? *Sreelatha feels?* This is *my* company. *I* started it and *I* own the majority shareholding. *Sree*-fucking-*latha* is a junior partner – and she won't even be that when I buy her out. And as for you, I…"

"She has no intention of selling her shares," Vera cut me off, unimpressed

by my display of temper.

I shrugged, angry still but unconcerned.

“Whatever,” I told her. “It’s still my company, my show, and my call as to what direction we go in.”

Vera was shaking her head before I’d even finished.

“It’s only your company if you’re the majority shareholder and –correct me if I’m wrong here- but, with my shares and Sreelatha’s together, we own fifty-one percent.”

For the first time I heard alarm bells ringing.

“For God’s sakes, Vera,” I began, confidence dented, having forgotten the shares I’d given her and not having believed for one split second she would ever turn my gift to her against me. “Surely you wouldn’t…?”

“I already have,” she told me. “As of this moment you are no longer in charge. Both the company *and* you are going to have a new boss.”

I looked at her as if she were mad; fully expecting her to laugh and tell me she was joking.

Then, when no laughter was forthcoming:

“That’s it, Vera,” I told her, drawing myself up to my full height and towering over her. “This has gone far enough. I’m your husband. We have children and history together. But if you want this marriage to last you had better decide where your loyalties lay.”

If I’d expected a response it certainly wasn’t the one I got.

She was unfazed.

And supremely and irritatingly *confident*.

"This marriage will last for exactly as long as *I* want it to last. And from now on *I'll* be the one who makes the decisions."

I could only look on with open mouth as she laid it out for me, my loving wife of twenty-five years a stranger to me.

"All of them," she finished.

"And you…?"

My anger and outrage were so great I could barely form words.

"And you really…?"

"Yes? Do go on."

"*And* you really think I'm going to be happy with that and just go along with it?"

"Not at all," she disabused me. "You'll hate it, I should think."

Smiling a nasty little smile then; before:

"But that just makes it all the more sweeter for me."

"Vera, have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Hardly. In fact I've never felt more in command of both myself and you – as you'll discover when you return."

"What do you mean: *'Return'*? Return from where?"

"Sreelatha wants to speak to you. You're to go to her immediately."

" *'Sreelatha'* can go fuck herself," I snarled. "If this is the way you want things, fine. I'll pack my things and…"

“Bad boy!”…

“What have you done to my wife, you ugly Indian bitch?” I snarled, bursting into the front room to find her taking coffee, dressed once again in sari and sandals.

“How dare you speak to Ms Sreelatha in such a way,” came a thick Indian accent from behind me, the housekeeper having followed me in.

“Stay calm, Abhaya,” her young mistress urged. “Timothy is understandably angry. It is our responsibility to make sure he understands how things are going to be and how he must behave from now on.”

By now my anger was at molten levels, the low caste bitch was speaking to me of me as if I were a third-former – and a pretty slow one at that.

For one thing, I had no idea how Vera had persuaded me to come here when my intention had been to pack a few things and leave for a hotel – hoping a few days apart would show her the error of her ways and return things to normal.

For another, the Indian bitch had called me *“Timothy”*. Something guaranteed to make my hackles rise.

I was *“Tim”*.

Always had been and always would be.

“I’ll ask you again,” I began, voice dangerously low. “What the fuck have you done to Vera?”

“Really Timothy,” she tutted, “Just because I am so many years your junior it does not mean I will permit you to use such language in my presence. It is lucky for you Abhaya and myself see your potential or there would be repercussions you really would not like.”

I listened to the bitch's words with disbelief.

"Potential?"

"Now," she said, with that thick accent I detested so much, "come here and kneel at my side."

For a moment I thought I'd misheard, rooted to the spot in a condition similar to shock.

Which was when a hand in my back propelled me forward.

"Do as Ms Sreelatha says," ordered the housekeeper.

"Are you both insane?" I accused, all I could do not to haul back and lay the Indian shrew and her sari out.

"If you think I'm going to…"

The words leaving Sreelatha's lips cut me off instantly.

At the time, of course, given the conditioning they'd subjected me to up to then, I was incapable of acting on any thought that did not involve obeying the Indian girl before me in some way – knowledge of my *conditioning* that was erased whenever I left her presence and made each subsequent submission to her as fresh and humiliating as the first.

Now though, being so far gone in my enslavement and having received permission to recall the fine detail of my fall from grace, I remember everything.

"Yes, That is much better," she told me as Abhaya looked on. "Kneel right there. That's a good boy."

Despite my hatred of the girl for the situation in which I found myself, with both her and my wife, her praise induced in me a thrill of pleasure as I

lowered myself to her side.

“Look at my foot as I speak,” came the command, my eyes immediately fixing on the red nails protruding from the sandal at the end of one crossed leg as she swayed it back and forth.

“Such a good boy,” I heard from above me. “Take a good sniff now. You know you want to.”

I was already inhaling the salty, slightly vinegary, aroma of her foot when she said:

“See Abhaya? Did I not tell you he would be a good boy?”

“He will be better, I promise,” I heard the housekeeper’s voice from above. “At the moment he is no more than a disobedient dog, and an old one at that; even if he is a very attractive example of the breed. Though he is, as you thought he might be, *very* receptive to our treatment of him. ”

“Do not worry, good Abhaya,” I heard Sreelatha laugh, “I may be only a very young girl from a poor background but, between us, we will soon teach this old dog many new tricks.”

Their shaming laughter at my expense triggered something in me and whatever had been holding me in place until then seemed to relax its grip, allowing me to look up.

“Bad dog!” snapped the housekeeper; any thoughts I may have had regarding rebellion barely making it out of the womb before finding themselves smothered.

“Keep your eyes on Ms Sreelatha’s feet as she ordered and continue to sniff.”

Unbelievably, my eyes returned to the still swinging foot of *“Ms Sreelatha”*, again inhaling deeply through the nose as instructed.

“Move closer,” the Indian girl ordered.

I moved closer.

“Good boy,” I heard her voice from above. “You see how much better you feel when you do as I tell you?”

I nodded, amazed at how nice it felt to receive praise from her, no matter how demeaning.

“Now, now,” she chided me. “It is bad mannered to simply nod when a superior speaks to you.”

“Superior?” my thoughts screamed.

“You must address me as ‘*Ms Sreelatha* from now on’,” she told me.

“No matter *who* is present.”

For the life of me I could not understand how the levels of shame I felt for the predicament I found myself in could prevent me from rising up and taking the ugly Indian bitch by the throat.

“Look at me,” she ordered.

I raised my head to find her eyes boring into mine.

“How will you address me from this moment on – no matter who is present?”

Eyes still riveted on the bare flesh of her foot, the voice that answered was unrecognisable as my own.

“M-Ms… Sreelatha,” I croaked, words and surrender exiting my mouth, despite my struggle to prevent such an eventuality.

“What a good boy you are,” she applauded me. “You see, Abhaya? He can be taught new tricks.”

The laughter I again heard shared above me did nothing to lessen my shame.

A shame heightened, in fact, when the hand of the housekeeper ran itself through my hair to find my neck and begin stroking it.

An action familiar to me.

It being, I noted, the same way my youngest daughter had stroked the puppy she had pestered me into buying her.

The same puppy that had proved so unmanageable I had, despite my daughter's tears, been left with no choice but to find it a new owner.

Now I was the one being stroked as if I were no more than a household pet.

And by a visitor from the subcontinent I considered my inferior in every way.

My shame at this new development heightened still further when I realised I was actually leaning into the housekeeper's caresses, as if she were for all the world my owner and I her loyal canine.

A response bringing more laughter from my tormentors.

Suddenly, the younger of the two Indian bitches was all business:

"Now, there is also the small matter of how you will treat your wife from now on."

I waited, still leaning into that stroking hand.

"I want you to listen very carefully…"

Strangely enough, given what I now know, my new relationship with Vera was slow to deteriorate to the level it now occupies – albeit at a level separated by some distance.

Though it *did* deteriorate.

Despite my capitulation upon returning home that evening from Ms Sreelatha's (as I had been told to think of her), primed with the knowledge that Vera was to be my company's new boss and I was effectively demoted to the position of househusband, Vera did not rub it in.

To begin with, anyway.

"Think of it as a new beginning," she told me. "A more honest beginning. No more struggling to pretend you're the dominant partner in our relationship. From now on you do as I tell you – whether you want to or not."

There was a silence then and she looked at me thoughtfully as I sat across the kitchen table opposite her; the face I'd once loved displaying little in the way of warmth for her partner of a quarter of a century. Affection, it seemed, replaced by a kind of predatory anticipation, as if she was pondering my fall from grace and how much she was going to enjoy it.

"I'm right in thinking you accept this, am I not?"

"No!!!!" I wanted to scream.

In truth, it was the very last thing I wanted to accept, considering as I did, and still do, the whole situation a perversion of nature. God knows I was neither a chauvinist nor a bully, but my track record in our relationship to that point proved if anyone was the *"Dominant partner"*, as she put it, then that *anyone* was me.

Surely she could see that.

And obviously couldn't.

“Well?” she demanded as I continued to struggle for an answer. “Is it?”

I stared at the pine surface of the table as if hoping both an answer and a solution would miraculously appear from its lacquered grain.

“Answer me!” she snapped. “Is that what you’re telling me or not?”

Like a private brought to attention by a far superior officer, my head snapped up and I heard myself respond:

“Yes, Vera,” I lied; compelled by forces I couldn’t understand. “Of course it is.”

The smirk I now recall seeing on Vera’s face tells me she knew I was lying and didn’t care. Knowing, as she did, that I was responding in exactly the way Sreelatha had programmed me to respond - even if, at that point, I’d been hard-wired not to remember the Indian bitch was the one behind my demise.

The commands of my former partner’s young widow as tablets of stone to the descending Moses.

And equally as substantial.

“You must demean yourself before her,” I now recall her telling me as I had knelt by her side with Abhaya stroking my neck.

“She must be convinced of just how weak you are in relation to her.”

“Place her foot upon your neck until she is convinced it is no more than its natural resting place. Only then will she regain some of her former feelings for you.”

And yet -unable to resist the camouflaged commands of the young Indian girl as I was- I found, back then, such an outcome unlikely. An early optimism on my part in regard of Vera’s altered feelings towards me that

would be proved correct. Only realising when it was too late that Sreelatha also shared my doubts on that same score.

"You wish to submit to me, then?" Vera had asked.

I nodded: the word *"Submit"* reaching my ears in the form of a lightning bolt and supplying me a small hint of what I thought I could expect from then on.

My imagination, as it turned out, coming nowhere close.

"Don't just nod at me like a dumb animal," she snapped, putting me in mind now of my experience at Sreelatha's not an hour previously. "Answer me with respect when I ask you something."

"Vera," I began, the spell I seemed to be under lifting momentarily for some reason and allowing me to speak at least a little freely, "I want us to return to the way it was between us. We're man and wife. This… This isn't right."

"It may not be right for you, but it certainly is for me," she contradicted. "Or have I got you wrong and you would rather leave the house and the marriage now?"

"No!" I cried, terrified at such a prospect, despite the fact I was ready to do just that not an hour or so before.

Before, that is, Sreelatha had convinced me otherwise.

Now, the mere prospect of being told to leave was enough to make me break into a cold sweat as I wracked my brains to work out where the shaming and out of character weakness I was suddenly displaying had stemmed from.

"Then you accept I am now the dominant partner?" she asked.

"How can you do this to me, Vera?" I asked, declining to answer, though

I knew I was only delaying the inevitable. “Haven’t I been a good husband? A good father?

Which was when an idea struck me.

“And what about the children?” I asked, all too grateful my eldest daughter was on the other side of the world enjoying a marriage to an older man I did not approve of and my youngest on a Swiss mountain somewhere enjoying a school skiing trip.

“What about them?”

“Don’t you think they’ll find it strange that I’m allowing you to call the shots?”

The assertion fetched no more than a smirk.

“First of all,” she began, “you are not *allowing* me to call the shots. In that, as in *all* things from now on, you have no choice. From tomorrow I will have taken your place not only as the head of the company but as the head of the household also.”

I could only stare at her, numb with shock and disbelief, as she stated no more than what she considered to be the bald facts.

“As for our children: Melanie, I believe, is young enough to adapt to the change once the necessity for it is explained to her.”

She allowed me some time for it to sink in; though I was already wishing it were a subject I hadn’t addressed.

“As for Sonia,” she went on, “she is so far away it hardly matters. Though -given your disapproval of her husband and the way you tried to scupper her relationship with him- I hardly think she’ll be too concerned to learn I’ve taken over the reins, so to speak.”

It was official, I thought.

I was in hell.

“And as for you being both a good husband and a good father,” she went on, “you might have been advised to consult those in a position to give an opinion on that score before venturing one yourself.”

“You’re saying I haven’t been?” I asked, still attempting to get her to see sense, her insinuation I was lacking as a parent a revelation to me.

“Well spotted,” she mocked me. “Not only have I come second to your career and your vanity but so have the girls. Why else would Sonia have travelled to the other side of the world to marry a man you didn’t approve of?”

“But Melanie? Surely she…?”

“Puts up with you,” she came in. “Like me she knows she will always be second fiddle to your own interests. I’ll venture a guess she will be quite pleased when she learns of our *new* arrangement.”

I was about to put an argument to her when she held up a hand to forestall me.

“Enough now. You have an early start tomorrow and need your sleep.”

“Need my slee…?” I began to paraphrase, stunned both by what she was saying and the authoritative way in which she said it – not so much a wife but a governess.

“But it’s only eight-thirty,” I reminded her. “I don’t leave for the office until eight.”

“Silly,” she laughed. “You don’t go to the office from now on. Remember?”

“But…”

“Don’t worry. Mrs Briggs has been informed and has agreed to stay on as my PA. The rest of the staff I’ll inform tomorrow. Now off you go to the spare room.”

“Sp-Spare room?” I spluttered.

She nodded.

“That’s where you’ll be sleeping from now on unless I need you and your tiny cock for more intimate duties – though it will more likely be your tongue.”

This was *not* hell, I decided.

That location, I told myself, was beginning to seem infinitely more preferable.

“I’ve made the bed up for you but in future you’ll be doing it yourself - as well as all the cooking, cleaning and laundry.”

“But…”

“Stop worrying. You’ll soon get the hang of it.”

Her smile was both beatific *and* threatening:

“I’ll make sure of it.”

I screwed my eyes shut and opened them again; half expecting things to have returned to normal, only to find *nothing* had changed.

“Get yourself off to bed now and set the alarm for six. You’ll need to prepare my breakfast and serve it to me in our… *my* bedroom.”

“But…”

“Stop back chatting me and do as you’re told!” she barked. “I’ll explain

the rest of the day's duties to you in the morning."

And so it began.

Vera was giving *me* orders now and I, it appeared, and for reasons baffling to me, seemed unable to refuse them.

In less than a day I had been replaced as the boss of a thriving company by my own wife and relegated to the role of househusband.

And worse than being powerless to be able to do anything about it –given the power of the hypnotic conditioning I had succumbed to so swiftly- was the realisation I had no idea how I'd come to find myself in such a position.

A *"Position"* that began the next morning and seemed to start in a harmless enough way; me preparing and serving my wife of twenty-five-years -and now head of the household- with her breakfast and newspaper.

Though *"Harmless"* was not the way she intended our relationship to remain.

"Sleep well?" she asked the following morning.

"Not really," I told her, barely having slept a wink on the single bed that was so much less comfortable than the king-sized Slumberland I was used to and she now occupied alone; holding back my anger as I placed a tray of tea and cereal on her lap before leaving her to it.

Returning ten minutes later to collect the debris.

"Our relationship is changing, is all," she told my sullen look as I took her tray and waited; knowing there was more to come.

Arrival made not seconds later:

“Of course,” she went on, “There’s bound to be a price you’ll pay for submitting to me and being… well… less than a man, but…”

I winced.

“…But, if we get this right, it will bring us closer together.”

Easy for her to say, I remember thinking. She wasn’t the one who was doing the submitting – or, more to the point, having no idea why submission was being made in the first place.

Suddenly, breakfast done, she was all business.

“Now, there are lots of other things you can do for me besides making my breakfast. As I mentioned last night, you’ll be…”

“Yes, Vera,” I interrupted, having heard it all the previous evening and not wanting to go through the demeaning process again. “You’ve already explained.”

Her expression was a thundercloud and we stared at each other in silence before she deigned to speak.

“Don’t you dare ever interrupt me when I’m speaking again,” she snapped, her words making me question my own hearing.

“You’re joking” I said.

Then, less sure

“Aren’t you?”

Piercing and unblinking green eyes told me she wasn’t.

An impression confirmed by what she said next.

“When I want your opinion I’ll ask you to give me it,” she told me. “You

can bank on such a thing being a rare occurrence."

"Speak when spoken to, you mean?" I asked flippantly, certain she'd see the stupidity of making such a request of an adult man who just happened to be her husband.

A certainty she disabused instantly:

"You have it in one," she told me. "From now on all I want to hear from you are yes or no answers. If you need to say more you'll just have to ask my permission to do so."

"You're not serious," I told her, knowing that was exactly what she was.

"Put the tray on the floor and lean down," she said with a smile.

I did as she asked and leaned towards her, thrown by the sudden smile and fully expecting a kiss, despite her words.

Recoiling with a yelp then as she drew back an arm and delivered my cheek a roundhouse slap.

The first time in our marriage either one of us had raised a hand to the other.

I stared down at her, aghast:

"You… You slapped me."

"And for your own good," she told me, as if addressing an unruly child rather than a husband with forty-five years experience of the planet. "Trust me, it will get a lot worse if you don't start doing as I tell you."

Contenting myself with a shake of the head, rubbing at a reddened cheek that was a mixture of mild discomfort and shame, I stared down at this stranger who seemed not only intent upon taking over my life but in making that takeover as shameful for me as possible.

Not two days ago we had been living domesticated and harmonious –if not joyous exactly- lives; lives replicated by millions the world over.

Now, it seemed, our day-to-day had been transformed into something from an S&M handbook.

“And you think I’m just going to take this?” I asked.

“It’s not a matter of simply *thinking* you’ll take it,” she told me, confidence, it seemed, supreme, “I *know* you will.”

Her eyes bore into mine and I looked away, unable to meet them, falling silent as I swallowed back a lump of bile; stunned at the fear her displeasure now seemed to induce in me and stunned even more by my complete and utter inability to fight back.

“As I was about to say before you interrupted me,” she went on, taking to her new role of command as if born to it: “from now on responsibility for the home and everything in it falls to you.”

“You’ll be under my supervision, of course,” she explained as I stood before her with a stupefied expression, “and I’ll explain anything you have difficulty with. But be under no illusions: from this moment on you’ll be looking after the house full time. You will cook all meals, be responsible for *all* laundry, and, most importantly, you’ll help me to bathe and dress each morning.”

The thought triggered a smile.

Though not from me.

“Sort of like a ladies maid,” she added before giving it further thought triggering still more smiling.

I could only stand and wait, watching as her eyes indicated those *“Further thoughts”* would contain nothing good for me.

“Yes,” she told me finally, reaching a decision. “I think I’ll like that.”

Turning her most winning smile on me then, as if she were doing no more than winning me over in order to have me to splash the cash for a trinket she’d seen in a High Street jewellers.

“After all,” she finished, “you wouldn’t want me going to the office looking less than my best, would you?”

Her words were reaching me as if from a distance now, the whole situation taking on a dreamlike quality – even if I hadn’t, until then, experienced dreams of such a nature.

“*Would you??*” she snapped when I made no answer.

“N-No, Vera” I heard myself answer, responding to the whiplash quality of her voice as if bred to it, marvelling as much for my docility as her transformation into Mrs Hyde.

“That’s: ‘No, *Ms Vera*’,” she corrected me.

I convinced myself I hadn’t heard right.

“From now on I want respect from you at all times.”

I looked at her with disbelief; she surely couldn’t be serious.

“For God’s sakes, Vera! You’re my wife.”

“Say it!!” she demanded.

“But…”

“I won’t tell you again,” she warned me.

I closed my eyes, fighting this new compulsion to obey her but unable to bear my wife’s expression as she forced me to capitulate yet again; my

resistance lasting no longer than a few seconds.

“N-No, Ms Vera,” I complied, again feeling numb as one unwelcome event after another piled in upon me.

“That’s better,” she applauded. “I think we might just be coming to an understanding.”

I waited.

My latest ordeal, I knew with certainty, yet to have run its course. The worst part of that ordeal being the certainty I had no power call a halt on its forward progress.

“Now, in the morning after I’ve bathed, I’ll instruct you in what I wish to wear for the day and you can accessorise me with the matching hosiery, shoes and the like.”

She paused.

Then, as if holding out a particularly juicy carrot to a particularly dim-witted donkey:

“If you please me, I may even allow you to select my bras and panties and help me into them.”

Despite my revulsion for what was unfolding I could only marvel at her self-delusion.

Was she really so high on this power trip of hers she could actually think I’d consider such a degrading chore a *treat*?

“I’ll be teaching you how to give a pedicure and I may even allow you to brush out my hair of an evening. Won’t that be nice?”

“Very big of you,” I wanted to say, but choked back the desire.

“Anyhow, off you go now and finish in the kitchen,” she told me, indicating the tray on the floor where I’d left it before she slapped me. “Then you can come back here in case I’ve anything else in mind for you.”

With that she picked up her newspaper and turned to the business section.

I was dismissed.

The only thing missing, I told myself wryly, was a request for a curtsy.

As I went downstairs to clean the breakfast dishes I realised that in the space of a few minutes, in what had once been *our* bedroom, she had reduced me to the role of flunkey and placed upon me the responsibility for a whole raft of servile and demeaning chores.

Which begged the question of why I was allowing myself to be trampled over in such a way?

Right now, as I recall those events with the freedom of restored memory, I can’t decide if I was happier not knowing the reason for my craven capitulation to her, or if I prefer knowing I was not *entirely* at fault for the shaming situation in which I found -and still find- myself.

What I do know is that Vera’s first experience of power had given her a real taste for more.

Not to mention the cruelty that went with it.

The exploration of both she was not slow to put into practice.

Part Two

The morning following her first day in my old office as boss, she seemed in good spirits; a far cry from the shattered woman who'd come home so exhausted the night before.

The realisation she was getting just a taste of what I'd gone through for years some small consolation for the growing hatred I had for the position to which she'd consigned me and my seeming inability to confront her on the subject.

A consolation not to last.

Within no more than a few days, she'd not only acclimatised to the pressures of the office but was absolutely thriving on the challenge.

A positive response to her situation I was unable to apply to mine.

"Bras here, underwear there and hose here," she had said to me that first morning after I'd returned from washing her breakfast things and cleaning the kitchen.

"Understand?"

She had showered quickly and was completely naked when I entered, regarding me with total confidence, as if I were something tamed and domesticated and, therefore, no threat. The compact and powerful body, with the muscular but sleek legs and full yet somehow conical breasts -the same body I had been unable to get enough of for so many years before the routine of marriage and familiarity of ready access diminished my desire- acting upon me now much as it had in the early days of our relationship.

With a start, I realised she was waiting for me, expression stern, and I immediately nodded a yes to her question.

She didn't move, expression remaining unchanged, and with a surge of bile to the throat I knew why.

“Yes, Ms Vera, I understand,” I told her; unable to believe the fear my wife could now instil in me with just the hint of a threat. Where had it come from? Where *was* it coming from?

She was a woman!

Half my size!

Yet here I was, cowering before her as if she were Darth Vader with a light sabre at my throat.

The smile induced in the dark lord by my acquiescence lit up the room.

“There, that wasn’t so difficult, was it?”
She waited.

And again I caved in:

“No, Ms Vera.”

“Good boy,” she applauded me, triggering those same feelings of exultation and pride at having pleased her – albeit in such a lowly way that could do nothing for my self-respect.

The existence of which, in respect of me, she was growing increasingly unconcerned about.

“Now, as today is my first day, I want to set the right tone.”

She reached into her wardrobe and selected a grey two-piece costume I’d seldom seen her wear.

“This should be perfect, I think,” she said, almost to herself, looking at me expectantly until I realised what she wanted and took the hangar from her.
“Just lay it on the bed for now,” she ordered, “then go to my bra drawer and fetch me the black Gossard with lace trim you’ll see on top.”

I did as she asked, located the garment and handed it to her.

She didn't reach to accept it.

“Stand behind me, place your arms over my head and hold the bra out for me,” she instructed.

I did as she asked, mortification at my growing servility around her compensated somewhat by the flesh of her Junoesque arse as it pressed against my erect cock.

Did I forget to mention that? Sorry. But yes, despite the nature of the shit being heaped upon me, my cock was as hard as a Laws Rocket throughout.

And just as ready to explode.

As she placed her arms through the straps I manoeuvred her breasts into the cups and fastened the catch at the back.

“Now the panties,” she said, turning to face me, expression pleased at the progress I was making as her servant. “Black to match the bra, I should think.”

Returning with the garment in question I again handed it to her and was met by a shaking of the head, the manicured nail of one finger on one hand pointing to the floor at her feet.

“Kneel in front of me and hold them open for me to step into,” she commanded, growing more regal by the second.

I did what she asked, finding every command I obeyed made the next one easier to obey; despite levels of humiliation that were off the graph with –I can do no more than admit- levels of hatred for the woman I had once loved. The same woman who seemed intent on destroying whatever pride I had left to me.

And still there was the question –back then at least, the involvement of Sreelatha and her strange tea was a knowledge denied to me- of just *why* I was allowing her to re-invent my life after such a lowly model.

Kneeling before my wife like a penitent, I offered up the panties for her to step into.

Vera placed a foot into each opening and told me to smooth -not drag or pull- the fabric up her legs until they were snug on her crotch.

“Good boy,” she told me, generating what was becoming a familiar thrill of pleasure in me whenever I heard praise fall from her lips – no matter how demeaning.

“We really are making progress,” she cooed. “Seems to me we’ve finally found the roles natural roles to us in our marriage.”

I bit into my lip with frustration.

“Doesn’t it feel natural to you, Timothy?”

“No. It doesn’t,” I answered truthfully, annoyed at her use of the *“Timothy”*. A form of address she knew I hated and, in fairness, I had not heard her use until then.

Her response was a baleful stare and I realised my mistake.

“I mean: no it doesn’t, *Ms Vera*.”

“Don’t forget again,” she snapped. “Unless you want to feel my hairbrush.”

The reference stopped me in my tracks – not that I was going anywhere anyway.

“Hairbrush”?

Surely she didn't mean what I thought she…

"Anyway," her voice cut into my thoughts, "I'm sure our reversed pecking order will soon seem natural to you even if it doesn't now."

A nasty smile transfigured her expression.

"And, if it doesn't?"

I waited.

"*Tough*."

I stood transfixed, unable to quite take in the transformation of my formerly loving wife as she gave a little giggle and moved on.

"Now," she continued, all business, "fetch the white shirt with the grey buttons from my wardrobe and help me into it."

Like an automaton, I did as I was told, helping her into her skirt afterwards and then her jacket before being told to fetch a pair of black and spike heeled courts from her wardrobe. About to kneel and slip them on her bare feet when she prevented me:

"Not yet, Timothy," she told me. "My pantyhose needs to go on first. For now though I'll do it myself. You need instruction if you're to do it properly and I just haven't the time right now."

She seated herself on the bed, thoughtfully; until:

"Sheer black will do nicely, I think."

Hesitating for only a second I went to her lingerie drawer and selected the item required before handing it to her and preparing to leave, wanting nothing more than to end my first experience of life as a menial.

"Where do you think you're going?" she asked, tone not pleasant.

“I… I thought we were done.”

Now her expression matched her tone.

“Ms Vera,” I added, swallowing back something that was *not* saliva.

“From now on,” she began, “your thinking will be done by me. You had your chance to rule the roost –a long one, I might add- and you blew it. I shan’t be making the same mistake. Get it into your thick head that you do *nothing* without my permission except the most basic of everyday activities. And that *includes* leaving a room without being given permission to do so.”

In the space of a few days, from a position of executive privilege and power, my life had become a domestic nightmare ruled over by a stranger with a familiar face.

“Understand?” I heard from below me as she sat on the bed, legs crossed at the ankle.

“Y-Yes… Ms Vera.”

“Good, I’ll let it pass this once. Just don’t make the same mistake again or you’ll make me angry.”

The word *“Angry”* acted upon me like a goad.

It was, after all, *exactly* what I was.

Blazingly.

Incandescently.

Angry.

Rage made all the more intense for being internalised and without an outlet. The courage required to confront my own wife in my own home something totally beyond me it seemed. The realisation of my, heretofore,

unsuspected spinelessness as repugnant and shameful to me as the degradation of being treated in such a fashion.

“Yesterday's lingerie is in the washing hamper in the en-suite. I expect you to rinse it all out by hand and hang it to dry before I return from the office. Understood?”

This time my response was instant.

“Yes, Ms Vera.”

I marvelled at my capitulation.

Was I really just going to accept what was being done to me without a fight?

Or was Vera right?

Had I really been so weak all along that once she had decided to take over I had no option but to acquiesce to her demands?

Which was when a thought entered my head; the same thought put forward by Sreelatha and one I –unable at that time to recall her involvement- took to be my own:

“Place her foot upon your neck until she is convinced it is no more than its natural resting place. Only then will she regain some of her former feeling for you.”

Perhaps, I thought to myself, acting as her manservant and dogsbody will earn me back some of her respect – maybe a return to something approaching normal.

Yes!

Perhaps.

What a fool!

“You have lots to learn,” she was saying as I came back to the present, “but I don’t expect miracles.”

“How very kind of you,” I told myself.
“Don't worry, though,” she reassured me, unaware, thank heavens, of my thoughts. “It will all seem routine enough for you before too long.”

She appeared to be waiting for something then and I realised what it was.

“Yes, Ms Vera,” I agreed.

“Good. We appear to be on the same page at last. Anyway, that’s all for now. You’ll find a list of chores in the en-suite and I want them performed to the best of your abilities before I return this evening.”

With that she began sliding the pantyhose up her silky smooth legs, my presence all but forgotten; thoughts already on the first day she would be spending in my former office at the company I had built and run.

As for me?

I was dismissed.

In little more than a week, and much to my astonishment, having never been much for domestic work, my new duties and responsibility became routine.

Not only did I –under her supervision- become more proficient with the cleaning and the laundry but I also learned to dress and undress her - both in the morning before she went out and in the evening when she returned.

I even mastered the art of dressing her in pantyhose; something, I grudgingly admitted to myself, I enjoyed doing. Performing the task silently

and reverently, kneeling before my wife and running them up her legs before adjusting them with delicate little pulls and tugs; erection, as you'd expect, urgent.

Going on then to offer whichever skirt she had decided to wear that day and waiting for her to step into it as I knelt at her feet in a pose reminiscent of supplication.

As much as it pained me to admit it, I was missing the office and my position of power and responsibility less and less; an artificial response I now know was planted in my subconscious.

And a response my increasingly autocratic and demanding wife did not miss.

"I'm beginning to think you really want to make yourself useful to me at last," she told me as I slid some sheer tan pantyhose up her legs.

I remained silent, cheeks reddening, still amazed at the position I found myself in, even if it was coming to seem more… *natural* to me.

"I really should have done this years ago," she went on. "If I'd know the kind of pussy boy you truly are we could have saved so much time and your… *our*… *my*… company would have been in far better shape."

Her demeaning statement in regard of me –not to mention *my* company and the inference it now belonged to her alone- seemed to trigger her memory.

"Did I tell you we won the British Clothing Federation contract?"

My eyes left her sheathed legs to find hers, surprise all too evident if the delight greeting my reaction was any guide.

I'd been pursuing that contract for years"

And without joy.

Now, not a week after ousting me from the helm, my own wife had landed it.

“Quite an achievement wouldn’t you say?” she said as I returned to my duties with her pantyhose, a duty defining the reversal of our roles like no other.

“Mrs Briggs told me how long you tried to get them on board without success.”

I remained silent.

“She’s a treasure by the way. You were paying her far too little but I’ve remedied that. It’s amazing, but despite the way you took her for granted she seems fond of you for some reason. Asked me to tell you she hopes you’ll be happy in your new role.”

As happy as I was to be discussing something other than domestic chores -not realising until then that I *was* actually missing my former role- my soul cringed at the thought my former secretary might know of my: *“New role”*.

“You’ll be pleased to know,” Vera was continuing, “that I gave her a glowing report of how well you’re doing. I told her that you really want to be as useful to me as you can now I’ve taken over the reins and she had some really sound advice on the subject.

My pride shrank a little more.

“She warned me not to make the mistakes you yourself made when rewarding diligent work.”

My head came up and I was about to protest.

One look enough to stop me.

“Be good now,” she warned in her best impression of a schoolteacher

supervising an infant.

"You were ready to speak without permission then weren't you?"

I nodded, unable to quite believe how low I had fallen in such a short space of time.

My incredulity made still more stupefying by the identity of the person who'd brought that fall about.

"Yes, Ms Vera," I heard a beaten voice that sounded remarkably like mine answer. "I'm sorry."

In response I felt her hand ruffle my hair the way an owner would ruffle the hair of a forgiven pet – a response that felt familiar to me; though for the life of me I couldn't place from where.

"We'll forget it this once," she said, before returning to her earlier theme.

"Mrs Briggs was right though. Good work should be rewarded. That's why, after you've bathed and dressed me to my satisfaction each morning, I'm going to allow you to kneel before me and kiss my feet as a sign of your respect."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing, or why I was taking it so meekly.

This was her idea of a reward?

"If your behaviour has been exceptionally good I might even let you kiss my pussy through my pantyhose," she continued.

My expression must have been a picture.

"But only if you've been *really* good," she added with an amused smirk.

Below her I was in the same state of numbed shock at her behaviour I had experienced so many times over the past week; the uninhibited nature of her

speech that had thrown me so completely at the very start of our… *adventure*, showing no sign it was about to lose its capacity to… *disturb*.

"Don't you have something to say to me?" she asked, not letting up.

My increasing incredulity was in no way lessened by the cringing content of the words leaving my mouth:

"Thank you, Ms Vera."

Again her hand ruffled my hair as she stood up, leaving me on the carpet on my knees, unable to believe I had actually thanked her for offering me such a demeaning carrot.

"My pleasure," she told me without irony. "Keep improving as you are and there'll be many more treats for you."

"Yes, Ma'am," I said, not realising what I had said.

A silence greeting my words as she thought them over.

"*'Ma'am?'*" she repeated finally, giving it some more thought as I remained on my knees below her.

"I'm sorry," I quickly corrected myself. "I mean: Ms Vera."

Unbelievable!

There I was, a grown man, in a state of panic for not having addressed his wife with the term of respect she insisted upon.

"No, Timothy," she assured me. "No need to apologise this time. I like it. It seems more in keeping with your status in regard of me. Not a husband to me any longer but a servant."

As she mused on it I kicked myself for my slip of the tongue; knowing, as if it needed any help in that regard, that I'd just made my situation a sight worse.

“Yes,” she continued. “I really do like it. Makes things so much more formal and respectful. From now on I want you to address me that way *all* the time. Whether people are present or not.”

It was a development I found truly horrifying.

“Understand?” she asked.

My mortification at the prospect of acting towards her in such a way before people must have been plastered across my expression because she gave me permission to speak freely.

Something, I take this opportunity to inform you, that hadn’t been a usual occurrence during the past week.

“You, er, surely don’t mean I’m to address you that way in front of *everybody*?” I asked.

“Everybody,” she said emphatically.

“But… My friends? Our daughter?”

“I wouldn’t worry about your so-called *‘Friends’*,” she almost spat. “You’ll have no time for either your precious golf or your jaunts to the pub. In fact, you can consider those days over for you - along with the holidays with *‘The boys’* that took you away from me so much before I took control.”

“But…”

“An absence that won’t be happening in future as you’ll not be seeing them again,” she assured me.

It was a blow, I can do no more than admit.

I truly enjoyed my time on golf course and at bar, eyeing up and flirting – sometimes more- with barmaids and female punters alike.

And those *"Holidays"* with the *"Boys"* were the highlight of my year.

My life had truly become the proverbial pile of shit.

And, had I but known it, would get a lot worse.

"As for Melanie," she went on, "I shall be explaining the new situation in the home to her and I'm sure she'll understand."

"But Vera," I spluttered, forgetting myself. "She's barely fourteen!"

"Which makes her young and adaptable. The years of you being an absent father are over. From now on your full attention is going to be devoted to your wife and youngest daughter."

"But…"

The slap rocked my head back on my neck and I actually felt tears form behind my eyes.

The second time she had done such a thing, only this time with far more force.

"If I hear one more *'But'*," she warned me, face a mask of anger, "I'll take the hairbrush to your behind."

It wasn't the first occasion on which she'd threatened me with such a thing and I still couldn't bring myself to believe she was serious.

"If you think you're humiliated now," she informed me, "think how you'll feel to have to lower your trousers and place yourself over your wife's lap for a sound spanking."

She thought about it as I rubbed my cheek where her palm had landed.

"Maybe even some corner time afterwards so you can consider your

misbehaviour."

My stunned reaction to this almost making her laugh before she assured me:

"And don't think I'm not serious. Behave like a child and I'll treat you as a child."

This whole incredible situation was spiralling out of control, I decided.

"Understand?"

I was in a different dimension, I told myself. No other explanation sufficed. Only coming to terms with what was happening within that dimension -and what was expected of me while in it- when her expression darkened still further at my lack of a response and I returned to earth.

"Y-Yes, Ms Vera," I told her.

"What??"

For a few panic stricken seconds I was at a loss, then, remembering:

"I mean: Yes, Ma'am. Sorry, Ma'am."

The apology mollified her.

"Very well," she said. "We'll let it ride. Now, I should be off. Downstairs in my study you'll find a manila envelope on the desk. Sreelatha will be here in the next hour or so and I want you to give it to her."

My spirits sank.

"Make her a coffee and be very respectful," she warned, expression leaving me in no doubt she would carry out her threat with the hairbrush were I to disobey.

“Without Sreelatha’s shares and support,” she went on, gathering up her briefcase and car-keys, “we’d still be bumbling along with you at the helm. So I’ll be *extremely* angry with you if I discover she is treated with anything less than total courtesy in my home.”

The Indian girl’s involvement in my situation was something I’d given much thought to and resented immensely –even without knowing the widow of my former partner was responsible for all that would, and was about, to happen to me. Now, though, adding acid to the wound, I was being told –ordered- to show her *“Total”* courtesy.

And Vera’s reference to: *“My home”*, did not escape me.

“After she’s left I want you to meet me at our solicitors in town. Take my old Peugeot and be there for two on the dot. You have my permission to leave the house.”

Apart from wondering why she had added the: *“You have my permission”* bit; my expression must have carried the question I wanted to ask and felt restrained from voicing.

“You’ll find out why soon enough,” she told me. “Now, take my case and escort me to your –*my*- Mercedes.”
“Yes, Ma’am.”

After Vera had left in the top of the range convertible that I’d driven and was now prevented from entering, even as a passenger –my wife insisting her new position deserved it, while mine merited only the little Peugeot run-around she had used before usurping my position- I collected the Manila envelope from what had been *my* study.

The documents inside I stole a peek at were written in Punjabi and therefore indecipherable to me; something making me even more curious as to what they could possibly contain.

Waiting for the arrival of the Indian bitch, whose support of my wife had reduced me to the position in which I now found myself, I cursed her.

Even if I wasn't so out of touch with reality I could discount the part in my predicament played by my own weakness.

My fondest hope being the hateful bitch would leave without me having to share a coffee with her as Vera had insisted I do.

Something that was not to be.

Her cab –neither she nor Abhaya drove- arrived an hour later; minus, thank god, Abhaya herself.

"So," she began after I'd opened the door and offered her the envelope, taking it and, to my dismay, walking through to the living room to seat herself on the sofa, "Vera tells me she's taken over as head of the household."

A throbbing began at my temple. Bad enough to have Vera lord it over me without being reminded of it by the same Indian girl whose possession of the shares left her by my late partner had made my change of status possible.

"I wouldn't put it like that, exactly," I told her, fond thoughts of a Punjabi tongue lolling from a subcontinent mouth as my hands squeezed the life from her throat accompanying my words.

"How would you put it then?" she asked, crossing the shapely legs so in contradiction with her features; not missing the way my eyes followed their movement.

Dressed in Western fashions in a severely cut black two-piece with heels and hose –and despite a face that did nothing for me whatsoever- I was no more able to resist the hiss of nylon upon nylon than I could resist the power-play of my wife.

Male conditioning where women were concerned being nothing if not

durable.

“From the way Vera spoke to me I got the impression she was in full control of your marriage now.”

“If you don’t mind, Ms Sreelatha, I think what happens between myself and my wife is a private matter.”

She stared at me quizzically.

“What did you just call me?”

“Sorry?” I asked, at a loss, unaware of having called her anything.

“Did you just call me: *Ms* Sreelatha?”

I racked my brains.

Had I?

Surely not.

“Why would I do that?” I asked, defensively.

“That’s what I’m asking you,” she replied. “Do not misunderstand. I enjoy being treated with respect by such a handsome older man, but I was under the impression you did not like me.”

“Damn fucking straight I don’t like you,” I thought; eyes riveted on her feet for some reason; finding them strangely compelling and wanting to…

I gave my head a violent shake to clear it of the thought.

In truth, I told myself, staring into her eyes now, she could have spent the rest of her life treading sewage in a Punjabi cesspit for all I cared.

And her flattery in respect of my looks cut her no slack with me

whatsoever.

Uncomfortable with the direction our conversation was taking and realising she was not about to leave any time soon I did as Vera had ordered me to do.

“Where are my manners,” I began. “Would you like a coffee, Ms Sreelatha?”

“There!” she exclaimed, acting skills undetectable by me at the time. “You did it again!”

“Did what again?” I demanded.

“You called me *Ms* Sreelatha,” she said, delight all too obvious, as if *she* hadn’t been the one who’d programmed me to do so in the first place.

“I’m sorry,” I began, firmly on the backfoot. “I’ve no idea why I…”

“Do not apologise,” she came in, pretending to mistake what was about to become a protestation of innocence for apology. “I enjoy your respectful attitude immensely.”

I was appalled.

My *“respectful attitude”*?

Towards *her*?

“I could not believe Vera when she told me of the change in you,” the bitch was continuing. “My Sunil always assured me you tried to portray yourself as such a masculine man – though he was never entirely convinced.”

I could feel the fragile hold I had on my temper slipping.

“Do you always treat your host in such a way?” I asked; tone intended to let her know I wasn’t as toothless as she seemed to think.

A hint of amusement playing about her thick lips; brown eyes positively dancing with an evil kind of merriment:.

“Is that what you are then?” she asked.

“I don’t follow you,” I told her.

“My host?” she said. “Is that how you see yourself?”

“I’d have thought that was obvious given you’re in my house,” I told her, trying to contain myself.

“Then you must accept my apologies,” she told me.

Something I was about to do, anger receding, when she went on:

“Only, from what I have been told, you are more like a household servant than the householder himself. A kind of ladies maid, in fact.”

This wasn’t good, I told myself, anger building once more; knowing the only person who could have insinuated such a thing was Vera herself.

“You may think us backward in my part of the world, but in our country we do not treat a lowly servant as we would a host.”

“Lowly serv…” I began, unable to finish when the dam containing my resentment burst.

“That’s it,” I snarled. “Get your ugly Indian arse out of *my* house.”

If I’d expected my outburst to cow her I couldn’t have been more wrong.

Rising to her feet, her eyes sought out mine before reaching inside her handbag to produce a mobile phone and punching out a number.

“What are you doing?” I asked, anger not so much receding as put on hold by her actions.

“Calling your wife to inform her I have the documents I require,” she answered.

I knew with stone cold certainty it was *not* the only reason.

Sure enough:

“And to tell her how rude you have been to me.”

Instantly, I was in a panic, remembering Vera’s last words before she had left the house, regarding what would happen if I were less than respectful.

The levels of fear her threat induced in me not something a man of forty-five should ever have to experience in regard of his own wife. And all the more shaming when that same forty-something found himself unable to prevent that same wife making good on it if she so chose.

“There’s no need for that,” I told her, desperation as evident to me as it was to her.

“I think there is,” the bitch said as she punched in the last of the numbers. “Vera assured me I would receive a hospitable welcome here and instead you insult me.”

By now I was actually sweating, so low had I been brought. My one thought being to prevent her telling Vera of my rudeness.

“You’re right, Ms Sreelatha,” I told her, hands suddenly clammy, my use of the honorific conscious now. “It was very rude of me and I apologise.”

The predatory eyes fixed upon me as she waited for my wife to answer her phone showed no sign of relenting.

“Vera?… It is Sreelatha.”

“Please, *Ms Sreelatha*!” I whispered, lowered voice in no way disguising the fact I was begging.

“Yes, I have them,” she spoke into the phone, eyes regarding me balefully. “Yes he has offered me a coffee but…”

“*Please, Ms Sreelatha*,” I pleaded.

She stared at me for a moment, weighing her options before replying to my wife:

“Can you hold the line a moment please, Vera.”
Placing her hand over the receiver, she stared at me.

“Are you sorry?” she asked.

My face was bright red by now; humiliation, it seemed, to be the order of my days from now on.

“Yes, Ms Sreelatha,” I told the younger woman.

Hating her.

Hating Vera.

Hating myself.

“And you are ready to apologise for your behaviour and show me you know your place?”
I must have hesitated for she brought the phone back up to her mouth.

No more than the hint of a threat and one that brought me to heel instantly.

“Yes, Ms Sreelatha!” I hissed. “I’m ready.”

Her hand again covered the mouthpiece.

“Then get to your knees.”

You have to remember now, that this was the first time she had given me a direct –and humiliating- order without first having primed me with Abhaya's tea or the triggers with which she'd subsequently programmed me after I'd drank the concoction.

If I capitulated to her now I would be doing so with *full* command of my faculties.

In my current situation, it is a realisation multiplying my shame a thousand fold, leaving me, as it does, with no hypnotic command to blame for the cravenness of my behaviour.

On this occasion, at least, I was fully aware of both my options and the shame I would feel for doing what she demanded.

She was still looking at me expectantly as I caved in to her threat and lowered myself to my knees: a middle-aged man, handsome, successful *and* intelligent, forced to abase himself before an ugly Indian girl in her early twenties.

My despair and self-loathing, as you can imagine, were beyond boundless.

"Place yourself on all fours," she ordered.

Closing my eyes to at least blot the pictorial element of my shame from view, I did as she said.

"Stay in that position while I speak to your wife," she ordered. "Move just once and I shall inform her of your rudeness to me."

With eyes still closed I remained in position, before, shame of all mortifying shames, I felt her buttocks settle on my back and heard the swishing of nylon as she crossed her legs; only the thin cotton material of my Sergio Tacchini tee shirt separating my bare white flesh from her brown Indian arse.

The bitch was using me as a stool!

In my own home!

“Sorry to keep you waiting, Vera… No, everything is as it should be… Sorry? I did not catch that… Oh, yes. Your husband…”

My breath caught in my throat as she mentioned me, feeling truly sickened by my inability to just shrug the young bitch off and kick her from my home. Ejection made before driving to my former office and repeating the operation with Vera. It being back then, an inability leading me to believe my wife was right concerning my *“Weakness”*.

“He has been *very* respectful,” I heard the bitch continue, relieved in spite of my hatred for her.

“At the moment we are sitting together.”

I could almost hear the smirk I imagined accompanying her words.

“Coffee?… Yes. He has. I was not going to stay but he has been so attentive and respectful and asked me so nicely I think I will.”

I expelled air; amazed as well as appalled that what would have previously been the trifle of having my wife annoyed with me had taken on such a nonsensical importance I could actually feel such relief for having avoided her displeasure.

“You too, Vera. I shall speak to you shortly,” she said, cutting the connection.

I remained in position; *“just like the obedient dog you’re becoming”* I told myself bitterly, opening my eyes as she rose from my back and came to stand before me, hosed clad feet in spike heels meeting my gaze; an odour vaguely familiar to me wafting upwards to my twitching nostrils.

“Now,” I heard from above. “Time for that apology, I think.”

Thinking her use of me as a stool had been the end of it, I was more than a tad dismayed to find it had only been a start.

"Bad boy!" I heard her say.

That same night, after I'd bathed her, fed her, and danced attendance upon her, Vera *invited* me to what had once been *our* room.

"I was very pleased with your behaviour at the solicitors," she told me as I undressed her and helped her into bed.

Her satisfaction in respect of the events that took place there not shared.

At least not by me.

"It just makes so much more sense that our property and belongings are in my name," she told me.

"Not to me", I thought bitterly.

"And I was so proud when you told Ms Bennett you wanted me to have power-of-attorney over you."

Her smile was purest evil.

"Even if I didn't give you much in the way of a choice."

"As in: *none*," I said to myself.

"Trust me, Timothy," she went on, maddeningly self-assured, "it really is for the best. This way you are under no illusions and know you are completely dependent upon me – which is how it should have been from the very beginning.

"Now my name alone is on the deed to the house and you've signed your shares in the company over to me; as well as letting me close your bank

accounts; you'll be unable to delude yourself into believing you have any independence."

"Had I really done that?" I asked myself.

A picture of our spinsterly looking, fifty-something, solicitor as she pointed to the exact places where I was expected to sign away my life's work, before adding her own, reminding me that had indeed been what I'd done.

For the first time since my situation began to change so drastically a different, more powerful, sensation commanded my senses.

Where previously my reaction had ranged from stunned to incredulous to ashamed to angry, now I just felt beaten.

In that small office, in the presence of our solicitor of more than fifteen years, I found myself stripped of everything I had worked so hard to achieve; the same wife who, I thought, had supported my ambitions and helped them to be realised because she believed in me, taking them from me with not one single scrap of remorse.

Home?

Gone.

Car?

Gone.

Company?

Gone.

Not to mention self-determination and self-respect.

All the above stripped from me in no more time than it had taken Vera to drink the coffee provided by Ms Bennett and for us to sign and have

witnessed the relevant documents; the somewhat incredulous woman herself questioning me as to if I was really certain I wanted to take this course of action.

Only to be answered by a serious and assertive Vera:

“He has his reasons.”

And there it was.

I left that office in possession of nothing except the clothes on my back.

Those and the ones Vera had made me transfer to the wardrobe in the spare room.

“I’m afraid I didn’t have time to call and cancel your credit cards,” she was telling me as I came back to earth from the days events, nude now, still firm buttocks resting on the edge of the Slumberland, “but that can wait until the morning.”

The smile travelling up to me was beatific, the wife I knew -had known- present only in the physical as she added:

“No hurry.”

“No,” I remember thinking bitterly. “There isn’t.”

The fact the aforementioned *“Cards”* were downstairs, intermingled with the rest of our household refuse -this after she’d made sure to cut them into tiny pieces before my eyes- ensuring there was no need for any haste on her part whatsoever.

With a sigh of pure contentment, my wife with the transplanted character lay back on the bed, legs dangling over the edge of the mattress.

The sight unfolding before me fetching a gasp as my latest perusal of her pussy managed to place my situation on the backburner.

“Like it?” she asked, remaining in position, not needing to look at me.

Certain of just *where* my attention would be.

The disturbance beneath my jeans giving me the answer she was after.

Had she given me time to supply it to her, that is:

“Don’t think I shaved it for you,” she told me. “What *you* want doesn’t count any longer in this marriage. So don’t delude yourself into thinking I might be having second thoughts.”

Of such wishful thinking I was, this time, innocent.

Given the way she was behaving and the treatment I’d been on the receiving end of, why would I have thought such a thing?

“I haven’t forgotten how you pestered me to do it back in the days when you were still interested in me.”

I remembered too, recalling also how she’d dismissed the idea so contemptuously. Telling me if it was prepubescents I had a hankering for then I had better get on the net and start making contact with likeminded paedophiles.

After, that is, I’d made alternative living arrangements.

Nothing, I thought, indicated the sudden change in her -both emotionally *and* physically- more than this new development.

“I did this for *me*,” she was explaining, still not bothering to deign me with a look, convinced, as she was, that my gaze would be fixed elsewhere.

Adding, after a short pause:

“Sreelatha assures me it increases sensitivity.”

The name acted upon me in the same soothing way as salt upon a gash.

As beaten by events as I felt, the mere mention of the young Indian bitch could send my anger off the graph – even if I was impotent to act upon it.

The mere mention of her recalling to mind the shaming events of the morning, when, in my own home, in my own front room, she had used me as a stool and sat on my back as she spoke to my wife on her mobile.

Anger directed not just at the bitch herself.

I'd been the one allowing her to get away with it, after all.

Even more troubling at that time were the gaps in my memory concerning our encounters.

Not once after our recent meetings had I been able to remember that meeting in its entirety.

That morning's encounter being a prime example.

My memory of it being clear and comprehensive right up until she uttered the words:

"Time for that apology, I think".

Her demand followed by…

"We need to speak about sex," I heard from a distance as I struggled in vain to remember what exactly *had* followed the bitch's demand for an apology.

"Are you listening to me?" she snapped, jacknifing to a sitting position when I failed to respond.

The terror her flash of temper inspired in me did not bode well for either the small amount of self-respect I had left or the even smaller amount of self-determination.

“Y-Yes,” I stammered. “Of course, I was.”

Leaping from the bed she backhanded me across the cheek before repeating the process in reverse.

And I took it.

“Address me properly,” she demanded, eyes blazing; the maniac staring up at me sharing no more than the common ground of a body with the wife I’d once known.

“S-Sorry, Ma’am,” I answered.

Instantly.

Shamefully.

Obsequiously.

“You will be if you keep forgetting,” she assured me, hands on hips imperiously and –it pained me to see- utterly in her element.

An index finger pointed to her hairless cunny.

“Put your nose here and take deep breaths as you listen to me,” she ordered. “I want the smell that used to repulse you so much to be a part of your life from now on.”

Not even hesitating -so biddable had she got me in such a short space of time- I knelt at her feet and placed my nose on her freshly shaven cunt.

“Deep breaths,” she reminded me as the smell of the pussy I’d once refused oral began to seep into nostrils unaccustomed to such spicy fare.

“Good boy,” she said when I did as she asked, breath rasping through my nose along with the smell of her secretions as she stood, hands on hips still,

and supervised my efforts; allowing me to sniff her in silence for a while before speaking again:

“My, but we have come a long way in such a short space of time,” she mused, tone indicating contempt for my capitulation rather than any warped self-congratulation for a job shared and completed.

I continued to take in her scent through my nostrils; the smell as off-putting to me as it had been on the one occasion I had done such a thing in the early days of our courtship.

“Look at you!” she laughed. “Who would believe it?

More laughter followed.

Not your pals at the golf club I bet,” she assured me, laughing harder at the prospect.

A *prospect* that stopped me in my tracks.

The possibility they could learn of what was happening to my life taking my humiliation to a whole other level.

“Don’t stop,” came the order from above. “I’ll tell you when you can do that. Until then keep breathing in the scent of your master.”

Even as I hastened to resume my task the word reverberated against the walls of my head:

“Master!”

Not that I was given long to dwell on the perversion of both gender and role.

“Yes,” she was going on, almost as if to herself. “This is where you truly belong. On your knees before me, nose to the cunt of the woman who was once your wife, knowing that before long you will come to her and beg for

the privilege of sniffing her pussy as you do now."

With a start, I realised her words were not *just* humiliating me.

Another area of my brain was finding itself *inflamed*.

Something totally out of character with the take charge guy I knew I had once been.

And not so long ago.

The very same guy, in fact, with a reputation for hardness amongst business acquaintances who were hardly known for pusillanimity themselves.

"For years I lay back and suffered your pitiful attempts at lovemaking," she hissed, shaking her head with contempt - this time as much for herself as me.

"Not one scrap of originality, nor one shred of concern for my pleasure, could I ever locate. Three humps, an explosion, and *voila!*

A snort escaped her nostrils.

"Not so much an explosion," she corrected herself, "so much as a desultory spurt."

Giving me a nasty little smile then; before:

"As well to be honest with each other, I think."

Again the look of contempt.

"Whatever. Explosion or spurt, your attempts at fucking –co-incidental procreation of our children apart- were a complete non-event. That the girls arrived at all is as amazing to me as they were welcome after your less than manly performances."

Below her, I was in agony; wanting to contradict her in regard of my

manhood and knowing it was a futile exercise.

How could it be anything else, after all?

This woman, my *wife*, had just stripped me of my possessions and my independence and had me on my knees before her, sniffing her pussy in a bedroom that had once been mine and from which she had now ejected me.

Was there a defence attorney on the planet gifted enough to refute such overwhelming evidence to the contrary?

Just the same, her assertions stung what was left of my pride enough for me to find the courage to question her on our past life together.

"Vera," I began, looking up, expression imploring, eschewing the Ma'am and hoping to salvage something of her former feelings for me, "was it really like that for you?"

Not a flicker.

"Was I really so bad a husband?"

She seemed to give it some thought, distracted enough to overlook my decision to speak without first asking permission.

"Worse," she told me finally.

"But… If I was so bad, why did you put up with it?"

For the first time in over a week a tiny flicker of indecision scurried across what had become the forbidding landscape of her face and just for a moment she seemed to be the woman I knew again.

"I've been asking myself that same question," she told me.

Pausing then to give it more thought; before:

“Could I really have been so weak and accommodating for so many years? Allowing you to control our marriage when all along it should have been me dictating the direction in which we went.”

“I created a company,” I protested. “We have a beautiful home and two lovely girls. I can hardly be described as a failure.”

“As far as the company goes, Sunil was as much, if not more, responsible for its development. And then there was the small matter of the advice I continually gave you on matters of company policy and progression.”

The indecision had vanished now, replaced by pure, unshakable, certainty.

“Not that you ever thanked me when it was proved correct or acknowledged my input to anybody,” she reminded me. “Had I been at the helm of the company for the same amount of years you held sway it would be a multi-national by now and not a tiny but profitable regional operation – even if it isn’t too late for me to turn it around.”

“But…”

“As for the home and the girls,” she continued, swatting away my interjection as she would swat away the attentions of an annoying and inconsequential gnat: “the home you say is so beautiful became and remains that way because of the efforts *I* put into it. *Not* you.”

I stayed silent: the last being a fact I recognised as irrefutable.

“Though,” she went on, “its upkeep will be your responsibility from now on.”

She brushed a lock of blonde hair from her eyes before going on:

“Which brings us to our daughters.”

Her head shook from side-to-side as if something had truly astounded her.

“Where the girls are concerned, your talent for delusion astounds me. You’ve treated them the same way you’ve treated me. As nothing more, in fact, than window dressing. Something you could show the world and your friends -along with what was once *your* clothes, *your* car, and *your* business- by way of convincing them you were a man of substance.”

“That’s not true and you know it Vera!” I burst out. “I love the girls. Any discipline I insisted on was applied with their best interests at heart.”

“Your self-delusion sickens me,” she snapped. “The only reason you ruled their lives with your petty minded little rules was for no more noble a reason than to enjoy some small exercise of control. Exactly the same way, in fact, as you lorded it over me. Loving nothing better than for me to have to come to you and beg for the money I’d played such a massive part in you accumulating.”

She shook her head at the memory.

“Refusing me it more often than not, as I seem to recall,” she finished. “Though finances were never so tight you couldn’t find money for trips with the *‘Boys.’* ”

Below her I was the one shaking my head now, unwilling to believe the truth of what she was saying - even as I recognised something of myself in her description of me.

“If you want to regain a measure of my respect,” she told me, “you can do so by becoming the best servant a woman ever had.”

I was appalled.

“That’s how you see me now?” I cried. “As a servant?”

She shrugged, the perfect gesture; giving both an answer and an indication of her lack of concern for any umbrage I might take at the prospect.

“And just how can you respect a servant?” I asked.

Then, when she shrugged again:

“More to the point: how can I respect myself?”

“That’s your problem,” she told me, shrugging running its course. “Whether you respect yourself or not is immaterial. What matters is that you respect both our children and me – though not necessarily in that order.”

“But…”

“Enough with the buts! If you want my respect –at even the most minimal of levels- you are going to have to earn it.”

“And how do I do that?” I protested, grateful, just the same, that for the first time since things went pear-shaped we were having something that could at least be mistaken for a conversation between a man and his wife.

Even if it was an exceptionally strange example of the breed.

“I respect anyone who does his work well,” she said by way of an answer. “No matter how menial or demeaning. Even a humble cleaner will earn my praise if he goes about his duties diligently. Certainly if he does so without allowing stupid pride to convince him he is anywhere but in the position he deserves to be in with regard to me.”

I couldn’t believe she was spouting such utter horseshit.

Comparing *me* to a lowly cleaner?

“Just because I could find nothing to respect you for as either a husband or as a man,” she went on, “does not mean I can’t respect you as a properly obedient and respectful servant.”

If I’d been told not long ago such words in respect of me could exit the lips of my wife –or *anybody* even- I would have laughed the poor deluded

half-wit proposing the prospect out of town, country *and* planet.

Now though, the only poor deluded half-wit in the vicinity was on his knees before that same woman after having heard her say just that.

“Even toilets need to be cleaned,” she was continuing. “And we all like clean toilets, don’t we? Don’t you think even that demands a certain, *low-grade*, respect?”

Silence filled the room as I considered this piece of crap.

Until:

“I believe I asked you a question, Timothy.”

Her tone had been even – except for the hint of the hairbrush I detected beneath its equanimity.

“Y-Yes,” I stammered back a reply – a *hint* all I required it appeared.

A raising of her expertly waxed eyebrows supplying yet another:

“I mean: Yes. I suppose it does, Ma’am.”

“Well,” she said, stretching her arms upwards to thrust out her breasts before delivering a yawn, “if I say it does then I suppose it must, mustn’t it?”

Lowering her arms she scrutinised me.

Proprietorially.

As if inspecting her latest acquisition from the Superstore.

“Look at us,” she said, smiling to herself. “Who would ever have thought it?”

Certainly not me, I thought with much bitterness before she went on:

“I can only thank the Lord for small mercies,” she said. “Had it not been for my meeting Sreelatha –the same lovely young girl I’d allowed you to convince me was no more than a dull and uninteresting, little sub-continent low-caste- we’d still be blundering on with you in charge of our relationship.”

All roads led back to the bitch, said the bile rising to my mouth.

Each time I saw her, it seemed, my life took another downward turn; my wife’s description of the hateful cunt as *“Lovely”* souring the aforementioned bile even further.

“If it hadn’t been for her advice I wouldn’t have you where you are now. Thank god I allowed her to persuade me it was in my best interests to take control of you. She really is highly perceptive and knowledgeable for a young girl from such a deprived background.”

“But, Vera, she…”

“Where you are now,” Vera informed me, indicating my kneeling position and again overriding my attempt to protest, “is where you are going to stay. Think of it as a symbolic gesture of your place in the family pecking order.”

My head lowered in defeat.

“Unless, of course,” she reminded me, rubbing it in, “you want to leave.”

I remained in place, hoping the nightmare would end and knowing it wouldn’t.

The prospect of leaving the home my efforts had paid for –despite her refusal to acknowledge them- paralysed me with terror now.

Thanks to her I had no credit cards, no bank accounts, and no money.

Worse, I had just signed away my company along with my right to

administer my own life.

And done so without so much as a demur,

The fact it was a simple power-of-attorney I could have overturned at any time meaning nothing; not when the damage done to my finances and standing during the short time it had already held sway was taken into account.

Divorce, of course, would restore some of my finances to me via the inevitable settlement.

But that, as she well knew, would take time – weeks, months, maybe even years; what would I do for money, work and home in the meantime?

"No," came her voice from above, reeking of triumph when I made no move to take her up on her suggestion. "I didn't think for a second that you would. Leaving, after all, would be exactly what a *real* man would do."

She allowed a few beats to pass before adding the clincher:

"And we both know you're not that, don't we?"

It was a statement, given what was unfolding, I found hard to argue with.

"I've decided," she continued, "that –as you're not a *real* man- you are never going to fuck me again."

My head shook with wonderment, still unable to quite believe the changes wrought in my wife in so minimal a time frame; suspecting that what I was seeing now was actually the *real* Vera and that the version picking up after me for the past twenty-five-years had been no more than a camouflage created by a talented and patient actress.

"Not that you've been fucking me at all recently," she added. "So that won't change much."

I waited.

“From now on, however, I *will* be fucking *you*.”

Still on my knees, her freshly shaved pussy not inches from my beaten eyes, I waited to hear what she meant, knowing it could be nothing good.

Wondering also, why –in the face of such outrageous belittlement- my erection remained so stubbornly urgent.

“When I want your inadequate little cock,” she spat, “you’ll lay on your back, on *my* bed –or anywhere else I tell you to lie- and I’ll ride you until I’m satisfied. And woe betide you if your puny little dick erupts before I reach my own destination.”

My breath caught in my throat at the imagery:

My wife astride me, riding me as if I were for all the world a tame stallion.

“Then, when I’m finished,” she went on, “you *won’t* be. Afterwards I’ll expect to feel your servile tongue inside my cunt as you clean up your own mess.”

Totally stunned at this new development and knowing she was serious, I fell back on my haunches and supported myself on outstretched arms, staring up at her with complete horror for what she was turning into; repulsed by the act she was suggesting and feeling an equal revulsion for the woman who was now my wife in name only.

“That way you’ll be under no illusions you’re a lover,” she said kindly, as if it was something she would do for me as a favour. “You’ll just be something… Well… Something I use.”

She gave it some thought.

“The way I use toilet paper, perhaps. Yes. Something functional I keep around for my purposes and my purposes only. A flunkey obliged to keep

both me and my home clean."

Without realising it, I'd begun to cry.

For the first time since childhood tears fell from my eyes to land on my chest.

"Oh, is de poor liddle boy cwying," she mocked in an approximation of baby talk.

I heard a sob and knew it had come from me.

"Don't worry, liddle boy," she said, planting the sole of her foot on my chest and pushing me to my back, "mummy will make-mm's feel all better."

Through blurred eyes I watched as she moved to stand astride my hips and, for the first time -looking up past the tanned and smooth columns of her thighs to where her still firm and full breasts jutted from her chest- thought how powerful she looked.

"Is his hard liddle dicky all for mummy den?" she cooed, persisting with the baby talk and, amazingly, and despite my deep and utter shame, doing nothing to diminish the response at my groin.

"Shall mummy put his liddle willy inside her den?"

Not waiting for an answer, sensing I was completely incapable of giving one anyway, she lowered herself onto the waiting seven inches I'd once prided myself on; bringing a gasp from me as, for the first time in a long time, I felt my manhood surrounded by the warm and moist folds of her cunt.

Her voice, as she slowly began to ride me, was unmistakable in its intent:

"You come when *I* give permission, little boy. *Not* before."

My intention to do exactly as she ordered blown to smithereens not seconds later when I erupted into her with a force that wrenched a scream

from my lips and sent my spine into spasm.

The power of my orgasm threatening to separate my lower nervous system from the control room upstairs.

Retribution following immediately after:

“You pitiful bastard!” she screamed, slapping me with every ounce of her force as I came down from my all too premature high.

“I warned you! And you still spouted off like a juvenile!”

The slaps were raining down on me now and I brought up my arms in self-defence.

Which was when my frustrated wife rose to her feet and kicked me in the side.

Before repeating the procedure.

Again.

And again.

And again.

Continuing to do so as I curled into a ball, amazed and appalled her tiny feet could cause such pain.

For what seemed an eternity she kicked at the length of my body while, through my pain, I cursed her regular workouts at the gym where she was a member. The same membership I’d paid for and which now ensured she wasn’t about to run out of steam anytime soon.

At one point I tried to stand and rush from the room but she took a handful of my hair and hauled me back to the floor, leaving me, I knew, with no choice but to restrain her physically if I wanted the pummelling I was

receiving to stop.

It was, for reasons I was unaware of at the time, a choice I couldn't bring myself to make – even though I was desperate for the beating to stop.

Now, of course, I know it was yet one more piece of good (sic) fortune for which I had to thank the Indian bitch who'd decided to ruin my life and make what was left her own.

Vera was punctuating her kicks with short, demeaning, sentences now, anger volcanic for my lack of restraint, a molten quality informing her every word:

"I give you…" Kick "*…a chance to pleasure me…*" Kick "*…and you can only last…*" Kick "*…a few seconds…*" Kick "*…before you spurt…*" Kick "*…your useless seed…*" Kick "*…into my pussy…*" Kick "*…you sad, pathetic, excuse…*" Kick "*…for a man…*"

The feelings –apart from agony- coursing through me I found difficult to describe at the time; terms of reference lacking for something I had yet to experience until then and hadn't expected to.

Ever!
This, after all, was no prostitute presiding over my torment.

Someone I was paying to torment me.

And if she was no hooker then I was certainly no saddo punter who took pleasure from such perversion - getting his rocks off before calling the proceedings to a halt at a time of his own choosing and coughing up.

Would that had been the case!

This was my wife!

Still.

Despite what was happening.

Even at this point –despite all the evidence to the contrary- I fully expected to wake drenched in sweat and screaming at the top of my lungs to be consoled in the arms of the Vera I had known for over a quarter of a century.

I wish.

Suddenly, the kicks and verbal onslaught stopped and through my sobs – that's right: so far had she reduced me I was sobbing like a pre-schooler- I could hear her breathing hard from her exertions; warning myself as I listened to remain perfectly still lest I provoke another attack. Though, in truth, I wasn't capable of much in the way of movement anyway after the kicking I had just received from her feet.

"Look at you," I heard after what seemed an age but was nowhere near long enough for my liking. "Bawling like the five-year-old you've always been."

I tried to control said *"Bawling"* and found only limited success.

What do you think our daughters would think of their big strict daddy if they saw you now? Grovelling on the floor at their mother's feet."

After a pause to let this sink in, she kicked me in the thigh and I yelped.

"Turn over onto your back," she ordered. "Arms at your side."

Wanting nothing more than to just remain in a ball and lick my wounds, but terrified by the thought of provoking her into more violence, I did as she asked.

Unfettered breasts, heaving from their exertions, the first thing I saw; swiftly followed by a pair of contemptuous –and excited- eyes.

I turned my head to the side; unable to meet the disgust for me I saw

written on the face I'd married; before, with a start, I realised she had positioned herself with her legs either side of my head.

Vera's words when they came making no sense.

At least not at first.

"I wasn't going to do this to you just yet," she told me. "I was going to be gentle and ease you into it. But you've proved yourself unworthy of even the smallest kindness on my part so you may as well start getting used to this part of your new life now."

Struggling with a host of competing sensations: shame, humiliation, pain, and sheer, unshakable disbelief; I watched with horror as she began to lower herself and realised her intent.

"For God's sakes, Vera!" I cried. "You can't be serio…"

My cries were stifled as her hot and hairless, semen soaked pussy came to rest over my mouth, my hands immediately grabbing her by the waist with the intention of bucking her off.

Which was as far as the intention got me.

Something at the back of my mind was preventing me from throwing her off. I was bigger, stronger, and fitter; yet I may as well have been a foundling for all the strength I could get into my movements. All I could do was lay there and accept it, taking partially restricted breaths through my nose as her cunt clamped itself to my mouth.

With her thighs either side of my head, her muffled voice reach my ears as if from a distance:

"You put it there," I heard, "you can remove it."

"This can't be happening," I told myself yet again; as if, were I to tell it to myself often enough, it might just turn out to be the case.

The next words to reach me proving the futility of such a likelihood.

"Suck me, you worthless piece of shit," ordered the muffled voice.

I was suffocating beneath her – at least that's how it felt; her hairless, and now sticky, pussy assaulting my nostrils with the aroma of both her own secretions and mine.

Just the same though, beaten or not; I knew this was one humiliation too far. If she thought I had slipped so low I could be intimidated into…"

I screamed against her pussy as she reached behind her, took my balls in her hand, and squeezed.

"Unless you want to lose these useless things I suggest you start doing what you're told."

Relieved, though still in agony, I sighed as she released her grip. A metaphorical sigh, that is. The cunt clamped over my mouth not conducive to the utterance.

"Now suck!" she demanded.

Adding:

"And be very thorough about it."

Pressing herself down further, her pussy lips moulded themselves to mine and with a shudder of pure revulsion I felt a combination of our juices trickle into my mouth.

"I told you to suck!" she snarled from above, the merest of movements in the direction of my still tender balls all the encouragement I needed to comply with her wishes.

"Get it over with," I told myself, hating the woman above me now as much as I hated the Indian bitch I blamed for giving her such power over me.

“Live to fight another day.”

Assuring myself, even as I lay supine between my victorious wife’s thighs, that there would be a way out of this situation somewhere down the line.

Wasn’t there always?

Comply with her now, I consoled myself, and then put your own, not inconsiderable, intelligence to work to find a solution.

Then it would be payback time.

Oh, boy, would it ever be!

She lifted slightly and a great glob of semen and pussy juice plopped into my mouth.

Salty and viscose.

Fighting back nausea, I swallowed, intent on getting my ordeal over with as soon as possible, taking the two flaps of defoliated flesh that was now her labia and sucking them into my mouth.

Efforts that drew an appreciative sigh from her and resulted in a lessening of the pressure on my face.

Taking the opportunity to suck in a great breath of fresh(ish) air I returned to the task at hand and concentrated on cleaning her to her satisfaction; continuing to delude myself with the hope I could turn things around if I could just win myself some breathing space to think things through and devise a plan. Delusion ongoing, even as she continued the conditioning process that would ensure I would never do anything of the sort.

Tonguing her slit I flattened my tongue and took long sweeps of her labia, learning the ins and outs of what had been a previously taboo activity for me on the hoof; knowing the sooner she got her jollies off and was satisfied the

sooner I could escape that room and lick my wounds in some facsimile of peace. The groans and sighs coming from above telling me my foray into auto didacticism was beginning to pay off.

Every now and then I would open my eyes and look up, and each time I did she was staring down at me, expression one of complete satisfaction, I thought, for the position in which she had me.

"Make the most of it, bitch," I consoled myself as her thighs suddenly went into spasm around my head and she began to writhe on my drenched face.

She was shaking herself back and forth now, arms flailing as she lost more and more control to what was now my frantic sucking and licking. Until finally, she closed her eyes and, with a great whoop of completion and triumph, orgasmed all over me; massive globs of my own creamy cum exploding from her and finding its way into my mouth as well as smearing itself across my face to mingle with my perspiration; everything seeming to happen at once as I swallowed back desperately - preferring to have the nauseating concoction in my stomach where I couldn't taste it rather than in my mouth where I most certainly could.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity, she wiped her arse over my cum-lubricated face –another humiliation- and rose to her feet.

Unsteadily, I thought; schadenfreude kicking in with the knowledge I had been responsible for her sudden lack of sea legs.

"Incredible!" she said, looking down at me, recovered already and looking –I prayed she wasn't- ready for another bout.
"I can't believe I got you to do that."

I waited.

"You?" she went on. "The same man who thought such an act beneath him, despite considering it perfectly acceptable for me to take your little peepee into my mouth and suck it."

She shook her head with wonderment as a thought occurred to her:

“Remember how you used to sulk when I refused to swallow?”

She laughed.

“Talk about role reversal.”

I lay there, catching my breath; allowing her to have her moment as I assured myself the woman I’d once loved and now hated would come to regret the day she ever put me through such an ordeal.

An ordeal that was not over quite yet.

“I’ve soaked you,” she told me, expression absence of anything but amusement and pride at having done so.

An unnecessary reminder, trust me.

“You’re covered with my pussy-smell,” she laughed. “Pee too, probably,” she added by way of an afterthought, amusement increasing. “I thought I felt a few drops trickle into your mouth.”

She wrinkled her nose playfully:

“Phew! I can smell you from here.”

With difficulty, limbs still aching from my earlier kicking, I rose up to rest on my elbows, unable to meet her eyes, worried she’d spot the intent intermingled with my complete humiliation.

“I’ll just go and shower,” I mumbled, adding: “If it’s alright with you.”

Her response was to kick me between the legs.

“Ask me again,” she ordered when I’d stopped yelping. “Properly, this

time."

"Jesus!" I told myself –or words to that effect- as I waited for my testicles to return from my throat to their normal resting place, agony placing my revenge scenarios on the backburner temporarily.

She wasn't about to let up even now.
Despite the pleasure I'd just given her.

Getting myself under a semblance of control I told myself to just roll with it.

My time would come later.

Yeah!

Bound to.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am," I said, willing to say anything if it got me out of there.

Her expression softened a little.

"May I go and shower, Ma'am."

"That's better," she said, "And no, you can't go and shower."

"But… Ma'am," I protested. "I stink."

"And you need to get used to it as you'll be smelling that way quite a lot in future."

It wasn't news I was thrilled to hear.

"Get used to both the taste and the smell because, more often than not, that's how you'll be spending the nights in your spare room. Only in the morning are you allowed to shower. And woe betide you if I come to your

room unexpectedly and find you've disobeyed me."

If the situation had been out there before it was now completely off the graph.

As I absorbed her words with growing horror, her face took on a satisfied look:

"Can you think of a better way for me to drill it into you that, from now on, you're right where you belong?"

I waited for her to finish, knowing she wasn't and no answer was required from me.

The expected suffix not long in arriving.

"That's right, Timothy. It's where you'll stay too. Under my cunt servicing me with your tongue."

On the floor before her, arms resting on elbows and reeking of her secretions, I promised myself there would come a time soon when she would know humiliation way beyond the kind she had just forced me to endure.

All I had to do was free myself in order to inflict it.
Yeah!

I was already working on possible escape routes when she continued:
"Now," she said as I reflected on her words, "we both need to get to bed. Melanie's back from her school skiing trip tomorrow and it's going to be a big day for all of us.

Part Three

My youngest daughter wasn't exactly thrilled to find her father waiting to meet the coach when it deposited her and her classmates outside the school gates.

"Where's mummy?" were the first words out of her mouth as she approached where I waited with the Peugeot, hefting her luggage. "And why are you driving her car?"

In truth, a normal parent would have been delighted to welcome back their youngest after a fortnight of a school trip and fielded her questions with ease.

But I could hardly be described as that anymore; hence my inability to answer with anything approaching plausibility.

An inability just as likely to apply to Vera, I thought – mistakenly, as it turned out; given she could hardly be described as your everyday bog-basic parent now either.

But then she wasn't the one on the downward slide and, human nature being what it was, I knew any empathy going begging would always attach itself to the one making a decent fist of their life.

And that certainly wasn't me any more.

I'd spent a sleepless night in an agony of indecision. At one point I'd dug out a case and packed some things, intending to leave despite the fact I had neither money nor means, had actually reached the front door and was reaching for the handle when I realised I couldn't turn it.

Seriously.

I could not bring myself to physically turn the handle – realising then what she'd meant about having her *"Permission"* to leave the house.

Worse, the fear bubbling away inside me for what awaited me on the outside threatened to void the contents of my stomach – something even the sickening events of the night before in what was now my wife's bedroom had

failed to accomplish.

Of course, I realise now that this was yet one more aspect of the Indian bitch's programming of me. No matter I had always believed hypnotism, mesmerism, enchantment, or whatever you want to call it, as pure gobbledegook, the bottom line was that, somehow, the bitch and her housekeeper had discovered a route into my psyche and found a way to control it.

Does that make me weak?

Perhaps.

I was always told –not that I believed any of it anyway- that people who'd been hypnotised could not be forced into doing something contrary to their natural inclination.

Bullshit!

Not one person who had ever come into contact with me for any length of time would believe the forceful –some said dynamic- man they knew would ever actively welcome being treated like a chattel by his own wife and having her force him to clean her soiled…

The events of the previous night had seared my memory as if arriving fresh from a red-hot griddle and I found –and still find- myself unable to contemplate them without causing myself serious emotional pain.

After finding myself unable to open the door to my own home, the panic that was already functioning at levels where oxygen was rare was threatening to break free of the earth's atmosphere entirely. Not thinking with any clarity –understandable under the circumstances, I think- I attempted to call the Police; though what I would say to them hadn't occurred to me.

"Please help me! My wife's stripped me of all my belongings and wants me to be her servant."

Yeah. Right.

As it happened, what I'd tell them wasn't an option.

In a repetition of the episode with the front door, I found myself unable to even dial the number.

It was a near suicidal man who unpacked his case and returned to his cot in the spare-room.

Another course of action, I would find later, that was denied to me.

"Let's get your luggage in the boot, and get you home," I said, avoiding an answer to Melanie's question.

"Is mummy ill?" she asked, her look of concern one I'd never seen in regard of me, her father. In fact, standing in front of me in the uniform the school insisted pupils travel in: navy jacket and short (though it hadn't been purchased at so scandalous a length) grey skirt beneath which were a white shirt and school tie and opaque navy tights; my presence seemed more unexpected affront than welcome surprise.

Melanie was, in this regard, and so my pals insisted who had daughters of a similar age, just another normal thirteen-year-old schoolgirl.

Even if, she was about to discover, her home life had become anything but.

"Of course not, sweetheart," I assured her. "She'll be home when we arrive."

My use of the term *"Sweetheart"* irritated her in the usual way and she looked around nervously to make sure none of her own *"Pals"* had heard.

Not, of course, that she had many – well, none that I knew of anyway. In fact, the whole idea behind her attending the skiing trip had been that she

might actually make some.

Melanie, in common with her mother at the same age I was assured, more interested in her studies and her own company than that of her peers.

My daughter, despite her looks and the way she found her father irritating, not what you would call a typical schoolgirl of the age.

“Why are you driving her car?” she asked, aware of my love for the black convertible Mercedes I kept solely for my own use; deigning only on special occasions to let Vera herself into the passenger seat – allowing her to drive a possibility simply out of the question.

“We’ve made a few changes,” I told her, hoping my acute discomfort with the situation wasn’t too obvious to her.

“What changes?” she asked, unwilling to let it go – a typical thirteen-year-old in that respect, at least.

Stocky and a little broad in the beam she was nothing like either Vera or myself. In fact, apart from what we took to be the atavistic exoticism of her bone structure, with it’s high-cheekbones and –almost- Eastern complexion, she was physically unremarkable; a distinct departure from the look of her older sister in Australia who was her mother right down to the blonde hair and full breasts.

The darker hair and complexion of my youngest explained away by Vera as being a throwback to her great-great-grandfather who’d married a nomad woman during a spell serving with Kitchener in the Sudan.

An explanation; given she was hardly *that* dark; I was perfectly willing to accept.

“Did you have a good time?” I asked, changing the subject and trying to be a normal father at one and the same time; loading her cases in the boot while she deposited herself in the front-seat; crossing her somewhat chunky schoolgirl thighs one over the other and gazing out of the side window with

the trendy disinterest common to both age and gender.

“Boring,” she told me as I pulled the Peugeot from the kerb and headed for home, not a girl to waste word – especially on me.

My youngest not the type to let someone off the hook either.

Father, or not.

“So, what are these changes?”

“Daddy and I have decided to switch roles,” Vera said.

Sitting opposite her at the kitchen table, Melanie looked lost, her eyes flickering to me as I prepared coffee for her mother and a banana milk-shake for her; Vera having informed me it was her favourite and instructed me on how to make it.

My presence in the kitchen as I went about these unheard of domestic tasks yet another development I cold tell was baffling my daughter.

“Is that why he picked me up from school?” she asked, attempting to get her young head around it.

Vera nodded as I busied myself at the sink, stomach churning at what was to come; involving as it did my youngest daughter accepting her father was no longer head of the house and that her mother had taken on the responsibility.

“Yes,” Vera told her. “He will be taking you to school and meeting you afterwards all the time from now on.

“Yeah, right,” she scoffed.

“I’m being serious, Melanie,” Vera told her in a voice that left me in no doubt - even if Melanie was still to be convinced.

“But what about his…?”

“We’ve decided your father needs to step down from his position with the company and let me run things,” Vera interjected.

“But…”

“Yes, I know,” Vera forestalled her once again. “It seems a strange thing to do. But daddy knows I’m better suited to run the company than him and is more than willing to pick up the slack here at home while I do so.”

My daughter’s mouth fell open with surprise. I’m not sure what she’d been expecting to hear but it certainly wasn’t this.

“You mean: daddy’s going to be…? He’s going to become a…? Become a…?”

“Househusband, dear,” Vera supplied the elusive term. “That’s correct. From now on mummy will be head of the household and make all the decisions for us.”

She allowed Melanie a few moments for it to sink in.

“I hope it’s not a problem for you, dear?”

“Why should it be,” Melanie shrugged with her usual teenage indifference, though it wasn’t difficult to see the surprise and wonderment beneath it.

“I wouldn’t want you to be embarrassed,” Vera told her.

“Me? Why should I be?”

Vera appeared to think about it.

“Well, Melanie,” she explained finally, “there are some people might

think it's not a very… *manly* thing for your father to do?"

Her choice of words placed me on immediate cringe alert.

As if I hadn't been already.

"Why's he agreeing to it, then?"

Vera laughed at her daughter's directness, expression proud for the relatively unfazed way in which she was taking these revelations on board.

"Because I told him it was what I wanted," she replied.

Melanie sighed, thinking she was being humoured:

"Mum, that is *so* lame. Since when has daddy ever done anything any of us ever wanted?"

"I made you this didn't I?" I reminded her, placing the milk shake on the table and trying to make light of the situation.

"Yeah, big deal, dad," she said.

My attempt at levity already backfiring on me.
In common with everything else I attempted lately.

"A milk-shake?" she scoffed.

She took a sip and screwed up her eyes.

"Big wow!"

Taking another sip, just the same, she seemed to find my efforts acceptable and enlarged upon her theme; reminding me, with rancour still current, of a request she'd been denied weeks ago.

"Didn't let me have the new laptop I wanted though, did you?"

“Well…”

“Or a new mobile with Internet access.”

Her expression was positively pouty now as yet more damning evidence of my wilful child abuse occurred to her.

“All my one does is text,” she said bitterly, expression growing even more sullen as she pondered this latest example of gadget deprivation.

All the kids at school have got the latest and I get laughed at because of the dinosaur you were too mean to let me get rid of.”

“Money doesn’t grow on trees, young lady,” I reminded her with something of my old authority, irritation making me forget myself.

Continuing on before the reality of my *“New”* situation kicked in:

“If you want something badly enough you should save for it from the pocket-money I give you each…”

“That’s enough, Timothy,” Vera warned me, voice level even as her eyes flashed me a warning.

“ *‘Timothy?*’ ” Melanie laughed.

“Take no notice of daddy, sweetie,” Vera told her, holding back a giggle herself while still flashing a look of warning my way. “He still thinks he has some say in what happens around here.”

Melanie’s eyes narrowed.

“What are you saying, mum? He doesn’t anymore?”

“None whatsoever, my love. In fact…”

“Vera,” I came in, attempting to forestall her.

“Be quiet!” she snapped, my daughter’s eyes widening at this unheard of treatment of her father.

“As I was saying, Melanie,” Vera continued when she felt confident I wouldn’t interrupt again, “things have changed. While you’ve were away I decided it was high time I took control of everything to do with this family.”

My daughter stared at me expectantly, waiting for me come down on her mother with the withering sarcasm usual to me whenever she said something I considered unrealistic or just plain stupid.

“From now on,” Vera informed her, when no such withering sarcasm was forthcoming, “your father’s going to be responsible for the house and all the chores while I take care of the company and make all the important decisions for him.”

A still wide-eyed Melanie looked from Vera to me, and then back again, half expecting, it seemed, to be told she was having her leg pulled.

Once again:

I wish.

“You’re not serious?”

Silence greeted her enquiry.

“Are you?” she asked again, looking from one to other of us, eyes ending on Vera again; a hopeful quality in her voice telling me she’d be disappointed if she were to be proved right and her mother wasn’t on the level.

My wife’s emphatic nod, and the fact I had turned to look through the window into the garden, making our daughter rethink her cynicism – even if the reflection I watched through the glass didn’t look quite convinced.

“No,” she laughed. “It’s a trick.”

Again her eyes darted to me and then back to her mother again, unsure of herself.

“It is a trick… Isn’t it?”

“You won’t think so when your father takes over your chores for you,” Vera assured her.

This was news to me also and I turned from the window with astonishment, eyes fixing on Vera questioningly.

This was the first time she’d mentioned such a thing and it shook me to the core.

My only hope being it was a joke.

The expression waiting to greet me as I turned to face my wife not conducive to such optimism.

“Yeah, right,” Melanie scoffed. “Daddy’s gonna give up running his company to do all my laundry and clean my room. Come on!”

Vera made no answer.

“I’m almost fourteen, mum,” Melanie reminded her accusingly. “Not two and a half. Who’d you think you’re kidding?”

“Believe me, dear,” Vera began, expression focused and straight, “I’m not kidding anyone.”

To my dismay, she turned to me, eyes narrowing to indicate her intent:

“Am I, Timothy?”

Now it was my turn to look from Vera to Melanie, and then back again.

“I’ll say it again,” she said; tone no less intimidating for remaining even:

“*Am I, Timothy?*”

I cleared my throat, not wishing my daughter to hear the pitiful croak I felt sure was about to come from it.

“It… It’s just something your mother and I think you’ll benefit from, sweetheart.” I said, focusing on my daughter rather than meet Vera’s gaze.

Struggling on then, the uphill journey made all the more difficult for having to wade through quicksand:

“This way you’ll be able to focus on your studies without any distractions.”

Despite the mindboggling nature of the situation unfolding in front of her, I could see my daughter was beginning to be persuaded - the mercenary aspects natural to most girls her age kicking in as she considered the benefits to be had from such an arrangement; even if she wasn’t entirely won over by the reasoning behind it.

“But mum,” she began, ignoring me totally, as if she’d already decided I was no more than a bit player in this particular transaction, “won’t that be sort of… You know?… Humiliating for him?”

“How so, my love?” Vera asked, knowing exactly what our daughter meant but wanting to make her say it as a means of intensifying that *humiliation*.

“You know?”
“Not being a clairvoyant, I can’t say I do, sweetheart.”

“Well…” Melanie attempted to phrase her thoughts again, lowering her voice as if I wouldn’t be able to hear it, despite being only a couple of feet away.

“You know?… Cleaning up my mess after me and…? And… Things?”

Vera’s expression said:

“I see.”

“I mean: will he really take care of…? You know?… My dirty laundry and…? You know?… That?”

“Ask him for yourself,” Vera advised her. “He is in the room you know?”

Melanie’s eyes flickered towards me and, despite an understandable hesitancy, a certain look about them warned me she was coming to terms with the situation swiftly.

Especially now she thought there could be something in it for her.

Even if she had still to be quite convinced it wasn’t some kind of trick her parents were playing on her.

“Well, dad?” she began.

I looked at Vera, helplessly; idiotically expecting aid from the very source of my predicament.

Then, when no answer was forthcoming:

“Well, daddy?” Melanie persisted.

My eyes darted towards her.

“Will you?” she asked.

I tried to swallow and couldn’t, wishing the ceramic floor tiles would open up and swallow me.

Transporting me to another place.

Somewhere.

Anywhere.

Any place that was *not* this *place*.

“Answer your daughter when she speaks to you, Timothy,” Vera ordered in a tone with which I’d become *very* familiar.

Not to mention terrified.

My *“Daughter”* though, and far from being *terrified*, was openly flabbergasted now.

Amazed that the mother who had always played second fiddle and been so deferential to her father could take such an assertive tone with him.

And, more crucially, that he allowed her to get away with such *lese majeste*.

Melanie being the studious and curious girl she was -never far from the Internet and *all* it had to offer- made sure it came as no surprise to either Vera or myself that she would know of what she spoke of next as I stood before her, helplessly tongue-tied.

Though the conclusion the knowledge led her to, and the resulting assumption, did.

“You two haven’t suddenly got into this BDSM lifestyle thing or something, have you?” she asked as I struggled to frame a reply to her.

It was a question Vera took a few seconds to absorb and compute before outrage kicked in – even if we both knew our youngest could hardly be blamed for reaching such a conclusion.

“Don’t be so ridiculous, Melanie!” she snapped as I stood in impotent silence.

“We’re your parents. What do you take us for? Perverts?”

Melanie wasn’t convinced.

“Well… No… But…”

She gave a nervous chuckle before coming out with what was on her mind.

“Come on mum! It’s a bit off the wall, isn’t it? I leave home for a couple of weeks with parents who make One Show presenters look like coke snorting psychos, and come back to Miss Whiplash and her slave.”

Vera was out-and-out mortified now.

“Miss Whi…?” she began, unable to finish.

There followed an awkward few seconds until Vera straightened in her seat, appearance ominous.

“Melanie, if I go on your computer and find anything other than educational or celebrity sites your feet won’t touch ground. That’s not a threat it’s a promise.”

“Come on, mum,” Melanie protested, as dismayed as all thirteen-year-olds are dismayed when treated as such. “You hardly need the Internet to know about that stuff. You’d be surprised at the things the kids at school say their mums and dads get up to.”

“Is that so?” Vera said, expression still threatening. “Then perhaps we’ve chosen the wrong school for you.”

Melanie gave a big, put-upon, sigh as Vera went on:

“Maybe it’s time to consider some home tuition now your father’s going to be at home to take care of things.”

“Suits me,” Melanie shrugged. “I’ve never liked that school anyway. Probably get more done at home too.”

To my utter disbelief, Vera was nodding agreement; actually giving the suggestion serious thought.

“I don’t think that would be a good idea, Melanie,” I piped up. “At your age school’s the best pla…”

“Did we ask for your opinion?” Vera said, feigning puzzlement.

I turned to meet her look of warning full on and was immediately chastened.

“Because if we did,” she said sweetly, “I don’t recall hearing us do it.”

I fell silent, cheeks reddening, embarrassment magnified by the knowledge my daughter –far from leaping to my defence at Vera’s unjustified attack- sported a slight smirk.

“Jeez, mum!” she all but giggled. “I didn’t believe you at first, but you’ve got him really pussy whipped.”

I leaned my back on the kitchen unit for support, unable to believe my youngest daughter could know, let alone use, such language; familiarity with *“BDSM”* notwithstanding.

My shock trebled by the knowledge her precocity had been aimed at me.

“That’s quite enough of that language, Melanie!” Vera told her, this time looking as horrified as me.

“That’s not the kind of talk I expect to hear from any daughter of mine. I’m your mother and I won’t stand for it.”

Melanie looked genuinely contrite.

“Sorry, mum.”

Vera was already relenting, as ever, unable to stay angry with any of our offspring for too long; especially as hypocrisy –unless she’d changed even more than I thought- did not sit well with her.

“That’s alright sweetie,” she assured her, smile designed to let her daughter know she was forgiven. “Just make sure to watch your tongue in future.”

“I will mum.”

“Good,” Vera nodded still smiling. “Just the same though,” she went on, “you were right.”

“Vera,” I began, “you shouldn’t be…”

“When I want you to speak I’ll tell you,” she barked.

I fell silent, wondering just where it would all end.

“Wow, mum!” Melanie gushed at this latest put-down. “He really is terrified of you.”

“With good reason,” Vera told her; the look she flashed in my direction telling me I had better bite the bullet and accept what was going to happen; unless I wanted whatever *did* happen to be infinitely more humiliating.

“Now,” she went on, addressing Melanie, “about home schooling. Were you serious?”

Melanie’s eyes lit up, not quite believing her ears:

“What?… You mean…? You actually meant it?”

Vera nodded.

“Cool!” our daughter all but exploded - so welcome was the prospect.

“Mum,” she gushed on, “I so hate that school. You’ve no idea. I don’t have any friends there and I don’t want any either. They’re all losers and the teachers are no better. Let me study from home and I promise I won’t let you down.”

Vera hadn’t quite been persuaded yet.

“Come on, mum. What’s to lose? Like you say: daddy will be here to keep an eye on me. He can check I’m doing my lessons as he takes care of the housework.”

I cringed.
“That won’t work,” Vera told a crestfallen Melanie.

Much to my relief.

Bad enough to be forced to become a full-time househusband.

Without having a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl to supervise too.

Vera’s next thoughts on the subject would take my shame and humiliation into a whole new universe.

“If I let you study from home then *I’ll* be setting the curriculum for you, not your father.”

“I’m cool with that, mum,” Melanie agreed, the same way she’d have been cool with root canal if it got her away from that school.

It was Vera’s next piece of good news, however, that sent my spirits subterranean - even as my daughter’s took to the stratosphere:

“And, far from *him* keeping an eye on you, I’ll be expecting *you* to keep an eye on *him*.”

My mouth dropped and Melanie saw it; a flicker of -no other word is sufficient- *triumph* unable to disguise itself.

Before she once again became suspicious.

Unable to quite believe her good fortune as her gaze returned to Vera.

“Mum, what are you saying?” she asked; praying, I could tell, the answer would be what she hoped it might be. “You actually want *me* to…?”

Her eyes went from her mother to me and back again.

“You want *me* to be in charge of daddy?”

Again, Vera was already nodding, giving her daughter a reassuring smile as she added:

“Only until I return from the office, sweetie. I’ll take over then.”

Melanie brought up a hand to her mouth and giggled.

“Oh, my!”

“Is that something you think you can do for me, sweetheart?” Vera asked, ignoring me totally and waiting as our *thirteen-year-old* considered such a prospect.

“I’m putting a lot of trust in you,” Vera told her. “I accept you’re a mature young girl for your years. But your father’s still a grown man.”

My youngest daughter’s gaze swivelled towards me and considered just that.

A certain quality I read in it familiar to me.

Only recognising it later for the same excitement Vera had displayed on

that first night.

That same first night when I had dropped to my knees and kissed her feet after apologising for being less than a man.

Melanie's expression as she looked back at my wife said it wanted to be persuaded.

It wasn't every day, after all that a young girl of her tender years was asked to assume a position of authority over her father.

"Would I be helping daddy, mum?"

"You'd be helping both of us, sweetheart," Vera assured her. "He's going to need a firm female hand and I can't be here every minute of every day."

Then, mistaking Melanie's need to be talked into the role before she accepted it as hesitation:

"But, if you feel you're too young for the responsibility, I'll understa…"

"No!" my daughter came in quickly, almost screaming a rebuttal; "I don't feel like I'm too young at all."

"I'm not so sure now, sweetheart," Vera told her, allowed to use the same endearment my daughter *"So"* hated to hear me use without getting *the look* I always received in return.

My wife, to the relief of my careering pulse rate, appeared to be having second thoughts on the subject:

"No," she said after a few moments. "I've made up my mind. I'm asking too much. You're still a little girl, after all."

I began to breathe a little easier.

Though I wasn't out of this particular stretch of wood just yet.

“Please, mum!” Melanie begged, reaching across the table to take Melanie’s hand. “I’m not a little girl anymore. You said it yourself: I’m mature for my years.”

Vera was shaking her head.
“Please, mum. I can *so* do this… *Pleeeeeease!*”

“Well…”

Incredibly, given the subject being negotiated, I could see Vera was being persuaded.

And –allowing for the fact I wasn’t allowed a say in the matter; small or smaller- I was unable to think of a way to influence her into deciding otherwise.

“Please, please, please, please, Mum!” Melanie begged, sensing Vera was on the backfoot.

“Well…”

“I won’t let you down. I promise.”

After what seemed an eternity; both Melanie and myself waiting with baited breath – baited for wildly opposite reasons, I add; Vera reached a decision.

“Very well.”

For a second or so it seemed Melanie couldn’t –in common with her father- believe what she’d just heard; then, with a scream of pure delight, she draped herself over her mother’s shoulders and began to smother her cheeks with kisses.

“You’re the best mum!”

Kiss.

“You won’t regret it, mum.”

Kiss.

“When do we start, mum?”

Kiss.

“Okay, calm down now,” Vera told her, studiously ignoring both me and my imploring looks. “It will only be on a trial basis to begin with – at least until you prove you can be trusted.”

“I’ll prove it, mum, I promise!”

“There’s a lot to still be worked out yet, sweetheart. I’ll have to contact the school authorities and let them know what we intend to do, *and* I’ll need to work out a curriculum for you. That’s before we even get to the subject of how I expect you to run the house while I’m at the office.”

Returning to her seat, Melanie could hardly contain herself as she slurped down some more shake.

All her dreams, it seemed –or at least a sizable portion of them- were about to be rolled into one.

“This is just so amazing, mum” she gushed. “I get to leave that hateful school and study from home.”

Her eyes flickered to me and I swore I saw a hint of mockery in them.

“And I get to be in charge of daddy too!”

I felt truly sick.

“This is *so* cool!”

Vera was quick to bring her down to earth – or into the same atmosphere, anyway:

“Only on a trial basis to begin with, remember?”

Melanie was already nodding her agreement, willing, it seemed, to agree to anything if it meant procuring the carrot that had been dangled before her.

“I think,” Vera went on, ignoring *me* completely, “that the responsibility will be very good for you.”

Her daughter nodded agreement eagerly.

“I warn you, though, if I feel you’re not up to either studying alone or keeping your daddy supervised in the way I want then you’ll be straight back to that school.”

Vera waited.

“Understand?”

Vera watched Melanie supply her with an eager nod as I stood by in abject misery and listened to myself being placed under the authority of my thirteen-year-old daughter.

“Melanie, I need to hear you tell me you can handle it.” Vera demanded.

“Of course I can handle it, mum. You know I can.”

“Yes, I do, sweetie. But you mustn’t be over-confident. Your father can be a bit of a handful.”

Had I been able to merge with the kitchen units I would have done so. Every second bringing with it a fresh –and unbelievable- downturn in my circumstances. Everything about the situation was just plain *wrong* – and

there was not a damned thing I could do about it.

“Would he have to do what I tell him?” Melanie was asking when I returned from latest consideration of injustice, face flushed with excitement and, yes, anticipation.

“He would.”

“Anything?”

“Within boundaries set by me, yes,” Vera answered.

“And what if he won’t do something I tell him?”

“Then you call me at the office and I’ll take care of it.”

Vera’s attention turned to me.

“That’s not like to happen though, is it *Timothy*?”

Unable to meet the stare of either my daughter or my wife, I nodded, feeling as low as I thought it was possible to feel without taking a kitchen knife to a suitably plump artery.

“Manners now, Timothy,” my wife reminded me, not letting up for a second. What kind of an example is that to set your young daughter?”

Going on then:

“Answer me when I speak to you.”

I attempted to swallow but it’s a difficult feat to accomplish when saliva goes AWOL.

“Are you likely to disobey Melanie?” she pressed.

Lowering my eyes to the floor to avoid my daughter’s wondering

appraisal –not to mention delight- I again caved in, voice no more than a pitiful facsimile of the one I knew as mine.

"N-No, Ma'am," I answered.

The hand covering the mouth and the schoolgirl giggles coming from underneath it seemed like the final nail being hammered into a coffin as I stood by the sink, shoulders slumped, and waited for what was the nastiest moment of my life to pass.

Nastiest until then, that is.

There was, though I can be forgiven for thinking otherwise at the time - given the nature of the *moment* I was in the process of experiencing- far, *far* worse to come.

If I'd thought the events packing my day thus far could not get any more dispiriting, I was in for a rude awakening.

It was around three hours on from the agonies I'd experienced in the kitchen with Vera and my daughter that I heard the ringing of the front door bell and heard Vera call:

"Timothy!"

I'd just showered, hair still damp, when she called, having just enough time to slip into a sweat shirt and a pair of jogging bottoms before running – yes, *running*- downstairs at her summons.

The door to Melanie's bedroom was open as I passed and I caught a glimpse of her seated at the workstation housing her computer, freshly showered herself with long black hair loose wearing a pair of shorts and a tee shirt.

"Hurry up, daddy," she called, sarcastically, testing the limits of the power she'd been granted over me. "Don't want mummy getting angry with you."

Every minute I passed in my own home managed, it seemed, to make my situation a sight worse.

“What is it, Ver… I mean: Ma’am?”

“There’s someone at the door. Or are you deaf as well as stupid?”

Not so long ago it would have been the type of remark I wouldn’t have accepted from anyone. I’d have been at their throats to put them down either physically or verbally.

Now though, I simply nodded my head and moved into the hallway to answer it, called all the way downstairs to do what she herself could have done in seconds.

To find Sreelatha on our doorstep.

“Well?” she demanded when I could only stare at her, her presence about the last thing on my wish list.

I continued to stare, at a loss.

“Has Vera told you to leave guests on the doorstep?” she asked, just a hint of threat in her tone.

And more than enough to have me bowing and scraping before her.

“N-No. Of course not. Please come in, Ms Sreelatha.”

Dressed in a sleeveless black dress with matching black and open-toed shoes, brown-skinned legs bare, she actually smiled:

“How lovely,” she exclaimed, stepping past me into the hall and offering me her wrap as I closed the door. “Such a respectful way to greet a visitor. Wait until I tell Abhaya”

Suddenly, it dawned on me what I'd said. That: *"Respectful"* greeting, drawn from me without my having realised.

"Sreelatha!" Vera said from behind me as I hung the bitch's wrap on the coat stand. "You managed to make it. I thought you had a meeting at the mosque?"

They kissed as if they were lifelong friends, rather than recent acquaintances who'd dismantled the life of a reasonably successful middle-aged man.

"It did not take as long as we thought," the bitch answered as I stood and waited, ignored by both; no more than a flunkey now in the home I had once owned; standing red faced as they concluded their greetings.

"Well, I'm glad you could make it," Vera told her with pleasure I knew to be genuine. "Go through into the front room and I'll have Timothy make us tea. Unless. Of course, you'd prefer something stronger?"

"Tea will be absolutely marvellous," she said, aiming what I swore was a smirk in my direction. "I never touch alcohol except for perhaps a small glass of wine on special occasions."

"Very wise," Vera applauded, her own partiality for the vino –and especially the red variety- not addressed.

I trust Melanie had a safe trip home? I am so looking forward to meeting her."

"I'll have Timothy tell her you're here."

My wife's attention turning to me then, the warmth with which she'd greeted Sreelatha leaving her face with a rush:

"Go up to Melanie's room and tell her we have a visitor then prepare tea for the three of us," she ordered.

Had I been in possession of an Uzi, and had the freedom of will to use it, both bitch-widow and bitch-wife would never have lived to see the making of another pot of Darjeeling.

Let alone drink it.

"When you've done that," Vera added, "I believe you have some ironing to finish."

Rather than make a futile attempt to argue, I turned on my heel, grateful to get away, and made for the stairs.

Only to be called me back.

"Aren't we forgetting something?"

I turned back to her, face reddening further, knowing exactly what my wife wanted.

"I thought we'd reached an understanding," she reminded me, the desire to show off for the Indian bitch strong; the merest hint she could be angry with me, however, and the consequences I would suffer, setting my stomach to butterflies.

"Sorry. I forgot," I told her, deliberately avoiding eye contact with the Indian bitch; knowing the pleasure she would be taking from the situation.

Adding, almost sotto voce:

"I'll go and do it now, hmm, Ma'am."

Climbing the stairs to my daughter's room I could hear their heels on the parquet flooring as they made their way to the front room and sneaked a look back to see them link arms.

Genuinely, it seemed, comfortable in each other's company.

As I turned to do as I'd been asked, I thought I heard the word

"Progress" mentioned and turned back again hoping to hear more.

The hallway was empty.

With a groan, I plodded upstairs to speak with my daughter, knowing, with a sinking heart, it was going to be a long night.

Thirty minutes after Sreelatha's arrival, I was stooped over the ironing board. This after having made tea and served both my wife, Sreelatha and, it pains me to say, my youngest daughter who seemed much taken with our ugly guest and increasingly comfortable with having her father wait upon her like a servant.

Sometimes the sound of their laughter wafted through to the kitchen and into the space where I was ironing.

My impotence was as boundless as my rage.

"Mum says you're to clear the tea things away and make some more," Melanie told me, entering at the exact moment I was folding a skirt of her mother's, her smirk evidence enough of the contempt she was beginning to feel for me. "I want a milk shake."

"Was that a *'Please'* I heard?" I said; damned if I was going to be disrespected by my daughter too.

She just stared at me; respect remarkable only for its absence.

Like all children of her age, she was taking her behavioural clues from her role model and, as such, believed she was entitled to act towards me in the same way.

It was all there in her expression,

After all; if her mother could treat me like a servant then why couldn't she?

“Fine,” she told me, finally. “I’ll get her to come and ask you herself.”

“No!” I cried, as she turned on her heel to do just that, supplying a none too convincing laugh to cover my terror of such a prospect when she turned back to face me.

Triumphantly, I thought.

“You go and enjoy yourself, sweetheart, and I’ll bring it through.”

Without either a word or a backward glance –not even for my use of the hated endearment- she turned away and did just that. Leaving me to slam her mother’s skirt onto the ironing board with frustration before –with much resentment- I followed her into the front room and collected the tea tray.

My presence as I went about doing it ignored by all.

Grateful to be back in the kitchen I filled the kettle and waited for it to boil.

I was in a comfortable detached home on the Surrey borders, my wife and daughter in the next room, and yet I felt like the lowliest slave on a Virginia cotton plantation.

The only difference, I knew –attempts of the previous night fresh in my head- was that the poor transported souls back then at least had some *small* possibility of escape.

The physical restraints of fetters and shackles, after all, could, with perseverance, be shed.

The mental bondage under which I’d been placed, however, was of a more durable confinement altogether.

And there was certainly no Civil War on the cards likely to free me from its grip.

As I rinsed the cups and waited for the kettle while preparing Melanie's shake, snatches of their conversation drifted to me from the front room and I moved closer to eavesdrop.

"I just don't get it," I heard my daughter saying. "Why's he turned into such a pussy all of a sudden?"

"Melanie!" I heard Vera warn her.

"Sorry, mum, but I just don't understand."

"Does the new development bother you, Melanie?"

It was the bitch, her voice alone enough to set my teeth on edge.

Melanie was obviously thinking about it, an age seeming to pass before she answered:
"I'm not sure, Mrs Kakkar," she said, somewhat anticlimactically.

"You must not be embarrassed, Melanie – and do call me Sreelatha."

"Thank you," I heard my well brought up daughter say - though I hadn't often been the recipient of her good manners myself.

A neglect I sensed was about to worsen.

"Vera is your mother," *'Sreelatha'* continued, "but she is also a woman - as am I. And between women no discussion on the subject of men is taboo."

"But…"

"Yes, Melanie?"

"He's my *dad*, hmm, Sreelatha."

"He is also the man who has made your mother very unhappy," the bitch

told her as I tried to find the strength to rush in and refute her bullshit.

I'll leave you to guess how successful I was.

"I have seen it many times," Sreelatha continued. "Your mother is more talented, more intelligent, and more disciplined than your father. In the short time since she has taken over Timothy's position as the head of what is now *our* company, she has transformed its prospects. Something your father had neither the imagination, business acumen, or drive to accomplish for himself."

She paused then and gave me time to reflect on her, *totally* unfair, words. I had built that company -with Sunil admittedly- from nothing, and that took *imagination, business acumen,* and *drive*. Had I taken over from Vera at the time she took over from me my success in progressing the company would have been just as quick and equally as spectacular.

"Out of love," the lying bitch was going on, "your mother subordinated her own considerable talents and strength of character in order to support your father… Tell me, Vera, did he ever once ask you if you were happy with the arrangement?"

"Not once."

"Has he ever once thanked you for your sacrifice?"

"He'd have to believe I'd made one to do that."

"And did you ever feel as if you were an equal partner in this success story you yourself did most to create?"

Vera's answer this time was a derisory snort.

"And he's a control freak," my daughter burst out, fetching laughter from both my wife and the bitch.

Going on with gusto after finding her input well received; approval from one's elders, as ever, catnip to the young and leading them to seek more:

"I don't see my big sister because of him and he always acts as if everything's his. Mum and me have to virtually beg him for money."

The two women were still laughing but it was the Indian who recovered enough to point out:

"I think you mean to say," she corrected: "that your father *was* a control freak."

This time all three laughed.

"But, Melanie," the bitch reminded her. "You have still to tell us if the new development bothers you."

A small silence followed until the bitch filled it:

"Does the thought of your mother telling your father what to do seem… *unnatural* to you?"

My daughter must have shaken her head.

"And do you not think it perfectly just that he should now support both your mother and you yourself in the same way that you have both supported him?"

Had I been able to get to the bitch –and been free of mental restraint- I would have happily strangled her.

"The same way that you both supported him?"

Since when had I ever treated either my daughter or my wife in the way I'd been treated in the past week or so?

"Some men like your dad," Vera interjected, "get by in life on their looks

and charm and the talent of others."

"I know you think of Timothy as your father, Melanie," said my wife's new friend, taking it up, "and I've no wish to badmouth him to you. So I truly hope you know that anything I say in his regard I say as the simple truth and no more.

"Think of him as your father?" I thought.

How else should she think of me?

"Had it not been for my advice," Vera took it up, "and the efforts of Sunil, Sreelatha's husband, Timothy would have driven the company to insolvency long ago. You may not want to hear this, my love, but in many ways your father is a parasite."

Despite all that had happened between us lately, hearing myself described in such terms by the wife I had once loved, and was now swiftly coming to despise, hurt.

Badly.

The tear dropping from my eye to my cheek and slowly descending towards my mouth was one single symbolic reminder of all that I'd had and now appeared to have had stripped from me.

"The truth, Melanie," Sreelatha picked up from my wife, "is that some men remain fossilised in their puberty."

I wondered if Melanie would understand the bitch.

"Fossilised" and *"Puberty"* were not exactly everyday language where the average thirteen-year-old is concerned.

Though, as I would soon understand, my youngest daughter was *anything* but average.

And not in a way a parent could possibly find positive.

“Your mother’s description is accurate.”

It was the bitch this time.

“Many men of his type learn early to put a mature face on their juvenile natures. You will do well to learn early that they can be very dangerous, to both you and other women, if a firm hand is not taken with them. They can though, be sometimes hard to spot and it is only when left to their own devices, without the guiding hand of either a strong woman like your mother here, or that of my late husband, that their true weakness reveals itself.”

The injustice of these bare faced lies made redouble my efforts to rush in and confront the two women perpetuating them; even as I accepted I would be able to do no such thing.

Worse, my youngest daughter appeared to be swallowing their rubbish wholesale.

“So, you’re saying we’re helping daddy by letting mummy take over?”

“That is correct, Melanie,” agreed the bitch.

“What I don’t get though,” Melanie told her, “is why he’d let it happen.”

This was an explanation I wanted to hear too.

“I mean,” Melanie persisted: “it must be pretty gross for him… You know?… To suddenly start being ordered around by mum?”

“That, my love,” Sreelatha told her, “is something your father will hate for all time. And something he will simply have to deal with.”

“Not before I’ve dealt with you, you Indian, fucking, dog!” I snarled to myself.

Just *how* I would: *“Deal with her”*, not apparent to me at that moment.

“Then why’s he letting it happen.”

“That is just the point, Melanie. He has not, as you say: *‘Let it happen’*. With my help your mother has managed to place him in a position where he has no choice but to accept her authority over…

I waited as she paused, ears tensed; until:

“I apologise, if I speak out of turn, Vera.”

“No, no, no!” I heard my wife allay her fears. “Melanie will have to hear this sooner or later. Sooner, I think, will be much better.”

“Then you do not mind if…?”

“Be my guest.”

There was another pause then; due, I suspected, to the bitch marshalling both thoughts and explanation before running them past my daughter.

A suspicion proved right.

“You see, Melanie,” she began finally, “thanks to my late husband’s shares and those of your mother, we were in a position to have your father removed from the company and have her replace him.”

“But…? You mean he doesn’t even have his own shares still?”

“Not any more, my love. Your mother persuaded him it was in his and the family’s best interests, as well as the company’s, to sign them over to her. Along with the house and all other assets.”

“Wow!”

“Do you know what a power-of-attorney is, Melanie?”

Again, my daughter must have shaken her head, because Sreelatha went straight on.

“It is a document that, once signed and witnessed in front of the relevant legal authorities, enables one person to be responsible for the everyday activities of another.”

There was a whistling in my head now, it taking me a few disorientated seconds to realise the kettle had boiled.

I stayed put.

Their *tea* could fucking wait.

“Your mother and father signed such a document only the other day.”

“This is so amazing!” I heard my daughter gush.

“I agree. And not before time. Your mother now has complete control of everything your father once had. He has no bank account, no credit cards, and no money of any kind.”

“So, like…? This is too much… You mean…? He’s like dependant on mum for *everything?*”

From the pleasure evident in her young voice it was obvious my daughter was undismayed by such an arrangement.
“Everything,” the bitch assured her.

“Like a slave?” I heard my daughter ask, trying to convince myself it hadn’t been excitement I’d heard in her voice.

Another piece of self-delusion doomed to failure.

There was amusement in Sreelatha’s tone now:

“In a way, Melanie. Though not in the eyes of the law. This power-of-

attorney can be reversed at any time your father chooses to do so."

My youngest seemed disappointed:

"What's the point of it then?"

More laughter came from the older women.

"The point, sweetheart…"

Vera had taken up the induction now.

"…is that the damage has already been done and I now find myself in receipt of everything he once had - even his beloved Mercedes is now in my name."

"But…"

"Should he get the power-of-attorney overturned –which, trust me, he won't- it will do him no good. I'll still have everything in my own name and he'll find himself on the streets until such a time as he can secure a divorce and a settlement."

"But that's what I'm saying, mum. Why won't he do that?"

Silence greeted the question; until a puzzled Melanie broke it:

"Why are you both grinning?"

"You will understand in time to come, Melanie," the bitch took it up again. "For now though just trust your mother when she tells you there is no need to worry on that score."

I remember racking my brains at the time to discover what there was that could possibly stop me from overturning the arrangement if I so wanted.

My inability of the previous night to either leave the house or make a

simple call to the Police seemed as good a reason as any.

The real reason, however, would not make itself plain for a few days to come, and when it did…

Well.

Read on and find out for yourselves.

That night, bitch departed and daughter in bed –our new sleeping arrangements yet to be conveyed to her- Vera again ordered me into my former bedroom.

She was sat naked at her dressing table when I knocked and received permission to enter, eyes above an expressionless face regarding my reflection; the warmth I could once have expected to see aimed my way replace by indifference. Though, bearing in mind the pleasure she was receiving at my expense, she could hardly be said to be that.

Despite all evidence to the contrary and my treatment at her hands thus far, I'd decided to make another attempt to reason with her; to try and locate some still existing remnant of feeling she must surely still hold for me and use it as a base camp for an assault on the perversity and seeming hatred at the summit that seemed to have arrived from nowhere.

Moving to stand behind her as she busied herself with her cuticles, or some such other necessity, nothing seemed to denote her indifference more than the smooth skin of her back as it sloped towards her buttocks.

Nothing in either her look or her manner gave me reason to expect any attempt to make her see sense on my part would be more successful on this occasion than the last.

"Hope over experience," as the good Doctor said to the third time bridegroom.

“Ma’am?” I began.

“What?”

“I… I need to speak to you.”

She swivelled on her stool to face me, the sleek and powerful columns of her thighs parting to allow me an unimpaired view of her shaven pussy, a simple exclamation mark arrowing upwards to a still taut waist and the full breasts still managing to defy, somehow, the encroachment of middle-age.

“Are you saying you wish to speak with me?” she asked, voice pitched evenly.

I thought I’d just said that, but answered just the same, not wishing my attempt at reasoning with her to get off on the wrong foot.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Then do it properly,” she advised me, tone -I thought hopefully- still passing for normal, despite the implication behind her words.

My thoughts raced; having no idea what she meant as she waited expectantly.

Until it came to me:

“Permission to speak, Ma’am?”

She clapped her hands together delightedly, a little girl having just taught her first pup to hold out its paw.

“Yes!” she cried. “You’re beginning to get it. And I didn’t even have to tell you what to say.”

I waited.

“Well?” she said, waiting herself.

Now I was truly nonplussed:

“Well,” what? I asked myself.

“Sorry,” she said, the first time the word had escaped her lips in my regard for some time. “That was my fault.”

My mind raced:

What was *“her fault”*?

My answer following on immediately:

“Permission to speak, granted,” she said, a Brigadier-General to my lowly ranker.

She might just as well have said:

“At ease, Private”.

With a deep breath, I sidelined my mortification at this new development and began:

“Vera,” I told her, emboldened when she made no sign of displeasure at my familiarity, “I don’t pretend to understand what’s been going on this past week or so and for the life of me I can’t work out how we ever came to find ourselves in this position.”

Her silence was noncommittal but, I cheered myself, far preferable to reprimand.

“If this is just your way of showing me how unhappy you’ve been these past years and your anger for the fact I was too self-involved to notice, I understand. There is nothing worse in life than being taken for granted – especially by the person closest to you. All I can say in my defence is that I

did it with all the best intentions.

"All I've ever wanted is for this family to flourish, but perhaps I got to close to my work to realise I was neglecting you."

Again, her silence gave me some small hope, her tiny, almost imperceptible, nod encouraging me further.

Enough to lie, anyway.

"I still love you," I said, truthfully –truthfully, that is, if love can be defined by one person garrotting another with piano-wire.

"Do you really, Tim?" she asked, something hopeful in her own expression telling me she was thawing; her use of my name in the diminutive way I preferred raising my spirit to a level undreamt of just recently.

"I've never loved anyone else," I assured her; assuring myself as I did so that sex with relative strangers was *not* love and, therefore, *not* cheating.

Lies tripping of my tongue with ease now - willing to say anything if it set me somewhere near a level footing with her and supplied a platform from which I could win her over.

After that, we'd see.

Oh, boy, would we *see*.

"If I've hurt you, I'm sorry," I went on, recognising my own bullshit and praying she wouldn't. Call me chauvinist and pig-headed, but I don't –and never will- see how working ones socks of to provide a beautiful home, cars, holidays, and other luxuries can possibly constitute: *"Hurt"*.

To be in possession of all the above requires sacrifice and, when push came to shove, I was the one who made it. Circumstances may have forced me into acting like a penitent before my wife in order to regain a degree of self-autonomy, but I'd be damned if I'd ever be persuaded my actions leading to my current situation had been: *"Weak"*.

“All I want,” I continued, faking sincerity beautifully I thought, “is for us to find what we once had together before I let my work ruin it.”

Emboldened by her receptivity to the kind of Mills & Boon horseshit I’d never expected to hear on my own lips, I reached out and took her hands in mine.

“We can be good together again,” I told her, sounding like some dialogue from one of the shitty Hollywood potboilers she liked. Unwatchable dross - usually starring Cheryl Ladd, or Jaclyn Smith, or Lindsay Wagner, or all fucking three- dross I could only stand a few minutes exposure to before either switching channels or hitting the computer and leaving her to it.

“I’ve had a wake-up call and I understand why you had to give it to me. You needed to get the message through that you wouldn’t be taken for granted again.”

I raised her hands to my lips and she let me do it.

“I love you, Vera, and I want to be your husband again and not your… your…”

“Servant?” she asked considerately.

I nodded.

“Flunkey?” she added, voice even still.

Again, I nodded, wishing she’d stop with the unnecessary elaboration.

“Chattel?” she said, intent, it seemed on exhausting her mental thesaurus of synonyms describing my situation.

“I love you, Vera,” I told her, tightening my hold on her hands to emphasise my earnestness.

“I want us to be together as man and wife again.

For a few seconds as she stared up at me; smile something like the one I remember from those early days together when I could do no wrong in her eyes; I thought my carefully chosen words had hit home and she was about to throw herself into my arms, with remorse for her actions and genuine tears of reconciliation.

As I say: *for a few seconds*.

“Such lovely words, Tim,” she told me, smiling into my eyes as if all along they’d been all she required to be won over.

“I really think you mean them.”

“I do, Vera,” I lied with passion. “Give me another chance and we can put all this behind us and…”

“The thing is, Tim,” she came in over me, voice more forceful and removing her hands from mine, “is that your love for me –if that’s what it is- isn’t enough on its own.”

“But, Vera, I…”

“Shush now, Timothy, and listen,” she cut me off.

It did not bode well.

I was back to Timothy again.

“The truth is, I want you too.”

My spirits soared; relieved to be mistaken.

Yeah!

I was mistaken all right.

“The one small problem –for you, at least- is that I don’t want you in the same way you *say* you want me.”

“But…”

“Hush now, darling,” she cooed, placing a finger over my lips to quieten me.

She’d called me: *“Darling”* I realised with a surge of optimism.

“As I was saying,” she went on, “I still want you in my life -in our daughter’s life- but in a totally different way from before.”

“I understand that now, Vera,” I came in with a rush, more convinced than ever now that this had all been a test she’d devised to make me see the error of my ways until then. “I’ll change. I promise. I’ll…”

The slap that rocked my head to one side and the backhander bringing it back to its starting point stunned me beyond reason and killed the aforementioned optimism.

Perhaps for good.

“I told you to listen,” she reminded me.

“But…”

“Permission to speak freely, rescinded!” she barked.
I was back to square one.

“I’ll begin once more,” she said warningly, leaving me in no doubt of her response should I be so foolish as to interrupt her again.

“You *are* going to stay in my life and my daughter’s life, but it will be in the way already dictated by me. For now, Sonia is on the other side of the world and extremely happy, so there is no need to involve her in this.”

That was something, at least, I remember thinking through my disappointment.

“And, anyhow,” Vera went on, “taking after your side of the family as she does, she is not as intelligent as her younger sister and might have trouble understanding how her father could be such a weak willed little impostor.”

She rose to her feet now.

“Kneel down, Timothy.”

Spirits sinking, hoping against hope what I thought was going to be repeated was not on the menu, I did as she asked and lowered myself to the carpet at her feet.

“Everything has changed, Timothy and you had better get used to the idea.”

A thought occurred to her:

“In fact, I think a part of you already has. Why else would you be here still?”

“Because you’ve stolen my life, you heartless bitch!” I wanted to scream into her face as I rose to my feet and took back what was mine.

And couldn’t.

The smirk on the face I’d once fallen in love with telling me she’d read my thoughts and knew I was powerless to act upon them; compelled, by something beyond my capacity to understand, to simply take what she dished out to me.

“I tell you what,” she offered. “If you want to leave now, be my guest. I’ll be disappointed, I admit. Truly, you’ve never given me as much pleasure as you have over the past week. Melanie will be disappointed too, I suspect.

She's really looking forward to being my second-in-command, as it were. But no matter, if you really want to go you have my blessing. Though you will, of course, leave only with what's on your back and the clothes you can pack into a holdall."

"You mean it?" I asked.

The prospect of leaving with nothing infinitely preferable to the alternative on offer if I chose to stay.

An escape route that at least offered to restore some small semblance of pride to me.

"How can I stop you if that's what you want? You're a man, after all and I'm just a woman. All you have to do is pack your bag and leave."

She was right. I was a man. If I wanted to leave I'd leave. There was absolutely nothing she could do about it.

So, that being the case, why did my legs refuse to move when I urged them to raise me from my knees and get the fuck out of there?

Why did I remain before her like a supplicant?

And why –I know now, of course- was she so fucking confident I'd stay put exactly where I was.

"Well?" she demanded. "Are you leaving or staying?"

The veins in my neck pulsed as I exerted every effort of will and concentration of thought into getting my recalcitrant legs to work.

"Is it perhaps," she went on, "that you know you're right where you belong?

I redoubled my efforts.

"Yes," she told herself. "I think you do. Why else would you still be on your knees in front of me?"

My head slumped to my chest, breath rasping through both nostrils and mouth; exhausted, though I'd not moved an inch.

"Well," she began finally, "I'm glad we got that cleared up at least."

Could life possibly get any worse, I told myself.

The answer not long in coming:

"Take your clothes off," she ordered from above me.

My head came up questioningly, still numb from my inability to accept her invitation and leave.

"Don't make me repeat myself," she warned.

Which was when, regaining the use of my limbs, I rose to my feet and did as she asked, folding my jeans and tee shirt and placing them on the carpet.

"I want you on the carpet on your back," was her next command.

Movements slow and dispirited, I did as she asked:

"After your pitiful performance last night, you're not fit to be in *my* bed."

Such a prospect the least of my worries I thought as my back came to rest on the carpet; wanting to be nowhere near the traitorous cow let alone share a bed with her.

A physical displacement, I knew, given her recent demands, not likely to be granted.

"Spread your legs," she ordered.

I did as she asked, legs themselves beginning to tremble.

"Oooh," she said, reverting to her baby talk of a few nights ago. "Is he

frightened of his mummy, den?"

Too fucking right *"He"* is, I thought, realising, with a start, that if the erection straining for the ceiling was any guide my cock certainly wasn't.

Which was when she placed herself between my legs and began stroking me to erection with the sole of her foot, taking me to the edge until she recognised crisis was imminent and lowering herself to her haunches to ride me with dire warnings as to the consequences should I fire off prematurely as I had before.

A repeat I managed to avoid – even if I didn't quite know how.

The situation I was in, it occurred to me through the admittedly incredible sensations I was receiving, may well have been hateful to me, but some perverse response I would never have expected myself to make was certainly taking an unholy delight in the treatment I was being handed.

"Better," she said, after I'd staved off the inevitable and she'd howled herself to another roof rattling climax before giving me permission to cum inside her.

My wife in name only staring down at me then, breasts heaving from their recent exertions; nipples pointing downwards in accusation at the wimp beneath her she controlled whose growing enslavement to her was responsible for their remaining as hard as bullets.

"Now," she said, moving up along my chest until her bald and just fucked pussy was above my lips, "you know what you have to do now?"

I screwed my eyes shut and waited for the inevitable.

Believe me when I tell you –and as attractive as her freshly bald cunt looked- the prospect on offer was about as appealing as eating untreated sewage from Dresden china.

"You're going to let all that cum you just put into me drip into your

mouth and lick and suck my pussy until it's clean."

My eyes flickered open at this to see her looking down at me from her superior position.

High on her power.

No hint of feeling or regard for the man below her visible; just a piece of docile meat whose job it was to lick and suck until her pussy was pristine and she was ready for the embrace of Morpheus.

It was a description of me with which I could hardly quarrel.

I've heard it said that repetition makes irksome tasks easier.

The fuck it does.

Far from finding a repeat performance less repulsive, the only think stopping me from gagging was my fear of the consequences should I do so.

Fear and distaste that had me redoubling my efforts to get the task over as swiftly as possible.

A task involving, as it did, sucking my own semen into my mouth and swallowing it down as fast as I could in an attempt to ensure the taste was as fleeting as possible.

So low had I fallen in so short a space of time, I was genuinely grateful when she would pause and her sphincter contracted to let loose a thin and warm stream of urine into my mouth for it to rinse away the fishy residue coating my tongue.

Knowing now, with utter, unrelenting and absolute, certainty that from this there would be no coming back.

Is there, after all, a woman on the planet who could force her husband into sucking up his own cum from her, before she pissed in his mouth, and

still feel *respect* for him.

Her next words to me confirming what I already knew:

"Disgusting!" she told me, leaning back to rest on my chest and staring down at me with a sneer. "What a complete no-account you really are."

Then, almost as if detached, speaking to someone she knew counted for nothing and would take anything she dished out:

"Look at you. So… dirty. So… beaten. Forced to suck come and drink piss by his little wife. Can hardly describe yourself as a man, can you?"

She was right: I couldn't.

How could I have after what had been happening?

After what had *just* happened?

"I bet it won't be long before you even feel honoured to drink my piss," she said spitefully.

"Who knows: maybe you'll even beg for it."

The prospect must have seemed a fond one if her dreamy smile was anything to go by.

"Yes," she said, half to herself. "I'd enjoy that."

For the first time it struck me that my previously balanced wife might be struggling with some mental illness – perhaps a congenital defect, just surfaced. But then, if she was going gaga, her performance at the workplace - and in her dealings with everybody *except* me- was certainly going a long way towards disguising the fact.

"Don't get me wrong, my love," she assured me with ersatz tenderness, "I

adore having you debase yourself for me in such a way. I can't tell you what a turn on it is to have you down there below me, nursing on my hairless pussy like an infant at the entrance to its former home; even though you hate it. Forcing *you* to serve *me*, as if…"

She thought about it; choosing her words carefully:

"As if you're some lower life form, put on the planet with no greater purpose than to make me feel superior!"

"Please, Vera," I wailed into the vee of her legs, still pinned to the floor beneath her. "You've made your point. I was a bad husband. I'm sorry. I wasn't even aware of it. But to… To treat me like this. It… It's…"

"Inhuman?" she finished for me - conceding the poor beaten wretch who'd once been her husband, and was now underneath her covered in a mixture of his own cum and her urine, to have at least won the right to speak without permission.

Going on when I made no reply:

"Depraved?"

"Perverted?"

"Spiteful?"

"Sadistic?"

I gave up.

The look of pure delight on her face as she recited the list enough to tell me that –far from making inroads into what remained of her feelings for me- all I'd managed was to wander into yet another cul-de-sac.

"It's all of those things and more, my dear," she assured me; her use of the language normal to long-term married couples only making the situation

more depraved and unreal.

Her face was again dreamy and reflective as she pondered her reaction to the above.

“And do you know what?” she asked at last.

My eyes were moistening up again as I looked up at her.

“I love it!” she told me, actually stroking my hair from my forehead, before wiping away a tear caused by this *partiality* of hers with the back of a finger.

By now, of course –as any half-reasonable human being reading this would expect- my hatred for her was full-blown.

Not one single shred of the love and regard I’d once held for the woman remaining in the body she seemed so intent upon soiling.

As of that moment, I told myself: she existed for me only as a loathsome and repellent sadist who, I swore to myself, I would bring down.

Even if doing so was at the cost of my last breath.

“Of course,” she said, rising from me and giving a languorous stretch before seating herself at her dressing table – not so much unaware of my thoughts in her regard as totally dismissive of them; “*you* don’t love them. And never will. Which is, I’m sure you’re beginning to understand, the beauty of it for me.”

With a mouth tasting of my own semen and her piss, I *“Understood”* all right.

To even the slowest students some lessons are self-explanatory.

“But –and I’d like you to believe me when I say I don’t give a fig either way- this is your life now and one you’ll find so much more easy to bear if

you stop fighting it."

Her words came from a distance now, so wrapped up was I in self-pity and anger and…

Take your pick.

"If you want any, small, measure of pleasure and self-respect in your life," she informed me, "you have to realise and accept that -when it comes to me and your daughter- you do not even rate as a second, third, or even fourth class citizen."

She let it sink in, then:

"Only when I see this acceptance from you will I make your day-to-day a little less… *degrading*."

Finishing her pep talk, she took a silver backed hairbrush from the vanity.

My legs turned to jelly at the sight.

If limbs already made of mush could possibly perform such a feat.

"Direct all your energies into pleasing us," she said, inspecting the silver inlay, "and anticipating our wishes and things might just get a *tiny* little bit easier for you."

The hairbrush was now getting a thoughtful scrutiny.

"Fight us," she went on, finishing her train of thought, "and you'll regret the day your head popped from the womb."

She pointed the instrument of threat in my direction.

To my relief, handle first.

Tossing out yet another order as she did so:

“Make yourself useful now and brush my hair.”

Part Four

"I'm placing a lot of trust in you, sweetheart," Vera told Melanie as I stood by the door with her briefcase.

It was two days on from her latest bedroom humiliation of me and we were all three of us in the hallway: Vera on her way to the office –*my* old office- with me performing what was fast becoming a usual morning ritual. A ritual involving taking her case and escorting her to the door before leaving her to get in what had once been my waiting Mercedes for the journey to the office.

This morning, however, a new element had been added to the ritual.

As I stood to one side -deferentially would you believe- my youngest daughter took last minute instructions as she prepared to begin her first day of home schooling.

More importantly, her first day in charge of her father.

Those *instructions*, as I'm sure you know, *not* given by me and formed without any input whatsoever on my part.

"I know mum," Melanie told her with eyes rolling heaven wards; it not being the first time in the past few days she had heard the same refrain. "I won't let you down."

Vera's eyes had trained themselves on me then, the warmth passing from them to our daughter nowhere to be seen as they transmitted me a warning to match the words leaving her lips:

"Melanie's in charge while I'm at the office, Timothy," she reminded me. "She has my complete confidence and I expect you to do as she says. I don't want to hear you've made a pest of yourself and interrupted her studies or I'll be very angry. You can be sure, that if I discover you've taken advantage of her youth and inexperience, I'll…"

“Mum,” Melanie protested, unhappy, it appeared, to have her inexperience spoken of in such a way before the help.

Which was, I would soon find, exactly how she saw me.

“I’m sorry, sweetie, but he has to be told. This is all new to you and I don’t want him thinking he can use your age for his own ends.”

Her eyes swivelled to train themselves on mine:

“Then again though, that’s hardly likely to happen, is it, Timothy?”

She stared at me, expecting a reply as I stood to their side, in abject misery at the prospect - still, despite having had a couple of days to get used to the idea, unable to acclimatise to the prospect of being under the control of a teenager over thirty years my junior.

A teenager, more pertinently, who just happened to be my youngest daughter.

“Is it?” she demanded when I made no reply, widened eyes attempting to convey the nature of the consequences I could expect to be forthcoming were I to fall short of her expectations.

“No, Ma’am,” I answered, having no need of the reminder, all too aware of just what those *consequences* were.

“Stop worrying, mum,” Melanie calmed her; a small frisson of wonderment in her expression telling me she was still amazed to hear her mother speak to her previously formidable *‘Daddy’* in such a way.

Adding:

“I can handle daddy.”

My daughter threw me a look replicating the one she’d seen Vera give me earlier:

“No sweat.”

The creeping of the flesh instigated by her certainty –my flesh- made no less discomfiting by the suspicion, backed up by her mother, that she was almost certainly on the button.

“I’m sure you can, sweetie,” Vera told her. “But, if you find you can’t, I want you to call me straight away.”

“Mum, we’ve been through this, already,” Melanie complained, accompanying it with the usual teenage attitude. “I’m not stupid, you know?”

“And you weren’t brought up to be rude either,” Vera came back instantly.

Melanie lowered her eyes.

“I’m putting a lot of responsibility on you and I need to know you can handle it. Smart remarks, my girl, are *not* the way to convince me.”

Having a lot to lose –re: the relative autonomy of schooling herself and having her father at her beck and call- Melanie was contriteness personified.

“Sorry, mum. I just don’t want you worrying, is all. Everything’s under control. I know what needs to be done.”

If she didn’t, I remember thinking at the time; it was hardly for any lack of effort on my darling (sic) wife’s part.

With a focus and discipline I could only (grudgingly) admire; Vera had not only squared everything with the relevant educational authorities but, in the two days before the start of the new term, written up a curriculum guaranteed to challenge our bright and easily bored daughter.

A curriculum that daughter seemed delighted with when it was explained to her; though she was a lot less enthusiastic when told she would be expected to wear the uniform she had previously worn to school during study

hours.

“Why mum?” she’d protested. “Nobody’s going to see me except daddy. Why can’t I just wear what I want? That’s *so* unfair.”

Vera was firm:

“Because I want you to keep to the disciplines expected of a schoolgirl. I want you to associate that uniform with studying. From the moment you put it on in the morning until you take it off when I return from the office.”

“You’re not serious?” Melanie pouted. “Sometimes you don’t get back from the office till late. I’ll have to stay in those crappy clothes all that time.”

“Watch your language,” Vera had warned and Melanie fell silent, biting her lip to stop herself saying more.

“It’s not just for you,” Vera went on. “It’s for your father too.”

My daughter was baffled now, anger forgotten.

With me on the same page, right alongside her.

For me?
My youngest daughter wearing her school uniform?

Had Vera gone entirely off her head?

“Whenever he sees you in that uniform,” she told Melanie, “I want him to associate it with the fact he has to do everything you tell him.”

The cloud lifted from Melanie’s face, Vera’s intention placing the uniform and her wearing of it on an entirely new level.

The navy skirt and pullover, white shirt and school tie, immediately taking on a quite different symbolic meaning to the one she was used to.

Suddenly, it was no longer a uniform signifying expectations of correct behaviour and obedience to the dictates of adults.

Now -though it still remained a symbol of authority- Vera had cleverly changed its emphasis.

From now on, at least for me, it was to be a symbol of my thirteen-year-old daughter's authority. This time around, *I* was going to be the one asked to satisfy expectations of correct behaviour and obedience.

"Sorry, mum," Melanie apologised. "I understand now."

"And you'll wear it for me?"

"Trust me, mum," she said, throwing me a gleeful look; "it won't come off until you get home."

"And you'll call me if you have a problem?"

"I will, mum. But don't worry, there won't be any."

My youngest daughter's eyes had turned on me then; already a little drunk with her first real taste of power I thought:

"Will there, daddy?" she asked, instilling, for the first time, a hint of threat into her voice.

Until then, I'd never raised a hand to either of my girls before, but –had I been capable, of course- the desire to do so had never been stronger.

Taking shit from a wife was humiliating enough; accepting it from a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl who also happened to be one's daughter was something else again.

"Your daughter asked you a question, Timothy?" my wife reminded me.

It was all the prompting I needed, so great by now was my fear of Vera

and my inability to fight her.

"N-No, Melanie," I said, attempting a weak smile; attempting even then to make light of it in the hope my daughter would do the same and not see my behaviour for the pitiful capitulation of a weak man I now know it to be.

A man who just happened to be her father.

Then, standing in the hallway in jeans and tee shirt as my power dressed wife kissed my daughter and her school uniform goodbye, I waited for the next phase of my capitulation to begin.

It would be –possibly- the most humiliating phase of them all.

"Please, Vera," I pleaded. "If you ever had an ounce of feeling for me, don't do this."

It was the end of my first day under the authority of my daughter and – though she hadn't been anywhere near as unbearable as I'd expected- the sheer, testicle shaming, reality of finding myself under the control of one so young had led me to rebel.

We were in the en-suite of our –her- bedroom to which, unable to contain myself, I'd burst in unannounced; the look Vera threw me from the toilet where she'd just plumped herself to pee, prior to retiring, not boding well for either my unwelcome arrival or my use of her first name.

Repercussions for which I was too pumped up to consider at that time; having girded my loins all day for this moment and waited until our daughter was safely in bed herself before plucking up the courage to plead my cause with her mother.

Not wanting to get off on the wrong foot by towering over her, I knelt at her feet as she sat, naked, on the loo, her stormy expression nothing, I knew, to do with her state of undress; yet another reason for my adoption of the penitent's position of choice.

I took her hands in mine and stared into her eyes with all the sincerity and pleading I could muster.

Neither of the two being inconsiderable under the circumstances.

“This is my daughter, Vera,” I reminded her. “Have you any idea what it’s like for me to be supervised by her?”

Our eyes remained locked as I waited for a response; she seemed to be concentrating on what I’d said and I took some heart from the likelihood.

Frozen, we stayed in the same position for many seconds.

Then I heard it.

The unmistakable sound of piss hitting water.

So much for concentrating on my words.

Disgusted, I dropped her hands to rise and leave her to it.

“Stay!” she snapped, as if I were a puppy she was in the early stages of training.

“But…”

She backhanded me before taking a handful of my hair and yanking on it, the sound of her piss hitting the bowl uninterrupted.

Bringing her face close to mine then -*still* pissing- she snarled at me:

“You chose to disobey me and enter without permission, now you can stay and help me.”

My mouth must have dropped open because she laughed:

“Oh, look at that little face. Does he not want to watch mummy take a

pee?"

"Please, Vera," I wailed –yes, *wailed*- "I really don't know how much more of this I can stand," the courage I'd mustered simply to approach her already vanishing over the horizon.

Releasing my hair, she straightened up on the seat and regarded me – thoughtfully- the last drops of her urine trickling to a stop in the blue, Toilet-Ducked, waters below.

Not taking her eyes from mine, she reached to her side and tore off some loo-roll and gave me an indulgent little smile; much as a mother would give a young boy she was allowing to lick a cake-dish.

Then, handing me the tissue:

"Wipe me?"

Fairly launching myself to my feet, I backed towards the door, revulsion for what she'd suggested banishing all thoughts of my precarious situation.

"For god's sakes, Vera! Have you completely lost your senses? Just what kind of a pervert are you turning into? If you think I'm staying here to be treated like…"

I broke off, words turning to ashes in my mouth as I realised that was exactly what they signified: remnants of my former manhood; stirred by a breeze of rebellion in a futile attempt to reclaim lost ground; only to find themselves immediately becalmed by the inconvenient presence of reality.

Vera's voice, when it came, was surprisingly calm and soothing.

Almost.

"But that's exactly what I think, Timothy," she told me, the hardened nipples of her breasts telling me she wasn't as calm and collected as she sounded.

“You will stay. And you will be treated in precisely the way I see fit. As you must surely know by now, you are completely out of options.”

Staring at this woman I’d spent the majority of my life with, it was impossible to believe it was the same girl I’d married.

The girl I’d supported after the loss of her parents and had the same kindness returned to me in kind.

The same girl who’d had our daughters and created a home for them as I went about building the business that would support it all.

The same girl who’d turned into the woman who –with the help of a hawk-featured Indian bitch- had taken my home and daughters, my business, and my masculinity from me.

“Vera,” I pleaded, knowing it was futile but willing to try anyway; “some small part of your soul must be screaming out that what you’re doing is wrong.”

She pretended to listen.

If I was right then it must have been an even smaller part than I estimated, infinitesimal, in fact, given it’s complete inability to register on her face.

After a few moments, she shrugged, arms wide; as if to say:

“I can’t hear a thing.”

Yet still I persisted:

“To involve our thirteen-year-old daughter in this… this… *mess*, is just plain wrong. Indefensible. Has that ugly Indian bitch really gotten so far under your skin you’re willing to risk having your daughter tainted by her perversion?”

If my impassioned –and totally sincere- outburst had succeeded where my appeal to that *“Small part”* of her had failed, again I could detect no sign.

Waiting until she was sure I was finished, Vera composed herself before delivering her rebuttal; leaving me to marvel at the way she could be sitting naked on the toilet, having just urinated in front of me, and still look authoritative. In complete control, in fact. While I, fully clothed and standing, a man in his prime, felt small, insignificant, and powerless before her.

"Very well, Tim," she began, raising my spirits with the old familiar diminutive, "you want –need- a conversation so that's what we'll have."

I heaved an inner sigh of relief; a conversation was at least something. If I could just get her to speak with me rationally perhaps I could unlock her from the hold the Indian bitch had seemed to exercise over my wife from our first visit –first visit *together*- to her home.

A not entirely unreasonable hope, I think you'll all agree – even if, in hindsight, that's precisely what it was.

"Firstly, Tim," she began, diminutive again lifting my hopes, "you really do have to get it into your head that I no longer consider you my husband."

So much for hope.

"You'll never be that again," she told me with a finality even I had to believe.

"Where you are now is where you will stay," she went on. "Good fortune in the shape of that *"ugly Indian bitch"* –we'll speak of that later, by the way- has placed me exactly where I should be in our relationship and I intend to remain there."

"But…"

"Permanently," she interrupted with finality.

"Vera," I cried, desperate again now I knew the *'Conversation'* wasn't about to go along the lines I'd wished for; "don't you see what she's done?

How she's done it I can't say; but somehow or other she's managed to… to…"

"Hypnotise us?" she offered.

"Yes," I agreed.

"Condition us?"

"Exactly!"

"Place subliminal commands in our heads that make us incapable of disobeying them?"

"That's right, Vera. That's what she…"

"And you think I don't know that?" she asked over me.

"You… You mean…?"

"I knew about it the day after I'd first met her. When we came back from her house and I made you beg to kiss my pussy through my panties? Though only after you'd apologised to me for being such a failure as a man."

The memory triggered amusement.

"Remember?"

"Remember?", I asked myself. How could I ever possibly forget? The memory was imprinted upon my mind as surely as if it had been put there with a branding iron.

"She told me the next day when we went shopping. The same day we decided I should be running the company while you did what your best at."

"You… You weren't –aren't- angry she… she…"

"Hypnotised me?"

I nodded, dumbfounded.

“I was a bit miffed to begin with, I suppose. But when she said she was going to wipe all the subliminal programming she’d placed in my head, and went on to point out the advantages to me of those she intended to keep inside yours, I began to be won over.”

“I knew it!” I cried. “I knew there was no way I could be made to act like a… like a…”

“Flunkey?” she offered. “Pussy licker? Coward?… Servant?”

“Vera,” I began, my suspicion once confirmed lifting me; “you surely know me well enough to know that I *will* find a way of having what she’s done reversed and, when I do, I’ll…”

“Be in exactly the same position you are in now,” she finished for me, confidence in no way diminished by my semi-restored spirit.

I was about to come in when she stopped me.

“Before you attempt any more silly threats, let me explain why.”

I waited, already picturing several final, and necessarily gory, revenge scenarios I’d put into place when I was finally myself again.

“Firstly,” she began, “you have no idea just what these subliminal… *suggestions*, are.

“Go on,” I told her when she paused.

“For instance, have you tried telling anybody about your situation?”

With a sickening feeling of dread I recalled my inability to use the telephone; an inability, when taken with a similar incapacity to so much as open the front-door when alone, that shouldn’t have surprised me.

“Yes,” she said, smugly. “I thought as much. Must be terrible for you. A big strong man like you. Unable to use the telephone or so much as step outside the door without permission from either his wife or his young daughter.”

A thought occurred to her:

“Not forgetting, of course, an *“Ugly, Indian bitch”* from a civilisation far older and more… *knowing*, than ours.

“More knowing?” I cried, appalled. “For god’s sakes, Vera! Don’t you see what she’s done? She’s programmed you to hate me?”

“Oh, don’t be even more ridiculous than you are,” she scoffed.

“Ridic…”

“I didn’t need to be programmed to hate you. *That* was an emotion *you* set in motion years ago when you sacrificed the career I could have had for yours.”

“I sacrifi…?”

“I’m smarter than you, mentally and emotionally stronger than you, and better than you in all imaginable ways apart from brute physical strength.”

The last bringing a curl of contempt to her lip:

“An attribute Sree’s *‘Programming’*, as you describe it, *has* made obsolete. Even if you were tempted to use physical force upon any of us you’d be unable to see it through. In fact, Sree tells me the merest attempt would cause you great distress – both mental and physical.”

It would have sounded like a particularly fanciful science-fiction premise –or at least the plot of one of the more puerile Hammer Horror films of the seventies- had I not been on the wrong end of the programming she spoke of and not experienced it myself.

“Tell me,” she went on, her pleasure in quelling my mini-rebellion and dashing any hopes of further opportunities not exactly difficult to spot; despite my own preoccupations; “do you think Melanie’s been hypnotised to hate you?”

I couldn’t answer.

“Because I assure you she hasn’t. You achieved that all on your own and that’s why I’m going to enjoy knowing you’re kow-towing and fawning to her while I occupy your old office. Eradicating all memory of you from the business that once belonged to you and now belongs to me and Sree.

“What a come down for Mister-High-and-Mighty! No home, save the one his wife has taken from him and allows him to stay in. No money, no job, no business and no family. All his pitiful little golfing and stag-weekend buddies gone. No more nineteenth-hole tales of daring-do and barmaids seduced.”

My beaten eyes raised at this; tracks not covered as well as I’d thought and yet another reason for the hatred of me I hadn’t suspected.

As well as a stick she would take full advantage of to punish me.

“Perhaps you thought I was too stupid to guess – despite my top class degree and your bargain basement qualification from a Poly.”

There followed a long silence then as she allowed it all to sink in with me.

It had been laid on the line.

Was it hard to believe?

Yes.

Fantastical even?

Certainly.

Perverted?

In that regard; and given the realms my situation occupied; no superlative in the positive offered itself.

Yet she was right. She had spoken no more than the simple truth in regard of what the bitch had done. It was all clear to me - even if I didn't recognise myself as the hateful, career stifling, overbearing ogre, she'd described.

Suddenly, far from backing down, I was incandescent.

"And that appeals to you, does it, you disgusting person?" I blazed at her; gratified to see her draw herself back towards the cistern in surprise and, I was pleased to see, fear – even if I was aware of a certain queasiness at my stomach.

The step I took towards her was intended to intimidate.

"To have someone do miserable degrading things against their will? To know they wouldn't do them if they hadn't been… hadn't been…?"

"Feeling a little sick, Timothy?" she asked, the fear I thought I'd spotted nowhere to be seen.

"I… I…"

"It will only get worse, Sree tells me."

"Sree", I thought, was fucking right. Not only did my stomach feel ready to void but pain was present too. And, as if this wasn't bad enough, my head was thumping as if a team of Irish Navigators with pickaxes were intent on making a trench of it.

“Unless, of course…”

“What? What?” my besieged skull screamed as she hung it out.

“Unless, of course, you show me how contrite you are for your little outburst.”

I tried to leave. And couldn’t. Discomfort growing with every passing second.

“You’re quite wrong you know,” she told me, supremely unconcerned by my suffering. “You haven’t been programmed to obey at all. You do that all of your own free will.

“Your own free, *weak*, will, I should say.”

“Please!!!!” I heard myself scream, the pain becoming untenable.

“But there are things,” she went on, unconcerned for my suffering, “you’re subconscious has been ordered to forget even as it obeys. These include, as you know, leaving the house on your own and telling anyone of what goes on here. Though, I do have to inform you that, with the right word-triggers, which Sree has given me, you can be programmed to do a whole lot more.

Not wanting to, but unable to keep my balance -so great was the pain becoming- I dropped to my knees at her feet, nose not millimetres from the vermilion of her toenails.

And, as I did so, lo and behold; there was a definite decrease in my discomfort.

“Place your lips on my toes and you’ll find it gets even better,” I heard a smug and triumphant voice suggest from above.

Beside myself with the need for it to end, my lips found her toes, grateful for her recent shower.

And about to be even more grateful as my discomfort eased a few notches.

"I was only going to get you to wipe me with this," she said, obviously referring to the loo-paper. "But, seeing as you've been so rude and insulted both me and my new friend, I think you need to show a greater level of repentance before you feel yourself again."

"Anything", I thought, but just make it stop.

"In fact," she continued, "I think it should be another of your duties from now on.

I was in extremis.

"Yes," she congratulated herself. "That's what we'll do."

"Just tell me, for fuck's sakes!" I wanted to scream.

"Toilet tissue is just so impersonal," she mused and even through my agonies a certainty of coming dread filled me.

"Yes," she said, reaching a decision. "From now on you'll clean me with your tongue after I've urinated."

It was on the second day of the *'New regime'*, as I described it to myself – not twenty-four hours after my ordeal in the en-suite- and after sweeping leaves in the fresh air of the garden, when I attempted to disprove Vera's revelations of the night before.

The picture of myself as I knelt before her as she sat on the toilet after peeing, head between her legs as my tongue lapped at the residue of her…

Let's just say it was a hard image to dislodge.

Anyway, apart from my time mowing, or other general garden duties, I'd only left the house once in the preceding ten days - and that to meet Vera at our solicitors, to be made, effectively, into both a pauper and a dependant.

Though, since my unsuccessful attempt to leave and take my chances outside, pauper or not, I had tried again - and on several occasions.

Finding myself, at each attempt, unable to employ strength enough to force suddenly limp wrists into turning the lock of the door.

My inability, I now realise, and as Vera said, *not* solely the responsibility of my own weakness but aided immeasurably by the conditioning and subliminal commands implanted in my subconscious by my former partner's ugly young widow and her equally unappealing housekeeper.

None of which, given the nature of the horror show I was living, deterred me from trying again.

Quite the opposite.

"What are you doing, daddy?" Melanie asked me, coming downstairs at the exact moment the power supply to my wrists short-circuited.

I turned with a start, a little shocked to see her there.

Throughout the morning, as she had on the first day, she had proven surprisingly dedicated when it came to her studies and had simply ignored me – allowing me to get on with the list of downstairs chores supplied to me by Vera.

A lack of engagement suiting me fine.

"Oh, hello sweetheart," I stammered. "I was, er… I was…"

"I hope you weren't trying to go out?" she asked warningly, drawing herself up to her full five feet and moving towards me.

“Heh? No, no. Of course I wasn’t.”

“What were you doing then? You know you have to ask my permission if you need to go out front.”

Could there be a more galling situation for a grown man to find himself in, I asked myself. Doing household chores under the supervision of one’s own daughter with permission required for something so small as a trip outside one’s own front door?

Standing on the bottom step of the stairs, school uniform increasingly coming to seem –as Vera had intended- less like a symbol of youth and immaturity than a badge of high office, she waited expectantly for an answer, hands on hips authoritatively.

My young daughter, I realised, was delighted with her new role and had decided to approach it with the utmost seriousness.

“I asked you a question, daddy?”

Her voice had taken on the same tone of impatience and impending consequences she’d heard her mother take with me and –marvelling as I did so- I responded to it:

“I, er, was just going to get some fresh air on the drive, sweetheart,” I lied, uncomfortable, as you can imagine –and to put it mildly- at having to explain myself to a child.

“Then you should have asked permission first shouldn’t you?” she asked, actively enjoying this first small exercise of power and reprimand .

“Sorry, my love,” I apologised with a queasy stomach, “I didn’t think you’d mind.”

“Well I do,” she snapped, growing with confidence every time she forced me to back down before her. “In future, make sure you ask. Mummy doesn’t

want you going out on your own and if she doesn't neither do I."

"I'll remember that in future," I said, stepping to her side to make my way through to the kitchen for a consoling mug of tea.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"To the kitchen," I told her without turning, backburning the irritation threatening to erupt into full-blown exasperation.

"Shouldn't you ask me first?"

Now I did turn, half expecting to be greeted by a playful look telling me she was kidding around.

The look on my thirteen-year-old daughter's face was anything but *playful*.

Placing me on the backfoot instantly.

"Would you like something, kitten?" I asked in an attempt to cajole her.

Vera may have programmed and managed me into this situation with my youngest, but the fact remained only one of us was an adult – and it certainly wasn't her.

My attempt at child management, as it turned out, an ill advised one.

"Kitten" –if the thunderous look greeting its use was any guide- being yet another word on her list of proscribed endearments.

"Mummy told me you're meant to ask me for permission before you leave a room," she said, grimace at my familiarity still visible.

Her announcement of yet another curtailing of my freedoms coming as news to me – despite having licked *"Mummy"* and her piss drenched slit in penance the previous evening.

This, however, was not *"Mummy"* but my daughter.

"Hmm, I don't think so, sweetheart," I told her, tone intended to let her know she was beginning to irritate me.

And having no discernible effect whatsoever.

"Then why does mummy make you do it?" she asked.

"Mummy's still angry with me," I told her, wishing that was all she was.

Anger I knew, at least with the Vera I used to know, was finite, after all.

Melanie's expression said:

"So?"

"She feels I haven't treated her with respect in the past," I went on, sickened to the stomach with the whole situation and the gutter spawned levels it was taking me to – the more so for being unable to find my way out of it.

Melanie was silent.

"It's just her way of making me apologise," I finished; my daughter's silence making me edgy.

Then, finally:

"She says you haven't treated me with respect either," came her answer, increasing my edginess.

"Well, if I haven't then I'm sorry, sweetie. If I didn't then it wasn't intentional."

"I'm angry too," she told me. "So you should be apologising to me as well."

“Well… I…”

“Shouldn’t you?”

What was going on here? I asked myself: “Was my own daughter playing mind games with me now?

She was too young, surely.

Wasn’t she?

“Kitten,” I began, inviting the same thunder as before; “if I’ve made you feel bad at all I can do is say sorry. If that’s what I did then you have to believe me when I say I didn’t even realise I was doing it.”

“Did you say that to mummy?” she asked.

“Of course I did,” I answered, hoping this would be an end of it; the solitude of the kitchen and a simple cup of tea never having seemed so inviting; it being a discomfiting sensation when one first realises they’re becoming edgy and uncomfortable in the presence of a thirteen-year-old girl.

Intimidation, to follow shortly.

“But she still makes you ask permission to leave a room, doesn’t she?”

“Well, yes, she does,” I could do no more than admit, shaming as such an admission was. “I’m afraid your mother hasn’t quite forgiven me yet.”

Her reply was instant:
“And what makes you think I have?”

Trust me, for a fully-grown adult man; with some experience of the world and a decent intelligence; to be outmanoeuvred by a little girl really takes some swallowing.

“Just because I’m younger than mummy,” she went on in a peeved voice, “it doesn’t mean I’m a pushover.”

“I don’t think that for a second, sweethea…”

She cut me off:

“From now on until I think you’ve learned your lesson…”

“Learned my lesson?”

“…you show me the same respect you show mummy.”

My expression must have resembled that of a 1930’s music hall stooge.

It was certainly the way I felt.

Got it?” she demanded.

Tell me, what does an adult male do when placed in such a situation?

Because, as sure as shit stinks, I didn’t know.

The obvious response -to a normal parent anyway- being to ground the offending child and take away her privileges until she comes to her senses; having learned a valuable lesson in the process.

A course any normal father would take, given the power over me Vera seemed able to wield for some reason and, by association, her daughter, denied to me. The memory of the pain I’d felt when I tried to confront Vera the previous night making me think twice, and then a couple of times more, about repeating the attempt.

The only other route available to me being to humour my daughter into thinking she was calling the shots and getting her way while I, in reality, pulled the strings.

Not a difficult feat when dealing with a little girl some thirty-five years one's junior, surely?

Yeah, right!

"If that's what you want and what I have to do to apologise to you, sweetheart," I told her, all fake contriteness, "then you've got it."

"You treat me the same way you treat mummy, right?" she asked, a little indecision in her delivery telling me she hadn't though it would be this easy.
"Absolutely, sweetheart," I assured her.

"Including asking for permission when you want to leave a room I'm in?"

"Definitely,"

For what seemed the first time since she'd returned from her skiing trip a smile aimed itself in my direction. Not a particularly warm one, mind, but a smile just the same - something I hadn't been on the end of much recently.

"Okay, daddy," she said, still smiling, "you've my permission to go to the kitchen."

"Thanks, sweetheart," I told her, already on my way through the door, "I'll bring you up one of your milk shakes later."

When I reached the kitchen I slumped onto a chair and congratulated myself for the way I'd handled her.

"That didn't go too badly," I told myself.

Reality kicking in a few seconds later:

"The fuck it didn't!"

****

It was about an hour before Vera was due home, on that second day of Melanie being in charge, when Sreelatha turned up.

The bitch instigating my fall regarding me from the doorstep as I opened the door with wonder – marvelling at my ability to turn the lock and open it when previously the simple procedure had been beyond me.

“Oh, hmm, hello, er… Ms Sreelatha,” I said by way of a greeting to the last person on the planet I wanted to see on my doorstep.

“Good afternoon, Timothy,” she said haughtily, *dismissively*, as if addressing a no account flunkey – which of course, I remember thinking bitterly, was exactly what she considered me to be.

That ugly face seemed even more ugly and smug today and, for a few mortifying moments, I thought Vera may have told her about the use to which she’d put my tongue the evening before.

Not to mention my comments concerning her looks.

She was kitted out in black today. Black heels. Black hose. Black skirt and black jacket. A midnight blue blouse her only concession to colour. The sight of her -despite the matronly legs with the exaggerated but shapely calf muscles I found so unaccountably attractive; along with the feet below them- filling me with the usual desire to plant the point of a pickaxe on the red tilaka in the centre of her forehead.

Anger, humiliation and hatred, responding to the religious marking after the example of an archer to a bull’s-eye.

Only without the professional detachment and knowing I’d be in agony before I got close to pulling off the feat.

“What can I do for you?” I asked as she waited, expectantly I thought.

“Do not forget your manners.”

“Sorry?” I asked, at a loss.

“I am sure Vera would be unhappy to know you only show guests the proper respect when she is present.”

On the backfoot once again, face reddening and more than a little fearful, it dawned on me:

“Wh-What can I do for you, *Ms Sreelatha*?”

The reward for my feat of memory a mocking little smile.

“*You*, Timothy, can do absolutely nothing for me. I do not make social calls on servants.”

The taste of bile –a familiar occurrence in her presence- filled my mouth.

“I wish to speak to the lady of the house,” she informed me.

“Er, Vera’s not home yet,” I told her, surprised she wasn’t aware of it, “but I can give her a message when…”

“Are you being wilfully stupid?” she asked, a certain something in those cruel birdlike features telling me –had I not known it already- there was something she found *not* unsatisfactory in abusing me after such a fashion.

“I… I’m not with you?”

“Who is in charge here when Vera is at the office?” she asked by way of a reminder, as if speaking to a half-wit.

I was up to speed instantly, kicking myself for giving the bitch yet another opportunity to denigrate me; but then, is there a father breathing who considers his thirteen-year-old daughter the *“Lady of the house”*?

“I’m sorry,” I said. “I’ll go and get her.”

The eyes in that predatory and unattractive face flashed fire and I again felt the shaming fear that resulted whenever she seemed displeased with me.

“I… I mean: I’ll go and get her, Ms Sreelatha.”

“Do not forget again,” she warned, turning on her heel without a backward glance.

“I’ll wait in the front room.”

When I made it upstairs, Melanie was delighted to hear we –she- had a visitor and raced down to say hello; the bitch having made an impression on my daughter of a different –and less *homicidal*- nature to the one she’d made on her father.

“Make some tea, for Sreelatha,” she ordered after I’d followed her to make a sheepish entrance into my own front-room.

No *“Thank you”*.

No smile.

Not even a look in my direction.

Just a simple direct order she *knew* I would obey.

Tongue held and anger simmering, I went to the kitchen as ordered, filled the kettle and waited for it to boil.

Taking the opportunity as I waited to eavesdrop once again.

“Is he behaving?” I heard the bitch ask; as if Melanie were doing nothing more off the wall than babysitting a neighbour’s infant. “Only your mother asked me to drop by and see how you were coping.

“He’s been pretty good, Sree,” Melanie answered. “It’s no sweat.”

So, it's: *"Sree"* now, is it, I snorted to myself.

Fondness the last thing I wanted developing between my daughter and this piece of hell spawn.

"Tell me, Melanie, Madame Satan asked: "Do you enjoy being in control of your father?"

There was silence; a part of me hoping Melanie was going to answer in the negative and tell the bitch she was only doing it because her daddy hadn't treated her and her mother very well and they wanted to teach him a lesson. Wanting, in the end, only to have her real father back to…

"You must not be embarrassed to open your heart to me, Melanie," the devil's ugly handmaiden said, words cutting into my thoughts. "Your mother and I have been friends for only a short while yet she trusts me with her most intimate secrets."

Now there was a prospect never likely to be pleasant.

Not to me, anyway.

"You can tell me anything and it will go no further, my love."

"I know," Melanie began in an unusually hesitant voice, "but…"

"But what, my love?"

"I wouldn't want daddy to hear."

If laughter can be sincere, musical and odious at one and the same time then Sreelatha's achieved the feat.

"What's so funny?" I heard Melanie ask, recognising a familiar miffed

quality in her voice; the same quality always present whenever she thought she was being sent up or patronised.

“Forgive me, Melanie. I do not laugh at you. You have had a lot to take in over the last few days and, I must say, you have dealt with the changes to home and school life admirably.”

I waited, almost hearing my daughter’s pride at being congratulated so, sensing she was already won over.

“But,” intruded the bitch, “you must surely see that your father is of no account any longer. Whether he hears you or does not hear you is of no matter. As your mother and I explained the other evening, neither his thoughts, nor his opinions, nor his needs, are of any consequence. Your mother controls everything he once had. He has nothing. Therefore he is nothing.”

“But… It’s all a bit…” she broke off, unable to finish the train of thought.

“Tell me, Melanie.”

“It’s just so weird, Sree. He was always so… so…”

“Strong?”

I pictured my daughter nodding.
“Strict?”

And again.

“All powerful?”

“Yeah,” my daughter agreed. “To go from that to… And so quick… I’ve…”

There was a pause.

“What is it, Melanie? You can tell me absolutely anything and it will go no further – not even to your mother if you do not wish it.”

“You won’t tell her?”

“It will be between us two.”

Another pause; my daughter, I sensed, obviously plucking up, her courage; then:

“I’ve read stuff on the net,” Melanie confessed, still hesitant. “Is… Is he one of those men who…? You know?”

“Men who what, Melanie?”

“You know?… Men who like women to…? You know?… Do things to them?”

To my surprise; having convinced myself she would lie to justify Vera’s –as well as her own- treatment of me; Sreelatha laughed.

“Before I answer your question, Melanie –and I assure you your mother will hear nothing of this from my lips- I would like you to make a solemn promise to me.”

Silence.

“Will you do that, Melanie?”

“Yes, Sree. Of course I will.”

“I want you to promise me you will not read such *‘Stuff’* on the Internet again until you reach your majority.”

“My what?” Melanie asked - bright she may have been but her terms of reference didn’t stretch that far.

“By that,” the bitch went on, “I mean until you are of a legal age to choose to read such filth – or *not*, as the case may be.”

“Oh!”

“Will you give me your word, Melanie?”
There was another silence as my daughter gave it some thought.

“If you ask me not to I won’t look at that stuff again, Sree,” she agreed, as impressed with her visitor as I was appalled.

Adding:

“I promise.”

“Thank you, Melanie. You are as intelligent and quick to learn as your mother told me you would be. The ability to accept advice and act upon it is what separates the superior from the…”

Her hesitation brought Melanie in, flattered by the description of herself and wanting to prove it correct:

“Inferior?” she asked.

The older girl laughed:

“Yes. It was not the word I was looking for but, now I think of it, seems far more appropriate. Your father, I am afraid Melanie, fits that description perfectly. And that is why it is necessary for both your mother and you to take charge of him.”

The assertion was greeted with silence.

“I hope I do not offend you, my love.”

Still more silence followed and, for one mad, self-delusory, moment I thought my daughter was about to leap to her father’s defence, then:

“To be honest, Sree,” she began, “it’s pretty much how I think of him too.”

My soul shrivelled.

“It’s, like, he was always the big man.

Melanie was thinking about it.

“Do this!”

“ Don’t do that!”

“I know best.”

“ No, you don’t want this.”

“ No you don’t need that.”

Litany of fatherly directives complete, she moved on to other past irritations:

“Him, and his pals mum won’t let him see any more; telling their stupid golf stories and going on their holidays with each other. And all the time he was, like, this weak little person mum was allowing to call the shots.”

The mention of my *“Pals”* was yet another twist of the knife tormenting my entrails; Vera herself having stood over me as I phoned each and every one of them and ended our association of years standing – the coincidental loss of the wives she herself had become friendly with not bothering her a jot.

But, then again, my wife had *new* friends now.

“What I don’t get,” Melanie was asking one of those friends, “was why mum let him get away with it for so long?”

“Because, back then,” the bitch answered instantly, “your mother had not

met me."

For once I found myself agreeing with her; my wife's recent behaviour towards me and the situation in which I'd been placed dating from her first visit to my former partner's home.

"Sometimes," she was explaining, English tainted by the heavy Indian accent I'd found so charming on her husband and so hateful with her, "it takes another person to point out the obvious in the life of another. And it was clear to me from the start that the balance of power in your mother's relationship with your father was biased in the wrong direction. That is why I offered my late husband's shares in your father's company to support her."

"She owes you big time, then," my daughter pointed out.

As do I, I echoed - though my gratitude, I assured myself, would not be something she would enjoy when I shrugged off whatever had been done to me and was in a position to deliver it.

"Friends owe each other nothing except friendship itself," the bitch pointed out, in gag inducing language leading me to suspect she'd watched Ryan O'Neill and Ali McGraw in Love Story sometime recently.

This most unlikely stand-in for a WASP actress changing tack a little then:

"But tell me, Melanie, do you love your mother?"

My daughter's response was instant:

"Very much."

It didn't take a genius to guess the next question.

"And your father?"

Despite having anticipated it, my breath caught in my throat - the answer

about to be forthcoming far harder to guess at.

Though it shouldn't have been.

"No," my daughter said.

Voice firm and full of conviction; equivocation entirely absent.

A bald fact worthy of only a one word response.

"Then he is of even less account than I thought," the bitch told her. "It will make everything easier for you."

"I'm not with you, Sree."

Neither was I – and wouldn't be until later.

"Your servant's taking a long time with the tea," my daughter's new *friend* observed, by way of an answer guaranteed to reduce me further in my daughter's estimation, and I quickly moved to the boiled kettle and began to prepare it, the rest of their conversation lost to me.

It was the following morning when events took an even stranger -more *demoralising*- turn.

Presence not required in what was now my wife's bedroom the previous evening, I'd taken myself off to bed early –asking permission first, of course- and, for the first time in what seemed an age, slept like a top.

Sleep uninterrupted by the disturbing dreams I'd been having with more frequency just lately.

The above absence made after Vera had reviewed Melanie's school work over the dinner I'd cooked them in the dining-room. My own meal taken in the kitchen in order, Vera said, to give them time to catch up and not be

disturbed. This before they decided to sit in the den and watch a chick-flick with each other.

Fresh and bright-eyed –if as mortified as ever- I'd served my wife breakfast, helped her shower –grateful not to be asked to perform *"Toilet duties"*- and retrieved the clothing she intended to wear to the office.

Dressing almost finished, I was kneeling before her to complete her ensemble and slip her feet into the tanned leather Prada slingbacks she'd purchased the day before as she sat on her dressing-table stool.

Neither of us unaware of the fact that, not a few weeks ago, they would have been a purchase she would have had to clear with me.

But not now.

"What do you think?" she asked as I eased her right foot into the first and eased the strapping onto her heel.

She was going bare legged today, so I'd been spared the ritual of bunching up her pantyhose before smoothing the fabric up and over her legs; a task becoming more and more irksome to me –as, indeed, all the tasks set me were becoming the same.

Many of them *repulsive*.

This particular *"Ritual"* , it seemed to me, defining our new relationship like no other.

Me.

On my knees before her.

Serving my wife as if I were a paid manservant from a time when manservant's performed such tasks.

In my case, *without* even a pittance by way of payment.

“Very nice,” I mumbled, a tad sulkily.

Adding quickly:

“Ma’am.”

“You don’t think they make my feet look… I don’t know… Ugly?”

Unbelievable!

Despite everything she’d done to me in the preceding days; she was comfortable enough to fish for compliments.

“What do you think, Timothy?” she pressed, injecting no more than a single bristle of the hairbrush into her tone; confident it would bring me to heel.

Her confidence not misplaced.

“They look very nice, Ma’am,” I said, the deferential form of address she had insisted upon, and I had found so difficult a short time before, tripping off my tongue as naturally now as if I’d been deferring to her in such a way for decades.

“Do they really?” she asked, adding a false note of surprise to her question. “Only you never seemed much interested in my feet in the past.”

“And nothing’s fucking changed,” I wanted to tell her.

Feet had never done fuck all for me and still didn’t.

My indifference to what perverts found so riveting about them matched by both my contempt and my bewilderment.

“Feet?” for fuck’s sakes!

So, that being the case, why were a pair of the brown variety, sported by

an Indian bitch I hated, occupying my thoughts more and more?

“How about my nails?” she asked. “Does the colour match?”

“Perfectly, Ma’am,” I answered instantly, wanting my morning humiliation at her hands over with so I could get on with the chores she’d set me undisturbed. The time set aside for me to complete them the only part of my day, apart from my nights alone in the spare room, where I could have my own thoughts and not be…

“You’ll be taking over their upkeep soon,” she reminded me. “So…”

“What’s daddy taking over the upkeep of, mum?”

Our attention was drawn towards the door.

“And why’s he on his knees?” our daughter asked, having entered without knocking; already wearing the navy school uniform intended to remind *her* she was in learning mode and *me* she was in charge.

“Your father’s dressing me for the office, sweetheart.”

Utterly embarrassed, I attempted to rise - only for Vera to place a hand atop my head and force me back down.

“Why? Are you feeling ill, or something?”

“Why do you say that?”

Melanie frowned, as if she couldn’t believe her mother had to ask

“Well… Why can’t you dress yourself?”

“Because daddy likes doing it for me,” she lied.

Then, with just a suggestion of steel:

“Don’t you dear?”

I half turned my head in my daughter’s direction; unwilling to meet her stare full on; at a complete loss for a response:
“I, er… I, hmm…”

“He doesn’t sound as if he does,” my daughter scoffed.

“That’s because you’re here, sweetheart,” Vera told her by way of a mild reprimand. “You really should knock before you just barge in.”

“Sorry, mum, I didn’t think.”

“Just remember next time,” Vera warned. “That way you’re not likely to see things you might not like.”

Again, Melanie frowned as I sneaked a glance at her:

“Who said I didn’t like it? I think it’s cool you get daddy to dress you.”

Her expression purest evil as she added:

“Whether he likes it or not.”

“Not,” I told myself.

“What was it you wanted, anyway?” Vera asked, sounding not exactly displeased with her youngest’s approval.

“Oh, it was just something Sreelatha said when she visited yesterday.”

Had my subsequent groan not been of the inward variety it would have been heard in Bombay; a simple mention of the bitch’s name all it needed to kick-start my hackles.

“What with going over my schoolwork with you and watching the film, I didn’t get to tell you,” Melanie explained.

“Tell me what?”

I sensed my daughter’s eyes flicker towards me and so did Vera.

“Don’t worry about your father,” she told her, dismissing me as if were of no consequence. “What did Sree say?”

“It was strange, but… Well… She told me daddy’s our servant now.”

My eyes screwed themselves shut; unable to prevent what I was about to hear but at least blocking out the sight of my wife’s feet in the Prada’s I’d just placed upon them.

“And what did you say?” Vera asked, not denying it.

“I said he wasn’t our servant but was just making up for being so mean to you –and me- in the past. I told her as soon as we forgive him things will all go back to normal.”

You cannot imagine, and I certainly can’t adequately explain, what it feels like to hear yourself discussed in such a way by the people who should be the closest to you in the world - though I suppose a nausea of stomach, heart, and mind describes the sensation reasonably accurately.

“Well,” Vera began in a considered tone, “that’s only true in part, sweetie.”

“How do you mean, mum?”

“You see, Melanie, you’re right when you say daddy has been mean to us and needs our forgiveness. But *‘Things’*, as you say, will never return to the way they were.”

“You mean…?”

“That’s right, Melanie. I’ve decided your father is better suited to looking

after the home for us than wasting his time in the outside world."

A short silence followed as Melanie thought it over.

Before, finally:

"Then…? Then he really is our…?"

"Our servant, sweetie. Yes," Vera finished for her.

"Wow!"

"Was that all Sreelatha said?" my wife asked over her daughter's exclamation, tone even; as if she'd just informed her youngest of the items on a shopping list rather than my demotion to family flunkey.

"Well, no, as it happens. She said that though it wasn't common in our country for people to have servants, in her country it was."

"She said the same to me," Vera agreed.

"In India, she told me, people are really strict with their servants and don't allow them any familiarity, otherwise they might get ideas above their station."

"I think that's very wise," Vera again agreed. "What do you think?"

"Makes sense to me. It's why we have to call teachers *'Sir'* and *'Miss'*. Otherwise the kids would think they were equal and wouldn't do as they're told."

Again, Vera must have nodded in agreement with her daughter.
"Sree said I was letting daddy be too familiar with me."

"What now?" I asked myself, sensing yet another deterioration in both my situation and the already subterranean levels of my thirteen-year-old daughter's regard for her father.

“What did you say, sweetie?” I heard Vera ask above me.

“I said he was still my dad. I could hardly make him call me Miss or something like that.”

“And what did she say?”

“She told me that was exactly what I had to do. She said if I kept allowing him to be familiar with me and did the same with him, it would be harder for me to make him do as he’s told. She said he had to accept I was his boss when you weren’t here and needed to show me the same respect he shows you.”

“And you’re uncomfortable with that?”

“No I’m not!” Melanie demurred, pouty. “Just cos he’s my dad and so much older than me doesn’t mean I’ll let him get away with anything.”

“I’m pleased to hear it, Melanie. Then what’s the problem?”

Waiting on my knees as I was discussed, wanting nothing more than to disappear in a puff of pure oxygen, I sensed some puzzlement on my daughter’s part.

“You…” she began, uncertainly. “You mean it’s alright with you if I… If I…”

“Go on, sweetheart.”

I heard Melanie suck in a breath.

“You mean, it’s alright if I get daddy to address me with more…?”

“Respect?…” I heard my wife reply, sickening me further. “I can’t think why not. What better way of teaching him his place? What did you have in mind?”

Melanie obviously hadn't got that far.

"Well, I…"

"Let's think," Vera offered. "He calls me *'Ma'am'* and Sreelatha *'Ms'*."

There was a brief pause, then:

"I know: how about: *'Ms Melanie'*?"

A clapping together of schoolgirl hands indicated to this latest shaming of me had hit the spot.

"You like that, sweetie?"

"I love it, mum!"

"And how will you address him?"

Another eventuality my daughter had yet to think through and was quick to do so now:

"Can I call him *'Timothy'*, like you mum?"

Vera must have been thinking it over, then, after a few moments of silence:

"Yes," she said. "I think that's right and proper. But only *'Timothy'*, mind. I don't want to hear *'Tim'* or *'Timmy'* or any other familiarities come to that. If I did I'd be disappointed. Understand?"

"Mummy this is just so cool!" Melanie gushed. "Thank you!"

Opening my eyes and snatching a look upwards, I was just in time to see my daughter rush into Vera's arms and give her a hug. Closing them again then as an excited Melanie tore herself away to pace the bedroom carpet,

delighted with events.

This present ordeal not over for me just yet.

“Sreelatha’s right,” Vera began. “It’s all about respect. Give people like your father –or *‘Timothy’* to you from now on- some slack and they’ll abuse the kindness. From now on I want you to insist he respect you at all times. Even when I’m here and in charge. He has to get it into his head that you’re as much in control of him as me.”

I heard a whistle escape Melanie’s lips, still coming to terms with hearing her mother speak about me to her in such a way.

And in my presence.

My daughter much taken, I sensed, with her mother’s use of the word: *‘Control’*, when applied to her and the power she had been given over her father.

My amazement about to morph into something even more jaw dropping.

And, as you would expect in the circumstances, not in a pleasing way.

“There are lots of little things you can do to teach daddy how to respect you, Melanie,” said Vera.

“*‘Timothy’*,” Melanie corrected her; winning a laugh from the same lips intent on wrecking my standing with my own daughter.
What remained of it, anyway.

“Apologies, sweetie,” Vera offered, still laughing. “*‘Timothy’* it is from now on. Don’t forget: this a learning curve for me as much as you.”

And what, pray, did the wife I now hated think it was for me?

“As I was saying,” Vera picked up where she had left off; “there are lots of little things dad…”

This time they giggled, conspirators in my dismantling.

“Lots of little things *‘Timothy’* can be taught as a means of showing you respect.”

“What things, mum?”

“Lots of them, sweetheart, but it’s best to concentrate on just one to begin with and then introduce another when you’re satisfied his learnt his lesson.”

Below them, I was asking myself just how much shit I would allow Vera to pour over me before I grew some testicles, said *“Screw the consequences”*, and got myself the fuck out of here.

The answer -I’m sure you’ve guessed after my experience of the previous evening in the en-suite- already obvious to me.

And as debilitating and shameful as the shit itself.

“Suggest something, mum,” Melanie urged, anticipation at molten levels.

There was more silence as Vera considered the request and I placed an appeal of my own to a higher authority.

Praying *He* would allow me to slip, gracefully and painlessly, away.

“I think a good way to start,” Vera offered, suggestion hit upon, “would be to start with him the way I did. It worked for…”

“What way was that, mum?” Melanie rushed in, so impatient to begin teaching her father to respect her she’d risk annoying her mother with an interruption if it moved the process along with more swiftness.

Vera not about to let her rudeness go.

“Interrupt me once more young lady, and I’ll have to rethink the whole

situation. I'm placing a lot of trust in someone of your age and when you behave like that it makes me question myself."

"Sorry, mum," Melanie apologised. Quickly. The magic words again tripping off her tongue and all that was needed, it seemed –at least for our daughter- to regain my wife's good graces.

Sure enough.

"That's alright, sweetie. I know how excited you are. But you really have to listen to mummy."

"I will. I promise."

They say the IQ levels of a dog or a bitch improve immeasurably with the advent of a treat dangled before it.

In this instance, Melanie was the bitch and I, her father, was…

Take a wild guess.

"I realised very early when I took over from your…"

Vera caught herself.

"…From *'Timothy'*, that treating him as if he was my equal was not going to work. I had to make him realise he needed to listen to me and abide by my decisions. And for him to do that I needed to make sure he showed me respect at all times.

"The first thing I insisted upon was that he…"

"For god's sakes, Vera!" I finally piped up. "She's thirteen-years-old, you can't…"

The slap to the cheek that twisted my head in the direction of a disbelieving Melanie and truncated my protest was not, in itself, particularly

painful.

The fact it had been delivered in full view of our daughter was.

“If I hear one more peep out of you,” Vera began, eyes boring holes in mine before flickering to her dressing-table and the hairbrush laying atop it, “you know what will happen.”

Then, to cow me even further:

“And so will Melanie.”

It was enough.

My head lowered, eyes taking in her new Prada’s through a film of moisture I knew could only herald tears.

“Wow, mum!” I heard Melanie enthuse, totally unfazed at being a witness to her own father’s pussy-whipping.

A distinctly opposite reaction holding sway.

“If I won’t allow you to interrupt me,” Vera explained, “I’m certainly not about to let this… *specimen* do it.”

“Specimen” was right, I told myself, fighting back the tears I couldn’t – despite what she had already witnessed- bear my youngest to see.

The type of *“Specimen”* I might be eluding me for the moment.

“Now, Melanie,” Vera was continuing while I perused my status within the grouping *‘Homo sapiens’*. “Every morning, when your fath… *Timothy*… comes to your room for the first time, this is what I want you to insist he do…”

Part Five

Later that same morning, after Vera had driven to work I was still brooding over what she had said before leaving for the day.

First to out daughter and then to me.

Informing her husband she would be disappointed if she returned later that evening to find *he* had been difficult. *Very* disappointed. *"Things"* she insisted -believing, it seemed, her husband was either too stubborn or too stupid to realise for himself- had changed.

"And changed for good."

She also warned me those *"Things"* were still in a state of flux and there were more changes to come. If I wanted to live a life anywhere near bearable, she told me, then I had better start developing a more *"Servile"* attitude to both her and our daughter. My obedience to them, she explained, needed to be instant and unthinking, because if she didn't see a marked improvement some time soon, going over her knee for a bare-arsed spanking with a hairbrush would seem like a few minutes corner-time after what she had in mind by way of a corrective.

It was, as you can imagine, with a heavy heart that I listened to what had been *my* Mercedes pull off the drive and head for work while I collected my wife's washing from *her* room and made my way to the utility to start on the laundry.

Ever felt depressed at the direction your life is taking?

Well, think again.

Until you've had a life you loved and thoroughly enjoyed stripped from you and been forced into the worst, most shaming, position of dependence upon a woman you once professed to love and who professed the same back; not only have you no idea what the word means, but I seriously doubt your ability to even spell it correctly.

As I separated the whites from the colours and the machine from the hand, as my *daughter* had taught me, I don't think any man on any planet could ever have felt so low.

Hyperbole, I hear you say?

Nonsense!

Think about it: not only was I a servant in my own home –and out and out regarded as one since the insistence of the Indian bitch that my wife and daughter stopped with the pretence of me as husband and father and regarded me as a lesser form- but I appeared to be without the free will necessary to change my circumstances in any way.

Certainly, I could rebel and simply flat out refuse to do as they said; but then I *had* to face the consequences; knowing I was unable to prevent my wife punishing me in any way she saw fit.

Even ending my life was an option unavailable to me, so strong was the conditioning my former business partner and friend's widow had managed to put on me – not to mention being unable to either leave the house without permission or tell anyone about my situation.

It sounds fanciful, I know; straight from the realms of some tacky and cheap sci-fi or horror flick.

Unbelievable!

Yet not so *"Unbelievable"* I could do anything to change or even alter my situation.

And I had tried.

Trust me, after my experience of the night before when I'd tried to assert myself in the bathroom, I had no inclination to attempt such a thing any time soon.

Never had I experienced such feelings of nausea.

And the torture that had taken place inside my head was simply beyond any words I possess to describe them.

More hyperbole?

Forget it!

Anyhow, remembering I needed to collect Melanie's washing too, feelings lower than a Siberian barometer during a cold snap, I'd knocked at her bedroom door and waited as instructed.

For my daughter. In my own home. To give me permission to enter a room!

The barometer analogy, I told myself, came nowhere close to describing the level of my spirit.

I was about to knock again when:

"Come in, daddy!"

A little surge of…

What?

Hope?

Optimism?

Something, anyway, had penetrated my despair.

She had called me: *"Daddy"*; the permission she'd been granted to call me *"Timothy"* by Vera, I prayed fervently, disregarded as being…

Unnatural?

That was my hope as I entered, anyway.

It wasn't until I'd taken a step inside the room that I remembered something else my wife had given my youngest daughter permission to do.

Remembering also to pray it would be a green light my daughter would either ignore or forget.

"I just need to get your laundry, sweetheart," I told her in a voice that said I was in the middle of something and hadn't much time, hoping she was busy enough with what she was doing herself to let me get in and out as swiftly as possible.

Without looking at her, I moved swiftly to the raffia Ali Baba into which, when she could be bothered, she placed her dirty-washing; normally leaving it strewn over the carpet for Vera –and now me- to pick up. Hoping she was too busy with her studies to recall the largesse offered her in my regard that very morning and, if she wasn't, praying my sense of purpose would distract her from something I knew I would find next to impossible to do.

Looking back, of course, I see how heavily I was deluding myself. Wouldn't I have considered the position I was in *"Impossible"* at one time? And here I was: collecting my daughters dirty laundry prior to washing it.

Yet at the time, and after all the evidence to the contrary presented to me in respect of my ability to offer even a semblance of rebellion to Vera, the Indian bitch, and increasingly, my daughter herself, I still thought I had some kind of a say in exactly what I did and didn't do.

She had been seated at the computer console when I entered, eyes fixed upon the screen and, in another life, I told myself, I would have been proud to see such devotion to her school-work. In fact, at no time had Vera or I had a problem getting her to study. Unlike her older sister, Melanie's homework was always done on time – and without prompting. The reports from her tutors were uniformly full of praise for both her brightness and her discipline – even if we were told she wasn't the most social member of her class and something of a loner.

Just the same, and proud or not, at no time had I expected see her absorbed in her studies while I clucked around her in the position of domestic flunkey.

I'd grabbed the laundry and was about make my escape, door half closed and blocking her from view, when it came:

"Daddy?"

I froze in my tracks, knowing, even as I prayed for her to ask for a fizzy drink or a shake, my prayers were about to go unanswered.

"What is it, sweetheart?"

I tried to inject an upbeat tone into my voice but it sounded hollow even to me.

How could it not?

Behind me there was silence and I knew my youngest daughter was waiting for me to go to her; summoning me, in fact, as if I were a disobedient pupil she had grown tired of reprimanding and was unwilling to waste any more words than she needed to do so again.

With little in the way of choice, I stepped back inside, the stale and faintly offensive odour of the dirty laundry clutched to my chest doing nothing to prevent me looking ridiculous in her eyes.

She had swivelled in her chair to face me. Totally comfortable by now in the navy blue school uniform she had at first reacted against wearing when at home. Swiftly taking to as if it were the latest outfit hot from the catwalks of Milan when Vera had explained its intended significance.

An intended significance I'd considered as ludicrous as I considered it deeply malicious when she'd first mooted it - only to realise, in not more than the space of a few days, that I was beginning to respond to it along with

Melanie in just the way my wife had intended.

Ankles in navy pantyhose crossed one over the other, discarded school loafers to one side; she had folded her arms across her chest and was staring up at me expectantly when I came to a halt in front of her. Not for the first time, I tried to locate some sign of a family resemblance –on either my side or Vera's. And returned empty handed. My wife's initial assertion Melanie was a throwback to one of her family's more *exotic* members had sounded reasonable enough to me and it wasn't so uncommon I hadn't heard of it. These things did happen, after all.

Just the same though, and from the moment Melanie had been born, I couldn't help but wish she had popped out more like her older sister. A chip off the old block and a spit for her mother in looks with –unfortunately if my wife was now to be believed- her father's intelligence.

Our youngest, however, had her mother's intelligence and looked absolutely nothing like me or any of the other members of my family. Past or present. Complexion and colouring more middle-East than middle-England.

"Two things," she said when I stood in front of her, cheeks burning. "Just because I know you don't like me calling you *'Timothy'* and I'm nice to you and call you *'Daddy'* it doesn't mean you can disrespect me."

"Disrespect her??" I asked myself, repeating a contemporary street wail I'd never been able to stand.

Just how more *surreal* could my situation get? No matter how many times I consoled myself it had reached rock-bottom and couldn't get any worse it somehow managed to do just that. Physical discomfort or mental agony; my limits in respect of both were being redrawn on a daily basis.

"I'm not having mummy think I'm allowing you to get away with things," I heard her telling me when I came back from my contemplation of the bizarre and downright perverted holding me captive. "I don't want to tell on you for not doing as she said."

In an instant, she had my attention; a grown man, so afraid of his wife he was allowing himself to be ruled over by a little thirteen-year-old girl.

His little thirteen-year-old girl.

“I forgot,” I lied to her, smiling as winningly as a man in my position can smile. “It won’t happen again. How’s the maths going?”

Far from being won over, my *little* girl fixed me with a sullen look.

“You’re supposed to call me *‘Ms Melanie’* from now,” on she reminded me. “Not *‘Sweetheart’* or any of those other silly names you used to call me.

“Sorry, swee…” I caught myself in the nick of time, unsure what was the greater: relief I had, or the fact I could feel relief for something so trivial at all.

“Say it,” my daughter demanded.

I swallowed.

Hard.

“Ms Melanie,” I said, forcing the words past my lips. “I’m sorry, Ms Melanie.”

The colour rushing to her young cheeks was an infusion of pure triumph at having made an older man –her father no less- obey her. She seemed to be flourishing in her new position of responsibility and I knew it wasn’t something she saw herself giving up any time soon.

“What else did you forget to do?” she asked, eyes hardening and, I thought, looking just a little nervy.

She was still a child, after all.

Knowing what she was referring to I found myself in an agony of guilt

and impotence. Guilt for allowing my wife to place our daughter in an unnatural position in my regard that could *not* be healthy for her, and impotence for being unable to do a damn thing to prevent it. It's one thing, after all, for someone to tell you a certain something is going to happen - and quite another when it actually does.

"I'm waiting, daddy," she reminded me.

"Sweet… I mean: Ms Melanie," I began, hoping I could talk her out of it and getting off on the wrong foot. "You don't *really* want me to do that do you?"

"You do it for mummy."

"Yes, but…"

"Or don't you want to respect me too?"

It was surreal. Abstract. Absurd! A forty-year-old man, the creator of a company, maker of deals and employer of people, being *handled* by a little girl. If I acquiesced how could I ever lift my head in her presence again?

"Okay, daddy," she said when I remained lost for a response. "Mummy told me to call Sreelatha if I had any problems with you so I'll do that when I've finished what I'm doing. She'll know what I should do."

With that she swivelled sideways on to the screen, one leg crossed over the other, foot swinging, and returned to her lesson, leaving me in an agony of indecision as, apparently unconcerned, she completely ignored my presence.

They say the management of men is hard-wired into the female psyche from the womb and my young daughter was the living proof of such wisdom. Never a sweet and cuddly little girl, exactly, she had at least shown me a modicum of deference. Now though, she was turning into a controlling little bitch.

Recognition of which did nothing to help me as I stood in helpless indecision and considered my options. The prospect of the other bitch –the bitch of the Indian variety- being called in to supervise my already shameful situation vis-à-vis my daughter filled me with utter dread. Knowing, as I did, just how easily she seemed able to make me do things alien to my will.

I'm not sure how long I stood there being ignored by Melanie as she concentrated on the screen and made notes – or at least pretended to; but eventually, and sick at heart, I knew what I was going to do.

Taking a step towards her as she continued to scribble notes, I knelt down and took a swinging foot in my hand; the unmistakable smell of perspiration from the earlier confinement of her feet in the loafers adding to my nausea.

Then, wanting it over as quickly as possible, I placed a kiss on her instep and made to rise.

"Stay where you are daddy," she ordered.

And, mind-bogglingly, I did.

"You have to kiss both feet, mummy said."

Unable to look her in the eye I waited for her to uncross her legs and present the other foot.

She remained as she was and waited for me to figure it out, intent on showing her father who was the boss now.

Wanting it over, I went to all fours and again placed my lips on her instep.

"Are they a bit smelly, daddy?" she asked as I rose to my knees, still avoiding eye-contact.

"Er… Well…"

“Only I had the same tights on yesterday and forgot to put fresh ones on. You don’t mind, do you?”

“N-No, I, er… No.”

“You’re disrespecting me again,” she warned and I remembered just how cruel little girls could be when given the opportunity; having seen, like most young boys, the evidence myself – even if I hadn’t expected to be on the wrong end of it as an adult.

“I… I’m sorry, hmm… Ms Melanie.”

Her hand actually came out and ruffled my hair, just as if she were rewarding the dog I’d never let her have for his obedience.

“That’s a good daddy,” she cooed, exactly as if I were a canine and she my master. “You have to do as I say now, don’t you?”

There was spiteful glee in her young voice at having an adult –her-father- under her authority.

“Don’t you?” she snapped.

“Y-Yes,” I heard myself stammer, the same man who –not a few weeks before- had sent her to bed early for speaking back and docked her pocket-money for a number of other infringements of his code-of-conduct.

Weeks that now seemed decades removed.

“*‘Yes’*, what?”

“Yes… Ms Melanie,” I said.

She wanted to hear me say it.

“ *‘Yes, Ms Melanie’*, what?”

It’s not a nice feeling to want to take one’s youngest daughter by the throat and squeeze the life from her. But only slightly more repugnant than being forced to kneel and kiss her feet as a sign of respect. In fact, there was nothing nice about anything in my life anymore; only varying degrees of mortification.

“Yes, Ms Melanie, I have to do as you say from now on.”

I’d barely choked it out when she placed the sole of a foot in the centre of my chest and pushed me backwards to rest on my elbows, giggling as my gaze found hers and she read the shame there.

“God!” she gasped. “Sree was right. You really are a pussy. I mean, really? Like, kissing my feet in my dirty tights? Gross! ”

Tearing my eyes away I remained silent.

What was there to say?

“Mum’s right too. You’re not a real man and need her and your little girl to look after you.”

Mini tirade finished, she turned back to the screen, not even deigning me with a look as she barked her orders:

“Go and do the laundry then report back to me when it’s finished and I’ll assign you another chore,” she told me.

But it was the words following me out of the room that stuck with me:

“This afternoon I’m going to start training you.”

When Vera arrived home that evening I was waiting in the hall for her as per my new instructions.

“The moment you hear the door to mummy’s car shut,” Melanie had instructed me, I want you to let her in and welcome her home the way I

taught you."

That teaching, you understand, having been done in the afternoon after she had shown me my true place in the household pecking order in her bedroom. The greeting of my wife after her day at the office intended to be a regular part of my day and taking longer to perfect than you might have thought.

"Stand straight."

"Eyes lowered."

"Bow your head."

Forced to witness this with no prior knowledge of my situation, a person might have taken me for one of those poor souls whose physical growth hasn't been matched by a corresponding mental maturity and, in the absence of an adult, found himself in the care of a minor.

That *"Minor"* being his dictatorial daughter.

"Welcome home, Ma'am," I greeted my wife as Melanie stood to the side and observed the effect of her lessons. "Allow me to take your case."

Eyes lowered in the way I'd been told, the Prada slingbacks I'd placed on them only that morning staring up at me from her feet; I took my wife's briefcase and closed the door behind her; certain that, had I been able to see my face, no shade of scarlet would match that of my cheeks. She was holding a plastic bag and I made to take it.

"I'll keep this," she said, moving it from my grasp. "It's a surprise."

I didn't like the sound of that, I can tell you. I'd had enough surprises recently to last me three lifetimes.

"Where would you like me to put your case, Ma'am?" I asked, still not meeting her eye and having no desire to do so.

“Just leave it by the coat-stand for now,” she said. No *‘Hello’*, no anything. Simply accepting my servile behaviour as no more than her due. Enthusiasm, it seemed, reserved for her daughter.

“Hello sweetheart!” she said warmly. “Come and give your mum a big hug.

As I stood ignored and marginalised, taking the opportunity to raise my eyes, they hugged and kissed.

A touching family scene.

Had it not been for the father relegated to waiting on them like a flunkey.

“Did you teach him to do that, sweetheart?”

Melanie had nodded - proud.

“I thought you’d like it, mum?”

Vera’s eyes flickered towards me and I immediately lowered my own.

“I do, my love,” I heard my wife assure her. “I’m really pleased with you. But I hope you’re not neglecting your studies.”

“I’m not, mum. Daddy’s training doesn’t start until after I finish my lessons.”

“His training?”

“Sree told me I should teach him how to show us respect now he’s our servant.”

A note of hesitancy entered her voice as I cursed the Indian bitch I should have known would be behind my daughter’s behaviour towards me:

“I haven’t done wrong, have I mum?”

“Of course you haven’t, sweetheart,” Vera reassured her, clutching our daughter to her chest again. “I’m delighted you’re taking your new responsibilities so seriously. Not many girls of your age could take care of their daddy the way you do. But tell me, why are you still calling him that?”

“What do you mean?”

“I gave you permission to call him *‘Timothy’*. So why do you still refer to him as *‘Daddy’*?”

I didn’t hear my daughter’s reply to this but I did catch my wife’s response to what had been whispered in her ear.

Laughter.

My humiliation, however, wasn’t over – nor would it be.

“I’ve been teaching him other things Sree told me too. She says Indian servants are the best in the world and we should train daddy like one.”

“I’m sure your daddy would agree,” Vera said, hoping to provoke me I thought. “Now he’s a servant he’ll want to be the best servant for us he possibly can.”

Of course I did, and Barack Obama wants to be a Grand Dragon of the Klu Klux Clan.

“Daddy?”

Reluctantly, I raised my eyes to those of my daughter; she looked expectant:

Choking back a rage of conflicting emotions, I forced myself through it:

“Is there anything I can get you, Ma’am?” I asked my wife before again lowering my eyes as previously instructed, part of me realising my deference

and obedience was beginning to seem like second-nature and hating the fact; even as I acted in just that way.

“My, my, Melanie,” Vera gushed, obviously impressed. “You have been putting him through his paces haven’t you?”

“Go and sit down, mummy, and I’ll send him through,” my daughter answered, flourishing under the praise.

When my wife had moved to the front-room my daughter stood in front of me.

“Well done, daddy,” she said. “I’m pleased with you.”

God! I wanted to slap her.

“Now, go and show mummy what else I’ve taught you to do.”

With a heavy heart, my daughter on my heels, I followed my wife to the front-room where she was sat in what had been *my* chair, bare, lightly tanned legs crossed one over the other, dangling a Prada from her toes.

Even with my gaze lowered I could see the quizzical look sure to be on her face as I knelt in front of her and brought my lips to the toe of that dangling shoe before going to all fours as my daughter had shown me and repeating the manoeuvre with the other.

“Oh, my!” I heard her gasp from above me – like she herself hadn’t forced me to do far worse.

Knowing my distasteful chore wasn’t finished, I slid the shoes from her feet and placed them at the side of her chair before again lowering my lips to her painted toes and planting a kiss on them – on all fours again then to do the same with the other before drawing myself up to my knees.

“Before I polish your shoes, Ma’am, can I get you something? Perhaps

I…”

I hesitated, unable to bring myself to say it.

“Go on, daddy,” my daughter ordered. Warningly. “Say it the way I taught you.”

“P-Perhaps, if your feet are tired, you’d like me to give them a massage.”

The silence greeting my servile offer told me Vera was shocked. She knew I found feet somewhat repulsive and, despite having had some success with me on the same score in our/her bedroom, found my request something of a revelation.

Eyes still lowered I couldn’t see the interplay between them but I could picture the triumphant and congratulatory nature of it.

My wife’s next words confirming the imagery:

“Melanie, I can’t tell you how impressed I am with the progress you’ve made. I can’t believe you’ve accomplished all this with him in just one day.”

“Him?” I thought. Why not tell it like it is and just refer to me as: *“It?”*

“I couldn’t have done it without, Sree, mum,” our daughter told her, generously pointing credit to where it was due; while I knelt in silence and pondered what I would like to point in the direction of the avian featured piece of Indian shit who’d perverted my family and turned my life into a hell.

“Marvellous isn’t she?” my wife agreed. I heard the rustling of the plastic bag at her side. “She’s been giving me advice too.”

The bag rustled again and I heard them giggle.

The surprise, as I’d expected, was indeed for me.

And, given the bitch’s involvement, I knew it would be a surprise I’d find

unpleasant.

After Vera had stopped giggling, Melanie had taken off to watch a dvd in her room and I'd been dispatched to the kitchen.

"I'm going to take a shower soon," Vera informed me. "Polish my shoes then fetch me up a glass of white wine."

Rising, leaving me on my knees still, orders issued, she turned on her heel and made to leave with the contents of the plastic bag before an afterthought took her:
"And bring a large bowl of ice with you."

As she moved out of sight I puzzled as to why she wanted a bowl of ice and hoped it had nothing to do with me; not dwelling too long on the conundrum as I thought of the way I was being treated.

It was now official – if it hadn't been already.

Both she and my daughter regarded me as no more than a servant.

My head was buried between her thighs as she pushed her cunt against my face; my jaw ached from licking and sucking but she wouldn't let go of my hair, pulling at it with both hands as she berated me:

"Wimp!"

"Pussyboy!"

"Cuntlapper!"

It was language of a type I'd never heard from her before and the kind of gutter-spawned obscenity I knew turned some men on.

But not this one.

I was stripped naked as asked while she wore only her bathrobe prior to her shower; my face soaked by her juices and not even an erection to show for it. Even desire taking a backseat in the face of my boundless demoralisation as I prayed the bitch I once thought I'd loved would go over the edge and let me escape to lick my wounds until the next round of humiliation.

As if the divine presence who'd deserted me had heard my plea and decided to throw me a small bone of consolation, she screamed and rammed her pussy so hard against me I was lucky to retain consciousness let alone breathe.

Knowing she was close, I redoubled my efforts to get her over the line. Then, suddenly, downpour becoming deluge, I was drowning in her juices as they gushed over my mouth and down my chin to soak my chest as, with one final convulsion, she screamed at the ceiling as if it was responsible for her release while ignoring the poor demoralised bastard her passion had all but asphyxiated.

Me!

Though she did throw me a tiny treat as I licked at her swollen clit by way of easing her down in the way she'd told me she preferred.

"Good boy," she said without bothering to look at me.

After another minute or so, thinking my torment was over, I attempted to move.

Bad idea.

"Stay where you are," she snapped before turning away and resting her elbows on the bed.

Presenting me with the full firm globes of her arse and putting my early-warning system on red-alert.

Rightly, as it turned out.

“Eat my ass,” she ordered matter-of-factly, as if she were offering me a French-Fry she was unable to finish for herself. “And I want to feel your tongue in there.”

I won’t bore you further with my agony of indecision and my latest pondering of futile options. What point would there be? You know what happened.

Feeling what was fast becoming a familiar sickness of heart and stomach, I placed my lips on the alabaster skin of her buttocks and –when she was satisfied her posterior had been worshipped sufficiently- inserted my tongue into her pre-shower rectum and the indescribable yet all to recognisable taste to be found there.

I was, I told myself, at about the lowest ebb to which a man could be driven.

An opinion I was forced to revise when she decided her rectum had felt enough of my tongue.

“I want you to go into my bathroom and shave off your pubic hair.”

I stared up at her, uncomprehendingly.

“Shave off my…?”

“That’s right,” she told me, reading my thoughts and coming in over them.

“But…”

“What have you been told about *‘Buts’*?” her warning cut me off. “Only men have pubic hair. Not weak-willed little pussy-boys like you who can’t even stand up to their thirteen-year-old daughter.”

“P-Please, Vera… Ma’am,” I begged, hearing my voice for the instrument of the weak-willed pussy-boy she assured me I was and too far gone in my misery to care. “Stop this now. It… It’s just wrong.”

“Feels good to me,” she said without humour. “Now get into that bathroom and shave yourself.”

I stood –knelt- my ground and her eyes narrowed:
“Unless, of course, you want to disobey me and feel what you felt last night when you tried to do the same?”

The memory of the pain and nausea I’d felt the last time I visited *her* bathroom was nothing if not a motivation.

“Well?” she demanded, towering above me like a Fury on a crystal-meth rush. “Do you?”

“No,” I answered in the small beaten voice fast becoming de rigueur for me, shaking my head.

“No what!”

“N-No, M-Ma’am.”

A smile of the purest evil transformed the features I’d once found pretty:

“Then you had better get your sad little arse in there and do as your wife tells you,” she said.

“Now!” she barked as I hesitated and, like the well-trained cur I was being schooled to be, I leapt to my feet as if scalded and made for the en-suite; accompanied by my trainer’s instructions.

“I’ve left a razor some soap and a towel on the side for you. Make sure you shave all around your little cock and balls and don’t forget the crack between your arse. I’ll be in to check on you in ten minutes. I expect you to be on your knees waiting.

And that's what I did. Me. Tim Benson. Once the respected owner of a flourishing business and the master of his own domain. Reduced now to abject servitude to his wife, his young daughter, and the hawk featured bitch who'd once been married to his partner.

And seeing absolutely no way out.

Fortunately, I suppose, I've never been particularly hairy downstairs so lathering up and shaving off my pubes wasn't a particularly daunting task. At least not in physical terms. The effect it had upon the tattered remains of what constituted my manhood was another matter entirely.

As I picked up the scattering of pubes from the floor-tiles with a tissue and flushed them down the lavatory it seemed as if I were flushing away what little I had left of my manhood. Only the prospect of having the monster –aka: my once loving wife- take pleasure from the tears I wanted to cry preventing me from flooding the en-suite with them.

It was some twenty minutes later when she entered to find me waiting on my knees as she'd ordered. She had changed into a pair of shorts and wore a clingy tee-shirt over her big unfettered breasts. The nipples arrowing out the fabric all I needed to know –not that I needed anything- that she was thoroughly enjoying the depths to which she was taking me.

She ordered me to stand with my back to her.

Doing as she asked I realised I was shaking from head to foot; quite literally in a state terror for what was to come; terror made all the more potent for my having no idea for what that *was* to be.

Suddenly, I felt cream being applied to my buttocks before a finger inserted itself into the crack and rubbed the substance well in to the skin.

“Pay attention to what I’m doing,” she advised me, “because you’ll be doing it for yourself from now on.”

As I said before: from low, to lower, to lower still.

My *“Rock-bottom”*, it appeared, always possessing another chamber beneath it.

Moving around to my front, she ordered me to place my hands on my head out of the way and began to apply the creamy white substance over the stubble left from my shaving of the pubic area; hands smoothing the cream both on and beneath my ball sac.

Which was when, of course -being only a man and forgetting my situation for a few blissful moments- my body betrayed me and the cock she ridiculed as *‘Little’* decided to rise up and show her it was no such thing.

“Oooh, does his likkle dicky, like his mummy touching him den?” she teased in the baby talk that made my flesh creep and yet, for reasons I found unfathomable, turned me on at the same time.

I think you’ll agree, there’s no sensible answer one can make to such a question given he circumstances.

“Leave it on for another ten minutes then wash it off and come to me in the bedroom,” she told me.

Ten minutes later, it was a rather self conscious former lord and master who came out of the bathroom to find his chatelaine lying on the bed in wait.

Rolling onto her side as I approached and propping her head on one hand, Vera fixed her eyes on my, by now, shrivelled genitals; the hard-on inspired by her application of the cream vanishing the moment she had left the en-suite and the full weight of my predicament washed over me yet again.

“Perfect!” she gushed at my non-existent topiary. “Exactly the look I wanted.”

I had never understood men who could abuse and brutalise women before the events of the last month. Now, I actively sympathised and had some inkling of why so many cultures from pre-history onwards had insisted on limiting their power and treating them in ways I'd previously found unjust. Far from considering such treatment cruel I now saw its application as wise.

Reaching out, she ran a hand over the smoothness that was now my cock and balls. Soft and velvety now; minus the presence of the raspy tumbleweed intended to signify post-pubescence and manhood. And again, despite my hatred of her and what she was reducing me to, I could feel my breathing starting to quicken and the denuded and treacherous instrument at my groin draw itself up to play it's all too familiar tune.

"How lovely!" I heard, eyes closed to the triumph I was sure to see in her own. "After everything he still finds his mummy attractive."

I felt her hand encircle me and pull my foreskin down towards my hairless balls; pleasure undeniable and a release from the abject misery of my situation, knowing I wouldn't be able to hold out for…

Her hand removed itself and my mind voiced unspoken disappointment as I gave out with a small groan, eyes still closed.

"I have a present for you," she told me by way of compensation I was certain would be nothing of the sort.

At the rustling of the plastic bag I opened my eyes, curiosity almost as great as my trepidation for what it contained.

"Lie on the floor," she ordered, "and spread your legs apart as far as they will go."

Finally getting the point her treatment of me had been intended to make, I circumvented futile resistance and did as she asked immediately.

"Close your eyes."

Doing as I was told, I heard Vera move off the bed and away towards her dressing-table.

When she returned I felt her kneel at my side and heard the giveaway sound of water slapping against the side of a bowl before, a few seconds later, my breath caught in my throat as ice cubes were dropped onto my genitals.

“Something to take that tiny swelling away,” she mocked. “Then my little boy can have his surprise.”

I may sound naïve and none too worldly wise, but the truth is I still had no clue at that point what this *‘Surprise’* might be.

Though I was soon to find out.

The cold was making me gasp as she continued to rub the ice over and around both my cock and my balls as I felt my poor denuded equipment shrink to nothing under her attentions.

“Yes,” I heard her tell herself. “I think you’re about the right size now.”

My eyes opened questioningly.

“Keep them fucking shut! Open them once more and I’ll take my hairbrush to your pitiful little balls!”

I closed them -she was not in the habit of joking with me on such things lately- and immediately I felt something go around my balls..

“I’m putting a ring around the base of your scrotum,” she explained, for all the world a doctor talking a patient through a procedure. “It has a locking mechanism and…”

“A locking mechanism?’ I asked myself, horrified, losing her next words but still too terrified to open my eyes and look for myself.

“…and the clear tube is for your penis. Now mummy slides in that tiny

liddle dicky…'

My penis went into what felt like curved plastic and Vera held it in a downward position.

"…and then she slides this bolt through to connect the penis cover to the ring and…."

There was tightening between my cock and my balls and I winced.

"Stay still now," she told me, almost soothingly.

Almost.

"Just a couple of finishing touches and we're all done."

After a second or two I heard a click.

And then another.

"Voila!" she told some imaginary audience. "That's you all tucked away safely."

Okay, I admit, by now I had an idea of what she was doing – had done. Even I'm not *that* unworldly. Though I did pray I was mistaken.

"You can open your eyes now."

The first thing I saw was Vera's gloating face before, understandably anxious, I stared down my chest and raised my head to take in her handiwork.

I was, as you've already guessed, in a chastity-belt.

"It was top of the range," she informed me; like that put a whole different complexion on it.

Adding, in her new and sluttish persona:

“Only the best for my little cuntlapper.”

Laughing gaily she had taken the bowl with ice water to the en-suite while I took a longer look at the contraption she’d just strapped onto me.

What I’d taken to be plastic was something that looked far more durable. It was of a clear material I hadn’t seen before and had a piss-slit at the end where the head resided. Curving downwards it was attached to the steel ring in which she’d imprisoned my balls, locked on either side by tiny but secure looking padlocks. Both my balls and my cock trapped as there was no way I could pull from either the clear tube or the steel ring.

When she returned she looked as excited as I’d ever seen her look, face flushed and nipples jutting out from her tee-shirt like ordnance awaiting the order to fire.

“Who’d have thought it,” she clucked, placing a foot between my legs and flipping up my trapped balls with her toes. “The cock of the walk himself kept under lock and key by the wife who sat at home while he fucked other women and played the big man with the other golfing nerds.”

She held up a silver chain with two tiny keys hanging from it.

“From now on the keys to your cock cage stay around my neck, so that every time you see them you’ll know who controls you.”

An idea struck her.

“Get up,” she ordered.

When I was standing before her, caged, belted and thoroughly dejected, she handed me the chain and turned to present her back to me.

“Put it on for me.”

Free of her observation I snarled at the back of her head, marvelling at how I could have so misread the true nature of her character for so many years.

"Don't be bashful, now," she told me, mistaking my hesitation for something other than the homicidal –if impotent- reaction it was. "What greater compliment can a husband… sorry: servant, pay his wife… sorry: mistress, than by giving her the keys to his manhood?"

Suggested compliments along those lines I was fresh out of.

The list of possible tortures I could inflict upon her, however, were growing by the second.

"God that feels good," she told me when I'd fastened the chain about her neck and she turned to face me; only the memory of the previous evening's agonies when I had attempted to defy her preventing me from garrotting her with the thing.

"It's almost as if I've got your cock and balls dangling from my neck."

She gave her words some thought and seemed amused by them:

"I suppose, when you think about it, I may as well have. After all, they're certainly no use to you where they are at the moment."

"I don't know you," I told her, unable to help myself; an understandable bitterness adding itself to the terror my situation already inspired in me. "You're a different person; and a hateful one at that."

"Oh, dear," she tutted, completely unmoved; "you're speaking without permission again. After all the warnings I've given you too."

I didn't care; wanting to get it out, hoping that as long as I wasn't overly aggressive the agonies of the previous evening wouldn't be repeated.

“Had I seen you for the person you really are when we first met I wouldn’t have got within vomiting distance of you, let alone taken you down the aisle and father your children. You’re a monster, Vera. A hateful, twenty-one-carat, monster.”

I waited for her response.

And waited.

Hands on hips, totally unconcerned by my outburst and its content, there was, just the same, a hint of colour at her cheekbones that indicated the anger she felt that I still had enough gumption left in me to make it at all and, for some reason my eyes were drawn to the chain I’d just fastened around her neck and the key dangling from it on to her.

The sight inviting an unspoken question:

“Was it really such a good idea to insult and antagonise her when she had the means to unlock the contraption trapping my manhood resting on her breasts?”

My thoughts not a million miles from her own apparently:

“You truly are more stupid than I thought,” she told me in a voice more amused than vituperative; the spots of colour suffusing her cheeks I’d taken for anger now seeming to indicate hilarity rather than resentment.

“A man with even half a brain could be expected to realise the gravity of his position and just go with the flow; biding his time until an alternative of some kind revealed itself – not, of course, that it ever will.

“Not my pussy-licking husband though,” she went on. “Oh, no! He, it appears, still seems to believe he can say what he wants when he wants and there won’t be repercussions – despite all that has happened and continues to happen to him.”

Standing before her, naked and dick locked, I could see she was beginning to work herself into a temper and started to regret my outburst.

She was right, after all: power had been stripped from me; even the possibility of an erection taken out of my jurisdiction. In a suburban area on an affluent and *normal* street I had become a domestic slave with less in the way of rights than the most abject and transplanted African on the most draconian of ante-bellum cotton plantations.

Knowing, as I certainly did, the power of her hold over me it was sheer lunacy to antagonise her.

Too late to save me on this occasion, I realised my mistake. Fighting it could serve me no purpose. Better to do as she said and just go with the flow – if a situation as abject as mine could be described as possessing such a thing. That *'Flow'* being to simply obey my wife, my daughter and, when she was there, the same Indian bitch responsible for placing me in this position in the first place.

It was only as my wife moved away to her dressing-table and I questioned my ability to do what she wanted, that I realised I did what she wanted anyway. All my rebellions –insignificant as they were- guaranteed me was *more* shame and humiliation.

Remaining where she'd left me as a drawer slid open behind me, I asked myself:

"Why add to my woes?"

Just the same, and as I said, the awareness provoked by my wife was too late to help me on this occasion.

When she returned and stood in front of me my breath caught in my throat.

She was holding a table-tennis bat.

“V-Vera…” I began, correcting myself immediately as what was left of my fast receding backbone was obliterated entirely.

“I mean: M-Ma’am, I… I didn’t mean to be…”

“Too late!” she snapped, bringing the bat down onto the palm of a hand to signify her intent. “I warned you it would come to this and now it has. Sreelatha advised me this was best done sooner rather than later and I should have listened.

My wife worked out and was a tennis player and, though still trim and svelte, there was nothing wrong with either her muscle definition or her staying power. The thought of the same arm that used to power forehands past me -back in the days when I graciously spared her the time for a few sets- bringing the dimpled surface of that bat down on the tender and unprotected flesh of my buttocks rendered me almost speechless with fear.

“P-Please, Vera… *Ms V-Vera!* I apologise. I’m s-sorry. It… It won’t… It won’t happen ag…”

Her answer was to backhand me across the face; rocking my head to the side and silencing my pleas.

“I’m sure it *will* happen again,” she said. “After this, though, you’ll know what to expect.” Something fanatical in her expression assured me she was not about to be talked out of her intended course of action.

Sure enough, she seated herself on the bed and spread her legs, smooth and tanned thighs tensed to take the weight about to be placed upon them.

“Stand here,” she ordered, pointing to a spot between her legs. “Side on.”

Call me weak if you like –and it’s no worse than the descriptions I’ve used upon myself- but as I shuffled into position my whole body was shaking; reduced to a state of abject terror by a woman half my size who was also younger than me and happened to be my wife.

“Lay yourself over my thigh now,” she instructed me. “I want to feel your

cock cage resting against it."

Obeying without thought of rebellion now -and as quickly as my advanced shaking would allow- I did as I was told and felt an increased pressure at my groin as my trapped penis was pressed against her thigh.

"Place your right hand on the floor, palm upwards."

Doing as she asked, and even through my fear, it came to me that this was no off the cuff process. My wife had obviously given it much thought. Though whether she'd done so after the intervention of her new friend from the sub-continent or, given the length of her professed hatred of me, before, I couldn't say.

The moment I put my hand in the desired position, she brought her foot down upon it at the place where hand joins wrist and pinned it to the carpet; while, at the same time, she took hold of my left wrist and twisted it –none too gently- behind my back and towards my neck.

When her right leg raised itself over my own legs and came down to trap them in place I knew I wasn't going anywhere in a hurry.

Even had I possessed enough backbone to try and do so.

"This is going to be very painful but it's really for your own good. As Sreelatha said: the sooner you learn to obey your superiors and not ague the toss the sooner you can be made into a valuable member of the household."

Shaking and scared, unable to believe any man at any time could have found himself in such a shameful position; I nonetheless managed to acknowledge my boundless hatred for the Indian bitch and was still considering it when the first blow from the ping-pong-paddle landed.

The pain was so agonising I hadn't the wherewithal or the breath to

scream.

The second blow landed to the same effect.

Never in my cosseted Home Counties life had I experienced such pain.

Pain so searing it could temporarily eradicate the debasing and humiliating way in which it was being delivered.

By the fifth strike I was beginning to find my voice and when hand and bat descended for the tenth time I was openly screaming, reduced to an hysterical schoolgirl by a simple table-tennis bat and the lawn tennis arm of my wife. Hand pinned to the floor by her foot and pressure applied to my arm to keep it twisted towards my neck. Unable to even squirm, given my legs were pinned at the join of knee and calf by that one of hers remaining free.

I tried to find words to beg her to stop and all that came out was unintelligible shrieking.

Nothing, absolutely *nothing*, in my life had prepared or could have prepared me for what was being done to me.

And worse was about to come.

As sobbing added itself to the shrieking the door to the bedroom had flown open and, through the corner of eyes flooded with unmanly tears, I saw my daughter standing there.

“What’s going on, mum?” she shouted as I prayed her presence would bring my torture to an end; the sheer stomach-dropping shame of having my teenaged daughter witness me receive a spanking over her mother’s knee not occurring to me for a second, so great was my torment – though even through that torment a semi cognisant part of me realised it would be something I would have to deal with.

By way of an answer Vera again brought the paddle crashing down onto my vulnerable and fiery arse and again, daughter or not, I shrieked and sobbed as she looked on.

When the final stroke landed and my wife rolled me off of her to land on the carpet I was almost insensible, breath coming in truncated gasps and having the effect of exaggerating my sobs.

“Jeez, mum!” I heard my daughter marvel from the doorway. “I don’t believe it. You… You actually *spanked* daddy!”

“I thought I told you to knock before coming in here,” Vera reminded her, more concerned with her daughter’s flouting of a household rule than the husband lying at her feet she had just reduced to a jibbering wreck.

“Sorry, mum, but I heard the screams and thought he was hurting you.”

It was yet another nail driven into the carcass of my masculinity:

My daughter had mistaken my screams for those of a woman.

“I’ll forgive you this once, Melanie. But just make sure to knock in future.”

“I will mum, but…”

“What is it, sweetheart?”

“I can’t believe he… you… I mean, look at his bum! It’s glowing like a Xmas tree.”

I curled into a ball, the shame all but stifling my ability to think as my own daughter referred to the angry mess my wife had made of my arse.

“It’s a lesson I should have taught him years ago, Melanie. But I think he’s probably learned it now. What do you think?”

“I think you’re right. But…” she hesitated.

“What were you going to say, sweetheart?”

“Well, it’s… I don’t understand. If you… you know?... spanked him, why is he holding his…” She struggled for a suitable description and ended on a question instead. “You know?”

She was referring, of course, to the hands I’d cupped around my privates the moment I’d been shunted from my wife’s lap to the carpet. Fear of Melanie seeing her daddy’s equipment for the first time great enough to make itself heard over the mental and physical agonies I’d just been put through. What she would see restraining that equipment even more of an incentive to cover up.

“That’s not something you need to know right now, Melanie,” Vera told her, much to my relief.

“Oh come on, mum! My dad’s, like, our servant and we’re in charge of him. I’ve just watch you spank him as if he’s a little baby. How much weirder can it get?”

The long silence that followed told me my wife was considering my daughter’s assertion and had the effect of quieting me –if not my pain- down.

“Surely,” I asked myself, *“she wouldn’t let our daughter see…”*

“Are you sure, sweetheart?” Vera asked. “I’ve asked a lot of you lately and I’ve really been pleased with the mature way you’ve handled it, but…”

This time it was my wife’s turn to hesitate and my daughter to reassure her.

“Mum, I’m almost fourteen. I’m not a kid any more. How bad can it be?”

“How bad can it be?” I screamed to myself. *“Ask me! I’ll fucking tell*

you!"

"You know the trust Sree and I have placed in you, sweetie?"

"Mum!" Melanie sighed, exasperated.

"And you know you can't speak of what goes on here?"

"I know all this, mum."

"To anyone?" Vera persisted.

"Yes, mum. I remember!"

Another lengthy silence followed; each of the three of us in that bedroom wanting and doubting at the same time.

Melanie: to see, and not sure she would be allowed.

Vera: to show, and not sure she should reveal.

And me: to maim, and not sure I'd be able.

Correction:

Totally sure I'd be *unable*.
Finally; then:

"Stand up, Timothy."

"Oh, my Lord" I remember wailing to myself. *"She's actually going to let our daughter see my…"*

What had I done to deserve this? Interior dialogue questioning whatever authority had thought it just to consign me to such a fate. I'd been a good provider, and a good husband and father; regardless of what *anyone* said. Where was the justice in…?

"I said: *'Stand up, Timothy!"*

The snap of her voice and the intent behind it, together with the pain flaring across my buttocks and my desperation not experience what had put it there any time soon; saw me clambering to my feet unsteadily; not so much a pale imitation of the man I'd been but translucent.

Facing my wife, hands still clutching my genitals, I looked into the eyes of the woman who had been the love of my life imploringly.

And saw only contempt there.

Another correction:

Deep –*very deep*- satisfaction was present also.

"Are you really sure you want to see this, sweetie?" she asked, allowing me to compose a last gasp prayer for Melanie to have second thoughts.

Apparently, it appeared I knew my daughter about as well as I knew my wife.

"Why shouldn't I be? If I'm going to be in charge of him from now on he shouldn't have any secrets from me, should he?"

Vera had laughed:

"Well said, sweetie. I'm proud of you. And never forget: everything we do is for daddy's benefit as well as ours."

Had I been capable of breathing fire Vera's face would have been in a molten puddle on her shoulders.

"How the fuck could any of this benefit me?"

"Like a lot of weak men, your daddy only responds to a firm hand."

“Or a ping-pong bat,” Melanie reminded her, winning more laughter as husband and father stood naked and in misery and waited for more of the same.

“Turn and face your daughter, Timothy,” Vera ordered and I stared into her eyes in one last ditch attempt to locate either some of her former feeling for me or some small smidgen of pity.

Both, it appeared, had left for warmer climes.

“Put your hands at you sides and turn around to face your daughter.”

I screwed my eyes shut, as if by doing so I would blot out the nightmare and return to a more inviting scene.

No joy. When I opened them the ever more implacable orbs of my wife were staring into mine with an i8ntimation of dire consequences.

“Don’t make me tell you again,” she warned, the threat disturbing me no less for being delivered in an even voice.

And more than enough to bring me to heel.

If I hadn’t been sure before, I was now.

I was beaten.

No way to turn and options extinguished.

No longer capable of the exercise of choice and free will we all take for granted.

Until they’re taken from us.

Hands lowered to my side, I turned to where my daughter stood waiting just inside the door.

What was happening was wrong, perverse and, I was sure, illegal.

And it made no difference.

Naked and in a chastity cage I was about to be revealed to a young girl over thirty years my junior who I just happened to have sired in the life I'd known before this.

"Oh my," I heard her gasp, hand covering her mouth as she began to giggle.

Again I closed my eyes to at least shut out the sight if not the sound of my shame.

"What is that thing around his… his bits?" Melanie asked.

If Vera was embarrassed to be discussing such matters with a child –her-child- it would have required radar from the future to discover it, and even then in such small amounts as to barely register a presence.

"It's called a chastity-cage, sweetie."

Melanie's hand covered her mouth once more, barely able to suppress her mirth.

"H-How does he get out of it?" she controlled herself enough to ask.

"He doesn't," Vera told her. "Until I let him."

"You mean?... You mean, he can't get out of it on his own?"

Behind me, Vera must have shaken her head.

"Wow!" Melanie exclaimed, coming to terms with a surreal and abnormal situation with her usual swiftness whenever she sensed something she could use to her advantage.

"Not without this key," her mother told her as Melanie came closer to have a look – at both key and cage.

“But why, mum?” she asked finally, naiveté surfacing in a way that happened all too rarely with her though it was only to expected under the circumstances..

“It’s another way of ensuring your father behaves himself and a way of rewarding him if he does.”

It took a while to sink in but, when it did, Melanie couldn’t stop laughing.

“Oh, mum, this is too much. You mean he can’t play with…?”

“Yes,” Vera came in sternly. “That’s enough now. This is not a laughing matter, young lady. If I’m going to trust you with a key as well I need to know you’re going to act responsibly.”

Again it took a while to sink in – with both my daughter and me.

“Give a thirteen-year-old girl the key to my…?”

“Mum, are you serious?” Melanie asked, the quickest of the two of us to recover.

“Only if you like the idea,” Vera told her, totally serious.

Our daughter’s eyes, we both saw, was fixed on the clear, plastic-like, material that enclosed my penis and the chain attaching it to the ring encircling my scrotum, expression, apart from wonderment, unreadable.

“Or would you rather not have the responsibility?” her mother asked.

Melanie’s answer when it came was no surprise to either of the adults.

Though to one of them it would lead to a whole new world of humiliation.

Part Six

The week following the mortifying events in what once been my own

bedroom; witnessed by my youngest daughter and presided over by the wife who had transformed herself into the living epitome of the kind of female fiend populating the fondest nightmares of Sacher Masoch; was relatively eventless.

A development I found surprising in light of what had occurred that night; though no less grateful for the small respite it lent me.

As I, a grown man, virtually cried myself to sleep in the spare room assigned to me in the house I had once owned, the events pre-empting the most recent of these… *unmanly* bouts ran themselves back and forth across the back of my eyelids again, and again, and again.

Not only had I been forced to service my wife's intimate parts with my tongue, all the while abused for my shortcomings, but I had then been forced to shave the hair from my body, including my privates before seeing both my penis and my scrotum secured in a contraption that on closer inspection did not seem of a kind like to inspire fond thoughts of escape. Pretty tough for any man to bear, I'd have thought, but by no means the worst of the torments awaiting me on that glorious (sic) night.

After announcing herself satisfied with my confinement, my wife had then ordered me to fasten the chain holding the freedom to my manhood around her neck and if you think you've ever been humbled you should try giving the key that had just imprisoned your testicles to your former wife, lover and mother of your children in the knowledge any future use of your own tackle was no longer within your remit.

Not something I would wish on any of my fellow men out there – even if there are a few women, and *one* above all others, for whom I fantasise fates of a far more excruciating nature.

And yes, I *do* still consider myself a *"Man"*; despite Vera's assertion that the conditioning to which I'd been subjected by her Indian bitch friend and now business partner would never have been enough on its own to make me submit.

For *that* to happen, she'd said, a far deeper level of weakness had to be present.

Sreelatha had told Vera from the beginning that; while there was a degree of truth in the assertion a man could not be made to do something against his natural inclinations; there was a certain kind of personality –of which she insisted I was one- who, though appearing masculine and strong on the outside, remained at their core no more than little boys whose natural reaction to female authority was to buckle before it.

It was an explanation for the relative ease of my submission to them that was and remains something I will not, cannot bring myself to give credence. For to believe it invalidates my whole life as a man before the fall. Now, and for the sake of the few pitiful shreds of dignity remaining to me still, I refuse to entertain the possibility I could have been in any way complicit in my own enslavement.

Which, of course, does nothing to alter the stone cold certainty that I am, and will remain, a…

What?

A *slave*?

That word hadn't been used to refer to me up to that point, but Vera *had* made it plain she saw me as no more than her servant – and would, she assured me, until either she took her very last breath or the pleasure fell to me first.

In fact, now I think of it -and apart from the ever-worsening treatment that had been handed out to me in the early days of my *"Serfdom"*; as my well-read youngest daughter has come to describe it- the only thing to change has been the location of my servitude. Where once I had been a flunkey in the green and pleasant land of…

Apologies; I get ahead of myself; that part of my story's almost upon us and we'll get to it shortly - in many ways it's the hardest part of that story to

both relive and relate.

Later.

Any how, reading this, you probably think my youngest daughter Melanie a little on the callous side.

Yes?

Thought so. Well revise your thinking immediately, for *"Callous"* comes nowhere near close to describing the depths of malice and cruelty displayed to a father by a daughter. That a girl possessing even a small part of my genetics could possess and glory in such pure evil was sobering – even if it was offset by the obvious realisation it wasn't my genes alone she shared. Given the nature of the motherlode I'd had no idea existed and the suffering it was causing me, was it any kind of surprise the daughter could possess the wherewithal to follow the mother's lead while disregarding that of the father she had no time for anyway?

As it turned out, I would find *my* genes had played no part whatsoever in Melanie's capacity for…

Again; later.

Getting back to *that* night; it had been the entrance of my daughter, woken by the screams it was impossible not to hear, who had supplied me with the most acute and debilitating humiliation of the many similar examples I'd experienced to that date.

How else could I describe having my thirteen-year-old-girl explode into the room intent upon stopping her father beating the mother who's shrill screams were so piteous to hear; only to find those *"Screams"* issuing from the mouth of her father as he lay over her mother's knee having the spirit beaten from him with a ping-pong-paddle.

But even that wasn't the icing on my own private cake of misery.

After being forced to stand before my daughter naked and listen to Vera

explain to her what the strange contraption attached to *"His things"* was; my wife had gone on to explain not only its purpose but that of the key dangling from her neck that I myself had placed there.

"Not only," she had said in a voice dripping with malice and satisfaction as her expression, *"will I hold a key to it, but you will too, sweetie*."

Melanie's young face had been a picture of amazement and rapture. Not only was she in a position of authority over her father unthinkable to most – perhaps all- girls of her age or any other but, now, she had been given a copy of the key confining the manhood that had initiated her entrance into the world. Given the resentment she had taken such pleasure in letting me know she felt towards me; is it any wonder she looked as if the postman from Lapland had delivered the gifts of all future Yuletides in one swoop.

I was, I told myself later in the temporary sanctuary of tiny box-room consigned to me as my sleeping-quarters - face down to the mattress and unable to bear even the touch of a sheet on my burning and lacerated buttocks; the sorriest bastard of all sorry bastards. There was nothing, not one thing, I could cling to by way of consolation. I had been stripped of everything material and now; along with what I took as the intention on the part of my wife and her new friend to break me both physically and mentally –the same intention I was unable to do anything to prevent- the solace most crucial to us all in hard times had been denied me also.

Hope.

I ask you: had one man ever needed some *"Relatively eventless"* time to find a way of coming to some kind of accommodation with the cesspit into which he'd been thrown it was the one recounting this sorry tale?

It's easy to see now how their treatment of me would have had the effect of dulling that spark of life and vitality I had always known and always taken as a given. They were filing the edges from me and, if I ever wished to see them return, I needed some time to at least partly recharge my batteries. Only then, I remember thinking, was there any chance I might work a way around

the conditioning to which the Indian bitch and her equally spiteful housekeeper had subjected me and free myself of the hold my wife had on me.

Strangely enough after my thoughts on the subject, the days following the debacle of the bedroom –despite smaller if no less humiliating episodes- would prove a brief period I would look back on, and still do, with an air of wistful longing when the plan to *thoroughly* dehumanise me commenced shortly after.

A day and a commencement I recall very, very, well…

"I think you should start helping me to dress in the mornings."

Looking back, I believe these were the words heralding the intention to accelerate the treatment designed to make me into something sub-human. Uttered by the daughter I had been in a position of fatherly authority over not too long before. Normality turned upon its head to place a thirteen-year-old girl in a position of *daughterly* command over the man she had previously considered omnipotent – even if there hadn't been a whole lot of respect to go with what was, at best, her grudging compliance with the edicts delivered from upon high by that *omnipotent* one.

I'd looked up from the toe of her schoolgirl footwear my lips were attached to at the time with a fearful foreboding and asked myself what fresh hell was in store for me now:

"Dress her?"

My concern must have been evident because her next words were both a reminder and a warning:

"You do it for mummy, so I don't see why you can't do it for me now I'm in charge of you too."

"Y-Yes, but…" I began to splutter; the request coming out of the blue and

all the more unmanning for following on the heels of a couple of days of only mildly degrading treatment from my wife and daughter; the Indian bitch, thankfully -your writer grateful for even the smallest of mercies- not having put in an appearance for almost four days.

"I am in charge of you, aren't I?" she spoke over my spluttering, tone taking on a more… *intense* edge.

I swallowed hard; if it was difficult to enter my daughter's room and place my lips on her feet, shod or not, as a token of respect, it was even harder, for some reason, to acknowledge direct questions on the subject of: *"My respect"*. Not the least of the problems I had in doing so being my complete and utter self-contempt; even if, after Vera's revelations regarding Sreelatha's *"Conditioning"* of me, I had taken to consoling myself that my acceptance of my *"New role"* had been forced upon me.

Perhaps, I'd mused to myself later, alone in the relative sanctuary of my box-room, my problem was also due to the triumphant and degenerate look in the eyes of the little girl interrogating me whenever I did as expected and answered in the affirmative. At least when I was on all fours with my lips attached to either toecap or pantyhosed toes I was unable to see the juvenile and perverse gloating bound to be found revelling in my descent to such a level. Even if it altered the scale of that descent not one jot.

"You're not answering, daddy," came the nudge, my quick study daughter having taken no time at all to copy her mother and the way she managed to inject just a hint of the whip –or, in this case, a ping-pong paddle- into her voice.

Melanie's insistence on the use of *"Daddy"* a demeaning irony and having exactly the desired effect of her precocious intention; the conversation I'd eavesdropped between daughter and mother making my evil little girl's reasons clear…

…"It's just *so* humiliating for him, mummy."

“I should think there’s quite a lot he finds *‘Humiliating’*, sweetheart. Having him call you *‘Daddy’* is probably the least of his worries.”

Melanie had said something I couldn’t catch then but whatever it was it made them both laugh.

I’d edged closer to the ajar kitchen door leading to the front-room where they were sat going over Melanie’s homework. Ensconced on our comfortable sofas, they had sipped at the drinks I had supplied them before banishing me back to the utility room to attend the dishwasher and the rest of the debris from the evening meal I’d just cooked and was not allowed to eat in their presence. I remember thinking in a precognition of the future that I was lucky they allowed their menial to eat the same food as his two mistresses.

Again: *later*.

“It’s just *so* cool to call him *‘Daddy’* while he has to call me *‘Ms Melanie’*. I really love it.”

“And you’re okay with what’s happening, Melanie?” Vera had asked, question laced with a concern I found completely and laughingly fucking absolutely *ridiculous!* What possible concern could a mother have for the welfare and healthy upbringing of an impressionable thirteen-year-old when she allowed her to treat her own father like a piece of crap? This while allowing the same girl to witness her mother treating him a sight worse!

“It’s a lot of responsibility to place on the shoulders of a little girl,” Vera went on in a way sure to raise the hackles of that *‘Little girl’*.

“Mum, I’m *thirteen!* I’m not a little girl anymore.”

A silence followed this and I could picture Vera thinking about it as I prayed to the God or Goddess of the underworld she allowed herself to be guided by to bring my wife to her senses and at least end the involvement of my daughter in my shame.

“Ask daddy if you don’t believe me,” Melanie blurted out, thinking along the same lines as her eavesdropping father and as dismayed by the possibility as he was hopeful. “He *so* knows better than to disobey me. And, even if he did and you weren’t around I could always get Sree over to deal with him.”

She paused for a few beats and I waited for her to continue; when she did the concern was still there but so was an unmistakable note of admiration:

“He’s really, like, shit scared of her.”

“Melanie!”

“Sorry, mum. But it’s true. Daddy craps his pants whenever he sees her. It’s great.”

Now there was an even longer pause. Apart from the odd -justified and well chosen- usage Vera detested bad language. And especially from the mouths of babes.

The mouth of the babe in question realising her mistake and trying to make good:

“Don’t be mad, mum. I know you don’t like me speaking that way but…”

“Well,” I heard, disbelievingly, “I suppose the language I use with him now isn’t so good either, so I can hardly blame you for getting carried away. Just promise me you’ll try not to forget yourself too often. Nobody likes to hear people –let alone a girl your age- speak in that way. It’s not ladylike.”

“Bitch!” No internal scream had ever been louder.

“Not fucking ladylike?”

And being allowed to treat her father like a piece of kerbside turd and making him kiss her feet as a sign of respect *is?* I’m sure I hardly need mention the key to my chastity dangling around my daughter’s neck and replicating the key hanging from my wife’s.

“Fucking ladylike?”

“I promise, mummy,” Melanie said in her most contrite and sincere voice. “I know you’re putting a lot of faith in me and I don’t want to let you down.”

“I know you don’t, sweetie, and I’m very pleased with you. You’ve made a lot of progress with him in so short a space of time and, more importantly, you’ve done so without compromising your schoolwork. Sreelatha is really impressed with you.”

Visual evidence wasn’t necessary for me to see the pleasure written across my daughter’s face for the approval of my Indian hate figure; mother and daughter both in awe of the bitch and becoming more admiring by the day of the unremarkable looking young woman who had seemed so submissive towards my late business partner. An unremarkable young woman who was an increasingly powerfully destructive force in my life; her every piece of advice in regard of me, no matter how tiny, latched upon by Vera and Melanie as if they were tablets of stone delivered fresh from the mount.

“Why does she hate daddy so much, mum?” Curiosity mingled with Melanie’s pride now; pleased to find herself on a near equal footing with the female adults in her life while keeping the man in her life –me- firmly and literally pinned beneath that footing.

“Don’t be silly now; she doesn’t hate him, Melanie.

“Of course she doesn’t,” I told myself ruefully. *“It’s no more than a simple case of unrequited love.”*

My daughter appeared as dismissive of the assertion as me:

“She says he’s a *‘Nothing’* and he’s where he should have been a long time ago. Why would she say that if she doesn’t hate him? She said he was no more than a badly house-trained animal.”

“Wanting the best for them,” Vera began, “and hating someone are two different things, sweetheart.”

“Wanting the best for them?” I very nearly blurted out from behind the door. *“Are you fucking serious?”*

Melanie wasn’t buying it either – yet.

“If it’s the best for him, why does Daddy seem so miserable all the time?”

“Because he hasn’t come to terms with what he really is, sweetheart. He’s still pining for the life he used to have at our expense and we’ve taken away from him. Now he can’t pretend he’s the big man anymore and he’s finding it hard to accept. Once he knows for sure he never will be one again, that his old life is not coming back and we’re serious about him being a nice obedient servant for us, you’ll see a big change in him.”

“Yeah, right! That’s definitely going to happen.”

“You have to remember, sweetheart, that most people would think the way we’re treating him isn’t right,” Vera went on.

From behind the door I found myself agreeing:

“You’ve got that fucking right!”

“That’s why we must never speak of it to anyone else. We’re different to most people and most people don’t like those who are different. You understand that, don’t you, Mel?”

Melanie breathed a big put upon, schoolgirl, sigh:

“We’ve been through this before, mum. You know I do.”

“And it doesn’t worry you?”

“What? Being, like, *different*? Duh! I don’t think so. Why should I? Who

wants to be like everyone else? Anyway, it makes me feel…"

Her voice had tailed off, as if she was a little embarrassed at what she was about to say.

"Makes you feel what, Melanie?"

There was silence for a while and I thought I must have missed her answer; then:

"*Special*, mum," Melanie spoke; so softly, almost ashamed; I had to strain my ears in order to catch it.

"You always have been to me, sweetheart; from the first moment I held you in my arms."

"Yeah, I know, mum." My daughter was impatient now; the way she was always impatient when reminded of her relative youth. "I didn't mean it like that. I was talking about feeling *really* special. Like, I'm doing something all those girls at school and their boring parents would be, like, really shocked at."

"I think we can agree with that," Vera laughed.

Then; more seriously: "That's why people can never find out."

"Yeah, you have said that a few trillion times, mum."

I waited for Vera to supply a rebuke for Melanie's bored sarcasm but none was forthcoming.

What I don't get is why daddy just puts up with it. I mean: what stops him from just leaving or something?"

Another silence followed this and I knew Vera was giving it some thought, until; finally:

“You’ll have to know sooner or later,” she said, decision reached; “so it might as well be now.”

It went quiet again and I could picture Melanie waiting for the mystery to be explained with growing irritation.

Sure enough:

“Come on, mum!” she demanded. “What?”

“If you calm down, young lady,” Vera said, voice stern, “I’ll tell you.”

As if to underline her seriousness, Vera paused again.

Then:

“Your father doesn’t leave because of something Sreelatha did to him.”

Melanie was almost breathless with excitement now. “What mummy? What did she do?”

“Sreelatha and her housekeeper, sweetheart, come from a civilisation thousands of years older than ours; they are in possession of knowledge we here in the West would laugh at as ludicrous if it were to be described to us. That is our ignorance, not theirs. Because some of the practices they maintain stretch back a millennia and more it doesn’t mean they do not work.”

Still in my position on the other side of the door, I keened my ears in order not miss her words; telling myself it was just possible she may inadvertently disclose a way for me to extricate myself from the hold her friend had on me.

“These are practices that are *never* written of but are passed down to succeeding generations by spoken word. The practice Sree and Abhaya applied to your father is one of these and is very powerful but it is one that does not work on all men and only those of a certain type. It’s the reason Sreelatha describes your father as a *‘Nothing’*.

“Because he’s the right type?”

“Precisely, Melanie,” Vera agreed, proud to find her daughter as quick on the uptake as ever; “were your father not a very weak man underneath all the posturing we’ve seen in the past then what we are achieving with him would not be possible. His will is feeble and that’s what made him so susceptible to the suggestions and subsequent conditioning Sree subjected him to after his first taste of Abhaya’s special tea.”

“Tea?”

“Yes, sweetheart. The tea they served to your father is very delicious. It is also a powerful narcotic with hallucinatory properties that can soon put the *‘Right type’* of a man in a semi-conscious state where his mind is subject to the suggestion of a will stronger than his own. I was served the same tea when I visited Sreelatha for the first time but –though it did affect me- I was in no way as suggestible as your father.”

She paused a moment; then:

“When Sreelatha told me what she intended and gave me a demonstration of the power she had already gained over him in so short a space of time, the tea was hardly necessary with me anyhow.”

“What was the demonstration, mummy?”

Again I keened my ears, as interested in the answer as my wife.

The underlying amusement was unmistakable as Vera replied:

“When I told her I was happy for her to show me the control she had managed to gain over him she told your father to strip.”

Melanie giggled.

“I know,” Vera agreed, giggling schoolgirlishly too. “You know how conservative he is, how much pride he takes –*took*- in being in control. Well,

that was all gone. All I saw was the man who'd stifled my own personal growth and acted as if we were all his subjects begin undressing in front me, Sree, and Abhaya. Then she told him to go and kneel and place his nose in the corner while his superiors spoke."

"Wow!" my daughter exclaimed as I listened hopefully, praying Vera would enlarge upon the subject even further and let slip a way for me to circumvent my *'Conditioning'*.

My wife's next words, it seemed, were designed to do just that:

"The amazing thing was when Sreelatha had him dress again and we made our way home, he didn't remember a thing about it. She explained to me she had inserted triggers into his subconscious to prevent him recalling unless she gave him express permission and to place him back in a suggestive state when and if required."

"What triggers, mum?" I'd never heard my daughter so excited.

"They're not for you right now, sweetheart."

A deflated sigh reached me through the door.

"We have to be careful, Melanie" Vera continued. "There are, Abhaya told me, ways even a man as puny and of no account as your father can break free of his conditioning. But…"

She paused and I realised I'd stopped breathing, so intent was I upon not missing the words that could offer me an escape route from my misery and a chance to pay the indignities heaped upon my shoulders back.

It wasn't to be.

"Go and check on your father, Melanie," I heard and, as you've probably guessed, I didn't –and still haven't- discovered those:

"Ways even a man as puny and of no account as your father can break

free of his conditioning."

Even as my spirits sank I was tiptoeing my way back to the utility room and the waiting dishes before my daughter discovered me; Vera's faint words following me:

"We wouldn't want him to……."

……."I want to hear you say it or I'll be angry."

I was back in my daughter's bedroom as she waited for an answer.

"Who is in charge of you, daddy?"

My attention, you understand, returned to the present more by the tone in which the question was delivered than the question itself.

Still with my head lowered; the leather of her toecap -shiny and slick from the moistness imparted by my *"Respectful"* lips- staring up at me as it tapped out a demanding rhythm on the carpet; my thoughts had been brought back from that near discovery of a way out of my predicament to the present.

The awful, *unbearable*, hope-free, present!

Head lowered still, I got no further than a faltering: "You," when she stopped me.
"Look at me when you say it, daddy," she demanded. "Don't be rude."

The eyes waiting to bore into mine were of a kind no father should see on his little girl.

If Melanie had one shred of feeling for the man part responsible for her existence then it had either taken a long and extended vacation or been wiped from her memory-banks in total.

All I could see was a childish and gloating satisfaction for my reduced status.

“You are… Ms Melanie,” I told her finding it harder and harder to meet the thirteen-year-olds stare; childish or not.

“I am *what?*”

“You… You are in charge of me, Ms Melanie.”

The little face I’d seen grow so spiteful of late had fair beamed with satisfaction; here she was, too young to drink drive or vote, in only her second year of secondary school and too young to be out after dark; being told by her father that *she* was the one with control over *him*.

It beggared belief with me then and still does – even if my responses these days are so swift for having become so ingrained I scarcely extend them a second thought.

“So,” she had gone on, as if speaking to a particularly challenged class-mate she was bringing up to speed with a simple piece of long-multiplication; “when I tell you I want you to help me get dressed in the morning the way you help mummy, what should be your answer?”

Surely this would prove a step too far, I told myself. I’d never been what might be described as a *‘Hands on dad’* and hadn’t seen her naked since she was an infant – and even then I’d only caught glimpses as Vera either bathed, changed or dressed our youngest. Melanie may have been only thirteen but her body, like her mind, was precocious and advanced in many ways other than the budding breasts that were above the average for one of her age.
Even Vera in her current incarnation would draw the perverted line at having me dress the girl the way I dressed her.

“I’m waiting daddy,” I heard.

“M-Melan… I mean: Ms Melanie, don’t you think you should ask mummy first. I don’t think she will…”

“That’s right,” she blazed above me, face twisted with spite; using words I knew she had picked up from either Vera, the Indian bitch, or both. “*You*

don't think. It's not your place to think. We tell you what to think. And if I tell you to dress me every morning you better do it."

She gave me as stern a look as a girl her age could deliver before adding the perennial childlike threat:

"Or else."

"But it's not…"

The slap landing on my cheek was nothing in terms of power – precocious or not she remained, after all, a little girl. What it symbolised was something else again: my own daughter had struck me and felt free to do so without fear of any retribution from me. The understandable anger I felt for this turnaround was enough to make me forget the constraints I was under and catch her wrist in my own when she tried to repeat the manoeuvre.

"That's enough!" I rebuked her, something of my old authority returning to my voice and –for just a second- inspiring a flicker of doubt from her.

As I say: for just a second.

"Let go of my hand, daddy," she ordered in a calm voice indicative of her total confidence I would obey. Confidence, I knew, inspired by the nausea she was certain would be flooding through me the moment I took her wrist in mine. Clued in to my inability to disobey during the conversation with her mother I had listened in on before Vera sent her to check I wasn't doing just that.

"Feeling bad, daddy?" she asked smugly, and I knew; even through the nausea and the throbbing at my temple; that she'd deliberately engineered the situation simply to gauge the effect disobedience to her would have.

"M-Melanie… *Ms Melanie*," I all but screamed, convinced I was about to void myself at both ends, so great was my discomfort.

Clutching my stomach, I keeled over from my kneeling position into one that

must have resembled a Japanese peasant showing obeisance to an all-powerful Shogun; throbbing forehead resting on the carpet and immediately felt a pressure on the back of my neck trapping me into place.

It was a few moments –given the competing diversions of nausea and agony- before I realised the pressure on my neck was not another symptom of my metaphysical torment but the sole of my daughter's shoe as it kept my head pinned to the carpet.

"Is it getting worse, daddy?" she asked unnecessarily.

"P-Pleeeease!" I managed to get out from the corner of lips pressed to the pile; the agony I'd felt in Vera's bathroom the last time I'd tried to take a stand against her nothing compared to what I was experiencing now. For all the world it seemed as if my stomach was attempting to exit my body through whichever exit was to hand - the inside of my skull felt as if it was hosting a Battle of Britain celebration.

"Sreelatha's very clever, isn't she, daddy?" Her tone was conversational, as if her father wasn't undergoing extreme torture beneath her foot and she was discussing the abilities of a favourite aunt or schoolteacher.

They say children are cruel and my daughter seemed bent on lending the notion a more superlative form of credence. The pleasure in that childlike little voice as it imparted its next revelation owing nothing whatsoever to either mercy or compassion.
"She fixed you so the pain gets worse every time you're naughty.

Right then I couldn't have cared if it wasn't the only thing she'd *"Fixed"*; all I wanted was for the torment to stop.

"Pleeeeeeeeeeease!" I screamed again.

"You know what you have to do to make it stop, daddy," I heard from above.

Her foot removed itself from my head then and I tried to raise my head.

“Stay right where you are,” she snapped; confident no physical restraint was required to make me comply.

Having only managed to get my head a few inches off the carpet it was no great effort to put it back there and, as I did so, I felt a slight easing at both temple and stomach as obedience to her words brought me some respite and, I must confess, a certain respect bred of fear, for the bitch and her housekeeper responsible for my condition, did begin asserting itself. It was, I admit, truly terrifying to think that between them –and without my even having been aware of it- they could have rewired my metaphysical circuit-board to such effect.

“There,” she said as if speaking to a five-year-old; “it gets better when you’re a good daddy, doesn’t it?”

Her taunting tone was beyond me - she could have spoken to me as if I were a foundling who’d just soiled his nappies so long as the pain and nausea eased.

“I said: doesn’t it?”

“Y-Yes, Ms Melanie,” I quickly agreed; the further easing of my pain taking the edge from being treated in such an infantile fashion and even making me hope she’d throw some more orders I could obey my way in order to ease it completely.

In this I wasn’t to be disappointed.

“Get up on your knees and tell me you’re sorry,” I heard her say; not seconds after having been told to stay where I was with my forehead to the carpet. Obeying her capricious command instantly and feeling another lessening of my woes for my alacrity.

“I’m…” I began; and got no further.

“Look me in the eyes as you say it, daddy?” she demanded; intent on drawing out every last vestige of humiliation from me; knowing just how hard I was

finding it to meet her eye these days – or anyone's come to that.

Motivated by the physical discomfort I felt recede each time I complied with her wishes; I looked into her eyes with difficulty and tried to blot out the smug and cruel little smile playing at her lips – though I was aware of the key to my manhood as it dangled from her neck beneath the loosened buttons and tie of her school uniform; a key I can assure you I was in absolutely no need of whatsoever and hadn't been since the time it had been locked on me.

A *"Need"* that would not lie dormant for too long and a need, you'll understand later, *not* inspired by sexual thoughts of my *daughter*.

All will be explained.

"I'm sorry, Ms Melanie," I'd said quickly, wanting this phase of my humiliation over with as soon as possible as well as a further decrease in my discomfort levels.

"What is it you're sorry for, daddy?" She wanted to draw it out. It was a game the repercussions of playing were unlikely to occur to her or trouble her if they did. If the dangers to her moral growth and future relations were of no consequence to her own mother, I could almost hear my daughter ask herself, why should they bother her?

Just the same, my mind raced: what *was* I sorry for?

What could *I* possibly have to be apologetic about?

Not weighting her ankles with rocks and drowning the ingrate at birth perhaps?

How about allowing to myself to be suckered into believing the woman I married was some paragon of femininity who actually gave a fuck about me?

"I'm waiting, daddy. Or don't you know what you did wrong?"

"I… I…"

“When I tell you to do something you have to it right away, don’t you?” she reminded me and I felt that familiar cringing sensation crawl over my skin even as I made instant reply.

“Yes, Ms Melanie.”

“And you’re not meant to give me any backchat are you?”

“No, Ms Melanie.”

“Then you do know what you should be sorry for, don’t you?”

“Yes, Ms Melanie.”

There was a pause then and she widened her eyes expectantly.

“I… I…” I began falteringly. “I’m sorry for not doing what you said right away and… and…”

“Say it, daddy.”

“And… And for giving you backchat.”

“And for giving me backchat, *what?”*
“And for… for giving you backchat, Ms Melanie.”

Her features, still coated in puppy-fat, broke into a huge and pleased grin; delighted to have me perform my latest trick: complete and utter submission and total contriteness for having done nothing wrong in the first place.

“That’s a good daddy,” she cooed, language becoming more and more juvenile in respect of the infant she was both babysitting and training. “You do want to be a good daddy for Ms Melanie, don’t you?”

“Yes, Ms Melanie.” I would have agreed to wearing nappies and sucking on a pacifier if it meant keeping the pain at bay.

As it turned out, keeping that pain at bay would involve a far greater sacrifice.

“Don’t be bad, daddy, or you’ll make me angry. “Tell me what it is you want to be for me.”

“I… I want to be a good daddy for you.”

She clapped her hands with delight at this escalation of her control over me. Previously it had been confined to childish little thing like kissing her feet and performing the little tricks she had shown me for my wife, like asking if she wanted a foot massage and other menial things. Now she was adding verbal humiliation into the mix; intent on making me engage with my own shame.
“That’s right, daddy. And good daddies always do what their little girl wants, don’t they?”

“Yes, Ms Melanie,” I agreed, wondering where she was going with what passed for a train of thought; certain the destination wouldn’t be to my liking.

“Don’t be stupid!” she snarled, leaning in to put her face against mine, eyes demented. “Say it!”

It struck me then that there could be some form of psychosis at work with her – acknowledging that if there was I wouldn’t have to look too hard to find its source. Her behaviour had long gone beyond simple schoolgirl cruelty at having an adult under her control and was manifesting itself now as a kind of sadism on the hoof.

If the callousness of my wife had gone unsuspected by me for so long then it seemed I was to be in at the beginning and there at the end to observe the development of the character deformity in my youngest daughter.

At that moment though; knowledge of the agony that had quelled what passed as a rebellion on my part earlier uppermost; all I could think of was not displeasing the my hateful little offspring.

“Yes, Ms Melanie,” I began. “Good daddies always do what their little girl wants.”

“That’s better, daddy,” she said, mood immediately changing as she leaned back in her swivel chair and drummed her fingers on the desk thoughtfully. “But when daddies are bad they have to be taught a lesson too.”

I began to guess at the train’s likely destination and knew my qualms for its route were well founded.

“If I decide my daddy’s been bad and needs to be punished that’s what I’m going to do.”

I was barely aware of her arm being drawn back before it landed on my cheek once again and when she raised that same arm again I made no attempt to catch her hand before it landed. Again, the symbolism of the slap far outweighed any physical discomfort. The *“Physical discomfort”* I knew I would be in receipt of were I to make such an attempt far, far, far, in excess of the symbolism I found so utterly shameful.

“Next time,” she warned me –and her expression left me in no doubt she was serious- I’m going to put you over my knee and spank you with mummy’s ping-pong-bat.”

Looking back to my reaction now; I can almost feel my jaw dropping to the ground as the diabolical thirteen-year-old unveiled yet another way the situation I didn’t think could get any worse could do just that and continue to do so.

Being draped across my wife’s knees and having the holy ghost tarred out of my arse was right there at the bottom of the barrel along with the chastity belt confining me and having to kiss my own daughter’s feet as a mark of respect. But the prospect that same daughter had just described for me was of a depth I was, and remain, inadequately equipped to describe.

Her face was malevolence personified as she added:

“And there’s not a single thing you can do about it.”

“Permission to speak, Ms Melanie,” I asked in the abject way Vera expected of me and a protocol our daughter insisted I maintain with her – the few *unavoidable* occasions I’d been forced to adopt it in her regard not once failing to fetch a flush of pure pleasure to her cheeks for having her once unchallengeable father’s capitulation. .
“What is it daddy?”

“Ms Melanie,” I began in a parody of Johnson’s hope over experience, making yet another attempt to locate a shred of warmth and compassion for her father in the daughter for whom he had only harboured feelings –strictly applied or not- of love and protection. “Do you really think I deserve to be treated like this?”

Encouragingly, the question seemed to puzzle her; justification for the severity of the treatment being handed out to me not, it appeared, having occurred to her until then.

“Because,” I went on, emboldened; “if it seemed I was being unnecessarily strict with you before I was only doing it out of love and wanting what was best for you.”

“Mummy said that,” she surprised me. “She said you loved us both in your own way but, because your male ego was so big, you wanted to be in charge all the time when she should have been. That’s why mummy and Sreelatha tell me I shouldn’t feel guilty about you; because you brought it all on yourself by trying to rule our lives and cheating on mummy.”

“But…”

She cut across me:

“Don’t lie to me, daddy. Cos if you say it’s not true it means you’re calling mummy and Sreelatha liars too. You’re not calling them that are you?”

Once again I was being outmanoeuvred by a child. Every time, it seemed, I attempted to better my standing with her in some small way she turned it on its head until I was in a worse position than the one from where I started. It made me wonder if the Indian bitch and her devious bastard of a housekeeper had performed one of their *"Practices"* on me - one that had the effect of reducing my IQ.

"You're *not* are you, daddy?" she pressed.

"N-No, Sweet… I mean: *Ms Melanie*. Of course not, it's just…"

"Because it would really make me mad if you were disrespectful about them. You *don't* want to be disrespectful do you daddy?"
"N-No, Ms Melanie, that wasn't what I was trying to say. All I meant was… was…" So off balance did she have me I had no idea of either what I was about to say or could say now.

A criticism unable to be aimed at her.

"They're not liars are they daddy?"

"No, Ms Melanie," I answered, defeated; seeing the corner she had backed me into and deciding to rest my back against it rather than have my nose pulped to mash against it.

"And you were very strict with me weren't you?"

"Yes, Ms Melanie."

Her little hand came out and actually ruffled my hair before giving my earlobe a playful little tug. "There. It's better when you don't lie isn't it? You must always tell your Ms Melanie the truth now or you'll get into big trouble and she'll have to punish you. You will tell the truth from now on, won't you?"

I wasn't hesitating now. What was the point? As crushing to those pitiful shards constituting the remnants of my pride as it was, she never failed to

best me in these encounters. Though it didn't occur to me I was giving up at the time I did reach the belated conclusion that my humiliation was at least part vitiated if I simply did as I was told - whether the order came from the lips of a thirteen-year-old girl, her mother, or the Indian bitch and her servant issuing them.

"Yes, Ms Melanie."

"And you're sorry for being so mean to me now, aren't you?"

"Yes, Ms Melanie."

"Remember the doggy I wanted and you made me give away? Are you sorry about that too?"

"Yes, Ms Melanie."

"That's alright, daddy, I forgive you. I think you were right."

"What's this?" I remember marvelling. *"Me? Right about something?"*

"I know they're cute but they take all that training and do all their nasty toilet stuff everywhere."

She wrinkled her nose and for a split-second –no longer mind- looked the little girl she was.

"Gross!"
"I just thought…."

"Quiet!" she snapped. "Silence in class!" she laughed, again a little girl; even if the sugar & spice was more arsenic & more arsenic.

I fell silent and waited.

"Why would I want a dog I have to train to do even the most simple things when I can have one who already knows how to do them?"

Do you begin to see what I mean about my situation finding depths beneath depths?

“From now on when you’re not doing your chores and I’m not training you to be the bestest servant mummy and me can have,” she told my dumbstruck expression, “you can be my little daddy-doggy.”

“P-Please, Ms Melanie, you can’t be serious,” I blurted out, realising she was that in spades.

“Are you refusing?” she asked simply.

I was already beaten and we both knew it. The pain, she had told me, would get worse each time I disobeyed any of them and given I’d been a gibbering wreck after my first exposure and all but deprived of my sanity the second time, I was in no hurry to see what horror to the system the third exposure could provide.

“Ms Melanie, please. I’m your father. Don’t do this to me.”

“You sound as if you’re begging me, daddy. Are begging me?”

“Yes, Ms Melanie,” I told her without hesitation. “I’m begging you. Please don’t make me do it.”

She stared at me thoughtfully, as if giving my request consideration.

Then:

“No, daddy, I think you should be my doggy when I want you to be. I mean: you’re already begging so now all I have to do is teach you how to do it the way a doggy would.”

The tears I seemed to be forever fighting back could be restrained no longer and trickled down my cheeks.

“Don’t be silly, daddy,” she rebuked me; “daddy doggies don’t cry. They get nice big cuddles and treats if they’re obedient for their masters. They get to sit under their little girl’s desk and keep her feet all nice and warm as she works.”

“Please Melanie; I can’t take much more of this. I’m your father for god’s sakes!”

Even as I made my lame appeal I knew I was playing in to the sick little desires the role of authority she had been allowed to take with me was in the process of fleshing out. That I was playing an unwilling role in the corruption of her future relationships of no concern to me at that moment, I must confess as all my thoughts were concentrated on myself and my troubles. Any future miseries of a social nature waiting for my daughter down the line were no longer my problem. In fact, had I been told both she and Vera were about to be Semtexed into oblivion by a group of fanatics my only response would have been: *“Good fucking riddance!”*

“Now you’re being *really* silly,” she scolded me. “You know you *have* to take it. Sree and Abhaya told mummy and mummy told me there’s nothing you can do to stop it. You can’t leave the house without our permission and even if you did you wouldn’t be able to tell anyone anything. You’re not even allowed to try and hurt yourself.”

My regular and totally unsuccessful attempts to try and open the front door without the permission of one of my tormentors or the Pavlovian ringing of the doorbell lent truth to her words. Similar failures experienced in respect of both telephone *and* email. As for physically doing away with myself –though the thought had crossed my mind- I knew now my own physical cowardice would prevent any attempt without any subconscious imperative to not do so.

“So we’ll have no more of that silly talk,” Melanie warned me, tone growing ever more condescending towards the adult she was governing with such ease. “Will we?”

I shook my head, beaten; everywhere I turned I was greeted by a cul-de-sac

forcing me to turn and retrace my steps back to my torment – a torment made all the worse for the false hope supplied by another false avenue of escape.

“No, Ms Melanie,” I said finally, unable to meet her stare; eyes moist still from the tears my own daughter’s treatment of me had inspired.

“Oh, daddy,” she chided. “I can see you’re going to need a lot of training to be a good obedient doggy. Since when do doggies like you speak?”

I was dying, though my death was not of a physical kind; my personality as I knew it was being erased and overlaid with another *not* of my choosing.

“When I want you to be my little daddy-doggy I don’t want to hear you speak. I mean, daddy-doggies *so* do not speak. Daddy-doggies bark. They go, like, one woof for yes and two woofs for no. Understand daddy?”

“Yes, Ms Melanie, I answered in a voice barely audible, the fact I was resigning myself to playing the part of her canine with such swiftness almost as cringe inducing as the humiliation of doing so.

The slap rocking my head to the side telling me I obviously hadn’t resigned myself swiftly enough.

“Bad doggy!” she scolded me again. “What did I just tell you? One woof for: *“Yes”*; two for: *“No”*. Got it?”
I woofed.

“Good boy!” she cried, clapping her hands before reaching out and again ruffling her father’s hair. “Let’s try something else and I want you to do it for me just the way a good obedient daddy-doggy would.”

I watched; a small part of me alive enough to be curious, as she reached down and removed one of her black leather shoes with the low heel. Curiosity turning to terror as the thought occurred to me she might be about to use it on my…

She threw it into the room and it landed on the carpet before her dressing-

table.

“Fetch!”

Relieved my first thoughts had been proved wrong I was no less sickened at the prospect of what I was being told to do and, I knew, was about to – unless I was in a hurry to experience the pain I’d felt earlier at an accelerated rate.

The memory of that pain was enough to prevent any prevarication on my part; though I wasn’t quite up to speed with the spirit of the game – even if it was *anything* but that.

I’d made it onto one knee when her fingers snatched up a handful of my hair and gave it a vicious tug that brought a yelp from me. At school nothing had made me angrier quicker than a classmate or her friend pulling my hair; and, being both proud and protective of my still full locks, nothing had changed except my inability to show my disapproval.

“Bad boy!” she snapped. “Daddy-doggies don’t fetch on their hind-legs. They fetch on all fours.”

My hair was released and I returned my knee to the carpet before dropping forward to rest on my hands.

“Good boy!”

I crawled.

When I reached the shoe she had thrown and ordered me to fetch I stopped; the object intended to intensify my shame and drop me a few more steps down the evolutionary chain in the eyes of my daughter staring up at me; the musty, and increasingly familiar, smell of perspiration mingled with leather wafting up at me.

“Fetch, daddy-doggy!” she cried. “That’s a good doggy.”

I knew what she intended for me to do – and it did not include the use of my

hands.

I also knew I was going to obey her and it was at this point that I believe I truly gave up fighting. What did I have to fight with, after all? It was so much easier to simply do what was asked of me – no matter how demeaning.
Lowering my head I took the shoe between my teeth and crawled back to her.

“Oh, my! What a clever daddy-doggy I have, I didn’t even have to tell you what to do. You good, good, boy!”

With that her little hand began to stroke my neck as if I were actually a canine and not a human.

It was an act of affection that was in reality nothing of the kind and triggered a shameful and unforeseen reaction in me.

My penis tried to become erect in its titanium prison.

A terrible idea – even if it had been my subconscious rather than my conscious mind that had conjured it up.

I groaned.

“What is it?” she asked from above; still stroking my neck in the way responsible for my shameful response. “What’s wrong with my good daddy-doggy? Doesn’t he like his Ms Melanie petting him?”

What was worse, do you think? The discomfort of an engorged cock pressing against the confines of the cage imprisoning it; or the prospect of explaining it to my daughter:

“Sorry, sweetheart, but daddy’s got a huge stalk on because you just stroked his neck. Could you stop doing it now, please?”

“Woof, Woof!”

Her voice became a few degrees colder:

“What a rude daddy-doggy. And I was going to be so nice to you too. You do want me to be nice to you daddy-doggy, don’t you?”

“Woof!” I mock barked; having no idea how to go about conversing with a person supplied with a vocabulary consisting of a couple of barks.

“Oh, so you do like Ms Melanie petting you.”

“Woof!”

“Well that’s very nice, but I’ve got more important things to be getting on with than petting my little daddy-doggy.”

Standing to her full five-feet, she kicked off her remaining shoe and rolled her chair away from the desk to indicate the space beneath.

“Now curl up under Ms Melanie’s desk while she studies and don’t make a nuisance of yourself, daddy-doggy. You can rub Ms Melanie’s feet if you want to but don’t fidget about or you’ll spoil her concentration.”

I stared up at the young eyes gazing down at me with such pride of ownership and knew I was lost.

I crawled to my spot under the desk.

“Good boy,” she congratulated me; sliding back the chair and reseating herself. “Be nice and quiet for Ms Melanie now.”

And so it was, for the next two hours, that a grown man crouched beneath the desk of his daughter like a dog as she studied – even taking her tiny feet in his *“Paws”* and massaging them when she jabbed a demanding foot in his ribs by way of a reminder.

But it was towards the end of my first stint as her pet that the true nature of the control she now wielded over me in a way that could never be reversed was revealed.

As I lay curled in a ball, foot massage over, I felt the unmistakable presence of a pantyhosed toe begin to play at my lips.

Without even opening my eyes, I took the toes of my daughter's foot in my mouth and sucked.

That morning beneath my daughter's desk as she immersed herself in her studies and I pretended to be her loyal canine marked a watershed in what was already a spectacular decline.

For two hours I alternated between dozing –as if I were truly a napping pet- massaging her feet and having her toes, clammy with my own saliva inserted into my mouth; the tip-tap of her fingers as they danced over the keyboard to complete her schoolwork not missing a beat so content and unconcerned was she by my presence below her. By the time she slid back her chair and ordered me out from under the desk *any* illusions I might have had about finding a way out of my misery inspired by the snippet of conversation I'd heard between mother and daughter were vanished. Completely. If I could allow my own thirteen-year-old child to treat me in such a way there was surely nothing I wouldn't accept from the hands and feet of my three tormentors.

"Three" becoming four –the addition proving the worst of them all- when on the evening following my debut as *"Daddy-doggy"* Vera informed me I was to be spending the next few days at Sreelatha's helping Abhaya around the house.

My head was again between her legs as my tongue completed the tour of duty it owed her cunt; preparing to lick the buttocks she had turned onto her front to present to me as I crouched at the foot of the bed.
Apparently, she found it *"Soothing"*, after being licked, sucked and generally fawned upon for however long it took her to reach completion –and assuming she wasn't in the mood for more of the same; to feel my tongue, moist with

her own secretions, lapping at the smooth unblemished skin of her arse.

Me?

Let's just say I was attempting to perform the duty to her satisfaction in the most automaton like way possible. Thoughts of all kinds of mundane events and people from my past life trying to stave off the inevitable attempt to become erect. Not willing to undergo the subsequent discomfort supplied by the restraint of the cock-cage as –hate her or not- the moist and musky smell of her hairless snatch invaded my nostrils and triggered the usual response.

An attempt that was not always successful.

"Melanie tells me you disobeyed her this morning," she said in dreamy voice from over her shoulder.

Unsure if it was a question or a statement I made no reply.

She was tutting at what she saw as my stupidity: "You really are a very slow learner, aren't you Timothy."

The same problem presented itself again: did she require an answer?

"Surely you must have realised that what happened between us in the bathroom was not going to be an isolated incident. Disobey *any* of us and there will painful repercussions – for you, anyway. Though I must say I'm really proud of the way Melanie put you in your place afterwards. She really seems to be thriving under the responsibility of being in charge of you."

She allowed me to consider the pride she took in her daughter's expertise to torture her father and treat him like a dog; though her next words and the way she delivered them left me in no doubt a reply was required.

"*Don't you think?*"

"Yes, ma'am."

“For once,” she went on, satisfied with my docility, “you’re sharing the responsibility for your daughter’s growth into womanhood. No man will *ever* put Melanie in the position in which you placed me now she’s seen how weak they can be at base.”

As I parted her buttocks in the way I’d been taught and began to tease at her perineum before sweeping my tongue either side of her rectum; I sensed she was giving a matter some thought.

Sure enough:

“Not that all men are as weak as you,” she said. “Which brings me to a little problem I have.”

Warning antennae up, I waited; forgetting my place and what I needed to do while in it.

“Don’t stop. Keep licking as you listen.”

My tongue resumed work hastily.

“Good,” she applauded me. “Melanie said you were so much better behaved after a spell as her *‘Daddy-doggy”*.

As the tip of my tongue made little darting movements to stab at the skin surrounding her anus and its exterior my ears discerned no accompanying chuckle for the dehumanisation my daughter had subjected me to.

“If it’s any consolation to you, little Timothy, both Melanie and I much prefer you like this than we did when you were trying to pretend to be the big strong man. You’ll always be our servant of course –and Melanie’s *‘Daddy-doggy’* whenever she wants you to be- but that doesn’t mean you won’t have a place in our hearts if you do your best to obey us and make is proud.”

The strangest thing had happened then: able up to that moment to keep the erection sure to cause me pain at bay –despite a mouthful of choice pussy- the imagery of me underneath Melanie’s desk as her little toes played at my

lips for the first time until I took them in my mouth and actually *sucked* them ensured a collision of swelling penis and unforgiving titanium.

“Having some trouble?” she asked, mistaking my groan of distress for one she had inspired. “Well, you needn’t think your cage is coming off yet until I’m absolutely sure you know your place and your behaviour merits it.

Already beaten; this disgusting reaction to treatment from my young daughter that was even more repellent than my worship of my wife’s shit chute was no more than an irrelevant, if no less powerful, footnote to the point I was at in my *adventure*.

“Which brings me nicely to what I wanted to say to you,” I heard her continue; thinking all manner of banal thoughts to facilitate in the shrinking of my member. “Not, of course, that I have to say anything to you but, as you are still my husband in name if nothing else, I thought I would extend you the courtesy.”

“What now?” I thought; even if I knew I would raise no objection whatever it was – so pussy-whipped did she have me.

“Stop licking me and kneel on the floor,” she ordered.

Obedience instant now –alacrity not going unnoticed by her if the smug curl of her lip was a guide- I did as she asked and knelt on my haunches at the side of the bed; lowering my eyes as she turned on her front and swung her feet over the edge, knees level with my forehead.

“Look at me, Timothy.”

I did – with difficulty.

The eyes I’d once thought held nothing but love for me now contained nothing remotely near that level of feeling and had been replaced by something far more powerful and enduring.

Power.

I was her possession in the most abject way and she knew it. Which was when, gaze held and overridden by her own, a strange feeling of reverence came over me and I felt as if I'd found the place I'd been destined to occupy the whole of my life. Suddenly, even though a part of me continued to hate her, I found myself… *worshipful*. The cock I'd only just willed into subsidence rose in it's confinement once more and I grunted as it met its jailer.

Abject and on my haunches, naked except for the cage restraining me; it felt as if I were genuflecting before a goddess as described in the tales of Homer and Virgil and, later, in a more temporal way, Pierre Louys and his depictions of male submission to divine femininity. The shapely tanned legs rising towards the fount of her womanhood I'd just been forced to worship and the flat stomach and full conical breasts –nipples still hard from my efforts and the delight she took in mastering me- revealed in the power radiating from the orbs lasering into mine and holding them transfixed.

The words about to spill from the full red lips of my goddess not likely to replicate any ever heard on either the slopes or the summit of Mount Olympus.

"That little cock of yours is no use to me now, Timothy," she said, "But you'll be relieved to know I've decided to let you keep it."

Believing, after my stint as pussy-lapper, arse licker, toe-sucker, and human dog, that I was beyond further shock I was about to receive a nasty corrective:

"Abhaya, Sreelatha tells me, was a nurse back home in India. Of course, the facilities and treatment available were nowhere near as civilised and sophisticated as those we're used to; but she did assist in the castration of certain males when it was medically necessary."

No attempted erection has shrivelled quicker – though the returning blood

was turned back before it reached my appalled and alabaster cheeks.

"I told her that wouldn't be necessary," she said to my vast relief. "I know you're quite attached to your little pee-pee and as long as it's under lock and key and stops you getting yourself into trouble I've no objection to you keeping it."

She continued to hold my eyes as I breathed my relief; a little irritation visible in them.

"You might at least thank me – unless you want me to have a change of heart."

It was all she need do to have me bow and scrape.

"Thank you, ma'am," I said, fervent in my gratitude now; not putting something as inhuman as having me neutered past her now. "I do appreciate it. Really I do."

Wanting to do something more to show my appreciation; a kind of madness taking me over; I lowered my head and began to *lick* her bare feet – exactly as if I were the animal who'd spent the morning beneath my daughter's desk as she studied. From toe to heel I laved her slightly sweaty foot with the same tongue that had just worshipped before the shrine of pussy and arse. Only later would I discover via the internet that I'd entered –finally and unknowingly- into what was described as *"Subspace"*.

"Unbelievable!" I heard from above; transferring my attentions to her other foot. "When Sreelatha first showed me how weak and susceptible you were I thought she was off her head. Now look at you. How could I ever have married someone so pathetic? Let alone allow them to rule the roost?"

Ignoring her, my licking turned to kissing as I smothered her ankle and worked my way up the calf; almost as if my subconscious were telling me it was a way to prove to her I wasn't as weak as she thought; that I was strong enough to accept my reduced position in relation to her.

Like most lust inspired actions it would be an assertion I would later dismiss as the purest bullshit.

“Anyway,” she went on, allowing me to run my tongue over a recently waxed calf; “now that I’ve trained your tongue to be of service to me and locked your little dicky away; I’m going to be in need of a real cock from time to time.”

Her words reached me but I was too far gone to care; my response to the news she was thinking of allowing another man to fuck her?

I showered her knees with kisses.

“I don’t want a relationship or anything like that. I tried it with you and I’ve no intention of risking a similar disaster. But I do want to feel a big masterful cock invading me from time to time.”

I continued to kiss and lick.

“Not that it matters if you do; but you won’t mind, will you?”
The feverish way I was now kissing her thighs was obviously not the answer she required.

“*Will you?*”

I broke off.

“Tell me, Timothy,” she pressed, taking my chin, still covered in her drying secretions, in her hand and raising my eyes to hers. “You won’t mind your dominant wife acting like a slut for a real man and getting the fucking she deserves, will you?”

I was lost. I could deny her nothing and we both knew it. The hatred still burning for her inside me would kick in again later but, for now, I was in another world that seemed both real and mystical at one and the same time and could do no more than move to the beat it imposed.

“No, ma’am. I don’t mind.”

She leaned in and kissed the top of my head with what seemed like genuine affection – perverted and demeaning I grant you, but very welcome to someone denied even the merest hint of fellow feeling during the time that had elapsed since his fall from grace.

“What a good boy you are. I like you so much more this way than I did when we were man and wife in the normal way. And do you know what?”

I didn’t.

“Good boys get a reward.”

My eyes must have given the game away because she laughed:

“No, no, silly!” she said, reaching down to place a hand between my legs and cup my cock-cage. “That’s for when you’re a really good boy.”

Releasing my balls her hand went to the back of my head and guided it towards her chest until the distended nipple of one of her glorious tits was an inch or so from my mouth. Not needing to be told, I took it between my lips and began to suck as if my life depended upon it. It was a reward, she had said, and I had earned it.

“Tomorrow,” she told me; “you are going to stay at Sreelatha’s.”

Subspace or not, this was too much. I stopped sucking and gave her a look that was at once appalled and supplicating.

“That’s right. Melanie and I have decided that if you’re going to be the perfect servant for us then we need someone to train you who won’t be as lenient as us.”

Had my tongue not been lolling from my mouth in disbelief I would certainly have swallowed it; so great was my amazement.

“Lenient?”

“So, from tomorrow, you’ll be living at Sreelatha’s and learning how to be the best, most devoted, servant, you can be while your wife makes up for lost time and has her pussy filled with cocks she can actually feel.”

Back then I’d asked myself the same question I still ask myself now; the fact an answer still evades me, I suspect, has more to do with the fact it’s one I’ve no wish to supply myself.

If the prospect of her allowing a stranger to invade the cunt that had been exclusive to me for so long filled me with such repugnance why, oh why, was my cock thrusting against titanium with enough urgency to make me whimper?

“Then, when you’re all trained and ready to take up your duties with me and Melanie again, that tongue of yours that used to refuse to go down on me will not only place itself at my service but will clean up my lover’s residue.”

That was when my erection subsided.

I could feel the eyes on me and hear the odd giggle as I followed on the heels of my mistress respectfully. Neither the looks nor the amused derision aimed my way inspired any resentment in me as Sreelatha went from stall to stall and inspected the produce on offer. Carrying herself with all the airs of a great lady; she was thoroughly enjoying her return to the city she had left as a low born girl fortunate enough to have married an older and successful compatriot resident in England.

How could I feel resentment, after all? The picture we presented was not one likely to be seen in that Calcutta market every day. An expensively dressed young woman who was no great looker -and known to the rundown area and it’s poverty stricken inhabitants for having been as potless and without hope as them at one time- being followed in a deferential fashion by a handsome

middle-aged Englishman carrying her purchases; how could they do anything else but stare and titter?

As instructed, and not deviating from the code of behaviour drilled into me, I remained three paces behind her vividly coloured sari; eyes fixed to the small of her back and posture erect in a way guaranteed to refute any suggestion I could be anything other than the white flunky of a young Indian girl.

The absence of the hair I had once prided myself on and Abhaya had gleefully shaved smooth many months ago back home doing nothing to dispel the impression of a servant escorting his mistress as she shopped either.

Taken with the white collarless shirt and long-sleeves; together with black trousers and highly polished black shoes; the image was complete.

By the time we had reached the spot where Abhaya waited with the car, I was laden with all kinds of fruit and vegetables and was almost as glad to deposit them in the open boot as I was to be away from the stares of the crowd that had gathered to follow the great Indian lady who had once been a pauper like them and now had an English servant to carry her shopping.

After opening the door for Sreelatha to enter the back I got in the front and crouched on the floor between the passenger seat and the dashboard; positioned in such a way that all my, by now, habitually lowered eyes could see was the gear-stick and the bare and matronly legs of the woman I feared more than anybody in the whole world.

“Was he good?” Abhaya asked; speaking in the English they always used around me; only reverting to their native tongue when there was something not to be shared with their flunky or they wished to speak frivolously.

“He was acceptable,” I heard Sreelatha answer – much to my relief. Beneath the black trousers chafing against them, the weals raised on my legs by her *“Obedience stick”* as Abhaya described it still throbbed and stung from their last correction at her hands and were in no condition to receive another had

Sreelatha's verdict on my efforts been any less tolerable.

A hand patted my head as we pulled off into the crowd and Abhaya rewarded me with some unusual words of praise:

"Good boy"

During the hour it took to make the journey into the Calcutta countryside and the pleasant former colonial home Sreelatha had rented for the past four months I was, for once, free from my domestic and physical obligations enough to peruse my situation at length. As the two of them chatted gaily in their native tongue and I squatted on the floor at Abhaya's side I recalled that first visit to the home of my former partner in England – first visit as a servant, that is.

I had been met and allowed in by Abhaya; noticing –not that I was interested- that she had ditched the traditional sari for a non-nonsense two piece costume in grey with low spike heels and black nylons. The long raven hair she'd pulled from her face and tied at the back only accentuating the unpleasantness of her features and giving her an even less approachable look.

Her welcome to me, as I stood before her in the hallway, was a vicious slap to the face that was not only more powerful than my daughter's but outstripped her mother's also.

"Kneel and kiss my feet, when you first see me," she barked. "Have your wife and daughter taught you nothing?"

I knelt and lowered my head to her feet; knowing –having been primed by Vera- what I could expect in the way of pain were I to disobey. Obedience notwithstanding, it was no less degrading to place my lips on the shoes of a relative stranger rather than the more familiar footwear of my *supposed* loved ones.
When I transferred my lips to her other foot she raised the one I had finished with and brought it down on the back of my neck; trapping me there.

"In a few seconds I will remove my foot," her voice descended from on high.

“When I do I expect you to get to your feet and remove *all* of your clothes and place them on the chair in the corner when they are folded. Then we will go to see your other owner.”

Minutes later; having divested myself of my clothing under the mortifying gaze of the Indian bitch’s equally hateful housekeeper, feelings of shame so strong they threatened to manifest themselves in a display of projectile vomiting at any moment; I found myself marched upstairs and given some strict orders regarding my behaviour before I knocked on the door of my *‘Other owner’* and received a curt: “Come.”

She was sat at her dressing table when I entered and closed the door behind me; naked with her back turned and eyes mocking my reflection in the mirror in which she was brushing out the incredibly long hair I’d not seen unleashed before. My feelings of hatred for this… *thing*… who’d ruined my life and made me a figure of contempt and ridicule to my wife and daughter were indescribable. *“Weak”* man or not, had I been in possession of a machete at that time and found myself free to wield it this physically and spiritually ugly subcontinent bitch would have been indistinguishable from chopped liver.

Obeying Abhaya’s instructions on the proper way to behave in my *“Owner’s”* presence –terrified not to- I stood in the centre of the room with my hands clasped behind my back. I watched as she continued to run a brush through what I had to admit was her incredible, coal black, hair and studiously ignored me; all too aware –how could I be otherwise?- of the picture reflected in the mirror. A girl, over twenty years my junior, sat naked brushing her hair as I stood before her, eyes lowered deferentially while awaiting her attentions; naked except for the cage containing my imprisoned manhood – could any man worthy of the description appear more ludicrous?

When she placed the brush upon the dressing-table and swivelled on the stool to face me I caught my first sight of her unfettered breasts. They were full and firm and a distinct contrast to the unattractive face above them.

Careful not to be too obvious in my scrutiny I flicked a glance at the unblemished skin of thighs whose power belied the impression they gave

when clothed and the split-second observation I made of her pussy revealed to me that –like Vera's- it was completely hairless. But it was the feet waiting to greet me when I lowered my eyes –and despite my undeniable hatred of their owner- that had been occupying my thoughts since my first sight of them on that fateful day I'd also had my first taste of Abhaya's *special* tea. A growing obsession on my part not diminished in strength for being a source of great puzzlement - given I'd always found even Vera's feet… distasteful.

Now though –and despite the chain I could see at her neck with yet another key to my cock-cage dangling from it- my eyes were riveted as her long brown toes and scarlet nails sank into the deep, and very old-fashioned, pile of the carpet and began to flex. The stirring at my groin that could have no positive outcome prompted me to lower my eyes to my own feet and think of all kinds of banal and supremely non-arousing diversions.

"So," she had begun; "here you are at last. My husband's former partner. The great man himself. Standing before me in nothing but the cage restraining his pitiful little cock."

I continued to stare at the carpet, unsure if her words required a response.

"Is there something you've forgotten to do?" she asked.

Like the craven cur I'd become and she intended I remain, I immediately dropped to all fours and crawled towards the feet of the woman –little more than a girl- who now ruled my life. When I reached them I lowered my head and began to lick the salty brown skin of her instep as if my life depended upon it; seeing myself as the dog my daughter had insisted I become for her.

"Very good," her voice came down to me. "No more silly arguments."

Silence reigned for a few moments then as I licked at her foot and she observed me doing so.

"Vera and Melanie told me you had begun to accept your diminished status," she said finally, "and I see they spoke truthfully. Now Abhaya and I will teach you to be a model servant for both us and your wife and daughter."

I paused to work some saliva over my hard put to it tongue and she took it as an intention on my part to stop.

“You may continue to lick my foot until give you permission to stop.”

Doing as she asked, it occurred to me for the first time that I was exactly where I should be – where I deserved to be: on all fours before a woman. Having always been of the opinion that we make our own fate I now saw the reverse as true. Why would I be in the position I was in if I wasn’t the weak man I had been told I was? Perhaps, I told myself, I was in the very place destiny had always had in mind for me.

And if I wasn’t then why was my cock giving me such discomfort as it thrust against its bonds?

“Right about now,” she went on, raising her free foot to rest the sole upon my bare back, “your wife is dining with the owner of a man wishing to do business with our company.”

I continued to lick; unable to get enough of the foot that seemed to symbolise my submission to her and willing to endure the pain of a restricted erection.

“He is a large man, Vera tells me. *Very* large and *very* black.”

The intensity of my foot worship increased; busying myself to keep unwanted imagery at bay.

“She knows he is large because she was barely able to take the meat he offered up to her in your former office in her mouth.”

I inserted my tongue between her toes.

“Pathetic!” she tutted. “I tell you your wife has taken the penis of another in her mouth and will soon allow it to penetrate her womanhood and all you can do is lick the grime from between my toes.”

Tears were falling from my eyes to her instep and, far from halting my ministrations; I lapped them up as a way of moistening my servile mouth.

“Sunil was right. He said you were not much of a man.”

My eyes came up at this. “Sunil? My friend and partner? The man who’d worked at my side to build a business from nothing and regarded me as a brother? Said was not much of a…?

“I will not lie to you, Timothy,” she began, holding my gaze with complete confidence in my subjugation and knowing I would not be able to meet her stare for long. Sunil was very fond of you and had nothing but praise for the way you allowed him to make decisions for the business without interfering.”

Dropping my eyes back to her foot, I was confused: had that been the how it had been? Had all the shrewd moves that had pushed our business on been made at the instigation of Sunil?

“I do not believe I told you to stop licking my foot.” Her voice, suddenly cold and inflexible, carried down to me and -Pavlov’s favourite test subject- I took my cue from her tone and began to lave at her foot once more.

“As an alpha-male, Sunil recognised the beta variety in you; even through the man’s man persona you adopted to disguise your feelings. Though he did tell me when he confessed to his transgression at just how self-delusory you could be.”

What was this? Transgression? What transgression?

“He could not believe how easily you swallowed Vera’s lies about Melanie.”

At this my head came up again to meet those same confident eyes; pleasure unmistakable.

“I believe the explanation Vera gave you for your daughter’s *dusky* complexion,” she went on, the curl of her lip indicating how risible she found my credulity; “concerned something called *‘Atavism’*. An ingenious excuse, I

must agree, but not an excuse any man with at least a certain amount of intelligence would accept."

I searched her expression for something that would tell me she was joking; lying about my daughter's paternity simply to intensify my torment. Nothing I could detect there indicated anything other than total sincerity.

"That is right. Sunil is… *was*… Melanie's father."

Now you have to remember, given the treatment my youngest daughter had handed out to me up to then, that Melanie was not exactly the apple of her father's eye; but to be told the girl you had helped raise for the past thirteen-years was sired by the man I had taken as my ally and friend opened me up to a whole host of other emotions in which the girl herself played no part.

Not least of them the bitter, bile inducing, recognition of my wife and my friend's treachery and my complete unawareness of it.

"Of course, this took place many years before I came to the country and Sunil and I married," she spoke over my attempts to come to terms with the revelation; "so I could hardly be angry with my husband when he confessed it to me. Nor even with Vera. Had I been married to a male impostor such as you I would have been tempted by a man of Sunil's stature too."

"Does…" I began, clearing my throat, voice barely recognisable, "Does Vera know you're telling me this?"

A look of displeasure flitted across those avian features I'd come to detest with such passion.

"I do not recall giving you permission to speak," she said and a shiver of terror went through me despite the heavy competition of the news she had just delivered.

To my relief, her face softened – a little.

"I will let your disobedience pass this once as I can understand my news was

surprising to you."

"Surprising?" It hardly cut it except as a description upon the lips of a master of understatement.

"Speak without permission again, however, and I will tell Abhaya to ensure you do not do so again."

I lowered my head – abject; feeling more and more like a hollow shell having its prized former possessions replaced with replacements of a less desirable nature.

"Anyhow, to answer your question: yes, Vera does know. It was she who asked me to tell you. Not that she was worried about your reaction." She laughed – unpleasantly. "After all, there is not much a pitiful little dog like you can do anyway and, besides, Vera thought it would be so much more *believable* coming from me."

With the feet I'd just been licking after the fashion of the dog she described filling my vision I considered the extent of both my wife's and my partner's deceit; knowing the rage I felt for the deception would *never* find an outlet.

Nor be allowed to be considered for too long.

"But we must get on," she told me. "You are here for a reason and it is time we made a start on your lessons is it not?"

I continued to stare at those feet; aware of her words playing at the fringes of my thoughts and not acknowledging them.

The snap she added to her words next changing that instantly:

"Is it not!"

"N-No, Ms Sreelatha. I m-mean: yes, Ms Sreelatha."

"Good," she announced, standing. "We are going to the bathroom; when I

say: *'Heel'* I expect you to follow me on all fours while keeping your head as close to my ankles as it is possible without impeding me."

Those dainty little feet stepped past me and I followed like the human canine I was becoming; attempting to stay as close to her ankles as I could until my knees felt the coolness of floor tiles beneath them. The bathroom was large and she stopped by the shower stall as I kept my head lowered in obedience to my instructions.

"Get in," she told me after sliding back the glass door, pointing to a spot to her left. "Kneel on your haunches in the corner."

Again, my obedience was instant and I was soon on my haunches in the stall; facing up to her as she stepped in and slid the door closed.

From such an angle –the face I loathed hidden somewhat by the assets below them- her breasts and projectile nipples seemed even more impressive, but it was the sight of her hairless little pussy that had been erecting inside my prison. Which probably explained my alacrity –face and spiteful nature forgotten- when she ordered me to place my nose in her crotch and take deep breaths through my nose.

"Vera tells me you have been making progress as her little pussylapper so we will see if we can improve on your devotion to the task and your technique.

Almost before the words had left her lips I surprised myself by extending my tongue to take a long sweeping lick at the smooth cameltoe fixating me; hatred and former revulsion for the act forgotten at the sight of a pussy surpassing all others I'd ever seen and totally out of keeping with the view to be seen at her summit. So aroused was I by the smell of her own excitement as it assailed my nostrils I could almost forget the constriction at my groin.

Almost.
Snatching my hair and yanking my head back; she snarled into my face.

"How dare you! You worthless piece of white scum! Did I give you permission to place your filthy tongue on my superior Indian pussy? Did I?

Did I??"

"N-No, Ms Sreelatha," I cried, genuinely terrified of her; knowing she could do as she liked with me and I would be unable to prevent it. Adding, cur-like: "I'm very sorry."

Her fury began to dissipate and I could see the muscles in her cheeks relax.

"Don't ever act in such a way again. You do *only* as you are told and no more. If I tell you to place your nose at my cunt and sniff then that is what you are to do. Understand?"

"Y-Yes, Ms Sreelatha."

"Sit back on your haunches now," she commanded.

I sat back on my heels, naked back against the cool glass of the shower cubicle as she looked down upon me imperiously; the look aimed my way alerting senses already attuned to such things that something unpleasant was coming my way.

"In medieval Japan," she began, placing her hands on her hips and spreading her feet to take a wider stance, "it was the custom for a Shogun or great warlord to mark those swearing fealty to him or taken as prisoners as his property. I am going to mark you in such a way now and Abhaya will do the same soon after. The wife who is now your master has, I believe, a more permanent sign of ownership in mind; but she will inform you of what that is to be in due course."

The moment she said it I knew what she had in mind. Many years before I'd been a fan of a mini-series called "Shogun" that had been adapted from the James Clavell novel of the same name, and I knew *exactly* of the ritual of which she spoke.

"Place the palms of your hands flat on the floor and keep you head lowered."

At some time in the last minute or so I had started to shake and could barely

keep my palms to the floor; so great was my agitation as I waited for her to mark me.

“When I finish I expect you to remain in this position until I consider the importance of what I am about to do has been acknowledged by you. Nod if you understand.”

I nodded, grateful she hadn’t asked for a verbal response as I wasn’t sure I could make one.

“Good. Now I shall mark you as my creature. From this moment on you belong to the four women in your life and you will never be anything more to them than a useful and obedient animal.”

Everything went quiet then – eerily so.

Then it began.

The first warm stream of her urine hit the back of my neck and I flinched as it ran over my shoulders and down my back; her aim growing surer then to concentrate on the top of my head to cascade down onto my face and mingle with the tears of utter disgrace and impotence I was shedding for what had to be the very end of my life as a man.

To be pissed upon? By an ugly Indian girl? And to simply take it?

Never, I knew with complete certainty, would I lift my head again.

When she was finished and the last drops had been squeezed from between her legs to finish scent marking her territory I heard the door slide open.

“What a pretty picture,” I heard the voice of her housekeeper. “Now the dog will be in no doubt he is nothing but the property of women.”

“He knew that before, good Abhaya. This is to ensure he never forgets.”

Attention returned to me:

“Stay exactly as you are until Abhaya has marked you then, dog, you will remain *exactly* as you are until the scent of us is dry and one of us comes to fetch you. Do not even think of trying to bathe yourself.”

With that Sreelatha left the shower cubicle and Abhaya replaced her.

“I,” she began, “take a slightly different approach to Ms Sreelatha. I prefer to see the face of the servant I am marking. Eyes up, dog, and keep them on mine.”

My eyes had barely met hers when the first gush of her hot piss hit me square in the face.

As I ferried the shopping into the old colonial house that had been built at the time of the Raj it struck me its venerable wall would never before have witnessed the sight of a middle-aged man from the race of the old masters acting as flunkey for two low-born women from the civilisation that race of masters had once subdued.

It was three months on from my *“Marking”* in Sreelatha’s shower cubicle and my life had changed out of all recognition from even my time as Vera’s servant and Melanie’s *“Daddy-doggy”*. Now, despite my thoughts and memories having been freed up a little, my obedience to all four women was both instant and total and I had truly become the functional working animal Sreelatha had insisted I would become.

The reward for my obedience?

The reward for good behaviour –and one I looked forward to despite the shame it involved- was to lie on my back, have the cage removed from my penis, and be massaged to completion by the feet of one of my three owners. Though soon, I was told, the fourth, Melanie would be of an age to take care of the man she still believed was her daddy.

That was something I did *not* look forward to.

It had been agreed that I would accompany Sreelatha and Abhaya on their yearly visit to Calcutta and spend the rest at home with Vera and Melanie interspersed by odd spells at the home of my Indian masters. And, strangely enough, it was the time spent with Sreelatha and her housekeeper –despite the beating Abhaya seemed to delight in meeting out to me on a regular basis- I resented least. There, after all, I was not expected to attend to my wife's gaping pussy after she had been attended by one of her numerous lovers or be placed on a leash and get taken for a walk around the garden by the girl I had once thought was my daughter and who still thought she was.

The systematic breakdown of me as a man that had been continued at Sreelatha's before I'd been returned to my former home had been thorough, comprehensive, and dehumanising.

The next time the Indian bitch rewards my servile efforts on her behalf with some computer time in the basement cell she calls my *Room"*, I'll tell you of what was done to me to ensure I continued:

Serving Sreelatha.

The End……. *Perhaps*.