Taken from His Misery
(Into Worse)

An Older Man Makes an Unwanted Submission

By
Frederick Hambling

FDC

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Master and Gavin

"Why are you not in position?" she asked, voice as cold as it was authoritative, even though he was certain of the excitement she took from having him in such a condition of dependence.

He was in the basement of her home in London's suburbia. A large and secluded home bordering Bromley Common, some ten miles south of the capital. Even now, two weeks into his domicile in her home – her basement – he could not bring himself to quite believe he was there.

Not to mention the duties he performed for her now he was.

As she loomed over him, plump but curvy body completely naked, brown subcontinent skin fairly glistening with youth and vigour below an equally plump face that owed its expression more to delight in another's suffering and humiliation than any warm feelings towards a man some years her senior she was training to serve her. The gap in their ages and the fact she was doing this to him in the country of his birth, he recognised, added an extra frisson to her perverse pleasure. He knew this because she had told him exactly that; going on to explain how thrilling it was to her to be living in an affluent home in an upmarket locale and be a respected part of the community while, all the time, she kept a handsome older white man in her basement for the sole purpose of serving both her domestic and sexual needs.

All her needs.

Those of a warped emotional variety scarcely needing to be touched upon.

"Where should you have been when you heard the key turn in the lock?" she asked as if to a schoolboy under her jurisdiction and not a handsome man approaching fifty who had once had a wife and an affluent life of his own.

Naked himself except for a metal contraption about his penis that was secured to a ring encircling a pair of swollen and denied balls, his voice when it came was cracked and croaky, disbelieving still that he could have fallen so low that he would allow such a creature to take him still lower. "I… I should have been… should have been in… in…"

It was just too ridiculous for him to say and had his situation not been of the real variety and some game between consenting adults he would have been wracked with laughter.

But it was real.

As was the warped Indian thirty-something he despised who finished his sentence for him.

"…in the position of respect I expect from you when I either enter your presence or you are allowed to enter mine."

He cringed at the description as he stood before her, body depilated to her order and the scalp where once protruded a full head of salt and pepper hair gleaming under the basement's one overhead light.

"Do so now!" she snapped.

Feeling a familiar nausea for his own weakness, he sank to his knees upon the inhospitable concrete floor, clasped his hands behind his head and stared down at the floor to gaze upon the red-painted toenails of her dusky and bare feet.

Feet, given his chastity, that now seemed sexy and attractive to him, despite not ever having been aware of such a predilection until now. He realised his balls were swelling and his cock would soon expand to a point where the metal of his restrainer would cause him actual physical discomfort as the metal bit into it, but was unable to prevent the inevitable. As his manhood made contact with the unyielding metal of the bars encircling it, he couldn't prevent a groan leaving his lips and prayed the fact she was naked would mean he would finally be allowed a release.

Should she prove suitably satisfied with her own beforehand, that is.

"Lie on your back," she commanded, the joy she took in her ability to direct him evident on those plump yet somehow cruel features. "I'll overlook your lack of respect this once, but test me again and you will not find me so lenient.

As he prostrated himself upon the concrete, its coolness fetching a shiver from him as it made contact with the unprotected skin of his back, she loomed over him, looking down upon him with a familiar and expectant half-smile. She was horny and she was going to use him.

Her long raven-black hair flipped back as she shook her head.

"Show me your tongue," she demanded and he closed his eyes as he complied with the ludicrous and degrading command he knew could not fail to make him look ludicrous.

He groaned as she dug one of those dusky feet into his ribs before planting them both either side of his prone body.

"Keep your eyes open! Be respectful"

He complied, unsure of what it was that horrified him most, the unshaven subcontinent pussy that was the first thing to meet his eyes or the continued attempts of a treacherous cock to express itself fully.

Her lip curled with the perverse pleasure she took from their respective positions and her growing ability to not just manage this older, handsome, and once fairly successful man in his late-forties.

Slowly, eyes fixed upon his, she eased herself into a position from which she straddled his face and yet was able still to locate the humiliation she was inflicting upon him and was, by increments, killing what remained of a besieged self-respect and sense of

manhood. She let him look upon the cunt he was about pleasure in the most abject of ways for a long moment. Before, growing impatient for the feel of his growingly servile tongue, she sank down onto him and pressed her all but liquefied mound onto his face, getting his nose between the lips of her vagina and then rubbing slowly, allowed her anus to glide over his protruding tongue.

A white-man's tongue was worshipping her shit-chute and she knew that while her response to the phenomenon was almost off the top-of-the-scale his own would be travelling at warp-speed in the opposite direction.

Even as he became more and more used to her complete authority over him.

And in all ways.

Wonderful!

Once he was sucking and licking as trained, she began to work herself slowly back and forward over his mouth, sliding forward to press her clitoris down just as he started sucking and then pushing herself up towards his forehead as he sucked and vacuumed. They both knew with conflicting responses to the certainty that once she got going in such a way she could go for a long and multi-orgasmic time. The first of those explosions coming quickly as the sense of dominion and mastery she felt at taking him in such a way drove her straight over the edge as she pictured those who knew her in the humble surroundings of her birth and early years watching her use a handsome man in such a way.

And a handsome English man at that! A once happily married man in fiscal and, possibly, sexual control of his wife. A one-time boss in his own right.

Once.

"Can you smell your Master's pleasure?" she asked, knowing it was as impossible for him to miss the pungent and aromatic smell of her arousal as it permeated the confines of the windowless basement, as unavoidable as it was equally impossible he could frame a coherent reply, given the tongue he had inserted into her flooded cavern and the downward press of her hips and buttocks ensuring it would not escape any time soon.

Following swiftly on the heels of her first crisis, she felt herself building up to an even greater explosion and when it came she shook and shuddered for a long time as the after-shocks of pleasure juddered the length of her nervous system.

On and on this one went, his tongue continuing to work feverishly at her sopping and seemingly insatiable Indian pussy in the way she insisted upon as she reached behind her to take his thwarted manhood in her brown hand and roll the full and almost blue balls possessively between long and surprisingly slender fingers; the feel of them captive in her all-powerful hands heightening her crisis in a way she would have once believed impossible.

As, no doubt, would he, a part of her fevered mind acknowledged as release sent her eyes to the back of her head and she screamed her perverse pleasure to the basement ceiling.

When at last she lifted herself off him, his cheeks were both glistening and red and his breath was rasping in his throat as he coughed and struggled to breathe; eyes fixed upon the brown orbs of his tormentor that had not left his own throughout the ordeal until the moment of her greatest pleasure; the same eyes that seemed unwilling to miss even one moment of the humiliation she could read in his own for being forced to serve her in such a way.

He stared up at her now in the way he knew she would expect, too full of self-disgust to move, demoralised at what he had finally come. Familiar images of the former life he had seen stripped from him offering themselves up for comparison with what his existence now doing nothing to lessen his sense of shame and emasculation. The comparison, in fact, taking his disgrace to depths still more subterranean.

Sensing his thoughts, she slid her pussy from his and placed it upon his neck.

"Is my servant still torturing himself with what he had and will never have again?" she asked, noting the single tear that trickled down the cheek of her captive before going on without allowing him to answer. "Well, that is something I cannot prevent you from doing. If you wish your thoughts to make you miserable then so be it. Though your life with me will be much easier to bear – even comfortable – if you bury your old life and commit the new to my service."

Then, knowing the stick alone could not provide her with the kind of manservant she wished him to be, she offered him something she knew he would once have laughed at if described as a "carrot" and dismissed the woman offering it as not simply perverted but deranged.

Still rolling his balls between her fingers, she said:

"As a way of showing you how pleased I am with your progress she told him, now tapping a fingernail against the ring encircling his scrotum to focus his attention, "I have decided I am going to unlock your little white cockle and allow it some pleasure."

Degraded and emasculated as he was, she thrilled to see the look of hope and anticipation that greeted her words.

"I am going to allow you to squirt your seed over my lovely brown feet and, afterwards, you are going to show me your commitment to being in my service by cleaning your filth from them."

Hope and anticipation for even this demeaning and animal-like form of release were still present; even if they were diluted some when she added:

"With your tongue."

Gavin

At the age of forty-eight, the economy had turned sour and my life had gone down the tube along with it. Business gone, and the lifestyle it had funded having taken the same route, it wasn't long before my loving and loyal wife saw the sense in taking the same direction and got herself involved with a former competitor who had kept his head above water. Kicked me to the kerb in the process.

That he was five years older, looked like a steroid heavy toad and had a personality to match, made no difference. He had a home, cars, and a business to fund him. The life I'd shared till then with my wife of almost twenty years was history and even now I'm finding it hard to believe I could have loved and married someone as shallow as Theresa; even if she was still as sexy and desirable to me now as she had been way back when.

Luckily, neither of us had wanted children, for admittedly selfish reasons on both our parts, so that was one less complication in our all too swift divorce. I was approaching my fifties, with no home, no business and no livelihood – and the studio flat I'd managed to rent in Brixton with the pittance I was left with after Theresa had picked over my already lean bones was not likely to provide a ray sunshine to my life.

Neither, it must be said did the position an agency secured for me; this despite their assurances that it would be very difficult during this latest recession and at my age to secure a position at all.

So there I was, a few months from my forty-ninth birthday and working as a secretary for the female co-owner with a silent partner of a London agency that provided domestic-services for the still affluent.

On a three-month trial period *and* being paid minimum wage to give the pill an even more bitter taste.

Demeaning?

Yes.

Up until a few months before I had run my own successful business – or so I'd believed until the recession and a few pulled contracts showed just how fragile the Project Management world, and my own small part of it, really was.

Now I was a nine-to-fiver secretary with a boss of my own.

Even if I was surprised to have even won an interview for the position, given I had no previous experience in a secretarial capacity and confessed myself surprised when I was preferred over presumably much better qualified candidates.

My boss was a Ms Vagishwari Desai, a somewhat plump Indian woman in her early thirties who dressed and acted more like an officious English nanny from the Victorian period than a woman who had only been in England for three years until her older

husband had passed. She had arrived, I would later discover, from a none too affluent home-life in a poverty stricken suburb of Pune in the region of Maharashtra. A poor background that would, eventually, explain a lot to me.

She had told me that she preferred to have men work for her than women and I had, as a former employer myself, automatically assumed she did so because of the baggage women, especially the younger variety, brought with them by way of marriage and pregnancy, etc.

You can only imagine how I thanked my good fortune.

Yeah, right!

She also told me on my first day, accent still thick with the rhythms and intonations of her homeland, that she would enjoy training me to her standards and was sure that once I was up-to-speed we could look forward to a long working relationship with each other.

Was I humiliated?

You could say that if you were fond of understatement.

I'd been running my own business for the best part of eleven years.

And was at least twelve senior in age to her.

And she was going to train *me?*

Angry and humiliated to find myself in such a position as I was, I was also a pragmatist. I knew that my meagre savings would not last much longer if I didn't have the employment on offer with her. As a political liberal and lacking, I thought, any kind of racial prejudice, I also knew that the fact I was now the employee of a person of colour who happened to be both younger than me as well as being a woman should not have bothered me.

But it did.

Just the same, I could at least take comfort from having found myself a position when so many others, many of them younger and with far more experience of admin and secretarial duties than me, were finding no alternative but to throw themselves on the tender (sic) mercies of Cameron and Osborne Alexander, and what passed for "Compassionate Conservatism".

Determined that I would use this as a stepping stone before getting myself back in the Project Management saddle, I also determined to do my very best in the position I had – whether I resented it or not.

Surprisingly, the first month had not proved too onerous and, by dint of my years of office work in a more senior capacity, I found I had a natural gift for both the duties Ms Desai required of me and that of anticipating them. It was a two-person operation, with Ms Desai herself vetting, hiring and firing, our domestic operatives as well as taking

care of all the other obligations such as clients, payments in and out, and other disbursals. She was extremely efficient, I had to confess, but showed no signs of wanting to expand the business and seemed content to let it develop organically. It seemed to me, in fact, and notwithstanding her aforementioned efficiency, that she looked upon the enterprise as more of a hobby than a business to be expanded and taken as far as it could go.

The above, you understand, something that suited me as, given the fact I felt somewhat diminished by my role as secretary for a far younger Indian woman, the less fellow employees I had the less I was reminded of my subordinate role to her.

Even if I could see recognition of the fact behind the eyes of both clients and operatives alike when they visited the office.

Oh, and before we go any further, my name is Gavin Fairford. Five-feet-eleven. 190-pounds. Full head of wavy, if greying, hair and, in the words of *others* before you smell an ego, rather handsome still, despite that encroaching *"fifty"*.

Which was doing nothing for an all but non-existent social life at this time.

The people I had thought of as joint friends when married to Theresa had turned out to be *her* friends and had politely but no less coolly let me know that I was no longer a part of their particular circle. Though I found out that my former wife and the still solvent competitor she had taken up with were. With my parents both gone and my only sister married and left for Australia I was, apart from a few cousins and an aunt on my mother's side who lived in nearby *Canada*, pretty much alone.

Twenty years working my socks off to create a good life for a bitch I thought had loved me and what did I have to show for it?

A divorce, a repossessed home, a credit-rating off the scale, and a humble Renault Clio I still couldn't afford to run – despite having found employment.

Ah, yes. The job.

It was at the mid-point of my second month with her that Vagishwari Desai called me into her office and my life took yet another unexpected – read: *unwanted* - turn.

And once again, for the worse.

She was sitting behind her large desk, and was dressed in her usual garb of medium-length black skirt, white blouse and a black bolero jacket. As always, and in a way that, for some reason, and despite admitting how ridiculous I was being, it struck me as odd for an Indian woman of her type and background to be wearing high-heeled shoes. Her legs, not that I had allowed myself to linger upon them for long, were somewhat shapely in a full and muscular way I did not associate with women of her race who, stereotypical thinking or not, I always associated with thin, rickety, and none too shapely lower limbs.

She had asked me to lock the door to the outer office before going in to see her and I thought this strange. It was only the two of us actually working in the office as Ms Desai herself took care of all customers and vetting and payment of domestic staff she allocated to the jobs, this while I took care of all the admin tasks associated with the bookings in my offices outside the two-room suite she rented on the first floor of the converted-house but a few steps from Charing Cross Station in Bedford Street. I knew we were expecting no callers, but why lock the door?

I would soon find out.

“Gavin, I've noticed that you always wear the same suit to work”

Bile rose to my throat, “It’s the only one I have,” I told her, adding the “Ms Desai” with my usual difficulty, knowing it was only my current situation and real fear of what living off the welfare-state would mean for my already reduced circumstances that allowed me to address her in what I considered so servile a way. I did my best to dress in an appropriate manner for a secretary who also happened to be the first port of call for clients and operatives into the bargain and I was less than best pleased to get the impression she did not consider my efforts good enough.

“It is, or was, a nice suit indeed,” she observed of the Hugo Boss that was a relic of my former and more affluent existence, her somewhat sing-song accent doing nothing to lessen the affront I felt for her personal comment. “It is not that you don't try to dress appropriately and I have noted that you keep yourself well-groomed despite the limitations of your wardrobe.”

“Thank you,” I said, noting that if she detected the sarcasm I was at a loss to hide she appeared untroubled by it.

“Just the same, and as nice as the suit you are wearing was at one time, the fact remains that we are an agency who provide domestic services to clients with high standards.” She leaned back in her chair and clasped her hands across her midriff, eyes behind black framed spectacles holding mine with no apparent difficulty. “I feel you sure know the point I am making here.”

She was hardly complex or inscrutable and I had to fight the urge to tell I’d heard her point thumping its way towards me almost from the moment she set about trying to make it.

“I’m afraid my circumstances don’t include an extensive selection of clothing,” I told her, still struggling to restrain my irritation and not inclined to explain that those circumstances had eventually insisted that I sell a top-of-the-range wardrobe to a number of the second-hand clothing outlets that had sprung up alongside the charity shops dotting our high-streets in these recessional times.

“I am afraid your circumstances, as trying as they may be for you, do not alter the fact that I need my personal assistant to look the part. It does not bode well for the kind of service a client is likely to receive from us if we have so little self-respect we cannot present ourselves correctly in our own offices. That is not the right kind of image we…”

“Self-respect?” I echoed, outraged to hear myself described in such a way, despite her inclusive *‘we’*.

The eyes regarding me from behind her glasses, long black hair scraped from her face and tied at the back, were stony and, despite my former experience as a boss and my greater years on the planet, I felt intimidated in her presence for the first time; though male pride did allow me to laugh it off – at least in my head. The truth though, was that I desperately needed my position with her and the prospect of losing it and the consequences that would follow was not to be contemplated.

“I would be appreciative if you did not interrupt me in future, Gavin.”

Sing-song Indian accent and fleshy features or not, her voice was as hard as her eyes as she awaited my response to being put in my place in such an obvious and position affirming way.

“Sorry... Ms Desai,” I heard the words exit my lips in a submissive way that shocked me. “It’s just that I’m not used to being told…”

“…Told what to do,” she said, interrupting herself this time, even if she had got it wrong and I had been about to observe on my so-called lack of self-respect rather than my former life as a giver rather than a receiver of orders.

“Yes. I was fully aware of your former working life as a man in charge of others when I took the gamble and employed you. But that life is over for you now and you are the one who must now take… *direction*… rather than give it.”

Dark brown eyes bore into the blue of mine and my own were the first to drop.

“You do accept this?” I heard her ask as I realised I was still standing before her and had yet to be asked to take a seat.

I wanted to scream that I didn’t accept it and to poke her lowly secretarial position where the subcontinent sun would never shine.

And knew, with a pride destroying certainty that I would do no such thing.

Worse.

She knew it too.

“Yes. Of course, Ms Desai,” I answered with cheeks reddening despite my best efforts to prevent the revealing colouring.

Though her features remained impassive, there was a certain underlying something in her expression that did not seem not displeased by having me on the back-foot.

Had I known the full extent of her desire to keep me in just such a position and a condition, I should have run with open arms into the embrace of Cameron and the rest of his trough-guzzling cohorts.

Maybe not, though, given what I now know of my own weakness.

“Good,” she continued. “As a former failed businessman and boss yourself you are as aware as anyone how important it is for everyone to know their place. My late husband was a firm believer in this and so am I. Order is important in all things and our working relationship and any other we may come to have will be all the more fruitful and uncomplicated if you keep this to the front of your thoughts.”

“Yes, Ms Desai,” I agreed, finding it difficult to meet her piercing eyes and still wondering what she could have possibly meant by the *‘any other we may come to* have’.

“Good. Now, though I expect you to be clothed in a way fitting to your position from now on, I also know that your financial circumstances do not run to the kind of wardrobe I require. However, I am willing to pay for such a wardrobe from company expenses. This can, of course, be offset against tax, so will not provide the company much in the way of a burden. And, if I decide not to keep you at the end of our three-month trial period, you will at least have a different suit in which to interview.”

The possibility of her *not* wanting to keep me being risible, my spirits rose somewhat at the prospect of being able to choose and buy some new clothes.

But not for long.

“I shall, of course, be accompanying you to choose them.”

My jaw dropped.

It had been a long time since a woman had chosen my clothing for me.

And *she* had been my mother.

“I assume that is acceptable to you.”

“No it’s fucking not!” I wanted to scream; though I contented myself with something less... *in your face*… rather than tell her I was a grown man with considerably more taste when it came to couture than a woman from the subcontinent – *“employer”* or not!

“I'm used to choosing my own clothes, hmm, Ms Desai,” I told her.

She was unmoved and I found myself becoming self-critical for being so uneasy in her presence.

“What I mean by that, is that I have a certain style and…”

“But it is not your style I wish to indulge, Gavin,” she cut across me, making me feel even more uneasy and displeased with my own somewhat *‘sheepish’* reaction. “These will not be clothes for your personal and social use – though that will be your choice and, so long as you ensure they are well maintained I have no objection to you wearing them outside the office. They will be, in effect, your office uniform and, since I will be

paying for them, their style will be determined by me. They will reflect the kind of image I wish for both my company and from my assistant."

Did I feel humiliated at having to stand before and be spoken to in such a way – even if her tone itself was neither contemptuous nor impolite?

If my cheeks were as red as the burning I felt upon them spoke truly, then you have your answer. At that moment I truly felt my life had gone to hell in a hand-basket. Yet, though I would soon come to do so, it wasn't my new Indian employer I hated with a passion but the faithless and disloyal bitch of a wife who'd jettisoned me so readily at the first hint of troubled waters.

"Is that clear?" the voice of the new *'bitch'* in my life asked.

Once again, it flashed across my mind that her tone with me was becoming more and more peremptory, but there were too many other thoughts in my head for me to dwell on the phenomenon for long.

"Yes," I answered. "Totally clear, hmmm, Ms Desai."

"Good. Let us begin then."

I wasn't with her.

"I took the liberty of assessing your size and purchasing a number of outfits for you. If they do not fit, I can return them for items in the correct size."

I cursed inwardly. It had been a fait accompli all along. Not only was she going to be choosing what I wore in *her* office but I was not even to be shown the consideration of being allowed to have some input into what she chose for me.

I fidgeted before her, uncomfortable to be… *directed*… in such a way.

And by such a person.

She stood up and went to a cupboard from which she took what to me seemed like a black suit more in keeping with attendance at a funeral. Behind her, in the cupboard itself, I could see two more suits in a similar four-button style, one navy, one charcoal grey, while to the right of them, resting upon the shelves, I saw a number of plain white shirts, still in their wrapping.

I jokily wondered to myself if she had purchased socks and underpants for her male secretary too.

And would you believe it?

She had.

New socks and underwear. All in either black, white or grey.

“Please try this on,” she asked but really ordered as I stood before her in my shirtsleeves and tie – a pale blue Cerruti that had seen fresher days and a wine red tie from Turnbull & Asser that were compliments of the former life I’d had stripped from me and missed so much.

Then she had second thoughts when she saw my indecision.

Incorrect second thoughts.

“No. You are right,” she said, draping the suit over the high-back of her swivel-chair and reaching to unwrap a shirt from its clear plastic covering. “Better to try the shirt first,”

I reached for the shirt to take it outside and change but she stopped me.

“Where are you going?”

“To try on the shirt,” I told her. “That is what you want, isn’t it?”

“It is, and there is no need to leave on my account. You may be my senior by some years but we are both grown-ups.”

My jaw dropped.

You want me to…? Here? Now? But…?”

“Gavin, the outside door is locked and we will not be interrupted. Believe me, you have nothing that I have not seen before and I would like to resolve this issue and return to work as soon as possible. So please do as I say. I have gone to all the trouble of providing you with clothing you cannot provide for yourself and I would like to see some evidence of gratitude on your part.”

To say I was stunned, would not come close.

Did this young and plumpish Indian widow have a thing for me?

And would she be so foolish as to set about seducing me in such a fraught and dangerous way?

As a former boss myself, I had been careful to avoid anything that smacked in the slightest of sexual harassment.

But *this* was way beyond *careful*.

She must know that all I needed to do was holler and she would be in a world of trouble and…

But then she wouldn’t, would she, I realised.

There were two of us behind locked doors with no witnesses present. My word against hers. In fact, not only would this job I needed be history but, if she chose to turn the situation upon its head and say I had been the one doing the harassing…?

I was in no doubt who would be believed.

Then, as if she sensed my thoughts and my coming capitulation:

"Hurry along, Gavin. I do not have all day."

Torn between simply doing as she said or telling her what to do with her position and leaving for the nearest Job-Centre with at least my self-respect intact, my courage failed me and I did the one thing that I would later recognise as the green-light letting her know that even at this early stage I was hers for the taking.

I unknotted my tie and removed my shirt while sneaking a look at her face.

Her expression told me she was impressed and, plump Indian woman I had yet to feel anything in the way of desire towards or not, I felt male pride surge in my breast.

My pretentious and disloyal ex-wife may have left me for a healthier bank-balance, but I still had it when it came to sex-appeal.

Yes.

You will have guessed by now that, despite my earlier protestation, I have something of an ego of my own.

Prosecute me.

"Well, Gavin," she began, eyes drinking in my still lean and defined upper torso with eyes that had, unless I was mistaken, added hunger to their darkness, "despite your years you need not be ashamed of your body. You are very well shaped."

"Thank you," I said, not knowing how else to respond, feeling both flattered and confused. Flattered that she liked what she saw and confused for enjoying the response of the woman to me. She was not, after all, my type.

Though, and it was a stretch, I could somehow see the logic of my female boss's logic regarding my clothing and the impact it made upon visitors, being naked before her from the waist up felt weird to say the least. Humiliating you must take as read.

"I took the liberty of purchasing some matching undergarments for you," she told me, "but, and as the shirt seems such a perfect fit, I see no reason for you to model the rest of your wardrobe for me once we have checked to see that the suits I chose fit also."

"Thank fuck for that small mercy," I remember consoling myself as I took her advice and made sure the suit jacket she offered fitted; this before looking at the trousers and assuring her they would be fine.

As I said this, Ms Desai's intense eyes were fixed upon mine.

“You are an attractive man, Gavin, and if you can just get over your outrage and this outdated distaste you have for having an Indian woman as your master you could have a better future than the one lying in wait for you.”

You may be sure that my outrage was not lessened by hearing her describe herself as my *“master”*.

A reaction she did not miss.

“It is only a word, Gavin,” she reminded me, sensing my indignation. “*‘Employer’* is a word meaning very much the same thing also, if a little more modern, and it is purely to individual choice which of the two we use.”

I decided silence on my part was the best course at this time.

“Yes, I accept it must be difficult for a handsome man to hear such a thing from the lips of a woman who comes from a race your own people have looked down upon for so long. But this is something I enjoy.”

“Listen, Ms Desai,” I began, jettisoning silence and attempting to utilise my looks, age, and what I saw as greater intelligence, to intimidate her before the attraction it was now obvious she felt for me placed my livelihood in jeopardy; “I’ve been an employer myself and I know just how much trouble you can get into by…”

“By what?” she cut me off, eyes fixed firmly upon my own and seemingly unworried by the prospect of any *‘trouble’*. “Are you referring to sexual harassment in the workplace by any chance?”

She seemed more amused than annoyed and, worse, sure of herself as I contented myself with silence.

“I sincerely hope you are not, Gavin. For, apart from there being no basis to such a complaint, it would be a shame if you were once more to find yourself back amongst the ranks of the unemployed.”

She was right, of course, and had already, it appeared, thought much the same thoughts as me on the subject – even if she had understated the prospect of what unemployment would mean for me.

It would be not so much as a shame as a *tragedy*.

And you may be assured I was appalled at just how terrified the prospect had me and just how much leverage this young Indian woman had when it came to me.

There was, I was realising for the first time, something about her that was simply not right. Who, after all, used the term *“master”* these days? Whether one’s roots were set in a less cultured and enlightened society or not.

“I do accept that this must seem unusual to you, however, so I will let your rudeness to me pass on this occasion. But you should be warned that I will not be so tolerant again should you disrespect me.”

The threat was not lost on me and I bridled at my inability to act like a man and tell her to shove her job up her low-born anus.

“Disrespect her?”

She was treating me, a man many years her senior and her superior in all things other than good fortune, as if I were a schoolboy in need of guidance.

And I was allowing her to do it.

Where was the respect in that?

Either from her to me or from me for myself.

My weakness did not sit well with either one of us – a *certainly* did her *no* credit.

Even if it did seem to satisfy my young Indian boss.

“I notice my use of the term *‘master’* did not sit well with you,” she observed. “You must get used to such usage from me, though I will refrain from asking you to address me in such a way in front of our staff and clients. They, like you I am sure, will find the use equally old-fashioned and over-formal and I would not wish to offend these European sensibilities – especially those of our *paying* clients.”

A small mercy, I remember telling myself, unable to believe she could ever have believed I would address her in such a servile fashion anyway.

It was not a mercy and I should have believed it; she was, in effect, telling me I was *not* a *“paying client”* and, therefore, my *“sensibilities”* meant less than a squirrel’s fart to her.

Looking back later, I would see this as a pivotal moment in our relationship of employer and employee. And a moment that pivoted her way from the get-go. By hearing what she had to say and not slamming the door in her smug Indian face, I virtually gave her the green-light to implement what was soon to follow.

“In my country we have learned that the old ways are ignored at our peril and, though we are far more flexible than in times past, still insist that the difference between master and servant be acknowledged.”

I felt the colour drain from my face.

Was that how she saw me: as a *‘servant’*.

Her next request – make that *order* – went some way to answering my unvoiced question.

"That is why I would appreciate it if you were to address me in such a way when we are alone here at the office. My late husband believed it was imperative that there be respect from employee to employer and such a form of address instils this far more effectively than a Mr, Miss, or Mrs."

As I stood before her in a state of some shock, she laughed.

"And *'mistress'* is simply too risible these days.

I looked at her as if she had just crawled from a recently arrived alien pod – but, crucially, I neither mover nor took her to task. I was not an innocent and had been around, so it was no surprise I began to wonder if she was into some kind of Eastern S/M thing. A form of sex-play that had never made appeal to me.

"You…? You want me to address you as…? As…?"

"*Master*," she finished for me as if it were no more than normal practice for a thirty-something Indian woman to ask a forty-something Englishman to address her in such a way.

I was lost for words and, even had they come to me, I'm not sure my aforementioned fear of losing my position with her would have allowed me to voice them.

And, with my inability to do so at this early stage, my fate was pretty much sealed.

Master and Gavin

The dog cage was, and probably just as his Indian owner had intended, uncomfortable to sleep in.

Yes, there was a thin mattress inside, and even a pillow and a warm blanket for when she turned off the heating of a night – "No sense wasting energy on an animal", she had told him – but the cage itself was barely big enough for him, even when he took up the "Womb" position.

It was his first night sleeping in his new "quarters" and he wondered when she had managed to have it delivered and set up in the windowless cellar that was his home for the foreseeable future. Then he recalled the day she had made him spend in the garden, supposedly readying it for the spring. It would have been easy, once it had been delivered, for her to take it down to the cellar and set it up while he was toiling outside.

As he'd lain in the foetal position, and attempted to sleep, hands behind his back where she had cuffed them that he might not be tempted to either free himself from his captivity or, worse, attempt to console the cock and balls she had locked into an infernal contraption that was, she insisted, the very best of Ruhr engineering; his thoughts, as they often did, flashed back to the former life that had come to seem as little more than a dream. Something pleasing he had imagined to take the edge from the life he now had with his brown-skinned and increasingly draconian Master. Even his hatred of the former wife who had proved so disloyal and treacherous was a diluted and hazy thing now; unable to complete with what was now expected of him on a daily basis.

As his mouth tried to come to terms with the ball-gag his Master had placed in his mouth, prior to locking him away for the night with a pair of her panties she had ensured were steeped in the juices of her own self-pleasuring; this as a punishment for nothing more disrespectful for not kneeling when she entered the secluded garden to inspect his work; he wondered what his bitch of a wife and her toad-ish new man would think to see him treated in such a way.

And by such a woman!

Such thoughts, of course, did not make sleep any easier as his waking thoughts fixated upon the "rewards" his Master had said he could gain in the future – should his commitment towards her be proven to be utter and complete.

"Rewards" he would once have regarded as the most basic of human rights and which, for him, had now become almost a raison d'etre – including, as they did, the possibility of an orgasm with his cock thrusting between the soles of her dusky feet or humping against the outside of one smooth and muscular, bare or hosed, calf.

So low had she taken him, the world of perverse sex that had once left him feeling outré and repulsed on the few occasions he had encountered it on film or in books, was now an aspiration to be worked towards.

The cage itself was in a corner of the cellar, away from the utility area that contained the washing-machine, tumble-dryer, and the large cupboard holding the tools of his new and servile trade – the iron, ironing-board, mops, dusters, disinfectants and polishes, with which he was becoming so dishearteningly adept. She had thrown an old white sheet over the cage to prevent him from seeing beyond it and, also, to trap him alone and enclosed with the unmistakable smell of her soiled underwear that, to what remained of his sense of self-worth, horrified as much as it appalled and was responsible for his cock thrusting painfully and uselessly against its captivity. Though he was grateful for the privacy, at least. As inhumane and undignified as it was.

His night, as, may be expected, was… troubled…

*****

"…Good morning, Fairford," she said the following morning after the pecking of her heels had awoken him to her presence and she had lifted the sheet from his new and, hopefully, temporary sleeping quarters; the reminder of her origins in her accented English heightening the sense of sheer disgrace he felt in her presence that did NOT seem to diminish with familiarity.

"Sleep well?" she asked as the overhead light made him squint his eyes shut his eyelids closed, as much to prevent the sight of her from reminding him of his captivity and who was responsible for it as to cut off the glare of the naked light-bulb. She was already dressed for the office and would be on her way the moment she had sorted out is duties for the day and prepared him. The usual spike black courts covered naked feet and he felt a strange thrill at the sight of her bare and powerful legs as they rose above him – even if he wasn't yet prepared to confess the root cause of his reaction to a woman he despised with every fiber of his being.

Yet.

The de rigeur black skirt and cotton shirt completed her ensemble and the impossibly black hair she had scraped from her face and tied at the back only added to the severity of soul possessed by its owner.

With a finger, she beckoned him to where she squatted at the side of his cage, a glimpse of white knickers visible between the expanse of sleek and powerful brown thigh such a posture could not help but provide.

"Are you going to be a good and obedient boy for your Master, today?" she asked as he tried to shuffle within reach of the hand she had thrust through the bars, waiting.

His reply, of course was unintelligible and an evil smile of contentment curled her lip as saliva flowed between his stretched lips and the ball-gag.

"But of course you are," she cooed mockingly. "You know how it upsets your Master to have to punish you when your behaviour is not up to standard."

She unfastened his ball gag and dropped it to the floor of his cage and a sigh of relief escaped him.

“And you do not wish to upset your Master, do you?”

“N-No, M-Master,” he croaked, sincerely. He now knew – or at least believed - that there was absolutely no limit to her cruelty. And, more shamefully, no depth to which she could not take him.

“You poor man,” she continued to coo in the same insincere tone. “There you are, a handsome man still and so many years my senior – an Englishman into the bargain - and yet you find yourself my property.”

Her laughter was neither pleasant nor inclusive.

“Your thoughts are so easy for me to read. ‘How can this have happened to me?’ you are asking yourself. ‘How can I have allowed this to happen to me?’”

She tutted:

“It has happened to you, Fairford, because fate and karma, with its just and wise sense of correctness, contrived to place you in dire circumstances and then, by way of salvation, ensured you came within my sphere of influence. The weak seeking the protection of the strong. Even if the weak, in this instance, is a handsome man almost fifty and the strong woman who owns him a young Indian woman he would once not have given a second-look, let alone have employed within his former company.”

As he averted his eyes from the mockery and pure pleasure of conquest he saw once again in her own, she laughed and unlocked his cage before swinging the door open and rising to her feet to await his exit; hands upon hips imperiously as he gazed down upon the handsome Englishman whose freedom she had taken; eyes becoming alive – MORE alive – when he crawled from his cramped cage and knelt on all-fours at her feet before placing his lips upon her toes.

“Good boy!” he heard the hateful voice from above and groaned with a mixture of discomfort and wonder as his cock again shot to thwarted attention and met the resistance of its own cage; stunned, after everything she had stripped from him, that he could react towards the perverted Indian bitch in such a way.

“That is what I wish to see from you. Your Master is the most important person in your life now and you must remember this at all times. Forget your life as a man. That is over. Fate never intended for you to be in charge of your own destiny and decided instead to place you in the possession a woman who could, and would, make ALL decisions for you.”

It was nonsense, he told himself as her accented words rained down upon the top of his head. Circumstances, nothing more, had led him to his current position. Not fate, not karma, and certainly NOT weakness. Even after his business had gone under, things would have been different if…

Having never been a dishonest man, Gavin Fairford shut off this line of thought as a new and more resonant line struck him in the way of an epiphany:

If it were 'circumstances' and nothing more, then why was he in her cellar now with his lips pressed to the toe of a shiny black shoe he himself had polished not the day before?

And why, 'circumstances' being responsible, had he allowed her to not just make him her manservant but to imprison his manhood in German engineering before gagging him and placing him in a cage for the night.

Never dishonest, but undeniably delusional in certain ways, the last of those vanishing delusions crumbled as he realised he could not argue with his "Master's" words and was EXACTLY as she had described.

He opened his eyes and looked up as she took a few steps away from him before smiling and curling her finger in a signal that he should crawl to her.

Without a word he crawled to her feet – all but slithered, in fact.

"Oh, I do so love it when you do that for me," she said above him, the breathiness of her voice proof enough that she was sincere this time. "Does it not seem totally natural and just that you should respect your Master in such a way?"

Knowing her question was not rhetorical, a part of what remained of his subconscious spirit asking if there was woman anywhere who did, he responded instantly and after a fashion that, not so long ago, would have been unthinkable for the kind of man he had always believed himself to be:

"Yes, Master. I am honoured to be allowed to respect you in such a way."

"Oooh, you are becoming such a precious servant to me," she told him genuinely, feeling almost affectionate towards this handsome and older Englishman from whom she had stripped the trappings of both freedom and manhood and intended to enslave to her COMPLETELY.

"You have pleased your Master after yesterday's display of disrespect and, as a treat, you may kiss her feet again if you wish. And, this time, you may show how much you appreciate her kindness and firm guidance of you by licking the bare skin above the shoes themselves."

Thinking it was a command, even as he mocked her risible and nonsensical language, Gavin Fairford prepared to lower his head once again to the humiliating task.

Only to be prevented.

"But only if you wish to, Fairford," she told him. "It is your choice, and if you do not wish to respect me in such a way there will be no punishment. This I promise. And, as you know, I NEVER, EVER, break a promise. If you do not wish to do so, just tell me, 'No, Master', and I will unlock your hands and you can come upstairs to hear your chores for the day before I leave for the airport."

“Airport?” he asked himself, even as he felt relief for her words and the fact he knew at least well enough by now to know she meant them. “I had no idea she was going away,” his thoughts raced, hoping with all his worth that she was going away for a time and that he might be left to his autonomous devices for at least a time.

“The niece of my late-step-brother is flying in to Heathrow ’s niece and I have promised to meet her there.”

Thoughts of possible relief turned to horror at this latest piece of news.

“She surely she isn’t bringing her niece back to stay her?” his thoughts queried with rising panic. “Bad enough to be forced to act the part of her flunkey in the privacy of her home for just the two of us. But to have my disgrace witnessed by another?”

“That is right, Fairford. My young niece will be staying with us for her three weeks in England and you will, if you value the comfort of a roof above your head and my generosity, show her every possible courtesy. She has been made aware that I keep an English manservant and thinks it is ‘Cool’, to use the jargon. You will treat her with all the respect and obedience to her wishes that you show to me. Understand?”

Gavin Fairford felt as if he might throw up on the concrete at her feet, so mortified was he by this new and utterly humiliating prospect.

Being treated as if he were the filth upon her shoe by the thirty-something bitch standing above him expectantly with hands-on-hips was something he was still trying to find a way through, given his weakness and fear of losing just what she had described left him unable to find the strength to simply leave.

But to have his shame witnessed by another Indian female who, to judge from the way her aunt spoke about her, still had to be in her teens, simply short-circuited his ability to rationalise his situation.

“Quickly now!” the hateful voice above snapped, as ever moving him along at speed through one chastening and emasculating situation towards the next that he might be continually off-balance. “What is it to be?”

Lost, her earlier offer forgotten, the Englishman raised puzzled and benumbed eyes to hers.

The impatient tapping of her spiked shoe led his eyes back down to her surprisingly shapely feet and memory kicked in again.

Knowing she was in a hurry and had spoken truly when assuring him there would be no recriminations, he was about to answer in the negative when, barely aware he was about to do it, he felt his head straining forward and down and, before he fully realised what the movement signified, he had placed his lips upon her bare instep above the leather of her shoe and given it a respectful kiss.”

If the mixture of erotic thrill and self-repugnance that coursed through him and had his cock straining in its restraint despite its negative aspect added to his sense of shock, then the reaction appeared to be replicated above him.

"W-Well," she began in choked subcontinent tones, faltering voice chock full of an unholy emotion that was, despite its perversity, an emotion just the same. "I… I…"

He heard her gasp from above as his tongue protruded as if acting under the directions of another and licked along her instep until it was salivating at her ankle.

"What the fuck are you doing??" his thoughts screamed to him; unable to credit that, although she had given him every opportunity to forego the humiliation, he was genuflecting before her in the most abject and servile of ways.

Worse…

Something insidious and unmanly inside him was responding positively to lowering himself to her in such a way!

"Oh, you good, good, boy!" she exclaimed, voice so shallow it sounded as if she were about to climax – and from no more than the tongue of her English manservant as it slathered over the dusky brown skin of her feet.

As the Englishman she was now sure she owned continued to slobber attention over her feet in a mixture of soft and reverential kisses and abject, cur-like, licking, Vagishwari felt her insides melt in a confusion of glorious and triumphant emotions.

She had actually broken him.

He was hers as he had been all along; from the very first moment he had arrived for his interview with her, in fact, and she had decided he was the older Englishman her long held dreams of conquest and humiliation had pictured.

From now on, she thought, picturing the reactions of the inhabitants of her former village when she returned to visit with her very own white chattel in tow, the life she was finding enjoyable was about to become…

Incredible!

Vagishwari

I heard his knock at my office door and waited a few moments before giving him permission to enter before sitting back to watch the delightful spectacle of my increasingly tamed white-man carry in the cup of tea, balanced on its saucer, intended for the boss who insisted he address her as *"Master"* when they were alone in the office.

The above insistence having come to me as a random thought during the first month of his employment with me and one, still, I had trouble believing I could have implemented with such a lack of protest or anger on his part.

Incredible!

And yet more evidence of his weakness and the power the *need* that went with it gave me over him.

"Thank you Gavin," I said, my politeness conveyed in a tone that would leave him in no doubt as to just who was serving and who was being served.

Cheeks tinged red, as they always appeared to be in front of me these days, Gavin set the tea down before me and stood back to await further instructions from his new and female boss.

He was, I considered, at a stage where he was ripe for my manipulations. Even more desperate than when he came into my employ, in fact. After all, if the miserable life he enjoyed away from the office now was what he could expect when receiving a wage, how despairing would that same life be without the pittance that allowed him to meet his meagre living-costs with precious little left for anything else.

Being a keen student of human nature and, particularly, its weaknesses, it was not lost on me that he was taking on a more beaten and fatalistic attitude towards his reduced circumstances. Especially as I was not unaware that he had been doing his utmost to secure a more… *remunerative*… position. Not to mention, *less* demeaning.

It was, I had decided, time to press him harder.

"I hope the tea is up to standard, Gavin," I said, looking directly at him at her.

"I, hmm, hope so," he said, cheeks flushing redder as I exercised my power over him. And power it was, I now knew. His recent setbacks combined with his advanced age had dented his confidence severely and, worse, instilled in him a sense of terror for the future now he was without wife, home and means. All of which was very good news for me,

"You hope so, what?" I said, eyes indicating the empty offices before holding his as he fidgeted uncomfortably in the office uniform I had chosen and purchased for him.

For a few seconds, my earlier confidence deserted me and I felt a rush of fear on my own part, as I prayed he was not about to find the backbone to tell me where to put my job and leave.

I need not have worried.

"I… I meant, I hope so… M-Master," he finally managed to croak out and, in my relief, I decided to be magnanimous.

"You must not be embarrassed to say it, Gavin. It is no worse than *'Sir'* or any other salutation of respect, but simply one from another country and culture that has retained its popularity."

He did not seem much mollified by this but I could read his thoughts as they thanked the heavens for the small mercy of my not insisting he address me in such a way in front of others.

It was not the only thing the forty-eight-year-old man had to be displeased about as he stood before me and waited for what he must have known was coming when I told him to place the tea on my desk and lock the front-office door.

"Well, I began when he returned," taking a sip I was at pains to keep unappreciative. "As there are no appointments on the book and I have some free time, we may as well begin the review of your quarterly trial period and make a decision on your continued employment with me."

I could tell he was grinding his gums at the prospect, as well as being a *little* concerned, but, given he thought his work to this point had been satisfactory, I could also see he was not unduly worried.

He was about to be disappointed.

I could also see him glancing looks at the chair in front of my desk and waiting for me to offer him it that he may at least endure the coming review in comfort; too far upon the back foot these days to simply sit in it without my say so.

His disappointment was given company when I made no such offer and left him standing before me as if he were an underperforming pupil sent to the head-mistress for a pep-talk.

With a big pretend sigh, I leaned back in my swivel chair and steepled my hands across the white shirt covering my tummy; head shaking with disappointment – again feigned – as I made him wait for my pronouncement on his performance.

Then, finally:

"I cannot pretend to be happy, Gavin," I told him, joyously watching my handsome white prey shifting from foot-to-foot in his agitation, expression one of mild shock, the suit I had bought him as a uniform of service a constant reminder of his new and distressed circumstances.

“But, I…” he attempted to defend himself, even before he was certain just what he was defending himself against.

I cut him off in a tone of voice that was becoming more… *expectant*… towards him by the day.

“Do not interrupt me when I am speaking, Gavin,” I snapped out, the visible flinch with which my reprimand was greeted yet more evidence I was gaining ground in his mind as a figure of some authority.

He had seen *nothing* yet, my increasingly fevered thoughts in regard of him promised.

And I was about to take a huge step towards having those thoughts… *satisfied*.

“You may see it differently,” I began, mendacious and manipulative on the subject of what I knew to be his exemplary work, “but it is obvious to me that you have no talent for the kind of work we do here.”

Mild shock became instant outrage.

With a huge helping of… *fear*.

“Our clients do not seem to like you,” I told him.

Another lie.

“You are far too familiar and forward with them and more than one has told me that self-same thing.”

And another.

“That… That’s not the impression I’ve been getting,” he offered in a voice that hovered between the offended and the supplicatory.

“Perhaps that is because they are more comfortable complaining to me.”

“But…”

“I am sorry, Gavin,” I overrode him, with no regrets whatsoever and hoping he would bite at what was to follow once I had allowed him a few seconds to take in just what losing his position would mean for him.

An application for benefits and the probable loss of the hovel he could barely pay for now.

And then what?

Homelessness?

A job search made still more fruitless for having no fixed abode, save for the hostels he would be staying in overnight – if he were lucky enough to find one with a spared bed?

Ending up with living-quarters made of cardboard and attempting to stave off hypothermia?

It was not an attractive vision and I could see from the look on his face that my pause had paid dividends and the above possibilities were suggesting themselves to growingly frantic thoughts.

Perfect.

"I know how important your employment with me is to you, but I really feel someone else, perhaps a woman with better *'people skills'* will be better suited to the position."

To my utter and unexpressed delight, I saw that his eyes were moistening and I knew that if this prideful Englishman could react in such a way before an *"inferior Indian woman"* then he was likely in an even more desperate place than I had realised.

I was soon proved correct.

"P-Please, Miss Des… I mean, M-Master," he stammered, face a picture of misery at being reduced to such a condition and trepidation for awaited him away from my employ. "I… I really need this position. It… It's just so hard to even get an interview out there, let alone a job. I can barely manage on what I'm making now, without…"

So choked with the emotion of self-pity was he, his throat would not allow further words to form upon his vocal chords.

Were my pussy to have gotten any wetter the lowlands would have been on flood alert.

I decided to lie again and feigned sympathy into the bargain:

"I had no idea you were in such a sorry condition, Gavin. I can understand how terrified you must feel. This is not the England of even the Blair years – and even then things would have been difficult enough for you. But now…?"

My words, as you will have divined, and though outwardly sympathetic, were designed more with a mind to increasing his sense of futility and helplessness.

And worked.

"Please, Master," he began, emboldened, so far in the grip of his terror that he actually delivered the honorific I insisted upon as if he meant it. "If my work hasn't been to your liking, just tell me what you want changed and you have my promise I'll do it… Please!"

Knowing how much such an admission must have cost this handsome and prideful older Englishman, my arousal reached heights that were almost celestial and it was all I could

do to prevent my hand from sliding out of sight under my desk in an attempt to deliver some calm to the volcano raging at the apex of my thighs.

"Gavin," I began, aiming for an effect between regret and a desire to help, "it is true that I have seen some potential in you during your time here."

His expression brightened immediately and I almost smiled.

This was one burst of sunshine that would *not* last long!

"But that potential has a place elsewhere and not here."

The weather was once again overcast.

I pretended to be thoughtful, as if I were truly thinking of a way to help him.

"Perhaps…" I began without adding to this opening; thrilled when he jumped in exactly as I had known he would; my sense of power and control growing as my puppet danced to my tune without having the least idea he was being played.

"What?... I mean, what master?" he asked, coming in eagerly and following up with missing honorific equally as speedily now that he thought I could be persuaded to assist him.

"Perhaps…" I began again, pretending to give it serious thought before dashing his hopes.

"No. It is impossible. You are too prideful and set in your ways to accept such a thing."

"No! You're wrong, hmm, Master… I know I have to accept whatever I can get. Any help you can offer me would be gratefully received."

"Well…" I began, knowing the conclusion he would leap to at my next words. "I have been thinking for some time now along the lines of taking someone on in a more… *personal*… capacity."

He was already playing back in his head my compliments to him about being an *"attractive man"* and having *"a nice body"* and I could see he had already multiplied two-by-two and arrived at seven.

An English education, it would appear, is not what it used to be.

"In truth, I do feel you have the potential to be just the man I have been looking for to fill the position I have in mind."

"Anything, Master," he said eagerly, reeling off the honorific without hesitation now as he saw a small light at the end of tunnel in which I had placed him.

A light that would prove to be an oncoming train that would. I prayed, transport him into a world of service and servility.

“It will mean changes for you, I feel obliged to point out,” I told him.

“After what I’ve been through, change is good,” he assured me, neglecting to address me correctly in his excitement and, no doubt, feeling confident that what I had in mind was of a *sexual* nature.

And in this he was, of course right.

Even if he would not be the one on the receiving end of that sex.

At least not until he had earned some.

And, even then, after a manner of his *“Master’s”* choosing.

“So, what is this position?” he asked.

Correcting himself when he saw my stormy expression:

“I mean: what is the nature of this position, Master.”

I stared hard and long into his eyes and then, drawing a deep breath, I told him…

Master, Gavin, & Ms Rena

He pressed his lips against the tops of her feet and kissed them. Softly, reverently, going back and forth between each foot before inserting the tip of his tongue between her toes and savouring his submission to the young Indian woman who had taken his submission further. He was in a fever of arousal at the almost constant denigration to which he was subjected simply by being in the presence of the two subcontinent females and his cock constantly pressed against the imprisoning bars of its cage as his senses neared overload. All his previous opinions, likes and dislikes, and sense of self-worth had been trampled underfoot and his previous life was a memory he barely returned to these days, desperate as he now was to show his submission and deep respect to them that they may know he considered himself truly theirs – even if ownership of him was confined to his older "Master" rather than her toothy and buxom young niece visiting from the "Old Country".

His fall to such feelings had been not so much a shock as a revelation and even now, as he gave himself to the salty taste of her toes against his servile tongue, a great and benumbed sense of disbelief bubbled beneath the new and unholy joy he took from humbling himself at their feet.

The wife who had assured him he was a man amongst men, prior to jettisoning him for another at the first sign of a personal problem, would not have recognised him; and, in truth, he would not have cared if she did, so far along was he in the new and overpowering ecstasy he now found in personal service to the female.

And the Indian female in particular.

His slathering attention to the young girl's extremities were interrupted by the crack of a riding crop against his bare arse.

"That is enough, Dog," she ordered with all the arrogance of the eighteen-year-old she was for a handsome man old enough, and then some, to be her father; her unimaginative naming of him, far from infuriating his manhood, making swell harder against his confinement as a scrotum heavy with pent-up emissions clamoured for the chance of release. "You are becoming far too familiar with your young Malkin and her feet."

Her accent, despite her excellent English, was even thicker that her aunt's and he had struggled at first to understand her, before – unbelievably! – a spell over her knee and the attentions of a simple hair-brush had reduced him to a sobbing wreck and his language skill had subsequently improved. He knew now that a "Malkin" was the female equivalent of a "Master" in her tongue and, now, felt a thrill every time he addressed the less than beauteous teenager in such an abject way.

"I leave for home tomorrow," she reminded him, not to know the strange sense of loss this instilled in him that would have left her dumbfounded had she known. She had been treating him like the most worthless fragment of all worthless white shits for the three weeks of her visit now, and it would have blown her young mind to discover that, far

from hating her for such treatment of him, he truly considered himself as her inferior and her property. Not more her property than her revered step-aunty, but certainly at a level approaching equality.

"But do not worry," she told him, not to know it would be the very last way in which his overmastered and restyled thoughts would react. "Your Master has promised to visit me in Mother India just as soon as she can arrange it."

The glint in his eye as she said this and raised his head up from her feet, puzzled her.

But not enough to cool the insatiable young pussy that thrilled to the new and wholly unused to position of power she wielded over him.

So much so that she was considering asking her aunt if it would be possible for her to come to England on a more permanent basis that she might be of help in the supervision of her… servant.

As the older man's eyes met hers, with a mixture of need, longing, and pure respect for her position above him, consideration became decision and she promised herself she would indeed use all her powers of persuasion to ensure her doting aunt consented to a more permanent stay.

But that was for later. For now, with a plane to catch the next day and time of the essence, she was still in the process of making memories that would tide her over when she returned to her more prosaic existence in the Indian heartland. Not to mention the more patriarchal and macho attitudes of Indian men.

"Your ability to learn has impressed me during my stay here and do not think I have not noticed the way you have now fully accepted your lowly and quite rightful status. But you have note reached your full and servile potential just yet. My aunty was quite right to employ you in such a position and, with more effort on your part, I am certain you will prove to be the white chattel she has long dreamed of owning and caring for."

There was silence.

"Well? Have you nothing to say to your Malkin when she praises you?"

No more than six months before, the adoption of such a tone of voice towards him – and from one so young – would have resulted in at least a tongue lashing, delivered with the full and imposing articulacy resulting from his time in charge of his own business and his own destiny.

Now though, the once respected businessman with a sense of pride in his own manliness seemed capable of delivering a tongue lashing only to the young Indian's feet.

Along with profuse apologies for not acknowledging "praise" that would have had another man fit to take her by the throat.

"That is enough, Dog!" she snapped, pretending anger when really amused at his pretext of apology while again getting to worship the shapely and well-cared for feet

that she had ensured would become something of an obsession for him. "Do not think your Malkin does not know what you are doing. Take your filthy and unworthy tongue from my superior Indian toes and kneel with your hands behind your back!"

She looked down at him from the cellar's single chair that he was proscribed from sitting upon and the two women used as something of a throne.

"Yes," she said when he rose to his knees and spread them apart, hands clasped behind his back in what he had been told was 'the position of respect'; the surprising youthful body, now devoid of unsightly body-hair – from head-to-foot – filling her with the usual desire, teenage hormones racing, to make use of it. "That is better and you look so much more… natural… when adopting the correct position before your betters."

So great was her arousal at having this handsome and far older Englishman so abject and obedient before her, she knew she would be unable to resist making use of his tongue once again; even though she had promised her aunt not to spoil him before she departed.

But then, her aunt was still at the office and, even if she found out, she would not be angry with her precious Rena for long.

Clipping a leather lead to the heavy chain collar with engraved name-tag, she rose to stand before him and, as hungry eyes drank in the sensuous young body that was at such variance with her facial features, she lowered her jeans to her open-toed sandals and followed them with her lacy black panties.

The sound of his breath catching in his throat at the sight of her hairless pudenda and the flat stomach leading to a pair of wondrously shapely and firm breasts above was life-affirming for the young woman whose face had not ensured much in the way of male attention back home. But she was in England now. And in England, for now anyway, she was a goddess and the handsome man on his haunches before her a possession to be used as she chose.

And right now, a need to use the bathroom or not, she chose to have him place his willing and servile tongue at the service of her voracious young pussy.

And if, in her excitement, her golden nectar let loose upon her English chattel's face as he lapped at her insatiable young Indian cunt?

So what?

He was a servant and she one of his owners.

He should see for the honour it was to be anointed with the piss of a superior Indian female…

Dinner Party

Is everything prepared, Dog?" asked Vagishwari Desai of the man, formerly known as Gavin Fairford as, despite the levels of abject obedience to which she and her niece had taken him, he prayed that she would not be addressing him in such a way before *her* visitors.

"This is the first time I have entertained guests in my home," she told him, dressed for the first time in his experience, for some reason of her own, in the traditional diaphanous sari of her homeland; bare brown feet he now found delicious shod in a pair open-toed sandals with diamante strapping. "I will be beyond angry if they do not find the meal you have prepared delightful and your deference towards them is not as polite and subservient as it is to your Master and your Malkin."

The usual thrill of subservience he experienced whenever such mastery was exercised over him – for at least five months now, anyway – was accompanied by an entirely less welcome thrill of dread at the prospect of actually being seen in his role of manservant to an Indian woman and the young niece who now lived with her as his second owner, so to speak.

"Permission to speak, Master?"

Her cold yet fascinating eyes, in a face that was certainly the first and *never* the second, raised quizzically and, as always these days, he was both intimidated and diminished beneath them.

"I… I just wondered if I should, hmm, use the usual form of address in front of your, you know…?"

She did not answer and waited, silent.

Realising a cold film of sweat had broken out upon his forehead, he forced himself on:

"I mean, hmm, in front of your guests?"

The smooth brown skin of her face was impassive and the older man prayed she had not found his question… *impertinent*.

"Actually," she began to his relief, "I have been meaning to instruct you upon this very subject. Both your Malkin and I think it would be more in keeping with English custom if you were to address us in front of our two guests as *'Madame'* and *'Ms Rena'*. Tell me you understand this," she warned, "as we will be most aggravated with you should you forget."

Some of his former pride brought some bile to his throat at being upbraided as if he were cerebrally challenged rather than a graduate of a decent red-brick university and the former owner of a once thriving business; but he was too far to the dark side now to make an issue of it and simply responded with a:

“Yes, my Master,” he answered in the way she expected, “your servant understands. For the duration of the evening, you are *‘Madame’* and my Malkin is to be addressed as *“Ms Rena’*.”

“Good boy,” she gave praise, actually patting him upon the shiny and hairless dome of his head where hair was no longer allowed to grow and gave him an even more servile look. “This is an important night for you and I expect you to be on your most pleasing and obedient behaviour. You are to be attentive to our guests needs at all times and ready to anticipate their wishes ahead of time the way your Malkin and I have taught you. Understand?”

“Yes, my Malkin,” he confirmed, attempting to keep his feelings to himself, the prospect of waiting upon strangers – and of his *own* nationality – leaving him feeling deeply… *threatened*.

“These are new acquaintances of ours and we like them very much, so you might want to imagine the consequences for you if we feel… *let down*… by our manservant.”

He was already doing just that and hoping against hope that he got through the evening and did not disappoint; so far had his aspirations been lowered in so short a space of time.

But then, it had been over two weeks since they had allowed him out of his cage and allowed him to…

His cheeks reddened simply at the memory of his disgrace and the effortless way they had got him to kneel before them and masturbate over their high-heeled pumps and pantyhosed legs - prior to cleaning his copious spend from their jism covered feet and ankles with his tongue.

Thwarted erections were a constant now and the inability to come to full tumescence without the permission of one of his *“owners”*, as he now saw them – even as he knelt before them and used his growingly adept tongue to lap them to completion - were a real time source of maddening torment.

Messing up tonight would mean longer in the cage and was something he could scarce contemplate.

At that moment, his *“Malkin”* decided to make her entrance, dressed, like her aunt in the costume of her native land and, face aside, looking very chic and filling her sari at least as sexily as her aunt of the equally unprepossessing face. That the two of them actively adored the control they wielded over him was evident in the smug looks of congratulation they threw towards each other for the fact he was all but standing to attention before them. In the bland and monochrome *livery* that had been chosen for him, he was as much their possession as the silverware with which he had just finished setting the dining-table.

“I was explaining to our servant that, for tonight, we have agreed you should be addressed as *‘Ms Rena’* and I as *‘Madame’*, Vagishwari Desai said, bringing her niece up-to-speed.

"Yes, my aunt. That make good sense. We would not want our new friends to think there was anything… *untoward*... going on in our home."

The two women shared a laugh and it was obvious that the younger was both in awe of her older and commanding aunt and utterly enthralled with the world of personal service and sexual submission she had been invited to share.

"And how is Dog to address our guests?" she asked. "And, perhaps just as importantly, how are we to address *him?"*

"Do not worry yourself, my niece. All is in hand. I have decided that our guests will be addressed as *'Madam'* and *'Sir'*."

Her cold and unrelenting eye speared ran itself over her chattel as he stood respectfully and eyed the carpet of the dining-room.

"As for Dog," she all but sneered, "a simple '*Fairford'* will be sufficient. His surname, after all, does have an appropriately *finger-snapping* ring to it."

When they had finished laughing, Vagishwari Desai again turned her full attention to the man once known as – and about to be again for a short time - Gavin Fairford:

"Your Malkin and I," she began to the older man as he stood erect with hands behind his back and eyes to the carpet still, "have decided that even lowly English dogs such as yourself are in need of… *motivation*."

Unseen by her servant, the two women shared a smile as the merest of flinches from him gave away his excitement at what he knew was being put before him. Control a man's cock, they now knew for sure, and you controlled the man. Totally.

"That is why we have decided," his Malkin took it up, "that if you are totally pleasing this evening and act towards our guests with enough deference to make us proud of your progress, we are going to unlock your pitiful white cock from its cage and allow you, not just one but two, cummies of your own choice. Your cock between the soles of our feet, or rubbing yourself against the outside of our legs as if you really have decided to be the animal we both know you as."

The lowered face before them reddened, but the stifled groan of discomfort gave the lie to his humiliation as his cock responded in its cage to the… *motivation*… they had supplied; his two female owners equally as excited by the prospect of witnessing yet more bricks as they fell from the facade of his manhood before, in the privacy of their own rooms, he presented his tongue to them for the delectation of older and younger pussy and arse respectively.

A few seconds of silence reigned as they each pondered such an outcome with *slightly* different levels of aroused anticipation.

Which was when the musical tones of the front-door-bell cut into their reverie.

“That will be our guests,” commented Vagishwari Desai superfluously; both she and her niece heading towards the front-room where welcome cocktails were waiting.

“Let them in now… *Fairford*… and be on your best and most fawningly servile behaviour if want your puny little cock to breathe free air again at some date in the near future.”

As they took themselves off to the front-room, and not wanting to get off to a bad start by making their guests have to ring the bell again, the man once known as Gavin Fairford hurried to the door and made to open it; praying as he did so that their guests were as nice as his owners insisted them to be and that the evening would go off without either mishap or humiliation.

For him, that is.

One of the faces to whom he opened the door was indeed nice.

Attractive and female.

And very familiar.

“Well, if it isn’t your former husband!” exclaimed a mocking voice in a toad-like carapace.

His shock was profound and he had no idea how long the three of them stood there looking at each other; his own gaze riveted on the woman with whom he had once shared his life as she clung to arm of another; looking for all the world like the affluent trophy-wife toads of such a kind seemed to attract to each other.

Until, finally and shockingly:

“Well?” demanded his bitch of an ex. “Are you going to show *‘Madame’s’* guests through? Or should we go and introduce ourselves?”

For the first time in his life, the former husband, businessman, and *man*, once known as Gavin Fairford, fainted…….

THE END