The Indenturing

A Tale of Powerful Subcontinent Femininity

By
Malkin Jamali

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With gratitude and indebtedness for the generosity and assistance of the great Kurt Steiner

PROLOGUE

The woman who sat in her new friend's home-office and swiveled on her chair to take advantage of the late-autumn sun streaming through the window, was physically the same to the woman she had been some three months before.

Mentally, though?

Well… It's fair to say that there had been some marked changes.

Confidence in her own appeal to the opposite sex – despite her middle- years – being but one of them.

"You have certainly moved on," observed her friend, accent unmistakably Indian and, had the soon-to-be divorced English wife been in possession of the local knowledge required to notice, belonging to a region immediately adjacent to neighbouring Pakistan.

A poor region, the English woman had at least enough knowledge, courtesy of Google, to acknowledge.

Poor enough to ensure her new friend's capacity for the helming of the company she now owned struck her as remarkable.

And especially when her limited time in the country since her arrival and lack of any real and lasting experience in such a role were taken into account.

An account which would also explain the hastily if correctly learned English and her over precise and accented use of it.

"There seems, if you will forgive the intrusion, a glow to you these days."

The woman, older than her hostess by a decade or more, seemed to colour a little at the observation.

Though it was also obvious that there was pleasure beneath her

embarrassment.

It was her first visit to the home of her new young friend and, were she honest with herself, not a visit she had been looking forward to making.

It was, she had told herself prior to arrival, altogether too weird.

Especially as she would be seeing *him* again for the first time since he had taken on his new… *role* …in the young Indian woman's home.

She was about to respond when a somewhat timid knock was heard at the only partly closed door; almost as if the person doing the knocking was hoping it wouldn't be heard and a retreat could be made.

It wasn't to be, however.
"Come!" said the younger woman whose home-office they were in, seated rather grandly with hosed legs crossed on a red two-seater sofa that was the room's only other seating, apart that is from the swivel chair before the computer her older friend occupied.

The Englishman who entered was a year or two older than the guest twirling to and fro in front of the desk. Looking trim and well-presented for his years, he was wearing charcoal grey trousers without pockets and a buttoned-up tartan waistcoat covered a crisp and collarless white shirt. He was also very handsome still and if this was certainly not a surprise to the visitor twirling in her seat before the computer then the fact he was barefoot was.

After all, it might not be winter quite yet, but it was surely not warm enough to be going without either socks or shoes.

And especially in a house with wooded floors and, as far as the guest could tell, not a carpet to its name.

Also, had she looked more closely, she would have noted that he was missing the little toe of his left foot.

"Place the tray on my desk and we will serve ourselves," ordered the hostess

with offhand indifference from the sofa, turning back to her guest and missing the look of relief at being spared a second more than necessary in their presence the man could not keep from reddened cheeks.

“Now, where were we?…Yes, you were about to tell me the reason you seem to be glowing these days?”

She may have missed the man’s earlier relief but did not miss her guest’s reluctance to speak so openly in front of the man.

“You can speak freely in front of my servant. He knows better than to ever repeat what you say to anyone.”

She laughed suddenly, as the *“Servant”* in question placed the tray down as directed and headed for the door with as much speed as he considered he could get away with.

“And who would he tell anyway?”

They had both laughed then but it was the laughter of the guest that humiliated and pained him most.

But it was the last words from the blonde woman’s lips as he eased the door closed that were particularly hard for him to hear, given what resided beneath the waist of his close-fitting uniform trousers:

“I glow, my love, because there is nothing quite like riding the cock of a man big enough to fill us and with the necessary restraint to hold back from his own pleasure until we have received our own.”
The young Indian woman, who had not cared much – or at all, really- for the cock of her late-husband and had no intention of ever allowing another of the live variety to penetrate her again, managed to at least smile understandingly as her *“glowing”* guest continued.

“And, as you know, it’s been only recently I’ve had the opportunity to find out for myself…”

One

Every day brought fresh delights to this somewhat plump, horse-featured, Indian girl; this only eleven months on from the squalor of Calcutta and the poverty of its more obviously deprived areas. The state of affairs lying in wait at the end of the thrice weekly journey from the offices she now owned – and the man at the heart of them – directly responsible for the rising excitement she knew the familiarity of time and repetition would do nothing to diminish.

A heady mix for a young woman yet to reach thirty for whom, not so long ago, life had been nothing but a slog in a region of the world not renowned for either its creature comforts or its respect for women.

Apart from towards the beautiful variety, that is.

As she settled back and allowed the limousine-service Lexus to take her from the office in London to the home she now owned in the sought after Surrey village of Eynesford, the prospect of what awaited her when she finally arrived brought a smile to fleshy-lips that belied the severity of her full but severe and unwelcoming visage.

The delight awaiting her all the more pleasing – and surprising – when taken with the fact she was under no illusions concerning her lack of obvious appeal to the opposite sex.

How could she be?

She had been assured as much on numerous occasions.

Curvy and voluptuous body or not.

But who now amongst those erstwhile critics and the few friends and existing family back in the homeland would believe the life she now led in the affluent home-counties of England?

She, Anya Devi, once a humble domestic in the household of a grand and ancient English gentleman she despised while being ignored and

unconsidered, was now the owner of her own home and her own business.

Not to mention her very own…

She felt a familiar stirring at her crotch as the perusal of her life as it was now had its usual impact.

Not for the first time, she thanked the providence that had led to the arranged marriage with an older cousin from a more *"affluent"* branch of her family.
An "older cousin" so physically unappealing even she; with her equine-features and protruding teeth – at least whenever she opened her mouth – seemed a catch to him.

Those *"equine-features"* made even more prominent by thick black glasses, stocky-build, and muscular, Mateus bottle shaped, legs that were, despite that fact, not without a certain appeal.
What a turnaround of destiny!

Her new husband had been a successful man in his seventies who had travelled to England in the 80's and set about building a chain of grocery-stores. So grateful was he for what she provided; the female companionship his physical grotesqueness had till then denied him; that he acceded to her wish that he teach her the ways of his business so she might be of service to him. Schooling her in the arts of commerce that had served him so well; even if he remained without family or friends in his adopted country.

Without any formal education and only a basic knowledge of English, and a highly accented way of speaking it, she had shown an aptitude for business that went hand-in-hand with her mastery of a second-tongue that not only surprised her but impressed her new husband so much he was soon leaving her to take care of that business and its day-to-day running.
A situation becoming more permanent when his final illness took hold and he became bedridden for the final months of his life.
The prospect of being alone and without friends in a strange country doing nothing to diminish Anya Devi's growing confidence in her own self-sufficiency.

A confidence growing still greater when her ailing husband informed her everything would be hers when he passed away.
Now, as the Lexus brought her ever closer to the home she now owned – and *all* the contents to be found within it – she realised the time just short of a year she had spent with her late and aged husband had brought her as close as she would ever be likely to come to feeling something akin to fondness for a man.

She was, in fact, sure of it.

Of course, mild fondness aside, and never having been – or had the opportunity to be – a social person; the death of her husband was no inconvenience in terms of companionship.
And yet, she wanted someone – a man – to share in her life.
Well, not so much share that life as…

Serve it.

A dependent.

At her whim.

Tied to her in such a way as to give her complete power over his existence.

And not just *any* man.

No.

The man she wanted had to be in possession of certain characteristics.

She wanted him good-looking…

English, or at least Northern European…

And weak.

Very weak.

Even if he himself considered himself strong.

It was a fantasy that had given her pleasure and torment in equal measure since her childhood.

A “fantasy” all the more discomfiting for being impossible to realise.

Or so she had thought…

*****

Stephen Hampshire found himself in an almost constant condition of self-castigation, bemusement, and sheer, nauseating, self-disgust.

Had he ever entertained – and he most certainly had – the idea that he was a masculine, strong-willed individual, the events of the past three weeks had blown them away with such emphatic certainty he was equally as certain such misconceptions would never again play an active part in his mindset.

Were he any kind of man he would have ended his existence rather than suffer the…
That, however, would have taken a fortitude and courage quite beyond him and he knew it.

Of course, his hatred for her – and what she had brought him to – remained undimmed, despite his failings as a man.

Left to his own devices and free from the fear of retribution that would follow from the hands of the authorities and, worse, other agencies, he would have placed his hands around the neck of the ugly Indian bitch dismantling his life and stared deep into her eyes as he squeezed the life from them. A prospect that would elevate his spirits for a few seconds. At least until the reality of his weakness and the growing power she was beginning to wield over him returned him to the present and the sheer, inescapable, reality of the role in which she had cast him.

At near fifty years of age; still handsome and, in certain areas, undeniably intelligent; this one-time executive in the company built and run by the late-husband of the bitch currently holding his life in her hands had been reduced to the lowliest, most abject, of servants in her home.

Kept barefoot and requiring permission even to take a simple walk around the area surrounding her home, the life he had once enjoyed so much just three short weeks ago: the home, wife, car, lucrative job, and women; were no more than a memory now – and a swiftly receding memory at that.

Everything had gone.

And she: a fleshy, horse-faced, Indian girl, still clinging to her twenties, with big teeth and matronly legs and no great command of his native tongue had taken it from him.

As was usual, whenever he thought back on recent events and their instigator, his forehead became clammy.

And it wasn't alone.

The white shirt she insisted he keep buttoned all the way up began to feel restricting beneath the waistcoat that seemed more symbolic of his service to her, for some reason, than even the steel cage he could feel beneath his...

Mopping his forehead as if doing so would take the shame of his situation away with it, he considered what he was to do when she arrived home.

What she expected.

What she… *demanded!*
It would not be the first time he had done it for her over the past few weeks but familiarity was not making it any more bearable for him. Far from it. If anything, he was becoming more and more demoralized each time what she described as a ritual of respect upon her arrival home was demanded of him.

That she was trying to break his spirit, he was in no doubt.

Worse than that, however, was the steadily growing belief he felt in his gut that there was absolutely nothing he could do to prevent her.

His shoulders slumped and again his thoughts raced from pillar to post as they tried to come up with an escape from his predicament.

With the usual lack of anything resembling success.

He took advantage of her temporary absence rasp out a *"fuck it"* as he recalled walking unconcerned into her office on *that* day…

"…You wanted to see me?" he had asked with no great respect as he entered the office of her late husband where she now held sway; galled, as ever, to see her behind the desk he felt sure his former boss would have entrusted to him when he decided to retire and take life a little easier.

A retirement that should have by rights, he considered, left him, Stephen Hampshire, at the helm and free to continue the creative embezzling of the company funds that had been subsidising the gambling and womanising to which he had become so addicted.

He same addictions that were about to send his life into free-fall.

The brightly coloured saris she had worn when her husband first brought her into the company had been replaced by this time with severely cut, two-piece, business suits, in sombre colours, which did nothing to compliment her stocky figure and. Certainly, he had thought to himself, the above the knee skirts did even less to lend an aesthetic to her muscular legs – despite the sheer nylon pantyhose and black court-shoes with short spiky heel she had chosen to accompany them.

In truth, he was dismissive of her.

Though he would never have described himself as racist – hadn't he worked for her husband, an Indian, these past five years? – he could do no more than

regard her as his inferior.

Apart from being twenty-years her senior, he was her superior in looks and intelligence as well as experience.

Her conversation – even with allowances for her unfamiliarity with a foreign tongue – was narrow and uninteresting.

She was poorly educated and inarticulate; so how could he be expected to feel differently?

And yet, it was she who was his boss!

When his former employer had first decided to school her in the ways of the company, Hampshire thought it was no more than an attempt on his part to indulge his new wife. His dismissal of that "new wife" swiftly turning to resentment. Resentment that turned to anger when he was told of the natural aptitude for business she seemed to possess – despite her limitations in other areas – and that it would be a relief for the new husband to eventually turn over the day-to-day-running of his business to his wife.

As he took a seat opposite her he had noticed a folder resting on top of her desk.

"Take a look," she told him without preamble; a certain look of smugness on the horse-face puzzling but not troubling him unduly.

Until he took a look at the folder's contents.

"How?... When?..." he blathered, unable to frame a sentence with the capacity to convey the horror of what was before him and those actions of his they contained.

Actions and behaviour her late-husband had missed.

But not her.

"Read all of it," she suggested in her accented Indian as his initial look of shock re-invented themselves upon his face as horror.

"Then," she went on ominously, "we will talk about your options…"

…Now, having taken his place inside her front-door to await her arrival from the office he had once expected to be his, the knowledge of what she expected of him when she stepped inside again set up a battle-royal in his stomach.

His thoughts raced yet again:

"Wouldn't you rather do away with yourself than let the bitch treat you in such a way?" he demanded of himself, all the while trying not to picture the looks upon the faces of those who knew and respected him – had even loved him in the case of his former wife – as they watched him place his hands behind his back while still upon his knees and bow from the waist until his forehead met the cool varnished wood of the hallway floor.

Then, as if this was not humiliating enough, placing his lips upon the toes of each foot in turn to wish his *"Maalkin"* a welcome return home, while knowing all the time that the worst was to come.

Going to all-fours that he might support her, he would then feel her climb aboard his back and have him ferry her to her favoured chair in the front-room where the chilled glass of Sancerre he had poured earlier awaited her return.

Using him as if he were nothing more than a beast-of-burden and telling him the symbolism of doing so would eventually have him conditioned to obeying her more fully.

As the crunch of tyres belonging to the Lexus were heard outside on the drive, it was not a happy thought that assured him that a beast-of-burden was all he was to her…

Two

Sliding into the front-passenger seat of the Lexus next to the smartly dressed Danish woman she preferred to drive her - the back-seat seeming too formal when it was another woman chauffeuring the limo - Anya Devi, for once in a cool example of her national costume she did not normally wear to the office after her husband had suggested clothing that made her look more… *directorial* …was soon covering pretty much the same events as the man awaiting her arrival in her home.

But with far more enjoyment.

Joy, if truth be told…

"…Have I or my private investigator missed anything?" she had asked him when he'd closed the folder and stared up from it – world in tatters.

For the first time in their acquaintance the dismissal of her that was a constant in his expression was absent; replaced by fear for the consequences of his actions he had immediately sensed would define their relationship from then on.

Wetness at her pussy gave witness to the power their first confrontation as would-be master and unwilling slave continued to hold over her memory and she snaked a hand between her legs to stroke herself before remembering her preference to drive upfront and the presence of the driver alongside of her.

"Your life is finished," she told him as evidence of his embezzling was laid out before him; along with numerous photographs of him with the various floozies he had used the illegally acquired funds on as he had cheated on his young wife.

"Anya, I…"

"Shut up!" she had barked; the first time she could recall doing so to anybody other than in her head; and certainly not to a handsome older man.

A handsome and older white man.

Handsome, older, and… English!

The sensation of having him totally cowed in her presence was simply euphoric.

In the car, her face twisted into a sadistic smile as she recalled the way the once confident and in-control executive had fallen silent; telling her, as if the contents of the folder didn't, that she had control over him and, more importantly, he knew it.
"I have been to see Mr Lao," she had told him; enjoying the way the colour had drained from his face at mention of the casino-holding gang boss who held his marker for almost two-hundred thousand pounds – money he hadn't got and had gambled away during a particularly drunken evening.

"Listen, Anya, I…"

"I told you to shut up," she snapped, confidence growing in her ability to control this handsome older man and noticeable in her accented but crisp English. .

She did, after all, hold all the cards.

"I want no pathetic excuses from you. One way or another the life you have known until now is finished. Even were I to be persuaded not to take evidence of your theft to the authorities I doubt Mr Lao would be so forgiving; given what I am told of his reputation."

The reminder had delivered exactly the message she intended: that prison would be the least of his worries.

His look of pure horror and, yes, fear at the gravity of the situation into which his recklessness had placed him reacted upon her like a shot of adrenalin and steadied the nerves she fought to contain before his entrance to her office.

Given what she had on the man, and the steps she had taken since receiving the knowledge, she felt confident that her fondest – albeit depraved and evil – fantasy was on the verge of being brought to fruition.

Should he prove as weak as she confidently believed him to be.

But not that confident.

There was always the possibility he would have more moral strength than that she felt she detected beneath the arrogant and self-entitled exterior.

Perhaps he would reject the offer she was about to make him and take his chances with both Mr Lao and the authorities.

Not to mention his wife…

…Thoughts back in actual time, she allowed herself a tiny smile as she recalled Mr Lao saying as much himself when she had paid him a visit – this after she had been searched for recording devices before being allowed into his presence…
"...A real man would rather be hacked into tiny pieces before he accepted such an arrangement," the softly spoken Chinese had told her; expression conveying his distaste for what she had suggested and, if she gauged correctly, his interest.

"And if he should fail to accept it what of my money then?" he had asked.

Anya Devi was prepared for the question:

"Then I will give you a half of the money he owes you for having made the effort to convince him."

Mr Lao had steepled his fingers and gazed at the surprisingly tasteful surroundings of his Docklands office. In fact, his visitor had noted, everything about the fifty-something man seemed tasteful. From his

immaculate grooming to his softly spoken English and good manners, he was nothing like the stereotype she had imagined to herself before their actual meeting.

Which did not prevent her from seeing the ruthlessness and pragmatic nature of the man which lay beneath the more approachable exterior – wondering as she noted it just how many of his competitors had been lulled into unwariness by his looks and well-studied decorum.
"The way I see it," he said finally, with words that would seal the fate of the oblivious Stephen Hampshire, "you are proposing a service document."

Adding quickly:

"Without, of course, either document or contract being in written form."

She smiled her agreement.

"And for this you are willing to pay in cash."

She had nodded.

"And, in return, my people will show Mr Hampshire what the immediate future holds for him should he refuse your offer and renege on his debt to me… You also mentioned a yearly sum for our, hmm, ongoing involvement."

"That is correct, Mr Lao."

"I believed you mentioned the sum of fifty-thousand pounds…"

"In cash," she nodded. "Let us call it a… maintenance …agreement."
He smiled his charming smile and nodded his own head sharply in acknowledgement.

"This cash sum," he went on, "would be payable for each year he remains with you; subject to our, shall we say, enforcement of the arrangement should he be…" he considered his words, "…less than amenable to you. Am I correct?"

Again she nodded, going on to play to the man's obvious greed to seal the deal:

"Of course, if, for some reason, our contract is of short duration and Mr Hampshire finds himself unable to meet my expectations for his future, I will make good on the money owed to you and add, shall we say, one-hundred thousand pounds to the debt as a thank you for your efforts on my behalf."

Lau had given it some thought.

But not too much.

The arrangement was win-win for him.

Money for nothing.

Exactly the code he lived by.

Though he did confess himself curious:

"It is of no matter to me," he began, "and I will not be offended if you choose not to answer, but…"

He hesitated with what she saw as uncharacteristic sheepishness.

"Ask your question, Mr Lau," she urged him. "We are about to become confidential partners of sorts and, for both of us, it is… sensible …that what is said between us in your office remains in your office. Please, be as frank with me as you wish."

"You are a very interesting lady, Mrs Devi," he told her, smile broadening. "And I cannot deny that this verbal contract you are offering has me intrigued."

"You wish to know my reasons for wanting to keep the man at my side?"

"Only if I do not intrude beyond the remit of the agreement you have outlined," he assured her. "And with my solemn promise that your reasons will not pass my lips to another person should you so desire it."

"Thank you, Mr Lao. I find you also to be a very interesting man. A man who lives by his word and is most unforgiving of those who do not. Which is why I have no problem whatsoever accepting your promise."

The Chinese man nodded his head in a bow of acknowledgement for her compliment before his eyes invited her to begin.

"We are both busy people," she began, so I will put it as briefly as possible. We are from a region of the world, Mr Lau, which has seen much of so-called Western superiority towards it – and especially from these English in whose land we now reside. A superiority our people continue to labour under – even in these post-colonial days."

Lau was already nodding his agreement.

"I am, along with you, I suspect, Mrs Devi, a student of my country's history and history in general. Do not be surprised when I share the bitterness and anger I detect behind your words. As a boy back in Hangzhou, before it became the city of commerce it is known as in the thrusting China of today, my mother and father lived in the home of a British Consulate appointee and acted as family servants."

Anger flashed across his cheeks and Anya Devi was convinced she was in the presence of a likemind when it came to the inhabitants of this Foreign land in which they both thrived.

His next words confirming her suspicion:

"Briefly, our time as… retainers …in their home was not a happy one and their condescension and easy assumption of authority rankles with me to this day still."

Her nod revealed the empathy she felt for his experience.

“My own tale is a similar one to yours, Mr Lao. It also explains my offer to you in regard of the handsome Englishman who is so many years my senior and who, though my employee, looks down upon me as if he were still a citizen of the world’s leading empire and I the lowest of chattels in his home.”

A bulb seemed to switch on behind the expression of the immaculate and equally ruthless Lao:

“And now it is your intention that this… “handsome” …Englishman learn what it feels like to be regarded in such a way.”

It was not a question and Anya Devi simply smiled a response..

“I said you are a very interesting woman, Mrs Devi, and I see no reason to revise my opinion. We have much in common.”

Again she smiled, pleased with his praise.

“Just the same,” he went on; “I am curious as to how you will go about showing this… creature …just how lowly he is in regard of you… If, that is, you are willing to share your plans with me.”

Anya Devi assured him she was and went on to do just that…

…Anya, sitting in reflective silence next to the silent and diplomatic Danish driver still, reflected on her meeting with the charming but reptile dangerous Chinese man with quite satisfaction for the way she had acquitted herself in his presence.

By the time she was finished with an explanation of her motives and a delighted Mr Lao had expressed himself delighted with the fate she intended for her victim, Stephen Hampshire’s fate had been sealed.

For though he wasn’t to know it, the handsome fifty-something had been, to

all intents and purposes, purchased by the same horse-featured Indian girl he had always been so dismissive of; both mentally and physically.

Without hyperbole or exaggeration, the faithless and reckless Englishman had just been…

Indentured.

THREE

Returning her thoughts to her office as he had sat opposite her on that first day, crestfallen, she recalled the delight she had struggled not to reveal to the increasingly demoralised man she, to all intents and purposes, was about to own…

"…Y-You mentioned my options," he stammered, latching on to the lifeline she had purposely held out at the head of their meeting.

Feeling her way into the fantasised situation with more speed than she had thought would be the case, Anya Devi realised it was as good a time as any to adopt the attitude towards him she would be using from then on.

"I also told you not to speak," she snapped; allowing just the hint of the whip to enter her voice; the sensation all the more delightful for her as she had purposely dressed in traditional Indian costume that day that it might heighten his… humiliation.

Anger flared immediately in his eyes and she had thought he was about to retaliate; the accompanying fear that she may have misjudged his resolve only receding when he settled back in his seat and contented himself with a chewing of the lip.

His impotence emboldening her further.

"From now on, if you value your freedom, you will speak only when I ask you to."

Again, his temper flared and he appeared on the verge of retaliation.

And did nothing.

"Allow me to explain where I believe your behaviour has led you," she began, loving the way his eyes seemed unable to meet her own.

"You owe a very considerable sum you are unable to pay, to a man and his organisation who will snuff out your life – or worse - in an instant rather than allow others to see their weakness were they to do nothing. You also face a considerable prison term for the embezzling you have indulged in for the past five years. The evidence is before you and is irrefutable."

She allowed him a few moments for the enormity of it all to sink in.

"By the way, Mr Lau assures me that even in prison you would not be beyond the reach of his anger."
Hampshire stared at the carpet of her office, sick to the stomach.
"Would that be an accurate assessment of your situation?" she asked.
"Anya," he began, taking the opportunity to speak, desperation all too visible upon his handsome face, "placing me in prison won't help either you or Mr Lau financially. If I'm sent to jail I can hardly pay both of you back."

Anya Devi was impassive:
"And just how do you intend to pay us back? By my reckoning you owe Mr Lau two-hundred thousand pounds and your embezzling from my company" – she emphasised the word "my" – is not far short.

"Please, Anya, just give me time. I'll sell my house. I'll speak to my wife and…"

Her next words brought down the curtain on his hopes in that direction.
"I doubt your wife will have much time for you. Even as we speak she is probably looking at those same photos of you in action with your whores that are before you now."

"You… You mean…?"
"I had them couriered to her an hour or so ago," she said, glancing at the wall clock as she did so. "I shall be meeting her shortly."

It was a tiny lie, of course. The pictures in question were the same Stephen Hampshire was staring at right at this moment and it would be Anya herself who showed them to his wife the moment their meeting ended and she was

driven to her home.
"Meeti-…?"
It was as if the air had been allowed to escape from a balloon. His whole body slumped forward in the chair as if his spirit had left along with it.
"I doubt she will be willing to sell the house to help you," she continued. "Do you?"

The look of defeat was palpable in his eyes, as was the predictable attempts at, first, bargaining, and, to her utter and perverse delight, begging.

Begging she ignored before going on to turn the screw further:
"And besides," she went on in her thick accented Indian, "I do not see why she should be made even more of a victim than she already is for your failings as a man…"
…Coming back to the present again as they neared the driveway leading to her home she recalled how, and exactly as she had intended, her barb had hit home with him.

Only the day before she had been the unattractive and uneducated Indian woman fortunate enough to be left her husband's business; a woman he had shown nothing but contempt. Yet there he was, before her, being lectured on his "failings as a man" as she dismantled the life he knew around him. She was aware, of course, that he would have been breathing a little easier now that she had explained her arrangement with Lau and would have assessed, correctly, that she would not be making his embezzlement known to the authorities.

Yet.

She had also been aware he would, wrongly (in part, at least) assess her reasons for not doing so to be solely attributable to her desire for more… *intimate* relations between them.

His shock, outrage, and, she had felt sure, eventual acquiescence, when she explained those reasons more fully would be yet another delight to her…

"...No,' she went on, talking over his silence, overriding him, 'your wife will keep her home and her life. In fact, by this time two days hence you will have signed over everything you own to her, along with your car and any other assets you have – of which my investigators say there are few. The trust fund left to her by her aunt will be ample for her to live on with you no longer able to... provide... for her.'

He was staring at her now, mouth open with shock; her sarcasm going over his head as he sat, clueless as to where their conversation was leading.

'You will have worked out by now,' she began, 'that I will not be informing the authorities of your crime.'

The relief on his face would not have been missed in pitch darkness from a distance of some miles.

'You will also be relieved to know that I have entered into an arrangement with Mr Lau that will prevent him supplying his associates with the necessary instructions to... do you harm.'

His instant look of fear rivalled his relief for intensity.

'I will shortly be giving you a choice,' she told him; 'possibly the last choice you will ever be given in terms of your future...'
…Leaving the Lexus after thanking her driver, Anya Devi made her way to the front-door than ow belonged to her.

As well as *everything* on the other side of it.

Her pussy was sopping wet by the time she turned her key in the lock and, despite her confidence, it was with a small prayer that she be greeted in the way she expected that she entered.

Her prayer was answered…

FOUR

Hampshire turned on the single-framed cot with thin mattress which served as his bed and glanced at the Cartier wrist-watch she had allowed him to keep – to remind him, she said, of that which she had taken from him and would never return.

The chauffeured company Lexus, ferrying her to-and-from the office, would be arriving shortly and she would expect him to…

Expect him to…

Bile surged up into his throat.

It was beyond belief!

Except that it wasn't.

The unbelievable was happening.

And it was happening to him.

In the windowless basement she had allocated to him as his living-space, Hampshire slumped back on the cot with its thin mattress that had replaced the luxurious four-poster he had shared with his, now ex, wife, and felt the tears flow once again.
His life had been taken from him by an ugly and perverted Indian bitch and, more gallingly, he had been the one supplying her with the ammunition allowing her to do so.

Every day saw her chipping away still further of what small self-respect he had as a man; eyes and ears keened for the slightest hint of disrespect or rebellion. "Rebellion" he had initially made in the face of her humiliating treatment of him.

The same "Rebellion" that was no longer an option for him after she had called in Lau's thugs.

This to implement her “Agreement” with the gang-boss and encourage him to behave towards her in a more “Servile” manner.

Encouragement consisting of strapping him to a chair in a secluded warehouse and removing the little toe of his left foot with bolt-cutters.

At the mere thought of the ordeal and the ensuing mental and physical agony he had been put through he felt as if would throw up.

The thugs sent to carry out Lau’s orders had been a collection of the scariest human beings he met. His suffering, he knew, of no consequence to them. They would act on whatever orders they were given in his regard.

Whether that be the removal of a toe or…

He recalled being returned to her after his ordeal: in agony, beaten and terrorised; any thoughts of further disobedience to his young Indian master removed from the realms of reality and consigned to the fantasy of his thoughts.

Even if he continued to hate her with a passion that inspired his internalised thoughts to a white heat; and despite the fact she herself – though she tried to hide it – seemed surprised at the level of violence used upon him to ensure compliance.

She had been waiting for him when he was returned to her home, limping on a heavily bandaged foot and with those handsome features pale from the pain – despite the painkillers he had grudgingly been given in order to…

‘Stop yer fucking whining.”

The young woman, who was now, to all intents, and purposes his owner, was sat on the stairs in a short blue house-dress that showed off her monstrous legs as she stared at him with eyes trying to be completely devoid of compassion – though they were not lacking in anticipation.

His soul withered a little more as he played back the image of himself moving to stand before her and reciting the apology for his behaviour and any inconvenience he may have caused her.

And in *exactly* the same obsequious words and tone the thugs responsible for the removal of his toe had insisted upon.

On his cot in the basement, notable for the absence of all creature comforts – unless one regarded laundry appliances as comforts – and knowing he would soon be required to place the leather face-mask she had insisted he wear as a reminder, go upstairs to the front-door and wait upon all-fours until she arrived home, to be ferried upon his back to her favoured seat in her front-room and the chilled glass of White Rioja he'd readied for her, was still in her training, he placed his head in his hands and sobbed for the life he once had.

A life to which he now knew he would never be returning.

*****

Ensconced in the warmth and security of the Lexus still, Anya Devi – though from a vastly superior perspective – played back the glorious events of the recent past and the headway she had made with the victim she intended to give her so much pleasure.

"Headway" that had begun the moment Lau's men had entered her office as she outlined Hampshire's options for him.

'These are associates of Mr Lau's,' she had told him as the three intimidating goons had stared at him impassively.

He had looked about ready to pass out.

'You need to go with them now,' she had told them.

'Now, hold on,' he protested, voice breaking, 'I thought...'

‘Nothing will happen to you,’ she assured him with sincerity – at least upon this occasion - as he eyed the terrifying thugs up and down. ‘They are simply going to explain the, shall we say, niceties of my arrangement with their employer in regard to you. When they see you are convinced of their sincerity you will be returned to my home and I will explain what happens next.’

He was about to speak but she forestalled him and addressed Lau’s men:

‘He is ready now.’

With amazement for his own docility, Hampshire had allowed himself to be led outside past the bitch’s secretary and followed the men to the car park as she looked on from her window; there to be placed on the backseat of a nondescript Ford and driven off, terrified and in a state of shock for the events of the past hour.

Stroking the inside of a nylon covered thigh with the back of her hand, Anya realised she was no less aroused thinking back on the aforementioned events of some weeks ago than she was when they were actually unfolding before her.

She had felt, in fact, more alive in the time between than she had been in her entire life until then and knew it was a feeling, once experienced, she would be unable to forego.

Ever!

The fact he hated her and found her physically repugnant only added to the enjoyment she took in her ownership of him.

‘Ownership.’ The word, in his regard, was an extremely special word to her. The very fact, in a world where title to a fellow human being, and a European man at that, was not only considered perverted but was also highly illegal, only added to her pleasure. The empowerment she felt at holding sway over a handsome older man of flesh and blood was almost orgasmic in its intensity.

And was not enough.

Nor would it be until she had stripped him of every last shred of individuality and autonomy.

It hadn't been until the following evening that the same three thugs delivered Hampshire to her home; driving through the gates to her property on the outskirts of Eynesford and depositing him inside before returning to the car and awaiting word from her in regard of the decision she was about to insist he make.

She had dressed carefully in a mix of Western and Indian clothes.

Deliberately choosing a sari to compliment the stockings and heels with which she greeted him.

Knowing she made no physical appeal to him whatever she wore, but wanting him to know that the woman taking his life away from him was a previously despised woman from the sub-continent whose food, music, and culture, he found... *inferior*.

It was a different Hampshire from the man who'd left her office the day before. That Hampshire had only been worried and fearful. This incarnation – though he remained both worried and fearful still – was now cowed and terrified.
Exactly, in fact, as Lau had said he would be.

She was seated on a chair in front of her desk in what had been her husband's study - legs crossed and at her ease; confident of the outcome of her coming meeting with her former executive – heels tapping out a gentle rhythm on the wooden floor as he came towards her and stopped at her desk.

'I take it you now have some idea of the seriousness of your situation,' she began the moment the thugs had returned outside.

He was having difficulty meeting her eyes – something she liked. He was also having trouble swallowing – equally as pleasing. Standing, given he was

still shaking from his encounter, appeared to be a problem also and he moved towards a sofa before she stopped him.

‘Remain as you are, please,’ she told him; stopping him in his tracks. ‘I prefer to have you stand before me.’

He did as she asked with difficulty, still unable to meet her eyes; his expression telling her he was running his meeting with Mr Lau through his thoughts once again.

“Good,” she thought. *“The memory of it will make him all the less able to fight what I have in mind for him…”*

His thoughts were – again – doing just that…

…’Please, Mr Hampshire,” the man had said cordially, almost as if the handsome Englishman had been a valued guest rather than a forced – and extremely worried and reluctant – visitor. “There is no need, for now at least, that we cannot be civil and act courteously toward each other. Do take a seat.”

Hampshire had done so, though the man’s courtesy could do nothing to ease the knot of worry in the pit of his stomach.

The dapper and immaculate Chinese man shook his head and spread his arms wide:

“You have, I am afraid, placed yourself in a most uncomfortable and serious situation, Mr Hampshire.”

Hampshire was about to respond but the man waved him to silence with a smile that, while friendly, was not without threat.

“Not only have you incurred a debt to me personally – a debt you cannot pay – but you have made yourself a person of interest to the authorities.”

Adding:

"Should, of course, the good Mrs Devi make them aware of your… miscalculations …while in her employ."

Again he shook his head, as if to indicate just how regrettable he found both the situation and the fact he was forced to be a part of it.

"Fortunately for you, though I am sure you do not accept such an assessment at this time, Mrs Devi has decided the Police do not need to be involved and has made an offer to me I find both agreeable and fair."

Hampshire swallowed back the bile produced by this 'fair' offer and waited, the knot in his stomach becoming more pronounced with every passing second.

"I understand," Lao continued, that you would not regard my… arrangement …with your former employer to be either fair or agreeable, but…"

He looked regretful and Hampshire knew it was all simply an act for his benefit. The man's reputation, after all – at least what he'd learned of it since allowing alcohol fueled bad judgment to allow him to chase his gambling losses in one of his clubs – was most unsavoury. A reputation in the flesh that was, for all his charm and courtesy, even more pronounced.

And, by consequence of not trying to appear fearsome, seeming all the more terrifying.

"...I think you will have to agree, however," he continued in a precise English not marked by a single trace of his ancestry, "that your troubles have been self-inflicted upon yourself."

To this Hampshire could not find an argument and simply ran back through his stupidity and the inability to be satisfied with a life most men would have loved to have.

Blessings which included:

Good looks that seemed to improve with age and a younger wife who not only doted on him but came into the marriage in possession of a decent sized trust-fund which ensured them a degree of financial stability – even if he himself had no access to it..

A home that was almost theirs and the fact, like him, she did not want to limit herself or her future with the responsibility of children.
Add into the mix the fact that she trusted him implicitly, and he had pretty much had it all.

Until he hadn't.

"Forgive me if I reiterate the problems you will have spent much time agonising over," the voice of Lau cut into his thoughts; "but it will serve you well to keep them uppermost in your head as we go forward."

The immaculately manicured hand of the man reached for a patterned tea-cup made from fine porcelain and had it halfway between desk and waiting lips when he stopped.

"How rude of me," he began. "May I offer you some refreshment, Mr Hampshire?"

Hampshire declined with a tight smile and a shake of the head.
"Very well, I can see you are uncomfortable and I understand your reasons. But it falls to me, regrettably, to tell you that your life is not about to become any easier."

Hampshire's stomach gave a downward lurch.

"First and foremost, I am a businessman, Mr Hampshire – of both the traditional and completely legal kind, and in other areas where legality plays no positive part… Please nod if you are following my drift."

Hampshire nodded and attempted not to let his terror of the man and of what he was capable to show.

“Good. Your life going ahead will be much less… taxing …if you bear in mind what can happen to you if you prove less than… pleasing …to Mrs Devi.”

Lau read the horrified and distasteful look crossing his visitor’s handsome features and shrugged his shoulders.

“Yes. I understand completely that the prospect of having such a woman take complete control of your life is not of a kind to make you feel pleased with yourself. But we must not delude ourselves, Mr Hampshire.

“Unless you are willing to accept the consequences of your actions – and those consequence will, I promise, be most severe; whether you throw yourself upon the mercy of the British legal system or not – then you must come to terms with the fact the lady in question is to be obeyed from now on.”

For a moment or two, the Chinese man thought his enunciating of the word ensured his visitor must projectile vomit across the shining mahogany of his obsessively tidy desk; explaining why he almost rolled his chair backwards to avoid it.

Only continuing when Hampshire gained a measure of control over his emotions:

“There is no polite way to say this, my English friend,” he began, “but the moment you agreed to take her justice rather than accept punishment from the authorities for your crimes against her – and, I am sad to say, the more physical and lasting retribution I would be forced to extract from you rather than be seen as being weak – was the moment your life as you have known it came to an end.”

“What…?” began an almost hysterical with fear Hampshire. “What if there were another way?”

Lau held his palms outward invitingly.

“I am all ears, Mr Hampshire.”

“What if I could get you the money I owe to your club? What then? I’m willing to take my chances with the authorities rather than…”

“…be at the mercy of an Indian woman for whom you have neither love, respect, nor… if you will forgive my indelicacy, lust?”

“Yes.”

“The problem I see there, Mr Hampshire, is that the lady in question made an offer to me in good faith. An offer that will not only see returned the money your recklessness deprived me of but will provide me with far more in the future simply for ensuring my people… correct …your behaviour should Mrs Devi find it not to her liking.”

The sickness at Hampshire’s gut that had been bubbling away from the first moment he had stepped into the man’s presence seemed to amplify.

“I am a man too, my friend, and I can easily understand how what the lady intends you to become for her would prove… emasculating.”

He shrugged, as if to say ‘It’s out of my hands’.

His next words saying just that.

“In my profession,” he went on; “especially in my profession; a man’s word must be as lasting, unbreaking and eternal as the Great Wall that dissects my homeland. It is a word I have given to Mrs Devi and one from which I will not deviate.”

As Hampshire’s eyes lowered and his shoulders followed; a smile that was part compassion for another man who found himself in such a shameful and irrevocable position, and part pleasure at seeing a native of possibly the world’s most despised race of people brought so low.

And by a woman far below his looks and station, from a region of the world not far removed from Lau's own.

"Besides which," he began again, in a soothing voice which held out hope and yet, in actuality, offered none, "even if I were to sully my word and good name, how would you possibly find the sum you owe me?"

Hampshire's eyes came up with a measure of renewed optimism:

"I… I'm sure I could persuade my wife to forgive me and sell our house. That would give me more than enough…"

"You have not spoken to your wife…" Lau broke off to study a printed document on his desk, "…Sarah… since my people escorted you here, I am told?"

"No, but…"

"As we are speaking now," Lau spoke over him, "so is Mrs Devi speaking with your wife… as I believe she intimated to you."

For the first time since leaving the playground, Hampshire found himself on the verge of tears and only the presence of the man opposite prevented it – knowing as he did that the oh, so, charming Chinese thug would see it as yet another example of his weakness.

"Having already seen the contents of the dossier Mrs Devi sent across to her – and some rather explicit photos of your good self and a number of women who are not, it is obvious, her; "Lau told him, "do you really think… Sarah …will be of a mind to come to your rescue?'

Hampshire thought about it as his host finished:

"Even if such an option were available…"

Five



“Fuck him” cried the attractive blonde woman in her mid-thirties, voice halfway between a sob and volcanic rage.; splendid legs in tanned nylon crossed as she sat on the sofa in the home she owned and took in the Anya’s news concerning her husband.

At first she hadn't been inclined to believe it.

Until Anya Devi asked her what reason she thought the employer of her husband might have for lying in such a way.
"I wanted you to know before I took steps against him," Anya told her. "I realise it is a lot to take in so suddenly. Especially when one believed one was in a committed relationship with a faithful partner.

She shook her head, long hair coloured a kind of grey blonde that seemed just right for her forty-five years, shapely legs with pronounced calves still crossed with one foot dangling a heel from its toes as she gave her husband's faithlessness some deep and – Anya prayed – vengeful thought.

Her prayers would not go unanswered.

What she got instead was deflation, as the woman's spirit seemed to exit her still trim body and her voice, when it finally came, seemed to replicate the leaving:

"I… I suppose I always had a suspicion he was seeing…"

Her expression suddenly took on a more… *implacable* …expression as she added:

"…Even if I had no idea about his gambling."

Nodding, Anya had taken her hand in her own, consolingly.

"And why would you, Sarah? This is a man you loved. Why would such a true heart as yours even consider such a possibility? It is the means by which inferior men have manipulated superior women since the beginning of time."

The older woman nodded, grateful that this younger Indian woman she had met only once, and heard only the most derogatory comments about from her, now, faithless and importunate husband's lips, could show her such consideration.

Which went no way to helping the pain of betrayal fresh in her breast.

“It is that fellow feeling for a sister used so badly,” Anya went on, “which compelled me to seek you out first before turning your husband over to the authorities and having the disgrace he has heaped upon you made public.”

Eyes moist, Sarah Hampshire could find no other response but to shrug and the younger woman felt her heart go out to her.

If ever she had been possessed of doubts about the moral rectitude of doing what she was about to do to this good woman’s husband; those doubts were now consigned to the garbage.

If the man she had set her sights on could behave in such a way towards a woman of Sarah Hampshire’s intelligence, good looks loyalty, and obvious sexual attractiveness, then he was utterly deserving of the noose she intended to place about both his neck and his faithless cock.

The underpinning of the woman’s own intent in regard of her husband causing her to reach out and lay a grateful hand upon the Indian woman’s own.

Then, in a doom-laden voice ripe for the carrot, she gave her husband’s Indian boss the opening she had been seeking:

“Not as if I have much say in it now, is there?” said the betrayed and formerly loving wife. “You have no choice but to hand him over to the authorities and I have none but to divorce him and suck up the disgrace and the looks of pity from friends and family sure to go with it.”

Anya paused before answering:

“Hmm, perhaps not…”

Then, as the betrayed and angry wife of her prospective English chattel looked on with a mixture of hope and curiosity:

“…If you would give me a few minutes of your time I have a proposition of my own that may just prove to your liking…”

Six

"Your thoughts on the subject – on *any* subject - mean nothing to me," she told him."

It was three days on from his ordeal at the hands of Lau's men and he had spent two of them on his cot in the basement running a fever which meant, along with the throbbing coming from where his now absent toe had once resided that painkillers only eased for a short duration, he was unable to take up his new… *duties*.

Now though, fever broken and wound scabbed over, he was ready, she had told him, to begin learning what she would expect from him in terms of service from this point on.

"If I tell you to do something you will do it," she told him in a voice that seemed to him more authoritative, confident, and dismissive with each hour he passed in her presence. "No matter how unnecessary, stupid, or degrading to you it might seem."

Her unblinking eyes held his until, ashamed of himself, he realised he could not meet them on a level playing field and allowed his own to drop.

Missing the resulting half-smile of joy his small capitulation provided her.

"Take a long hard look at your foot and the toe it is now missing," she suggested, "if you doubt my resolve to have disobedience from you… *dealt with*."

She watched him swallow with some difficulty and knew he was doing just that, the condition of abject terror and near gratitude to be back with her after Lau's men had given him his first *"lesson"* not having lessened any under her constant reminders to him that it could be repeated if he did not meet her expectations.

Realising also, and far too late, that he was probably telling himself just how badly he had underestimated the younger Indian widow who had become his

boss after the death of her husband.

“You will do well to remember that you do not have a voice here,” she went on, rising from the chair at her desk to stand in front of a two-seater sofa reserved for guests - this as he stood before her in denims and a tee-shirt, without either shoes or socks.

She was wearing a short yellow dress that showed off her powerful legs and the feet she placed into black heels shortly before calling him to what she liked to describe as her *“home-office”*; aware that, as a woman, she simply did not exist for him.

Again, her normally serious and unsmiling face creased with a brief and tiny sign of her pleasure.

“I might not exist for you like that now, you English dog,” her vengeful thoughts exulted, *“but we’ll see how you feel once I have your cock all nice and secure in its cage and the key around my ankle on a chain.”*

“I fully expect it will take time for you to get used to the idea but, from this point on and unless it is an emergency, you will not speak in my presence without my express permission.”

Stunned eyes came up to hers at this but could not meet her gaze for long as, once again, she exulted in the degree of control – thanks in part to Lau and her agreement with him – she was beginning to exert over this handsome man who ticked *all* her boxes.

“I will require both practical and symbolic evidence of your commitment to me,” she went on. “And, though you might not believe it right now, you will soon become accustomed to serving me and showing me your respect as no more than normal parts of your role in my home… no matter how silly or unnecessary your thoughts might describe them to be.”

Having just told him that he was expected to place his lips upon the toes of her shoes as a sign of his submission to her when first entering her presence, she could well understand how readily his thoughts would describe such an

act as… *silly*.

Not forgetting: shameful, degrading, and emasculating.

All the above words of a kind she adored when applied to her new… *chattel*.

A *'chattel'* still coming to terms with the warzone that had been made of his life.

And with a great deal of help from himself.

Yet, despite the real and very real pain, during and afterwards, of having had a toe removed, Stephen Hampshire could not help but feel he was having an out-of-body experience.

And one that was unpleasant in every way.

One moment he had been married to a woman who – cheating notwithstanding – he actually loved, living in a nice and almost paid for home with two cars in the drive and a secure and well-paid job. Sure, he was fucking other of women behind his trusting wife's back, but not once had these *"meaningless"* encounters lessened his feelings for Sarah.

Such was his self-delusion.

And now he was here. In the home of a warped bitch who was using his embezzling from her company he had fully intended to make good on – together with the drink-fueled gambling that had placed him in the hands of Lau – to make some kind of domestic servant of him.

Worse!

"Kiss her fucking feet?"

"You will not believe it just yet," she told him, taking a step towards him from which he instinctively flinched, "but, sooner than you think, almost your every waking thought will be devoted to pleasing your new Maalkin that

she might be satisfied with your service to her and consider giving you a… *reward*."

She could tell her use of the word *'Maalkin'* puzzled him.

"A *'Maalkin'*, by the way, means in your English, *'Mistress'*.

Her attempt at education was met by an almost imperceptible shake of his head as denial of his situation competed with its irrefutable reality.

"Neither will you believe me," she continued, fetching an object she had concealed at her back and holding it out that he might see, "when I assure you that, in the next few minutes – and unless you wish to keep company once again with those nice men in the employ of Mr Lau – you will be kneeling upon the floor with your hands clasped behind your back and your lips pressed to the toes of one of my nice shiny shoes."

Again, his head shook from side-to-side, this time with more exaggeration, as he tried in vain once more to rouse himself from this dream gone bad and succeeded only in depressing himself further when the scene in front of him did not change.

A rattling of the top-of-the range cock-cage she had ordered from the Leipzig factory renowned – in knowing circles, of course – for their manufacture saw him raise up his eyes.

The mixture of pure horror as it finally dawned on him just what it was she was holding in her hand, and what purpose she had in mind for it, set her already elevated pulse-rate racing to its summit.

"Then, when your lips have shown the same respect to my other shoe," she told him, unable to prevent the evidence of her own debased lust from colouring her cheeks, "you are going to kneel before me and ask, most sincerely, if I will make your English cock my possession and wear the key to it around either my neck or my ankle."

As his horror deepened, she took the opportunity to offer him what would

probably be the last decision he would make for himself in her service:

“I will leave you to decide which…

Seven

As her servant tried to sleep in his functional and without frills quarters below stairs, Anya Devi teased herself with delightful thoughts concerning the days events and just how things had been turned on their head in her relationship with the man she had once employed and now owned.

Completely!

Eyes wide open, and not missing a beat or breaking her rhythm as she slowly eased the humming vibrator over a clit engorged from a surfeit of sexual stimulation, her arousal became still more focused when she realised the next time her clitoris felt itself stimulated in such a fashion it would be the tongue of her *chastised* chattel providing the pleasure for her and not a battery driven facsimile of a man's cock of the kind she had no intention of ever allowing in her shrine.

It was, though, an effort to take things slowly and, even knowing the multiplication of her joy that would result from not rushing headfirst into the kind of dominion she intended to exercise over the man, it was all she could do not to hurry down to his quarters and order his handsome – and no doubt horrified – face to worship her brown arse-hole.

Effort or not, however, she won out. But not enough fro her leaking pussy *not* to require at least some attention.

And especially not after she had completed the final chapter of yet another work from one of her favourite writers, told in the first-person by the kind of English servant she fully intended Stephen Hampshire would become.

And more.

It was a work which, in most of its parts, resonated upon her soul with all the startling clarity of a bell in the hands of a gifted campanologist.

And from a writer who, ironically – if his bio was to be believed- not only appreciative and submissive towards the subcontinent woman, and in all her

forms – was not only well-informed in the ways of a man serving a woman but white into the bargain.

And English.

Revisiting the last few pages she had read as she guided the throbbing latex over her overheated labia and the near delirious clit quivering atop it, she allowed the words that recreated one of her most favourite and most revisited fantasies to take her already considerable heat to levels almost beyond molten…

"...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…

…Arousal triggered yet again by her recall of the text, Anya conjured up some more as she teased herself towards what she knew would be yer another earth-moving explosion…

...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 t o- 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 swiveled 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 I 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 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 without at least demanding DNA testing first."

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 substitutes 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, the command was given, 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 me 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 your 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.

Gradually at first.

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."

"Then…?"

"This is simply to ensure he never forgets just how much power we have over him."

Abhaya nodded and stepped forward.

"Stay exactly in that position 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 she came down from the incredible high of her favourite writer's words and the orgasm they and her own fingers had just provided her, Anya Devi asked herself if the fact she now owned her own tame and soon-to-be domesticated Englishman would impact upon her enjoyment of the fiction residing on her Kindle on the same subject

After all, experience was surely best when first-hand.

But then she thought of the content of those Kurt Steiner novels – from "The Inferior", to "Serving Sreelatha," to "Vincennes", and his latest and her favourite, "The Malkin", and knew that, though she might not read them as often, those titles and their contents would always be of interest to her at least as…

Reference.

EIGHT

"Do not make me angry," she snapped at the cringing Hampshire.

"You have been a good obedient boy for me since I last had to call Mr Lau and have his people… *speak* …to you."

Stephen Hampshire knelt behind her in the bathroom in a perfect storm of abject misery, his beaten face not inches from the brown arse his *Maalkin* expected him to serve – *after*, that is he had used his tongue to clean her freshly evacuated pussy of any residual urine she was not of mind to waste toilet-tissue upon.

And then there was the matter of the demeaning way she spoke to him and that, no matter how often she verbally emasculated him in such a way, he could neither ignore it nor become inured to her contempt.

That and the fact the only option available to him was to take it from her.

Unless…

The alternative being to take something else – or have it taken from him – by the people she had just referred to.

"Or do you require yet another lesson so soon after the last one you found so… *painful?*" she finished, giving her arse a little wiggle that he might be reminded of what she expected.

Grateful that, as she had insisted she never would – *"It was simply too gross; even for him"*; she had not evacuated at the rear, it struck him that simply doing as she asked and worshipping her backside in the way she demanded was a sight preferable to being used as her human toilet-tissue.

Sensing that he was again about to comply with one of her commands, Anya Devi allowed herself one of the smug and self-satisfied smiles that were becoming more and more common for her these days.

In fact, a number of her executives at work and some business acquaintances had remarked upon just how happy she seemed lately.

If only they knew, she would think whenever hearing such an observation.

Yet their observations were true just the same.

Life was simply wonderful for her.
She had the challenge and the wealth from her late-husband's business that was becoming unrecognisable in its success under her; and the even more fulfilling presence in that life of her very own English chattel.

The same chattel with his nose inches from her arse and about to swallow what small amounts remained of his pride to add yet another symbolic and highly arousing – at least for her – act of personal devotion to all the others she insisted upon from him.

Performed not only with intention of avoiding the consequences of disobedience, she knew, but in the hope she would finally pronounce herself pleased with him and unlock the cage and ring she had placed about his cock and balls over a month before.

Her lip curled cruelly at the reminder of his chastity and the fact he could no longer satisfy himself without her permission.

She jeered to herself:

"I wonder if he still finds me so unattractive now?"

They were thoughts not so far from his own as his nose took in the earthy perfume of her brown buttocks and he felt himself attempt to become hard in his genital prison.

Again, he felt sickened by himself as much as was with the perverted Indian bitch inflicting the humiliation upon him.

Could he really be having sexual thoughts about this abomination of a

woman who had stripped him of not just his life but what dignity had remained to him?

A woman he found deeply unattractive on both a physical and a spiritual footing?

Because that was what caused him most shame at that moment – not that the competing components were inconsiderable. Not the fact he had just used his tongue to lap at her pussy and make it pristine once again after she had defecated – though that was bad enough. But the fact that doing so and being so close to the womanhood she intended him to serve aroused him.

More importantly – and demoralizingly, it was the fact it was not a sexier and more attractive woman he thought about when making his failed attempt to become erect.

No.

It seemed imagination of the sort was no longer required.

The face and body he pictured as his caged manhood attempted to rage against its fetters was no other than that of the hated Indian bitch herself.

“Flatten your tongue and run it the length of Maalkin’s crack,” she ordered as he knelt below her, barefoot and fully clothed in the serving uniform she had chosen for him, abject and full of a self-hate for his weakness that was a match even for the hatred he felt for the woman above.

Almost, that is.

“Oh, my!” she sighed as the first-contact of his tongue with her buttocks mage a warm and moist contact as it swept from the bottom to the top of her crack, fingering the tiny key to his cage which dangled from a silver chain at her throat, almost as if she needed its solid validation to prove to her she was really living her dream of owning a real live English slave rather than fantasizing once more as she had in the past. “The ladies at the Temple would be so jealous if they were to see me now.”

She felt his wince at the mention of these ladies and recalled how shamed he had looked when she had insisted he serve them their tea, coffee, and biscotti's when it had been her turn to host the weekly coffee-morning.

She ran with the thought and decided to twist that particular knife a little more – and especially as having her white *"Manservant"* wait upon her sisters from the Temple who were really the only people she mixed with other than at the office – and she *never* mixed with colleagues and employees at the social level – had elevated her in their eyes. Eyes in which she could see the envy and, perhaps, even jealousy that she was in possession of such a handsome and *English* domestic.

If only *they* knew!

"I am sure your ears were burning when you served tea and left to go back to your place in the kitchen," she told him as his tongue continued to sweep the length of her buttocks, knowing better than to stop before he was given permission. "All they could talk about was how handsome and well-trained you were and how unusual it was to find an Englishman of your age and looks willing to serve a young Indian woman such as myself... A few of them even asked if you were available to serve at various gatherings of their own."

The attentions of his tongue at her rear did stop for a second or two as she felt him flinch at the prospect, and she was about to reprimand him when his tongue again found the crack of her arse and swept its length.

"Good boy," she praised him, loving the words that fell from her lips to underline her own power over him and the level to which he had fallen.
"Of course," she went on, "I was non-committal on the subject and even now am undecided…"

Leaving her train of thought unfinished, she made him wait, savouring the feel of his tongue against he skin as she imagined how mortifying he must find such a service.

Then:

“What do you think, Stephen?” she asked, her use of his first-name, far from inducing a feeling of familiarity, having a kind of finger-snapping quality to it, as if she were asking a waiter if he recommended the fish-of-the-day before ordering him away to fetch it. “Is that something my good boy would like? To make his Maalkin proud by serving her friends the way he serves her?”

There was no answer and, twisting around slightly while supporting herself with one hand upon the recently vacated toilet-basin, she cuffed the top of the older man’s head as if he were a disrespectful child.

“What did I tell you?” she demanded, loving the way she could treat him in such a fashion and be in no fear of retaliation. “You are not to speak without first requiring permission by placing your lips upon my feet when we are alone. But, whenever your Maalkin asks you a question, you are to respond… Or are you too stupid to understand even that simple instruction?”

“N-No, Maalkin,” he began in a voice croaky from lack of recent use. “I… I’m sorry.”

She waited, until, taking a handful of his hair in her hand and tutting as she gave it a twist:

“And…?”

It took him a second or two to understand.

“Y-Yes, Maalkin,” he began, wincing from the contact and again fighting back the urge to slap her senseless while finding his fear of the consequences should he do just that aided his restraint immeasurably. “I would like to make you proud.”

Her manner changed instantly as fought the urge to vomit over the buttocks resting not inches away:

“That’s my good boy,” she said, adding to the indignity of her patronising

words by releasing her grip on his hair to ruffle it as if she were supplying him a reward. “I shall give it some thought. Though I must say I do not like the idea of allowing you to serve others – even if it is only in a domestic and waiting-on situation.”
She gave it some thought, continuing to run her hand through his hair as he bridled beneath it and attempted to keep his hatred of her to himself.

Then, finally, and much to his relief:

“No. I am certain of it. I will not allow others to reap the rewards from my domestic training of you.”

Relief short-lived, he again bridled at her description of him as a *“domestic”* she had *“trained”* – even if she was factually correct.

Until she gave him something more immediate to get his self-disgust, anger, and revulsion, around.

Brown arse still in his face, he gazed back and down at him from over her shoulder, the sheer delight she took from the situation and the fact that his life was literally and entirely dependent upon her infusing her cheeks with a radiance that was almost enough to make her seem attractive.

Almost.

“Now, as you know,” she told him, “it is my intention that you become the most devoted servant you can be for me now that you have no other options in your life. As you also know, I intend that service to go beyond the more domestic and menial matters and extend to those of the physical also.”

The eyes below her staring into her own suddenly lowered them to the tiles of the bathroom, but not before she caught something in his expression she found puzzling.
Was that revulsion or excitement she saw flicker across those handsome cheeks?

A mixture of both, perhaps?

It was of no matter. Either or both together made no difference. She felt sure she could not feel more empowered.

And was wrong, as what resulted from her next words proved.

“You have already been made familiar with the scent and the taste of my feet – be they bare or in hose after a day at the office – and likewise the armpits you have been fortunate enough to bathe and soothe with that tongue of yours that is becoming so obedient.”

She saw his shoulders shake and, for a moment, thought he was crying; until she realised he was simply shrugging with incomprehension that he could hear such things and know they were aimed at him.

And, more pertinently, that he had actually *done* the things she described!

“You have also become familiar with the taste of my urine and accept it as one of your duties to clean me after I have emptied my bladder.”

Becoming reflective, she decided to share her thoughts with him:

“In fact, it pleased me at how quickly you accustomed yourself to serving your Maalkin in such a way.”

The short and almost barked laugh she aimed down and over her shoulder at him was not of the inclusive variety.

“Almost as if you were born to serve her in such a way,” she said, again ruffling his hair to ensure he knew his abject and servile submission pleased her.

Of course, had she been able to picture the piano wire his thoughts were using to strangle her, she might have been alarmed.

But not too much.

He was fixed in her thoughts now as no more than a doglike thing she owned. Craven and unresisting of her dominance. The likelihood of him having the nerve to confront her and virtually put an end to what remained of his own worthless life was so remote to her as to barely register.

“Before I retire to my bedroom and you are allowed to show my superior young pussy how well I have trained it to please me, there is the small matter of that other intimate place with which your eyes, nose, and tongue, have yet to be familiarised.”

It took a few seconds for her meaning to become clear.

When it did, the eyes he raised to hers could not have contained more in the way of horror and repugnance.

“Fortunately for you,” she went on, as if trying to cheer him up, “your Maalkin is most meticulous when it comes to her anal hygiene and she is very clean there.”

If she had expected this bonus to perk up his spirits there was no sign of it upon her chattel’s horrified features.
Then turning her head back to the fross, Anya Devi simply reached back with both hands, spread her buttocks to reveal what was, as she had said, a pristine butthole, and ordered:

“I want to feel your tongue inside my shit-chute and I also want to feel that you know the honour being bestowed upon you – if you know what is good for you.”

Hampshire felt the tears he had been fighting back begin to stream down his cheeks as he stared at the *“shit-chute”* into which he was expected to place his tongue and knew now what people meant when they said they were at the end of their tether.

Knowing also, as the tip of his tongue protruded from his mouth and made ginger progress towards the disgrace awaiting it, that he would *never* have the courage upon reaching that tether’s end to take that last irrevocable step.

The sigh of the deepest pleasure and conquest that left the lips of his Maalkin as his tongue made entry into her most intimate place was, he knew, the death knell of his life as a man…

*****

It was some hours later, the man she now considered both her slave and her property sent to his cot in the basement, that Anya Devi drifted into a sleep that, far from deep and dreamless after having experienced one of the most profound orgasms of her life – and without her clit or her pussy once being touched – was excitedly restless as her ever-eager need for domination suggested even more scenarios likely to satisfy it.

A *"need"* that was, once again, about to be given yet more scope by the words of her favourite author…

"…It was the first time he had been out in over a month and he was nervous; not just at having to drive for the first time in a long time, but at actually having to leave the four-walls within which he had existed after so long a duration.

The thoughts running through his head were at odds with the growing submissiveness he had been showing back at the apartment to Samira, Tapani, and the gorgeous shemale with the huge cock who took such delight in making a straight man such as he perform for him/her in the most debasing ways imaginable.

It made no difference that, with his shaved head and dressed as he was in the formal black garb of a chauffeur to wait for Ms Samira outside the upmarket restaurant in which she dined, he was almost unrecognisable from the man he was.

The thought that someone, anyone, might see him and remember him from the days when his own chauffeur waited for him as he dined made him edgy

and nervous. The fact they were in the centre of Kolkata and what passed for its upmarket shopping and dining area made no difference. He had been a continent hopping powerhouse of a business man, well-known to the media.

It was not old associates alone who might recognise him.

Of course, the last time he had been out, a month and more passed now, it had been to make good to Samira's promise to Tapani that he would chauffeur her protégé and his supervisor to the village where she had been born that she might lord her new position over the peasants who had looked down upon her when she had been one of their number.

It had been an excursion he found easier to bear than driving Samira –Ms Samira- to an upmarket purveyor of haute cuisine and wait outside as she entertained, or was entertained, by a person or people unknown. At the shit-heap of a village from which Tapani had managed to escape, at least he had no need to worry on such a score. Even as a chauffeur his standing was so far above the wretches he observed there he was in no danger of being recognised or, if he was, abused for his former position and, strangely enough, he had enjoyed seeing Tapani find closure as those same wretches who had made her life such a living hell fawned and kow-towed to her as if she were the living embodiment of subcontinent aristocracy.

But this was different.

Outside that restaurant, waiting for his young female master to appear and forced to stand guard by the Turbo Bentley she had forced him to purchase, sun blazing down upon him in the stiff chauffeur's outfit she had chosen for outings such as this, he was constantly on edge.

And, of course, watching people go about the life he himself had once had –if at a more elevated level than those passing-by- he was forced onto his own thoughts.

Yet another factor contributing to his edginess and discomfort.

Hardly surprising, after all, that left to his own devices he would start to ruminate on, and marvel at, the events that had led him to his current position.

It was, when surrounded by everyday life and not extending the service that so perversely energised him to his three superior within the walls of the apartment he nominally part-owned with Samira, that the position of flunky he had allowed himself to be allocated filled him with a sense of wonder that he, Vincent Vincennes, could accept such a condition.

From directing the lives of others –and amongst them people of no small wealth, power and ability themselves- his life now was one of service; at all times of day or night he was available to the three –make that two-and-a-half- women with whom he shared the apartment; though Samira was the main focus for them all.

His day alternated between domestic and sexual service and the way he was expected to deliver that service was both rigid and ritualised and his training in the delivery of it overseen by the growingly confident Tapani who now saw him as less of a man and more of a functional animal for whom she had responsibility and control over – even if his dehumanisation in the young Indian girl's eyes did nothing to prevent her enjoyment at receiving his dog-like tongue in her pussy or, more often, shit-chute.

And she was not alone.

Nothing, it seemed, gave the abomination named "Asha" more pleasure than to force the older man to worship before her "advanced Indian cock". Part of the delight the shemale took from forcing him to serve coming, Vincennes knew, from the realisation he, Vincennes, hated both it and himself for doing so. Recently, the gorgeous, if hateful, abomination had taken to have him kneel before her open legs and have him kiss and lick her exposed and hairless cock and balls as she spent an hour or two before the television and the Bollywood musicals he/she loved so much.

The sun blazing down upon him as he stood in that busy street and waited

became all the more stifling as he dwelt on the indignities of having to serve such a creature.

And then there was Samira…

Ms Samira.

Despite his self-loathing for what he had allowed himself to become, Vincennes knew the instigator of his fall was a virus in his system no firewalls or updates cold ever have either protected him from or eradicated from his mindset.

When he was on his knees before that glorious pussy after having paid requisite attention to the exquisite lower extremities that had been the origin of his downfall, or losing himself in the magnificent eyes that did so much to mitigate the unprepossessing features of the face itself, he could not shake the suspicion that he was exactly where fate had intended him to be from the beginning.

"It was a suspicion that grew stronger every time he prostrated his body and soul before her.

And, strangely, it was a suspicion and an acknowledgement that made his situation easier to bear.
Somehow, the load of domestic chores that had now fallen to him and he had been taught to excel in by Tapani were made easier to bear by his acceptance.

Also, the deep sexual satisfaction he received whenever Samira or Tapani – never Asha who was not given access to his cage and, it seemed to him, was beginning to bore the two girls- released his ever urgent cock from its captivity and allowed him to hump their leg or took its length between their pantyhosed toes to bring him to a climax, was of such an elevation he felt he was looking down at the Himalayas.

What was especially pleasing to him –though he knew he would never be anything more to her than a dogsbody and, yes, a slave- was that Samira was abusing him less and less and actually had moments of fondness towards her domesticated white man.

All in all, when he gave it thought -and though she now had durable power-of-attorney over his affairs- she had not overly abused her position.

If anything, she was rather cautious and clever with his money and it was a knowledge that made him feel warm, telling him as it did she had not seen him simply as a cash-cow to be milked and, in her own deeply perverted way, had feelings for him.

The thought made him smile and he realised he was hardening in his captivity as he pictured his female master. The usual reaction whenever he considered the girl at length – not to mention the acts she forced him to. His old life was truly over now and, as Tapani had advised him, if he wished to have any kind of life worth having in the future he would do well to embrace the reality of both his servitude and his need for it.

His servitude to the two women, that is.

Asha was another proposition entirely.

Even now, he had to acknowledge, things were all the better for him for having made an attempt to follow Tapani's guidance and soon, he hoped, the shemale would be history and it would be just the three of them in the apartment.

Vincennes nodded to himself at the rightness of the girl's advice; given the position he was in and knew he had not the strength of character to extricate himself from, it was advice that made sense on every level.

It was at that moment, conscious decision to jettison the pain received by constant returns to the past made and feeling better for it, that he saw Samira exit the restaurant and hurried to open the back door for his master, not

realising she had company.

'I hope luncheon was acceptable, Ms Samira,' he offered as taught before standing aside to allow his young owner access to the car's luxurious and immaculate interior.
It was only when he straightened to let her past that he came face to face with the very past he had just decided to jettison.

The woman was looking at him with a look of complete and utter shock and he returned that same look with compound interest before Samira intervened:

'Don't be rude now, Vincent. You know I do not accept rudeness from you. Be polite and say hello to my new friend.'

Unable to make saliva, let alone speak, Vincennes' mouth worked but emitted no sound.

It was left to his Indian master's friend to rescue him.

'Hello, Vincent,' said Marianne…"

…Still half-drowsy from sleep, Anya Devi smiled the cat-like smile of one who had just found yet another way to torment a helpless victim.

She would call Sarah first thing tomorrow and arrange for her to visit.

The last thing she visualised as drifted back to sleep was the abject and demoralised face of her English flunkey when he realised who would be coming to see him again.

And in ways far more humiliating than upon her first visit…

EPILOGUE

After her first visit where she had, of course, known beforehand that he was now her manservant, Anya was more than aware -and how could she not be? – that Sarah had no real idea of the true level of her former husband's service to the woman who had, to all intents and recognisable purposes, *indentured* him to her.

Anya had deliberately kept her first visit as low key on the domination front as possible and only made sure to let the cheated upon and still angry wife see that her husband was not benefiting – unlike her - from either his faithlessness, his gambling, or his fraud.

The delivery of curt orders her manservant was under strict instructions – and a sobering warning of future consequences – to obey had gotten that particular message across and, by the time Sarah had left on that first visit she seemed not only comfortable with Anya's control over the man she had once loved but happy to know he was thoroughly miserable in his new role of flunkey to a far younger Indian woman.

This second meeting would be slightly different, however.

Today, Anya intended to show her new friend a little more of Stephen Hampshire's physical submission to her, and it would be the older English woman's reaction upon first seeing her one-time lord and master more fully in his new role that would determine Anya's own and just how much she was prepared to let her new friend see.

Or, to be more precise, just how much she thought the woman who once loved her chattel could *bear* to see.

"How did I tell you to welcome my guest?" she asked, voice martinet-like as Sarah, dressed in a cool white shirt, black skirt with matching heels and sheer stockings, stood by the sofa and looked on, puzzled.

"Forgive my servant, Sarah," she went on as he stood red-faced and demoralised before his former wife and his new owner. "There are times

when he still considers himself a man and attempts to behave like one…"

Her features hardened as the fascinated ex-wife looked on transfixed by the way she was dealing with her formerly husband.

Transfixed and *very* wet.

"Do it now!" she snapped at him and the woman who had once been his marvelled at the way he flinched under the young Indian woman's words – almost as if he had been struck.

Her amazement – along with her wetness – was about to be taken to another level as her one-time husband, a man protective of his masculinity and any perceived insult towards it, suddenly lowered his head and came further into the room until he stepped before her.

Thinking Anya had ordered him to offer an apology for his treatment of her and waiting to hear what he would come up with, her former love for him no more than vague memories now his signing over of the house and her trust fund had made her an independent woman able to enjoy lovers far better endowed and more talented than him, Sarah drew herself up with a forbidding look and waited to hear his apology.

What she got instead threatened to make a swamp of panties that were already considerably damp.

As she looked on, still waiting for his verbal and, no doubt, grovelling request for her forgiveness, she was stunned when he dropped to his knees, placed his arms behind his back and then lowered his head to the pointed toes of her black courts and placed his lips upon them.

Jaw dropping, she looked to Anya and saw only a smile of satisfaction for his obedience.

"Allow him to count to ten before he repeats the act of respect with your other foot," her hostess advised as Sarah savoured the feel of the grovelling man's warm nose against her instep.

Sarah could only look to her young friend with speechless delight, the sight of the man who had treated her so shamefully as he abased himself at her feet commanding a whole range of competing, delightful, and not experienced until now feelings from her.

“Words are meaningless from dogs such as your ex-husband,” she was told. “Far better to demand a physical example of his remorse.”

The younger Indian woman must have seen something in her older friend’s face that concerned her, for she was suddenly remorseful:

“Please, forgive me, Sarah. I had no intention to cause you distress,” she said, moving to with arms outstretched as if it hug her, sandaled feet coming to rest either side of the man with his lips still pressed to her guest’s toes as he counted and, no doubt, wished for the floor to open up and swallow him.

To her surprise, Sarah took her outstretched hands in her own and smiled.

“No, Anya,” she said forcibly. “You have no reason to feel bad. If anything I should be the one asking you to forgive me.”

“Forgi…? I… I don’t understand, Sarah?”

“For not thanking you,” Anya was informed. “Without your help and honesty I would still be married to this pig slobbering at my ankles as he fucked other women without my knowledge. I owe it to you that I’m enjoying my life so much without him in it any longer.”

She gazed down at the man who had once won her love and felt nothing but contempt for him.

“And to think, all this time he was a masochist who wanted a woman to ill-treat him. I don’t exaggerate when I say I can’t thank you enough Anya… Though, if I’m truthful, I’m a little disappointed that you would reward the pervert by giving him what he’s obviously wanted all along.”

For once, it was Anya Devi who was wrongfooted.

“You…? You’re not serious?”

She almost burst into uncharacteristic laughter.

“You mean…? You think he’s on the floor kissing your feet for forgiveness because...?”

Now she did laugh and it was Sarah’s turn to be puzzled.

“Your ex-husband, my good friend,” Anya began, “is now my servant and does exactly what I say for reasons that have nothing to with his liking for abuse from a strong woman.”

The forty-something blonde referenced the man with his lips still glued to her toes as her friend stood astride his uniformed body and asked:

“Then why?”

“That is simple, Sarah. He is where he is because he is terrified of prison almost as much as he is terrified of the man with whom he gambled and lost and what that man might have done to him, either in prison or out.”

“I still don’t understand.”

“I gave your ex-husband an option, Sarah: either he came here to live with me as my full-time servant, without rights or pay; or…”

“Or, what?” her friend came in, still trying to come to terms with what she had first thought was her ex working for the young Indian woman simply to pay back his debt to her – and working for her under such humiliating conditions.

“Or…” Anya began a little nervously, not knowing how the older woman might react to what she was about to say. “Or… Or I simply told the man holding his note that the deal I had arranged with him was off and your ex-

husband was his to do with a he wished."

"And what arrangement was this exactly?"

"The arrangement to pay back the note in installments until it was cleared and to… and to…"

"Go on…"

"And to… To pay him extra to ensure your former husband behaves in a suitably obedient and deferential manner during his stay with me."

There was a pregnant pause as the two women regarded each other, the man at their feet they had been discussing almost completely forgotten as both waited upon the other to speak next.

Anya, as it turned out, ordering the woman's ex-husband to fetch them both a nice cold glass of white and watching as he slithered on his belly from between her legs and scurried off to do her bidding without so much as a glance back to see is own humiliation reflected in their cold and implacable eyes.

"You…? You are angry with me?" asked a worried hostess, certain now she had misread the older woman and her anger towards the man who betrayed her and that she would insist she do the right thing and report him to the Police.

The woman's reply seemed to take an age to arrive but, when it did, it felt to the young Indian woman as if the sun had reappeared in the sky after a fortnight of black cloud and gone on to transform itself into the smile she saw break out on the woman's now radiant face.

"Not only am I not angry with you, my dear Anya, but I want to kiss you for being such a good friend and providing me with a payback on the bastard I would never have been capable of arranging on my own."

"You…? You approve?... I mean, you aren't bothered by the fact I treat him

as if he is the lowest of the low?"

Sarah's answer, it is true to say, was as the singing of demonic angels to the ears of her hostess…

*****

When Stephen Hampshire returned with their drinks after having dragged the task out for as long as he could, he had persuaded himself into the same frame of mind that had made Anya Devi so anxious just before she ordered him away for the wine.

Sarah had not seemed happy at what she had heard and he prayed enough of her former love for him remained to insist the Indian bitch put an end to his torment.

Entering with the drinks on a tray, he noted that Anya Devi had seated herself in a chair, while his ex-wife – looking more desirable to him than he could ever remember in her black skirt and stockings; not to mention the shoe with the dagger heel the toes of which his lips had just been pressed up against – was standing with feet apart and a thunderous expression he hoped was reserved for the bitch who had set her heart upon emasculating him.

A few sentences later and his hopes were dashed.

"So," the woman who had once been his and he had thrown away began, thunderous expression trained upon him rather than the fleshy face of her hostess, "you're finally where you belong in life."

Tears of disappointment sprang instantly to the eyes he turned to hers in mute appeal as he realised there was not a jot of sympathy in her for him.

"All that time," she went on, "acting the big macho man, when in reality you were just a naughty little boy waiting for a superior young Indian woman to give your life some discipline and meaning."

Her face was a sneer as she added:

“And, I like the world’s worst fool, fell for it.”

“Do not be too hard upon yourself, Sarah, He had many of us fooled at the office also. Had it not been for my accountant, and his discovery of the embezzlement your faithless former husband considered too ingenious to be detected, I too would have gone on taking him at face value.”

Sarah was shaking her head:

“I think it would be only fair to give you a half of the fee it cost you to have him investigated – given how much better my life is with him removed from it,” she said.

“Nonsense, Sarah. I will not hear of it. Your new happiness and fulfilment is my reward and I am only pleased and relieved that you are not angry with me for keeping his true position and the method required to ensure he remains from you until now.”

“Then you’ll be glad to hear I’m not only *not* angry but absolutely ecstatic that you’re making something worthwhile of the useless bastard.”

“Sarah, please,” he began to protest, about to declare his love for her and how even during his affairs it hadn’t once waned when his Maalkin sprang from her chair, grabbed a handful of his hair, and turned his face towards her that she might backhand him.
About to strike him again when he took her wrist in his and squeezed, eyes murderous with rage.

Rage which left her totally unmoved as she stared defiantly and threateningly into his eyes.

Then, when he simply stood before her with her wrist clasped in his hand, not knowing what to do next, Anya addressed his former wife:

“Sarah, my phone is on the side-table to your left. Would you be so good as to look in the Contacts under ‘L’. press call and then pass the phone to me?”

She had barely made it to the side-table when the wrist of her hostess was released and an entirely different dynamic dominated the room.

“P-Please, Anya… I… I… mean… Maalkin,” began an instantly terrified Stephen Hampshire, his instant capitulation halting Sarah in her tracks as she watched her once powerful and manly ex-husband all but curtsey to her Indian friend, so great was his terror of what would happen if the number in her mobile-phone were called. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to… to…”

“Continue,” said the authoritative young woman in a voice and posture of control Sarah was seeing for the first time and found most impressive, this as the man who she had once considered her own flickered shamed eyes across to her for what he was about say in front of her.

His lips worked but nothing emerged, his pure shame at having his former love witness the craven and gutless way he was about to act towards the Indian bitch who had just slapped him robbing him of speech.
Speech the *“Indian bitch”* knew only too well how to restore…

“If you have something to say that might persuade me to show leniency for your atrocious and disrespectful behaviour, I suggest you say it now or I shall make the call and have you dealt with.”

Seeing him already pale with terror, Sarah watched as pale became an even whiter shade.

“And you know what to expect if that happens,” her hostess informed him.

It was enough.

The presence of his ex-wife or not, the floodgates of his fear were released:

“P-Please, M-Maalkin,” he began, voice a pitiful facsimile of the manly baritone Sarah remembered. “I’m sorry for my behaviour. I promise it won’t happen again. Just give me another chance.”

Anya Devi sniffed dismissively, panties waterlogged by the opening of floodgates of her own.

“It is not me you need to convince,” she said. “I will punish you for your disgraceful behaviour later anyway. For now it is your beautiful and long-suffering former wife you need to persuade if the call is not to be made.”

His eyes went to Sarah’s and he saw nothing but a gloating triumph in them.

But pleaded with her just the same:

“Please, Sarah, I…”

“Ms Sarah,” his Maalkin corrected him, much to her guest’s delight. “Show some respect.

“M-Ms Sarah,” he began again, too lost in his own fear of Lau and his men to allow something as small as shame and loss of face to prevent him. “Please accept my apologies for my behaviour and… and everything else.”

“Not very eloquent your servant is he?” Sarah remarked.

“He is still at the training stage,” the Indian woman who effectively owned him replied.

“Hmm, well,” Sarah said thoughtfully. “I suppose I forgive his misbehavior this once,” she conceded, placing Anya’s mobile-phone back in its place.

Her ex-husband’s relief must have bee visible from the Outer Hebrides.

But he wasn’t in the clear just yet.

“So long as he shows me just how contrite he really is and promises to make me proud by obeying his Maalkin to the letter from now on.”

A silence fell over the room as they awaited his response.

He looked from one to the other of them in mute appeal and received exactly what he had expected.

Nothing.

Neither sympathy or empathy.

“Well?” demanded his Maalkin, mistakenly thinking he was waiting for her permission to speak when really he felt as if he must be sick if he attempted to speak.

A risk he was soon forced to take.

“Y-Yes, Sarah… I mean, Ms Sarah… I promise.”

Sarah pretended to think it over.

Then:

“Very well, I accept your apology… without in any way forgiving you for your treatment of me.”

Excruciating emotional pain or not, his relief was again obvious.

Until:

“It is not enough,” came the hateful Indian voice he detested with every fibre of his being. “He must also show you how contrite he is.”

Her eyes turned themselves upon him and scorched a hole into his defeated manhood.

“Crawl to Ms Sarah and show her your contriteness by licking her stockinged feet like the abject dog you are.”
To Sarah’s wonderment, there was no hesitation on his part and she truly wondered how she could ever have seen such a wretch as a man.

And a man, moreover, she had allowed to ride roughshod over her for the entirety of their married life together.

“No,” she said suddenly, the irrefutable evidence of his treachery to which Anya had introduced her again flashing across the back of her eyes and reducing her vision to a red-mist of anger.

Anya gave her a questioning look and the staccato sharpness of her tone halted Stephen Hampshire within inches of the hosed feet he was about to lick.

To the surprise of both hostess and former husband, she rested a knee upon the sofa, stretched out a long and shapely stockinged leg, and raised her skirt to reveal the smooth skin of her powerful thighs and the panty-clad arse above them.

“I think it would be more fitting,” she began in a manner close to the heart of her hostess – and about to become even closer – that it would be more fitting if he showed me how sorry he is for his behaviour by licking my arse instead of my feet.”

Below her, and in spite of himself, the former husband felt a stirring at the waist and realised that once again his shame was fighting a battle with an excitement he found as powerful as it was utterly emasculating.

Then, just as he had scrambled to his knees as taught and placed his arms behind his back; he heard her address the bitch who owned him:

“After that, when I’m satisfied he’s shown my arse the proper respect, I think I’d like to see his little cock in the cage you have locked on him…”


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