The Malkin

Dominant Subcontinent Woman/Enslaved European Male

By
Kurt Steiner

FDC

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PROLOGUE

The four women seated around the dining-table, attention shared between the stunning views across the Thames from the penthouse apartment and the equally as satisfying meal they had just finished, each had common ground between them.

All four were either divorced or widowed and they all ran relatively successful businesses throughout the London area.

They were also, with ages starting in the thirties and ending in the early forties, naturalized British citizens from the Indian subcontinent; brought together by being that rarity in the local business world: an Indian female who employed both those of her own race and those of her adopted country also – with all the indigenous resentment that came with the phenomenon.

Hardly surprising then that they would have found common ground with each other after having met at their nearest Temple. And especially when they found their attendance, in each case, was based mainly upon ritual and family conditioning, rather than any devout beliefs of their own. All four having shared *less* than comfortable upbringings in the more deprived areas of their homeland before marriage had changed both their geography and personal situations. Each of them having arrived in the country by dint of an arrange marriage to older, unattractive and quite desperate, Indian men they had either used the law to remove from their lives or been delighted to have nature perform the service for them.

Although each of the of the four had eschewed the costumes of their homeland for a more… *European*… look, it must be said that none of them were what might be described as *"eye-candy"*. Despite a relatively youthful age-range, an uninvolved observer asked to guess their professions could have been forgiven for plumping for that of Indian schoolteachers. And; given their prematurely matronly, if not unshapely, bodies; schoolteachers from a more strict and authoritarian past at that.

For three of them, it was a first visit to the apartment of their hostess, Nadwa Johar, and each of them were suitably impressed as they ate, drank, and conversed in their native tongue, free of the heavy accents that still accompanied their speaking of the English of which each had an excellent command.

"I must compliment you once again on your apartment, Nadwa," gushed the youngest of the four friends, Aami Choudhary, the owner now of a small chain of tobacconists after taking advantage of the more equitable British laws on divorce and shedding an older husband who had served his purpose. "The views are simply stunning and it is so much quieter than my own apartment in Deptford."

"And so very tasteful," added the widower Kala Malhotra, the oldest but least well-off of the four with a local cleaning company she, like Aami, had stripped from her former husband. "The lighting and the pastel colours are so… relaxing."

Nadwa Johar basked in the praise and felt again that sense of disbelief that she could have come so far from such humble beginnings.

“You forget the most outstanding aspect of her hospitality,” the third of the women reminded her friends; a woman by the name of Warhi Bhandari who shared the same age with her hostess but was by far the most… *curvy*… of the women around the table.

“I do not think we will have much difficulty guessing what that might be,” smirked Aami, gesturing to the empty dessert dishes littering the table.”

There was laughter at this, as Warhi’s helmsman-ship of her late-husband’s catering company, thriving on the service of all kinds of Indian functions from Diwali to marriages; along with her eclectic love of food; made guesswork unnecessary.

“That food was simply divine, Nadwa. I must congratulate the cook you hired if he is still here, and offer him a position… If he can cook in the Indian way that is, and not this bastardised mess the English claim to be ours and love so much.”

There were expressions of distaste all around for what had become the UK’s favourite cuisine – but not, if the wistful looks that followed upon the faces of the three guests, for the handsome English chef himself.

“He is still here,” Nadwa confirmed, “and will be in shortly to clear away the rest of the dishes before washing and putting them away. “You may give him your compliment then. I am sure he will be thrilled to hear it – though I doubt you will have any luck in having him accept your job offer.”

Warhi nodded, regretfully, “Then I assume he works for himself. A sensible move. A handsome man who can cook so well is sure to be much in demand to cater events of any kind.”

“A handsome English face nature intended to spend much time between a superior Indian woman’s legs,” said Aami, a sudden lust transforming her somewhat plain and serious features; for, like her friends, her stay in the country had given her no cause to like English men – even if the country itself, again like her friends, was to her liking.

“Aami!” giggled Warhi along Kala. “You are impossible.”

Aami shrugged, “Perhaps. But I am also truthful. Even as you and Kala titter, I can tell you are both picturing his head between your legs as his tongue takes your hungry little cunts to paradise.”

The two slightly older women looked uncomfortable and Nadwa could not help laughing.

“Stop tormenting Warhi and Kala now, Aami,” she chastised, about to add something of her own when the man himself entered and his footsteps became made audible upon the highly polished wooden flooring.

“Ah, Daniel!” Nadwa Johar exclaimed, voice taking on an unmistakable an authoritative tone towards the handsome, and older by a decade and more, Englishman, his immaculate white linen tunic above form-fitting black trousers delivering a mixture of cook and waiter, while leaving the diners in no doubt he was there to serve them.

The irony of their respective positions, together with the reversal of their two countries history with each other, as obvious to the three guests as it was to their hostess, each of whom had a keen enjoyment of their homeland's past and found it simply… *delicious*… to be waited upon by such a man from such a country.

"My guests were just singing the praises of your culinary efforts," Nadwa continued as the ladies themselves focused their attention on the man she had addressed as *'Daniel"*

The older man, all attention on him, reddened at the cheeks and seemed flustered and uncomfortable. Up until now he had simply been thanked for his delivery of each course and had not been addressed in a way requiring a response. Now he seemed at a loss as to how to respond.

"Do you not think they should be thanked for their compliments, Daniel?" the hostess asked, prompting her guests to ask themselves if that was a rather obvious measure of… *chastisement*… they heard in her tone towards the older man.

"Y-Yes. Of course," the obviously uncomfortable man spluttered, acting for all the world as if her were a lowly Subaltern being taken to task by an all-powerful General. "My thanks for the compliments, ladies, and I'm pleased you enjoyed your meal."

There was no response from the three guests, each of them sensing an undercurrent between their hostess and her cook/waiter, this as the man Nadwa Johar had addressed as Daniel averted his eyes and began to clear the table of dessert, prior to fetching coffee.

"My good friend Ms Bhandari here, is most impressed with your work, Daniel," Nadwa pressed, sensing his discomfort and enjoying it almost as much as she exerted wielding her power over him in front of her obviously admiring friends. "In fact, she is so impressed she was thinking of offering you a position with her catering company."

"I… I…" he spluttered, looking up from his collection of the dessert plates with what the three women each described to themselves as a fearful expression.

"Now, now, Daniel," chided their hostess. "There is no need to be tongue-tied around my guests. Your work this evening has been excellent and Ms Bhandari is even thinking of offering you a position in her employ, so impressed has she been with your cooking and the respectful service you have provided. Is that not correct, Warhi?"

"Well… Yes, it is, Nadwa," responded the plump but curvaceous forty-something from the Uttar Pradesh; a little put out to be placed on the spot in such a way, despite her intentions on the man's behalf having been genuine.

"If, that is," she continued, "Daniel here is looking for a position of the kind?"

There were a few seconds of silence as four pairs of female eyes trained themselves on the Englishman waiting table for them and awaited his response.

If anything, the cheeks that had already been pink with embarrassment were beginning to sizzle at being the sole focus of the guests' attention.

Not to mention that of their hostess.

“Really, Daniel,” Nadwa Johar chided. “Anyone would think you are unused to conversing with women.”

“And such a handsome man too,” Aami added her thoughts, sensing Nadwa was tormenting the man and finding the prospect enchanting. “I hardly think the attention of women is something he is unused to – and certainly women far more beautiful than we four.”

“You are embarrassing the poor man,” said Kala, though it was obvious to each of the women at table that she too was enjoying the spectacle of watching the handsome Englishman being embarrassed by four ladies from a country once considered a personal fiefdom of his own. “Allow him to clear the dishes and return to his work.”

Needing no second bidding, that was exactly what the man prepared to do.

Until Nadwa Johar stopped him.

“No, Kala. I am afraid that will not do. Daniel here is in my service and there are proprieties to be observed. One of my guests has not only complimented his work but even gone so far as to offer him a position with her company. I think the least he can do is respond to her offer and show his gratitude.”

If it hadn’t been obvious to the three women before that there was a rather… *odd*… dynamic between their hostess and the handsome cook-cum-waiter, the realisation had taken root with their friend’s *“Daniel here is in my service”*.

And, if the looks upon their unprepossessing faces spoke truly, the dynamic they suspected was one they each found… *thrilling*.

“Well, Daniel?” Nadwa Johar demanded, drawing herself up in her chair, chunky but voluptuous body as rigid as the stern and avian features above them.

The man looked near to tears, hands shaking as he attempted not to let the cutlery grasped in them escape and fall to the floor.

“Do you wish to leave my service and take up Ms Bhandari’s offer?”

There it was again.

“Service.”

The three guests were as amazed as they were thrilled.

Each of them asking pretty much the same question:

What was going on between their friend that this older, handsome and - if his performance this evening had been any guide – capable, Englishman, would allow himself to be embarrassed in such a way before others?

So obvious to them was it that the man would almost prefer to be sucked from the room and be deposited in the waiting Thames below than stand before them so… *abjectly*.

A handsome and capable older man seemingly in awe of the fellow countrywoman and business-owner they called a friend.

"I…" he began, in a pitiful approximation of a manly voice that required him to cough into his hand twice before it took on greater volume. "I am grateful for your offer Ms Bhandari," he told Warhi under the watchful and excited eyes of her fellow guests. "But… But…"

His eyes seemed to beseech Nadwa Johar to spare him what he must say next, but her own eyes simply held his unblinkingly above a stern visage.

"But…" he began again finally. "But, I am very happy to remain in the service of my Malkin."

As the Urdu word that was the equivalent of the English *"Mistress"* impacted upon the consciousness of the three Indian ladies, and instantly translated itself into a kind of liquid electricity at the apex of their seated thighs, they were not to know just how shaming the man before them found his own words.

"Do not be too dispirited, Warhi," Nadwa told her stunned and highly aroused guest. "Just because he cannot serve you full-time it does not mean his Malkin cannot spare him from time to time to lend you his… *help*."

As his would be employer nodded her head, still too stunned to form words, she could not know that Daniel Saunder's thoughts had already raced back to that time, not three months before, when he and their hostess had been nothing more complex or humiliating than neighbours.

A time when she had simply been known to him as *"Nadwa"*.

ONE

“So, Daniel,” she began in a thick Indian accent that was almost impenetrable to me, although her command of my native tongue was excellent, “you work at home?"

"Yes. I'm a freelance writer. Amazon and Lulu opened it all up for me. So now I can write fiction and publish online without the bother of agents and publishers,” I told her, sipping the wine I’d just poured for us while trying to not let my next-door-neighbour see just how uncomfortable I felt in her presence.

And for reasons I could not explain to myself at the time.

“I know,” she said, totally at ease in my open-plan apartment with views over and across the river towards Greenwich, this as she tasted her own New Zealand Marlborough. “Royalties of around £5000 a month if this is regular.”

My mouth hung open. She was actually holding up one of the bank statements I still received, not, as yet, having gone paperless. And, to my annoyance, had taken it from the open top of my bureau while I poured the wine.

“That… That's my private mail,” I protested, a little disappointed that the outrage I felt for this invasion of privacy had come out so… *tamely*.

Nadwa Johar smiled.

Completely unperturbed.

As if she had already taken my measure and decided her own went way beyond the readings received in my regard.

Rising from my seat, not trusting myself to mouth any more less than persuasive rebukes, I tried to reach for the statement.

Nadwa held it out of reach, eyes hard, almost as if daring me to challenge her.

I felt like an intruder in my own apartment with this younger and – not to blow my own trumpet – with this woman who was not exactly a stunner and was not, physically at least, in my league.

When it came to mental fortitude these days, well…

I tried to assert myself just the same. I considered myself a tolerant man – too tolerant, according to my ex-wife, but there were limits. And, even allowing for cultural differences and the fact she had not been in England more than a year and had recently lost her own husband, such an uninvited intrusion into my personal affairs went way beyond my self-defined boundaries of manners and good-taste. If such behaviour was tolerated in the pink city of Jaipur where, from our few cursory conversations with each other, I knew she had been raised, then it certainly was not here and she would do well to realise that she was no longer living in the Punjab but in affluent London by the side of the Thames.

Not, or so I believed, possessing a racist bone in my body, the nature of my thoughts towards a neighbour I knew to have been raised in an environment only a notch away from being considered poverty, surprised me.

Even as I considered her breach of etiquette, I prayed that the opportunist braying of Nigel Farage, and the subsequent farrago (a relation once-removed of the man himself, no doubt) that had enabled Brexit was not having some kind of subliminal effect upon my own mindset. Though she had lived across the hall from me for a good eight months now, this was her first time in my home. And, if things did not improve markedly, it would certainly be her last – the geography of her birth notwithstanding.

"Do you always invite yourself in to a neighbour's apartment and then start reading their private correspondence?" I asked, hoping the mild rebuke would prove enough.

I tried again to reach for the statement but, and far from being discomfited by my obvious displeasure, Nadwa Johar simply swatted my hand away.

"A real man would take it from me," she said, the eyes staring into mine unblinkingly assuring me she was not playing some teasing game.

But it was the words and not the eyes that troubled.

The same words the woman who had been my wife not ten months ago had used when telling me her reasons for divorcing me and taking off with a man she had met online.

The same desertion, coming on top of having just lost my parents, that had seen me become a shell of my former self and require psychiatric treatment and nursing before I could again function with some degree of normality.

"Don't worry," the beloved wife who had morphed into a faithless bitch told me before leaving. *"My new man is a real man and has more than enough money to take care of me. You can keep what your parent's left you. All I want is half the equity of our house when you sell it."*

She was gone after that and I have not seen her since. One second I had thought I was happily married, the next I was forlorn and devastated. I was an only child and had no family to fall back on – especially as Marcia, my ex, had been insistent on not having children.

Not with me, anyway.

You can imagine the healing process was not made any easier for me when a visiting friend let it slip that Marcia had not only married her *"real man"* the moment our divorce was finalised and the house sold, but had become pregnant by him shortly afterwards.

"Wh-Why would you be so rude?" I asked. "Is that how your people brought you up to be? Or is it just natural?" My voice was croaky and unconvincing even to my own ears.

Still holding my eyes, and without rising from her seat, Nadwa placed her glass down and took hold of my wrist, before turning it over, and placing the statement into my own hand.

It was the first physical contact I had felt from a woman in months and I became erect; praying that the loose-fitting jogging bottoms I had been wearing when she came calling out-of-the-blue hid my disgrace.

It was, after all, embarrassing enough to respond in such a way at all; let alone towards a woman for who I was unaware of having the slightest attraction.

"Calm down, Daniel," she said patronisingly, as if pacifying an infant on the verge of a tantrum – despite the fact this infant at forty-three was some sixteen years her senior. "I just wanted to verify a suspicion I had about you."

"Suspicion?" I echoed, taken aback as I returned the statement to the bureau. "What suspicion?"

"Do not worry," she said, her smirk and the thick accented English accompanying it doing nothing to lessen my agitation. "It is not a suspicion any longer. I do believe I've learned exactly what I wanted to learn from you.

"What are you talk…?"

She raised a hand, imperiously, and, as if I were the guest and she the host, I fell silent, berating myself for my timidity as I did so.

I hated rudeness and the overbearing in people and she had just shown herself to be both.

And in *my* home.

"Sit down and stop hovering over me and I shall tell you," she said, oblivious or uncaring of my thoughts in her regard.

Angry, as much with myself for my weakness as at her, I returned to the sofa opposite.

"There, that is better," she told me, again in that irritating tone of voice she seemed to have cribbed from some Victorian governess she had watched on television or in a film.

She was sat with her legs crossed on my low leather armchair and was dangling a shoe from a bare foot. The leg above the dangling footwear was, I had to confess, shapely and deprived as I was of the real thing, soon deflected my thoughts away from her rudeness. Her toes were painted a blood red, which, contrasted with the dusky brown of her skin, seemed to me an apt choice of coloration.

My thoughts were accusing.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" they screamed/

“It is better, is it not?” she repeated in a cooing voice.

I remained silent, hoping my facial expression alone would give her pause and let her know I did not appreciate being treated in such a fashion in my own home.

It did not.

Or, if it did, seemed to deter her not a jot.

It would only be when looking back – though I feel a part of me knew it at the time – that I would realise my less than manly response to her was the green-light she required to press on with an agenda she had developed in regard of me from the very beginning.

“You keep a very tidy home, Daniel,” she said, still holding my statement between her fingers. “I like that.”

It took me unawares.

“Thank you,” I told her, fighting to hold on to my indignation. I was indeed proud of my home and the fact I did *not* live like a slob. Which did not mean she was free to be invited in and invade its privacy.

“My late husband was your complete opposite,” she went on. “For him it was a woman who should take care of such matters for a husband. To perform such household chores, he insisted, would make him less than a man.”

I sat and bridled, sensing her insult and continuing to wonder why I simply hadn’t just snatched my personal correspondence from her and told her to leave.

“Paavan was older than me and more… *traditional*… in the way he viewed how men and women should interact,” she went on. “Our marriage was an arranged one and, had it not been for the fact he was relatively wealthy, I am sure I could have persuaded my father to find another prospect for me. But there you have it. Paavan was interested in a grown woman and not a child and had decided I was for him. The wedding dowry paid to my father was quite considerable.”

Her lip curled and her eyes seemed to become pinpricks as she pondered the injustice.

“He was an ugly, mean and despicable pig no dowry, not matter how big, should have persuaded a father to part with his daughter.”

We sat in silence for a few moments and it struck me that it was impossible to tell who she was angry with most: pig of a husband; or mercenary father.

“Surely you could have refused?” I pointed out finally, her rudeness forgotten for the moment. “This is the 21st Century. We all have a choice.”

She laughed:

“You have no real conception of either my country or my background,” she told me. “Believe me, my life would have proved a living hell had I somehow managed to prevent my father accepting Paavan’s offer and have my extended family miss out on the money that would come their way from the… *transaction*.”

I nodded, feigning understanding of a way of life that was beyond my Westernised conceptions, my eyes magnetised towards her toes as they gently swung back and forth, though I had been aware of no attraction to her until this moment.

And certainly not for the somewhat avian and cruel set of her facial features; even if I was aware there was something... *authoritative*… in her bearing.

I tore my eyes away from her feet and looked up, “And what of now? Paavan is gone and there is nothing to keep you here. Have you thought of returning home at all?”

Her head shook slowly from side-to-side.

“This is my country now.”

“Really?”

“Really.”

“But you haven’t been here that long. Surely, you…?”

“There is not enough money on earth to persuade me to return home to live amongst my people back there,” she came in, the passion of her words ensuring I was required to concentrate upon the thick accent in which her English was spoken. “And especially not after having experienced life here. The poverty and ignorance I experienced growing up were not so painful when one had nothing with which to compare them… Now, however…”

She sipped at her wine and trained her eyes upon mine.

I felt uncomfortable and wondered why I simply didn’t just ask her to leave.

“I have become quite the Anglophile,” she told me proudly. “I even prefer the eclectic cuisine of my adopted country and seldom, if ever, eat or miss that of my own.”

She became suddenly thoughtful.

Of course, there are certain… *personal*… aspects of our Indian culture that I enjoy but, other than those, I am happy to remain exactly where I am.”

I nodded, so engrossed in her words and curious, as to exactly what it was of her own country it was that she missed, I had *almost* forgotten her earlier rudeness.

“To be an Indian woman of the status I held in my homeland is to have no power at all,” she continued. “Whereas here, I am now the employer of those people working for my late-husband’s Temporary-Staff agencies and hold a position of some importance.”

Again, I nodded.

“I have found also that exercising an amount of… *power*… over people is not something that displeases me,” she finished, eyes again holding mine as if to convey some extra meaning to her words.

Something lurched inside me, seemingly independent of myself, and suddenly I had the weirdest feeling. It was almost as if Nadwa Johar grew by a foot before my eyes. One second she was just my neighbor – and a rude one - and in the next she became...

What?

She had suddenly taken on a change in my perception but, for the life of me, I could not figure out the nature of that change.

Though the goose bumps at the back of my neck seemed to insist they would not be of a kind designed to make my life easier.

Taking her glass with her, Nadwa stood up and walked over to inspect some of the pastel prints of French Impressionists, notably Degas, with which I had decorated my walls. Stopping before one to lightly trace a pained nail – blood-red like those of her toes – over the form of a redhead in the process of brushing out her hair after bathing.

“You enjoy the female form, I see?” she commented, making reference to other artwork in the same vein that lined the walls.

I felt my face colour, embarrassed, despite having genuinely purchased the prints for reasons of aesthetics rather than lust.

She had reached my open bureau by this time, the same bureau from which she had removed my bank statement.

“Do you mind if I take a look inside?” she asked, placing her wine on the top of my filing cabinet and placing a hand on one of the drawers, in readiness to open it.

I half rose from the sofa, both stunned and outraged, when she halted me in my tracks.

And with no more than a simple:

“Please stay seated.”

“What?” I asked, not quite believing what I had heard

“I told you to please stay seated,” she repeated. No, *“asked”*; or *“if you’d mind”*; but a simple and direct order.

“Stay” seated.

Enough was enough, I was gathering myself, despite my revulsion for conflict, to rise up and show her the door when she smiled suddenly.

“I simply want to get to know you better,” she said; even injecting some warmth into the smile spreading itself across those avian and subcontinent features. “If I am too direct for your tastes, then I apologise. But it is not every day that a woman of my race and background is invited into the home of a handsome European. Forgive me if my excitement makes me bolder than you find… *seemly*.”

At just under six-feet and weighing in at around 185-pounds, with a face I had been told was appealing and a full head of hair still, I wasn’t exactly unused to female attention – even if I wasn’t the most courageous when it came to acting upon it – but, for reasons I still find inexplicable, the confirmation from her lips triggered my penis to erect mode once again; not a minute after the touch of her hand upon mine had inspired the last.

She was not, after all, the type of woman that usually… *floated my boat*, as they say.

And especially not that avian and predatory face she had made even more unappealing by scraping her blue-black hair from her face and tying it at the back.

Though I could do no more than confess that the body concealed beneath a severely cut business suit had a kind of… *powerful*… attraction.

“Fetch your glass over and we can look through your files together,” she said, still smiling, as if what she was asking were the most normal thing in the world to request of a neighbour one was visiting for the very first time.

To my amazement, conscious of my rigid cock as I did so, I complied with her request and, as I looked on, powerless it seemed to stop her or even raise an objection, she began to scan through the folders I had arranged so neatly in the drawers.

Then, finally:

“It is exactly as I expected,” she said, stunning me by running a hand over the front of my jogging-bottoms and giving my almost painful erection a brief squeeze.

“Not only do you keep an immaculate home, but your affairs are kept equally as neatly.”

I was torn between asking her why my orderliness was any concern of hers and pleading with her to return her hand to my inexplicably raging cock when she beat me to it and, in her heavily accented and utterly correct English, said:

“You are exactly the English gentleman of whom I have dreamed for so long. And, whether you believe it or not at this moment, you are going to make me very, very, happy…”

TWO

My name is Nadwa Johar. I am, at least in comparison to the family and acquaintances I left behind in the less than welcoming and sanitary area that had been my home in Jaipur, an affluent woman who runs her own company and abides in a spacious and expensive apartment upon the Isle of Dogs in London. Rather than dust and dilapidated dwellings, the view from my home, when I choose to take it in, is that of the famous Thames, with a retired tea-clipper on the opposite bank to my right and the familiar shape of the Millennium Dome – now a venue for entertainments – to my left. Behind our development rises the skyline of Canary Wharf with the restaurants, bars and upmarket shops drawn to the area in its wake.

That I owe my current and once barely imaginable situation to the elderly and deceased business man my family chose for me to marry, is not the cause of gratitude on my behalf. He was, to put it frankly, a pig of a human being and it was no surprise he was as friendless and unmarried as he was when my marriage to him was arranged. In fact, I am of the opinion that had he not died intestate then there would have been very little mention of me in any will he chose to leave. As it is, and though there were a number of legal hurdles to circumnavigate before his wealth and holdings became mine, I am now his sole heir and the owner of a number of agencies placing migrants in temporary positions of employment throughout the capital. Though exactly how my business will be impacted when Article-50 is triggered and the self-harming cretins of Brexit get their way I cannot say with any certainty.

Suffice it to say that, when look upon myself in the here and now, I see no connection to the patriarch dominated child of my schooldays or the young woman that child became before the arranged – and thankfully short-lived - marriage to the late-husband whose demise made my current prosperity and autonomy possible.

Whenever I stand before the mirror of my apartment's master-bedroom and take in the contours of the full and womanly body that belongs now *not* to a lowly Indian girl from a Jaipur abscess, it is hard not to marvel at the fact I am now a citizen of the United Kingdom who, far from being worried about deportation or unemployment, is the head of her own company and, more importantly for one of my background and… *tastes*…, the proud owner of her very own English servant.

And when I say *"owner"* I do not speak in either metaphorical or even *metaphysical* terms.

We will speak more of this soon

Of course, the face staring back at me these days, the same face that prompted so much petty cruelty towards me over the years, remains the same less than beauteous, even if it is strong and purposeful, visage it has always been. No amount of expensive and top-of-the-line cosmetics can change this natural edict. And neither would surgery, were I to even consider something I have always found risible.

We must make do with what we have been endowed.

And, if my happiness and contentment is a guide, I have certainly achieved more than I could ever have expected.

And yet, it has been the womanly curves below, so easier to spot now I dress only in a more… *authoritative*… style of Western fashion, that have helped to make the view awaiting men atop the shoulders irrelevant.

As an example, at an early age I noted that the merest glimpse of my shapely feet, concealed above the ankle by the sari and cheap cotton trousers my parents deemed de rigeur, could rivet the attention of certain men.

And my neighbour, Daniel Saunders, was certainly one of their number.

Explaining why I made him an offer, shortly after I had invited myself to his flat and been offered a glass of wine. This after I had satisfied my curiosity to see if he were truly the man of whom my beloved grandmother spoke when she told me shortly before her passing that, *"you will meet a man from another land who will be able to refuse you nothing, my pearl. He will be the instrument of all your fantasies and make your life complete"*. My grandmother, you understand, being considered something of a psychic within my family whose gifts I, for one, placed great store by.

But back to that… *offer*…

It was after I had already offended him by reading his personal correspondence and then, having satisfied myself that I had been correct in the first place and he was a man who responded to being led, that I became bolder and almost *ordered* him to take me through the drawers of his bureau – that I might be certain he was as neat and orderly as he appeared.

That he deferred to me so easily and seemed genuinely uncomfortable in my presence; despite the fact he had grown aroused beneath his bottoms when I had dangled a low-heeled shoe from a bare and very brown foot; only served to reinforce the suspicion I had held since moving in across the hall from him that he was indeed the man of whom my beloved grandmother spoke.

Which leads me to that *"offer"*, made after the last of the bureau drawers had been closed and he stood before me, mystified and uncertain, but *not* rebellious.

Yet.

"Would you like to kiss my toes, Daniel," I asked.

"What?"

"You heard me well enough."

"You're right. I did," he came back hotly, as embarrassed by my offer as I could tell he was humiliated to find himself responding to my effortless… *dominance*… over him; thoughts no doubt racing as he asked himself why he was allowing it.

And in his own home!

“And the answer is no.”

“Are you sure?”

“Yes!”

“Truly?”

“Absolutely.”

I simply returned to my seat and held a foot out before me.

“Be good now, and come and remove my shoe. I have been on my feet all day and they are aching. I will allow you to rub them for me.”

His face was an absolute picture of anger, revulsion, and, yes… *longing*.

“Are… Are you quite mad!” he asked, voice a croak and handsome cheeks – apologies, did I not say that he was handsome still, despite being in his forties? – a flaming red. Coloration that did not alter the important fact revealed in his expression that he found something… *appealing*… in my offer. Though, if I am to be fair, my own excitement, and for an entirely opposite reason, was probably no less evident.

“Perhaps I am,” I agreed. “But that does not alter the fact that it is obvious to me that you really want to kiss my toes. I saw how you were looking at them earlier and I am perfectly willing to allow you to show me your respect in such a way.”

I could see him struggling to frame a reply to something that I knew shamed and angered him in equal measure; rushing to fill the empty air that he might not fill it with something that would box him into a corner and be unable to take back.

“Just so long as you know that the relationship we share after you have done so will not be of a… *normal*… kind between a man and a woman – and especially not that of an Indian woman with an older Englishman.”

Despite the excitement lurking in his subconscious, he stared at me as if I had just grown an extra head to join the two that had been surprising him to this point.

“Re… Relationship?” he muttered, almost as if to himself, as if the possibility of involvement with a woman of my years, race, and facial appearance, was akin to that of a king with a female street urchin.

I nodded before surprising him again, growing surer with every passing second in regard of my ability to… *master*… him. “But only if I think you are worthy of the position I have in mind for you.”

“Po…? Position you have in mind for me?”

His posture stiffened and I could see him gather his resolve – though not without some difficulty.

“I… I think you should leave.”

My answer surprised him.

“No.”

“N-No?... Wh-What do you mean: no?”

“You are a writer,” I said, continuing to dangle the shoe from my immaculately and diligently pedicured feet – another expense I could make these days without a curmudgeonly husband to say nay. “It surely should not be too difficult to work out the meaning of my simple monosyllable.”

“But…?”

He drew himself up again, hoping to make himself seem imposing.

And failing dismally now that my earlier suspicions in regard of him and the insistence of my grandmother that I would eventually meet someone just like him had given me his measure.

“I would remind you that you are in my home,” he said finally, eyes still flicking glances at my painted toes, even as he attempted to remove me. “And I am asking you to leave.”

“Daniel, Daniel,” I clucked, almost pityingly. “We both know that you really have no desire for me to leave. Even as you stand there, so righteous and full of indignation at the behaviour of a woman so many years younger to you, your only true desire is to knee at me feet and show me the respect you know I deserve.”

His breathing was growing ragged now and I knew, just as I had been convinced I would, that he truly was the weak individual he appeared to be and that the extensive background check I had paid a reputable agency to make into his past had been worth every penny.

An only child of loving and over protective parents, themselves without siblings, aunts, uncles or cousins, he had been devoted to his former wife and had been utterly devastated when she had informed him of a long-standing affair. Devastation not helped any when she went on to tell him she intended to divorce him for her lover. He had even been treated for nervous exhaustion and received counselling for some time after before finding himself able to move on.

Except that he had not.

Moved on, that is.

According to the report, there was no sign of a meaningful other of the opposite sex in his life. Or even a female acquaintance to… *“take the edge off”* …so to speak.

He was, the agency's people had observed, far too timid and bereft of self-confidence in the social arena, to even contemplate making such a move.

His ex, it appeared, had all but emasculated him.

There had even been a botched attempt at a suicide that the agency had uncovered. It had gone unreported and, luckily for my purposes, was known only to the authorities. A happy anonymity that would prove most persuasive for me.

All of which explained the absence of friends, the non-existent social life, and the fact that, as he worked from home - and not an office where he was likely to interact with others – there was unlikely to be an improvement in the near future.

Perfect!

"I am exactly what your life needs and you know it," I continued as he stood goldfish-like and tried to frame some kind of forthright response. "Your life is organised but rudderless and you need to have someone at the helm. I, for one, have no intention of allowing you to waste yourself in such a way."

"But…? But you don't know me. Haven't the faintest idea of who I really am," he protested.

I simply smiled.

His eyes were taking on a faraway look now, as if he were expecting an alarm of some kind to fetch him back to the real world; a world in which he was not being gradually overmastered by a younger Indian woman who was simply not in his class when it came to looks, intelligence, age, or background.

Though he would soon find that younger woman was easily his master when it came to character and strength-of-will.

Not to mention, utter ruthlessness in the pursuit of a personal goal.

And especially when that *"goal"* had been dear to her heart for so many years.

"I am aware this is something of a shock to you, given we are only acquaintances," I told him, allowing my tone to become more… *inclusive*. "But my judge of character is seldom wrong and I know with certainty that you are exactly the kind of man I will find perfect for me."

"Y-You… You're making no sense," he stammered. "You said it yourself. You barely know me. What could you possibly know of my character?"

"Enough to know that you are a very lonely man with both low esteem and nothing in the way of confidence."

"Hardly a feat," he snorted, finding his feet a little. "I live alone, seldom, if ever, have visitors, apart from local tradesmen and supermarket deliveries, and I'm not exactly

talkative. You could just as easily have described me as shy and reclusive with a dislike of people."

I stretched my leg in his direction and my shoe dropped to the carpet, taking his eyes with it as it came to rest upon its side.

"Yes. I could have described you in just such a way."

I wiggled my toes and smiled to myself as his eyes followed the movement.

"But I did not describe you in such a way," I continued as he made manful attempts to meet my eyes. "And I did not do so because it would have been both inaccurate and dishonest of me to do so."

"Really, I must ask you to…"

"My grandmother on my mother's side, back in India, was renowned locally for having both second-sight and the ability to read character," I told him, not caring for the instant smirk that transformed those handsome features.

"A shame she could not have used it to take you and your family from the poverty you described to me earlier," he jeered.

Something in my eyes must have disturbed him for, immediately, he was apologetic.

"I… I'm sorry. That was uncalled for. Simply because you have been rude to me in my own home, there is no need for me to return the insult."

"Then you should be aware that it is not my intention to insult you but, rather, to educate you."

"You?... Are going to educate me, you say?"

I nodded, confidence in my ability to manage him complete and growing stronger with each passing second; knowing, as if he were a serf suddenly bonded to a feudal lord, that eventually he would do my bidding.

"And yet," he went on, outrage growing, "I'm to believe it is not your intention to insult me?"

"Precisely," I told him. "And if you can still your silly manly pride for long enough and listen to a younger Indian woman without feeling… *emasculated*... you may just discover there is a future waiting for you that is far more satisfying than this…"

I waved an arm at my, oh so well-organised, surrounding with undisguised contempt.

"…than this… orderly and lifeless existence you have fashioned for yourself."

I wriggled my toes and was gratified to see his eyes flick their way, almost as if they had a life of their own – I refer to his eyes, *not* my toes.

“Or are you so convinced of your inherent superiority over one of my race that you not only believe it impossible to learn from me but find it… *distasteful?*”

The dossier I had received on him had mentioned the fact he was a liberal – with both a small and a large “L” – and I knew such an accusation would sting him.

It did.

“That’s about as far from the truth as it could be,” he told me, eyes finally making it to the face I could see was nowhere near as appetizing to him as my breasts and lower extremities. “Race and ethnicity is a non-issue to me, and if you knew me at all you would know that.”

“Then why are you so set against my offer to help you?” I said, holding his frankly disbelieving stare unblinkingly.

“Offer to hel…?” he began, before I interrupted his train of thought.

“You are in pain for a reason,” I began.”

“Pain?” he almost whispered.

I nodded.

“You have been hurt,” I told him, preparing to use the contents of the dossier provided by the agency for my own benefit. “My intuition tells me it was a woman and that she took your love and devotion before leaving it – and you – behind with not even a backward glance, let alone a regretful thought.”

His expression was a mix of wonderment and suspicion.

“How…? How can you possibly know that?”

“Have I not explained already?” I said accusingly. “My grandmother was blessed with the vision and a measure of it was passed to me.”

He sighed long-sufferingly.

“Yes, I am sure it seems most fanciful and only to be expected from a native of a backward land. Though I would ask you to bear in mind that our civilisation was many, many centuries into its evolution before yours had even planted its first foot upon the ladder.”

“Look, hmm, Nadwa, I…”

“How else,” I rolled over him, “would I know of your woman’s faithlessness and disloyalty and the wreckage it has made of your life?”

“I…”

“How would I know that you have suffered other losses besides of those closest to you? That you have sought help for your problems and yet still find it impossible to move on? That you have issues of trust and suspect everyone and everything? Issues that have made it impossible for you attain the heights in your chosen career that your ability warrants?”

“Fanciful” or not, my knowledge of him was beginning to make him doubt his superior sense of what constituted reality.

“These *“gifts”* of mine that you doubt so much,” I went on, “also tell me that you have attempted to end your suffering at least once to this point.”

He almost gasped, so shocking was it to him to hear knowledge of his attempt falling from the lips of someone who had been an almost complete stranger not thirty minutes before.

“That is why I have decided to heed my grandmother’s words and the urgings of fate to take you under my wing.”

“Your…? Your wing?”

“Whether you believe it at this moment or not,” I told him, extending a foot towards him and arching it so the toes pointed directly at his face, “you are my man and I fully intend to direct your life from this point on.”

The conflict raging inside him was almost humorous to me and I would have laughed had cementing my dominance over him not been so important to me.

Never, in fact, had I felt so sexually alive as I had up until this point.

It was obvious that something within him – as I had been convinced it would - was responding to my take charge attitude with him; though it was equally as apparent that another part of him was on the verge of insisting the madwoman who lived next door vacated his apartment.

“Are you really so happy with your lonely, unproductive life,” I began, “that you can refuse the opportunity for fulfilment I am offering to you?”

Silence fell between us and I allowed it; knowing that the next response must be his.

And praying it would be so.

The, to the singing of my heart:

“Fulfilment how?” he asked in a voice cracked with emotion.

Rising I moved to where he sat, placed a single finger beneath his chin, and raised his eyes to mine; knowing exactly the word that were required to take me past the last of his defences and place him irrevocably on the road to his bondage.

Bondage to *me!*

“The fulfilment of knowing that you belong to someone who will *never* throw you away as if you were nothing more than a pile of offensive rubbish. Someone who will take pride in giving your life a purpose and who you will take a pride in pleasing. A woman who will *never* give up on you.”

Believing the moment right, I leaned down and placed a kiss upon his forehead, thrilling as he allowed it and almost feeling his inner self give way as he succumbed to my authority and the desire to have someone in his life.

No matter how authoritative and demanding she might be.

“Stand up, please, Daniel,” I ordered in a voice as compelling but non-threatening as I could manage, adding upward pressure to the finger still beneath his chin to initiate the process.

“Good boy,” I praised as he reached his feet and all but climaxed at the compliance and disbelief in his glance.

As well as the sense of humiliation keeping both company.

It struck me that he seemed half dazed almost. On the verge of swooning, in fact. That having his will overridden by someone who was not just of the opposite sex but of a different race - as well as a woman who would certainly not be regarded as a match in regard of looks, was striking a chord in a soul he had yet to realise, or at least acknowledge, was that of the born follower and submissive.

Making him accept his true nature, of course, had been my goal from the moment I had stepped into his apartment and, after seeing his initial reaction to my assertiveness, any reservations I had held regarding the prospect of dominating a man I barely knew apart from a dossier compiled for me were faint bordering on non-existent.

What I had only sensed before was now a cold, cast-iron, certainty in my mind.

Daniel Saunders, was I knew, the man of my grandmother’s vision and that of my own dreams.

Still holding his eyes, I lowered my hands to his jogging-bottoms, slipped my fingers inside, and slid them down over his thighs until they were pooled at his ankles.

“Nadwa, I…” he tried to protest, but I shushed him to silence.

“Quiet now, Daniel,” I told him. “Ms Nadwa has seen how you look at her and she is going to reward you.”

His eyes crinkled and I could almost hear his thoughts voice the question:

“Ms Nadwa?”

Followed quickly, I sensed, by:

"Reward?"

Cupping his balls beneath a pair of black lycra underpants, I could feel upon the heel of my hand the erection arrowing up to his midriff and felt even greater confidence in regard of my ability to master this handsome Englishman.

In fact, so great was my own arousal that it took every ounce of my willpower not to throw him to the floor and ride him to nirvana, just like the beast-of-burden I intended him to be for me.

Only the certainty that, by doing so, I would undo the progress I had already made in so short a space of time – and the sizeable and vibrating sex-toy resting in my bedside cabinet as a consolation – prevented such a rash and completely premature action on my part.

He *would* be ridden. Of that there was no doubt. But *only* when he had been totally broken and would regard my slipping into the saddle as not only just but… *natural*.

"Do you like being handled by your Ms Nadwa?" I whispered up at him.

He appeared to be having difficulty catching a full breath, let alone speaking, and I simply smiled and answered for him.

"Of course, you do. I can feel just how excited you are to have Ms Nadwa handle you. Your greatest desire right now is for her to take your stiff white cock into her soft pink pussy and allow you to empty the cream that is making your balls so heavy."

I heeled the base of his cock and felt him lurch at the extra pressure.

"But it is far too early for you to know Ms Nadwa's superior Indian cunt on such intimate terms," I told him, relishing the way his eyes widened at my use of the word *'cunt'*. For a handsome man of his years and learning he truly was something of an innocent in the ways of both women and the world. The dossier had mentioned his holding an *'idealized view'* of the female sex and that, though he had loved his father, he had been very attached to his mother.

Yet another reason for my initial confidence and, now, certainty he would soon have another figure of female authority in his life to replace his absent… *mummy*.

Even if this one would be a whole lot *less* than maternal.

"But," I said, tugging his underpants down to meet the joggers pooled at his ankles, "that does not mean Ms Nadwa cannot give you a taste of the pleasure you might expect from her if you are… *pleasing*."

Taking the head of his cock between two fingers, I heard another gasp from him and knew he must have been long deprived of a female touch to be so… *malleable*… to mine as I led him to the seat I had vacated some minutes before staring up into his eyes

and delivering more words that must have been humiliating for him to hear but which served only to enflame further the white cock pulsing between my fingers.

He looked, how do they say, shell-shocked as I seated myself, released his cock and stared up at him.

.

A benumbed and glazed response, the loss he felt at the absence of my fingers palpable, which did not prevent another gasp leaving his lips when I raised my legs to wrap my toes either side of his throbbing manhood, talking to him all the time that I might underline the power I had and he, put simply, did not.

And when I had finished talking…?

It did not take more than three or four manipulations of that cock for my feet to trigger a fountain of manly cream from the full balls below it.

Ownership had been assumed, I told myself as he swayed above me.

And I had absolutely no intention of ever allowing manumission.

DANIEL

"You know what I am doing, don't you?" she asked, knowing I was too engrossed in the ministrations of her feet either side of my out-of-control cock to offer a coherent response; this after she had led me to her chair – *my* chair – simply by taking the mushroom head of my swollen cock between two demeaning brown fingers and pulling me along in her wake.

"I am taking ownership of you," she further informed me, turning to face me full-on and stare up into my eyes.

It was nonsense, I remember telling myself through the sensations of her fingers around the head of my manhood; though, as I stared down at her; a stirring of something I could not comprehend in the deepest recesses of my being seemed to be keeping me in place; pliable and silent in the face of her treatment of me.

Though my thoughts still managed to scream at me:

"Own me?"

She was a younger Indian woman and I an older Englishman. An older man who was also as much her mental as physical superior. Besides which, this was the 21st Century and people, no matter their race, simply did not *"own"* other people.

So why did her assertion send a delicious and heretofore unexperienced feeling of weakness the length of my spine and do nothing to soften the rod of steel jutting from my groin?

Quite the opposite, in fact.

"I am asserting my superiority over you," she went on, obviously empowered by my seeming inability to assert myself and the baffling – to me anyway - response of my cock to her belittling of me in my own home. "Helping us to come to an understanding of each other that we may more easily slip into our respective roles."

My interlude with her was taking on a more and more dreamlike appearance with each passing second and her words were not helping:

"Respective roles?"

What roles?

She was a stranger to me still – dick in her hand or not.

And the interlude became more dreamlike still when she released my cock to sit down and, to my amazement, I felt a disappointment that was almost physical, it cut so deep. For a moment, I was on the verge of pleading with her to return those demeaning fingers to their former position and it was only the fact she raised her legs and placed the soft and sensuous soles of her brown feet either side of my manhood that prevented me humiliating myself further.

“That is right,” she said, continuing with her train of thought, almost as if reading my thoughts in the same way she insisted her grandmother back in India could do the same – when alive, that is. “I am asserting my authority over you and *you* are going to allow me to do it.”

At this point I tried to speak, to assert myself over her own assertions and tell her she was not only deluded but insane and I had not the slightest attraction to her, let alone a desire for her to take *“ownership”* of me – even if the pylon hard cock arrowing up towards my own throat contradicted the former of my unspoken thoughts. But if my desire had been uncharted when her fingers pinched the head of my cock it had headed into regions known only to the most powerful of telescopes in the most sophisticated of observatories.

It was the first time my cock had ever felt a woman’s feet make contact with it and the sensation, even with all the denigratory aspects involved in this strange woman feeling empowered to treat me in such a way, simply made a mush of both my thoughts and my volition.

“I have already pried into your personal affairs and not only have you allowed it but you have said or done nothing to prevent it. That tells me, whether you accept it at this time or not, that some primordial revenant deep in your subconscious has responded to my superiority and recognised it – even if you have yet to fully make the conscious connection and are still trying to convince yourself that this is just some temporary aberration on your part, never to be repeated.”

The chuckle that had followed on from what I was already in the process of describing myself as *“rubbish”* was not pleasant to my ears.

And, if it was rubbish, why was I stood before her in a state of utter rut.

And a *compliant* state of sexual excitement, at that!

From somewhere, a sense of shame for allowing myself to be… *abused*… in such a way – and in my own home – goaded me into what I see now was nothing more than an approximation of action.

I attempted to shuffle away from her, though the joggers and underpants restricting my ankles did not make it my attempt either easy or graceful.

The pressure she applied with her feet upon my rock-hard arousal another factor in my lack of success.

But most humiliating of all was her barked order:

“STAY!”

To this day, I do not know what froze me in place.

The sudden volume and command of her voice?

The needy cock still responding to her soft and warm soles?

Or a sudden resurgence of a masochism I had not known I possessed, but she had?

The reason was unimportant, however. The crucial fact was that, like the canine her word of command brought to mind, I obeyed. No matter the cost to my pride when I came to reflect upon my behaviour after she had returned to her own home and I was alone.

“Good boy,” she said, her sing-song Indian accent almost cooing at me and doing nothing to lessen the shame I felt for this most unnatural capitulation.

And then all thoughts save one left me as her feet began to insinuate themselves the length of the same erection that now seemed intent on breaking its boundaries of the six-inches allocated it by nature.

It was not long before I exploded in the most intense and mind-blowingly incredible orgasm of my life and watched as if in a dream as rope after rope of my own semen jetted into the air before coming to land on the carpet, this as she applied more pressure at the base to drain my jerking balls as I finally sank to the carped, almost insensate.

“Now,” I heard after whatever amount of time it took to regain my senses, “I think I would like you to show your appreciation of my kindness by kissing my toes and using your tongue to remove the last pitiful residue of your manhood that appears to have dribbled onto them…”

THREE

"I am out of laundry."

I looked at Nadwa through the doorway. She was dressed for the office in a well-tailored and severely cut suit and for the life of me I had no idea why I had opened the door to her after spotting her face through the spy-hole.

It was two days after her feet had brought me to the most amazing explosion of my life in my own front-room and, despite my disgust with myself, this short and avian looking woman from one of my countries former possessions had grown in authority over me.

Though not so much yet that even she could describe herself as my *"owner"* with any degree of veracity.

No.

Her authority was more in my mind than that of a more practical kind.

And how could it be any other way when I had done my best to avoid her since our last… *interaction?*

Though, I must be truthful, and as much as it shames me, her brown features and shapely feet had been prominent in my dreams over those two days.

Not to mention *most* of my waking thoughts.

Though I did slip the chain and allow her to enter, red-faced as ever in her presence and still struggling to look her in the eye directly.

"I need all of my laundry done, preferably before I get home tonight," she said, tone of voice broaching no refusal.

Even if I tried.

And you may be sure I did.

Just how rude and deluded was this woman?

"Not possible, I'm afraid, Nadwa," I told her, gaining a reproachful look for not addressing her as *'Ms Nadwa'* in the way she had told me she preferred. "I need to polish and proof-read a draft before I publish it online to…"

Ignoring me as if I hadn't spoken, she held up a key.

"Take this key, go into my apartment, and do my laundry. Take the items to be dry-cleaned to the shop in the mall and machine wash the rest. My undergarments require handwashing and you will find the necessary laundry items beneath the kitchen sink."

Nadwa turned to leave.

I was stunned.

More so than on her last visit.

Perhaps because I could tell she was utterly and completely serious.

This time, thankfully, though my gratitude would be short-lived, my voice did not fail me:

“Are you quite deranged!” I hissed, sublimating in order to atone for my pitiful surrender of before. “You want *me* to do *your* laundry?”

“Was my accent too thick for you to understand?” she asked maddeningly, straight-faced as if she had simply asked a neighbour for a cup of sugar. “I have just told you that I have run out of clean clothing.”

Her eyes bore into mine and, though I scolded myself for being weak and stupid, I felt some shockwaves I recognised as fear run the length of my spine.

Shockwaves she must have picked up on if her next words spoke true:

Or do you really wish to defy me?”

“De-Defy you?” I asked, not believing what I was hearing, despite having drawn the conclusion – who wouldn’t have, after all – that she was mentally unhinged.

“That is what I said. Stop deluding yourself and start taking my direction. We both know that you want to do this. To be useful to me.”

My treacherous cock lurched at her words and I felt myself becoming more and more disturbed in her presence. She had again scraped her black subcontinent hair from her face and, as before, it brought her avian and predatory physiognomy into an even more disturbing relief. Twinned with the severely cut two-piece, there was something about her that seemed to me to be… *ominous*.

“Are you going to deny that you will enjoy touching my clothes? That it will not… *please*… you to be handling those same clothes that have caressed my body during the day? That you can resist the opportunity to sniff out my bodily aroma upon clothes which have been rubbing up against my naked brown skin and nestled within my most intimate places?”

I was still in my pyjama bottoms and the cock that was betraying me once again was jutting out in response to her insinuations.

Nadwa stepped closer to me, uncomfortably close, face tilted up to me and her warm breath upon the underside of my chin.

“And there is another reward for you,” she said, the palm of her hand resting itself over my arousal and inflaming it further.

Again, my voice was deserting me and for the second time I felt this short brown woman who was nowhere near my type, or anything like the women I had been attracted to in the past, somehow overmastering my senses and my will.

"Think about it, Daniel. By doing my laundry you will be serving me. Do not tell me you do not find the prospect… *exciting*. We know from my last visit here just how natural you find it to follow the orders of a strong woman. A woman such as me; despite the fact I know you do not find me beautiful and feel yourself superior to me, a lowly Indian."

I was about to refute her slur – at least on the subject of her race – when she continued without giving me a chance.

"A *'lowly Indian'* woman who enjoys controlling you and has only your best interests at heart. A woman who will never desert you the way your faithless wife deserted you."

It did not occur to me to wonder how she knew so much about me at the time, notwithstanding her, self-described, genetic second-sight; so pained was I as the memory of my former love's desertion of me was stirred into life by her reminder.

"It is what you wish with all your being – if only you can be truthful with yourself and overcome your puerile English pride. You know as well as I that you yearn to have someone take responsibility for your life. And who better to commit that life to than the young Indian woman who longs for nothing more than to have you in her service.

I stepped back and shook my head for a second to clear it, amazed and disturbed in equal measure at the effect her presence and her words were having upon me; assuring myself that not only did I *not* want what she was suggesting, but that there was surely a streak of insanity running hand-in-hand with her almost unnatural self-possession.

"Nadwa, this is ridiculous and I'm getting fed-up with it. You don't know me and I have no idea about you. It has to stop. I don't believe in all this mystical Indian bullshit you've been spouting and, I have to tell you, it might be a good idea for you to see a professional at some level. Your behaviour just isn't rational… To put it mildly."

There was no reply and she seemed to be waiting for more.

I obliged her.

"If you want someone to flunky for you, get the professionals in. I'm sure there's any number of capable laundries out there."

She was neither impressed nor put off.

"And why would I employ and pay a professional *'flunky'*, as you call them, when I have you living next to me?"

Before I could respond, her hand cupped my scrotum through my pyjamas and gave it a little squeeze, all the while staring up at me with unblinking eyes that seemed utterly confident I would eventually do her bidding.

“A nice, obedient, and handsome Englishmen who wishes nothing more than to have a woman such as me take control of his aimless and unsatisfying existence – even if he is in the process of pretending to himself he does not want such a thing.”

The heel of her palm was kneading the pole that was my erection through the cotton of the pyjamas and, as much as I wanted to put her in her rightful place and show her she was mistaken about me, that same unwanted desire I had experienced upon her first visit returned with an even greater power. Despite her lack of stature and my perceived superiority over her in all ways, I felt powerless to act the way a man should in the presence of such a woman. In fact, I felt just the way I imagined a helpless rodent might feel under the stare of a predatory reptile.

Except, that is, that I did not imagine for a second that the rodent in question would have felt anything near the levels of sexual excitement Nadwa Johar’s presence instilled in me so unaccountably.

Suddenly, her hand was removed and I could not deny the sense of loss both my thoughts and my cock itself underwent at the removal.

“What?” she demanded. “You surely did not expect the reward of Ms Nadwa’s attention before you had done her bidding.”

Still too shocked to summon words, I allowed her to take my hand and thrust her key into it.

“We will talk about rewards when I return from the office and find you have done as I wish and I am pleased with your efforts.”

And with that, as my jaw fell in astonishment towards my chest, she simply let herself out and closed the door upon me.

And I, even as I expressed disgust with myself for even listening to her horseshit, fished out my still engorged rod and pulled myself to completion in the hallway of my own home.

FOUR

I could not believe it.

Though her flat was tidy enough, the laundry awaiting me was everywhere, concentrated in the bedroom mostly, but also in the kitchen and bathroom.

And yes, you have read the above correctly. For, despite my dismissal of her before she left my flat and the subsequent shame I took from pulling off my cock to her image, it was not long before I began to think about what she had said. Mainly, the handwashing of her used underwear and pantyhose.

Prevented from working by the constant erection spurred into life by what I told myself was a perverse and unnatural situation, and with the key to her apartment resting at the side of my laptop, it was not long before I had convinced myself that a simple look into her apartment would not commit me in any way.

And, besides, hadn't she invaded my own space without permission?

Fair enough, I had been present as she went about it, but it was an intrusion just the same.

More to the point, she had given me the go-ahead and a key.

And, even more pertinently, she would never know that I had even used it.

Of course, I was deluding myself and this strange and younger Indian woman seemed to know me better than I knew myself. I realise that now; even if I still can't understand how she could have been so confident regarding her capacity to… *land… me.* Though I think I can be forgiven at the time for ignoring the signs and finding such a prospect ludicrous.

Her apartment was the same in layout as my own and we shared a preference for soft pastel colours on the walls; leaving the primaries of artwork and ornament to provide a contrapuntal. The furnishings, again like mine but from different outlets, was both comfortable and stylish, though the hard-wood flooring differed from the carpet I preferred.

But I could not believe the clothes!

There were so many of them strewn about the bedroom!

Along with the tea-towels and linens from kitchen and bathroom overflowing from a sizeable washing-basket, the bedroom was simply a sea of dirty laundry.

"She wasn't kidding when she said she'd run out of clean clothes," I heard myself tell the sea of discarded garments decorating the bedroom.

There were so many dirty clothes.

Soiled clothes.

Shirts and blouses with sweat-stained underarms.

Pantyhose, still moist at the feet where she had perspired into them.

Underwear, soiled by the emissions of both anus, and vagina.

Dresses and pant-suits were draped over chairs and left discarded upon the dressing-table and there was more soiled underwear next the bed.

It was a mess!

So why, for reasons beyond me and for which I was far too excited to question, was I in a state of almost utter rut at the sight and smells assailing both nostril and eye?

As if a different person had invaded the outer fortress of my skin and taken command of my actions, I was soon snatching up hose and underwear at random and fetching the soiled fabric to my face, luxuriating in the intimate smells of my neighbour for whom, not long ago, I was unaware of having even the most minute of attractions.

Even in my sudden sexual dementia, a small voice some way distant from my disgrace seemed to be shouting:

"What the fuck are you doing?"

As I'm sure you've already guessed, it was ignored in its entirety.

In fact, had it not been for the chirping of the bedroom landline startling me, I would have already had my cock in my hand and a piece of her spoiled pantyhose in place across my nose and been pulling on the steel-bar that was my cock before the answering service kicked in:

"Daniel," came the voice of my depraved and, I believed at the time, unstable neighbour. "If you are already at your place of work…"

"Place of work?" asked my scrambled thoughts, the smell of the speaker overpowering my olfactory system.

"…then do not interrupt your duties but simply listen…"

"Duties?"

"…I will shortly be faxing some legal documents through which you will find on the fax-machine next to the computer in my study. I will expect them to be signed when I return from the office and will have a witness with me to make sure they are notarised correctly. I expect to be home with my visitor at around six-thirty and I will be most displeased if my apartment is not as it should be and you are not waiting for us with the documents signed as requested."

I stood rooted to the spot, unable to quite believe what I had just heard. What had passed between us in so short a space of time notwithstanding, she was still a stranger to me – despite the fact she seemed to know more about me than I found… *comfortable*. What possible business could we have with each other that would require the presence of a notary or witness while I signed legal documents?

I would soon find out.

As I stepped into one of the guest rooms she had transformed into an office, that fax machine was already beeping.

The document's heading, when I read it after the machine had spewed its contents onto her desk was, put simply, unbelievable.

"CONTRACT EMPLOYMENT AGREEMENT FOR DANIEL SAUNDERS"

Picking up the fax, I scanned it with increasing disbelief, unable to connect what I was reading to myself – and especially when I continued down to the sub-heading and the legalese beneath it.

"DOMESTIC SERVICES AGREEMENT FOR DANIEL SAUNDERS"

"Domestic services!!"

It did not get any better:

"I, Daniel Saunders, agree to provide weekly household services to
Ms Nadwa Johar. I further agree to the following terms
and conditions:

1. I will be responsible for the upkeep of all of Ms Johar's apartment: including the laundering and maintenance of her whole wardrobe.

2. The laundering of clothes, bedding, towels, and other items requiring attention, will be performed throughout the week from Monday-to-Friday between 11am and 7pm, unless otherwise arranged at the discretion of Ms Johar.

3. *All* clothes will be the personal responsibility of Daniel Saunders, along with ensuring that those clothes requiring Dry-Cleaning receive the required attention.

4. The cleaning and general maintenance of Ms Johar's home will be the complete responsibility of said Daniel Saunders and, likewise, will be completed between the hours of 11am and 7pm, except, as mentioned, at the discretion of Ms Johar.

5. Remuneration will be on a sliding scale and at a level agreed between Ms Johar and her servant, Mr Daniel Saunders.

Signed: _____"

I stood staring at the fax in a condition of bewildered amazement.

As deranged as I was coming to believe she was, could she truly believe I could accept such a thing?

A servant?

Me?

"A fucking servant!" I raged out loud, walking back to her bedroom with fax in hand and reading the contract a second time.

Did she truly believe the horseshit her supposedly, *"visionary"*, grandmother had fed her about a European man who would enter her service?

And was she so mentally unstable she could believe *I* would consent to be that man?

Still holding the fax and shaking my head at her self-delusion it did not strike me for some moments that, as I scanned the document a third time, that I was actually gathering up her laundry with my free hand and making a pile of it upon her mattress.

"What the fuck are you doing?" I berated myself, the fact I was there at all and had suffered her behaviour up to now so… *submissively*… finally giving me pause.

But it was only as I tossed the contract onto the bed with the rest of her soiled clothing, and prepared to do the same with the lavender coloured panties I clutched in my other hand, that my intention to leave her a stinging note before returning to my own apartment and refusing to speak with her again underwent a dramatic transformation.

As I drew back my hand to throw the panties down, a waft of her scent from their soiled gusset entered my nostrils and brought me up short as if a spear had just entered my back.

Right at that moment, my mind seemed to close itself to everything save for the panties clutched in my hand and the scent overpowering my senses.

My whole focus, I realise when looking back, was on this most intimate of garments that had spent so much time close to the pussy and arse of Nadwa Johar.

Given her short stature and voluptuous build, I remember reasoning, how could they be so small?

How could a woman of her dimensions possibly fit into them?

From having been blissfully unaware of the woman on a social level not a few days before and not having had a shred of interest in her when our paths had met accidentally, I was finding my thoughts flitting to her throughout most of my day.

How could it be?

I began to inspect the panties, running them through my hands and becoming even more aroused at the sensuous feel of the material upon the skin of my fingers, luxuriating in the handling of the delicate lace trim around the waistband.

Almost reverently, feeling as if I were a stranger viewing the actions of another, despite those actions belonged to me in their entirety, I opened them up and stared inside.

I gasped as the scent became more marked.

Along with the urgency of my erection.

The gusset was still damp and my fevered thoughts could only conclude that she had been wearing these last night.

Had she taken them off this morning?

Is that why they were so… *moist*?

Without a hint of shame – though it would come later - I held the damp crotch to my nose and took a deep breath.

It was dank and moist and… *exotic*.

The scent was incredibly intoxicating and, before I knew it, having pulled myself off in my own hallway not so long before, I had lowered my jeans and was doing so again.

This time with the soiled gusset of a pair of Nadwa Johar's panties over my nose as I stood in *her* bedroom.

The orgasm provoked by her earthy, musky, damp and almost barbaric seeming, scent was even more powerful than the one she had won from with her feet on that first occasion in my home. Even when my cum had stopped erupting from the suddenly volcanic head of my enraged cock to the wood below, I still couldn't bring myself to lower them from my nose. I suddenly could not get enough of her most intimate scent.

A twitch of my recently deflated cock told me it was considering the unheard of – for me, anyway – feat of coming to full tumescence again only seconds after having discharged itself.

Lost to a phenomenon previously beyond me, I continued to press her most intimate of garments to my nose and allowed myself to be transported by the bodily scent of a younger, and hardly, model or centrefold material, Indian woman who was all but unknown to me a short time before.

With every passing second, and as fanciful and overflown as it sounds, I felt my desire growing and my willpower receding. For the first time since my wife had destroyed me and the subsequent divorce, I felt myself alive – even if it was in the most shameful of ways. As unbelievable as it sounds, I actually felt I had a purpose.

Later, of course, alone in the sanctuary of my apartment, I would actually feel appalled by what I had done; but, there and then, the damp gusset of her panties pressed to my lips as I kissed it – this before, wonder of humiliating wonders, I extended my tongue that I may taste what was in my nostrils and enflaming my senses – I was completely in the thrall of new sexual sensations I had no defence against.

Sensations that were about to not only take my life in a different, less autonomous, direction but would ensure it would no longer be mine to dispose of at all.

As I tasted her bodily excretions upon my tongue, I realised it was entirely possible that Nadwa Johar would be wearing them next to her pussy throughout her working day.

The prospect thrilled me in ways I could not explain, as I pictured her slipping on the panties I myself had just hand-washed and running them up her legs before sliding on the pantyhose I had also hand-laundered; not to know that I had taken in her scent and licked her secretions from the both gusset and the reinforced nylon at the foot of her hose. It felt to me, without her knowing it, that my lips would be with her as she went about her working day and the thought had me once again at full-erection and thrashing myself for all I was worth.

I erupted once again as the prospect of all the possibilities taking care of her home would afford me.

The above thought appalling me once my post-explosion thoughts recovered enough to think at least a little logically.

"What the fuck are you thinking?" they screamed.

"You're surely not considering her insulting offer?"

FIVE

I lay in bed that night feeling about as excited for the future as I could ever recall feeling. So excited and optimistic was I that even the predictions of my grandmother that I had taken more with hope than belief now seemed more… *real*. For, if she had not been correct, then how was it that seemed to know this handsome Englishman so well?

So well, as you have seen, that I could feel great confidence he would respond positively to my less than respectful treatment of him.

Though I was not so confident I did not feel some surprise to see him standing in my apartment waiting for me at the exact time I had mentioned in my message.

And waiting shamefaced in an apartment that had been tidy when I left and now positively gleamed.

In fact, and leading me even more to the conclusion that my grandmother had not been exaggerating on the subject of her *"gift"*, it was almost eerie at just how confident I was at being able to manage the life of this older man who was – and again without exaggeration – the most attractive man I could imagine.

At least when it came to the type of man I had always envisaged having in my service.

"This is Ms Sodhi," I said, introducing the thin and angular early twenty-something paralegal my solicitor – another Indian friend (where possible I used only the professional services of my countrywomen) had tasked with the job of being a witness. She had been waiting for me at the entrance to the apartment building and I had explained on the way up that I wished to notarise a domestic agreement between myself and my neighbour. Her expression when I told her that neighbour was not only a man but an Englishman into the bargain was one of wonderment. Ms Sodhi had been born in the country, you see, and was fully assimilated to the ways of her new land – even if her Indian born parents were somewhat strict; both socially and religiously; so, witnessing the agreement of an English male to perform such duties for an Indian female came as something of a surprise to her. Though, boding well for her future in her chosen profession, she soon managed to lose the wonderment with which she had greeted my explanation and took on a more… *professional*… expression.

To say the cheeks of Daniel Saunders were red at having such a young woman witness what he was about to sign-up to – and I now had absolutely no doubt that this was what my newly pristine apartment and his continued presence there meant – could not have been a more obvious description than saying the heat of a furnace was warm.

Any redder and they would surely have sizzled.

"This all appears in order," observed the young solicitor after scanning the contract. "A little unusual, I suppose but, if you are both in agreement, then it is entirely legal as far as I can see."

My soul sang as the young woman who shared my roots went on, this as my soon-to-be factotum cringed but seemed unable to do or say anything that might mitigate the fact he was about to sign up as an Indian woman's domestic.

"The question of remuneration for the domestic services provided by said Daniel Saunders to Ms Johar appears to have been left somewhat vague," observed Ms Sodhi, a certain glint in her young eye leading me to suspect there was something in the situation she was presiding over that was not displeasing to her.

"However," she continued, "that is a matter for the two of you and," she looked first at me and then Daniel, "if both parties are happy with the wording, I see no reason for the agreement not to be signed and witnessed."

And, not a few seconds later, that is precisely what we did.

*****

"You may return to your quarters," I told him after a professional, if frankly disbelieving, young notary had witnessed our signatures and I had run off some copies for her to take away; preferring to describe his apartment in such a way now as, to me anyhow, it gave the impression that I now considered his home to be mine as well as my own and that his living there was dependent upon his diligence to serving me.

I saw his face fall, hoping, no doubt, that after having acted upon my wishes: performed my laundry; cleaned my home; signed his contract of employment (as non-binding as it was these days); that there might be a repeat of my feet finding their way to his cock once again.

"You can begin your duties at 11.00am Monday, after the weekend. I graciously allowed you a late start so that you may either work on your writing in the morning or after having completed your duties at seven. The choice is yours."

I fell silent and stared at him, almost amused by his puzzlement when I raised an expectant and impatient eyebrow.

It took a few seconds but he got it, expression shell-shocked from the events of the day as he said:

"Th-Thank you."

This time I raised my other eyebrow and now he was entirely at a loss.

"Be respectful," I told him.

Then, when he remained clueless:

"For now, you may address me as *'Ms Nadwa'*," I enlightened him – wondering if he would be hoping to be on more familiar terms with me down the line and was already asking himself if all this was not simply just a ploy devised by me that I might enter into a relationship with him.

He was right, of course.

A relationship with him was *exactly* what I wished.

But it would never be of a romantic or equable kind.

“Do so now!” I snapped.

“Er… Hmmm… Y-Yes. Thank you, M-Ms… Ms Nadwa,” he repeated, eyes averting themselves from mine; probably to avoid the look of complete triumph they were taking in this first step in his mental and physical indenture to me.

Though even then I suspected he was telling himself that this was no more than a temporary aberration, most likely brought on by the absence of a woman in his life since the departure of his wife.

I smiled inwardly, knowing that if I had my way he would soon know just how wrong he was on that score.

“Better,” I told him. “Now return to your quarters. I am going to take a nice relaxing bath and, after that, I shall be inspecting your earlier efforts.

Even as his cheeks reddened further at the dismissal and he made for the door, my thoughts had already turned from inspecting his work – which I knew would be excellent – and the much-needed bath, to the sizeable and to-of-the-range vibrator awaiting my attention at the bottom of my bedside cabinet.

My smile was genuine and predatory as I promised myself that it would not be long before my trust sex-toy would find itself aided in its attempts to please me by a most obedient, and abjectly submissive, English tongue.

My dreams that night were amongst the most erotic I could ever recall having experienced…

…His depilated body was still an angry red from where I had so painstakingly shaved him before applying copious amounts of hair-removal cream to his legs, back, arms and shoulders, scrotum area and arse.

Like most men of his age with darker more Mediterranean features, the growth of body-hair had become more pronounced upon the advent of the forties and he was far too… covered… for my tastes – even if everything else about this man I was coming to own more completely with each day he passed in my service I found positively divine.

The calomine-lotion I had applied liberally, this after having him stand in the shower and spraying away the residue of the removal cream and the body-hair it took along with it, had eased the soreness of his white flesh but had done nothing to lessen the angry redness of it.

So be it.

If he complained I might even remove the lush hair still covering his scalp of which he was so proud.

If the charge of electricity reaching my pussy as I considered it was a guide to future satisfaction, I might just remove it anyway.

The prospect of forcibly shaving him that I might have a totally hairless manservant one that made much appeal to me.

"There," I said when I had finished, seating myself upon the closed lavatory seat and feeling the coolness upon my naked buttocks; having stripped myself naked also that I might not soil my clothes. "That is much better. After all, you are a manservant, not an ape-servant."

I actually giggled, tickled by my own, admittedly puerile, humour.

The obvious mortification reddening those handsome cheeks as he stood before me, hands clasped behind his back in the respectful way I insisted upon, made my own depilated cunt moisten and I saw his eyes drawn to it and his cock harden.

"How dare you!" I barked, voice that of a martinet educator rather than an Indian woman in her mid-thirties towards a handsome Englishman some ten years my senior. "How many times have I told you that you are not to have an erection without my express permission?"

He looked absolutely desolate. Hating his inability to defy me but unable to fight the need he had for me and the solace I could supply. A supplicant, in point of fact.

"I… I'm sorry," he stammered, eyes unable to meet mine as I sat upon the lavatory in my full naked glory, the full and conical breasts and chunkily shapely legs that had so captured his sexual thoughts naked to his view along with my hairless and depilated brown labia.

"You are sorry… what?" I barked even more ferociously; though I was at pains not to shout – that would just not do. Not only was it demeaning of an owner to raise her voice in such a way but, and I knew from experience, it could be quite exhausting.

"And look at me when you say it," I ordered.

"I…" he began, forcing his eyes up to meet my own. "I… I'm sorry… M-Malkin," he finished in a small and beaten voice that would have amazed the casual onlooker to hear directed at a woman such as myself.

"Good boy!" I praised him, always willing to offer a compliment likely to cement him in behaviour of a more respectful and submissive kind. "But do not forget again unless you wish to make your Malkin angry."

The, almost as if in afterthought:

"And I will have to look into a way of preventing these unauthorised erections."

He was only keeping his eyes fixed upon mine by dint of a supreme effort now, if the high colour of his cheeks were a guide.

I raised my arse from the closed lavatory seat, opened the upper half, and then re-seated myself on the pine wood of the ring beneath it, spreading my legs wide that my pussy gaped above the bowl itself.

"It is high-time, I told him, that you made yourself more useful to me," I told him.

A shudder of foreboding quivered the length of his denuded body and I knew he was quailing inside at just what I had in mind.

"A Malkin should have her needs met completely by her servant and, by that, I mean ALL needs."

It was not a question and I did not expect a reply, but simply wished to make him uneasy as to what I had in mind.

He would not be kept in the dark for long.

"Crawl to me upon all-fours, Daniel, then Kneel between my legs."

He did so, the shivering running the length of his body even more marked as he crawled to a kneeling position between my splayed thighs.

"Now," I told him, pointing to a spot upon the lavatory seat a few inches from my gaping pussy. "Place your chin upon the seat and observe."

Wide and terrified eyes, so in awe of me did I have him, stared into my pussy as his chin came to rest upon the pine seat and, with a proprietorial smile, I reached out to stroke his head, knowing such an action would only serve to humiliate him further.

"That is my good boy," I cooed. "Your Malkin is pleased with you. Now, be a most attentive servant for her and observe as she releases her bladder and take in the fragrance of her urine."

His shoulders gave an involuntary start and I could tell the prospect repulsed him.

"You must be conversant with ALL of your Malkin's bodily-functions if you are to serve her to the best of your ability," I told him.

What I could see of his face was horrified.

"Do not worry," I reassured him, still stroking his hair soothingly, "I have no intention of making you eat my stools, or anything of that nature. That is simply too undignified."

I could almost hear his thoughts asking: "Undignified for who?"

I continued:

“Though that does not mean I will not require you to show my superior Indian arse the respect it deserves from a servile English tongue.”

He flinched again, knelt below me with arms clasped behind his back, a supplicant to his naked Malkin as she occupied her lavatorial throne, and I sensed rather than saw him become erect again.

Truly, there was nothing I could not demand or achieve with the pathetic creature.

“For now, though,” I went on, “I wish for you to concentrate on your Malkin’s piss as it leaves the pussy you revere so much and ask yourself if your behaviour will ever make you worthy of her sealing your worthless mouth with her superior cunt and allowing you to drink from her font.”

Another shudder rippled the length of him, and I knew that as repulsed as the prospect had his subconscious another more submissive area of him responded with alacrity – even as he hated himself for allowing it to do so.

“However,” I continued, feeling my bladder about release and placing both hands behind his head that I might force his head in to my pussy as far as possible, “there are other ways you can respect me until I consider you worthy of receiving my vintage Indian urine.”

And then, as my piss gushed from my pussy and drenched his horrified features…

…I awakened.

So frustrated and deeply angry with my absent and innocent neighbour, that I almost ripped the drawer from the cabinet holding my trusty vibrator.

SIX

Amazingly, having suspected that being alone in my apartment would bring me to my senses, all I could do was sit before the window overlooking the Thames and historic Greenwich beyond, scenery as nothing against the competition of thoughts still in the process of reflecting upon the day's events.

Competitive thoughts that shamed and appalled one second, only for the next to see an equally shameful response at my groin as I recalled skivvying like a Victorian housemaid in fear of a particularly draconian and unforgiving employer as she attempted to make good on her chores before the despot's return home.

Again having to masturbate at the recall of Nadwa Johar's scent in my nostrils and the taste of her secretions upon my tongue as I licked feverishly at her soiled underwear.

And again…

And…

I truly believe that I thought she could be banished from my consciousness by such over-usage – a kind of aversion therapy by over-indulgence.

By the time my racing thoughts had calmed enough for me to sleep and my cock refused to rise again, I had almost convinced myself that I had ridded myself of this sudden obsession with the woman. Even the next morning when I woke, refreshed, if a little chastened for my behaviour of the previous day, I sensed a weight had been lifted. She could poke her "DOMESTIC SERVICE AGREEMENT" up her capacious brown arse, for all I cared. This was England, fo fuck's sakes!

I had no idea how such agreements worked in her benighted land, but here, in what remained for the moment the European Union still, she would be mocked and ridiculed if she tried to enforce it legally.

"Had I really addressed her as: "Ms Nadwa?"

And that was how my mood went over the weekend, my grim determination being to avoid the woman like the plague at all times going ahead, and *not* to let her in my apartment again.

Grim determination that did not make it until Sunday lunchtime, and many erections later, to wain and become something… *quite different*.

"How rude of her", I told myself over some grapefruit segments and toast at breakfast, not to at least have called to thank me for the efforts I had expended with her home and her laundry; not seeing my quite ludicrous criticism in regard of her lack of the social graces as the first signs my determination was deserting me and I was considering conceding to both the agreement and her wishes.

So easily do we delude ourselves.

By the evening, I had worked myself into a condition of some nervous tension over the lack of contact – though she had told me to expect just that.

"Why doesn't she at least call to say thank you?" I asked myself, over and over, still denying the fact that she undoubtedly saw me as a flunky and could see no reason to thank me for something she deemed it her right to expect.

But then, given my somewhat perfectionist nature, it was hardly surprising I was proud of the work I had done for her and would expect some gratitude.

Actually, I was not so much proud amazed even that I had been able to do so much laundry in so little time and to also clean and shine her apartment until it looked pristine.

And for what?

No appreciation, no thanks, and, to my shame and sorry sense of loss, not even a foot-job by way of a reward.

Of course, just thinking of her feet around my cock as she slid them along its length and took me to paradise ensured my hand was busy on more than two or three occasions that Sunday.

Thoughts as bemused as they were excited, to be attempting to satisfy my shameful lusts for the woman by the image backdropping those thoughts as my feverish hand pulled me towards yet another explosive climax that was as deeply humiliating as it was incredibly satisfying.

What was it about her that drew me in after such a pride denying fashion?

I had never been a lothario, that was for sure – though I had, even if I say it myself, had never found myself wanting for female attention. But, with me at least, and after the fashion of a female, I'd been assured by former friends, an emotional connection had always been necessary for sex to be enjoyable. Without that connection, it just seemed… well… bestial.

So what was the explanation for what was happening between me and an Indian neighbour I felt totally within my rights to describe as… *unbalanced?*

She was the complete antithesis of the tall and willowy, blonde and Northern European, romance interests I had courted before my marriage to the bitch who had won my heart and then so callously shredded it.

But, if she was such an antithesis, why did a mere mental picturing of her unsettle me to my core in a way *none* of the above Swedes, Danes, Norwegians - and, in particular, a guttural and bi-lingual Frieslander from a farming community in Northern Holland – ever could?

And why, every time my thoughts pictured her with those short but strong brown legs below wide-hips, and the self-supporting and impressive breasts above a narrow waist, did my hand instantly seek out a cock that was just as spontaneous in its reaction?

Just the same, by the time I drifted off to sleep that night, not having taken a single look at the latest draft of my work awaiting revision over the weekend; so preoccupied did my thoughts of this unremarkable looking Indian woman have me; I promised myself she and her agreement could go and get fucked.

*****

I left it until I saw her leaving for the office through the spy-hole in the front-door before entering her apartment the next morning.

So much for promises!

The time had yet to reach 8.30. And yet there I was, spare-key at the ready, about to enter her apartment some two-and-a-half-hours before the agreement I had promised could *"go and get fucked"* stipulated. Fingers trembling with a mixture of excitement and my own pusillanimity.

As I stepped inside, eager to see if there was some note or letter of thanks... something which indicated the woman had been pleased with my work, I was gratified to see just such a note resting on the breakfast-bar of the open-plan kitchen.

Though *not* just such a note as I had hoped for.

"Daniel,

The clothes requiring Dry-Cleaning are on the bed in my room ready to be taken to the Mall as it appears you overlooked them on Friday. Be careful not to do so again."

Bile mixed with the anger surging upwards to my throat.

"Make sure the apartment is pristine before my return this evening. I have left money for groceries on the desk in my study and I expect you to have a meal – preferably Italian – awaiting me upon my return. You will not, of course, eat with me, but, if there are enough in the way of leftovers remaining, you may take them with you when you return to your apartment."

How dare she! It had taken almost a whole day of frantic effort on my part to have her apartment looking the way it did when she arrived home. I had entered in the hope that she would at least have had the courtesy and the class to leave a message of thanks for my efforts, only to find a list of her demands.

Nothing. Not one indication of any kind that she had been pleased with my efforts. Just more of her imperious expectations.

And, worse; an assumption of my being there that spoke volumes about the confidence she felt in my regard.

I walked through her apartment in a rage, asking myself why I was putting up with her bullshit and not giving her a verbal dressing-down before telling her to go fuck herself.

In fact, I had about persuaded myself to do just that when, in the bedroom, on the floor below the clothes on the bed she had left out for Dry-Cleaning, I spotted a pair of her panties.

They were pink, lacey, and *soiled*.

Before I knew it – later my thoughts would describe me as if I were no more than one of Pavlov's dogs, escaped into the clutches of an Indian handler with a far more sinister endgame in mind – the moist and soiled material was not only covering my nostrils but my tongue was thrusting from my mouth eagerly to taste the aged emissions of my Indian neighbour.

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SEVEN

Confident as I had been in respect of him – and it was a confidence becoming more certain by the day – I still felt a pang of unease as I keyed myself into my apartment on that first Monday of our agreement.

Yes. He had signed the agreement of his own free will and before a witness. But I was as aware as young Ms Sodhi, the paralegal doing the witnessing, that there was nothing in place to ensure he abided by its terms.

If he simply decided that his cock's surprising reaction to my… *leading*… of him was not enough on its own to warrant him succumbing to such humiliation, then there was nothing to be done – and certainly not an insistence that he honour the terms of an agreement between us that any court or tribunal would have laughed to the exit.

I knew he was becoming fixated on me, though.

And not *just* my body.

Just as powerfully – and exactly as I intended – he was eying my footwear and undergarments with longing. Not to mention the pantyhose covering the legs and feet I could tell he was longing to worship.

Why else would he have bent the neck and followed my instructions on the previous Friday to use the key I had given him to enter my apartment and set about the task of laundering the piles of soiled clothing I had *deliberately* allowed to pile up?

Masturbating, no doubt – though I had no proof he had – over the panties and hose I had scattered about my bedroom that he might be tempted to do just that.

Not realising that, every time he brought himself to a climax through the ritual of worshiping my soiled laundry, he became more and more bonded to their owner.

At least, that was my most fervent wish.

And, if it was not working, why had he not only worked so hard to complete my laundry, but had then gone on clean my apartment until it truly sparkled.

Into the bargain – and as non-binding as both myself and Ms Sodhi knew it to be, why had he then gone on to sign the agreement to virtually become my domestic help if fetish, desire, and a weakness at his core had not led him to sign the thing anyway?

Which did not, however, give me total confidence that the man I had decided upon as my life partner – even if he would be a servant in that life, rather than an equal component within it – would be sufficiently… *hooked*… to act on the demands I had included in my note to him.

Were I to say otherwise, it would be far from the truth.

None of the above, though, detracting from the pleasant surprise I received upon stepping into my apartment to be greeted by the salivatory aroma of Italian cooking.

Stepping into the front-room, I could see the dining-table by the window had been set.

For one!

I strode forward with renewed purpose.

“Good evening, Daniel” I said upon entering my kitchen, attempting to keep both the relief and excitement I felt becoming too obvious.

He turned from the sauce he had been stirring with a startled look.

“Oh!... Sorry, you surprised me,” he said, handsome cheeks already colouring from no more than my presence in the kitchen with him. “Good evening to you, too.”

My expression became stern and, joy of joys, he actually flinched.

“Try again,” I ordered as he tried to work out what had offended me.

“I… I…”

“Good evening… *what?*” I asked with some asperity.

For a second, I thought his legs would give out on him and that he was about to fall to his knees in front of me; this as he realised what I was demanding of him.

“Well?” I demanded.

His eyes met mine briefly before, unable to sustain the contact, he looked down at his feet.

My pussy tingled, sensing as it did that this was a pivotal moment.

He had been allowed a whole weekend to peruse his situation and what it meant to him and had already consented to it so far as to be in my apartment as instructed.

That showed me he was on the track to being where I wished him to be.

Now I wanted to hear it.

“I shall ask one more time,” I said menacingly. “Good evening… *what?*”

He shuffled his feet and I decided to test how far I could push him with power I sensed growing.

“And stand respectfully when you answer. Feet together and hands clasped behind your back the way a diligent servant should before his… *employer*.”

His eyes shot up with shock at hearing himself described in such a way and I was thrilled to see they held at least as much of excitement as they did of outrage.

"Do it!" I snapped.

To the everlasting joy of my controlling soul, he brought his feet together and placed his hands behind his back, facial expression betraying the disbelief his own inner man took from the submission he was giving so readily.

Explained more graphically by tenting already transforming the jogging-bottoms he had spent the day toiling in and which I fully intended to change for something more suitable.

Suitable for his new position, that is.

"That is better, Daniel, I gave praise, a great lady motivating a tardy footman. "Straighten your shoulders a little more, and then, try again."

Look taking on even more wonderment as he did so – with no lessening of the excitement at his groin – he raised his head and drew back his shoulders, stretching the red Adidas logo on his white tee as he did so.

"Good boy," I said unnecessarily, simply for the sake of patronising this handsome older man and have him acknowledge in his own thoughts my right to do so.

Not for the first time in my company, his face became volcanic.

"In your own time," I added.

His voice did not work on his first attempt, so unbalanced and out of his comfort-zone did I have him, and he had to try again:

"G-Good evening…" he croaked, clearing his throat in order to voice the sentence complete.

"Good evening… Ms Nadwa…"

*****

After a meal I found delicious and proved there would be no need whatsoever to send my new servant to study the art of cooking – this as he danced attendance upon me and waited anxiously when not filling my glass or standing sentinel as the dishwasher did its business, I told him it was my intention to take a shower before retiring for the evening and gave my permission for him to return to his own apartment and eat himself.

The look of disappointment transforming that handsome face was so instantaneous I almost missed it but, it not having escaped me, I decided to play with him further; not unmindful of the possibility that the novelty he was taking from having a woman of colour… *direct*… him might wear off and wanting him to twin his service to me to that

of sexual reward – no matter how demeaning that reward might seem to others along with his own subconscious.

"Unless…?"

I paused, and his eyes remained on my lips.

Hopefully.

Praying, no doubt, that I was about to do something to ease his obvious sexual excitement.

"Unless you would like to stay beyond your time – it was *already* way beyond seven, by the way – and perform a final service for Ms Nadwa?" I finished, my own arousal becoming more marked to describe myself in the third person so regally and have him accept me doing so.

It took him a few moments to realise I was waiting for a response from him, then:

"Wh-What would you like me to do for you?" he asked, the power of his own reaction to the situation I had contrived between us, I told myself, functioning at an elevated level if it could place the obvious revulsion and distaste I could see running in tandem with it.

It took no more than the raising of my eyebrows and a pursing of the lips.

"I… I mean… What would you like me to do for you, M-Ms Nadwa?"

"Good boy," I told him, seating myself upon the sofa and crossing my legs as his eyes followed their movement and his ears drank in the hiss of my black hosed thighs; competition too much for his embarrassment to match.

Again, I allowed one of the black court shoes with low spiked heel to dangle from the end of my toes and, again as he had in his own apartment when I had first done the same for him, his eyes flew to it as if mesmerised.

"It would really please me if you performed this chore for me," I told him, allowing a small smile to curl the plump and pink shaded lips of my mouth. "But I will not insist upon it if you find it too… *beneath*… your dignity."

Words beyond him, he stared at me questioningly.

"The thing is, Daniel," I went on as his eyes remained mesmerised by the metronomic swinging of the shoe still dangling from my toes, "is that I have spent the whole day in these shoes and my dearest wish is to have them… *soothed*."

The tent at his groin twitched and he shifted from foot to foot, no doubt praying I hadn't noticed his lower disturbance but not holding out much in the way of hope.

On that score, at least, I decided to put him out of his misery:

“I see that the prospect of attending my feet is one you find… *appealing*,” I told him.

“I… I…” he began in what could only be described as a strangled splutter.

“Do not be embarrassed, Daniel,” I told him, keeping my voice kindly but leaving him – my superior in years, or not – in no doubt that I was the one controlling our somewhat strange commerce with each other. “I take your interest in the well-being of my feet to be most encouraging and one that bodes well for our coming time with each other.”

“But…”

“In case you have not noticed,” I went on, overriding him as if it were my natural and God given right, “I am not like most Indian women – or even European women, come to that - and have no intention of being in a male-superior relationship; be that male be one of my own countrymen or an Englishman such as yourself.”

I neglected to tell him that such a relationship was *exactly* what I had with my late and unlamented Indian husband and felt confident it was *not* something he would *ever* discover.

“You will also find that I am extremely appreciative of those who show me loyalty,” I continued, speaking quickly that he might be kept on the back foot and not find the necessary solid ground beneath his feet – assuming he could – to question me. “Where I come from there is no shame in offering one’s service to a stronger and more suited to command individual. Quite the opposite. The moment you entered my service you took the first steps towards becoming a valued part of my life, as well as providing yourself with an opportunity to give a life without meaning to this point a focus.”

A slight shaking of his head told me he was not exactly buying the line I was selling and only the strange and possibly unwanted sexual desire he felt for me was keeping him in place.

“I need a servant,” I told him simply. “Someone who place my own best interests before his own and attend to my day to day needs as I go about the running of my business interests. Who better than my neighbour, who is on hand to see to those needs when required?”

“But…”

His interjections were becoming feebler by the second and it seemed to me were being voiced simply to make his eventual capitulation seem less… *pathetic*.

Ate least in his own mind.

“Be truthful with yourself, Daniel,” I rolled over him, cutting off his attempt at mitigation at source. “It is exactly what you need. To place yourself at the disposal of a stronger personality and hand over responsibility of your life to her.”

A look of suspicion flickered across his face and I made haste to quell it.

"And no, I have no interest in either your money or your property. They are yours now and will remain so. All I want from you is that which you are so desperate to give and feel too humiliated offer."

I made him wait a few moments, then:

"*That* being your service to me. Offered freely and taken with gratitude," I finished.

I saw him snatch a quick intake of oxygen and knew my words were making ground with him, playing upon the rich vein of masochism and lack of self-worth since his wife's desertion of him that I had always sensed from a distance and become more convinced by upon reading the dossier I had paid to have prepared on him.

"Your head may deny it," I went on, "but your heart is already telling you that future lies in becoming my manservant."

"That… That's not true," he protested feebly.

"Really?" I asked, trying to smother a sneer of contempt that would not have proved helpful at this point. "Then perhaps you can explain why your cock is so hard and eager to serve me whenever it finds itself in my near vicinity?"

Tellingly, his cheeks reddened further and his eyes sought out the floor.

"Is it not worth serving me that you might again feel my soft and smooth Indian feet either side of your cock? Remember how you felt the last time they sought you out and then tell me you do not think it is worth showing me your loyalty and devotion to know that wonderful sensation again."

"I… I…" he spluttered again, the composing of a sentence, let alone one of an intelligent or persuasive variety quite beyond him, leading me to recall my beloved grandmother's words to me on the subject of a man's wisdom and where it resides.

And just how easily it is overridden.

"Stop prevaricating this instant!" I barked and was rewarded by him starting as if he had been slapped. "I will not tolerate your denial. It is not only pathetic but insulting. And, if it is not denial, then why did you complete my laundry last Friday and go on to clean the whole apartment?"

He could not meet my eye.

"Or was that somebody else who waited as instructed for me to arrive with young Ms Sodhi and sign an agreement offering me his domestic services?"

Unable to refute my words, he decided to lie – still without raising his eyes to mine

"I… I thought it was just a… a game we were playing. That… That this was how you… you know?"

“No. I do not know. And neither do I appreciate your lying. If you are suggesting that I enjoy taking control a weak man such as yourself and giving him a purpose in life, then you are not so far from the mark. But your mendacious insinuation that you believed what has happened between us up until now a game is both insulting and maddening.”

I re-crossed my legs and replicated my shoe dangling with my other foot, delighted when his eyes raised at the hiss of my hose to follow the motion.

“Do you not think I know you by now – no matter that our acquaintance has been brief? Do you not think I know exactly how to get you to do what I want?”

“I...”

“Let me give you a choice,” I spoke over his futile attempt at a protest.

Now his eyes did raise themselves up from my swinging foot to meet my eyes.

“You may return to your apartment this instant,” I told him. “And we will forget the agreement we signed and had witnessed. I doubt it could be enforced legally anyhow… Or…”

He was waiting upon my words now, the handsome and reddened face I so wished to own incapable of a response as he waited for the alternative his leaving.

“Or…” I went on. “You can kneel down in front of me and remove my shoes.”

A jolt of electricity seemed to hit him.

“I have been in my hose the whole working day and I am sure my feet are not at their most pleasant,” I told him, feeling almost weak myself at the prospect of seeing him between my legs in such an abject and supplicatory position. “But it is my belief that this will not bother you.”

Daniel Saunders shook his head violently, but we both knew he was only postponing the inevitable.

“At this moment,” I told him, “you wish only to place yourself on the floor before me and rub the aches of the day from my perspiring feet while they are still in their hose. To feel the rasp of the nylon beneath your soothing fingers as you provide your new employer with pleasure – perhaps to even place your lips upon her moist toes that you may taste the evidence of her day’s exertions. And all in the hope that she will be pleased enough with your efforts to place those same feet either side of your needy white cock and give it the relief only *she* can provide.”

The tenting at his groin was so unmissable by now that a small to medium circus might have performed beneath it.

“So,” I continued. “You have a choice and five seconds in which to make it before we rescind our agreement and *never* return to it. And you know enough of me already to

know that once I make a decision it remains made. There will be *no* turning back afterwards. No matter how pitifully and strenuously you beg and grovel to me."

He looked at me as if mortified, not having expected me to offer him such a choice and, if ever he had believed it in the first place, knowing now that whatever was happening between us it was certainly not a *"game"*.

"One…" I began.

By the time I reached the count of four, he was shifting nervously and agitatedly from foot to foot, eyes flitting from my own to the shoe dangling still from my hosed toes.

Before, finally:

"Five!"

Then……..

EIGHT

“Kiss the toilet seat?”

“That is what I said. Kiss the toilet seat that you may worship the arse of the superior Indian woman you serve. You may flush my bodily wastes away afterwards.”

I looked at her, my expression such that it could not have failed to tell her I was appalled – and who would not have been? But why was it the case, after all? Had she not proved to me over the past few weeks that there was very little she could not force me to do, simply by exercising a voice of command and a stern look something equally as powerful inside me, in its own contradictory way, felt compelled to… *obey*. Was I not already cleaning her apartment on a daily basis and taking care of her laundry – to the detriment of my own and the writing that was suffering in competition? Did I not cook for her when she arrived home of an evening and massage and soothe her aching and nearly always ripe feet as she relaxed with for having rescued a glass of wine and observed me with unmistakable satisfaction at being able to command one of my race to do such a thing?

And her extremities were not the only parts of her anatomy with which I was familiar.

From pulling myself to orgasm as I tasted her most intimate secretions via the material of her soiled undergarments, I was now familiar with the taste and fragrance of her hairless Indian cunt, tongue trained to please it in a way of her pleasing; simply in the hope of having those smooth and shapely feet it was now my responsibility to paint and pamper wrap themselves around my cock and take me to, an admittedly degenerate – paradise.

So why would simply placing my lips upon the toilet seat her arse had just vacated seem a step too far for me?

The revolting smell of the solids she had just vacated from her bowels to the water below answer enough, I should have thought; evacuation made as I had waited on my knees to her side with a toilet-tissue at the ready – a position itself that had seemed a step too far when she had started to insist upon it and now… *didn’t*.

“I'm sorry Nadwa…”

Her eyes flashed and, like the well-schooled lackey I was becoming for her, I immediately backtracked.

“I… I’m sorry, Ms Nadwa, but you… you’re really asking too much this time, I just can't...”

“Nonsense!” she barked, naked body, prior to relaxing in the bath I had drawn to her, revealed to me in its entirety and provoking the usual response from my traitorous cock in its new and restrictive accoutrements. The same steel tube she had slipped my penis into before locking it to a ring encircling my scrotum, that she might have greater control over the compulsive and *‘disrespectful masturbation’*, she suspected I indulge in at her expense.”

“I am not asking you to drink from the bowl containing my wastes but simply to show your respect to me by kissing the seat that supported the arse you seem to have no trouble worshipping whenever I offer you the opportunity.”

She was standing over me now as I proffered the toilet-tissue, still fully dressed in the shirt and trousers she had purchased for me as her choice of uniform, hardened nipples proclaiming just how much pleasure she took from demeaning me in such a way – and having gained so much power over me to be able to do so with such… *confidence*.

“Confidence” that was not exactly dissipated by the contraption she had affixed to my initially unwilling genitals after, once again, having overridden my wishes.

“If your little white cock wishes to spurt its pathetic cream again in the near future,” she told me, voice even but totally unyielding, “you will do as your Malkin orders and show her your gratitude for giving your aimless existence a purpose.”

My eyes came up at this, the word *“Malkin”* unfamiliar to me.

Her own eyes, hard, confident, and *very* excited, were waiting for me:

“It is the traditional form of address in my own country from a servant to his mistress and is how you will address me from now on,” she told me. “At *all* times.”

Her eyes widened and her gaze intensified upon my kneeling form, as if daring me to defy her on this.

“Whether we are alone or I have company,” she began, a sense of dread dizzying me as it sunk in that she might intend to have my service to her witnessed by a third-person or persons at some time in the future, “you will always address me as your *‘Malkin’*. Even on those occasions when I allow you to accompany me to the shops or supermarket, I will expect this of you. Understand, Daniel?”

For the second time within a couple of minutes, I questioned one of her directives:

“But…”

The slap that rocked my head to the side was more shocking than painful and I stared up at her numbly at this latest progression in my descent.

For all the humiliations she had heaped upon my humiliatingly accepting head, she had yet to lay hands upon me in such a way.

Now she had.

How would I react?

What would I do?

My answer was about as dispiriting as everything else that had happened to me on that fateful day when she first entered my apartment.

What I did was… *nothing*.

Though my eyes must have conveyed to her my shock that she would feel she had the right to do such a thing.

“That is right. Your Malkin has just physically rebuked you. And there will be more of the same if this wilful disobedience of yours continues.”

She was speaking and acting towards me as if I were not just a domestic in her service, but a mentally-challenged example of the breed.

Not for the first time, I asked myself why I allowed her treatment of me to continue and arrived at the same answer.

Masochism.

Pure and simple.

She had tapped into a hidden reservoir of need in my psyche and claimed it for her own equally perverse and disgusting needs.

Kneeling below her as she stared down at me, hands upon pronounced hips and totally self-assured in regard of her ability to master me and go on doing so, I could not miss the upsurge of delicious weakness that made my own self-interrogation so weak.

How could I when the evidence fetched a groan of discomfort from as a swelling cock met the unnatural resistance of metal.

With one imperious brown finger, she pointed to the toilet seat her capacious and equally brown arse had just vacated.

“Now do as your Malkin tells you, before she becomes *really* angry.”

NINE

The sight below me and the sensations it is in the process of delivering me goes beyond all my youthful and callow imaginings on the subject. Imaginings that, even in so raw a form, would have seen me branded a depraved and heartless monster in female form had they been realised.

So, what did my destruction of my neighbour's manhood, to gratify my childhood need to be in control of man from the race of my country's former tyrants, make me now – given the slavery to which I had reduced him with such ridiculous ease was far more injurious to his soul than anything I had imagined during my years as an adolescent? Even if, given the cruelty of children, my imaginings back then revolved more around physical tortures than mental. Though the imprisoning of his cock and the physical pain of denial that went hand-in-hand with his mental anguish would, I knew, be no small thing to him.

Everything has its counterpart, I am told, and if I am the monster described above then surely my victim must have a finger pointed in his direction every bit as accusingly. And, truth be told, accusations of the sort meant nothing – at least to me. Why would they?

Here I was, an unprepossessing Indian woman in her thirties from an abjectly poor division of an already deprived region, for whom there had been no expectation beyond that of an arranged marriage to an older and physically and mentally stunted fellow countryman who lived in England and was willing to pay for my hand since the fact he was so repulsive made a union of the usual kind highly unlikely. A woman in whom grief for that husband's demise was not only absent but transformed into utter joy now that what had once been his was now mine. The owner of her own business and all the control it gave me. And, now, with a handsome Englishman kneeling naked between my legs save for the chastity-tube I had locked upon his manhood with my own hands.

A naked and restrained man whose tongue was at that very moment in the process of paying homage to my denuded labia after having teased the sensitive perineum surrounding my bum hole.

Adding to the sensations guaranteed to deprive me of cognitive thought – almost; sensations of which I know I shall *never* tire; is the thin length of chain that runs from my hand to the equally slender but deceptively strong chain collar about his neck that allows me to control his movements with more ease.

My already heightened senses elevate further as his tongue continues with its devotions and the suggestion of a metal identity-tag, containing his name and *my* address, occurs to me; taking me back to just over a week before, when Daniel had accompanied to my solicitor's offices…

…"You are aware of the gravity of these arrangements I take it, Mrs Saunders?" yet another Indian woman and one of a growing number of friends and acquaintances of a profession ilk I was cultivating, pointed out to him as I sat opposite her and he, as I had

instructed and looking about as humiliated and uncomfortable as I had seen him, stood to my side with hands behind his back as I had instructed – this despite the offer of a seat from Osha Patel.

"The signing and witnessing of these documents is a very serious matter and I would be derelict in my duty – to both you and my client – were I not to make that plain."

"Your diligence serves you much credit, Osha," I told her.

She smiled and waited patiently for an answer, aware, to now, only that the handsome white man before her worked for me in a domestic capacity as witnessed by her paralegal, Ms Sodhi.

I could tell my white chattel was much taken with the svelte and well-formed body of my Northern Indian friend and that her beautiful and well-defined – classic almost – features were far more to his liking than the prosaic arrangement that was my own face.

In her sober and professional two-piece suit, she looked every inch a capable and independent woman.

Making his embarrassment at coming before her in such a way all the more excruciating for him.

"Well, Daniel," I pressed, "Ms Patel is waiting for an answer."

He looked from my friend to me with horror for having both if us giving him our undivided attention.

"Y-Yes," he croaked out eventually, shamefaced at the form of address he knew he must use and which the solicitor he found so appealing could not avoid hearing.

"I… I understand, hmmm, Malkin."

A jolt of electricity seemed to pass the length of Osha's body at his use of the term of respect and I smiled, sensing she was indeed the type of woman who would enjoy the fact one of her own countrywomen could exercise such control over a man belonging to our former conquerors.

"Not to me, you dolt," I snapped, emboldened by Osha's response.

He swallowed back what appeared to a river of bile and embarrassment and looked in the solicitor's direction – if not into her eyes.

"Y-Yes, Ms Patel. I… I understand what you are saying."

"Good," said Osha, attempting to recover her professional demeanour my use of the insulting word and his acceptance of it had near wrecked. "Because the moment this agreement is notarised between you and Ms Johar, and the relevant authorities such as

financial institutions, local authorities, and the like are included in the loop, she will be responsible for all arrangements of such a kind on your behalf."

She paused, waiting for him to respond, only continuing when I nudged him with an ominous cough and he responded on the instant:

"Yes, Ms Patel, I understand."

"Of course," she went on, "everything you own now will remain owned by you. But, until the durable power-of-attorney into which you are about to enter is rescinded, either by Ms Johar or yourself, it is Ms Johar who will be first responder and the institutions mentioned above will respond only to her. You understand this also?"

"Yes, Ms Patel."

Osha nodded and then turned to me.

"Very well. I believe we are ready to witness the signatures. I will ask Ms Sodhi to step in, as agreements of such a gravity require witnessing by two individuals, not the one.

As a mortified but undeniably attractive – more so to me for having broken his spirit and trained him to my heel – looked on, Osha spoke to her paralegal on the intercom.

Not five minutes later we were on our way from Osha's office when she called me back, allowing Ms Sodhi to accompany a thoroughly subdued Daniel into the outer office.

"In my seven years as a qualified solicitor," she whispered to me in our shared tongue, "I have seen, and arranged, many strange things. Then, the English, I think we can agree, are a very strange people."

I smiled, knowing exactly where her train of thought was taking her.

"Just the same, Nadwa, this is beyond anything I have experienced. That a handsome and financially solvent writer in his forties would virtually hand total responsibility for the running of his life over to a younger Indian woman from the motherland is something I had yet to contemplate, let alone expect to see."

"It is not… common… I agree," I answered with a small chuckle that made her eyes narrow – almost as if she suspected she might have allowed herself to be involved in something that was not entirely above-board.

"He does not seem incapacitated; either physically or mentally; and, from what I know of his financial affairs, all is sound – better than sound, even; so why this? Please, Nadwa, assure me I have not just put my signature to some kind of… well… extortion on your part."

The thunderous nature of my expression both intimidated and reassured her.

"Forgive me, Nadwa. I know you well enough to know such a thing to be preposterous. But… But it is just so… so… incredible!"

I took her hand in mine, reassuringly, "Do not trouble yourself, Osha. Your behaviour is beyond reproach. This is your livelihood and it is only right for you to be concerned for the ethics involved in what is happening between myself and my… servant."

She nodded, relieved and excited at my description of the man's role in my life.

"He… He called you… 'Malkin'," she observed almost to herself. "I… I have never heard of such a thing between an Indian woman and an English man. And he is so… handsome."

It was obvious that my solicitor found the whole thing highly arousing and I found that pleasing, having determined that the three Indian businesswomen and friends who had met and been waited upon by him to now would soon see another added to their number. She felt sure of it. Something in the way Osha's eyes lit up as she viewed my interaction with Daniel told me she found the situation as appealing as it was arousing.

The delicious notion of an older man –an older white Englishman- committing himself to the guardianship of a low-caste and younger Indian women seemed to be working upon my solicitor in pretty much the same way as it worked upon me and my friends when I had given them a small taster of it.

"Whatever, Nadwa, he is obviously a weak personality in need of a strong Indian woman's guidance."

We shared a knowing smile at this before Osha continued:

"It goes much to your credit that you would accept responsibility for him and give his life a purpose – even a purpose of so menial a nature," she went on, flashing a look into the outer office at the handsome and red-faced man waiting there for the woman he had, for all intents and purposes, signed over his life, at their side as he fidgeted uncomfortably, unfamiliar with the snatches of language he could hear us sharing and looking desperate to make an escape.

"Thank you, Osha," I began. "I intend to help him in every way that I can. You are right in that he needs tha hand of a strong Indian woman and I intend to provide him with just that."

I smiled.

"As I am sure you know already," I confided, "a firm hand is always the best way with men such as him."

It was Osha's turn to nod and I sensed she was bursting to ask something of me.

A favour, in fact.

"Be careful, though, dear Nadwa," she advised. "He is still a handsome man and, in my experience, they are the worst; spoilt as they have been, throughout their lives."

My laughter was mocking and humorous at the same time as I stared behind me to my chattel that he be in no doubt as to whom it was I mocked to the beautiful solicitor he so obviously admired.

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

As if to empathise his "Weakness", I turned to the older man and reverted to English as I snapped out an order:

"Go to the car and wait for me while I speak to Ms Patel," I told him. "Wait by the passenger door until I am finished."

As an amazed Ms Sodhi looked on - looking, unless I am mistaken, as aroused as her employer - my man's cheeks turned a deeper shade of scarlet and he actually lowered his eyes before answering in a shamed voice:

"Yes, Malkin."

When he had left, I turned back to Osha and, speaking in a normal voice Ms Sodhi could hear from the other office, said:

"Should you ever be in my area and find yourself fee, do call and arrange to come by as it would be lovely to see you again."

The beautiful face lit up.

"I understand the pressures of your work and, believe me, you will find it most relaxing as well as… empowering… to be waited upon by my new servant."

So obviously aroused was she, the solicitor who made a conservable part of her living through an articulate and persuasive tongue could find no words to respond to my offer and could only manage a nod that was not lacking in conviction.

"Call me whenever you are free," I told her with a smile as I stepped through to the outer office and the open-mouthed Ms Sodhi. You are always welcome."

As I made my way from the building housing her offices to meet the man I now, to all intents and possible purposes, owned, I smiled at the thought of the animated and aroused conversation my solicitor would now be having with her paralegal…

…As my creature senses my growing arousal to my reflections, he redoubles his efforts, sucking my engorged clitoris into his mouth and gently nibbling at it in the way I have taught him, the imagery of him performing his chores for me and accompanying me in public whilst… *marked*… in such a way send me toppling over a familiar and

exhilarating edge once again and I allow my scream to fill the apartment with absolutely no inhibition, pulling so hard upon his lead that the handsome face which now belongs to me is mashed against the womanhood it serves and has come to recognise as his master.

My screams, I feel sure, can be heard across the river by the tourists of Greenwich.

Not to mention any of our well-heeled neighbours on the floors below who had decided to take some night air on the terrace.

Or, more likely, were not stone deaf and did not have the news from Channel-Four at a prohibitive volume.

“Oh, you beautiful obedient dog!” I hear myself scream as my crisis lessens and a stream of urine escapes the bladder I have deliberately *not* voided for that exact reason; gushing into his adoring mouth and causing him to swallow desperately; knowing from my reaction the last time he spilled a drop of my nectar to the wooden flooring below that he would enjoy far less being placed across my knee and having me spank him with the sole of the shoe I had sent him to fetch from my wardrobe.

In an underlining of the weakness that had always been present in him and my detection of it; in tandem with my having taken my courage in my hands and taken the first steps on the road necessary if he was to be conditioned to seeing me as the figure of authority in his life I intended to become; both his body and the floor below him remained dry – despite the volume of piss I deposited in his mouth.

A small disappointment this, as I had purchased, unbeknownst to him, one of those restrictive *“Humbler”* devices and was looking forward to punishing him with an extended session of it with his balls locked into the stock and trapped behind his legs; thus, forcing him to crawl around naked as if he truly were my dog as well as my property.

Then again, he had been a good boy and I did so love to reward him for his obedience.

And especially when the manner of his reward was as dreaded by him as it was welcomed.

“Kneel up properly now, and allow your Malkin to let your little cock and balls from their restraint,” I directed him.

Trying manfully not to show distaste for the taste of his owner’s waste in his mouth, he was helped by the expectations of what might cum (sic) next.

Retrieving the small key essential to his liberation from a thin and expensive gold-chain worn at my wrist, I cupped his scrotum in the palm of my hand to savour the weight of his denial awaiting release upon my cool hand and, with him looking into my eyes throughout the procedure as he had been directed to do, unlocked the tiny padlock connecting tube to ring.

The *"aaaaaaah"* of release as his cock found its freedom and *immediately* showed its appreciation of my largesse, was one I found understandable and felt unable to punish for his having been told not to speak or make a noise without his Malkin's permission.

His manhood, after all, had not been freed in such a way for almost a fortnight now and it was only natural he would make such a sound of appreciation.

Now, you might be thinking that his cock and balls, having been restrained in a tube for so long, might not be as squeaky clean acceptable to sensitive to female nostrils as they might have been.

And you would have been wrong.

Do you really feel I am the type of woman who would allow her own servant to offend her in such a way?

No. You are right. I, most certainly, am not.

After much online research, I had plumped for a most attractive and functional restraint from one of the Baltic States I was surprised to learn had cornered the market from the formerly pre-eminent Germans when it came to such devices.

Not only was it near impregnable once attached, but it also allowed cleaning of the genitals while the tube was being worn.

And with no possibility of the metal it consisted of being degraded.

A guarantee the makers in no way applied to the wearer.

"There," I cooed to him demeaningly, a proprietorial hand brushing his hair back from his eyes as the other dropped the device to the floor and returned to the cupping of his ownership that had come to be seen by me as the perfect way off trumpeting my ownership to him.

What else could I be but an owner to him when I could handle him in such a way and he could do nothing to prevent it?

"You see how good things can happen to you when you behave for your Malkin?"

He sighed again and closed his eyes.

I slapped him.

Hard.

"How dare you close your eyes when your Malkin is giving you a compliment, you worthless dog," I feigned rage, moving from praise to verbal and physical abuse in the space of three seconds.

“I’m sorry, Malkin,” came instantly from the reddened cheeks comprising his handsome face – a face even more handsome to me now for being in my possession – eyes snapping open and fixing themselves upon mine on the instant; my right to correct him via the laying on of hands no longer disputed, either outwardly or inwardly.

I nodded, pretending to be won over by his contrition and feeling my pussy come alive again at the exercise of my power – no matter that I had only just recovered from the latest of the explosive orgasms his tongue had brought me to since he entered my service.

And when a tongue was not enough for me?

No, I must disappoint you.

Not *his*.

Never *his*.

That would send entirely the wrong message and would be likely to undermine all my conditioning of him.

No. When the need for something more substantial presented itself to my pussy, I had a whole bedside cabinet of devices from which to choose.

And a totally dedicated servant to wield the vibrator of my choice when such a desire presented itself – as painful and frustrating for him as it was performing such an intimate service for his Malkin was when his own *living* sex toy was currently under lock and key.

“Do you think you could hump your Malkin’s leg as if you truly were a dog rather than a man?” I asked him, surprising him once again when he must surely have believed nothing could surprise him again.

No greater evidence of his desperation was needed when he nodded his head, almost on the instant, and stammered:

“Y-Yes, Malkin.”

“And do you think you can keep your hands behind your back and your eyes upon those of your Malkin as a sign of your respect for her as you do so?”

Again the nod, followed by:

“Yes, Malkin.”

“And you will not hesitate to lick your doggy cream from the Malkin’s leg or anywhere else it spurts?”

The swallowing of his saliva, made with no small difficulty, indicated his distaste at the prospect but, finally, and just the same:

“Y-Yes, Malkin.”

I pretended to think about it, as if having second-thoughts as his erection, free after so long, literally throbbed its plea for attention to the younger Indian woman who had first enslaved and then imprisoned it.

Then, adding yet another proviso:

“And afterwards, when I have locked away your little cock once again, will you prepare your Malkin for her bed and soothe her to sleep by sucking upon the toes you adore so much as you rest at the bottom of her mattress?”

Far from demeaning him – so far had he been lowered – the prospect caused a cock that was already at optimum to lurch in my direction and his voice to become no more than a croak of unnatural desire as he answered:

“Y-Yes, Malkin.”

I nodded to myself, stretching out his anticipation of the acts described.

Then, turning sideways in my seat and wondering if I might still find some cause for complaint in regard of his behaviour that would give me an excuse to use the *Humbler* – I did not wish to appear… *arbitrary*… you understand – I placed the ball of my foot upon the floor and stretched up that the pressure might create a dimple of tension the length of my pronounce calf muscle:

“Very well,” I relented as his eyes took in the sight of my flexed leg as if he were a dehydrated Bedouin presented with the unexpected appearance of the most fresh and bountiful oasis.

As he drew himself up with his hands behind his back as directed, eyes searching out mine also as instructed, I knew the orgasm I had experienced earlier would not be the last this night before I found the sweet oblivion of sleep.

With his eyes upon mine adoringly as his cock thrust up against my calf, just as if he truly were the dog I had proclaimed him to be, it occurred to me that though there were indeed more beautiful, more wealthy, and more powerful women in this world, I would find it hard to believe any of them could be more fulfilled than yours truly.

EPILOGUE

It's hard, despite everything, to place the blame for the life I now live at the feet of the Indian woman who loves nothing more than to have me show those same feet my respect and complete devotion.

That she is warped and sadistic and devoid of all those qualities I looked for – and once thought I had found in a life-partner – goes without saying for those of you who have found stomach enough to read this far.

Unfortunately, her lack of the empathy and warmth we expect in our females is in no way responsible on its own for my situation.

For that, the areas in which I am lacking and the weakness and sexual perversion walking hand in hand within their stygian confines must take some responsibility.

In fact, I am amazed when I look back at just how easily and speedily she was able to place my will at the service of her own and turn me from – if not a strong individual, exactly – a man of independent means whose life-choices were his to make, into the most submissive and biddable of menials who seemed to thrive on every degradation heaped upon him.

Even now, looking back and seeing everything clearly for exactly what it is – her desire for control and my sublimated need for submission to a will stronger than my own – I am unable to summon up the anger and the volition that goes with it to alter my situation in any way. Though I suppose the fact that my life – other than the demeaning aspects of my service – has not altered to a massive degree helps. Yes, of course, a large amount of my time is spent in the Malkin's apartment, either providing domestic or sexual services as she requires. But the apartment opposite remains my own, as does the monies in my accounts and investments. Even if *I* am not the one able to gain access to the details regarding them. I am also, in a limited form, allowed by my Indian owner to write – which at least gives me a respite from the self-disgust my easy slide into her control and the pleasure I take from her abuse of me means I am seldom without.

Worse, I must confess to you that I now look upon my Malkin as the focal point of my life and would simply find life meaningless were she to banish me from her own.

The above, thankfully, a happenstance I am confident – if am confident of nothing else – will *never* happen.

For, in her own sadistic and controlling way, Nadwa Johar – the younger Indian woman I once thought nothing of and now revered, from foot, to anus, to armpit – is as committed to keeping me in her service as I would be devastated to be forced to leave it.

Though she is growing ever more generous in loaning those services out.

"Is everything cleared away?" she demands imperiously, one hand upon a thrust out hip as she stands naked in the kitchen doorway, the nipples of her more than impressive

breasts pointing at me accusingly for having caused them to take on such an aspect of projection.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I respond, naked myself after having cooked for and served an intimate coterie of her friends; thankful for the closed drapes that prevented me from being seen by anyone opposite the windows bother enough to look.

“Good. I have been very pleased with you. My guests were most impressed with your diligence and willingness to serve. Each of them, in fact, assured me they would love to have you should you ever become free – which, as you know, will most assuredly never happen.”

I waited, standing barefoot and naked save for my penis-tube before her, the kitchen behind me pristine and sparkling as if a meal had *never* been cooked in it at any time; knowing by what was now ingrained instinct that a response was not required.

She shook the raven-black hair that was still wet from her shower behind her head and the movement caused a ripple of sympathy to jiggle her breasts up and down and trigger the penis, flaccid from performing such prosaic chores, to flare up in its tube.

Her lip curled at the wince of pain contact with my *tube* elicited from me.

“Good boy,” she applauded. “That is exactly the response you should have when a superior Indian lady rewards you with her sexy body.

I waited, hands clasped behind my back respectfully as she drank in my own body with approval.

Hunger.

“As you have been such a good and obedient boy for me,” she went on, “I am going to allow you the privilege of kissing and licking my arse with that tongue of yours that is so servile.”

I fought back a wince. Of all my duties, this was – understandably, I think - the worst. No matter how freshly bathed, the placing of one’s tongue into the dank and earthy recesses of that place from which springs a female’s solid wastes is one that will *never* seem natural to me.

“Then,” she continued, “I will allow you to use that respectful and servile tongue to worship my lovely Indian cunny and bring it to the completion we both know it deserves.”

No wince was required now and my eyes flickered without my being aware of having ordered the action to her glorious and depilated slit, the mound of her labia puffing out towards me as both a threat and an inducement if my attentions to her back passage were not to her liking.

“Yes. That is how it should be,” she said. “Your excitement at the prospect of placing your tongue upon my cunt and tasting that which your nostrils finds so tantalising is to

be expected from such an individual who is useless in all other ways than that of personal and domestic service.

As was usually the case, my face reddened under abuse I could hardly refute.

How could I, when my faithless cock was doing its painful and level best to find its way from the embrace of the tube imprisoning it?

“But,” she said, “good service, no matter how menial, deserves its reward. And, if your efforts please me sufficiently, I have a surprise for you.”

With a smile that was the epitome of the self-satisfied and a curling of her plump lips, she raised a hand and opened it to produce the key to my captivity.

“Consider it motivation,” she told me before turning on her heel and presenting me with the arse I would soon be serving as she made her way to the bedroom.

As I followed like an automaton, cock desperate for release after almost a month in restraint, I could think of nothing more than the prospect of either her hand or her foot bringing me off after I had brought her to a number of orgasms she deemed acceptable.

And yet, as he followed Warhi Bhandari’s capacious and swaying derriere into her bedroom, he could not help but profess to himself that he wished it was his *true* Indian owner to whose service he was about to place his well-used tongue…

THE END