THE UNWILLING MANSERVANT

Forced Into a Woman's Service…
And in ALL ways!

By
Estelle Morsten

COPYRIGHT © 2018. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the publisher.

The right of Estelle Morsten to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with section 77 of the copyright, designs and patents act 1988. This book is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.



"THE UNWILLING MANSERVANT"

By
Estelle Morsten

With thanks to my good friends…
Wilson Henshaw, Sandrine Bessancort and Ms Rachilde



PROLOGUE



4th April - 1935

As taught, and after kissing the toes of her boots and then removing them, he took her toes one-by-one and sucked upon them; toes it both amazed and pained him to consider, he now found as arousing as they were degrading.

"There's nothing quite like a man's saliva to give one's nails that added lustre before the varnish is applied," he recalled her saying on that first occasion she had ordered him to debase himself in such a way; this after the confidence that she could now handle him had grown to a… more pronounced height.

In fact, he wasn't sure what appalled him the most: the way he now kow-towed to her; or the growing certainty that he was a long way past any feeble and futile protests against her new authority. Protests he knew would only win him her displeasure. Knowing also that – though she would be loath to turn him in and lose her meal-ticket, the cold and mean-spirited old bitch, though she was actually eight years younger than him - would do just that if he pressed her hard enough.

The worst of it all being the fact the death of the invalid wife his former housekeeper was holding over him had been totally accidental and he had not been at fault.

Not deliberately, anyway… Not when he was the sole recipient of his late-wife's wealth and belongings and the housekeeper told them how he had been the one who had picked the mushroom's for the pie he had made for his wife and how he himself hadn't eaten it. That, when she explained to the authorities that his wife had told her she was thinking of divorcing him and changing her will and how she had recordings of some of his more violent and drunken rants at the woman who effectively bankrolled and controlled him – the same wife who had asked the housekeeper to record these outbursts as both evidence and *insurance* for the coming divorce she had yet to mention to her husband - would likely see him behind bars for some considerable period.

No matter his selection of the poisonous mushrooms he had picked while hungover to fill the peace-offering he was making his wife had been no more than a tragic mistake, and that his reason for not eating that pie himself was down to nothing more sinister than a queasy stomach from the previous evening's booze-intake.

It would he knew, as did his former housekeeper, make no difference to a judge and jury that Amanita phalloides was one of the most poisonous of all known toadstools as well as one of the more easily mis-identified.

Neither would the fact his deceased wife would be in good company with other victims such as the Roman Emperor Claudius in AD 54 and Holy Roman Emperor Charles VI in 1740.

Not much of a consolation for her when it came down to it, he reasoned.

And now here he was…

As the big-toe of her large but shapely foot entered his mouth and he steeled himself not to gag, he realised that the resentment he felt towards the late and bed-ridden wife who had not only bankrolled him but derided his efforts to make it for himself as a writer, was as nothing to the hell he was going through now.

The even more excruciating and humbling nightmare resulting in the shame he felt at being not only chastised but controlled by a younger woman.

That she was not his equal in either looks or intellect – background went without saying, he thought - was also a matter of some personal angst and debasement.

Not to mention her new habit of speaking in a way she though made her sound… *well bred*.

A new habit with a disconcerting penchant for reverting to her South London roots whenever she angry or caught off guard.

That angst and debasement felt now as her words drifted down to him while he sucked upon the big-toe of her left-foot from a kneeling position on the kitchen floor below her.

Twin and unwelcome sensations made no more easy to harbour by the knowledge it was only his own craven gutlessness that allowed her to treat him so…

Shamefully.

"You must consider yourself favoured," she told him, affected and inconsistent elocution made all the more outrageous by the certainty it would not be taken to task by the wretch at whom it was aimed. "Just because we live in these enlightened times, it's not all servants who are favoured enough by their Mistress to be allowed to serve in such a way."

The delightful prospect of serving her in small sections to a less enlightened animal of the carnivore variety flashed across his thoughts once again as, not for the first time, he marvelled at the inner weakness in him that managed to keep him at her feet – and worse - without any question of retaliation save for in his thoughts.

"Did you know it in India where nail painting first started," she said as he covered the nail of her toe with saliva and then proceeded to suck upon it; the fact she, with her lower intellect, was trying to educate *him* yet another form of torment.

Another to be kept company with the unsought erection filling his trousers whenever he came into such… *abject* …contact with her.

"Indian women knew that when their nails were sucked before adding a colour, they became bright and vivid. But I'll bet there weren't many like me who had their own servant to do the job for them."

He averted his eyes rather than see the joy she took from having mastered the former employer who had only acknowledged her existence as a necessary flunky in the home of his wife.

"And especially," she went on, "a man who fancies himself a man's man like you – even if you did live off your wife as if you were a parasite."

Not that he had one she would be pleased to hear, but any response to her demeaning words would have been difficult and somewhat muffled.

Understandably, given the presence of her to against his tongue.

Instead, he allowed his imagination to be swamped by the more immediate concerns of his eviscerated male pride and the various scenarios of vengeance forever writ large across it.

"Soon," she told his lowered head as it went about the unmanly task *she* had set him, "if your progress warrants it, you might earn the opportunity to feel the hand of your new Mistress around your little cock."

In spite of his hatred of her, his erection grew bolder in its confinement and he prayed she wouldn't follow through on her threat to have him kitted out in one of the new and continental male-chastity devices that were all the rage with the more decadent society-women of mainland Europe.

Just thinking about it eased the perverted urgency at his groin somewhat.

He felt himself begin to tear up at what his life had come to as he continued to suck upon the toes of the woman who had once been his wife's housekeeper and had now appointed herself his master. The former housekeeper, whose name was Rhea Halpern, was one he had barely given the time of day before his wife's death and, as fate would have it, was the one who now held his life in her hands. A woman, moreover, who was more than willing to serve a short sentence for not having reported her suspicions – her *knowledge* – rather than have him call any bluff he might think she was pulling on him.

Her willingness to put him to the test only underlining the opinion she had of him as both waster, imposter, and weakling.

The former housekeeper glorying in her new position of mistress of the house – even if he was the only one who knew of it in his now solitary existence – was enjoying her power over a *"gentleman"* too much to give it up without a fight or a cost.; knowing as she did that the cost would be far greater for him than for her should the coroner's finding of "Death by Misadventure" be overturned in light of her new evidence and he find himself serving either a life-sentence or seeing the gallows at close quarters.

Small wonder, then, that hatred for her burned inside him continually as he thought of the degradations he experienced at her hands and feet that seemed to worsen with each passing day.

But then why, if he felt as degraded as he did, and hated the woman with an impotent passion almost as degrading as the treatment she handed out to him, was his cock forever tenting out the black-trousers that served as a part of his working *"uniform"* whenever he was in her presence.

Opening his eyes, he could see the silky smooth skin of the powerful calf-muscles he could see rising above his head and the sucking tongue within it; calf-muscles currently resting upon the chaise-longue that had belonged to his wife and she now considered hers; legs, along with the powerful and hour-glass body that now attracted him in a way he would have once found impossible.

Though no change had been affected in regard of his feelings toward the sight waiting at that same body's summit.

That hard and cold, low-born face…!

And the cess-pit of a mind it contained…!

Never a man of a particularly fertile imagination – explaining, perhaps, why his writing had never been of the kind to win the approval of either agent or publisher – the growing power of his arousal in her presence and the authority she was assuming over both his waking hours and those he spent sleeping were as puzzling to him situation as they were worrying.

Terrifying, even!

As was the fact the predatory opportunist above him needed only to fix him with her piercing and unnaturally bright eyes for him to become nothing more than her servile thrall.

And a thrall who lived in growing terror of his conqueror at that.

Even as he performed the demeaning acts she insisted upon and his manhood retreated further and further into itself, his inner self raged at his weakness for submitting in such a way; knowing that if he were any kind of man he would simply let her make her accusations and defend his innocence of them for all he was worth.

But he hadn't found the necessary courage and, innocent as he was, could not bring himself to take a risk that might see him in a prison from which he feared he would never again step outside.

As if sensing his thoughts, and confident in her complete power, she wiggled the toe still inside his mouth to underline her control of him, her certainty of his moral cowardice convincing her utterly and completely certain there would be no possibility of the merest rebellion from him in the future.

She loved owning this handsome and dependent gentleman too much not to ensure it.

Then, wishing to play with her possession more playfully, she placed the sole of her free foot over his trousers and against the erection raging inside of them.

She could feel his groan vibrate against her toes.

“There,” she said as if to an infant rewarded for having learned a lesson; or, perhaps more pertinently, a household animal who had just voided itself for the first time in the place expected of it. “Just show obedience and your Mistress will always make sure you get a reward.”

Despite his negative feelings towards her, he felt himself falling further into the subservient mindset both her words and the low animal cunning of her actions were designed to provoke; contrasting reactions that declared his debasing desire for her the victor as he contrived to keep her toe in his mouth and thrust against the sole of her foot at one and the same time.

As he erupted into his own undergarments after only a matter of seconds, a low-voice at the back of his perverted reaction asked Ronald Worrell yet again how it was possible for a like him to have been brought so low by such an unlikely example of womanhood.

And so quickly…

I



Eleven o'clock.

A knock at the door.

"... I hope I haven't disturbed you, Miss. You weren't asleep were you? But I've just given my lady her tea, and there was such a nice cup over, I thought, perhaps..."

"How nice o' you, Worrell," said the young woman he had been told to address as *'Miss Violet*, expression telling him she saw through the nonsense of his asking whether she was asleep or not instantly. "Trying to get me on yer side are yer?"

Ronald Worrell felt himself trying to achieve an erection in the infernal device he was forced to wear beneath his uniform as he took in the comely body of the young woman in her mid-twenties, in the white corset, bra and stockings, she was in the process of removing after an evening spent with her lover and his Mistress.

He wanted her.

Badly.

"Or is it you like what yer see of me in me smalls an' want to get to know yer Mistress's guest better?"

The shapely young blonde's expression was one of insolence and power and, for some reason, it made her seem to him even more alluring – despite her lack of education and the common speaking voice that grated on his sensibilities even more than the one belonging to her older female lover.

"...Not at all, madam. I…"

"How rude!" she rebuked him, neglecting to pronounce the *'aitch'*.

"No… I meant…"

"Don't you find me fuckable then?"

The instant redness of his mature and handsome cheeks upon hearing the word from her youthful if ill-bred lips added amusement to the feelings of insolence and power she was developing towards him.

"I… I just thought that as I always make a cup of tea for, hmm, Mistress last thing and, as you are not, hmm, sleeping with her tonight, you might like a cup yourself."

"Oh, right. Nothing to do wi' you wanting a peek of me in me underthing's then?"

"I'm sorry," he told her, knowing that was exactly what he had been wanting. "I didn't mean to offend Miss Violet. I'll leave it on the dresser and give you some privacy."

Violet just stared at him. She had been seeing Rhea for almost two months now and hadn't believed her when she said was a woman of means with her own devoted and obedient manservant – and a handsome one too. Just how handsome and obedient she had not seen for herself until yesterday when her lesbian lover pronounced that she trusted her enough to let her see her domestic arrangements for herself and allow her to witness for herself the authority she exercised over her man.

Authority that had made the bisexual young woman as aroused as she could ever recall being.

This, however, was the first chance she'd had to speak to him alone.

"You don't want to run yer hands over me hosed legs and kiss me bare thighs then?" she taunted, loving how she could so easily cause his cheeks to flush simply by suggesting such a thing.

Going on with even more confidence as she gauged the effect she was having upon him:

"I mean, wouldn't you like to be a good boy for Miss Violet and soothe her aching legs with yer big manly hands?"

"If.. If that was what you w-wanted," he stammered, shuffling before her uncomfortably as he tried in vain to keep his lower body still."

"An' what if I wanted you to more? What then? Would you do anything your Miss Violet told yer to?"

The need made almost painful by the recent lack of anything resembling sex gave itself away in his expression.

“Yeah, course yer would,” she jeered. “You’re one o’ those men who can only perform when women are cruel to ‘em aren’t yer?”

He looked shamed and being able to affect a handsome older man who was obviously her social superior in such a way thrilled her.

“Why else would an’ handsome and well-educated gent such as yerself be a manservant an flunky if he weren’t warped.”

Her words at least gave him the small consolation of knowing that she wasn’t aware of the full extent of her lover’s control over him and the reasons behind it.

Yet.

“I suppose yer want me to put yer over me knee and spank yer arse, do yer?”

His stammering attempt at a protest only served to make her bolder.

“That why you’re such a good little boy for your… *‘Mistress’*?” she finished in a mocking tone made all the more cutting for the lack of her years in respect of his. “Cos she rewards you for being a good obedient boy by warming those saucy buns o’ yours.”

His mouth was working but no words were emerging from it, and…

She noticed his sudden inability to speak was not affecting his eyes as they roved over her milky and upraised breasts above the confining white corset.

“Bet you want to feel your little excited cock rasping against the stockings covering me firm young thighs as I use the sole of me shoe on your naughty ’dirty arse ’n brings you to tears. I bet that afterwards you even want me to put you in the corner wi’ yer nose pressed to it ‘til yer learns yer lesson and crawls to me feet and kisses ’em, don’t yer?”

With a clearing of the throat, and obviously excited by the less than articulate – forget lyrical - pen-picture her tongue had delivered, Ronald Worrell found his voice once again; at least a squeak that was an approximation of it:

“I… I know that my, hmm, Mistress, likes to sleep alone, and… and I knew you wouldn’t be joining her this evening so I thought I would just… just fetch you some tea too.”

His excuse was ignored.

“Why’d you look all embarrassed when you say Mistress?” she asked, loving the way she could so easily put him on the back-foot. It was so obvious he hated the role he was adopting in the household and she wondered why he would suffer it. Especially as she sensed he had not been long in that role and had obviously not been born to service.

“You sound as if you’re ashamed to be her manservant or something?”

“No, no!” he said quickly, as if worried the *‘her’* in question might overhear them and believe what she heard to be true – even if they both, mistress and servant, knew it to be the case.

Looking as if he hoped the bedroom floor would open and drop him down into a more… *welcoming* …dimension, he protested his innocence:

“It’s just that… just that…”

She came in on him, loving the fact she, a young skivvy with no formal education and only her erotic little body in her favour, could actually lead and dominate such a man.

A man who more and more she was beginning to suspect had some dark reason fro submitting to act the menial for a woman who, though she was some eight or nine years older than herself, was only a couple of rungs from the bottom of the society ladder herself – even if she did have… *aspirations.*

"You think that, cos she weren't born from some upper crust womb, she 'as no right to be the boss o' yer?"

The high colour of his cheeks told her she'd nailed it – even if she also knew it was something he'd never admit.

"I seen too many o' your type not to know what you thinks of anyone born wi' out a silver-spoon stuck in their gob from birth. We're alright to fuck but not to take orders from. Right?"

His thoughts could only agree, even as his cock responded to her sexy little body and met nothing but the resistance of the cumbersome steel restrainer his *"Mistress"* had purchased from the continent. She was exactly what her last sentence had proclaimed her to be. A poor example of womanhood whose highest ambition in life was to be accepted as a Lyons Corner House nippy.

Just the same, low-birth or not, and knowing she had not been told the real reason he was skivvying in the home that had once been his, albeit under the proxy of his late wife, he wondered just how much the bitch Rhea had told her of his situation.

Her next words reassured him of her ignorance as to the true nature of his servitude to one of her kind and blessed him with some small relief that his continued freedom was not in the hands of such a person.

A person even less well-born and educated than the woman who had made a chattel of him.

"Even worse for you, innit?" she asked. "Being as you seem to me like a gent who's fallen on hard times. What a comedown for yer. Doing menial work for someone you look down on."

She smirked before placing her hands on her hips and thrusting them out towards him, the breath almost leaving his body in its entirety as the movement made the corset rise and brought her pussy into relief.

A pussy that was bald and *entirely* without hair!

He stood before her as if mesmerised.

"Cat got yer tongue?" she asked as he stared, near stupefied at his first sight of a denuded womanhood.

"Or does the tongue want to get the pussy?"

Ignoring her tortuous attempt at sexual innuendo, he groaned as the sight before him and the imagery her teasing evoked ensured his cock thrust against the bars of its prison in yet another futile attempt to reach its majority.

`For a moment, she looked puzzled at his discomfort, but soon decided to take his reaction as yet another tribute to her effect upon him, her own words coming back to fill her own head with delightful images of him across her stockinged knees as the sole of her shoe reddened the pale skin of his buttocks before she pushed him from her and ordered him to place his disobedient tongue at the service of her bald and ravenous snatch.

“Rhea’s told me what you do for her, you know? How she insists you bathe ’n dress her each morning ‘n how she insists you help her with all those little personal chores no *Lady* should have to take care of for ‘erself.”

The smirk was back but Worrell didn’t see it, so fixated were his eyes upon the hairless little pussy peeking out from beneath the black fabric of the boned basque.

“Don’t be embarrassed,” she laughed, knowing he was far too busy imagining what he’d like to be doing with her succulent young cunt to feel that way – yet. “I think it’s really lovely when a ’andsome man like you knows his proper place.”

She moved closer to him and his eyes came up to hers, a certain needy and… *beaten* …quality in them fuelling the desire she had for her lesbian lover’s servant that was already at a fever pitch.

“An’ with such a young girl too. I likes that. Makes me feel all squidgy in here,” she said, pointing one delicate forefinger with clean fingernails to the perfect slit beneath the corset.

As he followed her finger as if under some hypnotic power, she ran it the length of that slit and up again before giggling in a way that showed her true years.

“I bet if I were to tell you to,” she said, pointing the now glistening finger at him and angling it slightly down as if to indicate his position would always be below her, “you’d kneel in front o’ me and suck the juices from off my finger as if you were a toddler suckling at his mummy’s teat.”

The sigh that left his lips so instinctively almost made her laugh out loud – and she would have had she not been so incredibly aroused herself.

At first she hadn’t believed it when Rhea eventually felt comfortable enough with her to explain a *little* about her… *“Manservant”* …and just how he served her, but now, having seen his deference to her at close-quarters, she did. Even if she was none the wiser as to how her lover came to be the mistress of such a lovely house off Dulwich Common and the handsome middle-aged man staring into her eyes with a slightly pained expression that left her with the feeling he wanted to groan aloud; as if he truly were in physical pain.

Emboldened for having seen her lover treat him so dismissively and his current presence in her bedroom, eyes agog at the sight of her smooth and denuded womanhood, she reached out and cupped his balls through the trousers of his uniform.

And gasped herself the heel of her palm made contact with something hard above that was *not* made of engorged flesh.

“What the fuck!” she exclaimed, uncaring of what he might think of her language.

He drew back from her as if he had been scalded but her tightening grip upon his ringed scrotum kept him in place.

As well as exaggerating the delicious feelings of dominance and control moistening her already sopping pussy.

His barely audible, “Please!” did not lessen her feelings.

“What are you wearing under there?” she asked as his eyes closed under the humiliation of being handled by one so young and so… *common*.

“It…” he began, barely able to form words so great was his mortification.

“Go on, get it out,” she demanded, returning both hands to her hips, the power going to her head and making her want to display it more.

And then she was the one lost for words as, mistaking her intent, she saw him fumble with his trouser belt and then unbutton and unzip his trousers to reveal a protrusion beneath white underpants for which his desire for her was only half responsible.

And then, with lowered head and a resignation to the *“get it out”* she had demanded simply by way of a verbal explanation, he slowly slid the underpants down his hips.

Young Violet’s mouth dropped open as the cumbersome steel device that ensured his chastity until his Mistress decided he was deserving of release came into view.

“It… It’s something Mistress insists I wear so that she can feel safe with just herself and… and a man in the house.

Now young Violet did laugh.

A man??

Who was he trying to fool?

No real man, at least in her estimation, would ever allow himself to be persuaded into wearing such an emasculating and demeaning contraption.

She hadn’t even heard of such things, let alone been in the presence of a man fitted in one of them.

Which was when, unable to prevent herself and acting simply upon animal instinct, she dropped to her knees between his legs and used her tongue to lap at his balls and tease the trapped genitals into an even greater fervour of impotent desire that would result in even more pain and frustration for the man so imprisoned…

II



Alone in his small serving quarters on the ground-floor and to the back of the house in which he had once lived with the wife who owned it, Ronald Worrell found sleep elusive.

Not so surprising really, given his Mistress and her lover had sent him to bed after the meagre supper he had taken in the scullery.

Order given that they might indulge themselves without his intrusive presence – no matter how much both liked to feed from his subjugation.

Subjugation that had been to one and was now demanded by two.

An order made not to spare him the erotic sight of them both pleasing each other while he was excluded but simply to ensure his imagination as it pictured them making love tortured his thoughts even more as he lay on his narrow single-frame bed.

And torture him his imagination did as he pictured female hands caressing the black-stockinged legs of the other, all rasping breath and about to be fulfilled desire. Questing tongues exploring mouths, breasts, and fragrant and musty pussies as they brought each other to a pinnacle of desire he was no longer allowed to know for himself.

At least not without a key and the permission of whichever one of them held it at the time.

He recalled that night in her room when Miss Violet had made the discovery of his restrainer and how she placed her tiny hands on his shoulders and eased him down to his knees that he might serve with his tongue the gloriously tight and hairless young pussy he could see glistening with the flood of its own excitement and perverse need.

For the first time in her young life she was in control of a man and it had been obvious she adored the role-reversal.

Control made all the more incredible to her by the knowledge this was more than just that control all women could exercise over men once the cock belonging to them had been suitably aroused.

This, her expression told him, was something different.

Something…

Real!

And now that hairless pussy was upstairs with the bitch who had blackmailed and enslaved him, ready to serve and be served, by the older woman whose sexual allure and powerful mature body he was beginning to pine for more and more now that his cock was under her control.

Just picturing it and being impotent to act upon the desire it provoked was, s both of them knew it would be, a worse torture than witnessing them making love to each other for himself.

Torture his Mistress had ensured would be even more vivid with her gift.

The presentation to him, as a mocking Miss Violet looked on, of a book the blackmailing bitch who now owned him said he would find most interesting.

It's title had read:

"Manservant"
By
Miss Rachilde

A short tale, he had read it in one unbroken visit.

And was now reading it again…

…Miss Thomsett had bid him to light a number of mood candles to give a more "intimate" atmosphere to the room and was now prone upon her back in the middle of the bed, both of her hands busily playing with a pussy at which he could only stare hungrily.

His recent, and previously unheard of celibacy – thanks to the inhuman contraption at his groin to which they had introduced him and in which his manhood was currently locked – making the sight and the scent of the woman desirable to him. Even if he now regarded her with a negative passion he had not experienced for another living being until meeting her.

He watched as two fingers of her left-hand slowly stroked in and out of her love box; this as the other hand rubbed her clit below the small and well-cultivated clump of pubes above; his feelings a curious mix of the need and hatred he told himself were the province of countless others of the powerless down the centuries.

Only now HE was one of their number.

In common with so many decent but self-interested men and women down the ages, it was only the fact he was the one on the wrong end of cruelty and abuse that concentrated his thoughts upon such social injustice.

A movement from behind told both him and his bitch "Master" upon the bed that her sisters in depravity had arrived.

He watched as she continued to play with herself, her eyes aflame with lustful messages to the new arrivals as they stepped to the kneeling flunkey's side and slowly stripped off their clothes – one of them, the younger of the three, even patting him upon the head as if he were some toothless and obedient pet.

Which was, of course, his thoughts ran bitterly, exactly the case.

Once naked, they approached the bed and Miss Thomsett removed her fingers from her own cunt while offering them out to be sucked by whichever of her two lovers reached them first.

A race Miss Helen had won.

Taking her older lover's fingers into her mouth, she began a slow sucking upon them, climbing upon the bed to reveal her flawless and alabaster body to both lover and servitor while adding both to the latter's excitement and his discomfort as the cumbersome but effective device between his legs dealt with his attempted erection.

And now, trying to will down his erection and make no noise that might distract them, he had more imagery to contend with as Miss Bernice crawled onto the bed between Miss Thomsett's out-stretched legs; the posterior and powerful but shapely legs that presented themselves to him betraying no sign of belonging to a woman nearing the end of her thirties.

The discomfort at his groin was not eased any when Miss Beatrice began the process of kissing and licking her way up her even older lover's still firm legs; finding that even if he closed his eyes the sounds reaching his ears remained equally as tantalising.

Still with Miss Thomsett's fingers in her mouth, Miss Helen lay alongside her and reached over to massage a set of breasts that were, Gaskell had to confess, as stupendous as any he had seen in his long experience of the female anatomy. The sheer perfection of their shape, with the miniscule gapping that constituted her décolletage, along with the incredible size of the nipples jutting, enough to make him forget his hatred of their owner. For at least a while, anyway.

The older woman's fingers were forgotten now as the younger showed she could no more resist the allure of the breasts to her side than the eyes of the servitor kneeling below. Soon she was smothering them with kisses and biting playfully at one of her nipples, her hand feeling and fondling the other breast as she did so. Miss Thomsett purred with pleasure and reached out a hand of her own to trace the contours of the younger woman's equally full and firm breasts with fluttering fingers.

"Higher," the kneeling man heard Miss Thomsett order and then watched as Miss Helen clambered up and sat astride her face, straddling the older woman's head between her knees upon the pillows, Miss Thomsett's hands on her ass as she guided the young woman's pussy towards her mouth.

Just as Miss Thomsett's tongue began to flutter at Miss Helen's clit, the mouth and tongue belonging to Miss Bernice the pussy belonging to the oldest of this lesbian triad, her fingers going to the overheated and heretofore neglected cunt between her own legs to ensure all three were receiving pleasure of one kind or another.

The scent of their frenzied activity only serving to exacerbate the need of the fourth, who was not receiving anything of any kind, save for the increasing pain from his cock as it fought against the unyielding bars of its prison.

Moving her pussy back and forth over Miss Thomsett's mouth and tongue, slowly at first and then with an almost metronomic frenzy, Miss Helen settled into a rhythm ensuring she was the first of the women to scream her release to the ceiling; her whole body convulsing as she was followed into the hallowed, if all too temporary, embrace of orgasm by the woman pleasuring her who, in turn was followed by the lover at her own pussy as she herself used her fingers to bring on her own crisis.

And then, a minute, or perhaps two, later, positions were reversed and the whole dance repeated itself.

And, so it went for some hours more, each taking turns at riding the others mouth, each taking turns at being ridden by the other two.

The smell of sex overpowering.

And when, finally, all three lovers gave in to fatigue and admitted themselves utterly satisfied., the fourth occupant of the room remained kneeling by the bed upon which all the action had taken place.

The cock that was now lacerated and painful from the attention of the metal bars retraining it, as hard and hungry now as it had been from the moment he had been called to the room and forced to kneel before a naked and imperious Miss Thomsett.

His needs ignored and unattended.

And unlikely to be for some time…

…As a scream, so shrill and high-pitched it reached down from the bedrooms above and back to where his cock was again attempting to harden in its prison, reached his ears, Ronald Worrell again made a futile attempt to ease his lust by reaching through the bars with the little fingers of each hand and manipulating the blood engorged yet only semi-erect cock that was no longer his to control. He was growing ever more desperate for one or other of his two mistresses to unlock him from his confinement and knew, since Miss Violet had become a fixture in the house, such *"treats"* were coming further and further apart. No matter how much he fawned and ingratiated himself to his tow *"owners"*.

He also knew that the younger woman had been informed by her lover of just how she came to be the head-of-household in a home which, to all intents and legal purposes, belonged to the man serving them in it.

A younger woman who was becoming even more controlling and sadistic towards him than the older lover who had decided they should become partners and was proving most inventive in devising ways in which he could serve them even more abjectly.

Ways, to his horror, which were beginning to thrill more than appal him…

3



...Yes, ladies," said Rhea Halpern, as her manservant, looking as handsome and distinguished as ever and receiving many an admiring – even lustful – glance from the erstwhile pure and correct ladies of the local Women's Guild, served them tea and Petit-Fours in the drawing-room overlooking the sea at Broadstairs, "I much prefer the slower pace of life here on the Kent coastline. My friend Violet and I find we have everything we need here and just love the solitude."

She corrected herself hastily:

"Not that we don't enjoy the company of such charming ladies as yourselves and a trip into Broadstairs itself once or twice a week – though you will forgive Violet for only saying hello before taking herself upstairs."

She smiled, as if inviting sympathy:

"She's a very shy girl."

The ladies nodded their understanding, matronly, respectable, and narrow-minded to a woman and completely missing the brief look of disbelief – as did Rhea Halpern herself - on the face of their hostess's servant upon hearing the observation.

But then the image of that handsome Manservant, upon his knees in the upstairs bathroom as he knelt between her legs and made her dainty again, this after she had passed water, made her a little less observant than usual – luckily for the middle-aged arse she so enjoyed tanning for the slightest of infractions; even if these days she had to fight off the demands of her lover to be the one to deliver it.

"And how long has your servant been with you?" asked the wife of a florid and dull man Rhea knew owned and operated a chain of Butcher's from stretching along the coast from Broadstairs to Whitstable and inland as far as Rochester – ownership of which, she knew from visits to the man's home, that made him as uninteresting socially as his features made him disagreeable physically.

"Oh, I lose track," said Rhea Halpern, knowing virtually to the day how long it had been since she mastered the handsome man and sentenced him to a life in her service – knowing also how embarrassing her man found having his position witnessed by others and why he was attempting to leave the room after having served them a fresh round of teas so speedily.

"How long as it been since you entered my service, Worrell?" she asked, having grown more assured in her affected diction and feeling more at ease in the company of such women, despite her lowly beginnings. "Tell the ladies."

Turning on his heel, cheeks burning under the indignity of it all and knowing his humiliation would never get any easier to bear, Ronald Worrell spoke to the room in general without meeting the eye of anyone there.

"It would be over three years since I first entered Madam's service, ladies," he told them, standing erect and deferential with his arms behind his back as his Mistress had taught him to stand in the presence of his superiors and using the more every day term of respect to describe her.

"And are you happy in her service, Worrell?" asked the frumpy yet repressed and voracious looking wife of a local councillor.

"Madam is a kind and benevolent employer," he responded instantly, praying that none of these ersatz dowagers could hear the grating of his teeth."

"My," said his Mistress, waving him from the room with the back of her hand; "how time flies. It seems only yesterday that he came to me for employment. Now he seems as if he is a part of the furnishings."

"They do say a good servant comes to seem as if he is one of the fixtures and fittings," a lady in her late-fifties with severe features and the countenance of the archetypal librarian offered as the mortified Worrell finally reached the door and prepared to make a most grateful exit.

"And a handsome and distinguished looking fixture and fitting he is too," observed yet another wife of a local businessman as he closed the drawing-room door behind him. "Well-spoken too."

“Yes. In his former existence, he was a failed writer who lived upon his late-wife. From what I gathered at the time, a quite frightful sponger,” Rhea told them truthfully.

Though her ability to sustain it went only so far:

“After her death and the certainty his writing would come to nothing, he suffered a mental breakdown and was hospitalised for many months until he could face the world again. Of course, the fact that his wife had left the bulk of her estate to her sister and the cost of his hospitalisation ensured he was both homeless and penniless by the time he was considered well enough to be released from the sanatorium.”

“And you were not worried by this evidence of his… *instability?*” queried the Butcher’s wife.

Rhea shook her head as the five ladies awaited her reply with all the rapt attention of little people grateful to be taken from their own mundane lives – if only for an hour or so.

“I was, of course, not so reckless I did not consult his doctors first.”

“And?” urged the archetypal librarian after her hostess had sipped at her tea.

“I was assured that his breakdown had left him with deep anxieties regarding his future and that a position in service – and especially to a lady – would be most beneficial to him.”

There were nods of agreement about the room and, Rhea noted, much in their expressions that spoke of envy, perhaps even outright jealousy.

Understandable, she thought, given her knowledge of their strait-laced and physically unappealing husbands.

“And so it has proved,” she finished. “In Worrell I have the most obedient and respectful Manservant one could possibly have.”

“And,” voiced one of the more daring ladies, “it must be most pleasing to you that he is so physically… *fetching*.”

As she joined in with the titters of her new social set, Rhea Halpern allowed herself an inner roar of laughter as she pictured that *“Manservant”* as he crawled across the carpet to her and slathered at the heels of her bare feet, prior to kneeling up that his tongue may be at an angle to worship her arse.

And not simply the buttocks alone…

EPILOGUE

Now, in the house on the sea just outside Broadstairs itself, a house that stood in splendid isolation from the nearest dwelling, Ronald Worrell gazed out upon the slate coloured and choppy English Channel and reflected with some bitterness upon the changes his former housekeeper and her even more desirable and perverted lesbian lover had wrought in his life.

That he had allowed his descent into subservience to happened with so little in the way of a fight or resistance served only to underline the lack of a backbone that had always been missing and only his good looks and the protection of his late-wife's money had camouflaged.

A lack of fight or resistance that was made all the more shaming and unmanly when he took in the quality of the former housekeeper ho was now his undoubted master and owner in all things.

Even more than the seductive and evil blonde in her twenties still who managed to fill him with a sexual need almost as powerful and irresistible to him as his dread of her boundless and inventive cruelty.

And yet, such were the levels of delusion to his imagination was capable of lowering itself, he could still make himself believe that he would find a way from the hold she had over him.

No matter how many times he was shown his place or how abjectly.

Either as abject servant or grovelling lover there was no end to the humiliations heaped upon him and which, still more shamefully, his imprisoned manhood was not only becoming inured to but was actively looking forward to receiving.

Small wonder then that, in the privacy of the outside shed facing out to sea that was now his quarters when not required, his manhood would seek solace in the hope of one day redeeming his vanquished masculinity and assuring himself that his situation was temporary and that he submitted only to gain the time necessary to extricate himself from their clutches and return to his life as a free and functioning man.

Through the window at the back of his shed, above the cot upon which he knelt to gaze wistfully out to sea, Ronald Worrell watched a man in a small dinghy crest the swells as it made its way along the coast towards another harbour; he had never been what might be described as a nature boy and being upon the sea hadn't captured his imagination in quite the way it captured those belonging to most of his gender envied those sailing her.

It did now.

His latest bout of self-pity was forgotten for a few moments as he envisaged sailing off to a new life in a new town, free of the invasive presence of his two female owners and the daily humiliations that were only surpassed by those they inflicted upon him on a nightly basis.

Though he was grateful for the fact that the presence of the gutter-born and unlikely to improve Violet, for all her physical attributes, diverted the women's attention from at times.

And sometimes for long periods that left him alone to perform his chores as they wrapped themselves up in their own obvious devotion to each other.

A the back of his mind, of course, he knew he could just leave everything behind and take off; forgetting the house she had made him sign over to him and anything else he couldn't physically carry.

It would, he knew, be highly unlikely that the former housekeeper would risk her new life and a probable spell of incarceration simply to have a measure of redress against he servant who left her.

So why was he still in what was now *her* home?

What quirk of manly frailty prevailed upon him to stay and be trodden down under their heels rather than pack his few belongings and leave?

Of all the questions he sometimes asked himself this was the one that troubled him most.

And for obvious reasons.

The deep and perversely satisfying pleasure he took from pleasing the seemingly indefatigable and voracious pussies of his owners – be it with tongue or dildo; *never* cock – and the hope his efforts at pleasing them would result in the unlocking of his chastity and a release of their own choosing, always seemed to trump any desire he had to re-assert himself as a man and take off.

It was at this point, his thoughts again visualising himself with his tongue inserted into Violets tangy and aromatic shit-chute as her older lover ensured his head was pressed firmly into the ravine housing it, that a jangling of the bell fitted just inside the entrance to the shed and attached to the house itself cut into his shameful reverie and his eyes turned from the expanse of swelling sea and the freedom of the dinghy upon it to return to the moment.

Instantly, as if he were one of Pavlov's famed dogs who just happened to have been recalibrated by a curious and more draconian female, he came to attention in the shed despite the fact the women were not to be seen and he could not be observed.

It was, he knew, his owners being nothing if not creatures of habit, were ready for their afternoon stroll along the beach and into town.

Accompanied by their very own bondsman and chattel who, strangely enough, found being observed walking respectfully behind them by day-trippers and townspeople was the most hateful of all the duties he was expected to perform for them.

That in itself, given the indignities they inflicted upon him at regular intervals, together with the depraved and soul-destroying nature of them, served to underline to him the depth of his fall.

With a sigh and with one last look at the shoes and boots upon the shed's bench he had just finished polishing – for once with the aid of a cloth - Ronald Worrell relieved himself of the apron they both insisted he wear for such tasks and cut a *very* quick path over the garden towards the house.

Very quick because he could still feel the angry and raised weals from Miss Violets last thrashing of his back…



THE END