# The Women From Madras

*He was made for them…*
*And they took him!*

**By**
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# “THE WOMEN FROM MADRAS”

## By
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***With, once again, gratitude to my friend and mentor, Kurt Steiner, for his talent, patience and generosity.***



# PROLOGUE



*It was  footsteps echoing distantly upon a stone floor that roused me and brought me to my feet.*

*I was in the windowless room at the end of a dark corridor that was now my quarters and, if the watch I had been allowed to keep was still function properly it was seven in the morning.*

*My bladder was so full it hurt and headed for the large wooden bucket to that served as my toilet.*

*The room was bare and so was I.*

*Completely naked!*

*Which didn't alter the need to empty my groaning bladder in the slightest.*

*I resigned myself to squatting over the bucket – knowing it would be down to me to slop away my own waste later, and started to piss, hoping I could finish before the footsteps coming ever nearer reached me.*

*It wasn't to be.*

*I was still voiding when the footsteps when the solid wooden door opened to admit the two women – one in her late thirties, the other a year or so from reaching twenty by my estimate.*

*Both of them Indian – even if they were both clothed as if they were going to a day's work in the City of London in smart jackets and skirts with expensive shoes that boasted low but spiked heels.*

*I could see the powerful and shapely bare legs of the older woman silhouetted against a white painted wall and knew I would not like the expressions I would see if I were to raise my shamed head to gaze upon her face and that of the woman with her.*

*Yet I did just that.*

*They were both calm, as if nothing were out of the norm were happening, despite the fact a naked Englishman a year from his forties was emptying his bladder into a wooden bucket.*

*Faces smirking, they watched me piss while I was unable to speak or even show outrage as my cheeks continued to flush and burn with embarrassment.*

*Both, older and younger, taller and shorter, one with a severe visage leavened by the presence of a cold Indian beauty, the other with features more akin to the loner and school swat, were both voluptuous in their different ways and, as mentioned, had their hair pulled back from their faces and tied at the back in a way that seemed to emphasise their…*

*Authority!*

*"Not at all what you are used to," observed the older of the two as my eyes, despite my circumstances, fixated on the swell of her breasts beneath her jacket. Breasts I already knew would be magnificent in the flesh and be matched by those of the younger and stockier version of Indian womanhood to her side.*
*When I made no reply, she went on:*

*"But then you have not been the chattel of two superior Indian Svāminī's before either, have you?"*

*"He will soon come to appreciate our kindness in supplying such quarters," said the hateful and less than beauteous girl with the slightly protruding teeth and the thick spectacles, condescending words spilling from plump lips that might just have been described as "sensual" had they not been twisted with malice and an unholy joy for being free to speak so disrespectfully to an attractive man so many years her senior.*

*The mother's laugh was full of derision and the single Indian word she snapped at me was not familiar.*

*Even if I somehow understood enough when they stepped outside once again and beckoned for me to follow.*

*I was led upstairs then to another – thankfully empty - room, naked and ignored behind them as I wondered yet again how they could make me obey them so readily.*

*A man some ten or so years older than myself was waiting, fully clothed and at his ease and showing no surprise to be confronted by an Englishman without a stitch of clothing being led by two fully clothed women of his own race.*

*Behind him was a long wooden bench.*

*They conversed in their native tongue for a few moments until the Indian man in the white tunic and European style trousers and shoes turned to run his eyes over me a the older woman introduced him:*

*“This is Doctor Ashram. You will respond to him with respect and call him, ‘Sir’ at all times.”*

*“Yes, Svāminī,” I heard an obsequious voice respond and it was not until a few seconds later that I realised it had been mine.*

*I felt a hand run itself the length of my back and begin to pat my buttocks and realised the younger of the two women had stepped behind me and was petting me as if I were some kind of skittish colt in need of her reassurance.*

*“You wish to seek service with these estimable ladies?” he asked with perfect English, addressing me for the first time and stunning me in the process.*

*Service?*

*It was the older of the two women who answered; also in English and sounding miffed:*

*“Do you doubt my word then, Rajiv?*

*“You must allow, my dear, that it is somewhat unusual for an Indian lady to find herself in possession of an English servant. But then, if he has fallen upon hard times as you say then why should you not take advantage of the fact to provide him with a roof above his head and worthwhile employment in the mother-country?”*

*I wanted to yell at him that not only was I financially affluent but owned a perfectly good roof of my own under which to reside.*

*So why didn’t I?*

*The only response I could make was almost that of a low whinny as the young Indian woman with the school-swot features continued to stroke my flanks as if I were her pet thoroughbred.*

*As it would turn out, I was far less.*

*“That is all very well, Chandran,” the older woman told him, “but I do not intend to go to all the pains of training him – even if most of the pains will be his – simply to have him take off should a better offer present itself.”*

*“Yes, I understand your concerns, my estimable lady,” the doctor assured her when he had finished laughing. “There will be many wealthy Indian families in Madras and elsewhere who envy you your new retainer and be all too willing to tempt him away with an offer of better conditions.”*

*“The very reason I required him to sign the forms that made his service to us legal and binding and requested your assistance in this matter.”*

*My thoughts raced.*

*What legal forms?*

*For the life of me I could recall signing nothing of such a nature. And, had I done so without knowing, what kind of forms could they possibly have been to compel my service?*

*Indentured service was a thing of the distant past, after all.*

*And especially for public-school educated Englishmen such as myself.*

*"You are, as always my dear, scrupulously efficient and correct in your planning and my questioning of you is no more than curiosity on my part rather than criticism of any kind."*

*"You have no qualms then?"*

*"None whatsoever, my dearest lady. A servant of such a kind is no more than a superior and beautiful woman such as yourself deserves.*

*"And you are willing to bind him to me by way of the ancient procedures?"*

*"Bind me to her!" my thoughts screamed, the fact I was unable to voice those thoughts indicating I was halfway there already."*

*The doctor smiled:*

*"Until and unless you decide to hand your control of him to another," he told her.*

*This fetched a smile to that beautiful but morally putrid face.*

*"If you would have your servant lie upon the bench face up," he told her, "I will make a start."*

*The woman's eyes pierced my own and I felt my legs begin an unmanly shaking as her young accomplice placed a hand in the small of my back and urged me to lie upon the bench , my already flaccid penis wilting further as I saw the man's eyes linger upon it and lick his lips.*

*"Oh, sweet Lord," I prayed to myself. "These heathens are going to castrate me!"*

*"My dear," the doctor said to the younger as I lay, terrified and unable to move, below him, "I would like you to pour some of the alcohol in that bottle on the table to your left onto your hands and rub it into your servant's scrotum.*

*My stomach tightened and again, I wondered why I was allowing this to happen.*

*"The, I should be grateful if you would repeat the process with the head of his penis?"*

*The young woman's face above me was a picture of unholy joy as she reached for the bottle and my body was triggered into a series of nervy convulsions.*

*“Will this ease the pain?” the mother asked, doing nothing to decrease my terrified oscillations.*

*“I am afraid not. It is simply to prevent infection. I will, however, require him to be restrained in some way. Should he struggle, he could be damaged. And I know your preference is for him to be intact.”*

*“I instructed him earlier that he is not to make either a movement or a sound,” answered the older of the women.*

*“Instructed me?” my thoughts raced.*

*When?*

*I had absolutely no recollection of any such instruction.*

*“Instructed him? And you feel this will be enough?”*

*Above me, I could see her smile at the man:.*

*“The procedure you are going to follow is only one of the old ways, Chandran. There are others with which you are neither adept nor familiar. You must take my word for it that the Englishman will not move or make a sound.”*

*“Very well then.”*

*The balding man in his fifties assented and took up what looked to be a short and thin needle from a European style doctor’s bag at his side.*

*I tasted bile at the back of my throat as my fears intensified for not having a clue as to what was about to happen to me as my scrotum was taken in hand and smothered with alcohol before repeating the process with my cock itself.*

*“Stand either side of your servant’s head now,” the doctor addressed both ladies when he was satisfied I was ready. “It is necessary that he look into the eyes of those about to own him as the contents of my needle place him in bondage to you both.”*

*I tried to speak at this, beyond terror now at what was intended for me, ignorance of just what it was only intensifying my fears.*

*I was completely unsuccessful.*

*“This is done that he may see who it is placing his manhood in shackles and to whom he now belongs – even if I sense it is done more for symbolism on both your parts than from any real need.”*

*Suddenly, I was aware of the two female heads looming above me, the warmth of naked breasts pressed into my chest doing nothing to raise the cold chill of terror coursing through my veins as two pairs of eager and possessive eyes bore down into mine.*

*“Maintain eye contact, my dears,” the doctor urged and the gaze of my two tormentors and soon to be owners seemed to merge into my own.*

*“One… Two…”*

*The scream I was unable to voice screeched inside my head as the needle penetrated the thin scrotumnal skin and exited the other side.*

*Silent, immobile and submissive, my screams echoed about my skull until I felt fingers take a grip upon my foreskin and heard:*

*“One last piercing and he is all yours…”*

# ONE



I was not looking for love nor companionship at the time of these events.

Far from it.

What I was enjoying was my new home and the experiencing of some time for myself without the anchor-weight of a faithless wife who had fallen for the charms of an ageing lesbian lover. A lover whose wealth had ensured I was not affected too onerously in the financial divide that followed and allowed me the scope to purchase my current home in the Sussex countryside. At the age of thirty-nine, and still youthful looking and attractive – so I have been told – I was free for the first real time in my adult life to enjoy it without the worry or responsibility of a wife. So, despite natural feelings of hurt and betrayal I had felt when Rachel at least had the honesty to tell me she loved me but did not *love* me, I was soon able to make a comeback and place a more optimistic slant on events.

I was at a place where the first flush of masculine beauty was some years past its first bloom and had taken on the advantages of maturity and the thoughtful mindset that – sometimes – came with it.

Not a bad place to be, I had consoled myself at the time.

Her lover's wealth having prompted Rachel into settling on very little in the divorce had left me the owner of our home in Newhaven, which I promptly sold, using the considerable equity and my own savings to move slightly east and into the interior of the county while remaining a ten-minute drive from my beloved sea. I also had the income from my own small but growing royalties from the thriller novels I posted on Amazon, Smashwords, Kobo, and the rest.

Along with what was left of my savings, I was comfortable.

My parents had passed some years before and my younger sister now lived in Perth in Western Australia with her husband and children, so I had no family here to witness the humiliation I felt for my wife having left me for another woman.

I had friends from uni and elsewhere, of course, but most of them had careers and families and we were pretty much scattered the length of the UK as well as mainland Europe.

I was alone and, strangely, had begun to feel pretty relaxed about it after the expected bitterness, followed by self-recrimination for having ever married a woman carrying Rachel's sexual baggage and been unable to spot it, had worn off.

My writing was progressing apace without the constant interruptions of wifely demands for shopping, DIY, or unwanted social engagements. I loved the solitude – even the summer's tourists seemed to give one a feel of being alone and private rather than the opposite – and I was on good if not intimate terms with many of the locals and shopkeepers.

All in all, and despite recent events, the last three years had proved friendly and I was in a good place.

Until *they* came.

A young Indian woman, and the mother from the subcontinent who had adopted her.

Moving into the vacant house across from what was now mine alone in the small cul-de-sac development on the outskirts of historic Alfriston in Sussex.

An adopted daughter and her mother who would change the nature of my newly found existence.

And in ways that would kill my perception of myself as a man that went way beyond the damage done to the perception by my former wife's *"discovery"* of herself and subsequent cheating.

As well as bringing the core beliefs concerning the logical world I had surrounded myself with and which supplied me with such security down to earth with a crashing thud that would ensure I would never again be so flippant on the subject of the supernatural and the mystical.

Right from the start, in fact – and from but a few glimpses of them – I had started to have…

*Dreams…*

*****

Saanvi Bhandari was the young Indian woman's name, and she cannot have been more than nineteen years of age but was often mistaken for younger.

She had, I told myself, been waiting outside my usual mid-afternoon haunt for me to reappear.

In fact, I remember her telling me just that along with her name when she joined me uninvited, this as I was returning to my home after one of the long walks I often took in the surrounding countryside – usually culminating in a cream tea with scones and jam in The Apiary Tea Rooms in the High-Street a  promenade the deck.

My own name, I assumed, was unknown to her and, for reasons at the time still not clear to me – perhaps a presentiment of onrushing doom – I felt no inclination to enlighten her with.

I noticed my refusal to offer it left her looking utterly unfazed and led me, despite myself, to pay grudging compliment to her unabashed self-possession for one who was, to put it ungallantly, *not* likely to ever be the prettiest girl in either the room or on the pavement outside a High-Street tea-shop.

Actually, and I mean absolutely no criticism of a racial kind, but simply state a fact of personal taste, the women and, indeed, the culture of her subcontinent had never interested me in the slightest except as an avid reader of history; though if I am completely truthful, and even more self-critical, I could not help but feel a sense of superiority towards them to match that was, I see now and confess, a feeling of some small contempt.

Explaining my desire to return to my own company and not have her or the mother who had adopted her start seeing me as a neighbour with whom they on nodding terms.

And nodding terms only.

Even if I had to confess on the few occasions I had seen her up to now, her ersatz mother was a full-figured and matronly beauty not even her insistence on the traditional and voluminous Indian costume of sari could quite hide.

"It is unusual to find a… A person of your… country… in such an out of the way English village," I offered with what I see now was uncharacteristic rudeness, miffed at being forced to walk off the scones with cream and jam I had just wolfed back in The Apiary in company.

And company, sorry to appear rude, of an age and culture uninteresting to me.

“You mean an Indian,” she said, English transformed by the thickness of what turned out to be the accent of her roots in what I would later find was the Tamil Nadu on the Bay of Bengal.

“I suppose I do,” I told her, unwilling to be fazed by the surprising sternness of somewhat… *geeky* … and the piercing brown eyes that held themselves upon mine so fixedly through her thick black-framed glasses.

She was, after all, no more than a young Indian girl.

Miss Bhandari, it must be said – even if it will make my later behaviour still more inexplicable – was not, as mentioned, as beautiful as she was young, though it must also be said there was a bloom of health upon the perfect skin that was surrounded by a wealth of hair so black it was almost unnatural.

Though, given her own preference for the shapeless garb preferred by the mother who it turned out had adopted her back in their homeland, it was hard to describe the shape of the body residing below the pale mauve sari from which the toes of her sandaled feet and the brown skin of her bare arms were the only flesh not covered by the garment.

Are you thinking, perhaps, that I sensed a young admirer and was, given my bed had been empty since the departure of Rachel, that I was already planning to take my wicked way with her, no matter her looks or my disinterest in the country of her roots?

Think again.

Any thoughts of a carnal nature were, I told myself with a mixture of distaste and uneasiness, winging their way *to* me, rather than the other way around.

In truth, and at that moment, I wished nothing more than for the girl to take off running for her own home and – call me a snob - spare me the glances of the well-heeled, genteel, and English, residents who seemed to my imagination scandalised by what was after all no more than an innocent conversation.

Don’t believe provincial behaviour of such a kind exists in our brave new millennium?

Spend some time in the heart of conservative – with both a small and a large “C” – England and tell me your thoughts then.

Suffice it to say, by this time I had pleaded a headache.

A headache that was as real as it was an excuse to take off quickly to my own door, that I might avoid what I sensed was about to be an invitation to join her and her mother for tea or whatever they thought to serve.

Of course, looking back I see even at this early stage I was acutely and inexplicably uncomfortable in the girl’s company.

In fact, as the key turned in the lock of my door and I reached the security and privacy of the castle behind it, I was already promising myself to avoid the girl's presence whenever possible.

The mother goes without saying.

# Two



Of course, it couldn't last, and living in such close proximity with our two houses the only ones in the cul-de-sac it was only a matter of time before I made a more close-up and less fleeting acquaintance with the adoptive Bhandari matriarch.

She was, as I've already pointed out, an avian of a quite different plumage to the adopted daughter and her striking looks and elegant form in her sari and its adornments of silk and jewelry were in stark contradiction to the toothier and more bulky form of the young woman who had lay in wait for me outside the tea-rooms.

I put her at around my age, though she would turn out to be four years younger. She was, I must confess, and despite my regional, cultural, and culinary distaste for the region of her birth, a woman for whom my groin took and instant fancy. Physically, anyhow.

She introduced herself on my doorstep, armed with what looked to be a sweet-pastry of some kind, a reversal of the good-manners that usually saw a neighbour welcome a newcomer to the area in such a way. My embarrassment probably explaining why I invited her into my home when, in truth, and despite her physical attraction, I really wanted her gone from my door that I could return to my writing. Her name was Prisha, she told me as I prepared her a coffee, this while she sat watching me from a seat at the breakfast-bar which separated my kitchen from the rest of the open-plan living-area with its expanse of wooden floor and the minimalistic furnishings I'd chosen to inhabit it, and it would not be long before it struck me that her looks were more akin to the web of the spider rather than the than the sexy and maternal femininity of an alluring female.

Of course. You are right. I'm moving forward too swiftly. The above description of her did not scream itself to me instantly.

It would take longer to solidify itself in my head as, first, a suspicion, and then a cast-iron certainty.

But not too much longer.

Prisha Bhandari, it became apparent after I had told her of our meeting of the day before, treated her daughter with great indulgence and was oblivious to any irritation I might have felt at being approached by a stranger in such a forward way. An old-fashioned standoffishness I shared with my late-father and still do, despite the fact he is ill-equipped to express his from the coffin and the earth covering it.

The sense of being… *"Special"* …inculcated in me at Public-School and University – misplaced and redolent of self-entitlement as I at least knew it to be - was of that past colonial time when those of a certain class believed that to be English was to be amongst the chosen few of God's favoured nation.

And those born to less favoured regions?

Well, they were not so chosen – even if both school and university welcomed the fees their parents paid for the privilege of being patronised.

If you're seeing parallels between certain anti-Europe trough guzzlers and myself you would, I insist, be both right and wrong.

Yes, I was educated in similar institutes of education as the majority of them.

And no, I did not share their passion for self-enrichment at the expense of others not fortunate enough to be delivered of more favoured wombs.

Not to mention the accompanying self-entitlement often walking hand in hand with arrivals of the kind.

Like my father before me, I was a slightly left-of-centre socialist and, despite my shared standoffishness and the fact I was not enamoured with my new neighbour's country of origin and its ways, in no respect was I either filled with self-entitlement or an isolationist of any kind.

Told a certain something for long enough and not hearing it questioned, it can hardly be surprising that certain types of pupils from favoured backgrounds can come to believe what they are spoon-fed by educationalists often just as selfish and deluded.

My own, self-vaunted, lack of that stupidity, I am afraid to relate, doing nothing to save me from the fate I am being allowed to describe.

And, yes. You read correctly. I did write…

*Allowed.*

The strangest thing about her delivery of the pastry and our subsequent coffee with each other was that I could recall nothing of it after having asked her how she preferred to take her coffee, serving it, and seating myself opposite her at the breakfast-bar.

I do remember berating myself for snatching a glance or two at what was obviously a magnificent pair of breasts swelling beneath her sari and then, upon looking up guiltily, staring into her amused eyes.

And then…

*Nothing!*

For the life of me, it was as if our meeting had begun with our eyes meeting and then nothing else until I was closing my front-door upon her retreating back as she made her way across the road to her own home.

Though it would be no later than the next day that I would realise much had happened during that time beyond my recall.

Much that would be hugely significant for my life going ahead.

And about as humiliating as anything I could have imagined happening to me up until that point…

# THREE



It was the sun burning upon my forehead that woke me and I came awake to the sight of a woman sitting on the decked area of my patio and to the side of the lounger upon which I was prostrate.

A woman I did not immediately recognise.

Wearing shorts and a tee-shirt, I had set myself down in the pleasant midday sun to enjoy the privacy of my sun-deck and immersed myself in a book called ”The Year of Thermopylae” as it described the events leading to the demise of the three-hundred Spartans and the Greek independence from Persian tyranny at the hands of Xerxes that followed.

With the sun beginning to dazzle, even wearing sunglasses, it was not long before I had dozed off and, as I had the night before, dreamed.

Dreams populated by my new neighbours.

The oldest of whom, I realised as I came awake more fully, was seated on a low stone-wall to the side of the decking.

My inability to recognise due to the fact she had eschews the flowing sari's and was dressed in a more European style.

And a not particularly tasteful style, at that.

In fact, and not to be uncharitable, if the ankle-boots with low spiked heels and the fish-net hose were a guide, she seemed to have modelled herself on a working-girl.

If I am truthful, though what I have experienced since tells me not to be, a *very* sexy and attractive working-girl.

The leopard-skin print blouse completing the ensemble only confirming my suspicions concerning the breasts her sari's had hidden.

"You are awake at last," she said in that unmistakable sing-song English common to her people. "I have spent the past ten-minutes waiting for you. Any longer and I should been forced to wake you myself to prevent the sun burning your fair English skin."

I was irritated and anxious for some reason at this unwanted intrusion.

But I was also aware that my shorts were revealing a most urgent erection beneath the open book I had rested over my groin.

She did not offer an apology for her unwanted appearance and neither was there any kind of small-talk between us before she was telling me something of her life.

In my impatience to return to the world of the Ancient Greeks – or even escape back into the sanctuary of my home - I paid only minimal attention as she explained her presence in England was due to the death of her older sister and her husband in a car-accident.

A sister who had married an Englishman who was a name with Lloyds who had left his estate to his wife who, in turn in her will, had left it to Prisha Bhandari; the home opposite mine having been used as their getaway to the country.

Minimal attention or not, I took in what she said and remembered the couple from the intermittent weekends on which they had come down from London and on those occasions when had waved to each other or passed in the High-Street.

A harried-looking Englishman who looked like a coronary waiting to happen, and an elegant woman in what I took to be her early-forties and dressed impeccably in expensive and tasteful clothing.

Which was a lot more then could be said for her younger sister at that moment.

Though her cluelessness with her own clothing was doing nothing to abate the raging inside my shorts.

One small mystery, at least, had been explained.

I now knew why they were here and could sigh with relief that they would soon be moving on once the will had been settled to their satisfaction.

It was, to my everlasting bitterness, a departure they would not be making yet.

And even then, not until they had ensured someone would be accompanying them back to their homeland.

Suddenly, her voice took on a different one.

A tone, unless I was imagining it, I considered…

*Authoritative.*

"Tell me, Mr Clayborne," she began, using my surname though I could not recall having given it – or my first, come to that; eyes holding mine with a confidence I found… *disturbing*, "do you find the women of my country sexually attractive?"

My jaw sagged open with surprise.

"Really, Timothy," she chided before catching herself and asking in her precise English minus any sign of a contraction: "You do not mind me calling you Timothy do you?

"No, of course you do not," she answered for me as I lay with a book upon my lap beneath which a raging erection raged. "In fact, I think you would like it if your Ms Prisha addressed you as *'Timmy'* from now on. Seeing as how we are going to be so close and intimate to each other."

My mouth, I confess, was catching flies at this out of the blue and, believe it or not, unwanted tete-a-tete with the girl's mother; all I wanted to do at that moment, erection or otherwise, was to rise from my lounger, send her packing with some choice words that would prevent her from ever bothering me again, and return inside.

Call me, "*Timmy…"*

*"Ms Prisha…"*

*"Close and intimate…"*

Was she deranged?

And yet, though all my interior outrage, my cock continued to act as if it were independent of my thoughts and feelings and throbbed with an urgency it had never shown for Rachel or any other woman I involved myself with.

Worse, though, was the fact I seemed not only powerful to move but couldn't find my voice either..

I also realised her eyes were fixed upon me unblinkingly and that my own were transfixed upon them and unable to look away.

I was, it seemed, unable to move a muscle, let alone provide her with the tongue-lashing she not only deserved but I so wished to deliver.

I was horrified *and*, I confess, frightened.

What on earth had happened to make me act in so wimp-like a way?

The Indian woman with the striking looks opposite and dressed after the fashion of a Piccadilly prostitute plying her trade at the bar of a downmarket London hotel seemed all too aware of my thoughts as I sat transfixed before her as if I were no more than an insignificant rodent before a reptilian predator.

Her eyes, and I would later be proved correct, seemed to be drilling down into my very soul upon which she wished to plant her own personal flag and mark me as her possession.

"It would seem," she went on with complete confidence that her incredible eyes could overmaster me, "that you are attracted to Ms Prisha."

In spite of the warring emotions I was unable to lend a voice, I could only acknowledge the truth of her observation – even if desires equally as powerful and certainly harmful to this woman who was interfering with the life I had fashioned for myself post-Rachel kept pace with my acknowledgement – and felt my cheeks flush with the realisation she was aware of the swelling at my groin her presence had instigated.

Sure enough:

"Is that why you are keeping your book so close to your swelling cock?" she asked.

Man of the world that I was, I believe I blushed and the somewhat contemptuous laugh won from her by my colouring was not likely to relive my high dudgeon any time soon.

"I do believe, if you were to take it away the little beast would spring from your trousers to take a closer look at your Ms Prisha."

Her mocking laughter, far from humiliating me – though it certainly did that – served only to make the blood flow faster to my treacherous cock.

"Oh, look!" she jeered. "Little Timmy is shocked. I have offended your sense of propriety," she said with that command of vocabulary, if not accent, I found so impressive in one of her… *standing*; she was fairly bristling now with the growing confidence, it seemed to me, that I was someone she could… *manage*.

And with some ease.

Not to mention condescension.

“Even now,” she went on, “despite all the anger I sense from you, you are wondering how it would be if I were to allow your little English cock a closer inspection of my luscious Indian cunt.”

I heard a groan from somewhere at this and realised it was my own.

“Right at this moment, you are picturing the running of your fawning hands over the flawless and dusky skin beneath my hose. Wondering how wonderful it would feel to Ms Prisha’s shapely foot beneath your fluttering fingers as you slide the other hand upward towards her firm calf-muscles and further still to her smooth and commanding thighs.”

I realised my lips were bone dry as she brought up her hands from the waist and cupped her breasts to provide them a support clearly not required.

“This moment, you are imagining your hands where mine are now and picturing my erect nipples between your worshipful.”

Whether you find this ludicrous or not, I’m serious when I tell you I felt as if this Indian woman who was still a stranger to me was about to place a collar about my neck and lead me through the High-Street in full view of the shopkeepers and my fellow residents, following at her heels as if I were a poodle she was in the process of training.

*Never*, had I been spoken to or treated in such a by a woman.

Of *any* race.

“Are you not thrilled to know a beautiful Indian woman has chosen you as her own and her daughter’s?”

I was unable to even shake my head to refute her suggestion.

“We both knew you were the Englishman we were seeking after my sister described you to us both and sent us a picture she had taken of you on her phone. It is why we decided to pay you a visit after the estate belonging to Nirupa had been settled in our favour.”

Panic was beginning to rise towards my mouth as if it were a tsunami in embryo as I realised her presence here was for more than to sell the last piece of the estate they had just inherited – if, that is, they intended to sell it at all.

She seemed to be capable of reading my thoughts:

“You are right, Timmy,” she told me. “We were thinking to sell the house but, now that we have seen the area, we think we will keep it for those times when we visit from the mother-country.”

The news that they would at least be returning to their own land eased my panic a little; though not entirely.

There was still the small matter of dealing with them while they were here – though I was already assuring myself I would be long gone before they ever returned, despite the love I had for the area itself.

More worrying to me, however, was my own behaviour.

How could I be acting in such a gutless way?

Had something happened to… been *done* to me …in the time I could recall from having served her a coffee and taken a seat opposite when she had visited with the pastry, and before I had shown her from my home?

During that period of which I had no recollection?

And, if so, what could possibly make both me and my cock behave in ways over which I seemed to have no control?

And even as I hated behaving in such a way in her presence?

Her forthright words in regard of her sex – I've always been a little squeamish when it comes to language; and especially where women are concerned – were not words a woman of any real quality would use. And certainly not in front of a man. I considered myself, even in this day and age where anything goes, to be a man of some small intelligence and good taste, and hearing such language fall from the lips of a woman was a rare experience for me. Even allowing for the fact she and her adopted daughter came from a culture and civilisation my own background ensured I would still regard as… *backward* …even in our enlightened new millennium.

And yet…

Why was I not moving as her eyes bore held me as if they were a tractor beam holding me immobile?

Why was I remaining in place to listen to her… *filth*… when all I needed to do was rise up from my lounger and ask her to leave and *not* return?

And why, more humiliatingly, was my cock harder beneath the camouflage of my history tome?

For the first time, I *truly* looked at her.

And could only concede her to be the sensual thirty-something woman she was.

With certain degrading elements.

Her finely wrought features, below compelling and alluring eyes and atop a long and elegant neck, were, I now saw, debased by full lips that were at once full, sensual and disdainful. The eyes I had just described to myself as compelling and alluring suddenly struck me for the first time as being telescopes down which a viewer could view the full extent of her inner…

*Depravity*.

I had no further opportunity to examine my own impressions at that moment as, strolling into my garden as if she owned it, Saanvi Bhandari made a bee-line for the lounger and, without so much as a word or glance to her adoptive mother, placed her hands upon her hips and stared down at me as if I were the lowest and most servile peon she had ever laid eyes upon as she peered down at me, dressed like her mother in Western fashions consisting of tight-fitting tee-shirt and jeans. Fashions that emphasised her stocky, powerful, and full-breasted body even more than the loose fitting sari's I had seen her in up to then.

But it was what she did next that prompted the most embarrassing episode in my life.

At least to that point.

Placing a foot between my legs and sliding it forward so that it was under my concealing book, she gave an upward flick of her foot and suddenly my camouflage found itself crashing to the decking.

As I tried unsuccessfully to will myself from the lounger and put an end to this gross disrespect, the daughter eyes met mine with a force of base and animalistic desire that rendered even my thoughts supine before a small smile of derision crossed her lips and she placed the foot between my legs atop my still urgent erection and applied downward pressure.

Which was when, to the sound of their mocking laughter, I jacknifed upwards from the lounger to experience the basest and most profound dishonour of my relatively prosaic existence.

My straining balls had emptied themselves inside my shorts.

# FOUR



After my experience upon the sun deck and its shameful conclusion as I lay with my pants and shorts saturated with my own emissions and the woman who was not her daughter by blood left my garden in gales of malicious and evil laughter, I made myself a solemn vow *never* to cross their path again unless it was by accident; conveniently forgetting that I seemed to have no say in my actions when it came to them.

To acknowledge that power, of course, was to acknowledge I was under some kind of…

I could barely allow the word into my thoughts, so preposterous was the concept.

But what else then, were I not under some kind of hypnotic spell, could explain my behaviour of how they were so confident of my…?

Of my… s*ubmission?*

Hadn't the mother told me that her deceased sister I had met on occasion before she died had already marked me out as perfect for her?

But perfect for what?

Just thinking about it chilled me to the very bone.

In fact, so spooked was I by the whole thing that I remained shut in my home behind locked doors for the three days following the debacle in my garden.

I even considered bring the authorities in.

At least until I tried to frame what I would say by way of accusing the women.

*"The daughter came into my garden uninvited and forced my cock to spurt into my underpants."*

Yes. I'm sure that would do the trick. What was I waiting for!

So spooked, in fact, that on the fourth day of voluntary and self-policed house-arrest I decided to take myself to the estate-agents in the High-Street – avoiding my neighbours by taking the path that led behind my garden into Alfriston itself – and put my home up for sale.

Suffice it to say that, fate having nothing if not a dark and vengeful humour, that I heard a now familiar and hateful voice calling me back after not a few steps of my journey.

"And where does my little Timmy think he is going on his own without permission?"

I felt, as emasculating as it is to admit, pure fear at the sound, my legs turning to water just as they had all those years before whenever I took the fancy of one of my public-school bullies.

This time it was Saanvi Bhandari making her unwanted presence known, dressed once again in the traditional costume both she and her mother normally favoured s I turned to face her despite my deep reluctance.

Now, years forward, when I have the privacy to think of Saanvi Bhandari without fear of repercussion, I am likely to let my thoughts outrun the logical sequence of events and place them out of time in regard of each other. But, since I am unwell and have the freedom to do as I wish from the solitude and security of my hospital bed, it's as well I make an effort to pen a description of the demeaning and dehumanising treatment I've suffered at their hands and other parts of their anatomy in their chronological order.

A multitude of visions, each carrying their own level of emotional pain and self-hatred for my weakness, run in a showreel against the back of my eyelids and I struggle not to forget my own literary admonition and simply jump in with a description of the first to spring to mind.

Where I just left off in the past before returning to my hospital-bed in the present seems to make the best sense.

If there is any sense to be made of the cemetery that had been made of my manhood.

So there I was, on the path behind *my* home, being told by a stocky Indian girl with protruding teeth and thick black glasses - even if I now knew the body beneath her patterned maroon sari was as voluptuous and powerful as the mother's was svelte and authoritative; at least enough to make me soil my own underwear with no more than some pressure from sole of her shoe – being told I required permission from either her or her mother to leave my own home for a walk.

“Are you not pleased to see me, little Timmy?” she asked, teeth protruding malignantly as her eyes danced with delight behind the thick and geeky lenses of her glasses.

*“Pleased to see her?”*

At that moment, and remember you’re reading the words of a longtime Guardian reader and a sympathiser with the liberal way, from climate-change to water-poverty, and any number of sane and just causes likely to advance knowledge and banish poverty and victimisation, I could just as easily have turned a frame-thrower on her as an acknowledgement of delight for having her within a thousand miles of me; let alone five yards.

Her feet, slender and shapely in diamante sandals, nails painted a… *carnivorous*… red, seemed bathed in a most unholy glow and, for some reason, it was to these lower extremities that my eyes kept flickering as I strived for a suitable response.
The flickering of my eyes and the direction in which they were aimed not going unmissed.

“Do you like my feet, Mr Clayborne” she asked, the sarcasm in her *‘Mr’* all to evident. “Because you at closer quarters, if you wish.”

I was struggling, a mackerel in a net, when she went on:

“In fact, I insist upon it.”

Berating myself for the inexplicable effect I was aware she was already having upon my netheregions, I somehow found my voice:

“Young lady, I’ve seen you at close-quarters before and have no wish to repeat the experience.”

She chuckled.

“Yes. I remember the terrible mess your English cock made of your shorts, Timmy. And beneath the foot of an Indian girl over half your age. You should be ashamed of yourself. What would the good people of Alfriston say if they were to find out.”

A thought struck me.

Were she and her mother thinking of blackmailing me?

Was that what this was all about?

But then, even if that were the case, how did it explain my behaviour up to now?

“Mr Clayborne… Or should I call you *‘little Timmy’* all the time from now on,” she began, the thickly accented English, no matter how correct and concise her wording, demeaning and mocking me for some reason, “Do you really think you have any say in what happens to you from now on?”

I looked at her with astonishment.

Not three days before I was living an idyllic and trouble free existence in an area of natural beauty I love.

Now I was being told – and by a gawky featured Indian girl with big teeth and even bigger spectacles - that my existence was no longer my own to determine.

Again I was on the backfoot as she took a few steps towards me, hardened nipples visible beneath the gauze like material proclaiming just how arousing she found tormenting me.

The compelling and insidious eyes behind the glasses lowered to the front of my trousers and, with a thrill of horror, I realised yet again that I was in a condition of some considerable rut.

"Are you going to you deny that unseemly bulge in your trousers? Caused simply by being in the presence of my… *feet?* "

"I… I…"

"Kneel down and take a closer look, Timmy," she said in a seductive and surprisingly gentle voice I knew was anything but.

My feet, those same treacherous limbs that would not allow me to escape her increasingly dominant presence, were suddenly taking a step towards her.

And without, it seemed to me, any permission from me.

"There, is that not more comfortable for you?" she said when, to my astonishment and self-loathing, I not only approached her but lowered myself to my knees once I had.

My thankfulness that the path was on my own land and we would not be witnessed by either ramblers or playing children did not lessen the shame I felt for acting in such an out-of-character and inexplicable fashion.

But it was her next words that took the blood from my face and, taking my shame to another level, transferred it to a lower destination:

"Now you may stare at my pretty Indian feet until your heart is content."

So great was my shock – not so much at her offer but at the galvanising, almost electric, reaction to it – that I do believe I actually stopped breathing.

She wanted me to look at…

Her feet!

And, to my eternal self-recrimination, I found myself wanting to look at them myself.

And despite the fact I had never viewed those lowly extremities as interesting – let alone *erotic* – to this point.

Apart, that is, from a raging at the groin that seemed even more marked on this occasion with me not a foot or so from her person.

“That’s Saanvi’s good boy, Timmy,” the voice that was more than twenty-years my junior mocked as my eyes – and there is no other word – *fixated* on one long shapely foot and its manicured red painted nails visible above its diamante sandal..

Her voice had taken on a.. *soothing* …quality as I found I was unable to prevent myself from lowering my head to her toes and placing my lips upon them.

And doing so with…

*Reverence!*

“Such a good and obedient English boy for his young Svāminī,” her voice, now metronome-like, soporific, and mocking all at once reached down to me.

By the time my tongue crept past my lips to bathe the arch of her instep, and without either me or my tormentor having ordered it, I was aware that my eyelids were drooping.

And then I remembered no more until…

# FIVE



The image of me upon all fours, eyes gazing down with longing to the be-ringed feet in their diamante sandals that had suddenly become so… *alluring* …to me, dominated my waking senses as I saw myself with my lips pressed to her toes and swore I could detect the earthy foot odour mixed with what I took to be jasmine and perspiration in both my nostrils and upon my tongue.

*"Had it truly happened?"* my thoughts screamed the question at me as I realised that, once again. I could remember nothing after having met Saanvi Bhandari upon the private path at the back of my residence.

A private path she had felt no inhibition walking without either permission or invitation.

I am not a man given to intemperate language, but…

*"What the fuck was going on here?"*

How much more baffling was it to me when, after showering and dressing before packing a case, I reached for the landline and found myself unable to punch in the number of the local cab-firm I intended to take me into the packed streets of Brighton that I might find a room for a while and lose myself amongst tourist and local alike.

The same inability evident when I repeated the action with my iPhone.

I was incapable of making the call that would remove me from my nightmare.

And yet, when I dialled our local Butcher to inquire if he had any of the pork and leek sausages that I loved so much in stock, I had no difficulty either.

Though I was unable to contact my doctor to ask for an appointment and the same, I felt sure, would apply to the branch of the local Police.

And, even if I could have gotten through to them, what could I possibly have told them?

My breathing was becoming more and more ragged with each failure to make a call that might lead to some kind of help for my ridiculous situation.

And that was not the worst of it…

Each time I inhaled my nostrils seemed to fill with the aroma of the gawky young Indian girl with the big teeth and matching spectacles.

Imagine then, my shock and deep anger, when the key turned in the lock of my front-door and the girl herself allowed herself in as if the deeds of ownership had already been made over to her.

I was, of course, and despite all the disturbing warning signs, not to know that deeds of a metaphysical kind had already been exchanged.

And not only for the house but, and without trying to sound fanciful, my soul itself.

Maybe it was the heat of my anger that allowed me to override my previous inability to speak in either her or her adoptive mother's presence, but I got no further than a…

"How dare you take my key and let…

"Quiet, Timmy," she snapped, her tone identical to a dog owner castigating its pet with a…

*"Bad dog!*

She was back to traditional Indian costume and the feet that inexplicably, had been dominating my thoughts were again visible, peeking out from the folds of her sari in a pair of sandals that were less decorative then the ones she had been wearing when she ambushed me upon the path.

The molten levels of my anger notwithstanding, my words of intended castigation died in my throat and left me with the sickening feeling that I truly was in a kind of degrading thrall to this bespectacled girl and her mother-once-removed.

It was her next statement that chilled me to the core of my being, however:

"Unless, that is, you wish me to order you to walk naked along the High-Street to order some of those cream and jam scones you enjoy from the tea-shop."

A picture of myself doing just that as the neighbours and locals who knew me looked on.

It was a truly sickening image.

Worse, I knew now that it was not, an idle threat and she was more than capable of ordering the humiliation and social death that awaited me should she choose to go ahead with it.

*"But how??"* my thoughts screamed.

How had the two of them, in no more than three days, reduced me to such a puling facsimile of the man I had thought myself to be?

"From now on," she began in her painfully precise and heavily accented English, "whenever you wish to speak to or in front of either me, Svāminī Saanvi, or Svāminī Prisha you will be expected to ask permission."

My eyes again widened with outrage, but also fear; knowing as I now did that in some way or another, and I knew not how, these women from Madras had gained such a hold of my will I would have no choice but to obey them.

But…

*"Svāminī Saanvi?"*

*"Svāminī Prisha?"*

I had looked its meaning in Hindu up after the first time I had heard it used in reference to myself and was not pleased by my research; given its equivalent in English was *"Mistress"*.

Ant the kind of *"Mistress"* with whom one had an affair.

She had sensed my thoughts:

"Yes, that is right, little Timmy," she said, smile evil incarnate as she spoke in the finger snapping way of old used by a master to a subordinate. "And you will show us this respect no matter *who* is present.*?*"

It was as incredible as it was shaming that I felt truly afraid of her and of what she and her mother were capable. Without my knowing how they had done it, the two of them had contrived to not only get inside my head but to place themselves there in a position of complete command. I could no more disobey ther, it seemed, than I could stop the tides from changing.

"Have you something you wish to say to me now?" she asked, certain that I would.

I nodded and she slapped my face.

I gasped with outrage and surprise. Timothy Clayborne of the English middle-class and Public School educated, had just been chastised as if he were an errant child and was unable to voice a complaint or take physical action to prevent it from happening again.

And by a woman – a girl yet to reach her twenties, in fact – from what I considered a sub-standard former colony I had once paid no heed and, *now*, despised.

"You do not nod at Svamini Saanvi as if you are a dumb animal," she warned, adding: "Unless, of course, you would prefer she treated you as one and made your naked walk along the High-Street at the end of the collar and lead held in her hand."

I could still feel the imprint of her hand on my cheek as I stood before her with impotent fury and an even greater sense of dread inspired by the imagery conjured up in my thoughts by her threat.

More than ever, I realised that if she were to order me to all-fours, attach a collar and lead to my neck and call me to heel before having me follow her along Alfriston High-Street, I would have no way of preventing her.

Though I was consoled by the thought it would not be something she would do as it would fetch too much unwanted attention the way of herself and her adoptive mother.

"You must say, *'permission to speak, Maalkin Saanvi'*," she told me. "Try it now."

Having tried to speak in her presence and having found myself at a complete loss to do so, I was certain now that only by conceding to her demand would I be able to perform this most usual of tasks now.

Her order to: *"Try it now,"* in fact, seemed to unlock some mechanism she had affixed to my vocal chords and I felt the power of speech returned to me.

"P-Permission to speak, hmm…"

"Do not be impertinent!" she snapped, just as if she were a school-marm of the old Victorian martinet variety. "If I hear another hesitation from you I shall take your trousers down and slap your thighs until you beg to be forgiven."

To my utter disbelief – as if I was not experiencing enough at this point, I felt my cock lurch beneath my trousers as the image of her… *punishing* …somehow struck a chord in some distant corner of a cobweb ridden part of my psyche.

It was *not* a pleasant discovery.

"Try it again," she commanded. "Now!!"

I actually flinched at the authority in her young voice as she stood before me, again with hands upon hips in that imperious way women have when they wish to be obeyed.

When I spoke again, and totally convinced by her threat to discipline me, I did so with great care:

"Permission to speak, Maalkin Saanvi."

Her smile of triumph did nothing to soften those predatory yet gawky features with their nerdy glasses and Bugs Bunny overbite.

“Good boy, little Timmy. We will soon have you attentive and obedient the way a respectful English servant should be the superior Indian women who now own him.”

The way she looked my body up and down was nothing less than proprietary.

Then:

“You have Maalkin Saanvi’s permission to speak.”

She held up a forefinger in warning:

“Though you must be very careful to keep your tone and your words respectful… Now you may speak,” she said.

My question was simple.

And nowhere near as vituperative and forceful as I would have enjoyed making it.

“Why?” I asked.

The response was as instant as it was mocking:

“Because you are a weak man and have no defence against our greater wills,” she answered. “That is why your flawed English logic and sense of superiority makes no allowance for what you consider the less evolved cultures that pre-date your own by so many, many centuries and what makes you so weak when a powerful female with the right knowledge and insight from that culture sees the signs of your pomposity and weakness and decides its owner is best placed in her service.”

The curl of her lip, I had to admit, was redolent of a woman – girl – who had such knowledge and power and spoke of it in perfect English in a way beyond her years.

*“Our* service,” she finished.

Redolence, or not, I listened to this nonsensical and uncivilised drivel in silence and bit my lip to prevent the scathing response my thoughts had constructed from escaping my lips.

Yes, they may well have given me a drug of some kind to comply my obedience – I had read of such things, even if I’d read of them in a more fanciful work of fiction; but there was no chance I could be convinced my shameful obedience to them had been brought about by older and more… *mystical* …means.

“The sister of Maalkin Prisha saw it in you from the very first and was insistent that you would make us a most devoted servant as well as making our neighbours and friends back in Madras most envious.”

It was the second time such a thing had been mentioned and it struck me that they were actually serious about me accompanying them back to India with them.

And in the role of a flunky!

“But, Saanvi…” I began, the prospect appalling enough to make me forget myself as the back of her hand rocked my head to the side.

“Maalkin Saanvi,” she hissed by way of a reminder. “You have been told once and I do *not* expect you to forget again.”

Her eyes seemed alive with malice provoking her anger and, to my shame, I could not meet the stare of this young and facially unattractive Indian girl who had just struck me.

Confident of obedience, she went on:

“Unless, that is, your Maalkin to remove her sandal and use it to punish you.”

Again there was an unnatural response from his groin region and once again he asked himself how such an emasculating prospect could possibly have such an effect on him.

“Then,” the voice he was coming to find more and more hateful each time he heard it said, “we will see if some time kneeling in the corner with your nose against the wall will make you more… *respectful*.”

Grappling with the shameful excitement beginning to tent my pants while wanting to place my hands around her throat and watch the light leave the eyes embedded in her toothy head. I knew neither was an option for me.

The latter was beyond me and the former, were I to give into it and submit to the perverse longings her words and control of me were prompting, would surely spell the end of life for me.

I had no alternative at this point but to try and win some respite for myself with some kind of appeal to the rational side of the woman I was not at all sure existed.

Swallowing both pride and the bile of pure distaste, I tried another approach.

She was a young woman still – even if she was ordering me around as if I were a child in need of teaching..

Surely my greater years and intelligence would allow *me* to manipulate *her*.

Wouldn’t it?

“Forgive me, Maalkin Saanvi,” I began in the softest and most appealing voice I could manage. “But this is all, you have to agree, a massive shock for me.”

The expression on that gawky and bespectacled face did not change and I took the opportunity to plough on; marvelling as I did so that I should need to manipulate a girl of her age and kind at all.

“Differences of geography and in cultures aside, you surely must see that what you are doing is physically, spiritually and morally wrong. You’re right; I haven’t the faintest of ideas how you can bind a free and adult man to you who, up until a few days ago, was a complete stranger to you, but can you really not see how wrong it is on all levels?. I had not met either yourself or your mother and had certainly neither caused you nor intended to cause either of you any harm. I am a stranger you know absolutely nothing of. Why on earth would you take against me in such a way that you allow whatever it is that enables you to do what you do to behave towards me in such a fashion?”

To my surprise and relief, expecting another slap - or worse – she chose to respond verbally:

“Do the strong need to explain themselves to the weak?” she asked, confident enough in my inability to fight her that she stepped into me, placed a finger beneath my chin, and raised my face until my eyes had no option but to look into her own.

Young she may have been, and as fanciful as this may sound, what I saw reflected back at me was an abyss of enslavement into which she was determined I should fall.

“Also,” she went on, “you are not correct that we knew and know nothing of you. As Prisha’s sadly departed sister informed us - and it was even evident in the pictures she took of you without your noticing and sent to our phones – that you were exactly the kind of weak Englishman the Goddess placed on the earth to serve those superior sisters who worship her still.”

The word *“Goddess”* seemed to make what was happening to me clearer, if not how.

The girl and her adoptive mother, together with the late sister, were a part of some religious cult.

It made a whole lot more sense than the conjecturing my thoughts had bounced around inside my head until then – despite providing no glimmer of how my obedience to them was being achieved.

I was, as you can read, a long way from believing the explanation he girl staring up into my eyes so commandingly had just given me.

“It is your innate weakness – a weakness under which not all men labour – even those of your own race – when faced with the superior female strength of will and desire of those like myself and Maalkin Prisha, that binds you to us both. It is the reason you find it so difficult to meet our gaze and have no choice but to carry out what were once suggestions and are now commands.”

“But…”

“Enough!” she hissed, again backhanding my cheek with the utter confidence of one who knows she will receive no retaliation.

“You no longer have your Maalkin’s permission to speak.”

Outrageous as it seems, the words that might have expressed my anger for her treatment of her could not be forced to my lips, just as physical retaliation was impossible.

So great was the hold these women of Madras had taken on my own will the only rebellion I could manage was inside the privacy of my own, where at least I was free to think as I wished.

If not act.

“Maalkin Prisha will underline the real nature of your enslavement to us both later and you have already had a small taste of your inability to refuse either of us anything in your own garden,” she told me, placing her feet a foot or so apart and returning her hands to her hips. “For now, though, I would like you to show *me* your obedience in a more… *abject* …and respectful manner.”

I waited, mind cringing as I knew I would not like what was about to come.

Or at least a part of me wouldn’t.

“I wish you to show me your respect by lowering yourself to all fours and placing your lips upon my toes.”

She waited a while until:

“After all, we both know how much you enjoyed serving the other day…”

Unable to take my eyes from the scene before me, I watched as the Indian girl who had just proclaimed herself my owner along with her mother, raised the hem of her sari to reveal the shapely feet and red-painted nails I recalled so clearly and continued the raising until a pair of prematurely matronly but erotic brown calves leading up to equally sensuous twin columns of smooth and unblemished thigh.

The breath I was already struggling to draw in was blocked at source as she lifted the sari further to reveal a glorious slit that was utterly bereft of any hair.

Suddenly like an exploded chimney-stack imploding under itself, detonated by the sight of that denuded pussy I could do no more than acknowledge as *“glorious”,* my knees began to buckle and I sank to the floor on my knees before dropping forward to support myself with my hands in the way she required.

Once more, my eyes filled with the vision of the rings on both the second digits of her slender brown toes and, again, I felt that unaccountable and shameful longing to place my lips upon them in token of my submission.

The fact my thoughts could even describe my reaction in such a way - and use such a word underline - it only served to emphasize how far and how swift had been my fall until now.

My fears for the future were becoming more real and more terrifying by the second.

“That is exactly as it should be,” my tormentor said from above and I could sense the self-satisfied smile prompted by having an adult male do her bidding.

“That is a very good daas,” she cooed, using the Hindu word for what I would soon learn translated to *“slave”* in English. “A good and obedient daas must never be disrespectful to his female master and must obey instantly when she requires his service.”

I had, and still have, no idea of what was happening to me, but, even as my manly soul cringed at her use of the terms *“slave”* and *“female master”*, a most perverse and unholy thrill travelled the length of my spine and urged my already straining manhood to an even greater altitude.

Having always been a man precious in respect of his own autonomy – even when married – I could not come to terms with the new reality of not only being in an inferior position to a young woman not of my own race.

Worse.

A part of me was responding positively to my own demotion at the feet of a girl yet to reach twenty who was of a race and from a land I had long considered socially and culturally backward.

Explaining perhaps, after my tongue had bathed her toes and then gone on to lick slavishly at her ankles and insteps, why, after I was ordered to kneel up and raise my head, something inside me sang with the joy of submission when this gawky Indian girl slung a leg over my head and pulled me by the hair into that glorious and hairless cunt before attempting to seal my lips and nostrils with her labia and, it seemed, suffocate me in the process.

The fog in my head grew more dense as a lone and distant voice cried up from the very bowels of my soul to do something before all was lost.

As you might have guessed, I did – could do – nothing.

As I sighed into the folds of her labia then drew back to snatch a breath and luxuriate – yes, you heard me correctly - in the aroma of her womanhood in which the faint trace of urine from a recent visit to the bathroom mingled with the pungency assailing my nostrils and, amazingly, heightened my sexual fever, I felt her foot begin to press against my raging erection as she placed her free hand upon my shoulder and used it to balance herself.

“Now you will be shown the pleasure your Indian masters can fetch you should you prove utterly obedient and pleasing,” she said as my tongue darted into the interior beyond her hairless labia and my soul sang with my craven submission to her.

The laughter as my cock spurted prematurely over her pressing foot was not that of a lover but that of a conqueror proud to have bested and older and more powerful foe.

“That is Maalkin Saanvi’s good daas,” her voice came from above me as she convulsed and I realised she too had just experienced a similar and premature crisis.

“How fitting that you should spurt your useless English seed upon my superior Indian foot.”

It was then, as I wallowed in the shame of my behaviour, recent and perverted pleasure forgotten as that faraway warning voice became louder, that she withdrew her leg from my head and turned her back to me and used one hand to prise apart the smooth and unblemished skin of her capacious butt-cheeks.

If I felt shamed before I could now find no adjective to describe my feelings as she reached back to take me by the hair and bring me - nose in particular - into direct contact with the rim standing guard before her anus itself.

“You know what to do,” her voice came back and down to me.

And, horrendously, I did.

Despite the vomit I felt sure must project itself from my rumbling bowels, and with the smell of her arousal, her urine, and, now, the earthier smell of her arse itself in my nostrils, I felt my tongue protrude and flutter upon the pink portal surrounding her arse itself.

“What a good, good, dass,” I heard from above.

And then, as my tongue went on to describe her inner and most lowly sanctum – and without being touched by either her or myself, it happened.

Screaming into her anus, my cock gushed with such power it could be forgiven for thinking it’s scrotum had just discovered an oil-based motherlode before I lost control of my movements and slid in a condition of shame, disbelief, and high elation to the floor to the side of the heels and feet I had not long finished tongue-bathing also.

But my debasement was not finished with.

Turning the brown arse my tongue had just been exploring and allowing her sari to drop back, looking down upon me once more in that imperious pose with her hands upon her hips, she raised the foot my cock had covered with my cum and placed the toes dripping with it before my lips.

What happened next, and what she ordered me to do, you must picture for yourself…

# SIX



I spent the rest of the day and night after her departure and numerous visits to the bathroom to brush my teeth and mouthwash on the computer. The former only partially successful in removing the taste of my own semen from my mouth after having – my thoughts shrieked at the recall of it – licked it from the foot where I had deposited it.

And it was on Project Gutenberg that I found it.

A centuries old academic tome, translated into English, on the subject of *Hypnotism in the Practice of Indian Mysticism"*.

With one lengthy, detailed and alarming, section that made in-depth reference to the tradition of compelling human-bondage by the use of mesmerism.

Tradition as practiced by the ancient civilisations of the Asian sub-continent and certain contemporary devotees.

The book was titled, tellingly:

***"Mesmerism and its Application in the Binding of the Human Spirit"***

The author was unknown to me – having departed the mortal coil over a century before – but from the acknowledgment of respected academics in the field I Googled, it seemed he had been the foremost European expert on the subject.

One question of the writer's stood out for me as I read the section of particular interest to me:

*"If a bad and immoral man cannot be made moral and good, is it possible to make a worthy and moral man?*

And then, under a chapter entitled:

*"The Evil of Mesmeric Power and its Criminal Misuse":*

I quote direct from the Project Gutenberg manuscript…

*"One of the most interesting phases of hypnotism is that of post-hypnotic suggestion and its power to place the life on one in the hands of another that certain Indian sects have long practised.*

*It is, my research proves conclusively, undeniably true that a suggestion made to another during the hypnotic condition by one with the requisite gift can result in the subject having no option but to act upon that suggestion.*

*And no matter how offensive to the subject's core beliefs these suggestion might prove.*

*A certain Indian practitioner of this ancient art claims that once she (many of the most powerful practitioners upon the sub-continent are women) has hypnotized a person she can keep that person forever after under her influence by means of post-hypnotic suggestion.*

*For instance; she says to him while under her hypnotic spell:*

*"Whenever I snap my fingers, or point at you, you will fall asleep. Only I, or someone of my choice I have pointed out to you can do this…"*

My thoughts turned instantly to the Bhandari girl who, it now appeared, exercised the same control over me as her adoptive mother.

*"…Suggest to a subject while he is sound asleep that in eight weeks he will present himself to you with all his worldly goods and an intent to make them over to you in the presence of a legal personage and, in exactly eight weeks he will carry out the suggestion.*

*Suggestions of this nature are always carried out, especially when the suggestion is to take effect on some certain day or date named.*

*Suggest to a subject that in ninety days from a given date he will come to your house with his coat on inside out, and he will most certainly do so."*

*I have witnessed with my own eyes and ears how a man can be hypnotized against his will to serve – and sometimes in the most abject of ways – the man or woman who has him under their hypnotic thrall; and no matter how their internal value-system might detest their servitude and rebel against it…"*

I recalled my utter self-loathing as my tongue bathed the Bhandari girl's foot with my tongue while my cock behaved in an entirely different way.

*...It must also be said that certain sects upon the Indian subcontinent have long used such methods and, indeed, it is not rare for Europeans conducting scientific research into the subject to have come across certain persons whose wills have been subverted enough to allow them to be led by a "Superior".*

*Led, moreover, in ways quite contrary to the behaviour we see as decent in human-kind.*

*It is a submission to the will of another to which even some of these European observers have succumbed and now live a life of service in Mother-India.*

*This, from what various researchers have annotated, is only possible when the will of the person performing the mesmerism is stronger than that of the man or woman he or she is in the process of hypnotising and the recipient has certain character defects that make a subject open and completely susceptible to such suggestion with long-term ramifications.*

*It was also noted that, once a mesmerist placed such a person under his or her power, it was extremely rare, unheard of even, for that unfortunate person to ever be free of the influence.*

*It is for this reason, and sensibly in my view, that the Raj proscribed the practice of mesmerism.*

*But, as all commentators and observers upon the human condition know, legal proscription alone is hardly likely to prevent the execution of criminal acts."*

If I had felt dejected before reading it, you can only imagine how low was my mood after completing that final paragraph.

The one small chink of sunlight being the writer's insistence that there were others who had succumbed to the same fate and it was no lack of character on my part that explained my own fall.

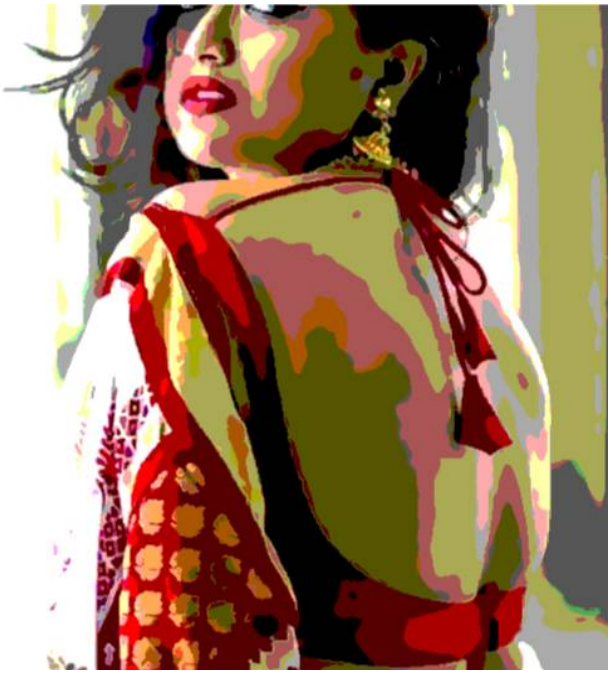
Or at least it was a ray of sunshine until I re-read the last passage:

*"...This, from what various researchers have annotated, is only possible when the will of the person performing the mesmerism is stronger than that of the man or woman he or she is in the process of hypnotising and the recipient has certain character defects that make a subject open and completely susceptible to such suggestion with long-term ramifications."*

My self-esteem, as you can imagine, was at the bottom of the toilet by this time.

While my ever growing terror was at altitudes known only to the Spaceship Enterprise.

# SEVEN



"Will you be joining us at the Village Hall for the concert this evening, Mr Clayborne?"

The words had been spoken to me in the street as I walked – unwillingly and with a sense of forthcoming doom to underpin my embarrassment - with Prisha Bhandari. My questioner being a stout and headmistressy looking woman in her late-forties whose clothing and abrupt manner screamed… *"spinster"*. A local mover and shaker in the church who was forever on the lookout for that window of opportunity that would give her entry into the private lives of others – and, it seemed, especially mine.

In more than a *spiritual* way, unless I was mistaken.

And it would soon turn out I wasn't.

"You do know it's Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis"? I know he's a particular favourite of yours," she went on, all the while aiming looks that were part mystified and part question from myself to the Bhandari woman and then back again. "I know he is a favourite of yours."

My eyes flicked from the woman, whose name was Muriel Congleton, to the Indian bitch whose control of me was growing hour-by-hour, da-by-day and received a message from her evil and magnificent eyes that I had her permission to respond.

Believe me, you can have no real idea of true despair until you have had to seek permission to exercise such a basic function of humanity.

"I don't think so, Mrs Congleton," I answered, hoping my cheeks were not the flaming red I sensed them. "I've been a little under the weather this past week or so and will probably have a night in."

“Nonsense!” I heard from my side. “A nice concert will do you good.” She turned to Muriel Congleton and smiled. “Men,” she said, adding a chiding *“Hmmpth!”* and a surprising smile from the devout spinster in her tweed jacket and skirt with sensible flat-heeled shoes. “They always do the opposite of what’s good for them.”

“That’s always been my experience, Ms Bhandari,” she answered, making a real contrast to the woman dressed in the garments of another continents, her own severe and humourless features above the body camouflaged by tweed highlighting the striking – but equally severe, I knew to my cost – contours of the Indian woman’s own body that could not quite be disguised by her loose-fitting sari. “They are lost without a woman to guide and correct them – and please, feel free to call me Muriel.”

“Thank you,” said the first of my tormentors – the other, thankfully, back at their house and doing what monsters and Indian girls of that age do. “You are obviously a woman after my own heart, Muriel. And do please call me Prisha.”

*“Muriel”* gave out with a mock sigh and a look of rebuke to me:

“What are we to do with them?” she said with a shake of the head. “How can we make them see sense if they won’t listen to us, Prisha?”

“There are ways, my dear,” came the answer, accompanied with a smile to, I knew, leaven her intent. “Sometimes it is simply no more complicated then being firm with them.”

As the Congleton nodded agreement I felt my legs go weak.

Was this morally repugnant Indian woman intending to provide the spinster with an example of just how she was *“firm”* with me?

She was about to be just that, as it turned out, even if the example was not as humiliating as I’d feared.

“I think you should go the concert, Timothy. We will go and buy tickets at the hall as soon as we have finished speaking with Muriel.”

I hesitated, before, in a harder voice:

“Agreed?”

The message in her eyes freed my vocal chords to answer, though I would rather have swallowed liquid concrete than do so in front of the intrigued and, if I’m not mistaken, aroused spinster awaiting my response.

“Y-Yes, of course,” I stammered, not adding the *‘Maalkin’* and praying she did didn’t correct me. “You’re both right. It’s probably just what I need.”

“Very well,” nodded the Bhandari woman, overlooking my omission. “And just to make sure you do I shall be accompanying you there myself.”

All I could do was nod and attempt a smile that, had it been any stronger, could have been described as insipid.

"You run along to the hall and buy the tickets now, Timothy," she said, effectively dismissing me. "You can meet me at the tea-rooms where, if Muriel will allow me, I should like to offer her refreshments and we can get to know each other better."

"That would be lovely, Prisha," replied the spinster, flashing me a look that seemed to say it enjoyed seeing the oh, so, private Mr Timothy Clayborne virtually bowing at the neck to the authority of a woman.

And a woman *not* of his own land at that!

Of course, I had been aware from the start that the spinster held romantic hopes in my regard – and truth be known I sensed a womanly body of no small attraction beneath the tweeds it might be worth knowing were it not for her much-vaunted religious beliefs that, no doubt, considered sex out of wedlock a sin – but I had no intention of sinning where I lived even if those beliefs turned out to be of a more flexible kind.

Hence, my care to always be polite but with distance whenever our paths crossed, as they needs must in a village so small.

Hardly surprising then that Muriel Congleton was intrigued, as well as aroused, at the deference demanded of me by her new friend Indian friend.

"That is settled then," smiled Prisha Bhandari. "Off you go and fetch the tickets now, Timothy. But hurry right back to the tea-shop once you have them and I will have one of your favourite jam-scones waiting for you."

It was an obvious dismissal and I heard Muriel suck in her breath at the… *obedience* …being demanded of me from a woman I had in real terms only just met.

Not bothering to wait to make sure her orders had been obeyed, so sure of herself was she, the Bhandari woman took Muriel's arm and turned her away from me towards the tea-shop, leaving me in a condition of dread and foreboding as I turned on my own heel in the direction of the hall and took myself off in the way demanded of me; unable to shake off the crucial question:

What on earth would they talk about…?"

My last sight of Mrs Congleton as she turned her head back towards me was of a face both puzzled and… *excited*.

# EIGHT



Down on all fours in my own bedroom in the way of a canine looking for affection from its master, I once again humiliated myself at the heel of the Indian girl called Saanvi and rather than resist felt an overpowering need to not only her every command but obey them to the very best of my abilities.

No matter the implications for my very soul itself.

The fact that I hated myself for doing so I found myself made no difference.

Somehow or other, the influence the mother had managed to gain over my free will had been shared with the daughter and I was no more capable of defying the younger Bhandari than I was her adoptive mother.

She was perched upon the edge of my bed with sari hitched up to her hips to reveal those powerful and shapely legs for which an unwilling desire had formed in my head, making me ask my thoughts if I could have somehow been programmed to respond to them in such a way.

A brown foot, its pigmentation somehow heightening my disgrace was waved before my eyes as I fixated upon its side-to-side movement as if it were an invitation to the Promised Land. Her nails were again painted in exactly the same shade of visceral red but were no scarlet than my cheeks as she delivered slaps that may have been delivered with nonchalance but were certainly *not* playful.

All this as I remained in my servile position at her feet upon my haunches.

*In my own home!*

Was I… *aroused?* I hear you ask.

To my shame, yes.

But, despite the erection that now seemed constant in the presence of one or other of them or both there was no sign of arousal of the kind in me whenever I was away from them.

Above me, Saanvi giggled but there was neither humour nor affection in the sound. Self-possessed for her age she may be but she remained an ill-formed teenager in my eyes.

A teenager as prone to boredom and fits of irrational behaviour in the same way of any teenager anywhere.

Just the same, knowing I would win no respite, my eyes pleaded with her to put an end to my torment – thoughts again full of recrimination for the weakness that gave her the power to do so.

Her response to my unspoken plea?

The placing of her dark toes upon my bottom lip and an expectant stare.

At a warning look from her eyes I, Timothy Clayborne, took those same toes into my mouth and sucked upon them as if I truly were her…

There is no other word to describe it.

Her "*Slave*."

I haven't tried to lie to you about the existence of my pathetic arousal with them, but you can take it as gospel that I did not once seek it was as surprised at their ability to compel it from me as I felt physically and mental revulsion whenever it happened.

Which helped me fight it not a whit.

I was even under some post-hypnotic command not to be able to speak of my subjection or – thought I had yet to put it to the test and, when I did found it impossible to go against it – attempt to harm myself in any way.

So much for self-immolation or some less horrific European version of doing away with oneself.

As I felt her toes slide past my lips and into my appalled yet unresisting mouth, I experienced a sense of utter hopelessness that fetched tears to my eyes that added yet more self-loathing for the ongoing loss of my manhood and my failure to prevent it from happening.

The words of the book resounded in my ears:

*"Certain character defects – sometimes unsuspected – that make a subject open and completely susceptible to such suggestion with long-term ramifications."*

At which point, and banishing competing thought as well as the air in my lungs, Saanvi Bhandari repeated her previous actions and placed her foot squarely atop the erection her toes in my mouth had provoked.

"I do believe little Timmy is taking pleasure from the washing of Malkin Saanvi's toes."

My cock, no less urgent and demanding for being trapped in its prison of trousers and undergarments, gave a sideways lurch beneath her foot and she giggled.

"Would you like your young Indian Maalkin to let you undress so she can take your English pee-pee between her toes and let you spurt all your little boy cream?"

It was a permission to speak as well as a question and I must have hesitated too long because she suddenly planted the sole of her foot squarely upon my face and used it to shove me backwards.

As I fell back upon my haunches, treated with contempt in my own bedroom, I gain felt shame wash over me and recognised it for being no less potent for it being won from me against my will.

Saanvi Bhandari was smiling now and, as her magnetism drew my eyes back to hers, I truly felt as if I were in the presence of some barbarous heathen goddess whose express purpose it was to subjugate and destroy men.

Or at least destroy any manly pride they might be able to take in themselves.

And *especially* those who were white and English.

"My aunty was right about you from the moment she first laid eyes upon you," she told me, confident I would remain silent having been, unbelievably, given no permission to speak.

"She said even from the few words she spoke with you that it was obvious you were more canine than man and needed only the discipline of a superior Indian woman to be able to accept your true nature.

Reddened as they already were, and with my lip now bleeding from where the nail of her toe had caught it upon removal from my mouth, my cheeks became still redder at this observation of myself as a *dog*.

"My mother is also well versed in knowledge of such men and the Englishman her sister travelled to England to be with as wife a man just like you."

"Such… *weakness*… in a man is very rare," she continued, "so you were very fortunate to have encountered my aunty."

Her smile was mocking.

As well as mother and myself, of course."

*"Fortunate?"* my thoughts blazed.

"That is what I said," she read them. "It is an insult to the goddess for a man to go through life in a disguise. Mother says you are weak – and she is one who knows these things.

Her eyes – her magnificent eyes, as I was coming to describe to them more and more – were holding mine and, as with the mother, I felt myself coming under her aura.

There is no other way to describe it.

"Why else would you be at our feet if the fates had not intended for you to be our creature."

Then came the words that turned my fear into out and out terror.

"You will make us both the perfect manservant when you come back to Madras with us and we have more time to… *teach*… you in the Indian way."

Do you wonder at my terror?

"But that is for later," she began ominously. "Right now, you have only washed the toes of one foot."

Crooking one brown and suddenly imperious finger, she beckoned me back up onto my haunches:

"I am too fatigued to help you by raising my foot to your mouth so you must make yourself useful to Maalkin and lower your head to the floor so that she is comfortable as you go about it.

As I've mentioned, the prospect made me feel physically sick – even as my cock raged unabated.

Again, even though I now knew the circumstances of my fall to be out of my control, I berated myself for my weakness. In fact, I was still berating myself as I lowered myself to all fours and lowered my head that I might place my bruised and bloody lip upon her toes.

"Yes. That is a my good boy," I heard her demeaning praise above me and felt a fresh wave of shame as something in me responded to such debasing praise. "Clean your Maalkin's toes. Slide that English tongue in between them and lick them until they are fresh and sparkling."

I did as she asked and my utter demoralisation was not helped for the certainty I was beginning to thrill to the young Indian girl's growing mastery of me.

This, of everything, I told myself as I closed my eyes to the shame of it all, was probably the worst development of all.

Or was until a few demeaning comments later.

“Yes. Slide your tongue between them. Show Maalkin how obedient you are. Do a good enough job and she may even allow you the honour of tasting her hairless young cunt.”

Her words, and one in-particular, scalded my soul even as they inflamed my desire and, suddenly, the image of the cunt she had revealed to me earlier was replaced by an imagined picture of Prisha Bhandari’s own as my lips and nose paid a disgraceful homage and my tongue covered the folds of her denuded labia.

To my utter disbelief, though why I should have experienced any at this point and after everything was beyond me, I felt the wooded floor upon my cheek as I slid in closer to the daughter’s foot and inserted my tongue in between the toes as ordered, a part of me thrilling to my own humiliation.

“Yes,” she exclaimed, purring with what seemed *real* pleasure. “That is good. Aunty was right. You will make us the most perfect English manservant and all our friends and neighbours back home will be jealous. Just think of the standing it will give us amongst the others from your land who live nearby.”

I did indeed, *“think of it”* and could not fetch myself to the same level of excitement and fond anticipation of such an event as my tormentor – though even this did not stop my servile *“washing”* of her toes.

In fact, if anything, it seemed to me as if I doubled my efforts to please her.

“Ooooh,” she exclaimed, “my little English doggy is anxious to taste his Maalkins pussy.”

Far from slowing my service to her I felt my tongue intensify its efforts to please.

“Just think,” she said, “if you continue to please me like this you will get to lick my superior Indian cunt every day.”

It was the second time she had used the word and impacted upon my senses with eve more power than the first.

Then, shockingly, with my tongue still inserted between wooden floor and those long and slender toes, there came a knock upon the bedroom door and it opened.

Immediately terrified of discovery and knowing her mother had business in nearby Seaford, I was about to rise when her free foot pushed my head to the floor and held it there.

Her hushed command to *“Stay!”* underlining her intent.

Looking back now, it seemed as if time had been placed on hold as I heard the sound of female heels pecking their way to where I resided in lustful misery upon my own bedroom floor.

Then, suddenly, from the corner of my eye, tongue still between the girl's toes, a pair of black patent leather calf-boots, with low heels below matronly legs in sheer black hose, came into view.

Neither the legs nor the boots were familiar and I was frozen with fear that a stranger might be witnessing my disgrace – though no such qualms seemed to bother the tormentor under whose foot I lay trapped.

Which was when, sickeningly, Saanvi Bhandari greeted the newcomer:

"Good evening, Ms Congleton…"

# NINE



My life in Alfriston had become a hell of humiliation.

Or at least the fear of it becoming worse.

Between being seen in attendance upon my two *"Maalkins"*, tongues were wagging even more concerning the prospect of there being some romantic development between myself and Muriel Congleton.

As it.

Though I couldn't deny there was something between us.

Normally the thick red bush covering her pussy and providing a less than unassailable barrier for the efforts of my tongue to proceed past and into its matronly interior.

You heard correctly.

After she had walked in upon me in my own bedroom as my tongue worshipped the Indian girls feet, my personal hell found itself in company with a new element.

The pleasure the devout and religious – imagine my mocking snarl – of the arch hypocrite and town busybody herself.

I will recall forever the Bhandari girl forcing me to polish *"Ms Congleton's"* boot after she had contrive to have her interrupt us in my bedroom and the way she took having a man perform such a lowly chore as if a higher power had transformed her into a duck and me a pool of water upon the floor.

I also recall the night the spinster in question entered my home with the key the Bhandari's had given her and woke me from a sleep that was, at best, fitful these days.

The sight waiting to greet me almost enough to have my eyes instantly snap themselves shut again.

Standing at the side of the bed, staring down at me imperiously from beneath hooded eyelids, was a sight I had not expected to see.

And saw a sight that was unwanted as she treated me to a kind of matronly striptease; removing her knee-length boots and then her pantyhose before standing with hands on hips as I took in the aforementioned red-bush.

The only small mercy being that, for some reason, she did not take off shirt containing her breasts.
For some seconds she gazed down upon me, a look of wonder that she could be so bold mixing with the obvious delight she took from knowing I could do nothing to prevent her.

No matter *how* bold she decided to be.

Then, looking down at me hungrily, voice just as mocking and expectant as those of my two Maalkins:

"Young Ms Bhandari tells me that you have a talented and obedient tongue…"

*****

I awoke in my own bedroom, bereft of the comfort and security my own inner sanctum should provide.

*"Mrs Bhandari tells me that you have a most willing and obedient tongue."*

The remembered words crashed from one side of my skull to the other as the image of Muriel Congleton, naked from the waist down filled my vision.

"Miss Congleton…?" I recall trying to protest, appalled to have her in my bedroom and private space, despite what she had seen on her last visit.

I was cut off with a confident finality I had not seen from her before – even in her role of religious zealot as the finger she placed upon my lips compelled my silence.

“I don’t recall giving you permission to speak, Mr Clayborne – or should I call you Timmy, given we are now on such.. *intimate* …terms?”

Her eyes were  more alive than I could recall seeing them as they stared deep into my own and glittered with the evidence of her… *arousal* …her face as stern a it was excited and her eyes unblinking as she peered into my soul from beneath the hair she had set free from its usual ponytail and which now hung loose over her shoulders.

As she removed her finger from my lips and ripped the duvet from me and stepped away, knowing I was unable to prevent her from viewing my naked form more fully, I realised for the first time that her legs might have been matronly but they were also shapely.

None of the above, you understand, making one jot of difference to my outrage and shame for both her presence in my home and the fact she was determined to take advantage of the yoke under which she knew I laboured.

A *“yoke”* that, far from outraging her on my behalf, was one she seemed perfectly willing to use, along with the malleable condition that went with it, to gratify needs of her own.

“I told Mrs Bhandari,” she went on, having ordered me silent and being, somehow, assured I would comply, “that it was not your tongue I was interested in.”

I stared up at her in a mixture of appeal to one of my own land and hatred for what I knew she was about to demand of me.

“That is right, Mr Clayborne,” she said in the accent of home-counties England I was beginning to detest as much as the once-removed English of the Bhandari women. “I had a long conversation with your Indian… *friends*… and I realise that I have been missing out on many things in regard of you.”

All my preconceptions, it seemed, were being proved fallible now.

The devout and unbendingly correct – if limited intellectually – busybody and devout spinster was proving to be a woman beyond the expectations of my less than insightful perception of her.

“And to think I actually thought of you as a man of real substance,” she told me with a shake of the head as if she were disappointed I was unable to prevent what she knew would be her immoral – and decidedly irreligious – usage of me.

Delusional or not, I was at her mercy and she knew it.

“In my defence though,’ she went on, “I didn’t know you then for the depraved and weak individual you really are.”

The lips, now glistening with her own saliva, curled derisively:

“The kind of individual who takes a kind of… *warped*… pleasure from taking on the role of a woman’s menial.”

I wanted to scream that it just wasn’t true, but knew that even if I could she was too far gone in her own lust to either listen or believe me.

“At first,” she went on, “I could not bring myself to believe <Ms Bhandari when she told me of your desires. “But then I had to ask myself how any man, at least one worthy of the description, would allow himself to be treated as if he were no more than a servant by an Indian woman and her daughter if he did not take some… *peculiar*… gratification from it?”

*“No!”* my thoughts screamed just the same, her own shame and hypocrisy for presenting herself before me in such a way forgotten as I tried in vain to summon the words that would convince her she was mistaken.

Even sensing, perhaps, that if I could just convince her I was a victim I would have won myself a formidable ally.

An ally who might just tip the balance in my quest to free myself of the pervading influence of Mrs Bhandari and her demonic offspring.

I can also sense, even from the remove of both distance and time, your thoughts:

Had there been any possibility of her coming to my aid, of course, she would *not* have been in my bedroom and be so eager to take advantage of my misfortune.

I assure you, it was only my growing desperation and the desire to find a saviour that clouded my thoughts to such an extent I could not make the same connection for myself at the time.

“Mrs Bhandari,” the woman continued, “is not only a beautiful example of her land’s womanhood but a wise and knowing soul.”

I could not refute her – though it was not for the want of trying.

What she said next was delivered with a mixture of what I took to be regret and self-recrimination for her own lack of judgement:

“I myself had thought you a man of some substance. But now I see you are *exactly* as Mrs Bhandari described you. A weak specimen of English manhood fit only to have the yoke of servitude placed around his neck.”

Had I been capable of free speech, of course, I would have screamed my innocence, but even if I’d been able I knew it would not have served my interests in even the slightest of ways.

“How could I not have seen that you were not a real man, but a disgusting weakling looking for a woman who’d treat him as he deserved to be treated?”

My enforced silence enabled her to spill yet more bile.

“I now recognise in its completeness her description of you as a *‘dog awaiting a master’s collar’*,” she almost spat, her utter and complete contempt for me given the lie only by the unmistakable sparkle of excitement in her vivid green eyes.

“You are not much of a man,” she sneered, matronly breasts heaving with passion and, I know now, anticipation of what was soon to transpire. “But Mrs Bhandari is right to believe you will make both her and her daughter a dutiful and obedient manservant.”

Her lip curled.

“Whether t be hers or mine, it is no more than God’s will.”

Staring into her eyes, I realised she actually believed her own misplaced certainty.

“They intend to take you back home to India with them as their manservant, you know?” she continued. “I told them that if they ever got tired of you then I would be more than willing to make a home for you with me.”

Her expression as she said this was completely serious and I had no doubt that she would love nothing more than to have me as for a chattel of own.

“But I digress,” she said, collecting her thoughts together with her desires, pendulous breasts beneath her shirt swinging from side to side. “As I was saying: Ms Bhandari assures me you have a most willing and obedient tongue.”

My heart sank to a level matching my despair.

“She said she had a long talk with you today and I could be sure you would be happy to show me how well you can please a lady with it.”
I searched my memory, unable to recall any such talk and, recalled other blank spots of memory since having come under the Indian woman’s influence, knowing *why* almost instantly.

My eyes widened as this well-respected member of the Alfriston congregation climbed atop me, slung a leg over my body, and proceeded to edge her red-bushed pussy towards my waiting and unwilling lips.

Her scream as my tongue exited my head of its own accord could have been heard back in the Bhandari’s native land, so piercing and shrill was it.

An initial scream that soon became screams, that morphed into gasps of wanton and selfish satisfaction, as she rode my face with no thought to my own pleasure as she devoted herself to the pursuit of her own crisis.

And then, when she reached it, she turned around while still astride me to present me her back, lowered plump and alabaster buttocks onto my face, and announce her intention to repeat the process courtesy of my tongue and her anus.

“Prisha said I’d enjoy it and it’s something I’ve always wanted to try…?”

# TEN



They were at the end of a dark corridor bathed in the sunlight that could not penetrate into the windowless space at my back they had allocated me as my *"servant-quarters"* upon our arrival in region of their homeland into which their evil carcasses had been born.

Some four hundred years before my unwilling arrival, Madras had been no more than a tiny rural village on the Coromandel Coastline. A poverty stricken collection of ramshackle dwellings and the more grand versions belonging to the local version of what passed for the nouveau riche and royalty at that time. It would not until the formation of the East India Company and the advent of the English, that the regions influence had grown and the city along with it to become one of the great merchant sea-ports and now, a thriving modern city with all the amenities for those who could afford them.

I tell you now, and even with poverty and lack of personal comforts of four-hundred years ago we in the west take for granted; I could not have despised the place any more than my thoughts allowed me.

A place in which I toiled as the English *"daas"* to the Indian mother and adopted daughter standing at the end of the corridor so expectantly; their joy in exercising the power they wielded over me, far from diminishing, seeming only to have increased in the three years since I had signed over my home and my wealth to them in the presence of an incredulous and disapproving Eastbourne solicitor. This before disposing of their own goods and chattels left them by the mother's sister - other than the home that had been opposite mine and was now occupied by Muriel Congleton rent-free – and flying me to Madras.

A place from which, I had been assured, I would not be leaving.

Not without *their* permission, anyway.

Their home was in the old colonial style and had once belonged to the late-sister's even later husband – this after he had met the same fate at their hands as your writer – and I was to find to my horror that a great many wealthy English had residence around and about. In fact, I was to discover that the Bhandari's and their few Indian neighbours were pretty much the area in question's minority.

The house itself was not so much a *"villa"* but a palace in miniature and constructed entirely of granite.

No woodwork whatsoever.

Palace in miniature or not, it was a place, and my role within it I hated before I had even taken my first glimpse of it – and even before their housekeeper Nirupa – the same unsmiling housekeeper with a seam of sadism streaking her plump and voluptuous body from head-to-foot who was going to train me to their ways.

The dank and spartan space to the side of the house allocated me for my new existence not exactly warming me to the place either – despite it being the only place I was free to think my understandable, if futile, fantasies of vengeance and redemption.

It was, I have no doubt you will agree, the nightmare that kept on giving.

From the moment we entered their land they insisted on speaking English on those occasions when either my services were required or they simply wished to torment me in my own tongue.

Prisha Bhandari had said as much for me to hear to her adoptive daughter:

"It is as well that he knows what we intend for him and how he will… *fit*… into his life with us. I know he is my gift to you, my darling stepdaughter, but with such a gift comes responsibilities and a good master will always ensure her… *daas*… is aware of the ways in which he must be of service and the correct levels of respect to be shown his superiors."

Throughout my training by the monster called Nirupa – a base and uneducated woman I feared even more than I hated – both mother and daughter had their favourite ways of both using me and humiliating what manhood was left to me.

A favourite being their *"friend"*.

Muriel Congleton.

"Mrs Congleton seemed to enjoy the permission we gave her to use his inferior white cock," the younger girl had offered near the beginning of my *stay* with them, fetching laughter rather than a maternal rebuke for her language.

“Do not worry, Saanvi,” Prisha Bhandari assured her. “He will never again know another woman in such a way and my decision to let Muriel use him in such a way was simply a thank you to her for her understanding of the… *situation*.”

If the daughter was disappointed I detected no sign of it:

“That is your decision to make, mother,” she said solemnly before her expression softened and became amused.

Prisha nodded.

“Apparently, it was Muriel’s first time with a man.”

“You are not serious?” exclaimed a surprised daughter. “But… She is ancient!”

My cheeks, I knew from experience, were a flaming red and I felt no more acclimatised to the shame of being discussed in such a way in my presence than I had back home in England.

“I promised her that when she takes us up on our invitation and comes to stay,” the stepmother went on, “that she will not be interested in the cock of our English slave when she is introduced to some… *selected*… specimens of Indian manhood.”

Stepmother and stepdaughter laughed as if a witticism had been delivered.

“Though,” the older of my tormentors added, “I did say that she would be more than welcome to enjoy the tongue of our daas as frequently as she wishes.

Saanvi Bhandari had nodded and turned her attention to me in a thoughtful fashion:

“I think,” she said at last, “that the tongue of our English daas will have learned a good few more tricks before Muriel arrives and after we have taken him to the doctor and he is made more…”

It was the first I’d heard of such a thing and, after I’d met this *“Doctor”*, t would be my fondest wish that I had never heard or seen him at all.

Prominent cheekbones, and teeth with that gawky overbite as they protruded from abnormally large lips that may have been considered sensual were the other components more fetching, again became thoughtful as she searched for the word that would most accurately convey her meaning:

“…abject,” she finished, dismissing me from her vision at her feet and turning back to her stepmother as if I were no more than a speck of Madras dust that had adhered to her sequin covered sandals.

“I will enjoy,” she told Prisha Bhandari, “showing off my English bondsman and what Nirupa will have taught him to Muriel when she finally visits. It will please her to see her lover reduced to little more than the useful animal we intend for him to become.”

“Yes,” Prisha Bhandari agreed. “There is a desire to control that is strong in her make-up – inspired, no doubt, by her own disappointment with me and her ingrained religious zealotry. She is a good woman at heart with a sense of history and its injustices and sees it as wholly just that an arrogant and superior Englishman should find himself in the service of two superior ladies from a race the men of his country once enslaved and despised.

Now it was the stepmother’s gaze that fixed upon me with a promise:

“Especially when she is allowed to witness more fully that arrogant and superior Englishman as his tongue cleans his Indian Maalkins that they may be fresh after having disposed of their waste.”

Just as I thought I could be shocked no more my levels of utter revulsion dived to new depths of depravity.

“Perhaps if she is a pleasing guest,” Saanvi Bhandari took it up, “Muriel might be allowed to anoint him with her piss also.”

The look upon my face as I pictured this abomination inspired hilarity from them as they too pictured the spinster letting loose over me.

Me!

A man educated in one of the best public-schools and reasonably wealthy too.

Or at least I had been until my meeting with that solicitor.

“A word of warning, though, my darling Saanvi,” said a more serious Prisha Bhandari.

The eyes behind the nerdy spectacles widened with inquiry.

“It is wholly right that you see him as the daas that he now is,” pointed out the mother. But you will do well to remember that it is better to refer to him as our *‘manservant’* when in company rather than a daas.”

“Yet you describe him in the same way, mother,” the adoptive daughter complained. “He has no will of his except to think his own thoughts and must do as we tell him even though he hates us. How can he be anything but our daas?”

“You are not wrong, Saanvi, but you are missing the point. The way I refer to him when we are in private is quite different to what passes as acceptable public.”

The eyes beneath the nerdy spectacles were not convinced.

“Slavery is no longer legal, in case you have forgotten – even in mother-India. Though the people employed on zero-hour-contracts and paid a pittance in the UK proves the condition still flourishes in that miserable land by other names.”

Hearing my country described in such terms, and from such lips, even if I found it hard to disagree, was not easy to take. But what choice had I? I was able to do nothing more than listen from my position kneeling upon the floor and keep my thoughts on her hypocrisy to myself.

"Our English neighbours will be surprised and outraged enough that a countryman of theirs is in our service as a lowly menial, without being told that he does so without pay of any kind and must, therefore, be considered our daas."

*"English neighbours?"*

The two words seared across my consciousness as if they were twin branding irons.

Was it possible my abject new situation would be witnessed by fellow countrymen and social equals.

"He is an Englishman from a pampered background – even more so than the specimen my sister… *acquired*," Prisha Bhandari continued, "and his new life will be a shock not only to his system but to those of his countrymen who will recognise the social standing he had and has no longer. This much is unavoidable."

Prisha Bhandari had sipped at the drink I had just served them before continuing.

Then:

"But for these same people to know the real nature of his service to us is to risk them pointing it out to the authorities. Understand now, Saanvi?"

The girl nodded, comprehension reached and a path forward determined upon.

I would, from then on, only be referred to as their daas within the confines of their home or somewhere equally as private.

My face must have provided an exact replica of my thoughts because Prisha Bhandari laughed in a way that was, somehow, both teasingly coquettish and unmistakeably malevolent.

"Oh, but look at the face on our English daas, my lovely Saanvi," despite the fact the girl's hungry eyes were already on me. "He was hoping, perhaps, that his service to us both would be witnessed only by our own people and not seen by his."

The girl's face was stony; gawky, childlike, and pouty in a way reflecting her years.

It was also utterly inflexible in its intent.

She might not like being told to refer to me in a more… *acceptable* …way but, if it meant losing me as her creature she would go along with it.

Her next words bore her look out:

“Then he will be disappointed,” she told the mother, eyes not once leaving my own as I sat transfixed before her.

“I cannot wait to show our possession of him off to our pompous and oh-so-superior English neighbours. The sooner Nirupa has him trained and he can be shown to them as he waits upon us hand and foot cannot be soon enough for me – even if I can’t tell them he is our daas rather than our manservant.”

Prisha Bhandari laughed, “Do not be too disappointed, my love. Hearing himself described as our servant and houseboy in front of his one-time equals will be mortifying enough for him.”

She took another sip.

Then:

“But you are right and I myself am excited to learn just how they will react to see us both with our English chattel once he is trained to our liking by our faithful Nirupa. Though we must both be careful not to treat him in so harsh a way in front of them that it arouses their suspicions.”

The girl Saanvi nodded solemnly at this, the look of a thwarted child gone now that she knew her control of me *would* be seen by those neighbours from the country that had once enslaved her own .

Even if her power over her creature had to be toned down.

Knowing, as she did, that the treatment she was free to mete out to me in private would more than make up for any restraint she might have to show in public.

Treatment of which she would find herself ably supported by the aforementioned *“Nirupa”*.

A woman, and no less my master than her employers, I was soon to fear as much, maybe more, than the two Indian monsters responsible for my nightmare in the first instance. As I crawled over the cold ceramic floor tiles towards my Maalkin’s and the feet I was required to show respect, this as they basked in the sunlight at the end of the dark corridor, my thoughts could not help but recall the woman’s… *training* …of me…

# ELEVEN



I awoke in my serving-quarters bathed in the cold sweat of night mare.

As usual, I had been dreaming – *factually* - of the Bhandari's housekeeper…

*…She entered the unfurnished room and, without a word, had stripped me naked, the physical power of her giving me no choice but to let her have her way and manhandle me as if I were a child even without the post-hypnotic suggestions of her employers.*

*And then my real hell began.*

*Without a word, she began to thrash my naked body about the room with a leather quirt looped over her wrist.*

*The pain was made no less excruciating for not having experienced a punishment of the kind since public school – and thin bamboo reed that came instantly to mind – and even with nowhere near the power and terrifying singlemindedness of my female tormentor.*

*I was still more demoralised and terrified when she finished and I was forced to crawl, already whipped and broken, from the empty room I would come to know and loathe as my place of "correction" and make my way to where the Bhandari's were takin tea upon the secluded terrace and place my lips upon their feet to assure them I would endeavour to be the most respectful white servant – maybe the only white-servant - on the whole subcontinent.*

*You may be assured that, at the time – and this was but the beginning of Nirupa's training of me - that I was at that moment most sincere in my declamation.*

*Not one square inch of my flesh from head to toe seemed to escape the lash of her quirt and it seemed she had paid especial attention to the cock and its sac between my legs.*

*By the time she had finished with me, breathing heavily from pure excitement rather than her exertions in treating me as no more than the most disobedient and wilful of dogs, I was almost hysterical with fear and discomfort.*

*But it was later in the evening, sprawled on my side at the foot of this demonic housekeeper's bed, upon a thick rug that my real training to service began.*

*"Up!" came the simple and accented command that made me feel even more of an animal as she squatted upon the mattress and prepared to remove a black top and the matching panties below that did not cover a tattoo of some kind upon the outside of one powerful thigh.*

*I did as she demanded and with great difficulty placed myself between her huge but strangely shapely legs she was dangling over the edge of the bed; looking up at her naked form and into a pair of the hugest and most magnificent breasts with piercings I had seen to that point.*

*"You are not to think of yourself as a man," she told me, eyes penetrating my own in a way that promised dire consequences if she ever caught me doing so.*

*"Ms Nirupa teach you your lowly place and to cook and clean house and take care of your master's. You are servant now and must attend ladies in all ways and learn place quickly or be punished."*

*Taking a handful of my hair, she dragged my head to yet another subcontinent cunt devoid of hair and as the smell of her arousal filled my nostrils, and despite my agonies, I felt myself become erect in the presence of this fleshy and low-caste sadist.*

*It was yet more evidence of how far I had fallen.*

*"Malkin Prisha say you have good tongue," she told me. "I tell her it be much better once I teach. You not learn Nirupa's way quickly she take bamboo to soles of feet and you be hobbling as you do duties for long, long, time."*

*I truly believe that had it not been for the spicy scent of the cunt filling my nostrils with its sensual and pervasive odour, I would have passed out from pure terror of what she was capable.*

*That her warnings to me were not simply idle threats were underlined by the welts still screaming upon my naked body as I knelt before her with my nose to her slit.*

*My first experience in the "correction" room earlier having been of the… profound …variety.*

*I believed EVERY threat she made.*

*"You like smell of Ms Nirupa," she mockingly, though her feline features told me my reaction pleased her. "This is good sign. Make teaching you go much quicker."*

*Placing both her hands upon the back of my head, eyes staring into mine and bright with the thrill of dominance, she brought my nose to within touching distance of her labia.*

*"Servant take deep breaths through nose now," she ordered. "Show Ms Nirupa how much you respect superior Indian cunt. Only when she satisfied you know how to please will she let you put unworthy tongue in her superior brown arse and please the Maalkins in the same way."*

*Her words took me straight back to Saanvi's insistence I do the same to her rear.*

*And almost had me wishing to return to that time in my own country – despite how much I hated and resented what was happening to me there.*

*I began to take deep breaths through my nose as instructed, sucking in the scent of my sadistic tutor's arousal as she had ordered.*

*"Good boy."*

*Then, adding yet another strand of self-disgust to the reservoir of it polluting my soul, I realised the most base of instincts at my core was thrilled to her control of me and the heavily accented words and limited vocabulary with which she exercised it.*

*A brown finger indicated her clitoris.*

*"Move tongue slowly as if you writing Maalkin Saanvi a love letter," she ordered.*

*I ran the tip of my tongue the length of her slit and received a cuff about the head for my efforts.*

*"Slowly!"*

*Heeding her advice and mindful of the consequences were I to do otherwise, I slowed myself and did exactly as instructed before, finally, placing my tongue to the left of her clitoris and moving it in a counter-clockwise direction as I tongued out the name of my young persecutor, Maalkin, and owner.*

*It took four repetitions before that persecutor's monstrous housekeeper was satisfied.*

*"A tolerable beginning," she said in her thick English.*

*Then:*

*"Now move tongue from side to side as if you sweep a floor."*

*It was a "learning" session that only ended – this particular aspect of it, anyway - when, after who knows how many repetitions with her clitoris being gently suctioned by my mouth, she went off as if she were a rocket seeking orbit and the pressure of her thighs about my head near reduced my skull reduced to paste.*

*It was only as I thought I must pass out from the pressure that it eased and I could breathe unimpeded once again.*

*My low-caste tutor was pleased:*

*"You have been good boy and Miss Nirupa happy with you," she told me in patronising and barely literate terms that should not have pleased but did.*

*Her next words having the complete and opposite effect:*

*"Now we see how nicely you lick Miss Nirupa's shit-chute…"*

My factual dream over, it was, understandably, Nirupa herself who dominated my newly conscious thoughts; a woman who had turned out to be only a few years younger than Prisha Bhandari herself.

A large woman, as you may have gathered, who was more… *voluptuous*… than obese. Plump lips upon a cruel and feline face were always coloured in the deep red of betel. While her black hair was mostly plaited and pulled from her face.

A tiny decorative stone had been punched into a nostril and a number of thin gold bands swung from each ear while I knew beneath her green sari her nipples would be – obviously, I turned out to be correct - pierced.

Each of the above impressions combining upon first meeting to create a surprising sensation of natural sensuality in this low-caste woman who had been, I would learn later, with the Bhandari abominations in the role of housekeeper for many years.

Sensuality unable to prevent the terror I would soon feel for my subcontinent educator in the arts of domestic service Bhandari-style.

Her English was flawed and limited but served well enough to instruct me in the ways of service to my two Maalkins.

Though the almost impenetrably thick accent with which she spoke it achieved the impossible and served to make my utter diminishment as a man all the more unbearable.

Even if I had no other choice but to do just that.

It did not, to my shame, take her any time at all to have me jumping through hoops in the way of a diligently trained canine with no more than a raised eyebrow above a stern and feline face, so terrified of her was I.

Adding to my sense of shame and mortification, I was informed that I could no longer ejaculate under my own volition and would need permission from one of the Bhandari monsters or their housekeeper to do so

A proscription in regard of self-satisfaction that closed off, I confess, the one small and pathetic pleasure left to me.

Masturbation was no longer to be to my own discretion.

Which made the appearance of a rather seedy Indian doctor at their home and what he did to me unnecessary as well as irrelevant.

My only conclusion being that the excruciatingly painful an humiliating piercing he made to my scrotum and the head of penis itself was no more than a symbolic vanity on the part of the women who owned me.

And, if the pleasure they took from their frequent inspections of the slim chain connecting scrotum to cock and making a full erection impossible was any guide, it would be something I would wear for a long time or, Nirupa told me:

*"Until you good boy enough to be given a milking."*

How much more mortifying could it be for a proud and previously independent man to be rewarded for his obedience by his female owners than being told to kneel upon a low table, naked and upon all-fours as either his Maalkins or their housekeeper manipulated his released and engorged cock as if he were a farmyard animal being relieved of his milk.

Nirupa herself sometimes allowing me to rub myself against the smooth brown skin of her powerful calf until she uttered a word of permission and I found myself able to release my pent-up cream a force and a degenerate pleasure I had not known could exist.

Such was my existence in the household of the Bhandari's and I was, you will have gathered, becoming as obedient as I was demoralised in my servitude as I slide into complete subservience.

In fact, by the time Muriel Congleton finally made good on her promise to visit Madras, I was almost unrecognisable as the man for whom she'd retained romantic feeling in the verdant and tranquil Sussex village and the equally soothing countryside surrounding it.

Visiting at a time when, assured of my obedience and having stripped everything from me of any value save for my life itself, the Bhandari's I not the ver sadistic Nirupa – were showing signs of being bored with their English… *chattel*…

# TWELVE



It was a former neighbour I struggled to recognise as I was led into the room on a collard and lead by Nirupa and deposited at her feet.

The leather face mask adorning my face no doubt inspiring a similar difficulty from her – even if it was puzzled I was sure she would have no problem solving.

“Does he do this with all your visitors?” my one time neighbour whose arse she had insisted be worshipped by me asked, this after I had been led to her feet and lapped at her feet.

Far from being the same virgin spinster I had known in Alfriston, Muriel seemed to have reinvented herself and was tan and fit looking.
Her wardrobe had also undergone a transformation in the three years since I had last laid eyes on her.

Gone were the sensible tweeds and flat walking shoes. Replaced by a skirt slit almost to the waist to reveal equally tan matronly legs made more watchable by the high-heels that exaggerated her muscles and made them seem longer than they were.

“Only with… *certain*... guests of our choosing,” Prisha Bhandari assured her as she sat on the edge of a high-backed and cushioned rattan chair.

At this point, Muriel surprised me by rising, taking the lead from Nirupa, who retired back to the kitchen, and moving me around the room as if testing out a possible pet from an animal-shelter, fetched me to a halt and angled the mask covering my face upwards until she could stare into the slits allowing me to see.

What she was seeing was obvious, but what I saw in the fascinated eyes devouring me was… *lust*.

And something, as she retook her seat, that was a little more sinister and beyond my ability to give a name at that moment.

Though it would not be long until I did,

"You are a woman after our own hearts," Prisha Bhandari continued, "who had he been born here would have taken the same religiously devout route as us when it comes to the… *schooling* …of those men the Goddess has decreed in need of our authority and discipline. Who better than you to witness the uses such an inferior specimen can be put to."

Despite my current position, crouched upon all fours in the Bhandari's drawing-room, with my lips pressed upon the toecap of one of Muriel Congleton's shoes, I listened to the self-serving nonsense being preached to excuse their… *depravity*.
Much good my recognition of it would do me.

"I see that now, Prisha. Thanks to you and young Saanvi my eyes have been opened to the posturing of certain men, and the former neighbour at my feet shining my shoe with his tongue who was always so dismissive of my obvious attraction to him is a prime example."

"We both knew from the beginning," Prisha Bhandari, "offered, "that you were a woman after our own hearts and needed only to be shown the way to realise your true potential – even, if I may say without appearing rude – at what is generally regarded as an advanced age for the discovery of such phenomenon's."

I sensed rather than saw for myself that Muriel Congleton's smile was not offended in the slightest. With my lips pressed to the leather toecap of a navy blue shoe, careful not to slobber as the *"good Nirupa"* had taught me I waited for a sign from one of my *"Maalkins"* that I had shown the requisite respect and might be allowed to return to Nirupa in the kitchen.

Permission was not forthcoming and it was the gawky and bespectacled daughter I despised the most who spoke next:

"You can be sure, Muriel," Saanvi Bhandari told her, "that the Englishman who ignored you will *never* do as he likes again."

I sensed another smile.

Thanks to my loving and generous mother and the attention to discipline of our faithful Nirupa, he is now the most obedient of household daas and will make any lady proud to own him.

Muriel's sigh from above was about as close to an outright orgasm as such an exclamation could be.

"Well, said, young Saanvi," she praised when she regained control of her emotions after hearing me described in such a way, obviously much impressed at the way the young girl was carrying herself. "You are a caring girl and polite girl as well as a dutiful daughter."

My bile almost made its way to her shoe at this nonsense and I felt her shift uncomfortably in the rattan-seat above me.

"What is it, Muriel?" asked the older of her two hostesses.

"I am enjoying the respect of your… *daas* …but his position down there is cramping my movement."

Prisha Bhandari laughed:

"Then, my dear Muriel, simply kick him away. He is no more than a trained animal and you are far too mindful of his feeling. After all, what else would you do with a dog when you are tired of it attentions?"

Muriel Congleton needed no second invitation and the free foot to which my lips was not attached was soon placed upon my shoulder to shove me away.

Red-faced beneath the mask I was, believe it or not, glad to have concealing my expression, I drew myself up upon my knees and placed my hands behind my back, and fixed my eyes upon the floor until told to do otherwise as Nirupa had schooled me.

"My," the spinster exclaimed, admiration unmistakeable, "you truly do have him trained beautifully. I can't tell you how much I envy you. And him so handsome and full of himself at one time! It really is incredible how you have come to exercise such complete and total control over him. He is obviously very grateful to you for showing him his true nature."

Despite the virtual brainwashing that seemed to have programmed me to do their bidding – that and my terror of Nirupa, of course - the pure and volcanic inner responses of my anger towards them had lessened not one jot.

Quite the opposite, in fact.

*"Grateful?"*

Armed with requisite napalm I could have incinerated the lot of them and not felt one iota of remorse.

“You are too kind,” Prisha Bhandari gave thanks.

Behind the mask, I watched as mother and daughter exchanged conspiratorial looks with each other.

“Actually, Muriel,” the mother began, the same mother whose shit-chute he had spent most of the night probing and rimming as she lay face down on her bed and attempted to find sleep, “so in tune with us and understanding of our religion have you been that Saanvi and I have decided to make you a gift.”

“A gift?”

Both women nodded and Muriel Congleton looked embarrassed as only an English guest can look when made a present of something or other.

“Really, my dears, ther is no nee…”

“There is every need, Muriel,” Prisha Bhandari came in, polite but firm.

“Well… If you feel you must…”

“The sect to which Saanvi and I belong, and my family before me,” said Prisha is not one of which we can speak freely of. But what we can tell you is that it is based upon the fundamental truth that we are placed upon this earth with certain gifts and that it is sacrilegious for such blessings should to go unused. As the antelope must provide food for the big-cat and a horse be schooled to the wishes of his rider, so should a man whose will is weaker than that of a strong women who sees his weakness be placed in her possession.”

“Yes. I can find no fault in what you’re saying, Prisha,” agreed Muriel, but how does this affect me?”

There was a pause of a few moments, as if the two Bhandari’s were deliberating about which of them should reply.

Then, smiling at her mother, Saanvi Bhandari took the honour upon herself:

“Because, my dear Muriel,” she began, “our work with the pitiful creature kneeling like the dog he is before us is done and there is nothing more to be achieved with him.”

She laughed and the mother joined her before the daughter continued:

“Though Nirupa has become quite attached to him and will be sorry to see him leave.

My heart almost stopped.

Leave?

For where?

And to whom?

“I’m still not with you,” said an equally bemused, if not as worried, Muriel Congleton.”

Again her Indian hosts exchanged smiles and, this time it was the mother who explained:

“Then allow me to bring you from the dark, my love,” she said with the air of one who was about to deliver a surprise she knew would be appreciated.

“We have decided to make a gift to you of our daas…”

# EPILOGUE



There was little she loved more than at the end of the evening, in the house that had been left to the Bhandari's and had now been made over to her, than to lie upon the bed before undressing and taking her nightly shower.

It had become a ritual for her and whether she at shops, church, or women's institute it was something she truly enjoyed and relished returning home to.

There was something truly empowering about having the handsome man who was now bonded to her – the same man all the ladies of the village had once adored until the departure caused by his… *illness* and still seemed taken with – lie flat on his back below her bed and use his lips and tongue to soothe the feet aching in their hose from the days exertions.

No matter that same hose had been worn the whole day and even she could smell the perspiration rising from them as she slipped the heels she now favoured from her feet.

She had come to see it as an affirmation of her power over him since the Bhandari's had gifted it to her and she had returned with him from Madras.

A ritual of which she never tired and was made all the more sexually potent for the people of the village and the congregation of her church seeing her as a saint for having fetched him back and provided him with a home after the mental breakdown he had suffered in India and seemed unable to speak of.

Only that day, Marjorie Marchbanks from the manor-house on the Berwick Road had sought her out to tell her how much she admired her sense of public spiritedness for offering a home to a man whose life had turned into a car-crash.

"I think it was simply incredible of you to travel to India when you heard of his problems and fetch him home," said the more than pretentious and position conscious fifty-something fellow church-goer.

“We must practice what the bible preaches to us,” offered Muriel with well-practised self-effacement to the woman who had barely given her time of day until her return from the Bhandari’s with the handsome Timothy Clayborne in her care by dint of a Guardianship decree arranged by Prisha Bhandari.

Though Muriel still had no idea how she had accomplished this from another country in another continent.

“Timmy, as he likes me to call him,” she lied, “has no family since his wife left him to have her blasphemous and obscene marriage with and to another woman and he had nothing more than a life in care to look forward to if I had not stepped up, as they say.”

“I had no idea his condition was so serious,” the woman asked, her preoccupation with herself obvious in her next question. “I take it he is not a danger to anybody.”

Muriel had hid her contempt for the woman and allowed her instead a small smile:

“Not in the slightest. He is as harmless as a pet hamster. But, unfortunately, he becomes almost hysterical and near catatonic if left to fend for himself or if I am away from him for too long. It is all he can do when out with me, you may have noticed, to give strangers even a simple greeting. This  was all explained to me when I applied to become his legal guardian.”

The Marchbanks pretender had nodded sympathetically, her transparent and self-interested concerns that Muriel may have fetched a sociopath back with her from the subcontinent satisfied.

“Well, hat’s off to you, anyway. And I must say, you look so much more… *womanly* …since you did away with those awful and outdated tweeds and the sensible shoes with the rubber-sole… Well, best be getting back as Mr Marchbanks will be waiting for me. We have friends at the manor this evening.”

*“Fuck you,”* thought Muriel in most irreligious and uncharitable language as the pretentious and patronising bitch took off in the direction of the car-park and her waiting Daimler.

A smile crossed her face.

*“What you won’t have waiting at home for you will be a man five times as attractive as your pompous husband and an ever-willing tongue and cock to go with it.”*

The thought banished the anger she felt whenever she encountered the woman and she felt herself fingering the small key on a thin necklace hanging from her neck.

A key capable of opening the tiny padlock connecting Timothy Clayborne’s balls to his chastised cock.

A cock, unlike that belonging to Marjorie Marchbank’s pompous husband, she fully intended to be in use this evening.

Even if it was a little early to be rewarding her creature in such a way.

**END**