Vincennes

By
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PART ONE

On the fringes of the Calcutta Racecourse, in an expensive and extensive top-floor apartment with views across to the beauty that was the Hooghly Bridge, Vincent Vincennes was surrounded by affluence and lived the life of a canine.

The root of his discontent?

His Indian girlfriend.

Samira.

Where he was Anglo/French and Paris/Londres, Samira was *all* India and Kolkata. Where he was, had been, proud European , she was unrepentant sub-continent. Where he was…

As usual at this point, Vincennes deliberations on their differences came to a halt; the others too numerous to list; sufferance of them leading him to wonder just who the hell he was these days – if, indeed, he was anything.

Sure, he had his passport – or rather she did; stashed away with the other evidence of his existence such as a driving licence and the credit cards she refused to let him use. But these unavailable verifications of his presence on the planet were all that was left to him. In his mid-forties; Vincent Vincennes had managed to die while somehow contriving to live on.

And for what?

He had been devoured and then regurgitated in a design of a young girl's own choosing.

But how?

Positioned on the terrace as he was now; Vincennes could spend hour after hour, immobile on a recliner, staring into the distance. Gazing down and across at the famous bridge and its structure, blind to the Hooghly flowing beneath, he would see only the events that had led him to his current pass as, for the umpteenth time, they played themselves out before eyes oblivious to the reality in front of them. Fate, he would tell himself, with much bitterness for that fickle arbiter of human fortune; had decreed his life up to that first encounter -so good, so full, so vibrant- should come to an end; the full-stop it delivered consigning him to a country he had little time for many thousands of miles from his own.
The providence he'd had so much to be thankful to until then had decided to rein in its largesse and draw an iron curtain across his former existence before reopening it in a desired area of what was, in reality, a shithole of a city two oceans and a continent away from his home, his family and his business.

That *"Shithole of a city"* one he knew well from former visits of a business nature and one in which he hadn't intended to remain for a single moment longer than the business demanding his presence required.

Vincennes ruminations on his predicament, he recognised and resented, had taken on an inevitable familiarity now. Every twenty-four hours seemed no more than a repetition of the last as his thoughts took on the same numbing consistency of the day before. Except as insights into parts of his psyche he'd been oblivious to before her appearance in his life; nothing resembling either the stimulating or the plain interesting distinguished the events preceding one Vincennes bedtime from another and begged the oft asked questions:

Where had it begun?

How had it begun?

Why had he allowed it to escalate to a stage where it was impossible for him to locate an escape route?

Constantly he sought to reach the heart of his captivity and found only one possible explanation:

He was obsessed.

He was also demoralised, docile and malleable, and a servile thing at her feet.

Where once she had professed to revere his potency and masculinity she now despised him for his weakness – though looking back even he could see her mockery as she fed the Vincennes ego on the myth of its own self-professed superiority.

Where he went she had followed: relatively respectfully to begin with – in public, at least; the object of his strange infatuation –when she wasn't belittling him- flattering his sense of self-worth and doing so in order to lower his guard and make his coming humiliation at her hands and feet all the more potent. Going about the massaging of his ego; even as she chipped away at it; in the same insidious way most women of the East had learned to flatter the self-regard of the countryman to whom they were about to entrust their futures while having no intention of being ruled by them.

Except Vincennes was *not* her countryman.

He was from a different land. And in that land women were also different; born as they were into a culture of relative equality a peasant girl of Samira's stature could only envy. An equality ensuring they did not have to bridge the same kind of gap between the sexes - even if it did have the less desirable effect of dulling their female wiles when it came to the management of their male counterparts.
That *"Equality"*, as it turned out, had proved an unhappy development for the businessman from the West.

This *"Dulling"* of age-old female cunning and manipulation in the face of greater male strength and privilege on the part of the women from his own culture, had made him

vulnerable. The men of the patriarchal society from whence she sprang were far less indulgent to those of her sex. In the culture she had been born to flattery of the beast was learned at the breast and seen as imperative if a female of lower social standing wished to climb even a few rungs on the ladder.

Of any standing, actually.

Such a girl had been Samira when she had served drinks to the *"Big important man"* from London. Yet here he was -both metaphorically *and* in real terms- prone before those pretty little feet with their long painted toes and arched insteps. The lower extremities, with all their symbolic inferences, that occupied so much of his thinking lately.

Now, in the heavily accented but surprisingly fluent English taught her by a former employer with the British Consulate for whom she had skivvied; it was the low-caste girl who commanded and he, Vincent Vincennes, superior to her in *all* ways, who stood to attention.

How the fuck had he allowed it to happen?

Still in his dressing gown and Calvin Klein bottoms, despite the late hour; he continued to look without seeing towards the bridge and the cars crossing the river. Resentment, as was usual, becoming anger as it took on more heat. The Vincennes *"Rage"* legendary in the business circles he had once moved and something other men –and women- of substance had quailed before.

But not *her*.

He recalled an ancient Chinese maxim he had picked up in his previous life:

"The happiest of men are those who choose to cut the claws of the she-demon rather than sharpen them."

Wise advice he wished he'd recalled earlier - though he suspected he would have found himself wanting the necessary wherewithal to implement it. For even at the beginning, when he still considered himself the big man and imagined she saw him in the same light –despite her sexual aloofness- she had been supremely unfazed by his displeasure and indifferent to his displays of temper. Now, so cowed did she have him, he was afraid to show even the slightest sign of reproach for her behaviour.

Let alone voice it.

How had she reduced him to this?

Each day saw him in a state of rut; following her about the apartment as she supervised Tapani - the rather plain little girl she had hired as a live-in servant.

This habit of dogging her footsteps had swiftly ingrained itself as a compulsion and he found himself unable to prevent himself doing so even when the plain little servant girl herself became more contemptuous of her master and the way he allowed her new mistress to treat him. Vincennes overriding desire in her presence was to throw himself at the feet he found so

unaccountably tantalising while professing his love to the Indian girl above for whom he had given up everything.

The problem, however -amongst a whole host of other problems- being it *wasn't* love.

That was something he could be sure of.

Nobody could say Vincent Vincennes wasn't familiar with love.

It was, *assuredly*, an emotion he not only recognised but one capable of fetching him much pain whenever he was forced to acknowledge its loss.

Every time, in fact, his thoughts drifted back to the wife and family he had left behind in…

As was now usual with him; the images forming to portray the victims of his desertion created such pain in his breast he was compelled to cut them off.

A feat he accomplished on this day by biting into his own hand with such savagery he broke the skin; a trickle of blood running down towards his wrist and forcing him to dab at it with a napkin from the terrace table yet to be cleared of the debris from the morning. For though it had been hours since breakfast and Samira's departure for town; the glasses with dregs of fruit juice and the muesli bowls containing the remains of his petit-dejeuner with Tapani's mistress –the only time recently he seemed to be alone with her- were still to be cleared.

Another source of irritation to him.

The plain little servant girl's increasing slackness and inattention to her duties, he told himself, needed to be addressed; even as he dabbed at the still weeping wound he had just inflicted.

Allowing himself a purposeful nod; he made a mental note to have a word with Samira on the subject – though he did notice Tapani contrived to be super efficient whenever her mistress was in attendance.

Still nodding, the ironic smile crossing his face proving as fleeting as it was rare; he told himself it was just what he needed in his life.

Another manipulative teenager.

Brief thoughts of a girl *not* Samira over, he acknowledged painful reactions to images from his former life were by no means uncommon events.
Anguish, he knew, would *always* follow hot on the heels of any trip down memory lane. Any revisiting -no matter of how short a duration- was guaranteed to provoke a similar reaction whenever he considered the *lust* he had remained in the *"Shithole"* to experience when compared to the purer emotions he had turned his back upon at home in England.

These days; far from the sanctuary of what had been his Surrey home after having spent a day at the helm of his company, and when he wasn't following the swish of her sari or the peck of her high-heels against the apartment's terracotta floor-tiles in the hope of gaining her

attention; he could be found in a state of bemusement and reproach for the sorry condition his life had become.

He, a man of taste, culture and refinement?

Dogging the footsteps of a young Indian girl?

A girl, moreover, in possession of *none* of the attributes he had in abundance?

"How??"

The man formerly known as Vincent Vincennes had been reduced to a mere cipher of the force of nature he used to be - and by someone, a girl *nobody* found in the least remarkable whether in terms of looks, intelligence or good-heartedness.

Quite the opposite, in fact.

Such had been the fate he was given to rubbishing so much lately; that indifferent wheel of fortune having perpetual fun at the expense of expendable and ever replaceable mortals.

And why wouldn't he rubbish it?

It had, after all, been his partner in the water sanitation business who was meant to travel out to tie up the remaining ends of a lucrative cross-region contract; *not* him.

The same partner who had been laid low with some mysterious virus not hours before he was meant to fly from Heathrow to clinch the deal. Ensuring it was Vincent Vincennes who would be required to step in and spend two weeks in India to cement deals, visit the proposed sites for his company's sanitation plants and the inevitable bribing of officials – not to mention the round of hospitality responsible for him meeting the girl who would alter everything. Two weeks away from the sanctuary of his beloved family home not two miles from that of Churchill's former bolt-hole at Chartwell the ownership of the National Trust and the footfall of paying tourists made sure was preserved for both the nation and posterity.

His associate's malady, Vincennes had come to believe, had been a fortunate misfortune, if such a thing existed.

Blood disorders, after all, were temporary and responsive to treatment.

The contamination waiting to greet the friend and CEO standing in for that associate, with a tray and a drink on his first night in Kolkata, was of a power beyond the ken of medicine to heal.

And how much good had it led Vincent Vincennes to toss away?

His wife, Marianne:

Beautiful. Loyal and well-bred from a good family in the shires and acutely protective when it came to her loving husband. Beauty, loyalty and protectiveness he had thanked by jettisoning her as if she were so much flotsam.

Their children, Perry and little Elise:

Apples of the paternal eye, cuteness personified, and gone! Nothing in his new life indicating they had ever existed apart from the photographs in his wallet the new *lady* in his life insisted on holding and seldom allowed him to either use or see.

In the early days of his infatuation, before Samira had sucked both him and his independence in further, Vincennes had composed a long and suitably apologetic missive to explain what a brief forerunner -informing Marianne he had decided to stay in India and would not be returning- had not.

Now, under the current regime, it was *not* a letter he would even be allowed to compose; let alone *send*.

As he'd expected, aware of the strength of will and unforgiving nature when wronged residing beneath her reserved exterior; Marianne hadn't replied - even if the lawyer acting for her interests did.

The process that followed one he was happy to leave to his own representative and one that left him a sight less wealthy when it was over. A process, being the man of honour he was, he considered only just and reached through a mix of reason and guilt his new *idée fixe* did not share. The unlikely young girl supplanting his beautiful former wife was unhappy to see his/her wealth diminished in such a fashion and was not shy about letting him know.

The more he seemed to *love* her, in fact, the more displeasure did she feel free to show him - recognising his need for her was based on pure lust and wishing to punish him for not finding her worthy of the purer sentiment she knew he still extended to the wife and family back in the country he continued to regard as home.

Before long, his life as it had been –a good life, a *dignified* life- was gone. No more than a memory only self-mutilation; albeit of a minor kind; could keep at bay and prevent the almost physical pain he felt in his breast whenever the Vincennes thoughts wandered to the past and the divorce and settlement had taken him from his children's lives forever.

That removal by far the worst of the many sacrifices he had made for his unlikely Venus.
It had been something Marianne had insisted upon, not him. Her insistence –as presented by her legal team- forwarded with all the unbending resolution of a woman betrayed in the worst of ways. Her need to strike back in a form guaranteed to inflict durable and long-term damage on the man by whom she'd been betrayed a familiar one. That "*Need"* being of a kind her former husband –no stranger to retribution of a corporate nature- understood completely.

But for *what* had he betrayed her?

As was usual at this point in his ruminations –and unwilling to break the skin of his flesh again- Vincennes tears began to flow, streaming silently down cheeks unusually unlined for a man of his years

“Marianne,” he sobbed out loud with guilt, need and futility: guilt for his desertion; need for the support she had always supplied; and futility for knowing the chances of her reappearing in his life stood at precisely zero.

Inconsolable in his anguish, he was about to repeat the refrain again, when a familiar rebuke came from behind him…

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“Disrespectful, English pig!”

Turning, galvanised by the adrenalin of fear her presence inspired in him these days, he was greeted by the usual expression of displeasure.

“You dare mention *her* name in *my* home?” accused the girl who had turned his life on its head as she stood at the entrance to the terrace.

The two pronouns were hissed towards him from the tip of that familiar quirt –her young Indian tongue- and he, the fixer of deals and leader of men, quailed upon hearing them; the heavy accented English with which they were delivered only seeming to increase his sense of foreboding.

“How many times do I warn you never to say her name in my presence? Are you completely stupid?”

“Completely stupid?” he marvelled, fetched up short - and not for the first time.

Hearing his First from Bristol, his business achievements and his cultured intelligence, described in such a way by an unremarkable young Indian girl never failed to confound him.

How could it not; given the first time he had laid eyes on her she’d been serving him and others drinks and living in a shack not far removed from a hovel; waiting on at a welcome function thrown by the executives of a company with an eye to a killing via a raised share price who, understandably, wished to twin their success with that of his own?
“What shall I do with you? Do you still feel so superior to me you can say what you wish in my presence? That you can mention the slut mother of your two brats and I must listen in silence.”

Not for the first time his mouth dropped open at her effrontery.

“Well? Do you?”

“Elise and Perry aren’t brats, Samira.” Vincennes felt compelled to defend his absent children, despite the weakness he felt whenever he was in their accuser’s presence and the faltering voice ensuring she knew it.

“Are you contradicting me?” she snapped with wonder, as if unable to believe her older peon had enough fight left in him to voice such effrontery.

“I… I just don’t like hearing my children spoken of in such a…”

She stepped in and slapped him.

Cheeks smarting, eyes closed, he stood and took it; wondering, and not for the first time, at the reasons compelling him to do so.

Was she beautiful?

Was she intelligent?

Was she interesting?

None of the questions met with a positive; he didn't even like her, for God's sake!

In many ways, in fact, she was odious to him. If she possessed anything of Marianne's purity of thought and self-denial when it came to others he had yet to see it. Simply put: she was a self-serving and unintelligent girl of poor background who had somehow fallen on her feet and taken full advantage of the old fool allowing her to find them. Giving thanks for this unlikely infatuation by going on to berate, slap, and treat like dirt that same fool in the home *he* paid for.

How could he fail to be totally mystified as to why he simply stood still and suffered such treatment? In his forties he might be, but he remained handsome and sophisticated. Whereas she…

"On your knees," her voice exploded in his head, eyes fluttering open questioningly.

She was waiting – expectantly.

"My knee…? Surely, you don't mean…?"

Another slap.

"Are you defying me?"

It was inconceivable! She was half his age, height, weight and intelligence. Yet he quivered before her as if he were an instrument in her possession whose strings she could pluck at will.

Irrespective of resulting harmony.

"I… I just thought… You know? With Tapani in the house and…"

"Just do it!" she snapped. "Tapani is no consideration of yours. She is my girl and has no interest in the pig who treats her mistress so badly."

"Badly?" he muttered, incredulous.

"Get on your knees now. I will not tell you again."

With a swallow he looked through the terrace windows into the apartment interior for a sign of the absent servant he prayed would remain absent a while longer.

“I am waiting!”

Again closing his eyes, and with the latest in a long line of defeated, barely audible, moans, he slid from the chair to his knees.

“On all fours,” he heard.

When his eyes opened he she had moved further out onto the terrace and rested her buttocks on the balustrade, head thrown back to bask in the sunlight.

“Come to me,” she ordered without a glance in his direction.

To her, on hands and knees, he crawled.

“Eyes up.”

He obeyed – compliance second nature to him now.

To him!

He had issued orders. Commands! And *men* had hurried to obey. Yet here he was, knees scraping the flooring of the terrace he owned and *she* ruled; a pale facsimile of the man who had inspired respect and obedience from others who could hardly be observed to lack substance themselves.

And just who was this goddess who had secured his worship and obedience and took such delight in forcing him to ever more debasing acts?

What stellar example of divine femininity had criss-crossed the chains about a heart so large it had moved financial mountains and now ensured both his fear and obedience?
What radiant, jaw-dropping beauty -for which men from time antediluvian had sacrificed everything, simply for the prospect of one single night of passion- had cast her net and held him supine in the unyielding mesh of its embrace?

His raised his eyes and took in the breathtaking sight of her as she bathed in the sunlight. Oxygen *not* denied him by dint of the loveliness gazing back at him with the usual confidence and supreme contempt for his docility, but, rather, by her total lack of the qualities defining that description.

Why? Why?? Why???

He had not seen her since morning and, as she paused to stare down at him, he realised she had changed out of the flowing sari she had worn to breakfast and was dressed Western.

Funereal Western.

Habitual high-heels, accompanied by black pantyhose and a severe two-piece black suit with a skirt cut above the knees, revealed the thin but somehow shapely and erotic legs that were such a departure from the matronly and powerful variety normally guaranteed to set his pulses racing. The large breasts that seemed so out of keeping on a body so slender thrust against the white cotton of her shirt and, as was usual, imparted the impression to him of a girl about to be overbalanced.

Had the face staring down at him so haughtily, went his unspoken and oft made refrain, managed to launch a thousand ships then their voyage could only have been inspired by escape.

None of it should have worked. Not the over prominent cheekbones - and certainly not the somewhat splayed nose with its flared nostrils underpinned by teeth verging *just* the right side of being equestrian. Even the amazing obsidian eyes in which he frequently found himself lost, and standing out as the one saving grace of that aesthetically awry face, were unable on their own to effect a rescue.

And yet…

With most people it wouldn't have worked. But, as Vincent Vincennes had always known, and still knew, *he* was not *most* people. And certainly *not* in the superior way he had always believed.

In short; his strength sapping, will devouring, all-encompassing need to bathe in both her presence and her body was a puzzle.

The power she exerted over him he considered an infuriating mystery fit to rank alongside the logistics required to feed, water and house the thousands of desert artisans required to erect the pyramids. A conundrum he considered complex enough to tax the architects, engineers and provender providers of the great Cheops himself.

Yet she *had* bewitched him.

That was not open to question.

How could he even pretend to deny it when his manhood responded to even her most petty cruelty? The potency of his response was as debilitating as he found it euphoric and unfathomable - and all the more undeniable for it. The man praised for his business acumen and solidity –even as he was mocked in private for the somewhat *"Prosaic"* dimensions of his imagination- had both found obsession and been found out by it. Nothing in his orderly and run of the mill –if undeniably successful- life could have prepared him for a passion as unexpected as it was inexplicable and the unrelenting and evil nature of the teenager into whose hands it had delivered him.

Now, looking up at that same girl who was his inferior in every way except her facility to manage him, he wanted to grab her to him, raise her skirt, and thrust his face into the hairless pussy that enslaved him and had done from the first moment she had acceded to his demands.

Demands that had soon turned to pleas, then swiftly progressed to begging, before she rewarded him his first glimpse of the cunt that was to become his master and be so instrumental in bringing him to the place before her he now occupied so worshipfully.

Now, as he knelt before her as ordered, what was the reward for his obvious adoration?

Another slap.

Though he should have been used to such treatment –she had done the same twice since stepping onto the terrace only a minute or so before- the effrontery of the action took him back for some reason to that first meeting when he had reached for the tray she carried with the glass of chilled and inferior Cava and found himself held by those, somehow *knowing*, eyes.

A defining moment.

As Vijay, the head of his company's Calcutta operation had looked on with his wife Indira, Vincennes body language left both of them in no doubt of the intensity of his instant attraction. As if reason had been short-circuited at the neck while a current raced through the rest of his body, he became, as it were, *galvanised*. Immediately he had wanted the girl and many times since, as we have seen, he questioned why –how- she could have had such an effect upon him.

The look of recognition displayed by Indira's eyes for those first seeds of obsession - had he been compos mentis enough to question it- would have been explained by her as a sign of the same attraction she had seen from visiting Europeans for womanhood different to that of their own lands. A strangeness that struck them as all the more exotic for being so and a magnet that had drawn and destroyed the life of more than one superior and unsuspecting Caucasian. Even so, knew the wife of his employee, had she gone on to warn him he risked the possibility this slip of a serving girl would soon be ruling his life and have such power over him she could strike his face in total confidence he would not retaliate, her husband's boss would have questioned her sanity.
By the time, a week later, he dined with them and Indira warned him of the dangers inherent in seemingly low-caste and harmless young girls such as the waitress it had become common knowledge he was seeing, Vincent Vincennes was questioning his own.

It was a self-interrogation that was *far* too late.

By then, the poison had journeyed into areas beyond his recall and had started its travels from that first moment, at the reception held to welcome him, when she offered up the Cava and his eyes had met hers.

As Indira and her husband had looked on, the Vincennes attention otherwise engaged by the amazing obsidian eyes holding his, he had knocked his glass and spilled it over his hand; his own eyes never leaving the girl's even as she reached out with a serviette to wipe the drops of sparkling pink liquid from his hand.

He would never be certain if it was deliberate on her part but his reaction as her fingers made a fleeting contact with his own stunned him. *Never* had he felt such an instant passion. Its power all the stronger for eluding either description or explanation, and all the more

mystifying when set against his other business trips to Foreign lands and the women, some of them -most of them- stunning, who had wasted their time in making it plain they were available to him.

As a concerned Indira and Vijay continued to observe; unwilling at that stage to offer advice and take the risk of offending the man responsible for their livelihood; Vincent Vincennes' eyes had followed the young girl and her tray about the room.

The glance shared by the man and wife who had visited England and knew both Vincennes and his beautiful wife -a glance both surprised and knowing- found at least one of those reactions shared by Vincennes himself.

Not having been tempted before; he was already asking himself what was so special about this unattractive, undernourished and low-caste serving girl that he could react so powerfully?

It was a question he had been unable to answer then and was as ill-equipped to do so now.

Back in the present, he took in the sheer pantyhose clinging to her legs and felt himself attempt to become erect in the prison she had insisted upon securing about his manhood – a grunt of discomfort exiting his lips as his balls swelled against the ring locked at the base of the scrotum and attached via a tiny titanium padlock to the metal sheath encasing his penis; ensuring it was kept in a downward position.

Tumescence yet another residue of free-will she had taken from him and placed under her control.

It was yet more evidence of her mastery over him and made itself visible as both proof and taunt by the tiny key dangling from the chain at her neck. His denial, perversely in keeping with his situation itself, made him want her all the more. A desire no less powerful for his disbelief he could have allowed her to get away with it.

"From now on," she told him, those familiar opening words, as ever, instilling in him a sense of dread for some new humiliation she had planned for him; "I do not want you leaving the apartment without my permission."

His eyes snapped up to hers. She controlled his money and she controlled his home. Now, together with the contraption she had locked around his cock and balls, she wanted to control his movements.

She expected *him* to seek *"Permission"* to leave his own home?

His disbelief prior to anger had nothing to do with the fact he seldom went out much these days anyway. That was *his* choice and hardly the point. Whether he did or not it was a decision that was his to make and trying to take it from him was a step too far.

Except it wasn't.

He knew it and, all the worse for him, she knew it too; picturing his compliance even as he considered defying her. Certain he wouldn't. Low animal cunning recognising that in their short time together he had conceded too much in the way of ground to suddenly turn around and start defining boundaries.

Not now.

The story was hardly a new one and he himself had read of men brought low in such a way. His story was both very old and very human: the indulgence of power towards someone lacking it in total; certain that indulgence could be withdrawn at any time. Too confident in his own skin to realise the more one ceded a person the upper hand the more impossible it became to retake the higher ground in regard of them.

History was littered with such examples of male complacency and Vincent Vincennes was but the latest of them.

Within a very short space of time this *"Indulgence"* had led her to view him as nothing more than an animal she had domesticated and tamed. It making no difference he had unwittingly supplied her with the means to bring about his downfall. He had become her *creature*; a simple, white and European, organism whose only purpose was to provide her with security, entertainment, a figure of ridicule, and a tongue.

From the very beginning, shortly after he –as she had known he would- slipped the paper with his hotel number onto her tray and she had entered his penthouse-suite at the end of her shift; he had been amazed to be told by this simple serving girl that his cock would not be entering her that night.

A *"Night"* that turned out to be every night and a refusal that had –again as she had known it would- proved an irresistible challenge to the powerful older man who had thought she would be so overwhelmed by his attentions she would simply open her legs with gratitude.

"Samira, my dear," he began; "you can't seriously expect me to…"

"I want you where I can keep an eye on you," she spoke over him.

"But… You're hardly here these days and…"

"Tapani is more than capable of keeping me informed if you decide to disregard my wishes," she told him, not allowing him to finish again.

"Tapani?" he asked, horrified.

"That is right. Tapani. She is a good loyal girl and more than capable of supervising a disrespectful English pig like you. The extra responsibility will be good for her."

Vincennes stared at her as if she were mad. At sixteen the girl was only two years younger than her mistress. Yet Samira spoke as if she were a legal guardian or adult mentor intent on showing her ward the ways of the world and how best to deal with them.

“For some reason,” she continued, “she regards you as a man of substance and I will not stand by and see a superior young Indian woman beguiled by a piece of English shit like you. As of now, you may consider yourself at her disposal whenever I am not present.”

“Her dispos…? Have you gone entirely mad?” he barked; something of his former self surfacing; despite his less than authoritative kneeling position. “Do you really think I’m going to just…?”

Another slap brought him back to earth – the fourth in as many minutes and backhanded this time; his “*Former self*” preceding him with a thud.

“That is exactly what I think you will do, she told him; status quo –as it now stood between them- restored.

“But, Samira?” he heard himself plead; the whiny quality of his voice one he had heard directed his way from other supplicants and never expected to hear coming from his own mouth. “She’s just a… just a…”

“Serving girl?” she finished for him.

He chose not to answer, even if his expression had taken the opposite route.

“Is that how you saw me too? A little Indian serving girl you could stick your filthy English cock into and then send me on her way? Grateful the big powerful businessman thought she was worthy of such an honour?”
He swallowed with some difficulty. It was *exactly* how he had seen her; his amazement at feeling lust for such an unimposing and powerless teenager multiplying the strength of his uncharacteristic reaction and making him vulnerable for the manipulation that followed.

“Did you?” she snapped, taking a high tone with him now that would have been unthinkable not long before.

“N-No, Samira. Of course not; that’s not how I saw you at all.”

“Do not lie to me!” She placed her hands on the slender hips he longed to take in his own; her favoured stance when she wished to let him know she was displeased. “Why did you pass me your room number if you did not see me as a worthless little Indian whore you could spew your seed into and send away before flying home to your sainted *‘Marianne’*?”

The word left her lips as if she were spewing forth a contagion and not for the first time he felt himself buckling beneath her passion.

“I… I…”

“What is wrong with you? Have you lost your tongue now? It seemed very active last night when you begged me to let it attend my juicy Indian cunny. Or perhaps you are ashamed to have treated me in such a way. Yes? That must be it. Let me hear you admit it.”

“Samira, I…”

“Let me hear you admit it,” she blazed.

Staring at her helplessly he could do no more than admit the terror she could inspire in him and once again confessed its power to confound him.

He, Vincent Vincennes, leader of men, was quaking before a slip of a peasant girl who seemed intent upon taking control of *every* facet of his life.

“Well?” she demanded expectantly, sensing his coming surrender.

“I… I’m sorry, Samira.”

Staring down with a haughty sneer of satisfaction on the plain and unremarkable face that had enslaved him, she turned her back to him, took her skirt in her hands and raised it to reveal black pantyhose stretched across the surprisingly shapely buttocks not a foot from his devouring eyes.

“Kiss my superior Indian arse and prove it,” she said, not bothering to turn; gazing out from the terrace towards the Hooghly and throwing out the request she knew would once have been repugnant to this proud man as if she were asking him for nothing more untoward than a refill of her glass or a passing of the naan.

Heedless of her contempt and his former revulsion for the debasing act expected of him, mesmerized by the view he had been presented; Vincennes shuffled forward, salivating at the prospect.

Contact between them had been less and less frequent lately and he saw this as a way of gaining her favour before asking for some release from the cursed contraption at his groin - so great was his need the possibility an even younger girl than his tormentor in chief could be watching from the interior had suddenly become irrelevant and of no concern.

For it to be a *concern*, after all, their servant had to be present in his thoughts and Tapani, watching or not, was nowhere to be found in his conscious mind at this moment.

Along with everything else but the enchanting and superior arse covered in nylon upon which he was in the process of placing his lips against, the young girl was of no consequence.

“Yes,” he heard and didn’t hear. “That is as it should be. Your knees and your lips are just where nature intended then to be when in my presence. The first to the floor and the second placed against whichever part of my young Indian body I see fit to make you show respect.”

Almost insensible –*almost*- oblivious to the shame implied by her words, he had planted kisses on the coarse fabric of the pantyhose separating him from the glory of her arse; until, growing bolder and receiving no prohibition from their owner, his fingers found the tops of both pantyhose and the panties inside peel them back from those globes of tinted alabaster for want of which he was already salivating.

His breath caught at the back of his throat as those two soft pillows of desire caught and held him as if blessed with mesmeric abilities by some vengeful and diabolical Eastern Goddess.

Then, brown skin inflaming his desire inches from his eyes and no proscription from their owner forthcoming, he spread the buttocks with the fingertips of both hands and dove forward to insert his tongue into the musty and moistly fragrant anus signifying both his insatiable lust for its owner and his irrevocable surrender.

The same surrender a part of him had always sensed he would be compelled to make and she would force from him.

A surrender, he now suspected; she had been intent upon from the moment he had slipped her his room number and she had visited him in his hotel room for the very first time...

*****

"You wish to fuck me?"

It wasn't so much the question as its directness that had thrown him off balance.
Along with most people in a position of either celebrity, financial clout, or both –regardless of the good looks which, even in middle-age, he had in abundance- he was used to the attentions of the gold-diggers and sexual adventurers for whom success stories such as him were fair game. But never had he come across one as unprepossessing yet utterly confident as the girl sitting across from him.

Never.

As Conrad's *Outcast of the Islands* had been infatuated and enslaved by a native beauty he, Vincent Vincennes, was finding himself approaching the same kind of servitude from the opposite end of the condition – *Willems* island temptress, after all, had been neither unprepossessing in terms of the physical nor perverted and cruel in the recesses of her soul.

Most waitresses, he knew from the tales told him by colleagues more used to taking advantage of such attentions, would have at least changed into something more fetching and flattering than the basic hotel uniform in which they had just served drinks. Waitresses, he was sure, with far more going for them in terms of body and looks than the waif to whom he had given his room number and who now sat opposite him with what appeared total self-possession and confidence in her ability to handle both the situation and the older man populating it.

"I'm Vincent," he introduced himself after the fact; unused to a stranger in his room and discomfited by the knowledge he was the one responsible for her presence there and a belated worry in respect of legality: "How old are you?"

The half smile playing at her somewhat inflated lips seemed to be saying it was a little late to be thinking of age now; her laugh as she answered revealing her amusement:

"My name is Samira," she had told him in clear English that was, nonetheless, known to him from the accents of those employed in the call-centres of his own, economically conscious, company. "My age is my business and I doubt it would make much difference to a man of your type whatever it is."

“And what type of man might that be?” he asked, choosing to be amused; the sophisticate humouring the peasant girl before fucking her and sending her on her way with enough rupees to keep herself for the next month or so.

“The kind of man who has a wife and a family back in his homeland and thinks nothing of placing his cock in the pussy of an Indian girl young enough to be his daughter.”

Her candour had taken his breath away; but she hadn’t finished yet:

“The kind of man who considers me plain and uninteresting enough to be so grateful for his attentions I will wrap my youthful legs about his back as he pumps his seed in my unworthy cunt and be grateful to be sent on my way with enough rupees to keep myself in rice and mutton for a few weeks.”

Though such actions weren’t his usual way –and he wasn’t happy for lapsing from his routine- he knew she had read him perfectly and his guilt must have shown in his expression.

“Do not trouble yourself,” she had told him. “You are no better and no worse than the rest of your countrymen who visit the hotel and, if it eases your conscience, you must know that your cock will be going nowhere near my luscious young cunny tonight or any other night.”

Far from deflating his desire Vincennes found her bold language had the effect of making him want her with greater urgency.

“Should I leave?” she asked with a supreme indifference he recognised now as a component of her game-plan before taking his silence as a yes and rising from her chair to head for the door.

“Stay,” he had said authoritatively and she turned to face him; expression a mixture of contempt, insolence and defiance.

“My work is finished now and my time is my own,” she reminded him. “Do not presume to order me as if I were some whore you have bought and paid for.”

“That, hmm, wasn’t my intent,” he told her, amazed to find himself tongue-tied in her presence. “My… My apologies. Please, sit down again and I’ll wait on you for a change.”

Had he just said that?

“Take a glass of this with me,” he offered, pouring two glasses of the complimentary champagne that had sat neglected in its ice-bucket since his arrival that afternoon. “It will probably be a little warm now but it’s still a sight better than that awful Cava they had you serve.”

Her face had been expressionless as he offered her the glass.

“You must be tired,” he observed by way of filling the silence as they sipped the warm champagne.

“I have been on my feet all day,” she agreed flicking a glance downwards as if unsure he knew what feet were and watching his eyes follow in the same direction.

The sight of them hit him like a piledriver and he felt sure his erection was about to burst free from the restraints of both underpants and trousers.

If, apart from those remarkable eyes, she was undeniably plain –ugly even- then her tiny and high arched feet went some way to ensuring yet another North/South divide.

And this time in favour of the lower hemisphere.

The power of his reaction to them made all the more potent for his not being aware of ever having found feet of any kind attractive.

This, however, was a night of firsts. Vincent Vincennes, the man who had yet to cheat on his wife –had not even considered the prospect- had invited a girl young enough to be his daughter to his room for sex. A girl as physically unprepossessing as his wife was beautiful. Worse, having been told he would not be getting the sex he expected, he was now lusting over her sloping insteps and long shapely toes with scarlet painted nails.

“I am told I have beautiful feet.” She had read his thoughts without difficulty and intended to expand upon them. “Do you not think so?”

Swallowing, Vincennes tore his gaze from these new and unexpected objects of fascination and nodded. “They… They are very, hmm, shapely.”

“Much nicer than the face, would you not say?”

“Well, I… You know?… I wouldn’t say that exac…”

“Save yourself the trouble,” she said with a wave of the hand. “My face is not, as they say, a pleasing one. But do be careful Mr-Big-English-Businessman, it is perfectly as capable of fascinating you as the feet you cannot take your eyes from and try to sneak glances at when you think I do not notice.”

Those incredible eyes apart; the assertion was so ludicrous he laughed to himself; careful to keep any trace of amused incredulity from surfacing upon his face – though he couldn’t extend the same levity towards her two lowest extremities.

“If you ask me nicely and with respect,” she began, “I will allow you the privilege of licking the day’s toil from them.”

Vincent Vincennes, self-made mogul and a man amongst men, stared at her with complete stupefaction.

Had *she* just told *him* to lick her feet?

To ask her *nicely* in order to win the privilege?

And with *respect*?

“I do not promise,” she continued, “but if I am satisfied with your efforts I may –just may- allow you to kneel between my legs and sniff my hairless Indian pussy through the panties I have worn all day.”

Vincennes was transfixed and, far from appalled at her disrespect of him as both a guest of the hotel employing her and his status as an important older man, felt himself on the verge of an explosion requiring no assistance to trigger it.

“You’re very sure of yourself for a…”
He cut the words off.

“Go on,” she urged, knowing she had him now; his unwillingness to offend telling her all she needed to know. “For a…? What? A servant? A peasant? A dark-skinned girl?”

“I was about to say,” he lied, “for a young girl.”

The curl of her lip told him she hadn’t bought it.

“Do I look the kind of man who is about to lick your feet for you?” he asked, adopting the authoritative tone and stance that had served him so well in the past.

But not here.

“I think you want nothing more at this moment than to kneel at my feet and place your tongue on their sweaty brown soles.”

Another twitch at his groin told both him and the girl she had touched a somewhat unexpected nerve.

“The only thing preventing you is the loss of face you think will result if you do as I ask.”

Vincennes attempted to say something and found himself unable to utter a word, so entranced did she have him.

“You are silly,” she had laughed, the first time he had heard her do so; sensing the time was ripe to flatter him. “What would the respect of someone such as me mean to a successful man like you? Even if I were to tell them –which I will not- who would believe that such a man would lick a young Indian girl’s feet? They would say I had taken leave of the few senses I have.”

It was just what he had needed to hear and had exactly the effect she intended.

“Who would know?” he asked himself as she held out a foot in his direction; still in a state of some disbelief at the power it had to arouse him.

“You’re thousands of miles from home. What happens here stays here. Drop your guard for once and experience something new. Life will continue on in exactly the same way afterwards. Send her on her way with some money and nothing will have changed.”

Before he was even aware of being about to do it, Vincennes found himself on one knee before his waitress and reaching for the foot she had slipped from a low-heeled shoe and crossed over her knee; flexing her flawless toes before his eyes in both taunt and come on.

When he reached out to take it in his hand she withdrew it.

His expression as he stared up at her said:

"What now?"

"I did not hear you ask," she reminded him. "Shame on you, Mr Vincennes. And you an English gentleman too."

Affecting an air of amusement he didn't feel, Vincennes had looked into those amazing eyes once more:

"Very well…" He searched for the name she had mentioned not moments before and met with success. "Very well, *Samira,* we shall play your game, but…"

About to enlarge on his theme she spoke over him:

"I assure you, Mr Vincennes," she told him serious-faced; "This is no game. And –so you may not say at a later date that you did not know what you were getting yourself into- I warn you now that, should you continue as you are, there will be consequences for you; many of them –most of them- not at all pleasant for you."

Had it not been for the power of his sudden and out of character need to take her pretty brown foot in his hands and smother her toes with kisses, Vincennes would have laughed out loud.

As it was, he experienced an equally uncharacteristic feeling of panic:

"Was it a set-up? What if she was below the age of consent? He had heard it was sixteen but he couldn't be sure. She may have been working but this was the sub-continent and such arrangements were more… flexible here. At a guess he would have placed her age as at least sixteen or over, but he could just as easily be on the wrong side of the calculation."

Tearing his eyes from her flexing toes, he gazed about the suite for tell tale signs of either microphones, cameras, or both.

"Even now they could have me on film, kneeling at the feet of an underage waitress."

Her laughter, if not musical exactly, and not entirely devoid of mockery; at least sounded genuine:

"Do you think you are being filmed, Mr-Big-English-Businessman? That I use my Bollywood contacts to record for posterity the moment I give you permission and you start to lick my little painted toes?"

"You didn't answer when I asked your age," he reminded her.

Her face became serious;

“With the passing of three months I will be eighteen,” she said.

Noticing that Vincennes was not convinced, she brought up her hands to cup her face and shouted into the room:

“My name is Samira Natarajan. I am seventeen-years-of-age and over the age of consent. I have entered this gentleman’s room of my own free will and he has paid me no money to get me to do so.”

They remained frozen in position as silence fell between them - a tableau that turned convention on its head.

He: captain of industry and leader of men; indecisive and on his knees.

She: waitress and skivvy; regal and composed and looking down upon him.

“If you are quite satisfied you are under no surveillance,” she smirked, “you may ask for the privilege of placing your unworthy lips on my toes.”

Satisfied, he wasn’t – not least for the way in which he was behaving; but her heavily accented words and the unthinkable implicit in them appeared to exercise a sway over his subconscious and conscious alike. Mysterious cause and obvious effect. The previously unopened strong-room of his subconscious, the one she had tapped into and whose contents now compelled his conscious behaviour, making no attempt to explain itself - though it displayed no reticence when it came to the question of how he should manifest that behaviour.

Even if he hesitated to do so.

“Very well,” she said, ending the silence. “I will be on my way.”

Leaning forward she retrieved her shoe and was about to replace it when his hand about her thin wrist stopped her and held her motionless.

Those eyes were inches from his now and he felt himself melting into them, the sweetness of her breath as it traced over his nose and mouth adding to the sudden loss of power he felt in her presence.

“You wish me to stay?”

He nodded.

“Do not nod at me like some dumb animal taught to do a street trick,” she scolded him. “I want to hear you say it. If you do not do so in the next few seconds I shall leave and not return.”

Indecision was not a condition Vincent Vincennes had experienced often in his life and he did not feel it for long now. Used to making instant decisions on the basis of his own

instincts, he knew he could not pass up the opportunity to indulge a passion which –for all her undeniable beauty and other womanly attributes- Marianne had not once come close to inspiring. The simple prospect of lowering his head to that young Indian foot and protruding a tongue towards its painted toes to taste its…
"I want you to stay," he told her, truncating his deliberations and releasing her hand, allowing her to drop the shoe and sit back in the chair.

"Am I not worthy of the simple courtesy you show others?" she rebuked him.

"What…? What are you talking about?" he asked, sincerely puzzled.

"Or do you consider me, perhaps, too insignificant to waste the breath required for a simple *'Please'*.

Up to speed, and still in a state of mild disbelief at the way he was allowing her to handle him; he repeated the sentence and added the missing suffix.

"And what else does the big important man want?" The eyes in that otherwise unremarkable face had taken on the piercing quality of lasers and the *'Big important man'* found it was all he could do to meet them; finally averting his gaze only to find it filled with the shapely little foot fuelling his heretofore unimagined desires.

"Tell Samira," she said when his voice proved as unreliable as his eyes, her self-possession making him question just who was the teenager and who the mature and successful adult; reading him as easily as if he were a picture book. "Surely a man as powerful and intelligent as you is not afraid of his own needs."

It was, he had conceded to himself, exactly what he was afraid of. How could he be otherwise when the *"Needs"* she spoke of were so alien to him?

He corrected his thoughts immediately:

Had been so alien to him.

How could he even think of following through on what she suggested? Lick her foot? Was she insane? Was *he* insane? It was low, dirty and, worst of all, a betrayal. Not just of his own sense of self but of the life he had waiting for him at home.

Screwing his eyes shut to blot out the sight of her toes as she flexed them in front of him, he asked himself:

"Am I mad?"

Literature, he told himself, was full of Europeans who had travelled east and lost both their identities and their pride in the strangeness they took as exoticism. A strangeness and exoticism that was, in truth, no more than a different form of a single reality. Also, he had only been in the country a matter of hours so; unless that exoticism had pervaded his system after the fashion of a Cobra's venom; there had to be another explanation for his behaviour.

He jumped; eyes flicking open as something made contact with his temple and made its way slowly downwards towards his mouth.

Was he really about to let this happen? Would he taint the life he had? And taint it for what?

Seduction by toe!

As he again closed his eyes and that toe continued its inexorable but excruciatingly slow journey towards lips wet with expectation for their arrival; he continued to question himself.

Could he really blur his own self-image simply to satisfy the perverse demands of the tiny gremlin who, unknown to him, had been sharing his existence and only now –coaxed into the light by a strange young girl- saw fit to make his presence known?

That he remained on his haunches in exactly the position she'd told him to adopt, eyes screwed shut and feeling as aroused as at any time in his forty-something years on the planet; the intensity of his erection so urgent it threatened to burst through the confines of his Boss trousers; a part of him admitted he had already given his own questions their answer.

As it reached the corner of his mouth downward progress stopped and the toe moved sideways to flick lightly at his nostrils; the salty, slightly vinegary, aroma of her young Indian foot unmistakable as he remained motionless and allowed her to continue.

Even so, he chastised himself. It was plain wrong. That he, Vincent Vincennes, could submit to such an indignity.

Any second now, he assured himself -as if he believed the gremlin would decide he'd had enough and allow his landlord to resume autonomy over his house- he would rise up, throw some rupees in her lap and ask her to leave. He had no way of knowing that, from the moment he'd first laid eyes on the girl and his *"Gremlin"* had surfaced, his *"House"* would never be entirely his again.

As her toe insinuated itself between his lips and he surrounded it with the warmth of his mouth, Vincent Vincennes could be forgiven for thinking it would be a brief fall from grace he would soon put behind him to resume his normal life and go on to fresh heights.

Taking her heel in one hand and supporting her calf with the other to suck greedily at the lowly offering being made to him; it would not be long before he realised that life was over for good.

When she placed the sole of her free foot over his erection and the mere touch almost made him explode, he did, however, experience something of the power she wielded over him on such short acquaintance and an intimation of how great it could become.

Her next words and his reaction to them; doing nothing to diminish this suspicion of potential:

"You have a lovely warm mouth, Mr Vincennes and it feels very lovely around my toe. When you have finished sucking it and asked me for permission to lick their sisters I might... *just*

might… place my hairless and superior Indian cunny over your obedient English mouth and let you suck me before I piss in it."

PART TWO

As he'd readied himself for their evening meal in the sumptuous apartment he owned but whose rules and directives were set by another, Vincent Vincennes tracked backwards over the events of the day.

For those of you who have read this far, you will not be surprised to be told his reflections were not of a nostalgic kind; though even the images containing his own disgrace could do nothing to dilute the response his body –and one treacherous part in particular- took from them.

Fastening the tie Samira insisted he wore whenever she was amenable to their taking the evening's meal together and making sure his reflection in the sober single-breasted suit and white shirt passed muster; he again checked the highly polished black lace-ups below and considered himself ready for the inspection she insisted upon before allowing him to take his place at table and eat.

While he had dressed; and as was usual with him whenever he was alone and had time to think; he had sought the exact point in time where the fates had collided and the elements ensuring the route he would take from the ensuing crossroads had first intermingled. It was, as you may expect –and knowing of his ongoing bafflement at finding himself in such a position at all- an *exact point in time* that varied with his mood.

Tonight's perusal of his situation's genesis commenced, as was its habit, at a point different to the last.

Surveying himself in the full-length bedroom mirror, he could always be surprised by how good he still looked. It made no sense to him there could be no outward change to his appearance when his whole interior world had undergone such a complete and drastic revolution. The man who stared back at him, after all, was handsome and well-preserved with an air of natural authority nobody he had ever dealt with -like or loathe him- had been able to deny.

But now other elements had been added to the mix and he knew he would never regard himself as a man of authority and deserving of respect again.

Hidden to all; except himself and the teenager for whom he had jettisoned his marriage, family and country; was the certainty that *"Natural authority"* was no more than a…

"Tapani!" he heard *her* voice.
The heavily accented English of the girl who commanded both his hatred and his abject infatuation, even as she belittled him, came from the communicating door joining his bedroom with hers; the same door she had insisted he have put in after informing him she did not intend for them to share a room, let alone a bed.

“Yes, Ms Samira,” the maid’s voice answered, carrying through to him past the door she had left ajar after laying out the clothes her mistress had selected for Vincennes to wear that evening. Response made in the same heavily accented English Samira insisted upon being spoken in the house as it made her feel, she said: *‘Sophisticated’*. Their native tongues reserved only for conversations *he* was not intended to understand.

And of these, you may be assured, there were many.

“My earrings, please.”

Vincennes winced; the politeness of the request not of a kind he had yet to experience from the lips of a young girl for whom he had given up just about everything except his still considerable wealth – even if she governed how he disposed of the half remaining to him after Marianne’s lawyers had ridden roughshod over his own.

“Of course, Ms Samira.”

The sixteen-year-old maid, he considered bitterly, worthy of a courtesy and respect he, the former titan of business, was not to be shown - though initially the object of his infatuation had been careful to mix praise for his potency and his standing as an important man with the humiliations she provided on a daily basis. Only gradually had the cunning girl become more sparing with her praise while upping the ante in regard of the demeaning little tasks she expected of him. Reducing their frequency until she barely bothered at all and there remained only humiliation and contempt.

“Do you think he will like them?”

Like the ass he had become, Vincennes’ ears pricked, encouraged at what he saw as evidence Samira wished him to find her alluring. She did not know he was listening, after all. So why would she say it if it wasn’t the case?

As we have observed: an *ass!*

“They are beautiful, Ms Samira,” he heard from the young girl whose life his tormentor had rescued from a poverty-stricken grind in the less salubrious area of a city not renowned for its beauty, hygiene, and social welfare. The liberation making it no surprise Tapani was totally devoted to her only slightly older mistress who’d plucked her from the filth and poverty that had been her day to day. The clothes, food, and a room in a luxurious apartment, provided in exchange for light household duties –duties that became even lighter whenever she was unsupervised and her liberator was not around to keep her on her mettle- only cementing the bond.

From the adjoining room he heard the sound of giggling.

“You do not think he will find them too… *frivolous*? You know what good taste he has.”

“That he finds you so… *fascinating*… can mean nothing else.”

“He really is something, Tapani. I am the most fortunate of young women.”

Having edged closer to the ajar door; Vincennes keened his ears to hear yet more unheard of flattery concerning his attributes.

“The good fortune is all his, Ms Samira,” Tapani corrected her. “Do you wish me to put your pantyhose on for you or shall I fetch *him*?”

Vincennes waited with baited breath.

Hopeful.

Running her pantyhose up the surprisingly shapely legs that were such a contrast –breasts apart- with the unremarkable vista above, then being allowed to kiss her exquisite little feet as a thank you for having been allowed to perform the humble chore; was something he loved. It was also something –knowing as she did how much he loved performing the task- he was asked to do less and less these days. A rationing of affections already functioning at starvation-rations that had the intended effect of making the obsessed older man hanker after the task even more and making him amenable to a host of other responsibilities.

Responsibilities of an even more humble and unbecoming nature.

“Like kneeling on my own balcony and putting my tongue in her sweaty arse when she gave the command,” he reminded himself sourly; imagery still fresh even as his cock tried to harden in the restraint she insisted he wear, the key for which dangled from her neck.

“No,” Samira said after giving it just enough thought to make the eavesdropping Vincennes hopeful of such an eventuality. “He gets too excited. I do not want him slobbering all over my feet and legs before we eat. Besides, his little white cock will only get hard in its prison and he will bother me all through dinner with self-pitying looks designed to make me feel sorry for him and re-consider my intention to make him wait until he has earned his release.”

Vincennes was horrified; leaning against the wall for support after hearing this… *bombshell*.

It was humiliating enough to hear he would not be coming out of his restrainer any time soon. But for their serving girl to know her master’s cock was under the lock and key of her mistress? To be spoken of in such a way in front of a…?

It was… was…

How could he suffer it, he asked himself; retrieving a tissue from the bedside cabinet and dabbing at a suddenly clammy forehead? What kind of weaker than water parody had he become of the man before whom others had quailed? And how, in the face of such abject humiliation, and even more disturbingly, could he still be attempting to burst the confines of the contraption into which *she* had placed him?

The hiss of nylon and another compliment interrupted his self-castigation and lent something by way of explanation:

“You have wonderful legs, Ms Samira.”

“Thank you, Tapani. The gods were merciful and saw fit to bless me with these legs and breasts as a compensation for the... *plainness* of my face.”

“You forget to mention your eyes, Ms Samira,” Tapani reminded her, though she stopped short of other futile refutations in regard of her mistress’s facial self-assessment. “They are the envy of any woman and any man staring into them for too long would soon find himself enslaved.”

An unseen nod from a man those eyes had reduced to just such a level greeted Tapani’s admiring comment - even as the enslaved one felt a familiar discomfort as his cock swelled against the metal bars confining it. The hiss of the pantyhose being smoothed over the legs of the girl who obsessed him by the hands of another heightening his arousal to greater levels. And, inevitably, with the increase came discomfort enough to fetch a small gasp from him.

He was mad, insane, deranged - he could, he knew, take his pick of any of those descriptions and his choice would go unchallenged.

What other explanation for his acceptance of the situation could there be?

He, a grown man, unable to come to full erection because a teenage Indian waitress had decided she felt less threatened with his manhood under lock and key? Where was his self-respect –or his *sanity*- to allow such a state of affairs to exist?

At some point, he had left the logical and ordered world in which both his fortunes and his emotions had thrived and booked a one-way-ticket to explore the dark-side of a psyche that had, prior to meeting her, not given a single sign of existing. A *dark-side* all the more unanswerable for having made such a startling appearance; jettisoning the orderly and acceptable for the unforeseeable and perverse to cross that fine line between normal and abnormal. But –if the urgency being restricted at his groin was any guide- it was a perversity he not only allowed but *embraced*.

It was, he often told himself with irony, the fearlessness bordering on recklessness ensuring he gambled so successfully in the business arena that was the same character trait ensuring he would not only indulge the new and unsuspected dark-side that had seen him removed from that business arena but actively *commit* to it – even as he hated himself for doing so.

“Do you think he adores my eyes as much as he worships my legs, Tapani?”
“Almost as much as he adores the painted toes of your dainty little feet, Ms Samira. You are as water to a nomad. Even were he to somehow find the strength and deny you his need would soon see him scurrying back to the well to quench the thirst that keeps him in chains.”

The mortified but no less aroused and uncomfortable Vincennes listened as the maid’s flowery description of his devotion to her mistress triggered a round of fresh playground giggling and added another layer of disbelief to his acknowledgement of having become the creature of at least one of the amused schoolgirls. Irritated and embarrassed at hearing himself spoken of in such a way by the help he nonetheless remained silent and listened as Samira encouraged this *lese majeste*.

“He is mad for my breasts too, you know, Tapani?”

“What man with eyes with which to see would not?” replied the increasingly obsequious young maid who was, it appeared to the eavesdropper, at least as devious as her mistress and appeared to have learned her English from the pages of some early nineteenth-century pot-boiler. “They are magnificent, Ms Samira.”

If *“Ms Samira”* was aware or bothered about either the anachronistic language or the motivation behind her serving girl’s fulsome praise it was not evident in her response:

“You are a treasure, Tapani, and I accept your compliment. But when it comes to breasts mine will never match yours.”

Vincennes thought about this; not to that point having given the girl much thought other than of a critical nature in regard of her growing slackness to her duties whenever her mistress was absent. Given that the contraption surrounding his cock and balls had somewhat concentrated his thoughts in regard of sex; it came as a surprise to him that he hadn’t noticed the young girl’s breasts before – especially if they were more than a match for Samira’s own considerable pairing. But then, he told himself reasonably, the loose-fitting sari’s she wore as she went about her work probably accounted for that.

“Slip my shoes on now, my sweet, then you had better run along and ready yourself to serve dinner.”

Taking this as his cue –knowing she would expect him to be waiting in the dining-room for her- Vincennes waited for the maid to leave before making a soundless exit of his own.

*****

As Vincennes entered, he again assured himself the dining-room was his favourite room in the apartment. Not that it was any more tasteful than the others, he had to confess. But here more than anywhere he experienced at least an approximation of normality as he sat alongside his obsession and they would eat and talk about…

Well…

Her.

For she was, he realised early -and despite the unprepossessing face and lack of class and background marking her to an even greater degree- the most self-involved person he had met in his life. *All* routes led back to her and the lives of others were of minimal or non-existent importance unless they contrived to place themselves at the service of her own.

Often he had asked himself where such egocentric behaviour could have come from in one so facially and socially unimpressive.

What was it she saw and read in herself that could possibly have led her to believe in her superiority to others? What inspired her to believe others of greater age, looks and intelligence would accept a secondary –and worse- role in regard of themselves to her? What serendipity of fledgling events could possibly have been so formative in the forging of her iron will and unshakable self-confidence in her divine right to both rule and be obeyed?

He was no nearer an answer now than he had been on that first fateful night when she had served him drinks before entering his hotel room and insisting *he* serve her. The memory of the way she had given him the option of either sucking her toes or watching her leave never to return, and the way he had acquiesced, doing little if nothing to shed light on the mystery. His subsequent licking of the damp gusset behind which resided the succulent and denuded pussy she had boasted of -even as she promised him his cock would never know its interior- had brought him no nearer to solving the conundrum either.

Always an inquisitive man; it was the ongoing mystery of her character itself, Vincennes had told himself -in what served, and still did, as the closest to an explanation he could manage- that pointed up his inexplicable and ongoing response to a young woman who, he was becoming more convinced with every passing hour, was as close to being intrinsically evil as anyone he had known.

Which, being the case, made his need to be in her presence all the more disturbing.

Wrapped in these familiar thoughts, music washed over him as he entered the dining-room and he allowed the intrusion to soothe his constantly anguished interior dialogue; knowing even as it did so that it would prove only the briefest of palliatives to a situation he had allowed to get out of hand so drastically he now found it impossible to escape.

That *music*, though, was a tiny consolation. His taste and knowledge of things she had yet to experience or have explained to her the only area of their lives together in which she consented to be guided by him. Her delight in being acquainted with the beauties of Western culture, and music in particular, one of the few areas of mutual interest they shared in which he could also take a pleasure.

It was this temporary elevation to teacher that allowed him to become again –if only for a short time- the man of superior age, taste and intelligence he was in respect of the young girl commanding his captivation.
Even if he could sense her resentment of his learning and her temporary submission to it every time he displayed it as a necessary means to educate her in those areas where she was lacking and desired to be otherwise.

The playlist he had recorded –the same one Tapani had switched on prior to his arrival- was Baroque this evening and it was a concerto grossi from Corelli that greeted his entrance. The full and rich chords giving evidence of the master’s gift and innate lyricism, he knew, would be followed by other titans of the period from Albinoni to Geminiani and through to the two giants closing the epoch: Handel and Bach.

Exquisite!

Together with interludes from Vivaldi and Marcello it would be, he felt sure, something Samira would take to as readily as she had taken to Mozart, Haydn and Schubert from the Classical period, and Beethoven and Berlioz, through to Brahms and Chopin of the Romantic. Enthusiastically enough, hopefully, to mellow her mood towards him. Enough, he hoped, to persuade her to release him from his cage and allow his poor denied cock some much anticipated release.

The prospect of fucking her, of course –save as the most unrealistic of dreams- did not enter his head.

That, she had told him was something *never* likely to happen and, if he wished to be a part of her life, he had better adjust himself to the fact.

No, *"White pig"*, she had gone on to assure him, was ever going to put his dirty cock in her superior Indian cunt and live to have bragging rights for the intrusion. He was, she had told him, to stop thinking of his own selfish pleasures for the first time in his life and pay attention to hers.

And, as she had said; so it had been.

He, Vincent Vincennes: master of his own destiny and that of others; husband to a woman of *accessible* beauty and father of two divine children; a man amongst men; had submitted himself to the curtailment of his own rights as a man and accepted the sex a plain and low-born Indian girl thought fit for him.

Which was not much.

All of the above had he consented to and done rather than find himself removed from the presence of a girl he knew was not his equal in looks, breeding, or intelligence.

He would, he often told himself, marvel at his behaviour until the last breath exited his body.

As he took in the candle-lit dining-table and savoured the strains of Corelli, the reality of his decision was no more explicable to him for having lived the consequences these last months than it had been from that very first moment their eyes had met and his will and self-determination had passed from out of his own control and into hers.
"There you are," he heard from behind him.

Startled, he turned to face her.

"Let me look at you."

He drew himself up erect, shoulders back; a guardsman seeking the approval of an inspecting Queen. That she was neither *Queenly* nor even stunning was of no relevance. She was, for reasons he found unfathomable and mystifying, lust incarnate and his whole being tingled from head-to-toe simply at being in her presence.

"Very nice," she said as she eyed him up and down, the compliment taking him by surprise. "Very smart."

Thriving, in the way of a schoolboy at praise from a young and comely teacher; he had to admit she looked good herself; though hardly comparable to Marianne and the effortless way her svelte frame and fine features atop a swan-like neck could endow the most uninspired of creations a style and tastefulness beyond either its looks or origins.

But then Marianne, it hurt him to confess, had never –even at her most seductive and beautiful- inspired his libido to scale the kind of heights to which this slip of an Indian girl

could elevate him. With one look from those amazing obsidian eyes all his attention was deflected from her facial shortcomings and concentrated at his captive groin. The same eyes capable of affecting him in such a way seemed to do so while making it plain their owner held nothing but contempt for her older white chattel.

Wearing a creation of some purple material with a metallic effect, arms and shoulders bare, she had taken down the lustrous black hair she normally wore pushed from her face and tied at the back and allowed it to hang free. The dress ended just above her knees and revealed enough of the legs he had recently heard Tapani sheath in the opaque pantyhose to again inspire his cock to expand and test metal.

“You… You look gorgeous, Samira,” he told her.

“Thank you, Vincent,” she responded with a smile that made him feel the evening could hold promise. “That’s very respectful. I do so love it when you respect me. After all, I do try so hard to please you.”

He couldn’t quite believe she had the chutzpah to make such a ludicrous assertion but, so wrong-footed did she have him, he wasn’t about to refute her on the subject.

“You do respect me, don’t you?”

He swallowed, preparatory to dissembling.

“How can you ask me that, Samira? You know how I feel about you.”

“Pour me some wine,” she ordered, allowing a hint of recrimination to unman him as he apologised for his tardiness and, knowing her newly minted preferences, poured a pleasing Chassagne Montrachet into some crystal and presented it to her.

As she took an appreciative sip he prepared to take a glass of a 97 Lynch Bage from a crate he had ordered online.

“No wine for you this evening,” she insisted, knowing his passion for a good red and –as she seemed to intend with *all* his passions- wishing him to see she could manage this one as easily as she had the others he had conceded to her control thus far.

“But…”

“Do not speak back to me, Vincent,” she spoke over his intended protest – firmly, as if he were a child in her care. “I am all too aware how much you like your wine, but from now on I will judge when and if you are to be allowed a glass or not.”

Crestfallen, as another piece of autonomy was stripped from him, the once powerful businessman made no protest as the magnificent eyes, so badly let down by the superstructure into which nature had set them, held him with an unwavering stare.

“Your nature is to over-indulge,” she told him, “and I will not allow it.”

Her eyes indicated the chair at the head of the table and, like the whipped cur he was in relation to her, he hurried across to pull it out and waited until she was seated before taking a place at her side.

“We have much to speak of over dinner,” she explained, a hypocritical sip of her own Montrachet doing nothing to lessen his sense of injustice for being deprived his own tipple; ignoring the carafe of still Evian at the centre of the table with a sullen look reminiscent of the infant she saw fit to treat him as.

“I do not want you bleating on at a later date,” she went on, “that you were too drunk to have understood what was said.”

The forbidden Bordeaux was forgotten now as trepidation set in. She had already stripped him of so much. What new reduction in status did she have in mind now?

A snippet of their conversation –if it could be described as such- on the balcony that afternoon came back to him; overridden until now by the demand following it for him to part the cheeks of her glorious brown arse-cheeks and insert his tongue into her shit-chute - by way of showing her another form of his respect, she had informed him.

What had she said that had so outraged him he had found the will to defy her before being slapped down as usual and asked to perform such a dehumanising task?

Something about not leaving the apartment without her permission and Tapani…?

Before he could question Samira on the subject though, the girl herself arrived with dinner.
A single course consisting of a Western style casserole.

Like the English language she insisted Tapani speak inside the house; Samira found the eating of Western cuisine, from Northern European to Mediterranean, exotic and sophisticated and forbade Tapani from serving the dishes of their own homeland. The dishes the, so-called, *“Master”* of the house found just about the only thing connected with that homeland he enjoyed.

Apart, that is, from the perverse and undeniably harmful pleasure he took in Samira herself.

“Thank you, Tapani,” Samira said after she had been served her helping and his own had been doled out to him. “You can leave the dishes until the morning and go to your room to watch television. I will let my guest in.”

“Yes, Ms Samira,” Tapani answered with a small incline of her head; immediately heading from the room as Vincennes gave her mistress a look of inquiry.

“Guest?” he asked when Tapani was out of sight.

“Yes. There is someone you must meet. It is what we need to speak of over dinner – though perhaps it would be better to finish first.”

She thought it over.

“Yes. That would be better.”

She fixed him with a look.

“Eat your food and then we will talk.”

Her smile as he placed his napkin on his lap prior to obeying her was purest malice, and again he questioned the origins of the perversity inside him that could respond so positively to her abuse and into which she seemed able to tap with such effortless facility.

“I should say: *I* will speak and you will listen.”

He was favoured with another mocking smile.

“Now eat.”

Suddenly having lost his appetite, Vincennes did as he was bid, just the same, and ate as much of Tapani’s casserole –she was not much of a cook- as he could before waiting for Samira to finish hers and begin.

After holding out her glass for him to replenish with the wine –the red variety of which she had decided to deny him- she led with a familiar refrain:

“Your cock is useless to me.”
Vincennes waited, it was hardly a bombshell and he’d heard it on more than a few occasions.

“I told you it would never find its way inside me and it never will. Though I do enjoy being in control of your little joy-stick and enjoy the control it gives me over you. Also, from time to time, I have no objection –if you have been pleasing- to allowing you out of your cage for some relief. If I decide you merit such treatment I will unlock you and either I or Tapani will supervise you as…”

“Tapani?” he gasped.

She didn’t answer but fixed him with her eyes instead; allowing him to see her displeasure at being interrupted. Her silence having the desired effect as he dropped his gaze to the table contritely:

“Sorry,” he said, voice almost a whisper.

Samira gave him a few more moments to consider his repentance then went on:

“From now on, Tapani will have a key to your cock-cage and will be in complete control of you when I am absent for whatever reason.”

His eyes came up to hers at this and she could see he wanted to rebel; her own eyes boring into his with full confidence in their power to both nullify and master his natural inclinations.

“As I explained to you this afternoon -just before I favoured you with a taste of the fragrant brown arse you could not wait to thrust your filthy tongue into- Tapani is going to be in full charge of the apartment whenever I am away and that includes you.”

The prospect sickened him and, sensing as much, Samira’s voice became harder; ore authoritative:

“It is something I am adamant about and you can be sure I will not be persuaded to change my mind. You are a better person for having one Indian girl to guide you and it can do no harm to add another to the mix. She is clever and intuitive despite her age and she has my full confidence. I have told her she is not to consider you as her master any longer and that she has full authority over you. It will be good for both her and you and I expect to see a marked improvement in your respect for me under her guiding hand.”

Not for the first time, the crestfallen Vincennes wondered how low he could go and how the people who had known him in his former life would react were they to witness it. What would his former wife and his children say to see the man they had only known in the role of protective and dominant husband and all-powerful father treated like the most abject kind of flunkey?

And by people of such a type?

Was he really just going to sit here and accept such… *shit?*

The plain young Indian girl with the key to his cock around her neck, he knew, was in no doubt on that score and the Home Counties and that former life seemed a long, long, way away.

“It is something you know you will accept and will do so because I wish it and you want to please me in the hope of again feeling my girlish little hand wrap itself around your hungry white cock.”

Despite himself and his horror at the situation his own weakness had brought about, Vincennes found her words and what they suggested inspiring him to would-be hardness again.

He winced as, yet again, his expanding prick was turned back by the bars of his captivity.

She laughed.

“You are too pathetic to waste words on,” she sneered. “I tell you I expect you to become the servant of my servant and yet even that shameful demotion does not prevent you becoming aroused at the simple mention of my hand stroking the penis you have allowed me to lock away. Have you no shame?”

“Samira,” he began, not for the first time trying to find some point of departure that might lead to an arrival of mutual reason; “everything I have done for you: this apartment; your clothes; the allowance I give you; distancing myself from my wife and children in order to be with you; I have done out of regard for you. Does that sacrifice mean so little you can feel nothing for me?”

Now it was her turn to wait; knowing he had yet to finish the latest of his pleas to her better nature.

“Do you think it came easily for me to sacrifice the life I had in order for us to be together?”

The air that escaped her nostrils to become a snort was derisive.

“Firstly, you have sacrificed nothing,” she told him with a voice that was like a slap. “What you do is done for no more sincere a motive than the sick pleasure you take from being and remaining my slave.”

Vincennes found himself unable to breathe. It was the first time he had heard the word from her lips and it impacted upon his ears and senses in the way of unexpected thunder.

“Slave.”

Was that what he was? How she saw him? A *“Slave?”*

And why, if such a condition was both legally impossibly and morally repugnant, did the strength defining his manhood –or what remained of it to him- seem to drain downwards towards his expensively shod feet and leak out onto the polished dining-room floor for her having done no more than moot it?

The example of Samson flashed before his eyes; though he was quick to dismiss the comparison.

One: his full, if streaked with grey, hair was still intact.

Two: this Delilah needed neither the growth atop his scalp nor the aid of enemy Philistines to keep him subdued.

Three: unlike Samson, he was not…

“I see you recognise yourself in the description,” she smirked, interrupting him as he attempted to put distance between himself and the Hebrew strong-man. “It is as well you should. All those years of posturing as the powerful take-control man, when in truth you were just a slave waiting to be acquired by the plain little Indian waitress who saw you for what you were the moment she set eyes on you.”

Vincennes tried to calm himself; her use of the word again unmanning him; loathe as he was to acknowledge it, accepting her power over him was growing exponentially and his continued acceptance of her rule -along with the increased levels of her already advanced confidence supplied by her growing knowledge and natural sense of superiority over him- could lead only to a bad outcome.

For him.

"The *'Sacrifice'*, she said with a sneer, "you made in buying me my own laptop and showing me how to use it was a most informative one," she explained. "It was fascinating to read about you on the various business Blogs and old newspaper articles."

She laughed – not in an inclusive way:

"I have to tell you; I barely recognised you from the descriptions I found."

Her amusement was growing:

"Could the powerful businessman being described, I had to ask myself, be the same one who begged to suck my little toes the very first time I met him? The same leader of men…" again she laughed "…who placed his mouth to the gusset of the panties I had worn for two days and licked away at my stale emissions as if they were ambrosia gifted him by a goddess?"

"Please, Samira," he heard a voice beg; its piteous nature and the fact it belonged to him only serving to underline the dichotomy she described.

"Could this be the same faithful husband who had deserted the paragon of womanhood who had become his devoted wife? The English Rose who had delivered him the children he professed to love? And did so simply for the opportunity to become my flunkey?"

"It's not like that, Samira," he blazed, mention of Marianne and the children prompting him to something resembling an approximation of his former incarnation.

Her magnificent eyes in that unworthy visage were expectant.

"I left them because I loved…"

She dashed her half-full glass into his face.

"Don't you dare!" she hissed, commanding young eyes ablaze while he blinked the Montrachet from his own and received his first taste of wine that evening as it trickled downwards onto his lips and into the mouth via his tongue.

"Mention the word *'Love'* to me one more time and I will kick you from this apartment and never so much as reward you with a look from these eyes again. Your *'Sacrifice'*, as you so ludicrously describe it; meant my name was placed on the deeds to this apartment along with yours; so do not think I cannot do it."

It was something Vincennes had regretted the moment they had signed on the line - despite having done the deed without any pressure or persuading from her.

It struck him now –as the obvious usually did when it was too far gone to correct- that some part of his subconscious had to have been actively seeking his own spiritual and physical demise at her hands. Truly, had he really been so… *green* he thought his selfless gesture in respect of the apartment would soften the implacable young bitch towards him?

He marvelled at the prospect, assuring himself with a wry smile for his own risibility that, if had, then he was an even bigger clown than the one she was in the process of making him.

“I do not want your love,” she informed him. “I cannot prevent you feeling it –if you do feel it, as you say- but I will not hear it from your lips. What I want from you is respect, reverence, and complete obedience. You are in my life as a servant and nothing else. The only pleasure you bring me is that which I take from your growing servility and how I use it. Whether that be pleasing my juicy little cunny with your tongue or using it to lick the sweat from my feet. Whatever way I choose you to please me, in fact.”

Knowing her use of such language inflamed her captive as much as it repulsed him, she allowed her face to take on a slightly softer expression towards him as he took that language in – well aware he was so far gone in his thrall to her he would see it as encouragement rather than the ever-present calculation it was.

“Love is not for me, my once all-powerful Vincent,” she began, voice calmer now as he dabbed at the wine she had just dashed in his face with a napkin; amused at the way he licked the residue from the lips she had just forbade a taste. “And especially not the kind you expect from a woman.”

He made to refute her accusation; up to now the only expectations in their relationship –of a voiced kind anyhow- had come from her; so what could she possibly know of his?

And yet – despite her disregard of both his wishes and his feeling, and all that had happened and continued to happen; he believed he could somehow turn things around with his tyrant and place their *relationship* on some kind of footing he could recognise as worthy of such a description.

About to respond, the eyes blazing across at him had no need of accompanying words to prevent those about to leave his lips; a little smile fashioning one side of her own lips in a curve to mock the way she could make him acquiesce with such ease.

Satisfied she would not be interrupted, she went on:

“You should never have deserted the sainted *Marianne*…” she almost spat the word “…and her two angelic brats if all you wanted was more of the same.

Though he said nothing his face was thunderous, as it always was when she spoke of his former family in such terms; his silence no clearer indication of the degree to which the young girl had him pussy-whipped.

“I can see her now; looking up at you with that adoring English Rose face as you returned from the City after another victorious day at your office; arms held wide for your brats to run into and be embraced by *‘daddy’*.”

Vincennes bit down hard on his lip; his inability to eviscerate the malevolent bitch for her disrespect to his family only making his anger boil at a higher temperature when no outlet presented itself as a means of allowing the ensuing steam to escape.

“What a pathetic specimen you truly are,” she sneered, reading him with the easy facility she would read a child’s play-bricks. “I insult the woman you once professed to love and the mother of your children, and what do you do?”

The *“Pathetic specimen”* waited; sure the volcanic nature of the outrage he was attempting to contain would soon blow the cranium from atop his head.

“Nothing!” she jeered. “That is what.”

A few seconds passed.

“Well?” she demanded. ”Are you not going to defend this woman of all women? These cherubs of all cherubs?”

Again he said nothing.
“What? Will you just stand there like a dumb and docile animal as your loved ones are derided in such a way? Have you no pride? No shame? What would all the other powerful men who considered you an equal think of you now if they could see your spinelessness? Perhaps I should have Tapani take some pictures.”

Vincennes had risen to his feet without knowing how he got there, eyes bulging from their sockets with the effort of restraint as they bore into the girl below and promised unfettered retribution if she continued in such a way.

And was she perturbed?

Was she hell!

“What a delightful idea!” she exclaimed, as if deciding upon a family picnic in rural surroundings that his *two* families may get acquainted. “Yes. The next time you beg to insert your servile tongue in the arse of your young Indian master on the balcony, I’ll have Tapani take pictures for your family and friends. I’m sure Marianne and the children would like…”

Again, without knowing how they got there; his hands were around her throat and he was squeezing, intent on throttling all life from the tiny body that spewed forth so much bile and had turned the life he had once loved upon its head.

Somewhere, at the back of his conscious, he heard a voice screaming:

“Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!”

It was only when he realised the voice was his and the *“Bitch”* it was screaming abuse at was doing nothing whatsoever to prevent him cutting her air supply and was, incredibly, staring him directly into his infuriated eyes as he went about it, that a semblance of rational thought returned to him.

Vincent Vincennes would never know how close he came to extinguishing the existence of his tormentor that night. But he would recall how his hands fled from her slender neck as if the skin had turned molten before subsiding back into his seat and resting his head in his hands. The older and infinitely wiser man appalled at having allowed a young and supposedly

inferior girl to incense him so much he was willing to take a life rather than his own advice to cut his losses and leave.

Sensing her rise, he looked up in time to see her leave the dining-room and took advantage of her absence to take a much needed gulp of her Montrachet; draining it at a draught before replacing it that she wouldn't know the difference when she returned -*if* she returned- and returning his head to the care of hands that were visibly shaking.

For what seemed an eternity he remained in that position, eyes fixed upon the lacquered surface of the dining-table, about as miserable as he had ever been in his life.

So far, anyway.

He closed his eyes and actually sobbed.

She was already seated when he finally sensed her presence; so softly had she made her return; the severity of the look she fixed upon him mitigated somewhat by the obvious delight she took in the puffy eyelids and reddened eyes the older man turned her way imploringly.

"I… I'm sorry, Samira," he heard himself apologise; knowing even as he made it that any contriteness should have been coming from the opposite direction - and from the lips of the one instigating his assault upon a female for the very first time. "It… It's just... I can't bear to hear my children spoken of in such a way. They're innocent in this. Say what you like about me but…"

"Does that mean…?" she began, interrupting him before breaking off to clear a throat whose airways he had temporarily narrowed; his handling of her all despicable to him, despite her complete lack of concern for either his physical or spiritual well-being.

He poured her some water from the carafe and she took a sip before continuing:

"And am I to take it I am free to say what I like about Saint Marianne of the Sacred Heart?"

"Samira, please. I…"

"Or is it that you are trying to tell me you wish to return to your old life?"

She waited, eyes on him expectantly.

"Is that it, Vincent? Has your new passion for the lowly Indian waitress run its course? Have you now purged it from your system so completely you feel able to cast it aside and resume your position as master of all he surveys?"

Without thinking –habits dying hard- Vincennes reached for the Lynch-Bages to soothe his shattered nerves.

She slapped his hand away.

“No wine! I told you.” Her smile was truly evil: “You will have plenty of opportunity to drink wine when you are back in the embrace of your blue-blood ex-wife – if she will have you.”

“For god’s sakes, Samira! Do you think I have no feelings at all? Would you respect me more if I were to just sit here and allow you to ride roughshod over my children? Marianne can look after herself, but they…”

“No.” she overrode him.

His eyes were hopeful again; could she about to...

Fool!
“To respect you more,” she sneered, “implies I had some respect for you to begin with.”

As it had so many times; hope died.

“Tell me. Vincent,” her smile was purest mockery now; “do you believe I *ever* had respectful feelings of such a kind towards you?”

Vincennes recalled how she had built up his ego in their early days together, assuring him; even as he knelt at her feet to suck at the toe she had just inserted into his willing mouth; that she was so flattered that a man of his virility, intelligence superior age and good looks, could have such feelings for one as lowly as she.

And it had worked.

Spectacularly.

By the time she began to withdraw the compliments to his manhood and insist upon more… *demeaning* forms of personal service, he was too badly hooked on her treatment of him to even notice – and, when he did, it was too late.

“So,” she was continuing, coldly; “the question you have to ask yourself now is whether you leave me, this apartment and this country and try to reconcile with your ex-wife and children; contenting yourself once more with the life you had known previously and was obviously not enough for you?”

Waiting for her to frame an alternative he was well placed to guess at; Vincennes –and in a way sickening to him- already knew the answer to the first option.

“Or…?”

He knew what was coming but waited anyway.

“Or… do you stay here with me and embrace the true nature that drew you to me in the first place?”

“Yes, Samira,” he confessed; “I admit a part of me finds a perverse satisfaction in the way you treat me.” He stared into her eyes with all the passion and sincerity he could muster. “But

it's hardly something to build a relationship upon. I have no objection to playing these games from time to…"

"Games?" she repeated, face a mask of contempt. "Do not tell me you still try to delude yourself that the respect I demand you show me is a game."

"Samira, I find you exciting, incredibly exciting, you know I do, but I cannot allow myself to be treated in such a way for any length of…"

"It is the pleasure I bring you," she told him; voice less cold now, even if it did not quite aspire to warm.
"You thrill to be of service to me and I flourish at the knowledge you are so infatuated with me I can command your obedience. It is what I find so attractive about you and why we were destined to meet and become a part of each others lives."

She was, Vincennes informed himself, nothing if not brutally honest. Moreover, it was, he realised, the first time they, or at least *she*, had spoken in such depth during the months since they had first become acquainted.

And she found *him* attractive!

Hadn't she just said as much?

It was a first and, foolish man that he was; it took precedence over the behaviour leading to it.

"In the beginning," she continued, about to echo his own thoughts, "I could not understand why such a man would accept such treatment from a young woman the whole world would regard as his social, physical, and intellectual inferior. Unless, of course, that *man* is nothing of the kind and only portrays himself as such for the world to see as a way of hiding the weakness of his true character."

"Well," he told himself with no small irony, equilibrium partly restored after his loss of control, *"at least she finds me attractive."*

Unable to divine –yet- his inner dialogue with total accuracy and so unable to share in his irony had she been so inclined; she continued to divulge her own inner thoughts in regard of him:

"Sensing the possibility of your weakness, as I did from the very first moment I met you, is different from that possibility proving to be correct. But, if I was wrong, why was it, I asked myself, that I could force you to do things so out of character to your nature and alien to the character that had taken you so far in the world?"

For some strange reason, he found her admission of having the exact same thoughts of bafflement in regard of their situation soothing after the events of the last few minutes - even if the fact he had been the only one in their relationship with anything to lose made his own behaviour that much more of a puzzle.

"But," she went on, "the more familiar I became with the computer you had supplied me and began to use the Internet regularly, the more information I found on the subject concerning

men such as you and the more I came to understand the type of man you are. It also helped me to realise the type of man I intended for you to become for me." Her smile was *not* warm. "Though my mind was just about made up on that subject.

He was about to interject at this but one look from her was all it took to reduce him to silence.

"All your life you have been looking for the right person to submit yourself to. It is who you are. Your nature is that of the dog who, the more it is mistreated, licks the hands and feet of its owner to signal its submission.

"It thrills you to give yourself over to a stronger personality in such a way and you can no more fight it than you can prevent your lungs from sucking in air."

Though he could see how she might have reached the conclusion –how could he not?-he didn't recognise himself in her description at all. Far from seeing himself as the needy canine she described, he saw himself as a man who, like many men, had simply allowed the object of his passion to walk all over him, rather than the sad individual she described who actively welcomed the abuse he received. Also, there was something in the way she delivered her description of him that came across as *rehearsed*. As if she had taken some text from a story she had found on the net and decided to apply it to him. Not that her articulacy in her second language wasn't excellent, of course - but *this* was just a little *too* eloquent.

But then, given the difference between the man he had been and the man he was now; was there not at least a little truth in her description of him that rang true?

"From the moment your eyes first locked with mine," she assured him with total confidence, "you recognised me as someone you had been seeking without even knowing it. Someone to whom you could… *submit.*"

His eyes relayed their scepticism at this: *little truth* or no.

"I do not expect someone with so large an ego who has achieved so much and been in a position of power himself to believe, or even recognise, this about himself; but the moment you saw me something deep in your soul told you I was the master you have been looking for without even being aware you were doing so."

Vincennes paused for thought as the same thrill he had experienced when she had mentioned the word *"Slave"* went through him at her assertion of being his *"Master"*. Could she possibly have a point? After all, if he *wasn't* the submissive canine she described him as, why did he feel he would swoon when she treated him as one?

"Without wishing to give you a swollen head, I also knew your were just the kind of older, intelligent and handsome, white man I had longed dreamed of owning almost from the moment my thoughts were coherent enough to form a daydream. That you were a weak-willed and wealthy white man was no more than a delightful bonus."

Incapable of speech in the face of her frankness –though he acknowledged how confident of him she must feel to speak in such terms- Vincennes waited for his *"Master"* to continue.

“As I skivvied and toiled for the man who taught me the English I now speak and treated me with the haughty disdain the people of your hated land reserve for the poor and downtrodden of countries such as ours, I dreamed of nothing else but that one day the positions would be reversed and I would be the one with power over a man such as he.”
The smile she aimed at him was strangely beatific:

“And then you arrived at the hotel where I worked.”

The silence that followed between them was charged; her eyes resting on his in a way that struck him as –*almost*- fond; the first time during their time together he could recall experiencing anything that, even remotely, approached an emotional rapport. That his hands had only minutes before attempted to squeeze the life from her body was neither here nor there. The outburst *she* had provoked either forgotten or forgiven.

“I have to confess,” she told him with a rueful little smile that –this being yet another first- betrayed an element of uncertainty; “that though I sensed something in you contradicting the big powerful man both you and others considered yourself to be -and that *I* could be the one to bring it to the surface- I had no real idea of just how servile you could be made to behave for the right master.”

Vincennes felt himself colour; unable to refute her words.

And yet he could still feel the anger of the former incarnation she had tortured into life bubbling away beneath the surface. A once powerful army on the retreat, awaiting the word from its ailing commander to turn upon the enemy and reveal the defeat it had just suffered was no more than Pyrrhic for the victor. Confronting its pursuer with a savagery designed to show it retained its former capacity for revenge and annihilation.

No more cogent evidence for the exact opposite holding sway was required than the fact the order wasn’t sent – or if it had been the retreating troops, once so loyal to him, had ignored it in its entirety.

“I have given it much thought,” she told him, thick accent dripping with self-satisfaction for having brought him so low and so swiftly; “and realise how terrible it must be for such a proud man to find the master he has been seeking only to discover she is to be a plain faced young Indian girl from low origins.”

He did not disabuse her.

“Not only *‘Plain’* and *‘Indian’*,” she went on; “but of a low class and poorly educated by the great man’s standards.”

The words *‘Great man’* spilled out of her mouth in much the same way he could imagine it ejecting effluent and he knew her hatred of his background -and the historical injustices underpinning- it was both genuine and enduring.

“Cut your losses and run,” screamed an increasingly faint inner voice yet again; the same advice he himself had offered to friends seeking advice on bad business ventures no less pertinent for being of a social nature and aimed his way.

It was that simple, he knew.

Pragmatism.

Stop digging before the hole became a ditch and the ditch a tunnel and one's eyes could no longer see over the top; leaving one with no option but to go on digging in a downward direction in the vain hope one's efforts would be rewarded with daylight.

"Tell me, Vincent," she began, eyes fair glittering with an innate cruelty she saw less and less need to keep hidden – not she'd ever taken much pains to disguise the character trait; "do you could think you could be happy knowing you would never lay eyes upon my person again?"

He kept his counsel; certain she wasn't finished.

"Knowing that your lips would never find themselves upon my pretty brown feet with their tiny toes and painted nails and your nose would never again breathe the scent of the fragrant cunt of the young girl who had made a slave of you?"

The breath that caught in his throat at her obscene query would have been answer enough; without the counterpoint at his groin supplying such painful confirmation as she continued:

"Certain that for what remained of your life your servile tongue would be banished from placing itself inside your master's pussy and allowed to taste its juices before being told to direct its attentions to the shit-chute lying in wait for it beneath the plump and smooth buns of her low-born buttocks?"

"S-Samira," he began, aware how pathetic he sounded; "p-please don't do this. If you keep this up you'll leave me on option but to…"

"Do nothing!" she hissed, plain face a mask of unmistakable and unshakable contempt for this white man who every day she lowered a not further into his own –and her- moral abyss.

The look he gave her was full of recrimination but, as she expected, he did *nothing*.

"What a ninny you are," she laughed, language and terms of reference betraying the age and social standing of the former employer and Vincennes countryman by whom she'd been schooled in her second language. "With one simple question I can have you begging with more conviction than the orphans and amputees to be seen on the most filthy and derelict of Kolkata street corners. There is *nothing* you would not do for the honour of worshipping me with your unworthy tongue."

Vincennes wanted to refute her; to supply her with a whole raft of things he would *not* do for the privilege of the lowly pleasures she offered him; it being only the simple fact she was bang on the proverbial money prevented such a rebuttal.

He was indeed a *"Ninny"*.

Moreover, he was *her "Ninny"*.

"Do correct me if I'm wrong," she said.

His answer to this was to close his eyes, but if he thought she would let it ride he was –as he mostly was these days- mistaken.

“Open your eyes and answer me,” she barked at him and, like the cur she intended him to be, he did as he was told; this man of men, this husband of husbands and father of fathers, reduced to the lowest ebb in his elevated existence by the wasp tongue of a young Indian girl he would once have denied employment as a lowly cleaner in his organisation – were he ever to have been involved in decision making of such a bog-basic nature.

“Am I right?” she asked again, holding him with the magnificent eyes before which he had no defence as his own dropped to the table, unable to maintain contact.

His reply when it came was no more than a whisper.

“I cannot hear you.”

“Yes,” he repeated.

“Yes, what?” she asked with sarcasm. “Am I supposed to guess your thoughts now?”

“Yes!” he blazed, eyes raised again as a small spark of temper resurfaced. “I’m a ninny. Okay?”

Despite the throttling of her neck his last burst of anger had brought about, she was unconcerned – though she had *not* forgotten the liberty.

“And a ninny really has no right to try and strangle his master, has he?” she told him. “Any ninny doing that can certainly expect to be punished, would you not say?”

“Samira, this has gone too…”

“Unless,” she came in, “he wanted to gather his belongings together and leave his master the moment they were packed.”

Her look was questioning.

“Well?” she asked when he didn’t respond. “Do wish to gather your belongings and leave?”

“Samira, this is ridiculous. You know very well I…”

“I asked you a question!”

Vincennes drew a tired and beaten breath and succumbed to what he knew would be the inevitable:

“No, Samira. I don’t want to do that and you know it.”
“Then you admit you behaved like an animal?”

He nodded, wanting it over; knowing that when she was on a roll such as the one she was currently on there would be no respite for him until she forced what she wanted from him.

“And how should an owner correct the behaviour of a disobedient animal if not by disciplining him?”

“I don’t know,” he said, bedroom and mattress looking more and more desirable to him by the moment as his indomitable bitch goddess sapped both his energy and his will. “You tell me, Samira.”

“For a start,” she began, “ignoring his attempt at flippancy; “I do not think such an animal should be seated on a chair opposite his owner.”

He groaned. It was starting. *Again*. And yet, sapped energy and will notwithstanding, there was a part of him that never tired of the recommencement.

“Under the table,” she ordered.

His groan turned to a sigh – though whether it was a sigh of irritation or anticipation even he could not say. Had he been forced to bet he would have gone for a mixture of both.

“Now!”

Jolted into movement, he pushed back his chair and slid from it to the polished wooden floor; the upper body of his young tormentor disappearing from view as the lower half he was no less in awe of presented itself to his hungry eyes.

The legs he found so attractive were crossed at the ankle; sheathed in the opaque pantyhose they looked both sexy and powerful and, upper body blocked from sight and knowledge of their owner absent, he would have sworn they belonged to a far larger and more imposing physical specimen.

The wooden flooring was already hurting his knees and he was grateful for her next words:

“Cross your legs and squat,” she ordered from above.

He did so instantly.

“Now,” she said, voice raining down upon him with all the promise of dread circumstances Moses promised the Hebrews who had taken advantage of his absence at the summit of Mount Sinai to revel, blaspheme and fornicate, “while I finish my wine and consider your actions, I want you to remain exactly as you are with your eyes fixed on my feet and consider them for yourself.”

Vincennes was already doing exactly that; the humiliation of his position beneath his own dining-table intensifying, for some reason, the loss of control he experienced when at close proximity to the sensuous and petite peds that had gained his attention in the first place.

“Just look,” came the tablet of stone from above; the owner of those feet not having to work too hard to divine his thoughts and what they urged him to do. “I do not wish to feel either your grasping hands or your slobbering tongue on them until I feel you have learned your lesson and are suitably contrite.”

Vincennes dejection at being proscribed such access was as marked and just as incredible to him as it always was when she denied him the privilege by way of a punishment.

He was unable to see the smile of deep satisfaction spread across the face of his young master for having reduced him to such a position and his unlikely tormentress was about to twist the knife further when the musical tones of the entry-phone interrupted both her satisfaction and the gaze of frustrated adoration he had fixed upon the feet denied him.

He mad a move to extricate himself from beneath the table.

“Stay!” she ordered as if he were an unruly dog about to tear after a scrap that had accidentally been dropped from table.

“But, Samira,” he protested, horrified by the prospect of her *‘Guest’* seeing him in such a position. “You surely don’t expect…?”

“That is exactly what I expect,” she assured him as she rose from her seat and headed for the entry-phone. “I have already explained the kind of man you are and my visitor is not the type to be shocked.”

“But…?”

“Quiet! One more word and it is over between us.”

He fell silent as the entry-phone rang again.

“Now, unless you wish to leave your position and pack your things, I want you to remain silent and not move. You will have a clearer idea of how things are to be from now on after my guest arrives.”

With that, and so confident was she of his compliance, Samira closed the distance between herself and the phone and answered it in her native tongue before buzzing their guest in and stepping into the hallway to be present at the door.

“Just go!” Vincennes told himself. *“The situation’s out of control. Go, while you still have a say in the matter. Before she strips from you the small pride you have remaining.”*

Nodding to himself, he took a few deep breaths and steeled himself to do just that.

When the door to the dining-room opened and Samira entered, Vincennes was exactly where she had left him.

The first thing the cringing man beneath the table heard was their laughter: musical and light-hearted, as if they were entering into a gathering of other teenaged friends and not the home of a powerful middle-aged businessman who had been ordered to squat beneath the table in

his own dining-room. A pair of exquisite bare legs, brown flesh smooth and unblemished as they balanced on a pair of dagger heels, told him their guest was another female - legs, he told himself, position momentarily forgotten, that were at least the equal of Samira's; the strain placed on the visitor's calf-muscles by the heels creating a dimple down the outside of her leg below the knee and the skirt cut to that length.

Another girl, thank god!

He was relieved – though only a little. Had she brought a man here to witness his humiliation he was sure the rage that had seen him almost throttle his plain Indian *"Master"* would have been as nothing to the eruption that would have followed.

Above him he could hear but not understand their small talk, easily picking out the voice of Samira from that of their guest's deeper tones as, he noted with some bitterness, they chatted gaily and happily.

"Aren't they the lucky ones," he told himself.

He heard some wine being poured and heard Samira say something before their guest seated herself in the chair vacated by her hostess and those exquisite legs rose up in front of him; he caught a whiff of perfume he took to be Chanel and experienced, despite his situation and the stranger about to witness it, the familiar pain at his groin.

They were talking to each other as if everything was normal as Samira rounded the table to take a seat next to the one he had left to slide down to his present unenviable position. A thrill went through him as his young tormentor stretched out a hand and began to stroke his hair and the discomfort at his groin increased.

"Do you like, Asha's legs, Vincent?" she asked, reverting to English that both shocked and drew attention to him as he squatted, hoping against hope he would be allowed to remain in that position without having to interact or make eye-contact with this *'Asha'* as she had just been called.

"Or would you rather Asha ask you herself?" she threatened, letting him know she was aware of how his mind was working.

He closed his eyes and swallowed; just the thought of allowing this stranger to see him in such a position filled him with nausea.

His reply when it came was made in a voice smaller than any he believed to be in his possession:
"Yes, Samira. Asha has beautiful legs."

"There! You see, Asha? Did I not tell you how appreciative of you he would be?"

Asha replied with a rich but girlish laugh.

"But what about Asha's feet, Vincent? You did not mention them. Are they not beautiful too?"

Given his eyes were fixed upon the smooth brown skin of the arched insteps encased in the black leather of her pumps it wasn't difficult for Vincennes to frame an instant reply – voice still small as Samira continued to stroke his hair and his neck as if pacifying a skittish housepet.

"Yes, Samira. Asha's feet are very beautiful."

"There, Asha. You see? How could you have doubted me when I told you how respectful and obedient my Englishman is? Tell me: do you still need persuading to come and live here with us?"

Their guest made no reply and, beautiful legs and feet or not; Vincennes started:

"Live here?"

"That is right, Vincent," Samira confirmed, again reading him with ease. "Asha is going to be living with us and you are going to be as respectful and obedient to her as you are to me."

Slipping off a shoe then, Samira raised her leg and rested her foot on Vincennes caged penis; the stiffness she found so urgent and thwarted there strengthening –not that it was required- her confidence the man below her would go along with what she intended.

"Many things are going to change from here on," he heard her voice from above; their guest still to have said a word in English but, he sensed -given that Samira did not translate into their native tongue- she was conversant with the language. "And you, Vincent, are going to have to come to terms with them."

Vincennes groaned; not so much from her words –though they were disturbing- but from the delicious yet maddening discomfort produced in him as her foot stroked the penis she had encased in metal to as near an erection as its restraint allowed. *Never* had he experienced such utterly diverse sensations. The soul-sickening humiliation of the situation he found himself in before tow teenage Indian girls. And the will-sapping proximity of their legs and feet that induced such feelings of… *surrender* in him.

"Show him, Asha," he heard Samira say in English, confirming his suspicion their guest spoke his language too. "Show him one of the new…" she giggled "…*developments* he will need to adjust to."

He watched as a pair of slender brown hands appeared beneath the table to take the hem of a lilac skirt in their grip. Fixated; he continued to stare as the skirt was *slowly* drawn back and a pair of smooth and powerful thighs joined the shapely calf muscles below them to tantalise him more as Samira's teasing pantyhose clad foot continued to provide a distraction of its own.

The pain at his groin was making his eyes tear by now, but still he watched as the skirt was drawn higher over the unseen girl's magnificent thighs to reveal…

Vincennes gave an involuntary start; erection vanishing with more swiftness than a snowball in a blast-furnace as he realised the girl was not wearing panties.

There, not inches from his disbelieving eyes, was an erect cock almost twice the size of his own!

PART THREE

In a penthouse on the fringes of the Calcutta Racecourse with views across to the Hooghly Bridge, Vincent Vincennes was experiencing hell approaching maximum temperature.

Or, rather, he had been in hell as the heat rose and was now back in that variety of the condition he recognised as his everyday expectation.

As he knelt on the terracotta tiles of the apartment's front room in the way instructed, a cooling breeze wafting over him from the terrace and the dazzling afternoon sunlight beyond it, he watched a man on the television being defiled; scarcely recognising or accepting that the tortured expression filling the screen and the high-pitched scream piercing the quiet of the room were his own.

But then, if it wasn't him, how could he see himself on all fours, naked on his own bed, eyes cast imploringly towards the cameras point-of-view and the operator wielding it?

There was no mistaking the look of horror and accompanying agony transforming the man's features as belonging to anyone other than those of the great Vincent Vincennes as the petite and feminine girl - even younger than Samira and with a cock larger than that of the *great* man himself - slowly and deliberately started to slide her erection in and out of her bitch's tight virgin arse.

Sick to the stomach at what he had allowed to happen, he listened to himself whimper at the pain of his arse being stretched for the first time - the fact it was the third time he had been forced to watch Samira's filming of his cherry being taken not lessening the feelings of shame, nausea and wonder he felt for having been too weak, either physically or morally, to prevent it happening.

"Relax, white-man," the Indian hermaphrodite Samira had addressed as *'Asha'* had advised him in a voice that was all girl, the full breasts he could feel against the bare skin of his back as she eased her cock further into him not doing anything to contradict the impression of budding womanhood

She was, he could do no more than admit –aberration of biology to one side- gorgeous; a curve ball of nature designed to appeal to all denominations. Catnip to gay and homophobe alike. The familiar characteristics of gender blurred and distorted until they were indistinct from either male or female and intermingled to create a breed of sexual predator bridging the two.

Placing herself behind him, she had draped herself across his back, one hand taking a handful of his full greying hair while the other dipped below to take a firm grip of restrained testicles and cold titanium as her own engorged rod worrying at the passage less used she intended to

make her very own private entrance; breasts pressing against a back made clammy with the perspiration of fear.

“You make it more painful by trying to fight me,” she added in her breathless and heavily accented voice, girly tones made as humiliating as they were exciting by the actions contradicting them. Her English - more accented than Samira’s but less articulate and with nothing approaching the extent of her friend’s vocabulary – was thick with the singsong cadences of her homeland and ensured his sense of belittlement remained at boiling point.

“You are no longer a big-man but a fuck toy for superior Indian girls,” she told him, rotating both hips and erection to underscore her point.”

The derisory giggle accompanying his sigh of relief as her hips settled and she allowed her cock to slip out of him prior to a fresh assault did not exactly diminish his sense of self-disgust either.

From his position upon his knees, he heard relief turn to gasp as she rammed herself back into him and the breath left his lungs in a rush.

Had the necessary oxygen been available, he told himself, reliving the invasion, he would have screamed.

“Relax,” she ordered, accompanying the command with a squeeze of his balls intended to let him know the consequences should he fail to respond.

On all fours, impaled upon the cock of a shemale some thirty years his junior, and having his humiliation filmed by the young Indian girl for whom he had given up the life he knew in return for the most abject submission; the powerful former businessman had sensed the boygirl was right and tried to relax the muscles at his anus intent on fighting the invader as it made yet another attempt to invade and conquer the citadel of his manhood.

“Good boy,” he heard his assailant say as her hand stopped squeezing his scrotum and began to stroke. “Look into the camera for Ms Samira as Ms Asha fills your unworthy English shit-chute with her superior Indian girl-cock.”
Attempt to relax or not, the older man nearly did scream then as she pulled out almost completely before pushing back in with renewed intent and reaching even further into his interior.

She had been right though, the kneeling man told himself through his anguish:

It hurt much less when he was relaxed.

He felt his face redden at the implication of his own thoughts:

In fact, not only was it bearable, but he was starting to…

Watching from his knees as his debasement picked up speed, the same feeling of self-contempt for the weakness and depravity that had led him to his current pass washed over him. He could see his face and that of the pretty brown shemale behind him as the thrusting cock transformed his agony to bliss and back to agony again as his poor trapped penis

attempted to assert itself against the bars of its prison. Neither his agony nor his bliss of any concern to the youth riding him with such insouciant authority

Having taken a slow pace to start with, the young shemale began to pick it up; her own reaction more animalistic now and surfacing as the same the kind of grunting response more natural to a man as he took possession of a woman. A primal release of sexual triumph that threw her surface femininity into stark contradiction and added an extra dimension to the older man's sense of shame for having succumbed so timidly to such usage. The long and slender fingers that stroked their way the length of the Englishman's still toned body and back again only emphasising the control his invader was exercising over him.

"That's it, White man," he heard the girl/boy breathe into his ear as his eyes rolled up into his head in a contradiction of their own as they attempted to respond to the bliss of the penetration and the agony of his own confinement; "take the cock of your new master. It will not be long before you are begging her to place it in your unworthy male pussy and then clean it afterwards with your inferior English tongue."

Vincennes saw his on-screen head shake in futile denial of her words as she went on:

"Before very long you will know and come to worship every vein and contour of my superior shemale prick. The salty taste of its foreskin will be as embedded in your memory as the juices of my good friend Samira's you lap from her like the unworthy English cur you are. Soon you will abase yourself before me as a dog before its owner simply for the privilege of being allowed to suck my smooth hairless balls into your mouth and nurse upon them as if they were the nipples of your departed earth-mother."

At this last unthinkable sacrilege –words pre-scripted by Samira and learned by heart in order for the shemale to increase his/her receptacle's humiliation- Vincennes heard a click from behind him and the screen went blank.

"Enough of that for now, Vincent. There is lots to do."

That sense of disgusted wonderment he had been experiencing during the replay of his… *deflowerment…* went into overdrive as he came back to the moment and realised the voice directing him with such familiar authority was not that of the one-time waitress who had once waited upon him and now owned him but belonged to a maid in *his* employ.

A low-born dogsbody *he* paid, supervising *him*.

Turning towards the voice commanding him, he saw the young domestic servant, younger even than the shemale he had been forced to watch defile him, waiting for him to respond to her with hands on hips; adopting the imperious stance she had seen Samira take with him.

The actuality of it never failed to leave him in a state of bewilderment that a such a state of affairs could exist in his regard and that he had allowed them to develop to such a point.

What had his old life so lacked, after all, that he could piss it away with no more regard for its loss than a piece of over-chewed gum to be spat into the waste?

What *pestilence* had been raging within him; so undetected for all these years; that he could shed his wife, his children, and his self-respect, simply to serve at the feet of a girl he knew he would never come to even *like*, let alone *love*?

And yet, for all his contempt and bafflement, it was a need as overpowering and unanswerable as any he had known. Driven as he was to succeed, even the desire to acquire, sometimes –*most* times- the business operations of hostile competitors came nowhere close to the need he felt to be in *her* presence. There seemed no indignity he would not suffer in order to be able to drink in the essence of this facial equestrian who could bring him to heel with a simple promise to let him place his worshipful lips on her tiny feet or insert an eager tongue into the orifice from which she shed waste.

Even the one occasion on which he had decided he could take no more of her treatment of him and left lasted for a time of such brief duration it was scarcely worth the mentioning.

The single and solitary night he had spent in a downtown hotel given over to him masturbating to her image as she did all kinds of unspeakable things to him; his thoughts and fitful sleep plagued by visions of his unlikely obsession and leading him to seek out the source of his torment the next morning with heavy footsteps and an even heavier heart.

And the capitulation, grovelling and utter submission she demanded when he returned made even the unspeakable things he had pulled himself off to tame by comparison.

So now, on his knees in his own home, having been forced to watch a recording of his own debasement at the hands of a beautiful young girl with a cock twice the size of his own, before being ordered by his own servant as if it was he himself who held the dubious honorific; Vincent Vincennes felt the familiar numbness and sense of disbelief any kind of perusal or reminder of his situation instilled in him.
That he was dressed in the black and white attire of the waiters employed by the hotel where he had first met Samira did nothing to prevent him asking the usual question:

What was this world to which he had allowed himself to be warped?

And why did he remain within it when he had the means to escape it?
What unholy aberration of his own nature kept him chained to a place and a situation that was slowly killing all traces of the man he had been not so long before?

They were questions he was not exactly unfamiliar with; even if the regularity of the self-interrogation made it no easier for him to supply a satisfactory answer. He was, he told himself, realisation not making his situation any more bearable, the proverbial dog who licked the foot with which his owner had just abused him. The needy canine who licked his wounds in the corner before coming back for more and receiving just that.

The inexplicable made no less impenetrable for having sprung from nowhere and out of a mindset that had once been driven, dynamic and authoritative.

Yet *she* had seen this great reservoir of self-destruction lurking in a cavern of his soul where others had not. A life source he had not even sensed, let alone explored, and a source of sustenance fatal for him but empowering to others; unlikely to provide its owner with anything but the most fleeting of refreshment before weakening him. A retrograde life source

the girl had recognised instantly as having many benefits for her and explaining why she had immediately set about acquiring the rights to it for herself.

But *how?*

She was a child and he was a *man*.

She had known only the slums and the scraps ceded to her from those by whom she was employed; while *he* had mixed with and been educated by the finest minds – both practical and academic – his culture could provide.

And yet where these *superior* people had divined nothing of an Achilles Heel unknown even to its owner; a low-born and ill-educated waitress had not only drank it in and exulted over it from their very first encounter but used it to bind him to her in ways more lasting than the shackles fastening a forgotten captive to the thickest and most subterranean of dungeon walls.

It was, he often railed to himself, as if a bountiful fate had decided against the rewards it had seen fit to hand to him in over-abundance; choosing to trigger the failsafe implanted for such eventualities to make him suffer for having had the temerity to accept them so readily in the first place.

And the recipient of fate's second-thoughts in respect of its largesse, he told himself wryly, was not of a kind to look a gift horse in the mouth before offering sugar.

To put it in vulgar terms; which Vincennes often did: Samira had taken his balls and run with them.

Still standing to his side and awaiting a response from him; mistaking his meditations on his situation as reluctance to do as she said; a frown of displeasure crossed young Tapani's face.

Even if that frown belied the fact a very happy girl lived inside it.

Just the same, these remained early days for the servant girl and the responsibility entrusted to her by the Mistress could still be overwhelming whenever she considered it at any length – making her need to fulfil her obligations to the letter and beyond completely understandable to anyone familiar with the life she had known and to which she had no intentions of returning..

The disbelieving looks she sometimes pictured on the faces of the people in her village if they were to learn of her elevation did little to bring her to terms with her new position in the world –even if they did amuse and please her- and there were times when she had to pinch herself in order to believe it herself.

That a girl of her… standing could be living in such *sophisticated* surroundings and –far from being the lowest member of the household– actually be entrusted with the running of both the home and its *Master* was the stuff of dreams. She could not help but think of the fellow villagers who had considered her lucky to find work of even the most menial kind. The young girl they had paid little attention to regarding them now with a certain disdain as she thought of them in their ramshackle surroundings, deprived of all but the most basic of life's utilities; while she, the youngest of the despised Udyavara brood lived in luxury in a penthouse suite

overlooking the Kolkata Racecourse and supervised a once powerful man on an everyday basis.

Not an hour passed when she did not give thanks to the gods for having allowed her path to cross that of the girl, wise beyond her years, who had changed her existence in the most dramatic of ways.

“You must not be afraid to exercise your authority,” Samira had warned her in their native tongue the day she left for her three-week trip to Goa with Asha, the beautiful boy/girl.

“But… Ms Samira,” the girl had protested; it was one thing to be deliberately insolent to the handsome older white man whose money paid for the life they lived but quite another to actually… *command* such a person; “what authority? I am so much younger than he. So much…Why would he let himself be…”

She hesitated, unsure of the correct word.

“Controlled?” Samira offered helpfully, attitude towards the girl as benevolent and motherly towards her as ever; despite the closeness of their years; as benevolent and motherly in fact as it was unyielding and tyrannical towards the man they were in the process of discussing.

Tapani’s eyes had fixed on the tiny silver key and chain her mistress was dangling before her.

“You are new to such responsibility and you are nervous, my dear Tapani,” Samira told her with that curious mix of youth and arrogant self-confidence and the somewhat stilted language one would normally expect to hear on the lips of someone far older.

“How, you ask yourself, can a young girl from a hovel like yourself, without formal education and the looks that would make a man forget your disadvantages, make someone like the great Englishmen in whose home you live obey her the way her mistress expects her to make the great man obey?”

Tapani had nodded, eyes still fixed upon the key in Samira’s hand, the purpose of which she had learned of only the day before and still found incredibly exciting.

Not to mention incredible!

Of course, she had known from the beginning that her fellow countrywoman and mistress ruled the older man – it was impossible to miss; even if the reality of it was hard to come to terms with. The young girl had no problem with the way her mistress treated the older Englishman but found the fact she was allowed to do so baffling – though she had heard stories of such… *men*. What amazed her was that Samira could have gained such power over the man that he would allow her to place his cock in a device denying him what most men – no matter how humble- took for granted.

Alone in her bed, not hours after being informed of the *“Master’s”* enforced incapacity, Tapani had squeezed together the massive breasts that drew the gaze of men and made her plain features a little more easy on the eye and fantasised that her master was in the room with her.

She had pictured the older Englishman kneeling by the side of the bed, naked and caged as she forced him to watch her pleasure herself; his groans of discomfort as his manhood attempted to become erect in its cage growing louder and more piteous as she dipped a finger into her dripping young cunny and teased herself to a loud, senses scattering, orgasm.

The former master's discomfort becoming yet more acute when she removed her finger from her pussy to the accompaniment of a *"Plop"* sound and inserted it between his lips to allow him to suck and taste her juices.

"It is in his nature to submit, Tapani," Samira had continued, oblivious to the slideshow flashing across the back of her servant's eyes, "and as sensible Indian girls it is in our best interests to ensure he does so."

Samira smiled encouragingly, before adding:

"And he will, believe me."

"But…?" Tapani began, unconvinced, encouraging smile or not.
Samira's look was kindly as she waited for the girl to finish.

…"Why?"

Her mistress had shrugged:

"Who can say?" Samira shrugged. "And would we care if they could?"

Her servant thought about it as Samira continued:

"His weakness makes him ours, Tapani, and we must make sure we provide him with the constant cruelty and humiliation his subconscious craves and ensures he will remain bound to us."

Upon hearing the word, Tapani had felt elation flush through her system:

"Ours?"

"That is right, my sweet girl," Samira nodded, reading her servant's thoughts. "He is almost as much yours as mine; as he is to a lesser extent, Asha's. You have seen her magnificent cock so we can hardly accord her the courtesy we would another woman, but her enslavement of Vincent to that cock will, in turn, enslave our *proud*," her laugh was unpleasant, "Englishman to us even more."

The young serving girl was speechless, scarcely able to believe her ears. She had indeed seen the she-man's cock and marvelled at its dimensions, but the image now invoked of its owner thrusting it into the arse of her master was almost enough to make her explode without the aid of her fingers.

She was still picturing it when Samira, believing the girl was having doubts, cut into her perverse reverie:

“Of course, if this is distasteful to you, I…”

“No!”

The rebuttal that came out as a scream was as revealing a statement of Tapani’s lack of doubt concerning the situation she was being asked to participate in as any 500-page disproof.

“You think you can maintain control of the household and its contents whenever I am absent?” interrogated Samira; herself feeling a frisson of arousal for having included a live, vibrant, and once successful and commanding Englishman, in her inventory as if he were no more than a possession to be managed and disposed of.

Which, of course, was exactly what she was making of him.

Tapani had nodded, as excited as her mistress.

“Then from this moment on you must stop considering him as your master and reverse your thinking in his regard. It is one thing to see how I treat him and allow the natural contempt you feel for his allowing me to do so to make you behave insolently towards him. But it is something else again to make him obey your every word when I am not here to reinforce your position of authority.”

A few moments were allowed to give the young girl time to consider what she had been told; before:

“So, I shall ask again – and be very careful you are sure of your answer Tapani.”

Samira gave the plain featured girl time to think, knowing that between them they made, on first glance at least, an unprepossessing pair of teenagers.

The one plain; the other horsey.

The one from a hovel; the other from a background only the slightest of notches above such a level of deprivation.

Nobody who saw them would suspect for a moment –prodigious breast development or not- that between them they could rule the life of any man.

Let alone a man of the ilk of Vincent Vincennes.

Well, Tapani?” Samira asked at last. “Is this something you not only think you can do but wish to do? If you were to say yes and then let me down at a later date I would be unable to countenance your continued presence in my home.”

An unmistakable look of fear transformed the plain features of the servant into something with a smidgen more character, if even less attractive, as Samira persisted:

“So be very sure of your answer when you give it.”

If the seriousness of Samira's words were giving the girl second thoughts then the magnificent young breasts; even more imposing than those of Samira herself; seemed to say otherwise as they heaved beneath the loose fitting sari she would today be wearing for the last time. The level of excitement the conversation induced in Tapani hardening the young girl's nipples into projectiles as her exaggerated breathing thrust her breasts up and down the length of the muslin. The sensuousness of the motion triggering a similar response from those of her mistress beneath the cool pastel green cotton of her shirt.

"I have never wanted anything more in my young life, Ms Samira," she answered with complete and utter sincerity; wanting nothing more at that moment than to rush to the privacy of her room and allow her trusty index finger to work its magic.

Samira had nodded, pleased.

Then it is settled," she smiled. "As of now, Vincent Vincennes has two mistresses he will obey in all things."
Samira's lip curled in a caricature of amusement that was, in all truth, sheer and malevolent spite in its purest form; before adding:

"He will be thrilled."

For a few moments there had been silence.

Then, simultaneously, the two young Indian girls burst into laughter at the irony that had very little to do with humour; Tapani's merriment as malevolent and spiteful as that of her mistress; if still tinged with misgivings at her own ability to bring the Englishman who was older than her wastrel of a father to heel.

"Ms Samira," she began, "I have no doubts that I want what you offer me. My life is unrecognisable to the one from which you so generously rescued me and I have no wish to return to it. But…"

She hesitated.

"Go on, Tapani. If you have doubts you must speak them now before you commit to what I offer. Because if you wish to improve your life you must be steadfast and disciplined and not change your mind every five seconds as the wind blows."

"I am not changing my mind, Ms Samira. I have seen the way you treat this handsome man and… and…"

"It arouses you."

The girl's eyes lowered before her all knowing and only slightly older mistress.

"Do not be shy, Tapani," Samira told her. "There is no shame. Believe me, I know."

Tapani raised her eyes and was emboldened by the smile waiting to greet her return.

“Yes,” she began, a little breathlessly, “It… It does arouse me… That I too, Tapani Udyavara, of the most humble of origins, could also be in control of such a powerful beast and make it do my bidding excites me in ways once unimaginable to me. But…”

Again she hesitated and this time Samira understood why.

“But you cannot bring yourself to believe me when I tell you he will obey you in the same way he obeys me.”

It wasn’t a question and once more Tapani lowered her eyes, worried she had offended the girl who had changed her life and held its future in her hands. Worry turning to relief when she felt her mistress take her own hands in hers and utter a soft laugh that was nothing like the cruel parody she had employed earlier in regard of the Englishman.

When Tapani raised her eyes, Samira was still smiling.

“I understand, Tapani, and you have not offended me, be assured.”

The girl’s relief was genuine.

“Because you have not been educated it does not mean you are unintelligent. I of all people understand this. Am I not from a similar background to you?”

Tapani nodded.

“Did I not suffer from the same dismissal of my abilities and potential because of the poverty from which I came and the distaste for my features that are not Bollywood beautiful? And yet, am I not so intelligent and superior of will still that I can enslave to me a European man many years my senior who would previously have denied me employment cleaning his shithouses?”

Once again, Tapani nodded.

“It is only sensible for you to have doubts, sweet girl,” Samira went on, reaching her point. “I would think less of you were you to simply leap at the opportunity I offer without first making sure it is of a realistic and lasting nature.”

“It…” Tapani began thoughtfully. “It is just that he is infatuated with you and does whatever you say because of that. But he is *not* infatuated with *me*. How will I make him obey if he chooses not to when you are away with Asha?”

Samira had laughed at this as if she were listening to a child asking how to use a knife and fork.

“You are, of course, correct, Tapani. At the moment he is not infatuated with you. But it will not be long before he is, I promise you. Up to now he has only seen you in the shapeless saris of our homeland that cover so much of our charms. From tomorrow that will change as the two of us will be leaving for town soon to buy you a whole new wardrobe with our peon’s money that I now consider mine and soon will be.”

The hopeful look on the plain face of the young girl with the massive breasts that had been replaced with pure joy at the prospect of the shopping jaunt was endearing to Samira.

There was, after all, a time when she herself would have reacted in the same way at such an offer.

“I warrant that when he is finally allowed to notice the charms so far denied him and his eyes drink in the fullness of your breasts, the curves of your body and the sexiness of your legs and feet, infatuation will not be long in following.”

Tapani could barely contain herself at this point.

“Until then, however,” Samira continued; “I have taken steps to ensure that it is in his interests to treat you with the reverence, respect and obedience with which he treats me when I am not present to ensure he does so.”
Tapani’s eyes had widened at the revelation as Samira had gone on:

“If Mr Vincent Vincennes thinks his life has changed now I would like to hear his views on the subject in a few months time when we have finished with him and he is exactly who we want him to be.

“I realise you have doubts, Tapani, and I understand why it is only right that you should; but if you listen to me now I feel confident they will not trouble you for too long when you realise just how we will achieve our ends and force this handsome Englishman into being exactly what we want him to be…

*****

Now, standing at her former master’s back, sari’s gone and dressed in formal black trousers that tapered to the ankle and a pair of spike-heeled black shoes with pointed toes; a navy blue shirt of the finest and most cool to the skin cotton completing the ensemble; Tapani looked into the eyes of the kneeling man who had once commanded the destiny of millions and held his returned stare until he was forced to lower his gaze; unable to meet the strength of will of even a teenage girl.

It was not yet a day since her mistress had departed to Goa with her shemale lover and his wondrous cock, yet she was growing into her role of supervisor to the handsome Englishman with worrying ease.

Worrying for the handsome Englishman, that is.

Vincennes’ thoughts as his former servant stood above his kneeling form, were not much different – though they inspired nothing like the elation and sheer thrill of controlling a fellow human being currently experienced by the young Indian girl.

That a creature of such a type could have gained such a level of control over him in so short a space of time indicative of the distances he had travelled recently. The ticket being one-way and the distances travelled downward in nature. His bondage to the girl made all the more potent and humiliating by the added chains of physical attraction that had not been present before and had begun to work their insidious alchemy the moment she had jettisoned the

shapes and concealing saris for the trousers, skirts, high-heels and styled blouses that revealed a body –like Samira's- that was in complete contradiction to the facial mediocrity topping the edifice.

And, even without his growing physical attraction to her, there was the small matter of the other imperatives that kept him at both maid and mistress's feet – not to mention the aberration with a cock the size of…

"Do you know how to polish a lady's shoes?" she asked his lowered head, accented voice cutting into his thoughts like a knife; though not *too* unwelcome on this occasion given the object of his thoughts.

"P-Polish sh-shoes?" he asked, head coming up at the prospect, outraged and still compos mentis enough to be surprised that he was.

After all, he had, and willingly, kissed feet, sucked toes and inserted his tongue into the rectum of a deviant and horse-faced Indian girl; he had also, not so willingly, allowed his own rectum to be abused by the donkey-dick of an admittedly gorgeous aberration posing as a teenage girl.

So why did the prospect of having to *"Polish shoes"* outrage the tattered remnants of his dignity so much it threatened to re-light the temper and quickness to action that had once been the trademarks of both his private and public life?

"Do not look so surprised Vincent," the girl told him haughtily; rather after the manner of a somewhat pompous school-mistress addressing the class dunce. "You know very well that Ms Samira intends for you to be more useful around the home and for me to show you how. She is a very sensible woman and she is right to say that it is not good for you to be idle."

It was conversation he remembered well; coming not two hours after he had allowed her to browbeat him into letting the abomination called Asha slide her (he could not bring himself to say: *"he"*) fat cock into his *"Shit-chute"*, as the shemale described it.

"But Samira," he'd begun, horrified at what she was outlining to him; not having believed her serious when she had mentioned it before; "I agree it's not good for me to be cooped up here. That's why I was thinking of setting up an office in town and picking up the threads of my busine…"

"No," she had come in over him, firm and not be gainsaid, confidence in her ability to manage and rule her white peon functioning at its highest altitude since their first meeting.

Her growing confidence in her ability to manage and dominate him –a confidence that had been on the elevated side from the start- not lost to the once proud man on the receiving end of her attentions.

The video she had yet to introduce -him being fucked by a shemale considered a minor back in England where the age of consent was higher- adding the *'Checkmate'* to the near irretrievable board position the unfathomable strength of his sexual addiction gave her and explained her even greater confidence in regard of him.

But that would come later.

“I want no reminder of your former life to detract from your devotion to me,” she told him, couching it as if she actually believed the prospect was a threatening one.

“But…”

“Before we knew it you would be entertaining thoughts of returning to your former life and the bitch Marianne, wouldn’t you?”

“No,” he refuted her. “You know that’s not true.”

“I know of no such thing,” she corrected him. “And what of the sewage of your loins? Are you going to tell me you do not relish the prospect of seeing your odious little brats again?”

As was her intention, the goad took effect and his forehead clouded threateningly, past experience of the futility of fighting her overridden by loyalty to his children.

“Samira, I warn…”

She stepped to him quickly and slapped back the remainder of his sentence; knowing he would stand there and take it from her – loyalty to his children or no.

“Do not even think to contradict me, you gutless piece of trash.”

She backhanded him for good measure.

“You?… *You* warn me?… What a jester you are!”

Samira waited as he rubbed at the red imprint of her hand upon his cheek before telling him how it was now going to be:

“You have been told what I want to happen and it should be enough. I say you are going to help Tapani around the home and that is what you will do. Furthermore, and as I explained to you before, Tapani will be in charge of you at all times when I am not here. You are to think of her as your boss and do exactly as she says.”

Her face had become calculating:

“Unless of course you wish to have no sexual relief while I am away.”

His face had been a picture as the full implication of her words kicked in and the true nature of his predicament came home to him.

“That is right, Mr Big Important Vincent Vincennes. A little Indian girl is going to be in complete charge of the key to your nasty little cock-cage; which means she will be in complete charge of you. If you wish to experience even the most fleeting amount of sexual release you would be advised to do jump when she orders you to jump and be happy to do it.”

“Samira,” he begged. “Please. Its bad enough that I have to do as she… Please, Samira, she is even younger than you. Not only that, but she’s… she’s…”

“A servant?” Samira finished for him.

Vincennes swallowed; it being exactly what he had wanted to say.

“It is that superior attitude that tells me I am right to insist that *you* be the one to take on the servant’s duties around here. It will be good for you and good for Tapani to know she is not the lowly good-for-nothing you take her to be.”

She seemed to remember something:

“And do not think it is just the key to your cock’s temporary freedom that will ensure you obey her,” she told him as his expression became quizzical.

“Wh-What do you mean?”

She was suddenly enigmatic and sphinx-like:

“You will find out soon enough… It is enough for now that you start considering Tapani as your boss.”

“But…”

“No *‘Buts’*. There are going to be changes and when I return from Goa with Asha I…”

“What?” he had exploded, winning himself another slap around the face before she took him by the ear –*him*, twice her size and age- and marched him as if he were the youngster and she the all-powerful adult into her en-suite bathroom.

She seated herself on the toilet and, to his horror, began unfastening his trousers.

“For god’s sakes, Samira,” he pleaded, knowing he was able by dint of superior strength to simply break free from her grasp at any time to simply leave and knowing also that he was incapable of doing any such thing; “you can’t be serious” Tapani is in the kitchen. She could hear me and come in. What would I…”

“Then I would advise you to keep your pathetic screaming to a minimum,” Samira said simply. “Now, you have asked for this and as I am not one to neglect my responsibilities I intend ensuring you receive it.”

Knowing her mind was made up and he would not change it, all rebellion left Vincennes and within seconds she had lowered his trousers and pants to his ankles to drape him across her nylon sheathed thighs; contact which would normally have guaranteed his cock became involved in a futile struggle against unyielding titanium.

“Move or scream out just once,” she told him, taking up her hairbrush from the shelf, “and I will call Tapani in to witness you being treated like the disobedient boy you are.”

Staring down at the smooth white buns awaiting her less than motherly attentions, Samira's smile was beatific; the joy she took in her ownership and torture of this handsome older adult all too evident in her expression.

That he was a handsome older adult and *English* making her perverse pleasure all the more potent.

"I shall be leaving for Goa with Asha soon to experience three-weeks with that magnificent cock you could not get enough of the other night."
The questioning look he had to crane his neck to make asked the obvious:

"You're going to let her fuck you, aren't you?"

"As many times as she can manage," she answered the unspoken question. "You have seen…" she corrected herself instantly, "…*felt*, that incredible cock inside you. Would you deny me the same pleasure; knowing that pitiful thing that belongs to you I now keep under lock and key, so useless is it to me, is incapable of providing a woman with satisfaction?"

She waited for a reaction and sneered at the buttocks staring up at her when one was not forthcoming from the cowed man she was about to spank, her contempt for her chattel almost as great as her delight in owning him.

"Is that what you want," she went on, "to be a selfish pig who insists she remains here in order for you to have her cock available for your own purposes – *ready-to-hand*, so to speak?"

Staring down at cold white floor-tiles, the *"Selfish pig"* felt sick.

Nothing worked for him.

Not pleading, not begging, not bribery or superior logic.

What his horse-faced bitch of a master wanted was what his horse-faced bitch of a master would get and he, Vincent Vincennes, one-time titan of commerce, had neither the courage or moral fibre to stand up to her and utter a simple: *"No"*.

Or at least a *"No"* he meant.

"Let us begin," came from above him.

Vincennes chewed his lip and steeled himself not to cry out.

Pleading, he knew, was hopeless and the volition necessary for him to simply get up and walk away had been proved on many occasions to be absent in its entirety. He had experienced the hairbrush before and she had indeed made him scream, so he knew it would not be easy not to vent forth; but the prospect of his cries bringing a curious Tapani to the scene girded his loins.

Handsome, middle-aged and successful, the former husband of a beautiful and highly regarded wife and the father of two equally beautiful children; Vincent Vincennes bit into his

lip more deeply and awaited the first blow of the hairbrush to be delivered by a young Indian girl who was only just out of childhood herself and…

The voice of Tapani brought him back to earth and –mercifully- cut off his reliving of the beating Samira had delivered to his backside. Cutting off also his recollection of the ridiculous pride he took at not crying out as the hairbrush of his master came down time and time again onto a tender arse that blushed deeper and deeper with every blow.
Cutting off also the memory of the snivelling wretch who was rolled from her lap to the tiled floor before being ordered to kiss both hairbrush and nylon encased feet by way of an apology for his atrocious behaviour.

"To begin with," she told him, as if she were granting him a huge favour, "I will allow you to practice on mine. I will not be best pleased if you do not do a good job but I would rather you make a mess of mine than Ms Samira's."

"You've reached rock-bottom," he told himself as he hauled his demoralised frame from the floor to follow the maid who was now his boss. *"You are about to be forced to polish the shoes of a girl young enough to be your…"*

"Hurry along now Vincent!" snapped the young girl's voice.

Thoughts of "Rock-bottom" and "Daughters" instantly disappearing, a docile man once known as Vincent Vincennes followed on the heels of Tapani Udyavara, a low-born teenage serving girl in her mid-teens, and entered the bedroom where it was intended he polish the shoes of someone who had been his servant not days before.

It would be the first but not the last time he did so.

*****

One week into Samira's absence with Asha and Vincent Vincennes found himself coming more and more under the sway of young Tapani.

"Kiss me," her order came down to him in the darkness. She had taken to sleeping in his bed while relegating him to the floor at its foot with a single blanket as covering. Another demotion in status.

This though, was a moment of truth and Vincennes was torn. To his disbelief he had found he was becoming attracted to the plain faced little serving girl – an incongruity the responsibility for which he regarded the device at his groin wholly responsible. Deprive a gourmand of food for a month, after all, and you can hardly blame him when he begs for a taste of even the most humble cuisine.

A metaphor describing his own condition perfectly.

"I don't think Ms Samira would like that very much," he reminded her as he heard the single cotton sheet covering her being peeled back from her naked young body and those stupendous tits he was now seeing more of on a daily basis.

"The mistress told me that as your boss I was free to use you in any way I chose."

She allowed a pause before going on, having not studied the way Samira managed the Englishman for nothing:

“Of course, if you do not wish to be let out of your confinement and be allowed to spurt your stuff, it is your choice.”

Another pause.

“But I will have to call the number Ms Samira gave me and tell her you would not do as I wished.”

A frisson of cold fear washed over him at a threat that would once have had him bent double with mirth.

Once.

“It… It’s not that I don’t want to, Ms Tapani,” he began, using the same honorific the serving girl used with Samira and insisted he use with her by way of pacification. “But… But…”

“Do not trouble yourself, Vincent,” she came in as if it was of no moment. “If you do not wish to do as I say I understand.”

At the foot of the bed, Vincennes wasn’t sure which was the greater: his relief or his disappointment. She had mentioned the possibility of releasing him from his cock-cage. And after so long he so *needed* to be released.

“If you will be so good as to fetch the phone to me I will call Ms Samira and explain the situation. Then we can get some sleep.”

The throwaway tone with which she said it went no way to lessening his terror for what she proposed and Vincennes immediately caved.

“There… There’s no need for that Ms Tapani,” he told her, cringing as he did so; even as his cock attempted to harden at the prospect of what his capitulation entailed.

“You will do as I say?”

He swallowed, raising himself to his knees to take in her undraped form bathed in the moonlight streaming in from the open window with its open curtains.

“Of course, Ms Tapani.”

“Good. Then you may kiss me. But only below the waist. What is above is not for the likes of you. Please me and I may let you work your little cock as you gaze upon my lovely young breasts. Disappoint me and the cage stays on.”

In a state of near rut and the pain such excitement necessarily involved for him as he swelling cock met the cold embrace of the titanium imprisoning it, Vincennes crawled upwards from the bottom of the bed until his head was between her legs, unable to resist placing a kiss on

the musculature of the girl's calf as he passed on his way a pussy he was seeing for the first time. A bald and entirely hairless slit that looked unsullied and pristine; as if untouched by either hand, penis or inanimate object. A thing, he could no more than admit, of beauty; despite the plainness of its owner's face.

Placing a gentle kiss at the centre of her slit, the aroma of her arousal pervading his nostrils and sending a fresh jolt of both excitement and pain to his thwarted penis, Vincennes was rewarded by a sigh from his young *"Boss"*.

"Worship me," she ordered, voice breathless, made raspy by anticipation of what he was about to do for her. "Then afterwards, when I am satisfied, you may tell me how grateful you are to have been awarded such a privilege and how much you value my guidance. I want to hear you say how important it is to you to please me and how badly you want me to take the key from my neck and give your cock a small taste of freedom before I return it to its captivity."

Amazingly, Vincennes found his own excitement heightened from being spoken to in such a way – and by such a person; a groan escaping his lips as he was reminded of the price such excitement could cost him.

"You may continue," she told him as he tried to come to terms with his confinement.

Resigning himself to his fate, Vincennes dipped his head lower and reached out to part her pussy lips with his fingers.

Only to be cuffed across the top of the head.

"No hands," she warned him. "Not until you prove yourself worthy."

Vincennes removed his fingers, folded his arms across his chest and rested upon them, ensuring he would not tempted to… *touch*.

"Continue," came the order.

Superfluously.

Needing no encouragement, Vincennes leaned forward and began to place gentle kisses on her labia before using his nose to part her slit and breathe in as much of her youthful scent as possible. The discomfort at his groin was near intolerable by now, but he couldn't prevent himself from continuing this humble and humbling duty as the aroma of her sex pervaded his every fibre and made him crave more; even as his craving caused him more distress.

"Yes," she moaned, any pain he may have been feeling of no importance to her; enraptured as she was at the sensation of a man's tongue lapping at her cunt for the first time. "That is good."

Vincennes flattened his tongue and took long sweeping licks at the sweet little pussy in front of him, for the first time wanting to please the young girl of his own accord rather than under threat of Samira; redoubling his efforts when he heard her gasp and felt her legs drape themselves across his back.

Sucking her clitoris into his mouth he swirled it around as if he were savouring a fine Claret; her hips rising up to meet his deferential and growingly reverent oral attentions as he became more and more intent upon satisfying her.
"Oh, my," he heard her exclaim, "you really do want to worship Ms Tapani. And yet it must be so humiliating for you."

Vincennes ignored the mockery masquerading as ersatz concern and continued, thrusting his tongue into the depths of her still budding womanhood, impervious to her taunts and wishing only to bring her to the crisis that she may reward him and satisfy the craving instilled in him by her own fragrant pussy. Praying she would then free him from his cage and allow him to find his own release.

"A man such as you," she continued with an effort of will, control hard to come by in competition with his persistent tongue as he made it as stiff as he could to stab it into the interior; attempting to nudge her clitoris with his nose and thus keep her at boiling point in the hope she might soon steam over; "so powerful and demanding. A respected man, used to having his orders obeyed; forced to put his tongue at the service of a girl he would not have spared a thought to before in the hope she might be pleased enough with his…"

She broke off as the crisis threatened to overwhelm her and ended her thought process with a rush; it taking a few moments before she gathered herself together enough to try and see it through again:

"…Pleased enough with his efforts to unlock his cage and give him permission to give his little cock some… releeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeease!!"

As her cry of completion shattered the silence of the still night air, Vincennes continued to lap at her as if his life depended upon it. The carrot of his release from the infernal device imprisoning his manhood and the promise of an orgasm of his own motivating his efforts to ensure her completion was of a kind she was unlikely to forget. His face was covered in the juices of her arousal by now and the flow of them seemed torrential and never-ending; encouraging him to think the young girl had no reason to be dissatisfied with his efforts.

With her thighs locked about his neck as he saw his task through to the end; Tapani threw back her head and howled into the night; the long, raven black hair she had untied and left loose billowing out over the pillows below as she savoured what she had dreamed of from her first day of employment upon seeing the way Samira had treated the older man.

Her hands had found their way into Vincennes own hair by now and it was all he could do to keep his mouth to her clitoris as she gripped the salt and pepper strands as if to pull his head into the cavern of her young womanhood.

Finally, with one last ear-piercing scream, her body went limp and she sagged back to the bed exhausted, legs sliding from Vincennes' back and coming to rest at his side as her head slumped back onto the pillow, leaving the man responsible for her pleasure still in position between her legs with his mouth resting upon her sex.

Exhausted himself, tongue sore from his exertions –despite regular usage between the legs of Samira and what she called his: *"pussy pleasing training"*- the pain and discomfort at his groin made Vincennes whimper.
Now that the understandable diversion of providing his new female supervisor with the pleasure she demanded had ended, all his thoughts were concentrated again on the sensations provided by the battle of penis against titanium.

It was a dilemma with only two solutions: switch to thoughts that would see his attempted erection subside, losing the heady eroticism of taste, smell, and touch inspiring it; or remain as he was and savour the sensations of sexual arousal – despite the agony such a continuance demanded from him.

The decision was made for him when he felt the girl slide her glorious bald pussy from his lips and settle herself higher upon the bed; back against the rattan headboard and lustrous black hair framing her face to make the features Vincennes considered so plain less unremarkable.

The expression upon that face as he stared up at her, still lying on his stomach at the foot of her bed, was unmistakable:

Pure, unadulterated and shameless, *triumph*.

The implication of it was not lost upon Vincennes even if it was diluted by the bland images he had decided to conjure to combat the arousal causing him so much pain.

He made to rise and was prevented as the sole of a brown foot found his neck and pushed his face back to the mattress, pinning him there with, it appeared, no intention of removing itself any time soon.

"I will be wanting that every night until Ms Samira returns," the childish and heavily accented voice of the girl told him.

Vincennes waited, pinned to the mattress in a position he could not have pictured, and certainly not have believed possible, not so long before.

Was it possible he could fall any lower?

In answer, he felt the pressure of her tiny brown foot pressing down upon him and amazingly, as the heat from her sole transferred itself to his neck, felt the erection he had only just willed flaccid return to give futile battle to the cage confining him.

"We have much to do before your mistress returns," Tapani told him, revelling in her new position of authority and growing in confidence as he acceded to her more and more.

In truth, she had not *totally* believed Samira when she had told her how easy she would find it to subdue and master the man who had been her master and employer and one she had initially viewed with a respect approaching awe. Though it was a view of him never likely to endure for long when she saw how demeaningly he allowed a girl not much older than herself to treat him and the effortless way she managed him. But that had been before and now her belief in her own capacity to manage him was total.

“When she returns I want you to make me proud,” she told him, rubbing the ball of her foot over his neck absentmindedly as if petting a devoted dog. “I want you to show her how serious you are about putting her first and that you have learned the domestic lessons I will have taught you well.”

Her words and his position on the bed together with the soothing caresses of her foot applied to his neck were having a strange effect on Vincennes; something he had sensed when placed in similar positions by Samira but *never* as powerfully. A montage of images showing those various *“Domestic lessons”* flashed past his eyes and he saw himself, Vincent Vincennes, leader of men and former lion of commerce as he made beds, did laundry, polished shoes and, incredibly, cleaned lavatories, under the supervision of his young and brown-skinned taskmaster.

As was Samira’s intent, Tapani was remaking the older man into a servant and not only was he accepting the perversion but a part of him, it seemed, was actively bidding it welcome.

Sensing something even more submissive and doglike in the man’s behaviour, the young Indian girl lowered her foot from his neck and used her toes to stroke his cheek from jawbone to nose. She had made him polish her shoes and seen how Samira made him worship her feet whenever she was displeased with him, but this was the first time she herself had been so bold. He may have just used his tongue to service her hairless little cunny, after all, but this was a more… more… *symbolic* reminder of his place in the new pecking order.

“You have my permission to kiss my foot if you wish,” Vincennes heard her say and a strange thrill coursed through him; the foot itself was bathed in a beam of moonlight as it stroked his cheek and he could see her slender young toes and the perfectly shaped nails in their bright vermilion nail varnish as they made tickling motions at the corner of his mouth.

“We will call it your way of showing me that you accept I am in control of you and that you do not intend to shame me in the eyes of Ms Samira when she returns by disregarding my lessons and lapsing back to your old ways.”

“Old ways?” Vincennes marvelled to himself, knowing that if he were to somehow manage to do that the lives of this gutter-born flunkey and her likeminded mistress would become even more of a nightmare than they had been before he came on to their radar.

And as for the aberration of nature whose cock he had been forced to…

Her voice forced his thoughts back to the present:

“There is a real possibility,” she was telling him, “that if you show me and my foot the respect ti deserves and I believe you to be sincere, that I will unlock your little cockle and allow you some pleasure. Would you like that?”

Toes at the corner of his mouth, his *“little cockle”*, as she had called it, attempting to reach it’s full length and failing dismally, Vincennes found himself nodding.
“It is not respectful to nod at a superior,” she scolded the older man. “Let me hear you say it.”

His voice when it came was little more than a croak:

“Y-Yes. I would like that.”

She tutted at this:

“Really Vincent, I was told you were of a privileged background and well-brought up. Is that how you ask a young lady for her favour? Do you not think you should be addressing me in a more respectful way? Have you understood nothing of what I have been trying to teach you?”

Ashamed to be spoken to in such a way but desperate to have the infernal cage off of him, if only temporarily, Vincennes complied:

“I’m sorry, Ms Tapani. I would be extremely grateful if you could…”

He found the words almost impossible to say.

“…If you could…”

With a spiteful little smile, she assisted him:

“If I would unlock your cock and let it out to play for a while? Is that what you are trying to ask for?”

“Yes,” he answered immediately; adding swiftly: “Ms Tapani.”

“And will you kneel in front of me and pull at your little cockle until it explodes?”

Suddenly he was beyond caring; only one thing in mind:

“Yes, Ms Tapani.”

“And what if I wanted you to fit your cock between my toes and thrust yourself off? Would you do that too?”

Eyes going to the exquisite brown toes and painted nails he knew there was only one answer:

“Yes, Ms Tapani.”

“Perhaps you would like to place it between my young Indian breasts and thrust against them until your useless old man seed spurted over my face. Would you enjoy that also?”

Looking upwards to the magnificent young breasts as they towered above him, so full their was barely a gap between them, even unsupported, nipples still hard; Vincennes conceded to himself that he was too far gone to consider the humiliation he would feel for his capitulation when he looked back on the way she had made him behave.

Again he replied swiftly:

“It would be an honour, Ms Tapani.”

Above him, Tapani remembered something Samira had suggested to her as a way of breaking the older man to her will more readily.

“What if I were to tell you that I expected you to lower yourself to your knees as I stood above you and hump my leg the way a lowly dog would hump the leg of his owner? What of that, *Mr Vincennes*?”

Surname and preceding honorific were almost spat and for some reason Vincennes’ cock strained against the titanium with even greater intent.

“My family were too poor to have pets, Mr Vincennes,” she went on, deciding to stick with the formal terms of address. “I always wanted a nice obedient doggy and was always told it was not possible. Would you do that for me, Mr Vincennes? Will you be my obedient little doggy who humps his owners leg before being put back into his cage for behaving so badly? Will you, Mr Vincennes?”

The breath had caught in his throat and Vincennes realised he wanted this abomination so much all other things paled into insignificance against it – temporarily at least. He knew the feeling of shame and mortification he would experience after the event if he were to behave in the way she suggested – and didn’t care. All he wanted right then was to feel his erection spring free and rest itself against the smooth brown skin of her lightly muscled calf and hump away at it until his pent-up seed erupted from the head to cover her thighs on its journey towards the ceiling.

“Will you do that for Tapani, Mr Vincennes?” she asked again. “Will you hump my leg like the dog you intend to become for me?”

Beyond words and barely aware he was about to do it, Vincennes tongue protruded from his mouth and –exactly the same way a dog would slather at the salty perspiration issuing from its owners skin- licked at the brown instep nearest it.

The sensation of his wet tongue against her foot and what it implied was almost too much for Tapani also and she knew he would not be returning to his place at the foot of her bed without placing his tongue at her disposal yet again.

And then again.

Perhaps.

It would be her decision and her decision alone and the self-empowerment to one such as she was addictive. That he was so much older than her and she could exercise so much control over him as thrilling to her as anything she had experienced or expected to experience in her young life thus far. It was also something she knew she would find hard to live without from now on if she were forced to do so.

“Of course,” she went on as continued to lick at her instep, exulting in her ability to play upon his need and lead him down avenues he would never previously have considered frequenting; the same avenues, she had to admit, as unknown and dark to her as they were to

him – even if she had been cast as his guide; “if you were to do that for me it would be difficult for me to see you as a man any longer. I hate to say it but I would lose a certain amount of respect for you.”

She paused to see the effect of her words on the man at her feet and could tell he was too far gone in his worship of her salty brown skin and the prospect of having his cock released from its confinement to pay too much attention to what she was saying.

“This,” she smiled to herself, was not a problem

It was, after all, amazing enough simply to be able to voice things of so depraved a nature in the presence of such a man.

That there would be no retribution coming her way was simply incredible!.

“You must be sure you really want to do this for me, because if you do,” she told him, “it is highly unlikely I will ever regard you as anything other than my faithful and obedient dog. So, if you are certain, you may continue to lick my foot in the way you are doing and then, when you are ready to have your cage removed and kneel before me to hump my leg, I want you to tell me by taking my toes into your mouth and sucking them until I am satisfied of your sincerity.”

Expecting some kind of thought process to take place before he –as she was convinced he would- acceded to her wishes, she was surprised when no such prevarication took place.

As young Tapani Udyavara watched the vermilion painted nails of her left foot disappear into the warm mouth of Vincent Vincennes, she congratulated herself for the good fortune that had seen her path cross with that of Ms Samira’s and, when Vincent Vincennes tongue found itself between her big toe and its colleague alongside, she vowed that upon her return from Goa she would make her employer and mentor happy and proud at what she had achieved with their white chattel.

When she felt even more of her foot enter the white man’s mouth she assured herself that what she had in mind as a gift for Ms Samira was not as far from fruition as she had thought.

PART FOUR

As his tongue probed the dank recesses of his own servant’s anus; the ever diminishing part of Vincent Vincennes’ mind remaining to him from his time as a mover of men and commerce mocked and abused the alter ego who now moved only at the behest of others.

And menials at that.

In his penthouse on the fringes of the Calcutta Racecourse, with views across to the Hooghly Bridge, Vincent Vincennes had been reduced to a servant of his servant in his own home and had allowed it to happen with a minimum of resistance.

How?

When, where and how had this need to abase himself at the feet of creatures so far below him driven him down to the depths he now occupied?

And what previously unsuspected perverse and elemental facet of nature had led him to take such base pleasure from the acts he allowed himself to endure?

All these questions raced through his head, even as his tongue fluttered and probed at the *"Shit-chute"* -as Samira described it- of his wife's maid and his new supervisor in the ways of domestic service. Naked upon the bed in the room that had once been his and Samira had *"re-allocated"* to the girl, he could look up past the girls pert buttocks as they undulated against his face and see the flawless brown skin of her back as she bent forward to maintain a hold on his imprisoned balls. The pain of a thwarted erection was something he lived with constantly now and hardly a ten-minute period went by, it seemed, without his denied cock attempting to test the strength of the titanium encasing it yet again.

"Go deeper, Vincent," the girlish tones instructed in their heavily accented English. "You know I like to feel your tongue is eager for the honour I show it. Remember, you are not the big man here any longer. I am the boss now when Ms Samira is not here and you and should be grateful for the opportunity to please me."

The simple expedient of talking down to this powerful white man who had once been her master was enough to make the young girl's excitement grow and she began to ground her posterior onto his face as she manipulated her clitoris with her index finger. She could feel her juices flowing out and down towards his chest and her legs held his head tightly as her orgasm came on and she let out a yell of sheer pleasure, completely unfazed at allowing herself such release in front of him.
When she had recovered, Tapani raised herself from his head and moved off him to lie face down upon the bed.

"Kiss Ms Tapani's bum while she recovers," she ordered, still amazed that she, a girl from a sneered upon background within which she had been seen as inferior by those sharing it with her and equally as sneered at by outsiders, could be ruling the life of such a man on a day-to-day basis and speaking to him with such disdain.
It was something along the lines of a miracle to her. But then, in the short time she had been here, she had learned much from Samira, the older girl who had made it all possible.

"Show me how much you appreciate being allowed to place your unworthy tongue inside my superior Indian shit-chute," she went on, sensing him adjust his position on the bed and closing her eyes as she felt his lips place gentle and reverent kisses on the cool brown skin of her arse.

"What would those same peasants who sneered at me when I lived amongst them think now, to see this powerful white beast, so many years my senior, worship me in such a humiliating fashion, simply because I ordered him to do so?"

The thought intoxicated her and brought to mind Samira's promise that – should she be pleased with what she found when she returned from her trip to Goa with her girly-boy – she

would insist Vincent take her, in the guise of chauffeur and servant – to her old village that she look down upon those same villagers who had seen her, Tapani Udyavara, as the lowest of the low.

This - not that she wasn't motivated enough to complete the task set her anyway – was all the incentive she needed to make sure the older Englishman met with her friend, mentor, and employer's favour when she finally returned.

When she felt the soft kisses upon her buttocks replaced by long sweeping licks of the man's tongue, without her having to order him to do so, she knew her progress in the endeavour was far advanced.

"That is right," she told him. "You are where you belong, tongue at the service of a superior little Indian girl."

She waited for a response of some kind.

There was none, save for that doglike tongue sweeping the length of her arse.

"You must answer when Ms Tapani speaks to you," she rebuked the older man.

"Yes, Ms Tapani," he answered in a voice shaky from not having been used for many minutes, his own sense of wonder that he could somehow have fallen so low as to allow himself to be used and abused in such a way no less obvious to the young girl benefiting from his descent despite the careful neutrality of his tone.

"Yes, what?"

There was a pause from behind her and the perverse young girl could sense him swallowing back yet more of the self-respect she and Samira – not to mention the glorious girl of Samira's who was *not* a girl and had a cock bigger than Vincennes' own – were in the process of eradicating.

Though not to the point of *complete* extinction, they hoped.

Were he not in possession of some small pride, at least, there would be no pleasure in bending him to their will.

Amused by her thoughts – not to mention amazed still, that she could be having them in regard of such a man - Tapani felt him move his mouth between her ass cheeks and seek out her anus.

It was a first - him penetrating her with his tongue *without* being ordered to do it and, coming so soon after she had forced him to worship her shit-chute. Reassuring her of the progress she had made with the man in so short a space of time.

In another world; Vincennes' tongue teased at the glorious young anus below him and licked around it gently before darting his tongue into the orifice itself; oblivious to the dank and earthy taste assailing his taste-buds, before removing it and covering as much of her

"shit-chute" as he could reach with big sloppy kisses; the agony of a restricted and urgent erection doing nothing to halt his ignominious feeding frenzy.

Tapani was in heaven!

Within seconds, his tongue was rimming her ass deeply and she was again compelled to slide a hand between her body and the mattress to manipulate her clit.

The explosion was not long in coming and she allowed her eyes to close as her head dropped to the pillow, the silence from behind her, she knew, charged with all the emotions wrought in the handsome older Englishman by the insistence of Samira, and now her own, on denial.

Vincennes, that is,

His voice when it came was pitiful and had absolutely no common ground with the thrusting man of commerce he had once been:

"M-Ms Tapani?"

"Hmmm?" she mumbled, knowing what was on his mind and loving the fact she was the one with the power to either gratify or deny.

"Ms Tapani, Could I… Could you…?"

Unseen to Vincennes, the girl's lip curled derisively; the tiny key on the chain encircling her slender throat adding yet another element of control to the power she already wielded over him and intended to intensify.
Her friend and mentor may be his owner, she reminded herself, but there was much pleasure to be had, she now knew, from being the second-in-command.

"What is it, Vincent?" she asked, all too aware the heavily accented and school-mistressy type use of his Christian name from the lips of one so young and ill-educated was guaranteed to make his spirit cringe.

She was also aware of what he wanted and, for the first time since the key to his cock-cage had been entrusted to her, was of a mind to indulge him.

At a cost.

To him.

"I… I… I was just wondering if…" his voice faltered at the debasing prospect of what he, a grown man, was about to ask for from a young Indian girl. "If you could… could…"

"Are you trying to ask me to release your little white cock so you may pull on it?" she finished for him, eyes still closed as she savoured the control she had gained over the handsome older man.
.
Shamefaced at hearing his manhood ridiculed in such a way from her lips, Vincennes nodded; only realising a second or so later that she was unable to see him doing it.

“Well?” she asked impatiently.

He cleared his voice and answered:

“Y-Yes, Ms Tapani.”

As she turned to face him; the beginnings of a smile that was at once satisfied and vicious began to form and was swiftly replaced by a look of puzzlement; as if, he suspected, the elevated menial below him were contemplating what she could do next to heighten his dishonour.

It was a suspicion in no way incorrect.

“I shall think about it, Vincent,” she told him, “but first I wish us to speak.”

His spirits sank. And not just at the accented English that was taking on the old-fashioned and stilted usage of her much revered *“Ms Tapani”*. It was the prospect of what he knew she would wish to speak about that pained him most; knowing as he did that it would be yet more abuse with which to besiege the defences of his already crumbling ego.

Not a prospect he welcomed.

The physical humiliation he found himself unable to prevent mind and body taking a perverse and addictive delight in was one thing.

Being forced to analyse and answer questions on the subject was a whole new dimension of gut sickening shame.

Even as he contemplated what she wanted, the young girl herself had slid out from under him and moved to the window and a high-backed wicker chair with a view across to the Hooghly and the structure connecting it to the river’s banks on either side. The sight of the firm brown body and impeccably smooth skin to which he had just paid homage as it sashayed away from him keeping his *need* levels high. It had been many weeks since he had been allowed release by the two young wardresses governing his life and the prospect one of them might be persuaded to grant him the pleasure sometime soon kept him extremely alert and very, *very*, obedient.

“Why?” the question screamed itself to that small area of his thoughts not focused solely on the body of his erstwhile servant and what he prayed it would do for him; questioning himself and his motivation for the zillionth time since he had allowed his unfathomable need for the low and base to govern his day-to-day.

It was question all the more baffling to him in regard of his newly appointed teenaged tormentor.

Unlike Samira, who was no looker but whose face held no shortage of character (character he would have kept continents away from him had he been blessed with foresight rather than its ineffectual older brother), Tapani was, simply put, *“Plain”*. Even the infusion of pleasure and self-importance won by her new responsibilities and power over him could not breathe

fascination into the lips, eyes and cheekbones of a peasant girl who was relishing the opportunity to punch way above her weight and standing in life. Though the fact she was aware of both her bad genes and low origins made the delight she took from being elevated to a position of control over one who took the opposite of her shortcomings for granted all the more precious and exquisite to her.

The above noted, he did have to admit that the body below her barely mentionable visage was equally as stunning as that of Samira's and went some way to answering his silent and oft framed questions to himself.

How?

Why?

Though her body and its appeal went no way at all to explaining why a man such as he would jettison a glorious life, with a wonderful and classy wife and two adorable children, to be treated worse than dog-shit in a luxurious apartment thousands of miles from his old life in one of the admittedly better areas of an Indian hellhole passing itself off as a city.

As he pondered it; the shapely brown legs and petite feet with immaculate nails - nails he himself had pedicured – seared across the bedroom to him to imprint themselves upon optical nerves made intensely alert to such sights.

The crossing of her legs, again, supplied a *"part answer"*, he told himself as his caged cock struggled against the bars containing it and his swollen and needy balls surged against the metal of the ring keeping them encircled.

But only a *"part answer"*.

The wife he had left behind to be here, after all, had hardly been wanting in the looks department; neither facially nor bodily.

So why was he responding to the allure of two brown-skinned peasants unable to match the mother of his children on any level?

"You think of your wife in England again," his servant, the girl he was being forced to serve, interrupted his thoughts, reading his expression instinctively and knowing, with a thrill of anticipation, that it would be something she could use in the tormenting of him yet again.

The word pleased her and Tapani smiled inwardly.

Tormenting this big powerful older man she increasingly regarded as a *"creature"* was a pleasure of which she would *never* tire.

"Ms Samira will be very angry when I tell her your thoughts are still with this woman from your former life," she told him; knowing with a calculation and low animal cunning beyond her teenage years that ill-feeling towards him from the young Indian girl who now ruled his life would unman him. Knowing also that her own reminder of the life of power, wealth, and self-determination he had left behind to become what could only be described as a flunky

would trigger the usual feelings of guilt and recrimination he experienced whenever that *'former life'* was mentioned.

"I… I…" he began, flustered, still unused to being placed on the backfoot by anybody; let alone one so young and facially and intellectually unprepossessing – glorious young body or not.

"You are not going to lie to Ms Tapani, are you Vincent?" she cut into his attempts to frame a response. "Ms Tapani would be most unhappy. She would have to explain to Ms Samira that her white servant has been disrespectful and thinks fond thoughts of others who have no place in his life any longer."

She saw him swallow with difficulty and revelled in the way she was effortlessly able to keep him on the back foot.

"Be truthful with me now and I will keep your disrespect between us," she offered.

He stared across at her from the bed where he knelt, naked still except for the infernal cock-cage in to which he had allowed himself to be locked; willpower weakened after having been brought to completion by the soles of Samira's glorious young feet.

Like her barely more experienced mistress; the little bitch seemed able to divine his thoughts simply from his expression.
And he, rather than simply tell her to mind her own business and assert himself in the home he owned, allowed her to feel she had a right to channel them along lines of her own choosing somehow.

Not for the first time by any means; he asked himself why he didn't simply kick her arse out of his home and become a man once more.
Though he did have to acknowledge that his interior dialogue on the subject was becoming more and more subdued.

This worried him most of all.

For back in the early days of their living together, he *had* tried to escape the confines of the sexual prison Samira had fashioned for him.

And more than just once.

Just because she had found the Achilles Heel of his sexuality, and he appeared to revel in the uses to which she put that knowledge, it did not mean he had to succumb to it in quite so overwhelming and degradingly a fashion, he had told himself, his usual outrage after one of her abuses of him, after his perverted response to it had cooled enough for him to think straight and see his humiliation unclouded.

In the first weeks of their… *courtship*… he told himself that he would not allow his new fascination for subservience to his inferiors to interfere with his life. It was an interlude – a perverted and degrading one, admittedly; but an interlude just the same. He was convinced that, once the novelty grew jaded, he would take the first flight back to England and resume

the life he loved in the embrace of his revered wife and adored children, confident his voluntary fall from grace had been no more than a temporary and one off aberration

Vincent Vincennes' presence in that room, being tormented and ruled by the servant of his wife, all that was required to gauge how successful his plans for future travel had been.

Kneeling on the bed still and staring across at the plain young Indian girl he wanted so badly, he recalled the first time he had attempted to throw off the shackles Samira had somehow fastened about him and return to the life waiting to be resumed in his own land.

The memory pained him.

Two days had been as long as he could stay away before delirious thoughts – both waking and sleeping – had sent him back to the young Indian peasant girl to prostrate himself at her shapely feet and apologise for failings that in no way had been his; a scene that found itself repeated a few times more but with less of a gap between angry exits and sheepish return. And each time he did return Samira took a greater measure of control over both his physical and metaphysical existence. His perverse need for the girl having reached a level of addiction he was unable to refute and even less able to come to terms with.
In short; Vincent Vincennes lived the life of a man shamed by his own existence.

A man whose addiction to that same existence ensured he was unable to end it.

He was, at one and the same time, he considered, the most sexually energised and the most abject man on the whole sub-continent.

"Answer me, Vincent. Or should I call Ms Samira and tell her how disrespectful you are to us both?"

Vincennes breath was coming at irregular intervals, the mixture of ridiculous fear he felt at being threatened by such a minion combining with the even more absurd sexual pleasure he took from having her manipulate him to render him near speechless.

"Y-Yes, Ms Tapani," he answered falteringly. "I admit I was thinking of my old life. I… I'm sorry."

The satisfaction evident on her plain face as he made the confession she had forced from his lips was unmistakable and he knew she was totally serious in her intent to *"prove as strict a master as Ms Samira"*.

"You were warned to think only of your situation here, I think," she said crossly, a petulant pouting of the lips betraying her age. "You must be reminded that you are no longer the big important man to whom people bow and scrape. That part of your life is gone forever. Your life is here now. With Ms Samira. The sooner you realise how fortunate you are to have found someone who knows you for the man you are and gives you the opportunity to fulfil your destiny the sooner you will start to become a more accomplished slave."

"Slave?"

Despite the foolishness of the girl's assertions, the word hit him like a sledgehammer.

Was that what he was, a slave? He had heard Samira use the word in respect of him, of course, but that had just been playful.

Hadn't it?

Slavery was a thing of the distant and corrupt past.

Even in this shit-heap of a city.

No, surely not, he reassured himself - even if his senses did seem in thrall to both Samira and her plain serving girl. It was sexual addiction, nothing more. Nothing happened here, demeaning and surprising to his pride as it was, that was not without his consent. Did these peasants *really* believe that he, Vincent Vincennes, would consent to *anything* if he did not wish to experience it?

As perverted and unnatural as that experience was.

Even now, despite all the evidence to the contrary, a reassuring inner voice still told him that he could leave and pick up his old life at any time of his choosing.

Though even he had to admit that *"reassuring inner voice"* did not speak with as much assurance as it once had.

Coming back to earth, he realised Tapani was laughing at him.
And not kindly.

"You think you still the big man after all," she observed, lip curling as she again divined his thoughts. "You tell yourself you can end it all anytime you wish and the poor little Indian girls go back to their shitty existence while you become Mr High-and-Mighty-White-Businessman again."

Her accompanying snort from those somewhat flared nostrils was derisory.

"Perhaps you think the wife welcome you with open arms and you pick up your life back in England where you left it."

The snort was now a mocking laugh.

"But you try it before and each time you come back with your tail between your legs and beg Ms Samira like dog to return. Am I not right? Ms Tapani has seen it too many times to believe you will ever find strength enough to leave. Ms Samira own your soul as well as your body just as if you an animal she take from street and lock her collar on."

Vincennes swallowed with difficulty, knowing her degrading words rang true even as he tried to persuade himself that one day his former self would kick back in and he would…

"Ms Samira is in your blood," she cut into his thoughts. "Without her in your life you have no life."

“That’s not…”

“Heel!”

That *word* from her lips took the words from his own mouth and his jaw hung slackly as he stared across at her, horrified and thrilled simultaneously, his mind going back to yet another of the *‘training sessions’* she had so loved giving him during Samira’s absence.

The young Indian girl’s plain features turned malicious and his horror, if not so the thrill, increased:

“*What* did I teach you to do whenever I say that word?” she snapped.

Vincennes cringed as he recalled:

“It is my gift to your master. She will be thrilled to see how much she is respected. That you adore being in her presence so much you would make life simpler for her by responding to commands of a single word rather than taxing her with long drawn out explanations of what she requires. I am working on a whole list of one word commands to give to her that she can use and you will obey instantly. Her life will be so much simpler and it will give me so much satisfaction to know I have been instrumental in making you so attentive to her needs.”
“Heel!!” came the command again, cutting into his less than fond reminiscence. “I shall not tell you again.”

The mixture of sheer, morale sapping, humiliation and despair Vincennes felt at that moment, when mixed with the shame and the pain of the cock attempting to harden in its prison as the brown skinned teenager ordered him to demean himself in the most dehumanising way, threatened to make him void his stomach of the meagre rations it had received thus far that day. Errant thoughts, the same thoughts that would ensure Ms Tapani’s dissatisfaction with him multiplied, wandering to Marianne and how she would react to see him clamber off the bed so abjectly. What would she say to see his white middle-aged body, penis imprisoned in a cage and exposed to the eyes of a genetically, intellectually and physically inferior little brown girl? A girl less than half his age who was commanding him with an ease even greater than the ease with which he had so effortlessly commanded the attention of others.

On shaky legs he moved towards the naked brown girl who was sat so insouciantly in her high-backed chair before the vista to be seen beyond the bedroom windows.

“Are you trying to anger me?” she said, voice cold.

For a second he was nonplussed, thoughts flying back and forth desperately and ludicrously, a handsome, older and powerful man being directed by a teenage Indian girl as if he were of no more account than a canine and, to his amazement, with a restrained cock that was still trying to reach its full dimensions.

Despite the agony the engorgement caused.

Remembering what she wanted from him; he dropped to his knees and moved onto all fours, eyes lowered as he, Vincent Vincennes, mover of men and titan of commerce, crawled

towards the swinging brown foot of a girl young enough to be his daughter and his social and intellectual inferior.

“Good boy, Vincent.”

The girlish and heavily accented compliment that should have had him at her throat served only to increase the discomfort at his groin as he crawled to the feet of his young mistress and placed his lips on the vermilion painted nails he had laboured over not hours before.

He also recalled the mantra she had taught him:

“How may Vincent serve you, Ms Tapani.”
A tiny brown hand reached out and ruffled his head of full and greying hair, a pleased owner rewarding the pet she had just shown a new trick – albeit with a large stick.

“You please me, Vincent,” she told him in a sing-song voice that was in direct contradiction of the perversity of the situation into which she had placed him, her pleasure at his obedience genuine; even if she had nothing but contempt for this handsome older Englishman who had everything except the mental strength required to keep it.
For though his servitude to Samira, and the opportunities it supplied for her to experience something of the same, set her pulses racing, the young Indian girl could feel nothing but contempt for any man who allowed himself to be treated in such a fashion.

In her opinion, he deserved everything Samira and she intended for him.

And she was resolute in her determination to ensure he received it.

“Tell me, Vincent,” she said as he continued to place kisses on her toes the way she had taught him, knowing he was not to stop until instructed, “would you like me to release you from your cock-prison?”

The older man’s head sprang up; not sure he had heard correctly.

“I do not believe I gave you permission to stop what you were doing,” she told him sternly, gratified when her returned his lips to her foot and began to place soft, feather-light, kisses on her toes, the nose brushing her instep, she knew, unable to do anything else but breathe in the smell of a foot made sweaty by the heat of the day.

It was just too adorable.

“Well?” she asked. “Would you like Ms Tapani to do that for you?”

His reply was instant and needy:

“Yes, Ms Tapani,” he breathed between kisses, not raising his head.

“Is that all?”

The kisses continued as he thought about it.

“I would be forever in Ms Tapani’s debt if she consented to reward me in such a fashion,” he gushed, servility genuine, so great was his need for release.

“Then you would be prepared to save Ms Tapani an unwanted chore were she to unlock your pitiful white cock. Am I correct?”

The ridicule of his cock was made unimportant by the strength of his need and Vincennes response was instant:
“Yes, Ms Tapani. Anything Ms Tapani wants.”

Sat above him, totally naked, legs crossed and with his lips slathering over her toes, the young Indian girl felt herself approach boiling point for the third time in less than an hour. Samira was going to be delighted with the progress she had made with their peon. It was exactly as her young mistress and mentor had said. Truly, there could be no greater pleasure than reducing one such as he to the abject and grovelling facsimile of a man he was fast becoming.

And reducing him to it made what Samira had in mind for his long-term future all the more achievable.

“Please, Ms Tapani,” he begged, too far gone with need to care about how pitiful he sounded.

“I have the key at my neck,” she told him. “It is right here, ready to unlock you and let your little white penis have some freedom.”

“Please, Ms Tapani!”

“But,” she went on, “I have something I need to do and if I have to rise from my chair and go to do it my generous mood towards you may vanish and I might not be so reasonable towards letting you free.”

“Anything, Ms Tapani,” he begged, lips adoring her toes with even more fervour, unconcerned at how unmanly he sounded. “Anything. Please let me help you.”

“I am not sure,” she teased. “If I ask you to do this and you refuse I will be angry with you. And you have been such a good boy I do not wish to have such feelings of anger towards you.”

“I won’t refuse, Ms Tapani,” he cried, sounding for all the world like a little boy begging for preference from a parent or teacher.”

“Very well, my obedient little doggy,” she said, rising from her chair to stand above him, slim but shapely legs rising to a perfectly hairless pussy, overlooked by pert breasts with bullet-like nipples that betrayed her arousal for the situation in which she had him and her readiness to be satisfied once more - despite his earlier efforts.

Looking up from her toes, still on all fours, he saw her fingering the key to his cage as it hung from a slender chain about her neck and his eyes took on a hopeful quality.

Hope that was about to become horror.

“Remember that first time,” she asked, “when I allowed you out of your cage and gave you permission to rub your little cockle against the outside of my leg until you spurted your useless white cream?”

Vincennes nodded and she gave him a *look*.

“Yes, Ms Tapani,” he answered, voice faltering but respectful.

“Would you like me to give you permission to do it again?”

His lips went dry as he recalled her releasing his cock and the sheer cringing humiliation of kneeling before her in the way of a dog on its hind legs and being made to hump her calf; rampant manhood rasping against the black nylon of her pantyhose as he exploded over her leg in no more than a few overheated strokes.

Given his recent deprival, it was an experience he desperately wanted to experience again – no matter how demeaning it was to him and how low he fell in the girl’s eyes.

“Please, Ms Tapani,” he begged.

“Really?” she professed amazement. “You would like to hump my leg like a dog?”

Through rising shame he again answered in the affirmative.

“You would beg for this despite the fact it would make you less than a man in my eyes?”

His hesitation lasted no more than a split second:

“Yes, Ms Tapani.”

“And what if I wanted you to show Ms Samira and Ms Asha how Ms Samira’s pet Englishman made love to Ms Tapani when she returned?”

The prospect cut into him as if it were a knife – despite the humiliations he had already suffered; but he was too far gone in his sexual need to care at that point.

“Would you perform like the obedient animal I am training you to be?”

Something in the way she said it as her naked body with its hairless pussy towered above him set his senses afire and again a small voice queried where his need for such treatment originated. His whole being was alive with need for the young girl who was beginning to rule his world with as much authority as her slightly older mentor and he knew he was losing more and more of himself every time he caved in before one of her demands.

His response truly was, as she had pointed out, that of an animal.

“Yes, Ms Tapani.”

She gazed down at him thoughtfully, plain face made no more remarkable for the sudden intent written across it.

“Then you will perform a favour for Ms Tapani before doing so?” she asked.

Again he answered in the affirmative, cock pulsing against the metal of his confinement with as much urgency as he could remember and increasing the levels of pain he was feeling.

“Very well, Vincent,” she told him, the curl of her lip derisory. “Then, before I unlock you and allow you to work your little cockle against the outside of my leg, you will place your open lips against Ms Tapani’s superior Indian cunt and save her the inconvenience of going to the bathroom.”

The hope he had felt not moments earlier transformed itself upon his features as horror. Even Samira had not asked him to perform such an abominable act – though she had threatened it. And now he, Vincent Vincennes, titan of industry and man amongst men, was being told that if he wished to gain the reward of humping a peasant girl’s leg he was to allow her to vacate her bladder into his servile mouth.

“M-Ms Tapani,” he began, cock still perversely hard and need harder, “you… you wouldn’t really expect me to do that, would you?”

The hardening of her plain features was all the answer he needed but she supplied a verbal confirmation just the same:

“So you were lying to Ms Tapani when you…

“No!” he cried with desperation, sensing his opportunity for release was about to be withdrawn. “I wasn’t trying to…”

“Do not interrupt,” she snapped, and like the well-heeled dog she was making him over into, he obeyed and fell silent, eyes staring up at her pleadingly.

“I told you I would be angry if you refused what I asked of you after giving your word you do as I wished. So I shall give you one final chance to show me you mean what you say. Just because you are a pitiful excuse for a man it does not mean you will be allowed to shirk the commitments you make to your superiors.”

Vincennes was unmanned. As always –with either Samira or, now, Tapani- he knew the argument being presented to him was nonsensical, beyond puerile even. So why was he unable to refute it?

The agony and the need for ecstasy at his groin was probably answer enough a sarcastic inner voice told him, before another suggested he was surely a better man than this; to have been brought so low by such vermin like creatures he could even contemplate the heinous act of drinking another person’s piss simply in order to place his neglected and imprisoned cock against her, admittedly shapely, leg and hump away as if he were no more than the lowest of animals himself.

It was voice whose sway over his actions had become negligible.

In another voice the employees and business acquaintances of his former existence would not have connected to the strong, suave and persuasive voice of the man who had both run their day-to-day and made them millions, Vincennes told her:
“I… I’m sorry, Ms Tapani,” he began.

“Speak up, Vincent,” she ordered, loving every millisecond of the older Englishman’s discomfort she had contrived to bring about and been so successful in achieving.

“Wh-What I mean to say is…” he faltered, not quite believing he was about to say it, cock as hard as any man’s cock could be surrounded by metal bars. “What I mean to say is that I… that I…”

“Yes,” she snapped.

“That I will, hmm, be… be honoured to… to…”

Unable to force it past his lips; his eyes pleaded with the young girl who was controlling him so easily for help.

“Are you saying you wish to accept Ms Tapani’s pure Indian piss into your unworthy English mouth and save her the trouble of having to use the bathroom?”

He swallowed back a wad of bile so huge he was convinced it would be visible form his homeland and nodded; catching her look of admonishment and quickly adding:

“Yes, Ms Tapani.”

A smile lit up the plain face and she reached out and ruffled his hair as if he truly were a pet animal and not a handsome and affluent middle-aged man in his prime with knowledge and experience she would neither know or acquire should she live to be two-thousand.

“Good boy,” she cooed, words made all the more soul destroying for being delivered in the sing-song accent he was fast coming to hate – even as her responded to its dictates. “We are making good progress. I cannot wait to see Ms Samira’s face when I tell her you wish to serve us as our toilet-boy.”

His face must have been a picture and he could see the amusement in her own.

“Toilet-Boy?”

Surely she wasn’t serio…?

“She will be thrilled that you have finally put away all your pretences about the life you once had and are willing to commit yourself to being the devoted servant she has always known you have it in you to become.”

It was the kind of horse-shit nobody in their right minds would have dared utter in his presence at one time and –had they possessed the stupidity as well as the temerity- he would

have torn to pieces before consigning the half-wit uttering it to the waste-disposal of whatever company or profession to which he or she belonged.

Would have.

The Vincent Vincennes of then was something utterly unrecognisable from the current incarnation.

“Are you not thrilled to have not just one superior Indian goddess, but three to serve?” the half-wit above in temporary charge of him asked.

Adding, by way a reminder of the hold they had over him that was not based solely on his sexual need:
“And one of them with a beautiful thick cock for you to place in your mouth when she is gracious enough to grant you permission. The same cock we have on the dvd as it penetrated your ass, the balls of which you begged to be able to lick the sweat from afterwards.”

It was just the merest flick of the whip, intended to prevent any second thoughts in regard of the action he was expected to take and he recalled Samira’s words after she had filmed his violation by the young and hung shemale:

“There, now you can tell yourself that you only submit to me because you wish to save your ex-wife and children the trauma of seeing *‘daddy’* doing despicable things to an underage boy/girl.”

The smile she had given him had been full of contempt for a creature she now considered she owned.

“But we know the truth, do we not, Vincent?”

She had taken a handful of his hair as he had knelt before her in abject supplication, will to resist sapped and unmanned by the shame of his actions, and pulled him into her crotch, nose resting against the damp gusset of her pantyhose beneath which she wore no panties.

“There, Vincent,” she sang as he began to take in her scent through his nostrils. “You have found your true home. What you smell is the smell of your master. You can no more resist it than night can resist day and vice-versa. You have been hardwired to become the possession of this little Indian girl you would once not have given a second look let alone a thought. And, just in case you did manage to find enough pride in that pathetic soul of yours to attempt to leave, our little video and the fact it will be sent to all who know you including your sainted Marianne and the brats you sired should make you think again.”

Vincennes ruminations were interrupted as he felt Tapani’s hands at the back of his head and his mouth forced into contact with the smooth lips of the pussy about to defile him.

“Open wide, like a good boy now,” she urged him. “I know it is your first time but I do not wish you to insult my superior Indian piss by spilling any. Understand?”

Mouth pressed to her cunt he could only grunt.

“As wide as you can and press your lips over it,” she urged, as if for all the world she were a teacher and he a pupil. “And do remember to swallow. Here it comes.”

The first spurt took him by surprise, despite her warning, and he gagged a little but without a spillage.

Then it became a torrent and suddenly he was gulping back floods of warm Indian urine for all he was worth, thoughts a maelstrom of humiliation as his descent took an even sharper decline and he slithered even lower in his own estimation.
What had once defined him as a man –a human being- had been systematically destroyed and the fact he had been instrumental in his own dismantling offered no consolation of any kind. He was in a land he detested, in a city he loathed, drinking the warm piss of an Indian teenager previously considered a peasant by peasants.

It was not until Tapani’s flow stopped and he sucked in air that the taste of what she had forced into his mouth really hit him.

His face contorted with involuntary distaste.

“I hope you are not saying the taste of Ms Tapani’s urine does not meet with your approval,” came the warning.

It was ludicrous. Incredible. Unbelievable.

How did this imbecile girl expect her piss to taste to him?

Despite his thoughts and anxious for the release he had been promised, Vincennes forced his expression to something like normal.

“No, Ms Tapani,” he told her, rebuttal as ridiculous to make as her assertion had been ludicrous to hear. “It is just that it is a taste new to me.”

“Then you liked it?”

“Yes,” he said instantly, playing the game for all it was worth now release was imminent. “Thank you for honouring me in such a way, Ms Tapani.”

The plain face above the kneeling ex-titan beamed with pleasure for having wrung such a shaming admission from such a man. An admission, she knew, all the more painful for him to make for not being truthful. It was obvious he had taken no pleasure from being forced to swallow her urine –how could he- and only the considerable carrot of the young jailer of his penis allowing him the release he had been denied for what seemed so long ensured he went through with the demeaning act.

Again, her tiny brown hand reached out to ruffle his hair.

Affectionately, it almost seemed.

Almost.

The palm of her hand stroked the side of his face and, before he knew what he was doing, and with an unmanning thrill of horror for doing so voluntarily, he turned his head into her caress to lave the hand stroking him with his tongue.

Exactly as if he were the little Indian girl's pet pooch.

He heard her giggle as the symbolism inherent in what he was doing instantly transmitted itself to her.
"Oh, Vincent," she gushed, amazed at the frequency with which she could become aroused simply by dint of the control she exercised over the Englishman. "What a good boy you are becoming."

Her words, patronising as they were from the lips of a sixteen-year-old girl towards a man of his age and former accomplishments, inflamed his senses further. The licking of her hand became kissing and soon he was moving up towards to her elbow to place soft and reverent kisses upon the soft brown skin of her forearm.

"Good boy," she cooed, instinctively realising the effect the word had upon him and moving to take full advantage of the discovery to bind him to her even more fully. The little Indian girl was in a heaven once considered so preposterous as to be beyond even the reach of fantasy. If only the people of her village could see her now.

The desire triggered a memory of Ms Samira's promise to have their servant chauffeur her back to that village to show off her new status and, through the delicious tremors his submission to her inspired and travelled her spine even as she pondered the possibility, she reminded herself to nudge her young employer's memory on the subject when she had returned from Goa.

For now, though, she had a servant of her own to reward.

It had occurred to her to deny the man his release until Ms Samira's return. But she was devious enough to understand that stick minus carrot would not show results for long. Her older white charge needed to be sure that there would be a reward for the delivery of suitably abject servility, otherwise, she told herself, his motivation would dip.

As her hand extricated itself from the kisses he was planting on her arm and went to the necklace with accompanying key hanging from her neck, his eyes rose to meet hers and she could see written in them all the pent-up desire his confinement ensured.

Seating herself once again, she told him to stand and move to a position in front of her.

The speed of his response did not surprise her.

Removing the necklace and retrieving the key, she could see the man was actually shaking, so great was his need and anticipation of having it met.

Heaven was an understatement, she corrected her early thoughts as the once powerful man quivered before her. There was simply no word she knew of to describe what she was feeling at that moment. The plain was lording it over the handsome; the young over the old; and the uneducated over the academically gifted and intelligent.

"The meek shall indeed inherit the world," her thoughts exulted, cupping his scrotum in her tiny hand and inserting the similarly tiny key into the padlock securing the ring of metal that encircled it.

The gasp of sheer pleasure and relief as the ring clicked open and the metal bars restraining his manhood slid free of his sheath was not a surprise to her.

"Aaaaaaaaaaaaah."

"Is that all you have to say?" she asked, wishing to associate what was to be a short-lived freedom with his restraint with her largesse and thus increase his dependency upon her.

She could see him thinking furiously as the blood rushed to his cock and allowed full expansion.

"Should you not be thanking Ms Tapani for being so kind to you?"

Still coming to terms with the sensation of his penis being able to enlarge without coming into agonising contact with metal, Vincennes was having trouble collecting his thoughts.

Though her next words went some way towards helping:

"Or would you rather I lock your little cockle away again."

"N-No! You can't!" he blurted out.

Her eyes hardened.

"I mean… Please, Ms Tapani. Thank you so much for your kindness."

The young girl's laughter was all internal as her expression remained stern. She could see the effort his obsequiousness towards her cost him and marvelled at the progress she had made with the man. Truly, she congratulated herself, there was nothing this man could not be made to endure simply for the reward of being in the presence of Ms Samira and, now, her.

Unmanned by the continued sternness of her expression and terrified his release from the infernal contraption he hated would be cut short, he fell to his knees before her and took a brown foot in his hand to smother the painted nails of its toes with kisses.

Tapani's breath caught in her throat at this evidence of his submission to her.

Normally she had to order such homage.
Yet here he was, without prompting, debasing himself at her little foot simply to keep her happy enough with her servant to allow him some time free from his cock restraint.

She allowed him to continue, then:

"Taste it, Vincent."

He looked up, startled, unsure of her meaning.
“Lick my foot, Vincent. Taste the saltiness of the day’s sweat upon them and show me you respect Ms Tapani enough to relish the honour she bestows upon you.”

Even as a small voice in Vincent Vincennes mind ridiculed the anachronistic usage and ludicrous intent of her words a larger and growingly more powerful voice was telling him to submit and do as she said. The foot in his hand *was* worthy of reverence, after all – even if the face and mind above it was not. *“Give in to it, Vincent,”* that voice told him. *“It is your destiny and you cannot fight it.”*

Though later he would tell himself it had only been his need for sexual release that had triggered such a craven fall, it would be a denial he would find unsustainable in the face of the indignities he was to undergo on a daily basis.

For now, though, all he knew was that he had please the girl enough for her to once again ruffle his hair.

His spirits sank, however, when she rose form the chair and stepped away from him.

Her laughter as she took in his crestfallen expression was almost musical.

Almost.

“Do not worry, Vincent. You have been a good boy and Ms Tapani is going to reward you. You must keep this in mind as we go forward,” she said after the fashion of a schoolteacher bestowing a pep talk on a juvenile charge. “Ms Tapani will always reward obedient and respectful behaviour.”

Turning from him, still finding it a little difficult to believe she could be addressing such a man in such a way, she moved to a dressing-table and removed a single black stocking from its top drawer.

When she turned back his eyes were fit to explode from their sockets.

“I know you like the feel of nylon on your little cockle,” she told him, drawing the sheer black fabric over a somewhat muscular, but still shapely, young leg, “and, as you have been such a good dog-boy for Ms Tapani, I am going to allow you to hump my stockinged calf until your useless white cream explodes over it.”

She waited for her words to sink in, knowing that the mortification he felt for the way she intended to allow him release had no way of competing with the prospect of release itself.

As his *“little cockle”*, as she called it, rose and expanded to its full-length and girth she said the magic word:

“Heel!”

*****

The picture waiting to greet the young Indian girl on her return was as pleasing to her as any she could remember seeing.

This included the cock of Asha, her boy/girl. Not even her creature's beautiful, sleek and willing tool as it jutted towards her, the shemale waiting impatiently to be allowed to place it inside her and take his/her brown mistress to paradise compared. Nor, even, the natural beauty of Goa and the experiences she, a lowly waitress, had been able to take from it on the money of her older white chattel could match the sight waiting to greet her as a beaming and proud Tapani opened the apartment door to her and she entered.

There, in the centre of the hallway, kneeling with shaven head lowered, was the handsome white beast she owned as much as if she were the daughter of a Rani from the seventeenth century and he an unfortunate European fallen into hostile Indian hands, only to find his life had been given in its entirety to a young girl who could dispose of it as she wished.

"Welcome home, Ms Samira," Tapani greeted her. "It has not been the same without you."

Samira's eyes flickered mischievously to the man kneeling on the hallway floor, still yet to raise his head:

"It would appear you have found things with which to occupy yourself with while I have been away."

The two girls shared conspiratorial smirks.

"Should I send your servant to fetch the luggage from the taxi?" Tapani asked.

Samira shook her head and leaned in to kiss her employee and confidante; fondness for the girl evident in her smile and returned with equal fervour.

"Asha is supervising the driver as we speak," she said.

Dressed in a business style outfit belying the fact she was returning from holiday and not the office, knowing how the sight of her in a skirt, pantyhose and heels reacted upon him, she pecked her way across the terracotta tiles of the hallway to stand before him.

Still, he made no attempt to raise his eyes and look at he, though she knew he was dying inside to welcome back the girl who had secured a padlock around both his heart and his cock and Samira threw a beaming and proud Tapani a look of congratulation.

He was knelt before her in abject fashion wearing what could only be described as the tradition clothing of a servant: crisp white shirt, buttoned to the collar, razor-creased black trousers without pockets and highly polished black, lace-up, shoes.

The outfit appealed to her and she threw Tapani another glance intended to let her know she approved of her choice of uniform for their flunky before turning her attention to the man she had enslaved.

In truth, she was nowhere near as dismissive of him in her head as she was to the man on the surface. In fact, whenever she saw him a great sense of well-being surged up in her. That,

she, Samira Natarajan, of humble birth and even humbler features, could have placed such a beast under her control was as intoxicating to her now as it had been when she first realised the unnatural passion he was developing towards her and what she needed to do in order to maintain it. Her feelings towards him were a mixture of pride and self-congratulation for having the force of personality required to bind him to her will and keep him there.

But there was more to it than just that.

Though she would never permit his white cock anywhere near her womanhood and took massive pleasure from using Asha's ahead of it and allowing the shemale to use that same cock on his once virgin English arse; the pleasure she took from the shemale's lovemaking could *never* come close to matching the heights she reached by simply giving the once powerful man who was now her subject a command –no matter how demeaning- and have it obeyed.

It was true power and –exactly as the even younger Tapani had discovered- was a perverse and euphoric delight no pleasuring from a cock could match.

No matter who owned that cock and how well they used it.

"Why does he not kiss his master's feet to show her how grateful he is to have her back in his life?" she asked Tapani, already up to speed with the reason but using it as simply another way to cause him anguish and give herself pleasure.

"Apologies, Ms Samira," Tapani offered, struggling to keep a straight face at the game they had devised to torment their captive further. "It is his training."

"His training?" Samira asked with a wink.

"Yes. I thought it would be a good idea and would save you a lot of effort if he were to be taught to respond to single word commands for the more basic duties, rather than have you tire yourself having to forever go into detail."

Samira was on the verge of laughter herself now. The situation she had engineered was not just unbelievable but delicious. There he was, Vincent Vincennes, a man whose reputation had instilled fear in other men of power, cowering before her in the most abject and docile fashion as he waited for a one-word command from her before being able to act.

How could the efforts of a mere cock –no matter how great its size and how well-used- compare with such exquisite perversity.

"The word for this particular service is…"
Playing the game as they had agreed, Tapani stepped forward and whispered in Samira's ear.

Samira's accompanying giggle was derisory and intended to intensify the feelings of hopelessness and humiliation her white-slave was experiencing to a heightened degree already.

On his knees, Vincent Vincennes kept his eyes fixed upon the terracotta floor tiles –though not so fixedly he could not drink in the sight of his Indian owner's exquisite feet in the expensive shoes his money had bought.

The sight almost made him swoon, so conditioned was he becoming in his newly formed sexual prompts.

She was wearing black strappy patent heels with an open toe, feet and toenails painted the deepest of reds and a stunning contrast to the dark nylon covering them and the shiny black surface of the shoe itself. The high arches of her exquisitely formed feet were accentuated to perfection by the shape of her footwear and it was all he could do not to throw himself at them and smother them in the most cur-like of kisses; so badly had he missed contact with them in her absence – despite the availability of the plain young girl in whose care he had been left in whose feet he was coming to possess an almost equal addiction.

Almost.

Dulled and beaten as his spirit was, Vincennes intelligence remained undimmed –if of little use to him in his current situation- and he could do no more than acknowledge the obvious fact that he had been the recipient of a sexual re-wiring Pavlovian in both its intent and ultimate success.

That the ill-educated young Indian girl and her even younger and still more badly educated employee and protege who had implemented the process were totally oblivious of Pavlov and his existence -let alone his field of excellence- made the efficacy of their efforts to domesticate his responses no less successful.

Why else would he be where he was, in the position he was in, and thinking the thoughts he was thinking?

"Heel!"

As if to highlight his own thoughts and give evidence as to their rightness; the word banished all other considerations and, as if on auto-pilot, he lowered his head to the feet of his owner and began to plant reverent kisses on the insteps of both, the feel of her slightly moist pantyhose rasping against his lips deepening the urge to abase himself before her and making his attentions almost dog-like in their fervour as his penis threatened to damage itself against the confines of its cage.

"What a good boy you are becoming, Vincent," he heard from above him as she reached down to pat the shiny and completely smooth surface of his scalp.

The same scalp that had once hosted a head of hair that would have been the pride and joy of many a man and had certainly been Vincent Vincennes'; the same hair he was not allowed to grow and would suffer if he permitted even a stubble to impede the progress of patronising brown hand over denuded scalp.

"How may Vincent be of service Ms Samira," he grovelled in the way he had been taught between kisses.

Above him, had he been able to see, the unprepossessing face of the young Indian girl he been trained to serve was ecstatic.

“You are to be congratulated, Tapani,” he heard Samira say. “I knew you were more than capable of showing him what is to be expected if he wishes to be a part of my life from now on, but you have surpassed my expectations. He is much more acceptable to me now and I know Asha will be thrilled with the progress you have made with him. It will make it all the more delicious for her when she commands him to suck her full balls and ready her to fill me.”

From the corridor the sound of the lift arriving caught her attention and his hackles rose with his trepidation. There was a hiss as the doors opened and another as they closed. A second or two later the sound of high-heels clacking upon tile could be heard making their way toward the part open front-door.

“There she is now, if I am not mistaken.”

Despite his *“conditioning”* Vincennes cringed at what the shemale’s arrival meant.

Above him there were no such reservations:

“She can sample his new attitude now…”

*****

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

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

It made no difference that with his shaved head and dressed as he was in the formal black garb of a chauffeur to wait for Ms Samira outside the upmarket restaurant in which she dined, he was almost unrecognisable from the man he was. The thought that someone, anyone, might see him and remember him from the days when his own chauffeur waited for him as he dined made him edgy and nervous. The fact they were in the centre of Kolkata and what passed for its upmarket shopping and dining area made no difference. He had been a continent hopping powerhouse of a business man, well-known to the media.
It was not old associates alone who might recognise him.

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

It had been an excursion he found easier to bear than driving Samira –*Ms Samira*- to an upmarket purveyor of haute cuisine and wait outside as she entertained, or was entertained,

by a person or people unknown. At the shit-heap of a village from which Tapani had managed to escape, at least he had no need to worry on such a score. Even as a chauffeur his standing was so far above the wretches he observed there he was in no danger of being recognised or, if he was, abused for his former position and, strangely enough, he had enjoyed seeing Tapani find closure as those same wretches who had made her life such a living hell fawned and kow-towed to her as if she were the living embodiment of subcontinent aristocracy.

But this was different.

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

And, of course, watching people go about the life he himself had once had –if at a more elevated level than those passing-by- he was forced onto his own thoughts. Yet another factor contributing to his edginess and discomfort. Hardly surprising, after all, that left to his own devices he would start to ruminate on, and marvel at, the events that had led him to his current position.

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

From directing the lives of others –and amongst them people of no small wealth, power and ability themselves- his life now was one of service; at all times of day or night he was available to the three –make that two-and-a-half- women with whom he shared the apartment; though Samira was the main focus for them all.
His day alternated between domestic and sexual service and the way he was expected to deliver that service was both rigid and ritualised and his training in the delivery of it overseen by the growingly confident Tapani who now saw him as less of a man and more of a functional animal for whom she had responsibility and control over – even if his dehumanisation in the young Indian girl's eyes did nothing to prevent her enjoyment at receiving his dog-like tongue in her pussy or, more often, shit-chute.

And she was not alone.

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

The sun blazing down upon him as he stood in that busy street and waited became all the more stifling as he dwelt on the indignities of having to serve such a creature.

And then there was Samira.

Ms Samira.

Despite his self-loathing for what he had allowed himself to become, Vincennes knew the instigator of his fall was a virus in his system no firewalls or updates cold ever have either protected him from or eradicated from his mindset. When he was on his knees before that glorious pussy after having paid requisite attention to the exquisite lower extremities that had been the origin of his downfall, or losing himself in the magnificent eyes that did so much to mitigate the unprepossessing features of the face itself, he could not shake the suspicion that he was exactly where fate had intended him to be from the beginning. It was a suspicion that grew stronger every time he prostrated his body and soul before her.

And, strangely, it was a suspicion and an acknowledgement that made his situation easier to bear.

Somehow, the load of domestic chores that had now fallen to him and he had been taught to excel in by Tapani were made easier to bear by his acceptance.

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

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

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

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

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

His servitude to the two women, that is – Asha was another proposition entirely.

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

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

It was at that moment, conscious decision to jettison the pain received by constant returns to the past made and feeling better for it, that he saw Samira exit the restaurant.

Hurrying to open the back door for his master, he did not realise she had company.

“I hope luncheon was acceptable, Ms Samira,” he offered as taught before standing aside to allow his young owner access to the car’s luxurious and immaculate interior.

It was only when he straightened to let her past that he came face to face with the very past he had just decided to jettison.

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

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

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

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

“Hello, Vincent,” said Marianne.

END