

A woman with dark hair and dramatic eye makeup is shown from the waist up, wearing a shimmering, dark, backless dress. She is looking over her right shoulder towards the camera. The background is dark and textured.

Rafael Menton

Adhira Khatri

Adhira would help him recover from betrayal...

At the price of his manhood!

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By

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With thanks and gratitude to the generosity of Malkin
Jamali

Prologue

The crack of her matronly arse rose filled his eyes he knelt before her upon the cool bathroom tiles, his naked and freshly depilated body placed that he might stare up in worship at her powerful bare calves and equally brown thighs above.

The fact he could feel worshipful at all for both the legs and the woman who owned them, when not so long ago he hadn't been in possession of one single libidinous thought in her regard, still baffling enough to have him shake his head with perplexity and no small self-disgust for the development.

The legs that so fixated him these days as puzzling to him as the less than beauteous countenance he now described to himself as... erotic.

"Kiss my superior Indian arse," she ordered with a slight incline of her head. "Show me you accept your position in my service."

Again his head shook.

She sounded as if she had been reading too much pornography of the Victorian era and he felt his usual contempt at her attempt to sound like some grand English dame.

Albeit, a grand English dame in the fleshy brown body of a woman who had once know poverty in her own land.

Poverty, he often told himself, that was probably as good an explanation for her warped needs than any.

Or at least any he could come up with.

All the above making his instant obedience to her all the more shameful to him as he rose from his haunches and allowed his lips to press against her fleshy brown buttocks.

A sigh came down to him from above as he felt his erection strain against the bars of the cage into which she had only just secured him.

"Good boy," she demeaned him as her she reached back to separate those same buttocks with her hands and reveal

the virgin ring of her rectum and the goose-bump like circle surrounding it.

Suspecting what was about to come, his breath caught in his throat.

And were soon proved correct.

“Use your tongue to titillate the exterior of my shit-chute and show you master how grateful you are for her looking after you.”

To his shock, he reacted to her humbling order with even more alacrity and felt his thwarted erection strain even more mightily against the unfamiliar restraint as the tip of his tongue circled and teased the outer-rim of her anus.

Even the acrid and earthy taste signifying this abject submission seemed to intensify his desire to continue doing it and he gasped as the agony and frustration of having a cock unable to express its... appreciation ...provided a mental as well as physical aspect to his new reality.

His discomfort not going unnoticed.

“It is for your own good and will help you be more... pleasing ...to me,” she cooed down to him. “You must accept that you are now dependent upon your Malkin for everything save for the air you breathe and the weather itself.

His answer to this...?

To use his tongue to continue teasing and circling the rim surrounding what she had described as her: “shit-chute.”

“Yes... That is a good boy for your Malkin,” her voice purred, its owner obviously in a heady condition to find herself served in such a way.

And by such a man.

“For you to serve your Malkin as she wishes to be served,” she went on, “it is necessary that your little white penis be as much under her control as the rest of you. The cage in which I have locked you will provide both discipline and motivation and, though you may still be unwilling to believe it, will soon ensure that you are made wholly

subservient to her will and will want to please her not only that your cock may receive some release, but because you want nothing more than to please the Indian woman who now owns you.”

Feelings of the most acutely humiliating kind washed over his senses at her words and were made all the more excruciating for knowing that he had not the will to fight her insidious and growing domination him.

Worse!

In some dusty and long neglected corner of his soul, she had located a previously unsuspected longing for just that domination she was wielding and underneath which his manhood was buckling.

Even as his soul cringed to think what the daughter from whom he was unwillingly estranged would think to see him in such a position.

And with... HER!

“So long as you continue to earn my approval,” her voice drifted down to him, “I will have no objection to taking your little white cockle from its cage and allowing it some pleasure.”

As if spurred by her promise, he continued to rim her anus with the tip of his tongue as she continued:

“That pleasure will, of course, be of my choosing; though you may sure it will NEVER involve the placing of your inferior cock into you Indian owner’s superior pussy.”

As distracted as he was, he could tell from her voice that not only was she deadly serious but that locking him into the cage imprisoning his genitals was a point of honour to her and conveyed more than anything the level of her authority over him and the fact any strength he might have possessed to resist her power had dwindled to a point where it would soon be undetectable.

A lack of strength, and despite his perverse distraction, that did not prevent a feeling of sickness rising into his

throat for his current condition and what he considered the gutless and unmanly way in which he had succumbed to it.

Turning suddenly, she took him by the chin and stared into the eyes of the older man that were now as moist with shame as they were hungry with need:

“As your ‘Indian Keyholder’,” she went on, “I will be able to tell if your little cock is trying to get hard in its prison.”

She allowed him time to digest her words and continued to stare deep into his eyes, loving the feeling that with no more than her own superior power-of-will she was overmastering this once-proud man who was more and more looking upon her as his... Master.

Knowing also, that he knew better than to look away or speak without first having asked or received her permission.

The sensations the knowledge produced in her were beyond exquisite.

The growing excitement of having her very own white chattel seemed to her as if it would never desist from forward motion and she knew all the efforts she had made to ensure he became hers were worth it a thousand-fold.

A wave of affection for the man that was – and should never be – confused with love, but was one more of a certain... gratitude, made her feel almost tender towards him and she lowered her head to place a kiss upon his forehead that left him with not only with an imprint of red-lipstick but a feeling of weakness he hadn't felt in the presence of a woman since the early days of his prepubescence.

“So, as you see, it will give me an even greater degree of control over you and can only make you more diligent in your service to me.”

Her delight was not shared; though she sensed the perverse excitement beneath his distaste and realised she had gauged his character perfectly.

A character that, for all its strengths, was insecure enough to allow itself to be led by a woman; and though she