

The Maid - Chapter IV- Janine

(By: Mark)

Been a bit busy. Meant to have this installment in earlier. It also went a bit longer than I planned so I have decided to break it up into two chapters. Hope you like it.

Mark

Janine

By all appearances, Janine Thomas should have been happy. Appearances, though, can be deceiving. The morning was bright and clear with just a hint of coming autumn. The air was cool and dry and the sun cast a gold tint off the large oaks that provided shade to her backyard. Janine was sitting on the back deck enjoying the quiet morning and trying to figure out why she wasn't happy. To the casual observer, she should have been. Outwardly, everything was going well. She and her husband were doing well financially. She loved the interior decorating business she owned. She kept her own hours and really didn't have to work at all had she not wanted to. She did so because she enjoyed it. The problem was her marriage.

She and Steve had married three years earlier. There was no doubt about her love for him. The problem was his immaturity. She hadn't noticed it when they were dating. Or, if she did, she had thought it was cute, or she had thought she could change him, or some such nonsense. Three years into the marriage it was no longer cute. His immaturity showed itself in a number of ways. Steve was incredibly self-centered. It had almost certainly led to his first divorce, though, when they were dating Janine allowed herself to believe that it was all the fault of his first wife. Now, after three years marriage she knew differently. Steve thought nothing of disappearing all day on Saturdays to play golf. This generally involved about three hours of golf and another three or four hours of drinking in the clubhouse and watching whatever sporting event was on television. He had driven home drunk on numerous occasions horny from copping feels off the waitress.

Janine also wanted to start a family but Steve had so far refused. He had two boys from his prior marriage for which he was responsible. He saw his responsibility as sending a check each month. More often than not he begged out of his weekends with them giving some excuse. He seemed to think a gift could make up for his not being a real father. It hurt Janine that he would ignore his children.

Her current anger, though, was from an incident yesterday at the bank. She had made a date with Steve for lunch. On arriving at the bank he was berating his assistant, Susan, for something. Janine had become used to his little tirades but watching him yell at Susan, who, as far as Janine could tell was one of the sweetest ladies alive, had really pissed her off. She had tried to talk to Steve about it later but he had dismissed it as if it was nothing. "Oh, she knows how I am. She knows I really don't mean it," he had said in his defense. She had come to realize that he truly had no appreciation for anyone's

feelings but his own. He was an overgrown two year old who thought the world revolved around his ass.

As Janine contemplated what she was going to do, movement across the yard caught her eye. She looked up and could see into the kitchen of her neighbor's home. Her neighbor, Mark, had moved in a couple of months earlier. He seemed very nice and he and Steve had played golf a couple of times. Janine just about blew coffee across the patio table at the sight before her. Mark was stark ass naked. The window was covered with blinds but they were opened. The slats obscured the view somewhat but Janine had a fairly unobstructed view. She watched amazedly as he walked to the table and lay across it. It was at that moment she became aware of a woman standing behind him. She was fully dressed. Mark was not married and, so far as Janine knew, not dating anyone seriously. As Janine was still trying to work out what was occurring she saw the woman raise a short leather belt or whip and bring it down across Mark's butt. "Damn!" Janine whispered to herself. The woman brought the whip back and hit Mark again. She continued whipping Mark slowly and methodically. Janine had heard of S & M but had never known anyone who was into it. Apparently, Mark was into it but he would have been one of the last people Janine would have suspected. Janine was fascinated at the sight. She was still trying to convince herself she was really seeing this when she saw Mark visibly startle. He was looking right at her! The woman paused a moment then brought the whip down again across his bottom. The woman then walked to the window and was now looking at her! Janine felt like she had been caught peeping. She couldn't breathe and didn't know exactly what to do. The woman then waived at her! Janine reflexively waived back not knowing what the hell to do. The woman then closed the blinds, shutting out her view to the erotic scene playing out before her. Janine was dumbfounded. She had never seen anything like that. She was also excited. She was disappointed that she could no longer see what was occurring and amazed that she was feeling that way. Still trying to shake off what she was feeling, Janine Thomas picked up her coffee cup with a shaking hand and walked inside.

The scene replayed itself over and over in Janine's mind that day. She could not explain the impact it had on her. Mark was a nice looking man. Was she this excited about seeing him naked? No, it was more than that. It was the whipping. Who was that woman and what were they doing? Janine felt she just had to know. Later that night she had practically raped Steve. She wasn't real happy with him at the moment but she needed some relief. Steve was pleasantly surprised. Janine was not usually the instigator of sex and he enjoyed her aggressiveness. He felt her orgasm, which she did somewhat rarely and he congratulated himself on his lovemaking prowess. He could not have imagined the fantasy playing itself out in her mind. Janine was picturing Mark bent across the table as he had been that morning but it was Janine who wielded the whip.

In time the memory of that event may have faded into the recesses of Janine's mind. Several days later, though, she came face to face with the woman she had seen in Mark's kitchen window. In truth, Janine had hoped to encounter her. Janine had made it a point to go into the back yard and take walks around the neighborhood hoping to run

into Mark and this woman. But, it seemed Mark was seldom home anymore. Then, one day Janine walked out into the back yard and a woman called to her from across the fence. She did not immediately recognize the woman but it did not take her long to realize whom it was she was talking to. Janine was dumbfounded when Pam casually brought up the subject of the whipping. At the same time, Janine found Pam friendly and personable. She gladly accepted an invitation to have lunch together and was then even more astounded to learn that Mark was Pam's slave. She had heard of such things but had really not believed they were true. Certainly, she would never have thought Mark and the woman sitting across from her drinking a glass of iced tea would be such people.

Janine also accepted an invitation to go with Pam to the movies that night. When Pam invited her over for drinks before the movie, Janine had suspected that Pam wanted to introduce her more closely to her relationship with Mark. Janine was like a moth to a flame. She was fascinated with what she had seen and what little information Pam had already shared with her made her hunger for more. She had to learn more. She could never in her wildest dreams, though, have anticipated Pam's offer to allow Janine to spank Mark. Janine had become excited as she and Pam talked. Mark was obviously submissive to Pam. It amazed Janine how Mark would get up and bring something for her without even a word from her. And when he started calling her Ma'am, it sent butterflies into her stomach. It was all very amazing. When Pam allowed Janine to put Mark over her lap and spank his bare bottom, Janine was hooked. She had never felt such power as that moment having a grown man bent over her lap for a spanking. She had loved the feel of her hand smacking his bare flesh and the sound of the spanks. She absolutely loved the sight of his butt turning red under her hand. The spanking had been tentative at first. She did not want to hurt Mark but Pam had assured her she would not. The feel of his hard cock pressed against her thigh told her he was enjoying himself as much or more than she was. She loved the feel of it and wanted to reach under him and grab his cock and balls as she swatted his upturned ass. But, she had consoled herself with delivering increasingly hard spanks to the butt draped submissively over her lap and was rewarded with the sensation of Mark wiggling his cock between her thighs as his ass danced under her hand. The sensation only increased after Pam handed her the wooden spoon. Janine missed the feel of her hand smacking his bare flesh. She knew she would forevermore love to administer hand spankings to a bare bottom but Pam was right, the spoon made quite a difference. She had Mark's ass wagging back and forth in her lap in a vain attempt at avoiding the spoon. Janine was soaked between her thighs. She spanked harder and harder as the bottom beneath her continued to redden. It was no longer Mark. It was Steve. She was spanking Steve's ass and loving it. Finally, something brought her back to reality. She looked up and saw Pam grinning at her. Pam knew how excited she was and how much she had enjoyed it. Yes, Janine thought, if Pam could teach her to get Steve to submit to spankings, she would do it. She had no choice. Janine had just discovered who she was.

Steve was pouting when Janine arrived home that night. Janine, though, was in no

mood for it. Steve told her she could make up for neglecting him by sucking his cock and was even more irritated when Janine declined the invitation. "Shit, I can't even get my dick sucked anymore" he had whined. Janine took the opportunity to let Steve begin to appreciate that things would be changing. "I am sick of your bullshit," she had replied. You don't think of anyone but yourself. Well it's going to change and starting right now. You're not getting sex tonight or any other night you act like this. You are a spoiled little brat. And I don't even want to talk to you right now I'm so mad. So, I tell you what, you are going to sleep in the guest room tonight and we'll talk about this tomorrow." Steve was stunned for a minute. Who the hell did she think she was? "Fine, he huffed, and stomped out of the bedroom. "Bitch" was the last thing he said before slamming the door. Janine just shook her head and shut off the light. She had quite a lot of work ahead of her.

The next day Pam brought over some books about female domination. Janine began reading immediately. She loved the material and the thought that soon, she would be in charge in her home. She realized Janine was right. It was not going to happen over night. She would have to be patient and most of all, consistent in her approach. She also visited web sites on the Internet recommended by Pam and also the authors of the books. One site, The Stockroom, had an amazing assortment of items for sale. Janine was like a kid in a candy store. Pam had told her not to pay too much for a wooden paddle. A ping-pong paddle from the local discount store would work fine. Better yet, Cracker Barrel sold a paddleball that provided a solid wooden paddle that would earn the respect of a submissive very quickly. Janine made it a point to have lunch there one day and her need for a paddle was satisfied. Some items, though, were definitely not to be found at a local Wal-Mart. She purchased a vibrator for herself. Who knew how long she would have to deprive Steve of sex and she sure as hell wasn't going to go without. She also bought one for Steve. Pam had recommended the Stinger and Janine's mouth watered when she saw it and pictured Steve at the end of it. She also bought him a butt plug and harness. The thought of making Steve go about the house in a harness with a plug up his ass almost drove her over the edge. "I'll make him think bitch," she said to herself as she added it to her toy bag. Janine added several other items, an in and out penis gag, a strap-on dildo, rattan cane (Pam had told her it was a must have) and ankle and wrist restraints. The final item was a CB 3000 cock cage. Yes, Janine full intended to lock Steve's little cock in a cage. Then and only then would she know she had achieved her goal. The final tab was a bit high. So high, that next day delivery seemed very reasonable. She typed in her credit card number and completed the transaction. By the time the bill came in, she intended to be in complete control anyway.

The following evening did not go much better than the first. Steve had come home still mad and looking for a fight and couldn't believe it when Janine was not home again. Thoughts that she might be seeing someone else started to nag at him and he tried to dismiss them as petty jealousy. No, he had just been too lax, he told himself. When she came home he was going to set her ass straight. Janine came in about eight o'clock having met with a couple after work to discuss decorating their new home. Steve was in the living room watching television and didn't say a word. She always asked him if he had eaten and that would give him the chance to jump her. This time, though, she didn't.

He could hear her in the kitchen; he guessed she was making dinner for them. She came in after a bit with a lean cuisine that she had warmed for herself. "Hi honey," she said pleasantly. "How was your day?" Steve was livid. "You're not even going to fix me dinner?" he demanded. "You were home before I was, I assumed you had already eaten." Janine replied. "We'll, I haven't" Steve fumed. "Damn, I don't know what's gotten into you he said as he stomped into the kitchen. Janine finished eating and went upstairs. She waited for him to eat and then came back into the living room and turned off the television. "We need to talk," she said. "OK," Steve said tersely, "talk."

Janine refused to be baited into a fight. She stated her case simply and to the point. She understood that Steve was under a lot of pressure. She knew he had trouble with his temper and said a lot of things he really didn't mean. She also knew he was self centered and thought of no one but himself. He had tried to object to the last point but she cut him off. She told him she blamed herself partially. She allowed him to behave this way but that was going to stop. From now on she would "hold him accountable" for his actions. She did not say exactly how. From now on he would treat her with respect and shouting and cussing would not be tolerated. Saturdays were no longer going to be spent at the club and he was going to start helping around the house and being "more at tentative." Steve just sat there in disbelief. "Fat chance," he said to himself on a couple of occasions during the speech. When Janine stopped talking he was getting ready to respond but then she added, now, I am going upstairs to take a bath and go to bed. You will sleep in the guestroom again tonight. I want you to think about what I have said and we'll talk again tomorrow. It's important you think about what I have said before we talk more." Steve had had enough. "Hell no, I am not sleeping in the damn guest room again. That's my bed too and you're my wife and your going to start acting like it. Janine stared at him a moment. Quietly she said, "if you want the bedroom, that is fine. I won't be in it though. I'll sleep in the guestroom. It tells me, though; that you have no interest in working through this and I expect our problems will only get worse. I don't want that to happen and so I would ask that you reconsider." "Fine," Steve answered. "Have the bedroom." With that he again stomped off.

Steve thought about what Janine had said. He knew she was right. He hated his short temper. He would say things that he really didn't mean. He didn't understand why people couldn't just realize he was blowing off steam and not let it bother them. He knew he could be self-centered. That and his temper had probably cost him his first wife. But he worked hard. Wasn't he entitled to some time to himself? The more he thought about what Janine had said, the more he knew she was right. He needed someone to stand up to him. His first wife had been a doormat until she finally couldn't take it anymore. Steve had hated the things he said to her but couldn't stop from saying them. Then he blamed her for being weak. It would be nice to let someone else make the decisions. He had so much stress in his life anyway. If Janine wanted to help him change, maybe it would be a good thing.

The following night Steve tried to be conciliatory. The fact was they had not had sex in over a week and he was willing to do anything to get back in Janine's good graces. She was home when he got home and had cooked dinner. That was a good thing. They

exchanged small talk over dinner like there was nothing wrong. After dinner Janine had told him to join her in the living room after the dishes were done. Steve was a bit perturbed. He didn't do dishes. But he decided if it would keep the peace he would tonight anyway. They sat and watched television a while and finally Janine brought up the subject that had been on both their minds. "Have you thought about what I said last night?" she asked. Steve told her he had and grudgingly admitted she may have been partially right. "So you admit you have a problem with being selfish?" she pressed. "Yes, I suppose I can be sometimes." Steve answered. "And you don't like the way you blow up and cuss and yell, do you?" Janine asked. "No" he admitted knowing they had talked about that before. "Well, why don't we start with those two areas for the time being. As for your selfishness, you are going to start being a lot more attentive to my needs." "Like how?" Steve asked playfully. "Well, for now, you can give me a foot massage," Janine told him. They were both on the sofa and Janine swung her feet into his lap. "Take off my shoes and rub my feet," she ordered. Steve went along with her little game and half-heartedly rubbed her feet. "No, use your thumb in the ball of my feet and also rub each toe," she instructed her budding little slave. Steve slowly learned to rub her feet the way she wanted and Janine laid back and enjoyed the massage. After a while she said, "I want you to go upstairs and shower. I then want my bath drawn. Come downstairs and tell me when my bath is ready." "Yes M'Lady" Steve said mockingly but headed upstairs obediently. Janine got up to pour herself a glass of wine. This should be interesting she said to herself.

Janine watched television until Steve returned and told her the bath was ready. As she entered the bathroom she told him to take off the pajamas he was wearing. "From now on, you are not allowed clothes in the bedroom, is that clear?" She knew she was going very fast but also believed such orders would be well received. Steve was taken aback but predictably agreeable. He still saw this as a new and kinky game she was playing. Apparently a week without his dick had made her horny too. Good, he told himself. He would soon have her begging. Janine undressed and slipped into the tub. "Soap my feet and legs" Janine ordered. A naked Steve knelt at the foot of the tub and began once again to wash and rub her feet. He allowed his hands to travel up her calves and thighs soaping her legs and thought, "I could get used to this." Janine sat up and had him soap her back. Steve was looking forward to soaping her breasts and stomach but she took the cloth away and told him that was sufficient and to wait for her in the bed. Somewhat dejectedly Steve left the bathroom hoping she would not be too long. He was looking forward to burying his cock in her.

When Janine finally came out of the bathroom she put on her nightgown and got in bed. She got into the middle of the bed and sat with her back to the headboard. Steve was laying right next to her in the dark. "You have been very good tonight, but there is still the matter of last night," she told him. "Last night?" Steve asked. "You called me a bitch, do you remember that?" she asked. Steve wanted sex. He did not want to fight. "Oh, come on honey. You know I didn't mean it. I was just mad. I really wasn't saying it to you. I just said it. You know." Janine allowed his whining explanation to end and then said, "We agreed I was going to help you not behave that way, right?" "Yeah, I agreed," Steve said, glad she was calm and not bitching. "Ok, then, I want you to lay across my

lap." Steve was not expecting that. "Do what?" he asked. "You heard me, get over my lap," Janine said firmly hoping he would obey. "Why?" Steve asked, exasperation showing in his voice. "Because I said so," Janine answered. "And you will either do it or you can go sleep in the guest room." Steve's dick was not going to permit that. Whatever she had in mind, it beat the hell out of sleeping alone. So, Steve crawled across Janine's lap feeling quite stupid. Janine adjusted him so that his bottom was squarely in her lap. Three short days ago, Mark's bottom had been in much the same position. Now, she had Steve bent across her lap. She would not have believed it a week ago.

Janine allowed her hand to rest on Steve's bottom. Spread your legs," she ordered just to get him used to obeying her. Steve spread his legs. Janine brought her hand down hard across his bare bottom. SMACK! "Now you don't call me a bitch, are we clear?" Steve was stunned. The noise of her hand smacking his bare flesh was loud in the quiet house. The sound may have startled him more than the impact though it did sting. "I said I was sorry!" Steve answered over his shoulder. SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! "Sorry no longer gets it in this house and I asked you a question. You will never call me a bitch again, is that clear?" "Yes, it's clear" Steve answered hoping to avoid another stinging blow. Still, the spanking was exciting him. No woman had ever treated him this way and it was turning him on. He was getting exactly what he deserved. He knew that. Deep inside, he knew this was exactly what he had needed for a long time. "As a matter of fact, you will not use that word in regard to any woman, do you understand?" Janine continued driving her point home with several more stinging smacks. "Yes" Steve tried to assure her but the spanking continued. To Steve's embarrassment he was getting hard. He couldn't believe he was getting excited being treated like this.

For her part, Janine was enjoying herself greatly. She had known she loved to administer spankings the moment Mark had draped his bare bottom over her knee. Steve was going to have the most well spanked ass in the state Janine told herself as she rained down another hard spank to his exposed flesh. She paused for a moment and reached beneath Steve with her left hand. Janine wrapped her left hand around his cock forcing his bottom up to her and furthering his embarrassment. Janine rested her hand on his left bottom cheek allowing her nails to caress the flesh between his cheeks. "You're a spoiled little brat, aren't you?" she asked her husband. "Yes," Steve moaned as he pumped her fist, his excitement building. "Hold your ass still," Janine ordered to Steve's disappointment. "What happens to bad boys?" Janine asked as Steve reluctantly quit fucking her fist. "They get spanked?" Steve answered unsurely. "And you have been very bad, haven't you?" Janine continued. "Yes" Steve answered. With that, Janine released his cock from her grip and resumed her assault on his ass, giving it a sound spanking with her hand. She kept Steve across her lap for fifteen minutes or so. Janine felt as if she could have kept him there all night she was so enjoying spanking him. Reluctantly, she stopped. But not before his bottom was bright red and hot. Janine fought her desire to get the paddle and wear his butt out properly. There would be time enough for that later. Now she simply wanted to get Steve used to the idea that she would be

spanking him from now on. "Now you understand what is going to happen every time you disobey me, correct?" Janine asked in a matronly tone. "Yes" came Steve's defeated voice. He knew that something had happened such that his relationship with Janine would never be the same. At the same time, he felt more close to her than he had in long time.

Janine had not planned on allowing him sex but she was incredibly horny. She ordered Steve off her lap and told him to get between her legs. His cock felt wonderful as it entered her. She had wanted a cock for three days now and this was way overdue. Steve slowly buried his cock in her but unfortunately the deprivation of sex and spanking took its toll. Steve began to cum almost immediately. Janine moaned in frustration. She was not about to be cheated out of her orgasm. Luckily for Steve, Janine had not discussed with Pam her method for curing premature ejaculation. Still, Janine was not happy. She grabbed Steve by the ass cheeks and pulled him into her. Leaning up into his ear, she whispered, "I am going to paddle your ass again, if this cock doesn't give me a good fucking and I mean right now." Steve had never been treated like this in his life. He felt like he belonged to her and it was a very exciting feeling. He began to move his cock in and out of her even as his cock began to recede. He kept fucking and slowly his hard on returned. He had not fucked like this in a long time. He hadn't known he could still go two in a row. Steve began fucking Janine hard and fast. She lay beneath him enjoying the feeling of his cock pounding in and out of her. Yes, this was what she needed. She felt his cock begin to grow even more and knew he was about to cum. The added hardness pushed her over the edge and she wrapped her legs tightly around him and pulled him into her as a shattering orgasm overtook her. When it subsided she laid still beneath him, both sweating and exhausted. Janine rubbed his warm ass and whispered, "very nice." "Just don't ask me to go a third time," Steve laughed.

Things went well with Janine and Steve over the next few days. Janine did not press new rules on Steve but let him become slowly accustomed to her dominance. She would slowly added new rules for him to obey and her requirement that he be naked in the bedroom was constant reminder to him of her dominance. One evening, though, Janine was walking into the living room and heard Steve arguing with someone on the phone. A few seconds later she knew he must have been talking to his ex wife, Carol. Janine was just walking into the room when Steve exploded, "fine you fucking bitch!" He looked up and saw Janine and froze. Janine strode to him and asked him "who are you talking to?" as she yanked the phone from his motionless hand. Putting the receiver to her ear she asked, "Who is this?" "This is Carol, Janine" came the response from the other end. "Did Steve just call you a fucking bitch?" She asked glaring at Steve. Yes, you know how he gets..." Carol's sentence was interrupted by a loud slap. Janine slapped Steve so hard he almost fell over a chair. "Go to the bedroom." She ordered. Steve hurriedly obeyed, his eyes watering and his face throbbing. He couldn't imagine what Carol must be thinking. Carol was not quite sure what was happening. "Would you mind telling me what the problem is?" Janine asked. "Oh, Janine, it's really not that big a deal. I had hoped Steve could take the boys this

weekend but he's busy. I had told him John and I were hoping to get away for the evening and counting on him to take them and it went downhill from there." "When would you like us to pick them up?" Janine asked. "Saturday afternoon would be great, we could pick them up them Sunday evening." Carol answered, relieved that things were going so well. "Why don't I drop them off at school Monday and then you two can have Sunday evening as well," Janine answered. "Oh, that would be wonderful," Carol, answered. She and John had been dating only a few months and needed some time alone. "Janine, I hate to mention it but there is one more thing." What is it? Janine asked. "Steve hasn't paid the child support this month. It's not too late and normally it wouldn't be a problem..." Janine was having trouble controlling her breathing she was so pissed. "Steve can spend \$500 on a new driver but can't take care of his kids?" she thought incredulously. "Are you going to be home tonight?" Janine asked in her most controlled voice. "Yes, I should be," Carol, answered uncertainly. "Steve will be by with a check and an apology in about an hour or so. He and I first have a few things to discuss. Is that ok?" "Sure," Carol answered still amazed at what was happening. "I am very sorry this happened, Carol, I promise it won't happen again." Janine said. As Carol sat down the phone she could help but laugh. "Damn, it looks like Steve is in for it."

Steve had not known what to do upon going to the bedroom. He knew he was supposed to take off his clothes and did so. His face really hurt. He looked in the mirror and saw the clear imprint of Janine hand across his cheek. "Damn it," he said as he tried to convince himself he had been victimized. He didn't have long to consider his oppression when Janine strolled into the bedroom and walked straight past him to the bathroom without a word. She reappeared momentarily armed with a large wooden hairbrush. "I warned you about your mouth. I cannot believe you actually said that to Carol." Janine told him as she walked up to him. She grabbed Steve by the arm and jerked him to the bed where she sat down and unceremoniously pulled him over her left thigh. His upper body rested on the bed while his feet rested on the floor, his bottom raised over her leg. Without another word, Janine brought the hairbrush down hard across Steve's bare butt. He had never felt anything like it. He struggled to get up but Janine pushed him back down. "You will stay over my lap and take your spanking or you will pack your bags and get your ass out of here. Now which will it be?" she demanded. "Please honey, it hurts so bad," Steve whined. Janine knew at that moment he belonged to her. "I haven't begun to hurt you. I am going to spank your naughty ass until you never think about calling another woman a bitch, do you understand me?" Steve couldn't respond but kept his bottom bent over. "You know you deserve every bit of this, don't you?" Janine asked, her rage subsiding a bit. "Yes," Steve answered quietly. "Good, then you stay bent over." With that she delivered another sharp smack with the brush. Not as hard as the first but it was still painful. Others quickly followed as Janine taught Steve the first of many lessons he would learn over her knee. As the blows landed Steve knew he deserved it. He needed to learn respect and he loved Janine for caring enough to punish him. No one had ever done that. He had always been gotten his way by throwing a fit and he had detested being that way. Now he had finally met someone who would hold him accountable.

The pain from the brush built in intensity. He tried to cover his bottom with his hands but Janine slapped them with the brush too. He was left no choice but to keep his bare butt bent over

and exposed until she decided he had enough. He had never felt so controlled in his life. Janine finally stopped and ordered him to stand before her. He stood on shaking legs, his cock limp from the blistering she had administered. "Now, you will get dressed and take a check for the child support to Carol and you will apologize. You will convince her to call me and tell me she found your apology acceptable. If she doesn't, you'll be back over my knee for another dose of this hairbrush, is that clear? Janine told him in a tone that told Steve she was completely serious. Steve nodded and tried to hide his complete humiliation. Janine got up and walked out of the bedroom without a word, leaving Steve to stare at the awful brush that lay waiting on the bed for his return.

Carol lived about twenty minutes away. Steve had no idea how he was going to face her after what had happened. Strangely, though, he knew he deserved this. He had no business talking to her that way or treating her like he did. He had known that throughout their marriage but couldn't seem to help himself. And she just let him do it. He pulled up in her driveway and was relieved to see that John wasn't there. At least he would not be witness to Steve's humiliation. The kids came running to the door when they heard their dad and he spent a few minutes talking with them. He told them he would see them Saturday and then he and Carol talked privately. He handed her the check and told her "I just wanted to say how sorry I am for the way I spoke to you. I hope you will forgive me and I promise, it will never happen again." Carol was used to his contrite act after he had been a jerk but this seemed different. Steve seemed truly sorry. "It's alright" was all Carol said. "And please tell Janine thanks for agreeing to take the kids this weekend." "Speaking of Janine, Steve said, "Could you do me a favor?" I know you don't owe me anything but it would really help me out if you could just..." "What do you need Steve?" Carol asked curiously. "Well, it's just that I was hoping that you would, well, call her and tell her I apologized and that you have forgiven me." Carol suppressed a laugh. She had no idea what Janine was doing to Steve but she sure had him under her thumb. No doubt about it. "Sure, Steve," Carol told him in her sweetest voice. "I would be happy to." The relief on Steve's face was almost comical. Carol could not have known how sore his bottom was right now or how afraid he was of another spanking but it was obvious the weight of the world had been lifted from his shoulders. "Please don't forget to call Janine?" Steve asked as he walked to the door. I promise, Steve, I'll do it right now." She just couldn't resist one little shot. "I take it you don't talk to Janine the way you talked to me?" Steve could not meet her eyes. He looked at the floor and said, "no, and I had no business talking to you like that either. I truly am sorry." Carol was touched by his sincerity. Maybe he could change. "We'll, see you Saturday," Carol said as she showed him out. She looked at her watch. John was to have been over thirty minutes ago. It seemed he was always late. Yes, she would call Janine. She needed to know her secret.

