

# The Maid - Chapter V- Steve's Enslavement

(By: Mark)

Steve was advised the next day that they would be having dinner with Pam and Mark on Friday. Steve had met Mark a few months earlier after Mark moved to the neighborhood. They had played golf a few times but they didn't know one another that well. Steve suspected that Janine's new friendship with Pam had something to do with her new attitude but he wasn't sure. What he did know was that his life had taken a dramatic turn over the last week. His bottom was still sore and bruised from the spanking Janine had given him with the hairbrush. She had told him upon returning home that he would be allowed to play golf that Saturday but was to be home that afternoon so that they could pick up the boys from Carol. Though his butt still hurt, he couldn't help but feel that Janine's assertion of control over him was a good thing.

Had he known all that Janine had planned, Steve might not have felt so good about his situation. Pam had called Janine the next day and was impressed with how far Janine had come so quickly. "Maybe its time the Steve be introduced to the lifestyle a bit more. Nothing particularly overt," she said, thinking out loud. "Why don't you and Steve come over for dinner

Friday night? I think it would do Steve good to see that there are other submissive men in the world. The thought of her and Pam sitting around the house with two submissive men serving them was almost intoxicating to Janine. She worried a bit about how Steve would behave. She couldn't help but want to impress Pam. She had a lot of work to do before Friday night.

Janine pressed her dominance of Steve in the coming days. She was determined to impress Pam with how far she had come with his training. The dishes were now his responsibility and Steve had agreed without argument. Janine was also teaching him to give proper back and foot massages. He was quite at tentative if only because he was so horny. Janine had sent him back to the guest room after his comments to Carol but had told him he might be allowed to sleep in her bed depending on how he behaved the rest of the week. Steve consoled himself by masturbating in the shower. He had the suspicion Janine would punish him if she caught him but she had not specifically forbidden it and he was careful to avoid detection.

Friday finally arrived and Steve was so horny he could hardly stand it. Janine did things to keep him sexually aroused. One night she had made him undress upon arriving home from work and kept him naked all night. She had made him give her a massage and had given him instructions that when she fell asleep he was then dismissed to go to his own bed. Steve had desperately wanted to have sex but had managed to do as asked, hoping to get back into her good graces. For her part, Janine had been very tempted to lock his cock into the chastity device that night. She had feared the step was too great at this time. She knew

he was masturbating without her permission. Enjoy it while it lasts, she thought as he rubbed oil into her calves.

Dinner at Pam's went very well. Both Janine and Steve were impressed but for different reasons. Janine knew that Pam had Mark well trained. He had dropped his pants and bent over Janine's lap without question when Pam had ordered him to do so the first day she and Pam met. Janine yearned to instill such obedience in Steve. Mark's abilities as servant were just as good that Friday as they had been that earlier evening, if not better. He did not make the same mistake and courteously offered to take her jacket upon inviting her in. He seemed to take care of cocktails and serve dinner without any problems at all. Pam had instructed Mark he was to address Janine by her name rather than as Ma'am as Steve was not yet fully acquainted with the lifestyle. Janine, for her part, could hardly wait until both Steve and Mark were addressing her formally.

Steve, on the other hand, was a bit out of his element. Though, unsaid, it was clear that Mark and Pam had the relationship Janine wanted with him. His suspicions that Pam was somehow involved in Janine's dramatic change in attitude were confirmed. Steve was unsure how he felt about this. To a certain extent he felt he was being set up, that all of this was being orchestrated for his benefit and it made him somewhat angry. Maybe he didn't want to run around serving Janine the way Mark obviously served Pam. He had enjoyed the things he and Janine had done the last couple of weeks but it was clear that the relationship between Pam and Mark was no sex game. It was how they were. At the same time, Steve was a bit jealous. That may not have been the right word but he couldn't say exactly how he felt. The fact was, though, he wasn't sure he could ever serve Janine the way Mark served Pam.

When dinner finished, Pam basically instructed Mark to serve drinks and dessert in the living room. Steve was incredulous. Somehow he felt he just had to make Janine understand that he wasn't sure he wanted to be treated like this. It was demeaning. He wasn't a servant; he was her husband. He replied sarcastically "it was obvious who wore the pants in their family." He immediately regretted the remark. Pam had looked at him with a look that actually scared him. He could tell she was not accustomed to be questioned. Janine was likewise disgusted. The only one who did not seem bothered was Mark who had told him that he was right; Pam was in charge in their relationship. Steve had appreciated Mark's honesty. Part of his frustration was simply that there seemed to be a lot going on that he was not being told about. His appreciation faded, though, as Janine and Pam made sure he understood his mistake. Janine had forced him to admit she was in charge in their home as well. That had been clear the last couple of weeks to him but to have to admit it to Pam and Mark was embarrassing. Pam had even suggested that he should be taken into the back room and punished! To his utter horror, Janine had made clear that she was willing to do so. He had thought that her spanking him was private but it was obvious Pam knew of it. He could barely look at her.

That night at home, Janine punished him worse than he could ever have imagined. He did not know why he took it other than somewhere in the back of his mind Steve decided that if this was what Janine wanted, then he would do it. Perhaps it was because he had never felt like he had these last two weeks serving her. He enjoyed her control over him. It excited him and somehow felt right. Before, he felt out of control and lost. Now, he felt safe and more relaxed than he had in a long time knowing Janine was in control. And so he accepted the whipping and humiliation Janine inflicted in hopes of pleasing her and in some way making amends for displeasing her.

The next day was Saturday. Looking back, Steve should have just told Mark he had to be home by 11:00 that morning. Surely Mark would have understood. They could have skipped the last two holes. He had been too proud to do it, though. He kept telling himself it would be ok; he would make it home on time. He was wrong. He was just 20 minutes late but Janine was sitting in the kitchen waiting for him. For her part, she could not believe he had disobeyed her again. "Boy, you sure are a slow learner" she told herself as 11 o'clock came and went. She did not want to whip him again. She knew his bottom and thighs had to be bruised from the crop. Still, she knew that she had to keep her word or Steve would never learn to respect her. If she told him something then she had to be ready to back it up. She had intended to use the cane but then saw Pam sitting on her deck. Humiliation was a wonderful punishment. Janine had known that one day she would whip Steve with a switch. Today would be the day. She could imagine his embarrassment at having to pick a switch with Pam looking on.

Steve had been close to tears when Janine ordered him to go out back and pick a switch. He had begged and promised it would never happen again. As much as Janine wanted to, she knew she could not relent. He had to learn complete obedience and that excuses did no good. Reluctantly, he had brought her the switch where she stood waiting in the living room and then obediently dropped his pants and underwear exposing his bruised and tender bottom for further punishment. His bottom and upper thighs were covered with bruised from the crop. She swished the switch through the air and then made him kneel, head down, buttocks raised. "You were twenty minutes late and so you'll receive 20 lashes. If it happens in the future it will be 2 strokes for every minute you are late. I am showing you kindness because your bottom is already so marked. I would have thought, though, that you would have learned your lesson. Apparently you are a slow learner." She paused and waited for his reply. "Yes Mistress, I am sorry I disobeyed you," Steve answered, his face pressed into the carpet. "Very well then, count them." With that, Janine brought the switch back and whipped it across his bottom. Steve's bottom jerked away from the cruel switch and a thin red line appeared immediately to mark its point of contact. He groaned, "One, Mistress." Janine used her left foot to press on his shoulders and mid back. "Press that bottom up boy. Give your Mistress a good target." Steve reluctantly pressed his bottom up for the next lash. Steve began sobbing after the twelfth lash. Janine relented and did not continue whipping him as hard but did give him the full 20. Steve's bottom was covered with fresh welts when Janine finished. "Now, boy, get up and go take a shower, we have to pick up the kids from Carol's and I do not want to be late."

Janine was waiting for Steve when he came into the bedroom to get dressed from showering. She was holding something in her hand but he could not make out what it was. He suspected that whatever it was it would not be pleasant. She sat down on the bed and ordered him to stand before her. He did so immediately fearful of incurring her wrath again. "Have you been masturbating?" She asked looking directly into his eyes. Steve's heart began to race. He couldn't be whipped again. His bottom was so sore from last night's whipping and this morning's recent switching. "No Mistress" he said without thinking. Janine raised her eyebrow and a cruel smile came to her face. "So, you want to add lying to your list of crimes?" "No, Mistress!" Steve began to beg. "I mean ... yes Mistress, I have masturbated. But I didn't know I wasn't allowed," Steve offered as his next excuse. "You and your cock belong to me now," Janine said icily. "You will no longer orgasm without my permission," she told him looking directly into his eyes. For reasons Steve could not explain, his cock began to stiffen at the thought of such control. Janine held out the CB 3000 for his inspection. "This is a male chastity device. You will need to stand still while I measure you." Janine began to oil his cock and balls and then measured the body cuff portion of the device. Upon finding the correct size she then made the necessary adjustments and locked the cage portion into place. She had to wait a bit as Steve had become hard in the process but a few minutes without stimulation took care of the problem. Once locked in place she held the key up to him. "How long you wear this will depend on your behavior. If you please me I may release you in a couple of days. If you misbehave again, your little cock will be in its cage for a long time. Do I make myself clear?" "Yes Mistress" Steve said as his cock again began to harden. This time, however, in vain. The device restricted his cock and made the attempted hard on painful. "Good, finish getting dressed. I want to leave in 10 minutes." With that, Janine strode out of the room. A feeling of exhilaration pulsed through her. She could hardly believe how compliant Steve had become. One thing Janine knew for certain was that she wanted more. She would totally bend Steve to her will.

Having the boys around the next two days gave Steve's bottom a chance to heal and also for his cock to adjust to its new home. Steve was miserable. The worst part was at night. Janine allowed him to sleep in her room while the boys were there but he tossed and turned the first night, unable to get comfortable with his dick locked in a cage. He was used to cumming at night before going to sleep. In the past he often had Janine suck him or at least give him a hand job. Now, his dick was locked in this plastic jail. The next night he slept better, slowly adjusting to his new life.

Monday night he came home to just Janine. The boys were back with Carol and the house was quiet. Had this been a normal Monday night, Steve would have spent it watching Monday Night Football and drinking a couple beers. Unfortunately, Janine had other plans. She allowed him to eat dinner and then had him go upstairs, strip naked and return to her. When he came downstairs, he found her waiting in the living room. A sense of dread fell over him. Janine was holding a rattan cane but that was not what caught Steve's attention. Sitting towards one corner of the room was a stool on which sat upright a dildo. Unknown to Steve was the fact that Janine had soaped it thoroughly, though the fact would soon enough become

apparent to him. "Come here and kneel before me slave," Janine commanded. Steve knelt at her feet and Janine spent the next couple of minutes teaching him how he was to kneel in the future. She wanted his bottom resting on his heels, his knees spread wide apart and his hands locked behind his neck with his eyes down. When finally he had the position to her liking she began to slowly pace back and forth lecturing him. "I will not tolerate lying, is that clear?" Steve wanted to cry but only answered "Yes Mistress." "You did lie to me didn't you boy?" she continued. "Yes Mistress," Steve answered, the feeling of utter defeat crashing in on him. "What should happen to a slave who lies to his Mistress?" She asked not particularly caring about his opinion but enjoying the fear she could now feel emanating from him. "The slave should be punished," Steve answered, close to tears. Janine stopped in front of him and looked down. "Yes you should be, and you will be. And when I am through you will never dream of lying to me again. Stand up." Steve obeyed and Janine unlocked his cock from the cage. She then took him to the stool and made him bend forward so that he was facing the dildo that was protruding up from the stool. He could now see the soap covering it. Janine then pronounced his sentence. "I am going to give you a 12 stokes with the cane. You will keep the dildo in your mouth. I would suggest you lather that soap up very well slave because it's the only lube your tight little rear end is going to get." With that she tied his hands to the stool and then took her position behind him. She had wanted to use the cane since first receiving it in the mail. She had practiced her technique on a pillow and could only imagine the sting it would impart. Yes, Steve's bottom would become well acquainted with this cane. "Alright, boy," she said as she whipped the cane through the air, "soap that lying mouth of yours." Steve tentatively opened his lips around the dildo. The first lash landed almost instantaneously and drove his mouth down onto the soapy cock. He would have screamed but the dildo made that impossible. The taste was awful. He concentrated on not gagging as Janine slowly carried out the sentence. She caned him slowly waiting at least 20 to 30 seconds between lashes and enjoying the sight of him obediently running his mouth up and down the shaft of the dildo. For his part, Steve had thought he was going to pass out from the pain. Nothing, not the crop or even the switch had prepared him for this. He wanted to fall to his knees, crawl to her and beg for mercy. But he couldn't he could only remain bent over sucking the dildo as the cane whipped across his bottom again and again.

When finally the twelfth stroke was administered, tears were running down Steve's face. He would never, ever, lie to Janine again he told himself. But, unfortunately, his punishment was not over. Janine untied his hands and then taking the dildo from his mouth, pressed him over the stool. Without a word she began working the soaped cock up his virgin bottom. "Relax, slave" she ordered knowing that doing so while having your ass impaled on a dildo was next to impossible. Janine was patient and slowly worked the dildo up his rear. It had a base that would not allow it to completely enter Steve's bottom and when she had embedded it as far as possible, made Steve sit on the stool, his bottom filled with the hard rubber cock. She adjusted the stool so that he was facing the corner and once in position tied him to

it. "Now, you sit here and think about how you can be a better slave," Janine told him and then left the room, leaving Steve to consider his sins.