

Maid for Pleasure

By: Emily Sinclair

~ ~ ~

Maid for Pleasure

By Emily Sinclair

This story is Copyright© 2014 by **Emily Sinclair**. All rights reserved.

Maid for Pleasure is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

Copyright License Notes:

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

Contents

[Chapter 1: Miller Monday](#)

[Chapter 2: Thompson Tuesday](#)

[Chapter 3: Wilson Wednesday](#)

[Chapter 4: Thursday Break](#)

[Chapter 5: Ferguson Friday](#)

[Acknowledgements](#)

Chapter 1

Miller Monday

Most people hate Monday mornings with a passion, but not me. I love them. Not only is it the start of a new work week, but also the time I get to indulge in my many fantasies. I work as a maid for several couples with, shall we say...alternative...lifestyles. I didn't set out to work with such open-minded people, but when work is scarce you take it where you can get it.

I donned my skimpy French maid uniform which consisted of a form-fitting black bodice with white lace; a tight, black leather miniskirt; latex panties; and black thigh-high latex boots that fit like a second skin. I wore a lacy garter around my right thigh for the tips I would earn while working. I did my hair up and put my glasses on. They were more form than function as the men I worked for loved a woman in glasses.

I started working for the Millers at the ripe old age of nineteen. I was home from college for the summer and in desperate need of work to pay for the next semester of classes. Cleaning other people's homes wasn't high on my list of dream jobs, but desperate times called for desperate measures. Here it was six years later and I was still cleaning houses for select clientele.

∞ ∞ ∞

As I drove down the long, winding driveway lined with topiaries of elephants, giraffes, and bears, I could feel my pussy beginning to moisten. I parked and took several deep breathes to calm my nerves. I always got excited working for the Millers. As my first kinky clients they taught me a great deal about myself and the world of fetishes.

I let myself in with the key they entrusted to me and walked to the center of the large foyer with its two story entry and wide staircases on the left and right. I knelt down on the hardwood floor resting my behind on the heels of my feet. I took a long, slow deep breath and leaned forward with my head on the floor and my arm stretched out. Leaning over as such caused my ass to rise high leaving me feeling vulnerable and extremely excited.

THWACK! A paddle came down hard across my ass. I knew without looking that it was a paddle by the feel of it stinging my backside. "Thank you Master," I said through clenched teeth. It was definitely Master Greg by the power of the swat.

THWACK! Another swat across my ass. It hurt like hell, but I had learned long ago not to complain. "Thank you Master." Two swats down, one more to go before I could get to work. I leaned back, cringing as my sore ass rested against the heels of my feet. I looked Master Greg in the eyes and bit my lip nervously. With my arms behind my back I braced myself for the oncoming swat.

THWACK! The paddle landed, biting into the tender flesh of my breasts with incredible force. "Thank you Master!" I said, my eyes filling with tears and my pussy gushing its juices. I didn't always get horny from being spanked, especially across the breasts, or when Mistress Alissa did it on my mound, but I eventually grew to like it as I saw how much it turned them on. Am I a submissive? By all definitions, yes, but I don't really think of myself in that regard. I've always enjoyed pleasing others and this was just another, albeit kinkier, way of doing that.

I knew what I was getting myself into from the start. Greg and Alissa, or Master and Mistress as I now called them out of respect, gave me a tour of their spacious home including their very well equipped basement dungeon. My eyes nearly popped out of my head when they told me what was expected of me if I were to take the job.

∞ ∞ ∞

"This is our dungeon, Greg said as I stared at the large toy-filled room. If you are to be our maid you must agree to spend at least two hours of your time in this room every week."

"I hope you mean cleaning it," I said looking at them nervously.

"He means using it," his wife Alissa replied. She was a stern but beautiful woman of thirty-six with long black hair, piercing green eyes, and a figure that made me a little jealous – taller even than me, and I was five feet seven inches, she had a perfect hourglass figure with large natural breasts and a plump rear end leading down to long, toned legs. "My husband or I will bring you in here during your shift to have a little fun," she said with a sensual grin.

"I don't get it. I'm just here to clean your home. I'm not into all that kinky stuff," I said naively.

"This is all part of the contract for the job sweetie," Alissa continued. "We'll pay you \$300 a week to do what little cleaning there will be and to spend an hour here in the dungeon. When you are more acquainted with how things work you'll be given permission to come in alone, but until then you will be guided by my husband or myself."

"Furthermore," Greg added "when you arrive for work on Monday morning you must get into a particular position so that my wife or I can spank you."

"Spank me? You guys are nuts! I'm not letting you spank me!"

"Three swats," Greg continued as if he didn't even hear my protests "two on your behind and one on either your breasts or mound. I prefer the breasts personally and I hope you don't mind me saying it, but yours are magnificent."

"Are you serious? The job was for a maid, not a punching bag!"

"We would never punch you dear," Alissa said. "There's nothing wrong with a little spanking. I'll tell you what, How about we increase the pay to \$500? Does that sound fair?"

"To let you spank me and torture me for an hour? Hardly. I don't think I'm the right person for this job. I think I'll be going now."

"\$750 a week and we agree not to spank you too hard until you've become used to it," Greg said in his smooth, calm voice. I stared into his sexy eyes and was drawn in. I was shaking from nerves, conflicted as to what I should do. I needed the money and they were offering nearly triple the original amount.

"How...how hard will you spank me?" I found myself saying

"Not hard," Greg answered. "If you'd like you can bend over the spanking bench there and I'll give you a couple. Consider this a trial run and we'll pay you for your time either way."

My mind was screaming to get out of there, but my body was being led deeper into the ominous looking room by Alissa's hand on my arm. I was gently placed on the spanking bench, my wrists, ankles, and thighs resting in open cuffs. I feared they were going to strap me in place and have their way with me, but that didn't happen.

"I think three swats will suffice," Greg said. "I'll give you one swat each with the cane, paddle, and flogger to give you an idea of how each feels. If, at the end you decide you don't want the job then we'll pay you for your time today and that's it. However, if you do take the job you will be expected to submit for a spanking at the start of your shift."

∞ ∞ ∞

That was six years ago and here I was kneeling before Master Greg like an obedient little puppy. "May I suck your cock this morning Master?"

"Not today my little pet," Master Greg said to my dismay. I loved sucking his cock after he spanked me almost as much as I loved licking his wife's pussy. "I'm running late for a meeting, but once you're done with the cleaning you may spend some time in the play room."

"Thank you Master." The play room was what Master and Mistress called their personal dungeon. I wasn't given permission to use it by myself often because one of them was usually home to take me there for my session personally, but when I went alone I was expected to make good use of my time and their generosity.

I remained in a kneeling position until Master left the house and the door closed. Only then did I dare get up. I straightened out my skirt and got to work dusting, sweeping, and mopping the floors. I did what few breakfast dishes were in the sink. Only when everything was done around noon did I dare venture into the basement. I always got nervous entering the dungeon myself. I never knew what I should do, what toys I should play with.

Today I was feeling particularly horny after Master's spanking and as I moved into the room ideas were flooding my mind. I grabbed a flogger from the punishment wall and laid it over the padded leather top of the spanking bench for a bit of self-flagellation when I got an even better idea. I put the flogger back in its place and rolled over the two rod fucking machine I lovingly called the Red Devil. The metal case housing the motor was painted a deep red and the thing fucked like the devil – hard, fast, and deep. I placed a dildo on the end of each rod and set a bottle of lube on the housing. I wasn't done setting up yet and didn't want it dripping all over the floor.

Next I rolled over another devilish piece of machinery. It had been used on me many times to varying degrees of pleasure and pain. Normally used when Master or Mistress were in the dungeon with me, I figured out three years ago how to use and operate the spanking machine by myself. I set the arm to swing vertically instead of horizontally because it wasn't my ass I wanted spanked today. I set it on the tiny marks I had made on the floor a long time ago to position it in the perfect spot to deliver its punishment.

I stripped out of my maid's uniform and applied a copious amount of lube to both of my holes before climbing onto the spanking bench. I tightened the cuffs around my ankles and thighs and then lay down. I buckled the wrist cuffs tight enough to hold my wrists once they were on, but not so tight that I couldn't pull them free when I was done.

My pussy was dripping now and it wasn't just from the lube. With the remote for the fucking machine in my left hand I turned it on. The long, fat dildos pushing into my holes a few inches. I increased the speed and the rods pistoned back and forth driving the fake cocks in and out of me at a steady pace. Perfect. I relaxed and let the machine do its job of fucking me silly for a few minutes.

I took a deep breath and turned the spanking machine on. The mechanical arm drew back and then came forward with power and precision. "Aghh!" I groaned as the long leather tassels struck me across the middle of the back. I jerked back onto the dildos and braced myself for another swat. It hit diagonally from the center of my back to my left shoulder. I loved that about the spanking machine. The arm was programmed to mimic human motion and would rotate and position itself to deliver the swats in a side area instead of one concentrated spot. It was set to swat my back, but given enough time it would give me a few on my backside as well.

Twenty minutes into my session I stopped the machine from fucking me and turned off the spanker. I was trembling from head to toe from that euphoric feeling where pain and pleasure meet in the brain and spread throughout the body, the nerves not knowing which was which. I

took several deep breaths and pulled my hands free from the wrist cuffs. Leaning back I undid my legs and stood on weak knees using the spanking bench for support.

When I felt able to walk on my own again I rolled over a single rod fucking machine and attached a massive tapered dildo to it. A foot long and nearly four inches thick at the base, it would stretch me open to where I could easily ram a fist into the hole I used it on. Today I was using it on my pussy. Honestly, I always used it on my pussy as I didn't want my asshole stretched open quite that large.

I replaced the four tassel swatter of the spanking machine with a six tassel version. The extra tassels would lessen the pain by spreading it over a wider area. I set everything back in its place and lay back on the spanking bench with my feet resting on the leg rests. I was faced up this time so no cuffing myself in place, but that didn't matter. I wasn't going anywhere. I made a last adjustment to the fucking machine, positioning the bulbous head of the dildo into my pussy and then lying back again. I turned it on and as it thrust into my already somewhat stretched hole, I turned on the spanking machine.

∞ ∞ ∞

I remained completely naked while I put everything back in its place and cleaned the toys. My torso was covered front, back, and sides with the long, raised welts left behind from my hour with the spanking machine. They would slowly fade away and be gone by tomorrow, but I wore them as a badge of pride while they lasted. They were proof of how far I've come since I started working as a maid for my kinky clientele.

Once everything was back in its place and I gave the house a final once over to make sure I didn't miss anything while cleaning, I locked up and drove home to rest for tomorrow's job at the Thompson's.