

A Sterling Maid For You
by
Sahalie Blue & Sterling Scott

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The Man of the House

Chapter One

“Just what do you think you are doing, Mister?” The woman's harsh exclamation startled the handsome, fit man sitting at the keyboard. He was in his mid to late fifties with mostly reddish-blond hair, although life had grayed it some around the temples. He sported a well-trimmed mustache and beard.

Mark Sterling had not been paying sufficiently close attention to the view out the front picture window. His attention was riveted to the computer screen and as such, he had not seen or heard his wife Tanya's brand spanking new red Mercedes convertible pull up in the driveway. A quick glance out the window showed another car, an older four-door sedan, parked in the driveway next to Tanya's.

Damn. I'm busted.

He swiveled his head to see his spouse standing behind him. The pretty, slender woman had long, thick, jet-black hair and dark brown eyes, and was wearing a light blue floral print blouse with a dark blue skirt. Her legs were bare save for her high-heeled, open-toed strappy black sandals.

“I'm not doing anything,” he whined. Then he noticed that Tanya was not alone. Standing behind her was a plain-looking woman in a maid's outfit. A deep V-neckline, spaghetti-strap blouse over a push-up bra exposed the tops of her large, mounded breasts while a short, frilly tight skirt exposed the tops of her stockings. The straps of her garter belt were the only covering for the uppermost two inches of her exposed thighs. She was dressed completely in black, including a black beret. Her manner was unassertive and even timid.

The appearance of the maid was not part of Mark's surprise. Tanya owned an exclusive house cleaning company she named Sterling Maids. Her company provided cleaning services to residential clients, and many of these were wealthy bachelors who wanted something more than simply having their beds made.

However, as far as Mark knew, Tanya's amiable maids only provided eye candy while they cleaned. Tanya always insisted that the maids perform their cleaning duties in the most efficient manner possible, and that they not allow the gentlemen customers to distract them. Tanya's number one concern was quality and as such she was quite stern with her employees; she ruled them with an iron fist and a mahogany paddle. Mark once heard her tell one of the maids that she was going to 'tan ya' hide with her solid-wood, custom-made paddle.

No doubt, Mark reasoned, she was home early to privately dole out some strict discipline to the maid for her errant behavior.

Tanya peered closer, and there was nothing Mark could do to hide the image of a solitaire game on his computer monitor. "I will ask you again. *What* are you doing? Contrary to what you told me, it looks like you are doing *something*." She added emphasis to the first and last words.

Mark opened his mouth and struggled to think of some excuse for being caught red-handed playing the computer game. "Ah-uh, I was thinking. I came to a plot twist in my story and I needed to clear my mind."

"Really?" She clearly was not impressed with his explanation. "I slave away all day, and often into the night, to provide for you. In return for having you as my kept man, I ask so little. Tell me, what is it that I ask of you?" Mark swallowed and wet his lips.

What trick is she trying to play?

"Ah, you only ask that I... diligently write sexy stories... for you. And—"

"And, it is Ma'am or Mistress to you!" She angrily gripped her husband's chin and gave it a shake. "Now, is playing that game on your computer achieving your goal?"

"Well, Mistress, as I said, I was merely taking some time to redirect my thoughts along this new plot line."

Mark was lucky that Tanya did not continue along this line of query. Had she asked to see his work for the day he would have been forced to show her that he had written only 400 words. It was late in the afternoon, and this was far short of the one-thousand-word goal she had established for him.

I'm a slave writer at the keyboard.

He was nearly a dozen years older than Tanya, and had retired shortly after their wedding, two years earlier. While he officially wrote the stories for her excitement, they did sell

them to a publisher that specialized in power exchange romances. This was the modern vernacular used to describe Mark's domestic discipline, BDSM, and spanking stories.

"And, my little submissive," she again shook his chin, "what is the other thing I require of you?"

Mark swallowed again. His deep blue eyes darted to the young maid still standing behind his middle-aged wife. The dark-haired twenty-something young woman was doing her best to merge into the woodwork.

Does she really want me to say it? Say it in front of her employee?

Mark's uncertain gaze returned to Tanya's dark flashing eyes. She was sternly glaring, waiting for an answer. "Uh, Mistress, you require me to service you—sexually. And to ensure that you have at least two orgasms a day."

She released his chin and stood back. "And how many times have you made me cum today?"

"Only once, this morning, Ma'am."

"Indeed, but still I find you playing games with your work unfinished." Without looking back, Tanya reached behind her and gripped the maid's elbow. Somehow, she instinctively knew exactly where her employee was standing, and pulled her forward. "I have nothing but malcontents today. Maria, tell my negligent husband why you are here."

The young woman's deer-in-the-headlights expression morphed into one of pure terror. "Uh, Madam, I was tardy for a work assignment. The customer complained that I have been habitually late, and then rushed through my cleaning duties. He was not satisfied with the quality of my work," Maria said, ashamedly.

"Indeed, I have two lazy birds-of-a-feather here!" She pushed the maid closer to Mark. "And, I know just how to discipline the both of you!"

Maria's eyes frantically darted back and forth between the husband and wife. She had expected a paddling from Mrs. Sterling for her failings, but now she had no idea what was going to happen. She had never met Mr. Sterling before, but she had read some of his books. Thus, she knew of the punishment that he was capable of doling out. She always knew of the dominance Mrs. Sterling projected to her employees in the office, but she had not imagined that her husband would be a submissive to her at home.

"Stand up," Mrs. Sterling commanded her husband.

Maria observed that, for some unknown reason, he was reluctant to stand. But then, he did.

“What the hell is that?” Mrs. Sterling shouted and pointed at him.

“Someone came to the door,” he stammered. “At first I thought it was the mailman leaving a package, but he kept ringing the bell. It was a pollster wanting to know who we supported in the upcoming election.” He took a breath. “So, I had to put pants on. And then-then, I just forgot to take them off.”

“You forgot!” Mrs. Sterling’s face flushed with anger. “How could you forget such a thing after all our discussions?” She seemed to have overlooked Maria for a moment, but then her attention once again focused on the younger woman. She sighed and steadied her voice. “Mark, why don’t you tell Miss Maria exactly what it is that you have forgotten. I can see that she is perplexed by our argument.”

Mr. Sterling stared at the jittery maid. Sheepishly, he began, speaking slowly, “I-I am forbidden to wear pants in the house. Only my Mistress is allowed to wear the pants in this... relationship. I forgot to take them off after speaking with the man at the door.”

“All right,” Mrs. Sterling said, and turned toward the doorway, “Maria will get her punishment first and then, Mark, you will get yours. We’ll take care of this in the playroom. Now.”