

Spanked Houseboy

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By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Introductions

“A well spanked houseboy is a good thing,” I explained to my guest as he admired my young houseboy. Naked save for an apron, the boy’s well-spanked ass was visibly red.

Jonas was twenty-seven and soon to turn twenty-eight, but to me he would always be a boy.

My guest sighed slightly, “I’ve always been so jealous of you and Jonas. But I must confess I am amazed you find cause to spank him after five years.”

Jonas smirked, and caught my nod, “with respect, Master Scott’s standards are quite high. Also, I get spanked once in the morning before he leaves for work, once when he returns, and once before we go to bed, just to remind me of my place.”

My guest looked at Jonas in disbelief, “you can’t be serious, every day?”

Jonas responded, “Yes, every day. Master Scott, may I be excused to finish my chores, Sir?”

I nodded and allowed my guest to think about Jonas’ statement. My guest sipped at his coffee, and commented, “it is getting late.”

“Gary,” I said, “you always say that when you are getting uncomfortable. You have been graciously allowed to visit twice now without making a commitment and each time you have scurried home like a coward with your tail between your legs.”

“Ok,” he mumbled.

“Speak up Gary,” I said.

“Ok,” he said.

“Ok, what?”

“Ok, I want to be trained.”

“Good, let’s begin with your first lesson, every sentence addressed to me should begin with Sir, or Master, and end with Sir.”

“Sorry, Sir,” Gary responded.

“Tsk, tsk, no, you can’t even get your apology right boy.”

“Sir, Sorry, Sir,” he barked.

“Better, but this is not the marine corps.”

“Master Scott, my apologies, Sir. Master Scott, I am ready to be trained if you will have me, Sir.”

“Much better, now what happens when a boy makes a mistake Gary?”

“Sir, the boy should (1) apologize, (2) assure Master they will not repeat the mistake and (3) request punishment, sir.”

“It seems you have two steps to go boy.”

“Sir, correct, Sir. Sir, I will be more careful to start and end each of my sentences with Sir, Sir. Sir, could you please punish me for my mistake, Sir.”

I smiled broadly. This evening was the result of a year of patient liaisons with the young Gary and to have him at this moment surrendered to my houseboy training was an extremely arousing moment.

First Spanking

Since this is your first spanking, I will go over the rules: “It is very simple, spankings are a form of punishment, they are designed to hurt. I *alone* will decide how much to hit you to punish you and when you are sufficiently punished. Blocking access to your butt or pleading will result in extra punishment. The safest way to minimize extra punishments is to come over my lap immediately for all discipline sessions so I do not become further enraged.” I paused. “Any questions?”

“Sir, no, Sir.”

“Strip and come here then,” I instructed.

Gary removed his clothing in front of me without hesitation. He was a stunning Adonis, at 6’ 2”, he dwarfed me by a few inches and his body was rippled with well-defined muscles. Now he was mine.

I helped him over my lap and administered twenty firm smacks to his buttocks. They were somewhat gentler than I might usually administer, but he was not familiar with the force of my hand and found the experience jarring and humiliating.

I handed him an apron when I was done and told him to go help Jonas.

I found both boys, red asses in the air, scrubbing the kitchen floor tiles a bit later. I took Jonas aside and fucked him on the countertop before allowing them to finish the floor.

At bedtime, Gary’s jaw dropped when he watched me pull out a wooden paddle and brutalize

Jonas' ass with thirty blows for no other purpose than keeping my houseboy in his place.

When it was Gary's turn, he hesitated for about a tenth of a second and I commented on that as I pinioned him to my lap and told him he was getting ten extra for hesitating.

"No," he blurted out without thinking, and was clearly at a loss as to how to recover from his blunder.

"What does a good houseboy do when he makes a mistake Gary?"

"Sir, yes, sir. Sir, I apologize for hesitating and for questioning my punishment, Sir. Sir, it will not happen again, Sir. Sir, I would appreciate if you could further add to my evening spanking a punishment, Sir."

"That's a good boy Gary," I said, "it will be one hundred blows with the paddle total."

He nodded submissively and then did the only thing allowed: screamed and hollered in abject pain as I brutalized his ass violently with the paddle.

When I finished, he stood up and thanked me for the punishment and for helping to train him. I kissed him on the forehead and took him to bed with Jonas and me.

In the morning, I knew how sore Gary was because his ass was slightly swollen. I picked out a riding crop and administered it to Jonas first and then to Gary. This time, Gary showed no hesitation.

I left Jonas to show Gary the housekeeping work and took my shower.

After my shower I found Jonas and Gary cleaning the outdoor pool. I asked Jonas how Gary was doing and Jonas gave Gary's work a thumbs up. I slapped Jonas' ass and headed to my job.

Work

"Hey Scott," Mike said, from my desk chair.

"Get out of my chair Mike."

"How's that cherry-boy Gary's ass?"

"Mind your own business Mike."

"Actually Scott, Gary *is* my business since you are *supposed* to be training him for *me*."

"Good point, now get the fuck out of my office."

Mike got out of my chair.

"That's better," I said as I flipped him onto my desk, pulled my belt off, and administered ten strokes of my belt to his ass.

"Sorry about sitting in your chair Scott," Mike said, "it's just you have no other chairs in the office."

“Why do you think that is Mike?”

“So we all have to stand in front of you, subservient to you?”

“Bingo,” I said, “this is a three man-operation, and I’m the head of it.”

“Thank you for correcting me and for training Gary for me Scott.”

“Not a problem, how have you and Tom done so far today in the markets?”

“Tom is up one-million and I’m up two, but we are going to close out our positions early.”

“Good,” I said approvingly, “how are Tom and his houseboy doing?”

“I was there last night, Nick is doing great. Ass was brighter red than an oven poker though.”

I smiled, “good.”

The rest of the day was uneventful and with Tom and Mike out of the market before noon, I headed home early to surprise Jonas.

I came home to Gary napping on the couch and Jonas hard at work. I dismissed Jonas to the bedroom and pulled out a riding crop to punish Gary.

I tapped Gary with the tip of the crop to wake him. “SIR,” he exclaimed and jumped awake.

“Come,” I said as I lead Gary to the bedroom. Jonas was lying curled up on the bed and I took a wooden chair from the desk and guided Gary to bend over the back and grab the front.

“Gary,” I said, “a houseboy does *not* nap when there are chores to be done.”

“Sir, sorry, sir. My ass,” he started and then stopped himself. “Sir, sorry for making an excuse, I really want to be a good houseboy for Mike, I’ve been living with him for two years and love him very much and want to make him happy. Sir.”

“All the more reason for you to be working harder at your training,” I replied.

“Sir,” he said and then just started sobbing uncontrollably.

History

Mike, Tom and I go back ten years, we had gone to college together and were an odd lot of friends pulled together by the common bond of being gay in a rural college. I had focused on mathematics and economics and worked for a year at Long Term Capital before it disbanded and then I moved back home where Tom and Mike were trying to start an accounting practice.

I joined them and shifted our goals a bit towards personal moneymaking. I had never had sex with either of them, but I ended up spanking Tom first when he came up short for operating funds because he paid some bills. That started the practice in full-force in the office and after that point I was clearly *the* boss.

When I met Jonah over the Internet and moved him to live with me, Tom and Mike became fascinated with how I treated him.

So we settled on a deal. In addition to my role as boss of the office, I would help them bring their boyfriends over to the houseboy lifestyle after each of them made me ten million using our techniques.

Tom had been quicker to the mark bringing me in the first ten million in about two years and his choice, Nick, was a young guy into s-and-m from New York who moved out to be a boy toy.

Nick trained up nicely in about a year in my care.

Mike in addition to taking longer to raise my share of the money, of course picked a young, local gay guy—Gary—who was a babe in the woods about sex.

It had taken a year of coaxing to bring Gary to this stage and now he was going to take even longer to convert into a houseboy.

Riding Crop

I began to assault Gary's exposed and already swollen ass with the riding crop quickly. After a half-hour assault the welts were deep and close to bleeding. Only then did I stop.

Jonas had watched the whole thing and with a nod from me as I left helped the younger trainee from the chair and down to the kitchen to work on dinner.

Dinner was flawless, and afterwards I went into the kitchen and inspected Gary's tenderized ass. He thanked me profusely for the whipping and I decided to fuck him on the counter, which he enjoyed greatly despite his sore bottom.

By bedtime, his temperament was much improved despite the coming spanking. Recognizing that a hand spanking would deliver the appropriate message, I administered Jonas' bedtime spanking first and then Gary's.

In bed, he cuddled tightly to me and fell asleep like a baby.

The next morning, a hand spanking reinforced the earlier messages for Gary and Jonas. As it was a Saturday, I had Gary make me breakfast while Jonas slept in.

In the kitchen, Gary made several, very small mistakes. As each one was made under my watchful eye, I stopped him, and bent him over for a quick, but firm, set of swats on his ass with a wooden spoon.

The Game

The doorbell rang as I was finishing up breakfast and I told Gary to answer it. He almost hesitated but I added, "Yes, you answer the door with just an apron and your red ass."

I knew it was either Mike, or Tom and Nick. Either way, it was a good first door visit. It was Mike who kissed his boyfriend and commented that he looked good with just an apron. Mike then tweaked his nipples and reached under the apron to feel up the boy.

I nodded approvingly and Gary kept his hands clasped behind his back. Jonas came down and waved to Mike and gave me a kiss for letting him sleep in.

“Gary,” I said, “enough horsing around with our guest, go help Jonas get the appetizers ready.”

Mike let go of Gary’s cock and gave him a gentle shove—cheating—to spare the boy a whipping. As Gary exited, Mike commented, “you certainly haven’t spared the rod Scott.”

I placed my hand on my belt, and Mike quickly added, “but a well spanked houseboy is a good thing.”

I nodded and moved my hand from my belt and then Gary left the room.

We put on one of the football games and a few minutes later the bell rang again. Jonas sent Gary to get it and it was Tom along with his boy, Nick. Nick was wearing a trench coat that came off just inside the door and Tom felt Gary up liberally as well. Nick and Gary disappeared to the kitchen.

Nick and Gary came out of the kitchen about ten minutes later with several appetizer platters. Tom grabbed Gary by the arm as the trainee tried to walk out and instructed Gary to suck cock.

Gary looked to me and I nodded and then he got to work. When he brought Tom to orgasm, he came to me and repeated the job. Only then was he allowed to give his boyfriend and soon to be permanent owner a blowjob.

Once the first round of blowjobs were over, Gary was dismissed and we sat around drinking beer and shooting the shit till dinner.

At dinner the three houseboys brought our meals at once and then got under the table to give us blowjobs as we ate. It was a nice touch and each of us had a different man’s houseboy.

Mike was the most appreciative, “I’m really glad to finally participate in this Saturday ritual.”

As each of us finished dinner, we took the boy who was blowing us up from the table and fucked him bent over the dinner table. In the end there were three of us pounding our dicks into red-assed houseboys.

When we finished Tom commented, “Got hand it to you Mike, I thought Gary would never make it this far, nice to see him really working to make your relationship happen.”

I noticed Gary swell with pride underneath Tom’s massive cock, and was quite pleased. Mike responded back, “I love him so.”

Write the Author

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