Krystenah's Inspiration Part II

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Master J surprises Krystenah with some party guests who are invited to punish her

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“Get up and go take a shower,” he told me. “I have a surprise for you.” I was always the most obedient when I heard my Master say these words. I sang in the shower as I washed away my sweat and the evidence of our lovemaking. As I wrapped the towel around my body, I saw the nightie hanging from the door. It was a fire engine red see-through baby doll nightie and was the trashiest thing I had ever worn. I squealed and clapped my hands before pulling it over my head. As I did, I saw that there were two slits cut out of the fabric at nipple level and mine slipped easily through. The bottom of the nightie went no lower than my pussy. I stepped into the bedroom to find my Master standing, sizing me up. He moved his index in a circle and I turned around slowly. Wearing the nightie made me feel more naked than wearing nothing at all. In front of the door way stood a pair of high heel slippers with marabou fringe. I squealed again and stepped into them and beamed at Master.

“Thank you, Sir, for my surprise!” I said. He held a new collar in his hand—a red leather studded beauty.

“Get over here so I can put this on. “ As he attached it, he told me, “I am glad you like the nightie, pet, but that isn’t the main surprise.” The doorbell rang. “That is,” he said and smiled wickedly. I looked up at him, alarmed. “Go answer it, slut” he told me and gave my face a light slap.

“Yes, Sir,” I said and went to the door. I looked through the peephole and saw a man and a woman standing in the fish eye lens. At first it did not register who they were, but in the moment it took to unlatch the door and open it, the reality of my "surprise" sank in.

“Miss Sylvia! Brian! Won’t you come in?” I said with forced joviality. My heart was thrumming in my throat and I was blushing wildly. Master was behind me, his arm around my waist. I was grateful to have his arm around me, but I felt awkward as the fabric was pulled tight across my nipples and hiked up to expose my snatch.

Sylvia was dressed in a beautiful summer dress which hugged her curves enticingly. Her long red hair flowed gently over her shoulders. Her already tall frame was accentuated by stiletto heels so that when she stood next to me, I felt like a clumsy child. Brian stood a little below Sylvia and looked very attractive in a tight T-shirt and jeans. I hadn't noticed in the office how built he was, but as he took my face in his hands, I saw that he had very well-defined muscles in his arms. His jeans fit well and suggested that he had been training hard for his next triathlon event. "Hello, little one," he cooed into my face and pressed passed me to shake Master's hand.

"Hi," I squeaked and closed the door. I walked in a daze over to where Master was chatting with Brian and Sylvia. He told me to get some refreshments for "our guests" and I turned on my heel to walk into the kitchen. I was happy have a task to focus on. I arranged the glasses and drinks on a tray and brought them out to the three on them. Master glanced at me, but the others accepted the drinks I offered them with no eye contact. I returned to the kitchen and loaded up the tray with cut fruit and cookies, my Master's favorite chocolates and some cheese cubes. I returned to the living room to find the three of them silently staring at me. It was very nerve-wracking.

Master laughed. "Set the tray down, slut and then stand in front of us. We have some things to talk to you about."

"Yes, Master," I said, and set the tray down on the table in front of them. Brian and Sylvia were scrutinizing me and I smiled politely at them, but focused my attention back on my Master. I returned to a spot in front of them and looked to my Master to see if this was where he wanted me.

"That's good," he said and held up a hand. "Slave, you have been having a problem with procrastination and Brian and Sylvia tell me you have been having some other problems that need to be addressed as well. We have all agreed that things cannot continue on this way. Consider this an intervention." The others nodded at Master and looked back at me with mild disdain. Sylvia's eyes scraped up and down my body and I blushed deeply under her gaze. "First is a physical inspection, so bring that slave's body over here."

I walked over to Master and he stood and took my hand. He walked me over to Sylvia, who stood. I kept my eyes down and I felt the intensity of her gaze on my body as she began walking around my body. She turned to Brian. "Will you please keep track for me? The list is going to be very long, I see."

"Oh, yes, of course," Brian said in his low, stern voice and pulled out his smart phone so he could take notes as she wished. My stomach tensed. To me she said, "Stand up straight, girl, for heaven's sake." I stood up as straight as I

could and heard with dismay the beeps and scratches coming from Brian's phone. "Press those tits out, girl," he said and when I did, she pulled my tits through the slits in the nightie. Under her breath she said, "These need to be clipped and spanked, I see." She lifted my arms and told me to keep them up. The nightie rose when I did this and she cupped my mound. Her eyes grew very wide. "A little stubble, hm? You naughty thing." Brian tsked-tsked and continued making notes on his phone. "Bend over," Sylvia told me and I bent at the waist. She told me to walk my feet apart and she slapped the inside of my thighs until they were wide enough. She spread my ass cheeks and ran her finger along the outside. "This isn't completely clean shaven either! Do you think you can honestly get away with disrespecting your master like this, you little ingrate? Hold these slut ass cheeks open for me." I did as she commanded and she flicked her finger against the opening over and over. My face grew warmer and warmer as she continued the humiliating assault. She bent down so her face was next to mine. "You little bitch. I am going to enjoy whipping you into shape. Stand. Up." I stood up and placed my hands behind me against the small of my back. Her nose crinkled in disgust. She grabbed my belly and shook it. We are going to have to you a new workout as well. She turned away from me and asked Master, can you show Brian the way to the clips and paddle? "

When Master and Brian were gone in the bedroom, Sylvia ran her hands along my tits and then began squeezing them. The sensation was very pleasant, but I didn't want to let on how much I enjoyed it. She kneaded them with her whole hand and then pinched the nipples savagely. I moaned and stood up a little taller in my new heels. She smiled and moaned deeply in her throat. As Brian entered, he cupped my naked ass slapped it lightly. He brought a table tray beside me and placed the weighted clips and sorority paddle on it.

Sylvia thanked him. "Brian, would you like to warm up this little one's naughty ass for me?"

"It would be my pleasure, Sylvia," he said and they smirked at each other.

"Let me put these clips on her first. I think the spanking will be much more effective that way."

"By all means," he said. Their formality made me uneasy. I searched for Master's eyes—a constant in the middle of this unpredictable scene. He knew I felt nervous and off balance and he looked at me and nodded very slightly. I took a deep breath and released it as the teeth of the first clip bit into my right nipple. When the left was attached, I felt the pain mellow and I relaxed as much as I could because I knew that when Sylvia released her hold on the chain, the pull would bring a sharp icicle of pain. She held the chain away from my body and tugged to make sure the hold on my nips was secure and then she

dropped the weight and the shock of the pain made me squeal out. Sylvia smiled and turned to Master, who was still looking in my eyes. My eyes were instantly wet and I felt myself being pulled backward and down across Brian's lap. He arranged me so that my tits were clear of his lap and my feet were still on the floor. The result was that I was supporting my upper body and my ass was facing the ceiling. The pull on my tits grabbed my attention more than the slow strokes that Brian began to bring down upon my ass.

Brian had been spanking me twice a day at work for about a month now—once upon arrival and once right before I headed out. The worst part wasn't the actual spanking—he spanked much lighter than my Master or Sylvia did—it was the lecture. Brian was my boss, but he insisted that I call him Daddy and that I answer his humiliating questions as he spanked me. I was frequently brought to tears from his words alone.

Brian spanked my ass slowly and steadily and the reverberations shot through both my clit and my tits. My tits felt spiked with the pain of the tug at each spank and my clit anticipated each blow to my ass as it grew harder and began to tingle. "Well, look at the mess you have gotten yourself into this time, little girl," he started. "You have been very naughty not to keep up with your grooming, haven't you? It reminds me of how lazy you have been at work. Do you sense a pattern here? Hm? Little (SMACK), naughty (SMACK), lazy (SMACK), girls (SMACK), need (SMACK), to (SMACK), be (SMACK), taught (SMACK), a (SMACK), LESSON, don't (SMACK), they? (SMACK).

"Yes, Daddy," I moaned.

"Daddy is VERY (SMACK), dis (SMACK), a (SMACK), POINTED (SMACK) in (SMACK), you (SMACK)."

"OWEEE! Daddy, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" I moaned to no avail.

My tits were starting to feel numb and I was starting to squirm under Brian's words and slaps.

He stopped and rubbed and pinched my ass. "What do you have to say for yourself, you naughty little girl?" he asked me.

"I don't have any excuse, Daddy. I was lazy with my grooming and at work, but I will do better. I promise."

He began spanking again. "Yes, you will. We will make sure of that. These last ones are going to come very fast," he said and he raised his arm above his head and brought down blows with the full thrust of his well-sculptured arms. I

moaned and sobbed as the glow in my ass cheeks spiked into throbbing, itchy flashes of pain. I didn't know Brian had had it in him, but given an audience, he had given me the harshest spanking to date. He stopped and asked Sylvia if she thought that my ass was sufficiently warm enough for her. She rubbed my ass roughly and slapped it one more time before scratching it with her long fingernails.

"Yes, Brian," she purred. " I think she got the message. Just stand her up." I got a slight head rush and an almost uncontrollable desire to rub my ass. She had the sorority paddle in her hands. She brought it to my lips. "I am going to make sure you don't forget that you need to take care of the body your master owns. Do you understand me?" I nodded. "Kiss the paddle because it is going to be the instrument that I use to make this reminder fixed in your mind." I kissed the paddle and looked into her eyes. "Place your hands on the seat of that chair, Krys ," she said and I did as she said. She ran the paddle all along my inflamed ass cheeks. She moved it slowly along the side and down to the sit spot and down lower to the thighs. She began tapping my ass very lightly with it as she asked Brian to bring up his notes.

"What is the first thing you have there, Brian?" she asked.

"You reminded her to stand up straight, Sylvia," he said.

"Oh, that's right. Poor posture," she said and tapped my ass very lightly with the paddle.

"You are such a clever girl, Krys. Tell me. How many letters are there in the word 'posture'?"

My heart began to pound insanely in my chest. "S-s-seven, Mistress," I said.

"That's right," she said. "So, seven seems fair for the *first* infraction. Spread your legs a little, dear. I don't want you to fall over."

She placed her hand in the small of my back and stood square to me. She drew her arm back and brought the paddle down with a bang on my throbbing ass.

"AUUUGHHHHH!" I screamed as the pain bloomed in the wake of her stroke. She wasted no time, but brought the next six strokes down in even, strong strokes. My knees shook and I screamed after every blow. I was full-on crying after five and I had no idea how I would ever be able to take any more strokes.

Somehow I did. My throat became raw from crying and screaming. Sweat ran down my back from under my collar to the base of my spine. Wetness also flowed down

my leg from the arousal I felt from the humiliation and the intensity of the punishment. At one point, she stroked my ass and invited Master to feel the heat as well. She bent down and stroked my face, wiping the tears away. “Do you need a break, little bitch?”

“Y-y-y-yes, M-m-mistr-tress,” I blubbered.

“Are you ready to kiss your Mistress’ pussy for your Master’s entertainment?”

“YES! YES, PLEASE!” I gasped, which made her laugh.

“On your knees, then, slut,” she whispered in my ear. I fell to the floor and she sat on the chair I had been grasping. She brought her ass to the edge and pulled up her skirt. I could smell her musk and I nuzzled my face between her thighs. I pressed my face against the gusset of her panties, which I could feel were soaked. I bit at the fabric and clawed at the leg opening. I ran my mouth against the fabric and pulled it aside. I buried my nose inside her and baptized my face in her wetness. I lapped at her clit and heard her moaning from somewhere far away. I ran my fingers along the diamond shape of her opening and pulled gently at her labia. I licked and sucked at her clit and pushed the tip of my tongue into it, applying pressure and then releasing the pressure, but not completely. I pushed two fingers inside her boldly and wrapped my mouth around my fingers as I fucked her deeply. I could feel her thighs clamping and I wondered how close she was to cumming.

I felt Master’s hands on my hips and I felt him pull me up. I kept my face buried in Sylvia’s pussy even as I felt Master pressing his cock against my ass. I wanted Sylvia to cum in my mouth, I wanted Master to cum in my ass I just wanted their release so much!

Master pulled me back and spun me around to face him. He walked backward into the bedroom and I followed, grateful to be in his arms again. Before we turned the corner, I looked back to see to see that Brian had taken my place kneeling before Sylvia. She had her head thrust back and was stroking her breast with one hand as she pushed Brian’s face deeper into her pussy.

Inside the bedroom the sounds of their moaning evaporated. “Did you like your surprise, slave?” Master asked me, a smile on his voice.

“Ohhh, yes, Master,” I said.