Learning How to Stick to a Diet II

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After Krystenah breaks her diet (before it begins), she is punished at Delilah's birthday party

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Everyone, by now, has a plate of cake and is moaning with pleasure as they dig in. They all eat in front of me, but one guest apologizes and says that the cake is too rich, that she can't finish. She goes to throw it away, but J tells her to throw it away on me. "Don't put it in her mouth," He tells her, "but you can put it in her cunt or up her ass, or just smear it on her. Don't worry about making a mess. Krys is going to clean everything up when we are all finished with her."

She comes tentatively forward and looks from me to J. He nods at her and she picks up the rest of her cake in one hand and slaps it onto my right tit. I raise my head away, instinctively, and I close my eyes as I feel her hand grab my tit and twist it as she grinds her cake into my tit. She has a wild smile on her face, like a child who has been given permission to jump in a mud puddle or throw a full glass of juice onto the floor. She continues “painting” my tit with the cake until her hand is completely covered in it and I can feel the cake start to dry and flake off.

“Don’t make too much of a mess, pet,” J says, “you’re only going to have to clean it up.” Several guests laugh at this and I look down and mumble, “Yes, Sir.”

Another guest comes forward with his cake and whispers something to J. J nods and says to the guy, “of course!” and tells me to bend over and grab my calves. I do so, automatically, as J has taught me to assume this position several times. J comes and stands behind me. He runs his hands down the side of my back and I feel the energy he has in his hands melt into my skin. When he gets down to my hips, he tells me to take a wider stance, so I step my legs out so they wider than hip length apart. He pats my ass a few times and stands beside me with his hand still on my upper hip.

“Go ahead,” he tells the guy and I hear the guy sigh with happiness as he approaches me. He begins painting my ass cheeks with the cake and patting it lightly, apparently a bit inexperienced, or perhaps shy, I wonder. Then I feel a warm soft sensation on my asshole as he begins “frosting” it with the frosting. Becoming bolder, he pushes a glob inside my ass as he starts fucking my asshole with the

frosting.

J bends down to look at my face. “You like that, my slut?” he asks me with a smile on my face.

I whisper, “please don’t make me answer, Sir” and he looks at me with wide eyes and nods. The guest keeps pressing more and more frosting inside me. The man says something else to J and I hear J say, “go for it.” I am struggling to keep my position and I fear that my arousal will soon be apparent to the assembled crowd as I can feel my cunt becoming wetter and wetter. I feel the male guest’s hands on my hips as he lowers himself to a kneeling position behind me. I start to feel him licking the frosting from my asshole and I feel the contradictory sensation of enjoying his tongue and feeling repulsed by the touch of someone other than my master on my skin.

J instructs me to stick my ass out, so it is easier for the guest to lick my “slutty asshole.” I do as I am told, of course. As he licks, more and more guests smear their cake on my neck, in my hair, on my face, on my legs. One bold woman shoves a giant slice of cake up my cunt and rubs me off with the flat of her hand.

My legs start to shake and I know that my master has told the male guest to back up because J orders me to stay in position. I force myself to stay still and suddenly I feel a “WHAP” across my ass.

“OOOhhhhh,” I cry out and want to stand up, but I know that would be the absolute end of me.

“Whap!” it comes again and I realize that my ever inventive Master has obtained a bread board and is whacking me with it.

“I (WHAP) TOLD (WHAP) YOU (WHAP) TO (WHAP) STAY (WHAP) IN (WHAP) POSITION (WHAP)!”

“I knowwwww. I am ssss-sorry, Sir’” I strangle out the words, but he continues on my thighs and the sides on my hips and my ass until it feels almost numb from the treatment. When he finishes finally, there is applause and several guests come forward to rub my ass and thighs. Finally I am allowed to go to the corner to stand on display, my hands on my head, elbows out, ass thrust out, dribbling crumbs and feeling my heart rate return slowly to normal.

I stay in position for what feels like forever. I hear the guests start to leave and then, mercifully, J joins me in the corner. I can sense him before he speaks. “Look at me,” he tells me. I do.

“Kiss me,” He says, and I do. It is a deep, sloppy, sticky kiss. When he breaks it, I look in his eyes and smile and he smiles back at his messy, punished, humbled slave.