Learning How to Stick to a Diet

By krystenah

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krystenah learns that it is important to keep her commitments

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We are on our way to a friend's birthday party. Delilah is famous for her spectacular and spectacularly delicious cakes. I, however, am on a diet and so Sir reminds me before we get there that I will have to politely refuse cake when it is offered to me. All goes well until my friend's husband, Jake, asks me to come into the kitchen to light the candles and start the happy birthday song parade out to Delilah.

When I enter the kitchen, Jake is awkwardly working to light the candles and rearrange them. He is hopeless at it, so I ask him if he would like me to take over and he gratefully sighs yes. As I am working to rearrange and light the candles on the cake, I get some frosting on my finger. I absentmindedly lick the frosting off. My eyes roll heavenward as the soft, rich chocolates frosting melts on my tongue and that is when I see that J is standing in the doorway watching me. "Krys, I thought you told me you were on a diet and that you weren't having any cake today." I blush from the top of my forehead down to my throat and I swallow before attempting to explain, but he cuts me off before I can say anything.

J grabs my wrist and asks Jake if we can use the laundry room. Jake says something about the cake, but J, to my dismay, is leading me into the adjoining room and hollering back, "You can punish her for the delay after I am done with her."

"Take your time!" I hear Jake yell back at J.

I am mortified, but speechless. J leaves the door open and glares at me.

"Take off your clothes," he says, impatiently and I do, even while I am begging him to wait until we get home.

"No," He says.

"This is important. You gave me your word. you told me it was important to you and then, at the first opportunity, you threw the plan away. you need immediate correction."

I can feel that Jake is listening in and in fact, the entire party has gotten quiet as Sir has been lecturing me. He seems completely unfazed and focused on the task.

"Face the wall," He tells me and I do.

I press my arms to the wall and thrust my ass out, like at home. He has removed his belt.

"Ask for it," He tells me.

"Please correct me with Your belt, Sir," I say.

He places one hand in the small of my back and with the other begins whipping my ass with forceful strokes. He is slow and deliberate, making me feel every stroke. He catches my pussy, which is swelling with arousal, and I moan and thrust my ass higher. I hear the noise of the party guests crowding around the doorway, but J is never distracted.

When He is finished, He merely stops and replaces His belt. He turns me around and hugs me. I see the crowd over his shoulder and I feel humiliated, but grateful that He has punished me, as well. He breaks the hug and turns back to the party guests. I look around for my dress, but J says, "Oh, no, Krys. you have lost the privilege of clothes until the party guests are satisfied. I believe you owe Delilah an apology.

I look from my Master to Delilah, whose mouth is hanging open. I look at her and say, "I am sorry Sir had to punish me and that you had to wait for your birthday cake, Delilah. I am sorry I was a bad girl and disrupted your nice party."

J asks Delilah if she is satisfied with my apology and she twists her mouth and looks down, disgusted. "I'm really not, J."

"I don't blame you," He says to her. "This is *your* day, but SOMEONE had to selfishly steal the spotlight." He looks at her with pity and then goes to her and takes her hand. "And you spent so long on that birthday cake. Can you tell me how you made it?"

"Well," she begins, tentatively, "of course it is entirely made by hand."

J takes her hands and rubs them. "I have a new use for those hands, Delilah." They both look at me.

Still holding her hands, he tells me, "Go get a chair so Delilah can sit down, Krys, and be quick about it."

I rush into the other room, not covering up my nakedness, but just grabbing the first chair I can find and bringing it to my Master. He tells me to set it down and he seats Delilah in it. He lays me across her lap and He positions me so that my head is almost facing the ground. He shows her how to clamp her legs around mine so I can't move, but He warns me not to move for good measure.

"Whenever you are ready, Delilah. Spank that selfish girl until you are satisfied she has paid her debt. Don't worry if she cries or begs. She can be a little con artist sometimes."

Delilah doesn't need to be told twice and she starts spanking my ass with hard fast strokes. He tells her to spank in one place if she really wants to get my attention and he asks her more about how she prepared the cake.

"I had to beat the eggs with a spoon," she says, with a devilish smile. J asks someone in the kitchen to get him a wooden spoon. In between the slaps Delilah is landing on my already sensitive ass, I hear laughter and appreciative gasps and footsteps hurrying to the kitchen to get the spoon. I do start to cry because I hate the spoon so very much. The humiliation is the least of my concerns anymore as I start to whimper and then cry and then scream out as she lands the blows hard and slow and deliberate.

"I'm sorry," I cry, but Delilah seems to take that as fuel and she begins striking the same spot over and over and over again with the spoon. I try to move, but she is much stronger than I ever noticed and I have to remain and take my punishment.

"How long did you have to beat those eggs, Delilah?" J asks her and she replies, "Until they formed stiff peaks," never missing a stroke.

J tells Delilah to stand me up to everyone can see if "stiff peaks" have formed. I am standing, a bit wobbly, in front of all the guests and I can see that some of the women are flushed and some of the guys are trying to rearrange their hard-ons.

J asks Jake to grab a soft spatula and a helpful guest hands one to him. "Jake," J says, "would you believe my little slut here actually gets *turned on* by this kind of attention? Look at her tits. Maybe they aren't "stiff" peaks, but I bet we can correct that."

He tells me to stand up straight and stick my tits out and then He tells Jake how to spank my tits until they get nice and hard and stand at attention. I look straight ahead as Jake begins and I feel myself

getting more and more aroused despite myself.

J tells Jake to continue, but that He and Delilah are going to serve cake to the guests. "Who "have had to wait long enough!" He says, and lands a particularly hard strike on my left ass cheek as He goes.

"Thank you, Sir," I say, automatically, but He just leads Delilah out to the kitchen.

Jake continues striking my tits, excited by the response he gets from my body as he does so. J comes in and takes the spatula from Jake. 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."

The guests get into put their uneaten cake on me and in me and other guests enjoy second helpings of cake eaten off and out of my body.

After the guests leave, I am allowed to shower and then clean up after the party.