New Lengths for Obedience

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krystenah is disciplined in front of her Master's friend and learns what it means to be a good pet.

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i had lost the privilege of wearing clothes for the weekend. I wasn't that worried about it. I didn't think we had any plans and it seemed like a pretty easy punishment to endure. You called me out into the garage and I hesitated at the doorway because I knew I could potentially be spotted if someone were to drive up. You called again, which meant automatic additional punishment and I rushed out to you and kneeled on the garage floor with my knees apart, open for you. I looked up at you and saw a smile flicker across your lips. You placed a hand on my face and said, "your kneeling pleases me, pet, but your tardiness displeases me greatly. You know better than that. Get up. I have a lot of work to do and you know how I hate it when someone selfishly wastes my time." I moaned with regret. "i'm sorry, Sir," I croaked. You pulled me up, smiled and said, "it's okay, pet. I will punish you for your hesitation and you will do better next time." I knew you would keep your word and I shivered with anticipation.

I worked beside you all morning, handing you the tools you requested, getting you water when you needed it and feeling gratified that I could serve you. After a while I heard the unmistakable sound of approaching wheels outside. You didn't give any indication that you had heard. I looked at you with pleading eyes when I heard the car come all the way up to the garage. You said, under your breath, "Corner, krys." I ran gratefully to the corner as if I could escape being seen. I stuck my tits to the cool concrete wall and stuck my ass out, making sure my legs were a little more than hip width apart as you had taught me to do in an extended session last night. I heard your friend, Marc, call out and felt a mixture of relief and dread. The relief came knowing that a stranger wouldn't see me in this humiliating position, but the dread of the moment when he discovered me joined the mix. I still thought perhaps somehow magically my presence would be undetectable until he called out, "Hey, A. Hey, krys. Oh you were bad, hunh? Looks like she was really bad, hunh?" to you. You helloed him back and then walked to my side and whispered, in a curious tone than a threatening one, "Did you forget your manners, pet?" I looked into your eyes, surprised that Marc seemed so unconcerned to find his buddy's girl in such a humiliating position. Tumblers fell into place as I realized that our "secret" was known to him. I didn't know what to do or say and you gazed into my eyes. "Marc said

hello, honey. Don't you want to say hi to our friend, Marc?" I just nodded and looked over my shoulder to Marc. "Hi, Marc," I managed and looked back to you. You nodded and ran your hand down the back of my head and grasped the back of my neck. You walked over to him and shook his hand. "Come on," you told him and the two of you disappeared into the kitchen. I knew better than to move from my position, but my right leg was starting to get pins and needles. I closed my eyes and focused on slowing my heart down and told myself the sensation in my leg would pass. I told myself I was here to please You and that I was in the corner because you had sent me here. Simple as that. Marc would leave soon and You would punish me and all would be well again.

I hadn't heard you come back into the garage and realized that you had called my name once, because now you called, sharply, "Krys TE nah. Over. Here. Now." I walked to you and knelt, knees apart, head down. You petted my head and said to Marc, "I don't know what is wrong with her today. You aren't seeing her at her best. We'll take care of that, though, won't we, pet?" You asked me. "Yes, Sir," I said. I couldn't understand why Marc was still hanging out. I had assumed he had come by to borrow a tool or some other such. I was troubled much as I tried not to be. "In fact..." You said. "You got time now, dude?" We could knock some of that out if you want." "Sure, Man," Marc said. "I got time." He looked down at me with a hunger that sent a chill through me. I knew much better than to question You, but I prayed that what I dreaded was not what you were suggesting. After his apparent knowledge and nonchalance about it anything seemed possible, "No problem. Kill two birds," you said and smiled. You left me there and got two chairs and set them in the middle of the floor facing each other. You offered him one and came over to me. You tugged me up from my armpit and led me to the chairs. "Take a seat, man," you told him. You sat down and pulled me over your lap. "It isn't really all that hard." I like to hold her down either in the small of her back so her ass naturally juts up...see that? I couldn't believe You were going to spank me in front of Your buddy. I couldn't believe this was happening so fast. "Another option is to hold her neck down, but I only do that when I am particularly displeased." You were handling me more roughly than usual and you pressed my neck down underscoring that you *were* quite displeased. You began spanking my ass with your hand raising it high in the air and striking my ass with a cupped hand. The sound echoed across the garage and I gasped despite myself. I hadn't realized how much I had displeased you until you landed that first blow and I was quickly realizing that I was in for a severe session...and in front of Marc, no less. I had never been spanked in front of anyone. Marc, who always seemed like a shy, sweet guy, kept saying things like, "Jesus, Man."

"She can take a lot more, Marc. Don't worry about her. Seriously. Just concentrate on form for now." You instructed him on the best form and pointed out how red my ass was getting.
"I like to have her spread her legs like this"--here you slid your hand between my thighs and they sprang open as you had taught me--"and I do spank her pussy and asshole when she particularly deserves it." I was beyond embarrassment as the spanking continued. I stopped listening to Marc and only focused on Your voice, Your hand, Your legs beneath me. You showed him how to alternate

smacks, how to properly spank on the thighs, how to stop and caress the ass and check for arousal. I felt your hand slip into my pussy and I restrained myself from pushing myself onto your fingers. I wanted Marc to leave. I wanted to take the balance of my punishment, whatever it was, in privacy. I wanted to please you alone and I wanted to get back into your good graces. But this had nothing to do with my wants. "Here. Feel for yourself," I heard you say to Marc and I spread my legs wider despite the wish I had to disappear or cry. I felt unfamiliar and tentative fingers on my vulva and I heard his voice over me. "Shit, Man. She's soaked." You stopped spanking me showed him how to wet a finger and slide it into my ass and I told myself that I had given my body to you and that it was therefore Yours to use. Marc took his seat and told You that he couldn't wait to use this on his wife. Then his voice changed.

"What if you want her to cry, though? What do you do, then? Is your technique different?"

"Everyone is different," you said, thrusting a thumb in my ass and
scratching at my sensitive ass. The hairbrush is great for that with her, anyway." I stiffened involuntarily and you two laughed. It's in the Master bath. You wanna go grab that?" and Marc was up in a flash. You removed Your thumb unceremoniously and commanded me to get up and kneel in front of you. I did. You patted your thigh and I lay my head on it. Marc came back in and handed the brush to you. You took it and took my head and tilted it up to your eyes. "You are going to be spanked with this hairbrush, krys. Kiss it and tell me why." I leaned forward and kissed the brush. I told myself not to cry as I said to you, "i am going to be spanked with the hairbrush because I hesitated this morning following your command to come to you and because I didn't say hello to Marc when he came in and because I was daydreaming when you came back into the garage. I require focus and correction so I can be a better sub for you, Sir."
You looked up at Marc, who said, "Damn, Man. That is pretty good." You looked at him intensely. Oh, yes, Man, It IS good. She is good at heart. She just has a lot of bad habits. Takes a lot of work, Man. Doesn't just happen." You looked back at me which indicated to me to retake my position over your knee. "I'll show you the basics," you said to him and you began smacking my ass with the dreaded hairbrush. I stiffened and you pinned my legs in your as you began spanking me with the hairbrush. The pain was incredible. I felt the tears welling up from deep inside me as you continued and began striking my thighs.
"Won't take much longer," you told him and I began to moan and then to cry and then to wail. I started babbling, "i'm sorry, Sir...i'll be good...i'm sorry, i'm sorry..." I babbled nonsense because it was all I could manage and I was hoping for the right combination, as if words could top you before you decided to stop. "i"ll be good, oohhh, ohhhhh, thank you, Sir, thank you Sir, " I cried and blubbered as the pain crescendoed in intensity. Then You stopped and were caressing my ass and telling me to shush. I was so grateful it was over. I was crying shamelessly and I felt my heart racing.

"You think you got it?" you asked Marc, and he must have nodded because I was lifted off Your lap

and draped over his. I started to panic and I looked up to you. With horror, I heard you say that you had to go get cleaned up and that Marc could "practice" until you got back. Without ceremony, Marc began spanking me with his open hand. I felt his hard-on poking into me. He was speaking to himself under his breath trying to remember Your instructions. I wanted to be back over Your knee. I wanted to be in your arms. I wanted to be kneeling before you with my mouth on Your beautiful cock. I felt betrayed and sorrowful. I knew I had messed up, but this seemed too extreme. I cried even though it didn't hurt and Marc stopped and began apologizing to me. I heard you come back and tug me up one last time. You walked me to the corner. and placed my body into position. "A, Sir, please, I am sorry!" You weren't meeting my eyes but You said, "I told Marc you were obedient. Do you call this obedience? You little con artist! Bad Girl. We are going inside. You will remain here until I figure out what to do with you. I am extremely disappointed, krys." You turned and a second later they two of you were gone.

I have no idea how long you were gone. I stayed in position, my pussy, thighs and ass throbbing. I cried a little, I worried a lot. I knew I had embarrassed you and that you were displeased with me. I pictured your face in those moments when I had pleased you and I focused on that. When you were at my side again you told me that I was going to be whipped with a belt in front of Marc and that to make up for my poor performance earlier, I was going to ask him if he wanted to use my unworthy mouth for his pleasure.

Tears ran down my face and I nodded. You kissed my forehead.
You led me to a chair, leaned me over it. You whipped me and I saw that Marc was extremely aroused. He pulled his cock out and stroked it. I focused on savoring each stripe. I knew I would finally do what you ask if you said it would please you. When you stopped, I said the words to Marc. I told him that if he wanted to use my unworthy mouth for release I would be honored to offer it to him. He blushed and looked at you in disbelief. "It's cool, Man," you said. She needs to learn her place. I've trained her to be a good little cocksucker." His face lit up and he summoned me to him. I began walked and you told me to crawl to him. I fell to all fours and crawled to him. I placed my hands around the base of his cock, and hungrily took his cock deeply into my mouth as You had taught me to do. I licked and sucked, knowing that somehow I was pleasing you. I bobbed up and down on his cock, shamelessly. He let out a gasp of pleasure and pulled his cock out. He came on my tits and laughed and shook his head, disbelievingly. "Oh, Man, A, Jesus, Fuck!" You came over to me and placed your hand on the back of my neck. You pulled me in to your leg. Marc got up and zipped himself up. He looked at you. "Thank you, Man. Thank you." You were cool and said your goodbyes as you stroked my hair.

After Marc left you told me to get up and go get myself cleaned up. You told me I should get ready for a long night because you had to reclaim me, that wherever he had touched me, you would have to place your own fingerprints on me. I did as I was told for the first time that day.