Putting Her Through Her Paces

By krystenah

Published on Lush Stories on 01 Jun 2011

This material is copyrighted. The author retains all rights.

Krystenah is ordered to do chores for her Master but receives an unexpected visitor

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/putting-her-through-her-paces.aspx

“Get up, my pet. It’s a brand new day and I have to give you your assignments before I go to work.“ My toes curled and I felt a hot flush inside my chest as I heard his voice and felt his lips on my face. He sent me into the bathroom and gave me 10 minutes to clean his body and then meet him for inspection in the kitchen. I was sore after yesterday’s picnic in the park. I had worn an anal plug most of the day and had been spanked and flogged in the picnic shelter, first by my boss and then by my master. He had let me rest in his arms after that, but when we got home, I had sucked him to orgasm three times before he allowed me to touch my engorged clit. He had fucked me with a dildo in his slave’s pussy and a vibrator in his tender slave’s ass, but he hadn’t honored me with a fucking with his cock.

I turned the water up high, but not as high as I usually take it. My skin felt raw. I showered and shaved off the fuzz on his pussy that had appeared since yesterday. I had to guess how long I had been in the shower and I only prayed I hadn’t gone over my time. I wrapped a towel around myself and scrubbed my skin dry as I padded my way to the kitchen. I knew it was no accident he had told me to meet him there. Master required that I keep the apartment sparkling clean, but I almost always failed to maintain the standard of cleanliness he demanded in the kitchen. I dropped the towel and crawled onto the floor when I reached the threshold.

He didn’t make a sound but he patted my head when I reached him. “Look at me.” He said. I looked up at him. “Do you think you did a good job cleaning this kitchen, slave?”

"I tried—"

He reached for his belt and began taking it off. I hung my head. When he got it off, he doubled it and brought it down on my shoulders.

“No, Sir. I didn’t do a good enough job, Sir. I am sorry.” I called out.

“I don’t have time to play games with you this morning,” he said, setting the belt on the counter. “No more ‘I tried’. Just answer the questions.” He only spoke to me this harshly when I broke long-established rules such as not answering direct questions.

He knelt and lifted my chin so I was looking into his eyes. “Yes, Master,” I said.

“Kneel,” he said and I knelt, my hips thrust forward, my knees spread. I placed my hands in the small of my back and sat up straight. Master stood up and took three magnet clips from the refrigerator. He knelt again and smiled at me.

“Smile, slave,” he said. I smiled, but I braced myself for what was coming.

He began rubbing his slave’s pussy, getting it slick with juice. He pinched my clit and attached the first clip. He put his hand up to my mouth and I licked it clean, all the while looking into his face. He grasped my right tit and pinched and pulled the nipple toward him and attached the second clip. He repeated this on the left side and I laughed nervously around his hand as I finished cleaning it. He stood and said, “You can take these off on the hour, but then they go right back on. If you pass inspection at lunch time, you may get a little break.”

“Yes, Master,” I said.

“Good. Stand up and show me your hands.”

I felt the tug of the clips as I stood and I took in a breath. He smiled at my reaction. I held my hands out and bit my lip. He took my hands in his and turned them over. He ran his thumb over my nails, which were bitten down.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” he asked.

“I bit the nails down, Sir.”

“Is that all of it?”

“I broke your rule and bit the nails down, Sir.”

“Was I unclear about the rule, slave?”

“No, Master.”

“Let me be very clear now. Put your hands out, palms up.”

I did. He took up the belt and brought it down on the left hand. Then he spanked the right hand. He returned to the left. The pain bloomed as he painted the palms a deep pink, but my shame at breaking this simple rule hurt much more. Finally he stopped and threaded his belt through his belt loops. He placed his hand on the back of my neck and bent down to kiss me. I kissed him back hungrily. I felt impossibly happy. I felt so lucky to belong to my master. Every time I made a mistake, it made me want to do better to please him.

“I will be back at lunchtime. Do your chores. Start in here.”

“Yes, Master,” I said. And he was gone.

I worked steadily through the morning. I set an alarm every hour on the hour so I could remove my clips. The stinging in my hand made the work harder, but I was grateful for the reminder to take better care of master’s property. I got accustomed to wearing the clips such that the pain of removing them almost made me want to keep them on. But that wasn’t what Master had said.

I heard the key in the door. I looked up at the clock. It was too early for Master to come for lunch.

“Hello?” I heard a voice ring out. It was a voice I knew, but it wasn’t Master’s voice.

“Doctor Johnson?” I called out tentatively. He walked around the corner to the kitchen.

Most doctors would be shocked to find a patient standing stark naked in the living room with a duster in one hand and clips on her nipples and clits. Doctor Johnson didn’t bat an eye.

“J asked me to check up on you. He told me he got tied up at work and he thought it might be a good time for me to give you your check-up.”

I sighed, realizing that if I had had time before, now, I wouldn’t be able to fulfill Master’s requests. I wanted to protest, but I didn’t have that right. I had promised myself that I would be more flexible and above all, I would follow Master’s requests and demands as gospel.

“Sounds great!” I said with forced enthusiasm.

The doctor had already made himself at home in an easy chair. He opened his kit.

“Come over here, Krystenah.” I walked to him without hesitation, unlike our first meeting. “I know you have a long afternoon ahead of you, but J wanted me to examine you, run some tests before he gets home.”

I nodded.

“Stand in front of me.”

I moved in front of him. I wasn’t sure if it was the morning full of vigorous work, the early morning punishment session, the clips, the surprise visit of the doctor or his simple orders, but I felt myself growing aroused.

“Stand in profile, Krys,” he said. I did.

“You’ve lost a little bit of weight, I see,” he said. I smiled a tiny smile.

The alarm sounded. “I need to take off these clips, Doctor Johnson,” I said. “Master’s orders.”

He gestured for me to do it and I felt my eyes water as I removed them.

“Come over here,” he said as he stood up. I walked over to him. He took my right breast in his hand. He squeezed and massaged it roughly. When the nipple stood up, he ran the flat of his hand quickly over it. He repeated the same thing on the left side. I moaned involuntarily and he stopped. He turned and made a note on his pad.

“Turn around and bend over, Krystenah,” he said.

I did.

“Touch your toes.”

“Place your hands back on your hips.”

“Spread your ass cheeks. I need to examine the asshole.”

I did as I was told. I felt my pussy lips growing engorged and my clit begin to throb. What was going on with me?

Dr. Johnson was rustling around in his kit.

“This will be a little cold,” he said and I felt his thumb press against the opening. He had coated his thumb with gel. It felt very nice. “A little pressure,” he said and pushed his thumb deep into my ass. I pushed back involuntarily and he removed his thumb. I blushed, my hands still holding myself wide open for his inspection. He patted my ass and told me to keep my hands at my sides.

“I have to make another note and then we have to do a short series of tests. In order to do these tests, however, Krystenah, I need you to take a plug deep into your ass. I find that it is easiest to insert when the patient is draped over my lap.”

“Of course you do,” I murmured under my breath, but I lay myself over his lap with a smile. I suspected that Doctor Johnson took liberties with his station, but he was sent by Master J. As long as I was obedient, I was following Master’s directives. Dr. Johnson began rubbing my ass roughly, as he had rubbed my tits. I relaxed and prepared myself for the plug. He began massaging the opening and pressing his fingers inside. I had to stop myself grinding my hips into his, so when he pushed the plug inside I was a little more tense than usual. I moaned and let out a deep breath as he pushed it home.

“Good. Stand up and we will run through these tests.”

I gladly stood up. I grasped the plug as the doctor made another infernal note. I looked at the clock. I hadn’t reattached the clips. I would have to tell my Master, but would he forgive me because of the impromptu exam?

“The first test is to bend over and touch your toes. For all of these tests you must make sure you do not drop the plug. Do you understand me, Krystenah?”

“Of course, Doctor,” I said and bent over. Before I was half way there, I found I had to re-grasp the plug and hold it very tight so it wouldn’t fall out. This would be harder than I thought.

“Stand up.” I did. This was a lot easier.

“Again,” he said, “and this time try to improve your time if you can.”

In all, I did 10 toe touches and 8 hops. I could only 3 very slow jumping jacks before I felt the plug slip almost all the way out. Dr. Johnson folded the paper with his notes and taped it to my back, “So I wouldn’t be tempted to read them,” he said. Thankfully he left me 2 ½ hours to try to complete my chores before Master returned. I removed the plug but reattached the clips.

When Master J walked in the front door, I had showered, placed the dinner in the oven and

completed all but two items on my chore list. I knelt at the door. He patted my head when he walked in and ripped the note off my back. “Stay,” he said, as he opened it and read its contents. I kept my head bowed in deference even though I wanted with all of me to know what the doctor had written.

“Says here, ‘patient is too proud of her appearance and is oversexed. Despite these liabilities, she is fit for use, including heavy use’.” He crumpled the paper and threw it away in the kitchen. He took his time looking over my cleaning job.

“How was your exam, slave?” he asked.

“It was fine, Sir,” I said. I was silently resentful of Doctor Johnson and his so-called diagnosis.

“Not exciting?” I could hear the smile in his voice. “It’s okay. You can tell me.”

“I got excited during the exam Sir, yes.”

He patted his leg and I crawled to him. He lifted me up and told me to wait for him in the bedroom.

He walked through the rest of the apartment and shut off the oven. He came into the bedroom and told me to sit on the bed. He began kissing me. He pushed me gently down on the bed. I felt my legs fall open and my arms to go above my head of their own accord. He held my hands down firmly and kissed me deeply over and over.

“Did you miss your Master?”

“Yes, Master. I missed you terribly,” I said.

"Were you polite to the good doctor?"

"Yes, Master."

"The exams are for your own good, you know."

"Yes, Master."

"Do you believe it?"

"I trust you and if you say they are good for me, then I believe it," I said.

"What if I told you the sky was green? Would you question your Master then?"

I looked into his eyes.

"I'll ask you again, another day. For now, I'm going to fuck that pussy, you know," he said.

I smiled and looked into his sparkling eyes.

"And then I am going to fuck that ass that got a little workout today."

"I didn't finish my work, Sir, and I didn't re-attach the clips when Dr. Johnson was here—"

"I know, pet. It will take some time for you to learn how to get all your chores done the way you have to for me."

I felt his hard-on through his pants. He started thrusting as he held me down. I kissed his face and sucked his tongue when he pushed it into my mouth.

He stood up and shimmied comically out of his pants before jumping back on the bed and into my arms. I wrapped my arms around his strong shoulders and latched onto his cock as he pressed it deep into his slave's pussy. I almost came after that one thrust, but I just held on and squeezed him as he fucked his slave's cunt with a wild abandon. He pulled his cock out and teased me with it just at the opening before thrusting it deep inside me. My clit ached to feel the friction our bodies made when he was buried deep inside me. I didn't dare reach down to pet her without his permission. I had made a promise not to make assumptions, only to follow directions.

He pulled out slowly and I anticipated another forceful thrust, but he flipped me over instead and lubed his fingers up with the gel on the bedside table. He began fucking my asshole and I thrust back against his fingers. "Who owns this ass?" he demanded.

"You do, Master," I said.

"What is it for?"

"Your pleasure, Sir," I said as he worked another finger deep inside the hole.

"And who owns those fingernails?"

My heart skipped a beat.

“You do, Master.” He fucked the ass harder. I thought I might come from the pounding he was giving me. I could feel his knuckles slapping against his slave’s ass.

“Are you going to take better care of them, slave?”

“Yes, Sir,” I screamed, my voice growing raw. I could feel the contractions beginning in my pussy. “I’m going to cum,” I moaned. He removed his fingers abruptly and I groaned in exasperation.

“Not until I tell you to,” he said.

“Yes, Sir.” I wanted to cry, my desire to please him suddenly eclipsing my desire to come.

“You have a lot to learn,” he said.

“I know, Master. Will you teach me?” I asked.

After a too-long pause, he responded by pushing his hard, magnificent cock against the tight, hungry asshole that longed for him and began slowly to claim it over and over.