The Collar Part II

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Krystenah wears her new collar to work and attempts to carry out the assignments her Master gives

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I had to drive to work with a spanked ass because I had tried to persuade Master to let me stay home. He had used the hairbrush on me to drive the point home that I should not try to change Master's mind once it is set. He also told me that if anyone asked about my collar, I would have to tell them the truth. "And call me from your office phone when you get there, so I know you got to work safe," he said.

My ass had only stopped throbbing as I pulled up to work. I checked my reflection in the rear view mirror, hoping against hope that my collar looked more like a necklace than what it was--a slave's collar secured with a padlock. Master said he was going to call the locksmith tonight, but that left the entire work day in front of me. There was no way around it. I had to go inside. "Oh, well," I thought, "maybe I'll just be able to work in my office all day." As I walked toward my building, the chain bobbed against my breasts and a refreshing breeze blew up my mini skirt and caressed my punished ass. I took a deep breath and tried to avoid Carly, the front desk receptionist.

On the desk in front of her was a vase full of pale purple roses. I ducked my head and murmured good morning to Carly.

"Good morning, Krystenah!" she chirped after me. "Oh, Krystenah--!" she stood up and called after me just after I had turned the corner. Damn.

"Yes?" I called.

"These are for you!" she said, indicating the flowers.

I walked back to the desk, still absurdly trying to keep my head down to hide the secret hanging around my neck. I knew the flowers weren't for me--I never get flowers. I didn't want to be rude to Carly, though. She was mistaken, but I didn't want to shout at her across the lobby. I walked up to the

desk, holding onto my collar.

She was beaming at me and holding out the white envelope.

"See?" she said and her eyes went to my neck.

I took the envelope and looked at it. In purple script, it read:

J--'s slave, Krystenah.

My heart was beating madly and I felt chills shoot from the top of my head to the ends of my fingers.

I looked back at Carly, standing there in her sweater set and stupid smile.

"That's you, right?" she asked. "J--'s slave?" She smiled innocently, sat back down at her desk and reached out to answer the phone that was blinking.

I nodded, mute, and took the vase. I hugged it to my chest as I walked to my office. I set the vase down and looked at the note again. It hadn't changed from the front desk to my office, but I couldn't believe Master had made it out like that. I felt disoriented, but I reached to touch a supple petal of one of the roses.

"Oh, my goodness! How beautiful!" My coworker, Allison.

I smiled nervously and nodded. "Yes, Thanks. J-- sent them."

She walked in and admired the arrangement. "You are so lucky, Krys." She looked at me. "What's that around your neck?"

Master had said that I had to tell the truth.

"It's a slave collar. My Master J-- gave it to me." I looked into her eyes.

She nodded, but then her brow furrowed, as she heard my words.

"Did you say *Master*, Krys?"

"Yes. That is what I said. J-- is my Master. I am his slave and he gave me this collar. He attached it last night and we couldn't find the key and--"

"Whoa, whoa whoa. What do you mean, slave? Like sex slave?"

"Yes, well, that, but not just that. He is master over my body and he dictates how I should behave and dress, how I should wear my hair and nails. He gives me a bedtime and determines if I deserve to kiss him or sleep in the bed or masturbate..." I looked over at her. She was still frowning.

"Uh, hunh..."

"He is the only one in my life who has shown me how to be my truest self." I looked at the flowers again and I noticed my voice hadn't shaken. I hadn't been nervous. I was telling her the truth and hearing a truth I hadn't yet said out loud.

"So you do whatever he wants and he keeps you locked up, like a prisoner?" her voice spiked and she sneered as she spoke this last word.

"No, it isn't like that. I'm not in prison at all. In fact, J-- has set me free in lots of ways."

The air between us was still. I looked up at her, trying to read her.

Allison's eyes grew big and she threw her head back and let out a horse laugh.

"Hoo! You really had me going, Krys. He's your master! Hilarious! Thanks for the laugh, boss. Have a great day!"

And she was gone. She thought I had been joking! I wasn't sure of this was a good thing or bad. I turned away from the door and logged into my computer. As soon as I did, my IM popped up.

"Slave, I did not receive a phone call."

I had forgotten.

I typed off a panicked apology, thanked Master for the flowers, and relayed my conversation with Allison.

"My request was simple. Perhaps you need some practice this morning fulfilling requests. I'm going to give you three tasks to complete and you are to send a picture message after each so I know you have done it. The first is to help you get focused. Attach clips to your tits and kneel in time out, your head pointed to the corner, your ass pointed to the room. You must remove your blouse and bra for

this but you may wear your skirt. You may NOT put a Do Not Disturb sign on your door. If you are interrupted, you need to start again. If anyone asks you what you are doing, you tell them your master has put you in time out. Is that clear, slut?"

I typed back that it was and I felt the familiar rock slide feeling inside me. The clips hurt and if someone came in, then they would see me in time out! He told me to text him with a picture of my tits when I was done. I told him I understood. I looked at the clock. It was still early and I hoped everyone would be so busy answering emails and phone calls that they wouldn't come by. I took off my blouse and bra and reached into my bottom drawer for the clips. I set an alarm on my phone and I prayed to the god who watches over subs to please, please, please not let anyone interrupt me!

I pinched my right nipple and placed the clip on the edge, the way Master does it. I drew in my breath and felt the pain spike and then mellow. I did the same with the left and moved over to the corner. The chain from the collar slapped the edges of my breasts and the clips tugged on my nipples. When I lowered my head, the clips tugged and I did become very focused on my task. I remembered when master had placed the collar around my neck and the joy that I had felt. I remembered his face when he had let me in from the porch and he had called me his “good girl.” Although I had kept my life with Master separate from my life at work, I felt, following Master’s directions at work, that I was first and foremost and always his. I felt a sense of peace settle over me. I also knew that my pussy was dripping wet from my session with the clips in the time out. The alarm snapped me back to reality. I grabbed the phone and tenderly removed the clips. I snapped a picture of my pinched nipples and sent it to Master. I squeezed my breasts and sent up a prayer of thanks that I had been able to complete this first task uninterrupted. I dressed myself and was buttoning the final button when I heard a knock on my door.

Brian, my boss, popped his head in. Perfect timing.

“Good Morning, Krystenah. Can you join me in my office? We need to go over your presentation for next week.” His eyes ran up and down my body. “Are you okay?” he asked and stepped in the office.

The clips were still in the corner. Had he seen them? Had he seen me buttoning up my blouse? Had he seen my collar? I realized that in my hurry I hadn't put on my bra.

“Yeah, fine. Why?” I asked, hoping my face didn’t look too flushed.

“Just checking,” he said, and flashed me a smile. “So? Krystenah? My office?”

I had to get my assignments from my Master. “Um…can I meet you in fifteen?” I asked.

His cheerful expression clouded over. “Okay,” he grumbled a sigh. "But don't make me wait more than 15 minutes. Understood?" His sounded just like Master and my nipples hardened as my thighs clenched and my clit began to tingle.

As soon as Brian left, I grabbed the clips and bra and slammed them back in the bottom drawer of my desk. My phone vibrated and I almost dropped it. Any serenity I had gained in the corner was falling away in jagged pieces. The text was from Master.

“Good job, slave. You completed your first assignment well. No doubt you are pretty aroused, so you need to go into the bathroom and masturbate until you come. I want a photo of your face after you have completed this assignment.”

I typed back, “Yes, Master,” and practically ran to the bathroom.

The bathroom was empty and I locked myself in the stall. I pulled up my skirt and placed two fingers inside me. As I had guessed, my pussy was slick. I began to rub my clit roughly, imagining my Master’s fingers rubbing and slapping my pussy. I remembered this morning when he held the small of my back down and whaled on my ass with the hairbrush. I had looked back and had caught a flash of his face, concentrating on his work and his arm drawn back, mid swing. After the spanking he had threatened to make me cut a switch if I complained any more about having to go to work with the collar.

I rubbed frantically wishing he were here so I could suck his cock. I imagined it in my mind’s eye and felt the sense memory of it hardening in my mouth. I felt myself slip over the edge of my orgasm as the door opened to the bathroom and someone walked into the neighboring stall. I pulled my skirt down and sucked on my fingers. I flushed the toilet to cover my exit. I washed my hands and glanced at my phone. I had two minutes to get to Brian’s office. I walked over to the mirror and ran my fingers through my hair. I snapped a quick picture of my face and sent it to Master.

I walked quickly to Brian’s office and brought my fingers up to my nose. They smelled of soap and cum and I smiled to myself. My phone vibrated in my hand again as I reached Brian’s door. “Very nice, slave. I look forward to your report of your day later this afternoon. For your final assignment I want you to practice some control. I want you to learn what it feels like to sit with your knees no more than 10 inches apart. You will need a ruler to make sure that you learn what 10 inches looks like. I need a photo as soon as possible with a ruler on your…”

Brian threw open his door to see me staring at my phone.

“Krystenah. Get in here. You are late. What has gotten into you today?”

I placed my phone against my leg and walked in.

“I’m sorry, Sir. Crazy morning.” I smiled at him.

“Unh hunh,” he said, and looked at me skeptically. “Well, sit down. We need to get started.”

My phone vibrated against my leg. I needed to let Master know that I had gotten his message. If I didn’t get back to him in an acceptable amount of time, he would punish me--perhaps with the switch?! Why had he said *that*? He had never threatened that before--when I got home.

I sneaked a glance at the screen. Brian was talking to me, but I only heard sounds, not words, coming from him. I needed to respond to respond to Master. I needed to buy some time.

"Brian, I am sorry to interrupt, but could I trouble you for a water?" Brian kept water in his fridge behind his desk. While he retrieved it, I figured I could try to complete Master's third task.

I had cut Brian off mid sentence. He shook his head in exasperation, but he turned to get the water.

I looked down at my phone--no surprise there, Master was furious!

"Slave, your tardiness in responding will cost you.--"

I spotted a wooden ruler sitting on Brian's desk. I snagged it and placed in on my knees.

Brian handed me the water and I clutched the ruler and phone in my hand as I rose to accept it. My tits grazed the cloth of my blouse and the pain from the clips was awakened.

"Is that all you require, Krystenah? Can I get you anything else, or can we get started?" Brian asked me with heavy sarcasm.

His tone was so reminiscent of Master's, that I reflexively dipped my head instinctively and murmured, "I'm sorry, Sir." My phone buzzed once more and the sound was amplified by the ruler pressed against it.

Brian smiled at me mysteriously and asked, "do you need to answer that text from your Master?"

“My?” I tilted my head. I must have hallucinated what he had said.

“Your…Master, yes, Krystenah. Do you have to answer that text from your Master?”

“You *know*?” I asked.

He leaned back in his chair and gave a short laugh.

“Of course I know. I’ve suspected for months, but J’s email to me this morning answered all my questions. That’s the real reason I called you in here. He wants me to go over certain things with you." The phone vibrated again.

“You had better answer that, Krys. I have a feeling your Master doesn’t like to wait any more than I do.”

"Yes, Sir," I said.