The Phone

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Master Punishes Krystenah for her Forgetfulness

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My air conditioning went out in the middle of the night and I had awoken, sweating and disoriented. I had 3 more hours before the alarm was supposed to go off. I found a fan in my front closet and set it up. I lay staring at it, longing for sleep. I finally got comfortable and was lulled to sleep by the fan's motor moments before my alarm went off.

Work the next day was slow and dull. I felt as if I were underwater. I hung a Do Not Disturb sign on my door and avoided my coworkers as much as possible. I was cranky and I had the sinking feeling I was going to take it out on someone. My boss, Brian, was at a conference out of town, so I didn't have to worry about taking an attitude with him. As it happened, there were other things that I needed to worry about.

I hadn't heard from my master all morning and that was odd. I checked and double checked my email and voicemail in between plowing through paper work. I made it a point not to check my cell phone in my purse. I knew the dialer was set to five and if I received a call or text I would have no difficulty hearing it. As the hours ground by, though, I started to grow a little anxious and in my sour mood, I started to wonder if I had done something to displease my master. I shook those worries away and told myself that he was most likely busy.

I decided to take lunch in my office and congratulated myself on getting through half the day without incurring any emotional casualties. I threaded my arm through the straps of my purse and peeked inside to check on my phone. It wasn't there. I looked around my desk in a panic but I didn't find it there, either. My heart started racing as I realized I had either left my phone at home or in my car. Master had very strict rules about the phone he had bought me for my birthday. I was to keep it with me at all times. If he sent me a text, I had up to three minutes to respond before I was in trouble. If he called, I had to answer it immediately. No exceptions.

As I turned the corner to enter the lobby, I saw Master speaking to Carly, our receptionist. They were

laughing easily and looked up to see me at the same time. At first glance, nothing seemed unusual, but my eye caught the sight of Master's belt, doubled in his hand as it lay against his right thigh.

"Well," Carly said and coughed, looking down. "I'll leave you to it." She looked up at my master and I felt a stab of jealousy as she smiled and said, "It was great to see you again, J--." Her eyes darted to me again and she went back to her computer monitor.

Master walked over to me and put his hands on my shoulders. He looked into my eyes. "I called you, slave. Since you didn't answer, I knew something must be wrong since you know you are supposed to keep your phone with you always. But I see you now and you look perfectly fine." He furrowed his brow, looking genuinely concerned. My heart was racing. The thrill I felt at his touch on my skin mixed with the guilt I felt that I had caused him to worry. He had his doubled over belt in his hand and it lay against my arm. My mouth went dry.

"Master, I'm fine. I am sorry if I caused you to worry—"

"You did."

"I'm sorry about that. I don't have my phone with me. I must have left it in the car or at home, Sir." He nodded once and then told me to go lock my office door and meet him in the parking lot by my car.

Without another look at me, he walked over to Carly. His face transformed from stern to warm. "Carly, please page Brian. Krystenah needs the day off, but I will make sure she completes all her work, as well as some of his less desirable—" I didn't hear the rest as I rushed to my office, shut down the computer, put a note on my door and locked it. I rushed out, said a hurried goodbye to Carly and walked out to my car. Master was standing against it, his arms crossed, the belt hanging from his hand.

"Look," he said and pointed in the window. I bent down and peered in. It was sitting there plain as day on the passenger seat. I turned my head to speak to him, but he said, "No. Stay there." He kicked my ankles apart and lifted up my skirt. Coworkers were walking out to their cars for lunch. I had been punished so frequently at work that unfortunately the sight of me with my skirt lifted up wasn't that much a surprise. The only novel thing was that this time I was about to be punished outside of my boss' office in plain sight. A few passing comments contributed to my shame.

"Oh, no. Not again!" said Sarah McGrew as Seth Tyler snorted, "She never learns does she?" A few moments later voices I couldn't recognize commented with derision that I was "project team leader" but that I had to be "spanked like a naughty girl." I just wanted it to start so it would be over. Master seemed completely unconcerned by the passing commentary. He merely ran the belt back and forth

over my ass cheeks as I stared at the phone through the glass.

“Is it that you don’t like the phone your master bought you or you don’t think you have to follow master’s rules?” he asked me. Master’s interrogations are sometimes worse than the physical punishment! He laid the first stripe down across my right cheek as he held the skirt tightly in his left hand.

“Master! I cried out. I was tried, I forgot. I’m sorry!”

He continued to stripe the right ass cheek in the same place. I squirmed after each blow, but he drew the closer as he wrapped the skirt around his left fist.

“Answer the question,” he said calmly.

“But I love my phone and I know I have to follow your rules,” I said through gritted teeth. I could no longer hear the gasps or comments of passersby.

He pulled my panties into the crack of my ass and rubbed the right ass cheek. He leaned his body next to mine and whispered in my ear. “Which is it? You don’t like the phone or you don’t like following Master’s instructions?” He rubbed his hand roughly over my right tit and squeezed it. I gave up the argument.

“I love following your orders, Sir. I love it when you tell me what to do. It makes me remember my purpose,” I said.

He paused and then said, “Bend over the hood of the car, slut.” I moved as quickly was I could and lay down against the hood. He stood behind me and ran his hands slowly down my back. He pulled my panties down to my knees and pulled my hips to him so that they were flush with his groin. He grasped my mons and pressed two fingers inside, checking for wetness. I arched my back at his touch and at the as he slipped his cock inside me. He pressed his erection deep inside me and leaned over my back.

“Who are you?” he whispered into my ear.

“I’m your slave, Master,” I said. I felt him stand up as he thrust deeper inside me. I could feel his balls slap against me at the same moment that I felt the belt stripe my left hip. I longed to feel it on the bell of my ass cheek, but he was striking where he wanted—the top of my ass cheek and on the side. It stung and I tensed. The stripes came at irregular intervals and I couldn’t predict where they would land.

“What where you born to do?” he asked me.

I smiled as I answered, “I was born to serve you, Sir,” I said.

“Then, come,” he said as he fucked his slave’s pussy with rough, animalistic strokes. The beting had stopped and I felt the walls of my pussy contract at his words and I squeezed his cock as he filled my bowl with his cream.

He pulled out slowly but not before he bit my neck affectionately. He rubbed my ass gently.

“Open the door and hand me the phone. You’ve lost the privilege for the next week. Meet me at home and we will discuss how you are going to get the rest of your work done from bed.” He winked and headed toward his truck. I smiled and bit my lip in anticipation of Master’s plans as a bubble of joy expanded inside my chest.

Master beat me home. When I walked in the door, he kissed me deeply and crab-walked me back to the bedroom. “You cost me my lunch hour with your nonsense, little girl, so I expect a nice dinner tonight,” he said, chewing on my lips. He set me on the bed and attached my left hand to a cloth cuff that he had rigged up to the bed. “You are to stay here until 4 o’clock. You can start cooking then, but until then you need to do your work. If Brian has any additional assignments for you, you need to get them done before you go to bed. Are we clear?” His words had an edge, but his eyes were twinkling.

“Yes, Master,” I said, admiring his quick work with the cuff. He brought my laptop and set it next to me on the bed.

He crawled on the bed and placed his hand gently against my throat as he kissed me again. “Lift up,” he said and when I did, he removed my skirt and panties. He crawled back up and began tracing his way up my legs with nips and kisses. I squirmed and giggled as he inched closer to my hungry pussy. He licked up my hard clit and I whimpered. He pushed his tongue against my clit and lapped at it sending me into paroxysms of arousal. I reached out and stroked his hair. He took it in between his teeth and held it there as he flicked it with his tongue. I felt dizzy and breathless. All too soon he stopped and lifted up, kissing me deep. “I have to get back to work, Lucky,” he said, and slapped my face lightly. “Be good! He called from the other room. And you may not play!” he called before I heard the front door open and close and the lock click.

I reluctantly pulled my laptop onto my lap and powered it up. I already had two emails from my boss with documents that he needed me to edit. I realized with alarm that with my let arm cuffed, I wouldn’t be able to complete my work…unless I let myself out of the cuff. I figured I would just text my master

to ask him what I should do. I figured the risk of annoying him was worth seeking his permission. Then I realized I couldn’t do that, either, of course, since Master had confiscated my phone. I said a little prayer and read through my emails. I could manage that all right one-handed. Once I had read them all, I had all but decided to uncuff my hand. So I could do my work. Surely master couldn’t fault me for that. Could he?

I loaded my messenger and saw a message waiting for me from master.

How is my slave doing?

Ok, I typed.

Who are you talking to, slave?

M-a-s-t-e-r, I laboriously typed.

Why so slow in responding? He teased.

1 hand, Sir, I replied, in slow motion.

His voice came over the messenger, laughing.

"You’ve gotten yourself into it this time, haven’t you, pet?"

"Yes, Master. I have," I said.

"Uncuff yourself. Do your work. I’ll take the hours back tonight."

And he did.