When Krystenah's Master is Away Part II

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After Krystenah is punished at work, she is put in charge of a naughty intern

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I walked from the corner with blazing ass cheeks over to Mr. Rose. I took in his strong jaw, his full lips and his soft eyes. "I'm sorry I inconvenienced you, Mr. Rose. Please spank me so I learn not to be such so selfish."

He held his arms out to me and I walked into them. I relaxed against his embrace, grateful for the moment of affection. Master had told him moments ago to be as harsh as he wanted with me and I had a feeling that Mr. Rose would be.

Mr. Rose positioned me so that I was standing but bent over slightly. He clenched my legs in his. I felt his crotch against my hips. He ran his hand over my ass, sizing it up. His hands were large and meaty. He held me across the chest in tight grip. He started lecturing me, as Brian had. Already sore from Brian's spanking, I anticipated the worst. "Brian, will you look at this naughty little girl? She only thinks of herself. You are going to need to spank her on a regular basis before I am assured that she has learned to be a good girl for you."

He lifted his arm above his head and brought it down, letting the sting grow. He kept his hand on my ass and wobbled it. "This ass is pretty pink, but I want to see it bright red before we release her. Do you have anything that might do the trick?" he asked Brian, but didn't wait for an answer before starting to spank alternating cheeks with slow, hard strokes. I squeezed my eyes shut against the embarrassment of being disciplined by my boss' client.

Brian handed Mr. Rose a hairbrush. I heard Brian say that it had gotten “good results” before. The sound of the brush against my ass cheeks was like a shot that rang out over and over. I felt Mr. Rose tighten his grip on my legs as he pushed me down over his lap. I held onto the legs of the chair and absorbed the stinging blows one after another. He struck me slowly and then he struck me over and over very fast, all the time lecturing and questioning me. "Are you a bad girl, Kryssie?" he asked me.

"Yes, Mr. Rose," I cried out.

"And what happens when you are a bad bad girl, Kryssie?"

"I get punished, Mr. Rose!" I was crying and thrashing around, but it did no good.

"Not (SMACK!) until (SMACK!) I (SMACK!) am (SMACK!) sat- (SMACK!) is- (SMACK!) fied!" (SMACK!) (SMACK!) (SMACK!) (SMACK!)

I started to see stars and then the stars started to melt under my tears. I was crying and begging by the end, but I felt a certain amount of admiration for Mr. Rose for punishing me despite my tears and pleas. Brian had stopped much earlier all the times he had punished me.

“Have you learned your lesson, young lady?” Brian finally asked me. Mr. Rose lifted me up and I turned to face Brian.

“Yes, Sir,” I said and clenched my thighs together as I felt my juices dribble out of my engorged pussy.

“Good. Go clean yourself up and go back to work.” Brian leaned forward and placed his hands on his thighs, reinforcing my humiliation as his ‘naughty little girl.’ “Daddy has to finish his meeting with Mr. Rose.”

“Yes, Daddy,” I mumbled. I hoped that Brian would report back favorably to my Master and calling Brian ‘Daddy’ seemed to please him. I cleaned myself up in Brian’s private bathroom and retrieved my skirt and journal. I left quietly and the men continued their conference as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

After a long overdue trip to the Ladies’ where I was finally able to remove the ass plug, I finally made it to my office. I placed a pillow on my chair before sitting down (slowly) and powering up the computer. I opened the journal and wrote the following entry:

Monday:

+dressed as commanded, +wore clamps and plug on drive to work, -was late to work, -didn’t get journal before work, -wore plug past the time instructed to do so, +agreed to help Theresa, -ate a red food (strawberry), -inconvenienced Brian, -inconvenienced Mr. Rose, -was spanked by Brian, -was paddled with hairbrush by Mr. Rose.

I looked at the clock. It was only 10:20. I had a very long day and week ahead of me. I knew I should start on Theresa's report, but I wanted to rack up some more pluses for my journal and so I started to look for the pictures that Master had asked for. He had requested five pictures depicting submission. I powered up my personal laptop and Google Imaged "female submission".

I scrolled down the page of miserable women bound, bent, suspended. Their faces were contorted in grimaces of pain. I had a primal response to them, but they didn't depict my concept of submission. I saw an image that jumped out at me of a woman kneeling with her legs spread. *Her head is bowed and she holds her wrists in front of her.* I saved it to send to Master. I continued to scroll until found a black and white print of a blindfolded woman. *Her mouth is slightly open. A man is holding the tail of the blindfold in his hand and her head is tilted toward him.* I saved it. I found another one of a man, fully clothed, reading a book. *At his feet, nude, with her head lying against his knees is a woman. The man absently pets her hair. The look on the woman's face is rapturous.* I saved it and started to feel the sharp pangs of longing for my Master.

I grasped my right tit savagely through my blouse. I pulled on the nipple and felt echo of the pain from this morning when I had worn the clamps.

I superimposed Master's face on the face of the man and my face on the face of the woman. I imagined feeling slightly cold and slightly cramped as I knelt at his feet. I imagined laying my head against his knee, grateful to be in his presence and to be allowed to rest my head upon him. I imagined his hand petting and ruffling my hair, stroking my neck as he read his book. I pushed my hand down over my mound and felt the heat under it. I pulled my skirt up and pressed my fingers deep inside my cunt. I slid down in my chair and grasped my left tit and pulled on it as I began finger fucking Master's pussy. How I wished he were here and that his fingers were slamming into the pussy he owns. I imagined his hungry mouth licking and lapping at the folds of his pussy. I moaned remembering the look in his eye as he ate me out the last time—he was so full of hunger, he was so intent on massaging my rigid clitty with his expert mouth.

The knock on the door shook me back to reality. I slammed the laptop shut and stood up at attention. I smoothed my skirt down and walked to the door. It was Brian. He smiled quickly. "I wanted to check how you were doing, Kryssie. I noticed you didn't take lunch," he said.

I hadn't realized how much time had gone by! "No, Sir. I guess I just got caught up with—" my voice trailed away.

"With Theresa's work?"

"Oh, shit!" I thought. I hadn't even started her work! Out loud I mumbled, "Among other…"

“Well,” he said. “I have a situation I was hoping you could help me with. We have an intern this week working with Renee, but it isn’t working out very well. He’s a college student and the son of a colleague. I agreed to let him work some community service hours here—he’s had a problem with the law,” Brian said, looking deeply in my eyes. “His attitude is making it difficult for Renee to get any work out of him. Will you help me, Krystenah?“ He sat down and folded one leg over the other. He brushed down the length of his leg, though I was sure there was no lint or pet hair he was removing.

“Me?” I asked. I could hear my heartbeat in my ears and smell my juices on my skin. Did he know I had been jacking off right before he had come in? Would he tell Master?

He looked at me with eyebrows raised. “Yes, Kryssie. You. I think you are uniquely qualified. His personality is so similar to yours.” He pursed his lips in disapproval. “Entitled. Undisciplined. Spoiled.”

I hung my head as I felt my face flush with shame at the truth in Brian’s character assessment. Then I remembered that Master had said to say yes to every request today.

“Yes, Sir I will help in any way I can.” He stood.

“Well, to be fair, you never really had the option of saying no.” He shot me a quick, fatherly smile and walked to the door. “Mitchell. Come in please,” he said into the hall.

The first thing I noticed was his broad chest. Then I saw the arms, which were barely containing his biceps. He was wearing a T-shirt and jeans. I looked down to conceal my awe at seeing such a fit young body here at work. He was wearing red leather cowboy boots and I smiled at this quirky expression of style before I looked up into his green eyes. He was smiling at me, obviously very used to getting female attention for his looks. Brian coughed and turned to me.

“Krystenah. It is very important that Mitchell here realizes that he is here to help. I want you to have him run errands for you, do your busy work, help in any way you need. Don’t worry about teaching him anything. He is just here to help out and fulfill his hours. If you have ANY problems with him, I would hope that you would share with him your experience of learning the needed discipline to perform well here at work.”

My head snapped up as my pussy tingled at his words. I almost reached back to rub my throbbing ass cheek as the memory of this morning’s discipline session rushed back to mind. Brian was nodding. “I see we understand each other.” Brian walked to the door without looking again at Mitchell. “Report to me before you leave, Krystenah. You know why.”

Mitchell spoke for the first time, “OKAY, Dad. I think she gets it!” he looked at me and rolled his eyes.

“Dad?” I squeaked. Brian popped his head back in the doorway.

“Oh, yes. Thank you Mitchell,” he said with heavy sarcasm. To me he said, “The colleague I mentioned? It’s my ex-wife.” And he was gone.

I looked at Mitchell, who was now sitting in a chair with his legs draped over the arms. “My dad’s a dick,” he said.

I went back to my desk and reached in my side drawer. I didn’t find any cigarettes in there because I had quit 5 years before, but I fumbled with the drawer when I got stressed. Brian’s kid was my new project? Since that was the case there was no option of failure but I wondered what could I do with this overgrown brat? I tried to assume an air of authority despite my heart banging away inside my ribs.

“Mitchell, hi. I’m Krystenah, as Brian—as your father--told you. I, uh, don’t know what I can teach you, but since we seem to be stuck with each other, let’s make the most of it, shall we?”

“Shall we?” I thought. “Did I just really say that?”

“Sure,” he said, “whatever.” He pulled out his iPhone and started texting.

I felt a stab of pique as I watched him stare at his phone. “Mitchell, I need you to put your phone away.” He didn’t respond. I felt way out of my depth dealing with this impossibly good looking and impossibly rude young man. Mitch—“

“What did my dad mean about you sharing your experience about learning the required discipline, blah, blah?” He asked me and smirked. I shuffled back to my desk and sat down slowly on my pillow. He noticed. “What’s the pillow for? You got hemorrhoids or something?” and he laughed a deep laugh.

“No, it isn’t hemorrhoids, not that it is any of your business,” I said.

“Well, if it isn’t hemorrhoids, why do you need a pillow, hunh?” He had stood up and had walked over to my desk. He flicked open the laptop screen. On the screen was the last picture I had been reviewing. It was a photograph of a woman with her head on the floor under a chair. *A man’s legs are seen straddling her and the woman’s ass is rosy.* He blushed and laughed. “Miss Krys. Did you get your ass spanked this morning? Is that why it is so sore?” I felt like I left my body for a moment and

looked down on the scene. How had things gotten so crazy today?

My office phone rang and I rushed to it, hoping it was Master.

“Krystenah,” came the voice. It was precise, direct and clear. “This is Evelyn, Brian’s wife and Mitchell’s mother. I trust Mitchell is with you now?”

“Yes…Ma’am?” I said. Hearing her voice made me want to stand up straighter.

“Good. I want you to tell my darling boy that if he does not pay you the proper respect, he will have to answer to me when he gets home. Is that clear?”

“Yes, that’s clear, Ma’am.”

“Good. You tell him and if you have any trouble with him, call me immediately. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Evelyn. Thanks.” I said. At the mention of the name “Evelyn” I saw Mitchell’s demeanor change from smug to nervous. I hung up the phone.

I could see Mitchell try to look cool as he watched me walk over to him, but he couldn’t quite pull it off. I started to feel a little shot of hope. I stood in front of him and took in his long legs, his well-developed arms, his strong jaw, juicy lips, which he was licking now.

“That was your mom, Mitchell.” He seemed to sit a little straighter and he leaned forward in the chair. “She wanted me to tell you that if you don’t pay me the proper respect. You will have to answer to her when you get home. I find that interesting, Mitchell. Are you going to pay me the proper respect?” I leaned in to look into his eyes. He looked like a puppy—alert and anxious.

“Yes, Ma’am,” he said, licking his lips again. “Please don’t call my mom. She is very strict and she doesn’t like it when I am a bad boy,” he said and his face flushed. I felt an amazing rush of power as I leaned in and cupped his face in my hand. He leaned into it. I realized that we were similar. He was a sub, but he feared the disapproval of his mother or of me, his motherly stand-in. It was quite a delicious revelation.

“Be a good boy and go get me a coffee. I have a lot of work to get finished and I don’t have time to trifle with you today.” I went back to my desk and sat down on my pillow. He sprang up and ran to my side.

“Yes, miss Krystenah. Anything you say. Do you want cream in your coffee?” I nodded, positively

drunk on the power I felt ordering this boy around. He walked to the door and turned back to me, “And will you tell Mommy I was a good boy?” he asked, his eyes hopeful.

“We’ll see,” I said and turned back to Theresa’s report. He nodded and left to do my bidding.

I opened my journal back up. *+collected photos for Master, -masturbated in office without Master’s permission, -stalled on working on Theresa’s presentation, +agreed to help Brian with his son.* I heard the chime of my messenger and looked over to see Master’s message.

How is my slut today?

Happy to hear from you, Master.

How is her behavior so far? I have received a mixed report from your boss, pet.

Not as good as you would like Master.

Let me know when you have finished your chores at home, slave. You may not play. I haven’t decided if I am going to take away your phone privileges yet. Be good.

He signed off. My phone privileges? Master had never taken my phone away before!

After Mitchell brought my coffee, I dismissed him and went to report to Brian. My stomach turned over as I saw him sitting at his desk turning a ruler over and over.

"Well, don't keep me waiting, little lady. You know you need a spanking before you are dismissed for the day. You are going to get two a day until I can give Mr. Rose a good report. Bend over this desk. Now."

After, I went to the bathroom to reinsert the plug and reattach the clamps for the drive home. I prayed for light traffic. I also prayed for an easier rest of the week!