Out for Dinner

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If only Kiya hadn't been rude.

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My husband and I were eating dinner at a restaurant with some longtime friends. The night had started off pretty well, but I had made one too many disparaging remarks about my husband, and he had gotten angry.

“Kiya, you will not utter another word. You will keep your hands in your lap, and that is where they are to remain for the remainder of dinner. We'll deal with your behavior after dinner. Am I understood?”

I opened my mouth to object, but restrained myself at the last moment, nodded, and obliged. The conversation at the table continued, without me.

Not being allowed to participate in the discussion, I quickly got bored. After about ten minutes, I had mindlessly leaned my elbow on the table and stared poking the utensils on the table. It took me a moment to realize the conversation had gone silent, and that Victor, my husband, was staring at me.

“Where did I tell you to keep your hands?” My eyes grew wide and I quickly placed my hands in my lap while sitting up straight. “If you're having trouble remembering your situation, we'll just have to find a way to keep you focused.”

I was sitting next to the wall, Victor between me and the end of the table booth. “I'm sorry, it wont-”

He held a hand up for silence. “I'm afraid it's too late for that. Pull your skirt down.”

“Oh, Victor, don't-”

The hand again. “Panties too.”

“You can't be-”

“Don't make me ask again.”

I hung my head, cast a quick glance at our friends across the table and then, blushing furiously, pulled my skirt down to my knees.

“Keep going,” Victor urged.

I groaned slightly, and then pulled my panties down to my knees as well. The conversation at the table continued, without me.

However, this time, I had a great deal on my mind. Every server or customer that walked by caused my heart to skip a beat. My face was so red, I was sure that everyone in the restaurant knew I was half naked.

Victor, knowing how disturbed I was, decided to make the experience even worse. He handed me a menu and pointed to the desserts section. “I want you to call over the waiter, and order the ice-cream cake with pecan crumbles. Understood?”

“Oh please, you know I-”

“Understood?” He would not be negotiated with. I gave a small nod.

When the waiter headed our way, Victor gave me a quick jab with his shoulder. I hesitantly raised my hand.

The waiter came right over, a friendly smile on his face, “Yes? Anything I can help you with?”

“I... Yes...” My face was so hot, I thought it must surely be beet red. “I.. I'd like the ice-cream c-cake...” Victor looked at me, telling me to continue. I was sweating so badly, I was afraid my skirt and panties were going to just slip all the way down. “w-with the p-pecan crumbles.”

The waiter, bless his heart, smiled as if nothing was out of the ordinary, “Will that be all?”

I nodded, eyes down below the table.

“Very well. I'll have it here shortly.”

I could feel the blood pounding in my face. Did he notice? Oh God, I hope he didn't.

The waiter was good to his word, and the cake was there soon. I was so eager to get the whole experience out of my mind, that I was the first one to grab a spoon and shovel up a scoop of the ice-cream.

But it never made it to my mouth. Victor's hand shot out and grabbed my wrist before I could take a bite. “Who said you could eat?”

“I... I just...”

A small grin twitched at the corners of his mouth. Not a good sign. “No... You've already scooped it up, so I'll let you have just the one. Now, lets bring it to your lips...” With an iron hold on my wrist, he pushed the spoon down, under the table, and onto my exposed, lower lips.

I gasped as the cold ice-cream was smeared over my nether regions.

Victor smiled. “There, I think that's enough dessert for tonight. Don't you agree?”

My face flushed, I nodded.

The rest of dinner, the little of it there was, went fairly well. I kept my mouth shut, my hands beneath the table, and prayed no one would see me. At last, when the conversation ended and the bill was payed, Victor turned to me. “Okay, you can pull your clothes up.” I sighed, so thankful it was over.

“But don't think that's the end of it. I haven't forgotten the rest of your punishment for at home.” My face drained. “Speaking of which,” he turned to our friends, “our plans to meet up at my house are still unchanged. Though, I'm afraid we'll have to deal with this one's behavior before we do much else.”

Our friends, the Odin's, had been with us a long time, and had seen this kind of thing between my husband and I a great number of times. So, they graciously agreed.

We rose, left the table, and headed to our respective cars.

“Victor, did you have to embarrass me like that?”

He closed the car door and turned to face me, sitting in the passenger seat. “If you'll remember, you embarrassed me first.” Looking outside, he noticed how late it was. How dark it was. How empty the streets would be. “Take your shirt off.”

“Oh, come now, Victor.”

“Take it off!” There was no helping it. When Victor got angry, he wouldn't accept “no” for an answer. I took my shirt off. “Now the bra.”

I stared at him for a moment, understood how serious he was, and took my bra off.

We drove home like that, but on the way, we passed two cars. The first one, I had doubled over so I couldn't be seen. For the second car, after Victor's sharp rebuke, I sat up straight while we passed.

When we finally pulled into our driveway, I started to put on my clothes.

“Don't bother. They'll be coming off again soon enough anyway.”

We walked into the house, the Odin's one step behind us. I hugged my shirt and bra against my breasts, to preserve at least some level of modesty.

After organizing ourselves into the living room, we sat down on the couches.

“Kiya, go get us some drinks.” I rose. “Kiya,” I turned my head to face him. “You wont be able to carry the drinks if your holding that shirt. Put it down.”

I groaned inwardly, but obeyed. I came back holding three, cold beers. I handed one to each of our guests, keeping my eyes averted out of embarrassment, and then handed one to my husband. I knew I wouldn't be getting a drink.

“Alright Kiya, you know what needs to be done now.” I hung my head, but nodded. “Take the rest of your clothes off.”

I unbuckled by skirt, let it fall to the ground, and then pulled my panties down. While down there, I pulled off my socks and shoes as well. I stood back up, stark naked, trying my best to cover my private regions.

“Hands by your sides.” I knew better than to complain. I complied. “Now, you are going to ask me for your punishment.” He motioned for me to speak.

“Victor, please don't-”

The magic hand again. The hand that, I knew, was going to be delivering my punishment. “Now, say

it.”

I took a deep breath, trying not to look at the Odin's to my left. “Please... Please spank me...”

A look of disapproval crossed Victor's face. “You know that's not how we do it.”

I groaned. “Ple-.... Please spank this naughty little girl.” I was so embarrassed, I could have died.

“That's better. Now, I'll let you decide. How many times should I spank you?”

I knew this game. He already had a number in mind. If I picked a number lower than his, he would double his number and that's how many I would get. If picked one that was higher, then that's how many I would get.

I examined him closely, looking for a clue as to how angry he was. As usual, he showed no sign of any emotion. “Thir...” I was about to say, thirty, but decided that was too risky. “Fifty...” I mumbled.

“What's that? I don't think I heard you properly.”

“P-Please spank me- Please spank... this naughty little girl, fif-... fifty times.”

“Fifty! Wow... I would have been alright with twenty... But, if that's what you think you deserve....” He smiled. I groaned. I knew I should have said thirty. “Now, come here and bend down... That's right, over my knees. There we go... Now, let's make sure you remember the rules. You will ask for each spank and you will keep count. If you lose count, I'll add more. If you take too long to count, I'll add more. If you squirm around too much, I'll add more. Am I understood?”

I nodded.

“I asked...” He gave me a sharp slap on my right buttocks. “Am I understood?”

“Y-Yes sir...”

“Good, now you will ask me to start.”

“Please... Please start spanking this naughty little girl.”

With a business like demeanor, “Very well, let's begin.” He raised his hand high and slapped.

Smack! My flesh jiggled like a bowl of jello. I cringed. “One... please sp-spank this naughty little g-girl.” Smack! “Two... Pl-please spank this naught little girl...”

It went on like that. I did a good job of obey the rules, and we were up to thirty-five when he stopped and asked, “Should I spank harder?”

My butt was already a rosy red, but there was only one acceptable answer to this question. “Yes... Please spank this naughty little girl harder...” Unsurprisingly, the spanking got harder. My butt started turning a darker red. Until, at last...

Smack! “F-fifty... please spank this....” I realized that I had already finished, but he spanked me again.

“Finish your sentence!”

I groaned, my eyes were wet. “Please spank this naughty little girl...” Smack! “Fifty-one....” I did not start the next sentence.

Victor nodded. “Okay, now thank me.”

“Thank... you for... spanking this... this naughty little girl...” He grunted. “M-may I please stand up now...?”

He seemed to give it serious consideration before saying, “Alright, you may stand.”

I got up and rubbed my eyes, then my bum. “Thank you....”

“What the...” Victor looked at his leg and found a small wet spot where my rear had been not seconds ago. “Is this....” He looked up at me, a look of horror on my face. With a lightning quick movement, he shot a finger deep into my pussy and wriggled it around. He was just as quick to discover that my eyes weren't the only part of me that was moist.