

# The Perfect Prescription

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*Master J Adjusts Krystenah's Attitude. Krystenah Visits a Doctor who Prescribes Special Treatment*

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"Pull over," Master told me. I was driving him to the airport at 3 in the morning. Master had been trying unsuccessfully to joke me out of my bad mood since we had left the house. I hate it whenever Master leaves, but he had forbidden me from being sad on our drives. He told me to smile and be happy, and I had forced a smile, but I hadn't fooled Master. I never do. Now, as I pulled over onto the shoulder, I saw Master set his jaw. He told me to shut off the car. He stepped out onto the road, crossed in front of the car, unbuckled his belt, and opened up my door. My heart was racing as I suddenly realized he was going to punish me here in plain sight at the side of the road. What if we were seen? He pulled me out of the car by my wrist and led me to the back of the car. I knew better than to protest, but I pled with my eyes. He stared back at me and pointed at the trunk. I lay over it as he pulled his belt out of his belt loops. He lay his body on top of mine and whispered in my ear, "you defied me, slut. Clearly, you need an attitude adjustment . Spread your legs and open your mouth." As I did, he placed the belt in my mouth. He stood up behind me and pressed his hand on the small of my back. He raised his hand above his head and brought it down on my ass. I felt the vibration shoot through my ass to my clit. He slapped my ass slowly and deliberately. I lost count after 30 strokes. I didn't hear any traffic, but rubberneckers were the least of my worries. He raised my skirt and folded it under the front of my hips. He began spanking me on the bare faster. I stood as still as I could, slobbering on the belt. He was muttering as he continued to spank. "Selfish slut...don't listen...what did I tell you?" I moaned against the belt. His strokes were so strong; I felt the car rock under me. I began to whimper and he paused. He took the belt out of my mouth and told me to kiss it. "Why is Master spanking you?" "Because I disobeyed you, Sir." "Why is Master about to beat your ass with the belt?" "Because I deserve to be punished for my behavior, Sir." He doubled the belt and brought it down on my thighs. I screamed out in surprise and I felt like I could visualize the red stripe appearing under the skin. "Be quiet, slut," he told me as the strokes came down on my thighs and ass. I couldn't anticipate where they would land. I stayed as quiet as I could as he applied the belt, stroke by stroke to my ass. When he had finished, I heard him put his belt back on. He stroked my ass and squeezed it. He ran his fingers up to my pussy and checked how wet I was. "Dirty slut," he

muttered. "Get up and take me to the airport." I got up and smoothed my skirt. I wiped my eyes and smiled at my Master. "Thank you for punishing me, Sir," I said. He smiled a bit and walked me to the door. He set me in the front seat and walked over to his side. My ass was throbbing. The trip to the airport was quiet. I kept looking over at him, but I couldn't read his expression. To break the silence, I said, "I'm sorry I—" "Shhh," he said, "I don't want to hear it. You will get the rest of your punishment when I get back from my trip," he said. He cradled my neck and pulled my face into his. "While I am away, you may NOT touch yourself," he said. We drove on and my thighs twitched. "Yes, Sir." Master had just given me one of the hardest spankings of my life. I thought, "The rest of my punishment?" The first few days without Master were hard, but he had left me a set of instructions to carry out so I would stay busy. On Monday, I shaved the pussy he owns, had my nails done, cleaned the apartment and the car, did the laundry and wrote my daily report to him. On Tuesday I worked out, did the grocery shopping, wrote my report and changed the bed sheets. I missed him terribly and when he called, I felt my pussy get wet at the sound of his voice. At night was the hardest. I wanted to touch my clit, but I knew I could not. I imagined I was lying in Master's arms and that made it easier to fall asleep. On Wednesday I did not feel right. Even though I had slept well, my muscles ached. I felt like I had a fever and when I got out of bed, I had a little vertigo. I texted Master to let him know how I felt. He told me not to worry and that he would make an appointment. "Go back to bed, slave," he said. A few minutes later, Dr. Johnson's office called and gave me the time for the appointment. I stayed in bed until I had to drive downtown. Doctor Johnson was a young, serious man. He had a hard body which I think he liked to show off by wearing his dress shirts one size too small. The effect was that his muscles in his arms were visible under his lab coat. From the first time I met him, I noticed that his hands were large. When I got to his office, he took all my vitals instead of having his nurse do it. He told me that J had told him to take care of me. He felt my forehead and told me that he didn't think I had a fever, but that he wanted to make sure. He told me to strip. "Excuse me, Doctor?" I asked him, blushing. He spoke slowly, as if to a small child. "I need you to strip because I need to take some readings and perform some tests. Your clothing will interfere with the diagnostics. Take your clothes off." "Are you going to step out, Sir?" I asked. "No, I don't think so. I want to get you treated as soon as possible. We want you all fixed up for when J comes back to town, don't we?" At the thought of seeing my Master again, I smiled and began taking off my clothes. When I was nude, he led me to the table and told me to get on top of it. He had me crawl up on all fours and he told me to put my head on the table and my ass in the air. He patted my ass, which was still sore from the punishment Master J had given me. I felt ashamed and vulnerable. Dr. Johnson rubbed my ass and began rubbing my asshole. He told me to relax. "It looks like you were a bad girl before J left town. He did a really nice job on this ass and thighs, though. Spread your knees for me, dear." His touch felt good, but I felt guilty for enjoying it. "Is this part of the exam, Doctor?" I asked. "J told me to take care of you and that is just what I am going to do. Spread those knees and let me do these tests." He continued rubbing the outside of my asshole and began gradually pushing his finger inside. "I am going to take your temperature and then we will know what we are dealing with." A moment later, I felt a thermometer coated with lube enter my ass. I rose up in surprise and he slapped my ass hard. "Oh

that was very bad. I need you to stay still. If you can't stay still, I will have to get my nurse to come in and hold you down. Do I need to call her?" I placed my head back down on the table. "No, Doctor," I said. "Good girl. Now let me insert this while I do some more tests." I felt him push the thermometer inside me and wondered what kind of tests Dr. Johnson had in mind. "If you let this thermometer drop, I will have to get a bigger one. Do you like big objects in your ass, Hon?" I knew I was blushing, but I focused on holding the thermometer inside me. He placed one hand in the middle of my back and with the other, he began kneading my breast. "Doctor!" I shouted, placing my hand on my breast. He took my hand and squeezed it. I felt the thermometer slipping out of my ass. "You need to stay still for the exam," Dr. Johnson said. "I need to check you out before I know what prescription to give you. Try to relax." I did, but in that moment, I was certain that the thermometer had slipped completely out and had dropped on the table. "Oh, dear! Look what you have done," he said. "Get down from that table. I am going to have to take your reading a different way." "I'm sorry, Doctor," I said. "Well, you certainly will be," he muttered. He sat down in his chair and told me to come to him. "I need to get this reading, but since you won't stay still, we are going to have to do it over my knee. You know the drill, don't you, bad girl?" I didn't like this doctor talking to me this way, but I figured that as soon as he got his "readings" the sooner I could go home. I just prayed that Master J never heard of what Doctor Johnson had done to his slave's body. I walked to Dr. Johnson and lay over his lap. Immediately, he scissored my legs in his. He positioned me so that my head was almost on the floor and my ass was once again up in the air. I wanted to disappear. I felt a thrill in my throat, like when Master J spanked me this way, but this wasn't my master and I didn't think he would be pleased with me when Dr. Johnson told his about the "exam". "That's better. J told me that you had trouble following directions, but I thought he was exaggerating!" I heard Dr. Johnson open a drawer. "Most patients are more cooperative than you are. I can usually get a reading with the regular thermometer, but I see you require special treatment. I heard him applying lube to the "special" thermometer and I grew more and more apprehensive. He placed a finger inside my ass and then he pressed two inside. "Here comes the thermometer. STAY STILL," he said sternly. He pressed the thermometer inside. It was thick, almost as thick as my Master's cock. Once it was in, Dr. Johnson began patting it gently, driving it slightly deeper. "I don't like uncooperative patients, so I am going to spank you while that thermometer is inside you. You had better not let it slip, or I will call the nurse in to restrain you." I stiffened at the thought of the doctor punishing me, but before I could protest, the spanking came, reawakening the pain in my ass and the dread I faced when Master J found out. I began to cry, not so much from the pain as from the humiliation. Dr. Johnson capitalized on that as he began scolding me. "Such a bad girl...needing to be punished...this is what happens when you do not follow your doctor's directions...and now the other patients and the nurses and the entire staff will know what a bad girl you are. Imagine a grown woman needing to go over the knee for a bare bottom spanking! Hold that thermometer tight, girl....and what will your Master say when he finds out? I guess you should have thought of that before..." on and on he went and I cried with abandon. I heard the door open. Through my tears, I thought I saw Master's boots. The door closed and the man wearing Master's boots crossed his ankles and leaned against the door. "She gave you that much trouble, did she Doc?" It

was my Master's voice! I craned my neck to see him. He crouched next to my head as the humiliating spanking continued. He waved at me and then stroked my head. He kissed my head. Dr. Johnson exhausted himself and finally the punishment was over. I crawled off the doctor's lap and jumped into Master's arms. He held me and shushed me until my tears abated and then stopped. "What are you doing here, Master?" I asked. "You were sick, so I came home to take care of you," he said, matter-of-factly. "Clean your face and I will do exactly that. He spoke to Dr. Johnson. "Okay if I use the room, Doc?" "Take as long as you need," the doctor said. I washed my tears away and turned back to my Master as the Doctor left. "I'll leave my prescription with the front desk." He left. Master led me back over to the examination table. "Does your ass hurt, slut?" he asked me. I nodded. "Well, good," he said. He told me to face the table. I did. He ran his hand down my body and rubbed my ass. "What is this?" he asked, patting the thermometer. I laughed and told Master J about the thermometer. I had been so overwhelmed with seeing my Master again that I had forgotten about it. "Shall I call the doctor back to get the reading on this thing?" he asked as he slid it out. "Please no, Master," I said. "I'm feeling SO much better!" I felt him slide his cock inside me. I moaned with pleasure as he drove it deeper and deeper and deeper home. I felt his legs rest against my ass and thighs. As he pulled almost all the way out, I felt the electrical sparks of pleasure in my asshole and in my clit. As he thrust his hard, insistent cock inside me, I smiled and breathed as I turned my head back so that I could taste my Master's tongue press into my mouth. I knew there were sessions of punishment to come as well as the prescription from Dr. Johnson. I knew I would have to walk through the clinic and have the eyes of all the doctors and nurses on me, but for the moment, I forgot about all of that and enjoyed the pleasure of my Master's cock inside my ass, his hand squeezing my tits and spanking the tops of my ass cheeks. "It's nice to be home," he said.