

# Acting Up

*By Bernie Roehl, June 2008*

It was a “first” for Debbie and her master. They had hosted many play parties at their home, but this was the first time that they had held a vanilla one. There were a lot of kinky folk there, of course – most of their friends were in the lifestyle. And the ones who weren’t kinky had all become aware of the nature of their relationship.

At a play party, Debbie knew she had to be on her best behaviour, and that if she wasn’t, she’d be punished for it. However... this was not a play party. This was a vanilla party. Her old college friends, a couple of the girls from work, some of her master’s golf buddies. So Debbie thought she could get away with just about anything tonight. Oh, she’d be punished for it after everyone went home, but it would be so worth it!

At first, she started out small. She knew she wasn’t allowed to use foul language in the house, so she went up to her friends and told a particularly raunchy dirty joke. “Debbie...” her master said, with a note of warning in his voice. Debbie just raised a bratty eyebrow, and smiled.

She knew that she was supposed to have the music started by 8 pm. She had it all cued up, so all she had to do was push a button, but she just waited. At 8:15 her master politely suggested she start the music. She stuck out her tongue, then said in her brattiest voice “why doncha do it yourself?”. Her master did not look pleased. Debbie knew she would be in for it later tonight, for now she was enjoying being able to get away with things, safe from any punishment.

At 9:00, her master asked Debbie to bring out the snacks from the kitchen. Another opportunity! She turned to look at him, an impish smile on her face, and said “What if I don’t want to? What are you going to do, spank me?”

The room went silent. Debbie thought to herself “oops”. She had gone too far – she had been openly defiant, in front of a roomful of people, including most of their friends from the community. Not a good idea. Not good at all. She gave out a nervous little laugh.

Her master paused for a moment, then turned to face the crowd that was now watching all this unfold. He spoke clearly and firmly. “Everyone here is aware of the kind of relationship that Debbie and I have. For some reason, she’s chosen tonight to start acting up, and I’m going to have to punish her. If any of you are uncomfortable watching this sort of thing, please feel free to spend the next fifteen minutes downstairs or out in the backyard, enjoying the fine summer air.”

There was a pause. Nobody left the room. Not one single person. In fact, some of them sat down in chairs or on leaned against the wall, settling in to watch what was about to happen.

Debbie wished she could take it back, but it was much too late for that. Her master sat down in the straight-backed chair that they normally used for punishment, and told her to assume the position. Slowly, Debbie lay across his lap. Surely it would be just a few quick swats, and then

the party could continue. But he had said fifteen minutes... did he really intend to give her a full spanking, right in front of everyone? It was at that moment that she felt him raising her skirt to her waist.

Debbie turned her face to the wall, to avoid having to look at everyone watching her. She felt her master pull her panties down to her knees, and she clenched her legs together as tight as she could, in an effort to avoid exposing herself to whoever happened to be seated on the couch.

"Debbie, you've been behaving badly all night, and now you're about to be punished for it. Do you understand?". Debbie softly said "yes, master", and the room somehow managed to go even more silent than it already was.

Debbie knew she had to count the swats out loud. The first one landed firmly, and with surprising force. It caught Debbie off-guard, and she gasped before saying "one".

By "five", she was starting to squirm. By "ten" her legs were kicking, and she had given up any attempt at modesty. By "fifteen" she was starting to cry, and by "twenty" all thoughts of maintaining her dignity were gone. She was begging and sobbing and promising to be a good girl. She could just imagine what all her friends must be thinking, to say nothing of her master's friends.

When it was done, she stood up and quickly pulled up her panties and adjusted her skirt. "I'm very sorry for behaving the way I did, master" she said. He looked at her and replied, "It's not just me you need to apologize to, Debbie."

And so Debbie had to go to each and every party guest, and apologize to them for her behaviour. Thankfully, she didn't have to make eye contact with any of them as she did so, and when she had made a complete circuit of the room, she went to stand in the corner until her master told her to return to the party.

For the rest of the evening, Debbie was very polite, and very obedient, and very respectful to her master and everyone else.

The next day her friend Andrea called her up. Apparently the previous night's party had given her husband some ideas, and she was calling to invite Debbie and her master to a party at their place the following Saturday. And she wanted Debbie's advice... on how to act up.