

Mistress finds out Iâ??ve been a naughty girl

Description

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The silk pillowcase whispered against my cheek, my pink satin nightie riding up just enough to expose the lace trim of my panties.

The room glowed faintly pink from the fairy lights as I traced my finger along the embroidered roses on my bralet.

My diary lay open on my nightstand, its pages cream-colored under the soft glow. I positioned it carefully before climbing into bed angled toward her side of the room, toward the door she'd walk through any minute now. The page I left exposed listed everything.

1. Touched myself in the shower even though she said no touching without permission.
2. Wore my pink panties to the grocery store. Didn't ask first.
3. Came without saying her name.

Number three was the worst. The one that would get me a few smacks with the crop across my pink pantied bottom .

As I thought about it. I bit my lip and pressed my thighs together, the satin of my panties already damp. The word "came" stared back at me from the diary page, my handwriting slightly shaky.

I'd written it right after, my fingers were still trembling from the orgasm I'd stolen while she was away.

My body hummed with the memory. How I'd sprawled across the bed, nightie bunched around my waist, panties tugged aside, playing with my clitty while I imagined her voice.

"Did I say you could touch yourself?"

The imaginary scolding had only made me more excited as I touched my self, my other hand clutching my pillow.

And then I'd come hard, gasping into the empty room.

I hadn't said her name

Just mouthed a wordless sound

The betrayal of it made my stomach flip now. Or maybe that was anticipation.

I rolled onto my back and stared up at the ceiling when suddenly the house creaked somewhere downstairs. Was that her? My pulse quickened, a flutter I felt all the way down in my clit.

I reached down and smoothed my nightie over my stomach, over the little bow at the center of my panties. The satin was cool and slick. I pressed my palm flat against my clit that bulged slightly as I let out a shaky breath.

"I've been a bad girl."

The words hung in the pink-lit air.

My fingers crept lower, tracing the outline of my clitty through the damp fabric.

I shouldn't. That was the whole point—the diary, the confession of the rules I'd broken. I was supposed to wait for her judgment.

But the ache between my legs had its own logic.

I slipped my hand inside my panties.

I circled my clitty slowly, the pad of my middle finger barely grazing the swollen nub. A whimper escaped my throat—high, reedy, the kind of sound that would make her raise an eyebrow if she heard it.

The kind of sound she'd make me repeat, louder, while she watched.

My hips rocked into my hand without permission. I was already chasing it, already hurtling toward that bright edge, when the floorboard in the hallway groaned.

My hand froze.

My eyes snapped open.

The fairy lights flickered—

Another creak. Closer.

I yanked my hand out of my panties and scrambled to look innocent, but my nightie was twisted, there was a wet patch on my panties and the diary was still open to the page that confessed everything.

The door swung open.

She stood in the doorway, backlit by the hall light,

Her eyes found the diary first.

Then my flushed face.

Then the wet spot on my panties, visible where my nightie had ridden up.

“Well,” she said, her voice low and unhurried

“What do we have here?”

I opened my mouth. Nothing came out.

“—Came without saying her name,” she read aloud.

The words landed like a slap.

She turned to look at me, one eyebrow arched. "You came without saying my name?"

I nodded, my throat too tight for speech.

She set the diary down and sat on the edge of the bed. The mattress dipped under her weight, and my body tilted toward her, involuntarily

"Show me," she said.

"W-what?"

"Show me how you did it."

I reached down with trembling fingers and pulled my nightie up to my waist. My pink panties and the damp patch—there was no hiding it. I hooked my thumbs into the waistband and started to pull them down.

"No," she said. "Leave them on. You didn't take them off earlier, did you?"

"Slow," she commanded. "I want to see every little movement."

I circled my pussy clit again, slower this time

"Did you think about me?" she asked.

"Yes," I gasped. "I always think about you."

"But you didn't say my name."

"I—I was close—I couldn't—"

The question unraveled something in my chest.

She was right. She was always right.

"I wanted to get caught," I whispered.

Her grip on my wrist tightened. "Say it again."

"I wanted to get caught. I wanted you to find the diary. I wanted—" My voice cracked. "I want you to punish me, "

"Bend over," she said. "Now."

I scrambled into position on the bed, draping myself like an offering. My nightie bunched at my shoulders. My panties—wet, translucent, useless—stretched across my upturned ass.

Her hand lifted the crop

I gripped the bedsheets and braced



Category

1. Uncategorized

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