Diaries of Ceres and Taliya -Part two: Taliya-P2

By submissive83

Published on Lush Stories on 05 Sep 2008

All stories are copyrighted, 2007 and 2008. No reproduction or copying by any means is allowed, unless by permission of florida08@msn.com or gaiawiccan@aim.com and henryc2770@yahoo.com

Part two: Taliya (its backwards sorry about that its before Ceres's part)

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/diaries-of-ceres-and-taliya-part-two-1.aspx

Chapter two:

Ceres finally made her way over to Master, shaking so much I thought the house would fall. By that time Mistress had walked her witchy lying ass over to me.

“I tried to protect you. Really, I did.” I heard what Mistress said, but when it came to protecting her hide or mine guess whose butt was going to be in trouble.

“No you didn’t, ma’am. You two were fighting! I know YOU stabbed me in the back. But it’s alright.” I just looked at her, daggers shooting from my eyes, knowing she was getting ready to do something. She didn’t disappoint me. With the speed of a striking viper she was beside me, grabbing my arm. I didn’t even have time to think before she dragged me to the sofa where Master and Ceres were relaxing. So hard was I pushed that my hand accidentally hit Master John’s face trying to stop myself from falling. ‘Aw shit! Why me; why today?’ I thought to myself.

“Master! I’m sorry I didn’t mean to hit you! Forgive me, please?” I begged, as his anger was legendary for being easily provoked. I had just triggered it. Damn my bitchy Mistress!

“Taliya, lay on your back and open your legs!” His voice could freeze a lake. Not good.

“Master?” I heard what he said but I wasn’t comprehending it too well. didn’t know how he wanted me so I didn’t move.

“Taliya! On your back! And show me YOUR PUSSY! NOW!” he shouted, grabbing my arm.

“Yes Master!” I screamed, pain coursing down my shoulder as he twisted it savagely. What did he think I was? A pretzel? I was finally made to get on my back. Master had told Ceres to get the paddle. Fear filled my heart making me want to get up and run but I knew if I did he would catch me. Panicking as he pried my legs apart I saw my chance to escape. Kicking him backwards to the floor I ran from him, heading to the back door. I knew he was going to paddle my pussy; I didn’t want that kind of pain. I was in a dilemma: if I ran to my room to get my car keys he would have me trapped. My other option: I always left the car doors unlocked with an extra car keys inside. Not the wisest nor safest thing to do in a high crime neighborhood but ours was pretty safe. Hastily I ran out the back door, hearing them yelling for me. Running around to the front of the house Mistress Julia was behind me but not to close, huffing and puffing from the exertion. I couldn’t go back the way I came especially when I saw Master John standing by my car. I stopped dead in my tracks as he started to come at me. Damn! He had my extra car keys dangling between his fingers as if to say ‘Come on. Take it from my hand.’

“Master! Please! I’m sorry! I don’t know what I was thinking,” I said as I backed away.

“I’ll get that mind of yours thinking, stupid bitch! Don’t you worry about that!” I didn’t move when he said that, not because I didn’t want to but I seemed to be frozen to the earth. I tried willing my feet to move, to run again, because if I could reach the house to lock them out… but I couldn’t move. I just stood there as he approached me.

When he got closer he slapped me across the face hard knocking me down. I try to hold my face but he grabbed my hand.

“Master please don’t please…I’m so sorry please…” Master just grabbed me up and dragged me back inside.

“Get up those stairs and in bed NOW!”

“Yes Master.” I hurried up the stairs, running to my room. I learned my lesson years ago as a newbie sub: I don’t need a spanking but I know I’ll get one, two or maybe three. I lay down in bed scared, pulling myself into the fetal position, as if my reduced size would make me invisible. When I heard the knob turning I didn’t move.

“Liya, get your stupid ass up, NOW! You will NOT skip your chores then lie about it. You will NOT strike me then run. I am YOUR Master. Do you understand ME!?” His voice thundered in my room making my head hurt.

“Please Master! I love you! I am sorry for hitting you! I was wrong, Kind Master! I will never do that again! Please!” My pleadings fell on deaf ears.

He pulled me up and pulled my skirt and thongs down, I started crying he slapped me across the face again.

“Shut up, bitch! Turn around and bend over… NOW!” Turned around slowly, bending over my bed, my brown firm cheeks felt flushed even though no blow had touched them. The penalty for the stated

offences would range from a paddling to a caning. Fifty lashes minimum, but drawn out over a half an hour to maximize the punishment. I heard Master John remove his belt when Mistress Julia walked into my room. All this, and she probably came to gloat. ‘It was not FAIR!’ I screamed in my brain. My mouth said nothing. It would soon be shrieking in pain.

“John, please don’t do this,” Mistress said. From the corner of my eye I saw her.

“What did you tell me, Julia?” Master said, his voice dripping with venom.

“I told the girls to go to bed early… I didn’t mean to over step your orders but it was late. Punish me instead okay…… Master?” What do you know! She ‘fussed up, at long last!

“Get in our bedroom, Julia.” Mistress looked scared. Her pale skin lost its glow, looking sallow. She had broken one of Master’s cardinal rule: when asked, tell the truth, only the truth. It might hurt, but lying hurt even more. I think she was about to experience it first hand.

“Yes John,” she said meekly. Her high horse had ridden off, leaving her to walk.

“Get up Taliya. Pull your thongs up; leave your skirt off. Get your chores done. Complete what you should have done last night.”

“Yes Master.” Turning around I bent over at the waist to retrieve my thongs, a satin pool around my feet, my chocolate half moons smiling at his waist. His Big Johnson strained to get at them. I appreciated a good dick every now and then but I was strictly chickly.

“You’ll find Ceres in the living room kneeling. I want her chores done. We are not finished by a long shot. I’ll deal with you tonight, Liya, for running.” I looked down at my hands, mutely nodding my head. The less said the better. I walked out my room right behind him. He stood at the top of the stairs watching my red thong clad buns calmly sashaying down the stairs. I found Ceres kneeling on her cushion beside the couch. Repeating Master’s instructions to her we began to get our chores done.

I work better with music, meaning my Walkman over my ears jamming to some 50cent, Tupac and other tunes from a local hip-hop radio station. I cranked my music high to really feel it. Two hours flew pass when I saw Ceres jump. Removing my headphones I crossed over to her and heard what freaked her out. Mistress Julia, screaming like a banshee at the top of her lungs. Obviously Master wasn’t using a gag ball so this could have been to psyche us out. No one was exempt from his punishment, not even his dear loving wife Julia. CRACK! CRACK! CRACK! The sound resonated throughout the house. Master had a microphone plugged into his stereo to hammer his point to we lowly females under his ministrations. I could feel Mistress’ agony over the airwaves. ‘How does it feel when the shoe is on the other foot’ I thought ruefully. Did she think he was going to be easy on her? His own wife, undermining his authority, lying to him, blaming it on their innocent charges? I hoped he wasn’t using a razor strap on her, but it could be his bamboo cane whip, the ping pong paddle or his heavy two inch wide thick black leather belt. I was almost positive he was using a cane though. Having experienced each and every one of them during my various training periods you learn the sound of the differences. I pulled Ceres back to her chores when we heard the door open.

“Taliya, get up here now!” Master screamed. Running out of the dining room up the stairs I almost bowled him over in my haste to obey him. He had the brown Japanese bamboo cane in his hand. Pointing to my room I assumed the basic position: lying face down on the bed with pillows under my stomach, butt feeling the coolness of my room, my red satin thongs pulled down to my ankles once again.

“Do you understand why this is happening, Liya?” In order for the punishment to be effective we had to understand our error, otherwise it was just a reasonless beating.

“Yes Master. I do.”

“Good. How many lashes do you think are appropriate number your being disrespectful to me, Taliya?” This could be a trick question. Too little and he could punish me for trying to get off too easily. Too much and I could be confined to bed for a few days. Taking a deep breath I replied.

“Twenty lashes, Master. If that meet your approval, Sir.” Nothing was said for a moment. I hoped I hadn’t sold my punishment short. Master had an amused look on his face.

“Well, I would have thought ten, but if you insist on twenty then so be it. Are you ready?” Picking up the cane he swished it through the air. It hissed angrily, cutting the breeze easily. “Start counting off, loudly.”

SWISH SMACK!

“One” That smarted.

SWISH SMACK!

“Two.”

SWISH SMACK!

“Three.”

SWISH SMACK!

And so it went, me biting my lips, clenching my jaw, holding back tears, trying not to cry as he made me count out the blows. Twenty lashes felt like forever because he would often pause to let the pain sink in before he applied the next lash. He would also rub the cane across my tingling hide, prolonging the torture. He wasn’t as harsh as he could have been. I guess Mistress Julia took a lot out of him. Or maybe he was just doing it to exert his authority.

Those of you who read my description think of this as a painful experience, which it is, but there is also an erotic side to it as well. A properly administered ‘correction’ could make my pussy juices flow like a river. I know it was that way with Ceres. The thought of being paddled got her wet. After thirty minutes it was over. The final step was my having to kiss the cane. I did fervently for more than one reason. Master John laved a cooling cream on my sore rump. I swear steam arose when it touched my skin. Helping me up from my painful position he touched his palm to my face.

“Go finish your chores.”

“Yes Sir. Thank you, Sir, for punishing me.” I gingerly left the room heading back to finish my chores. I wondered what other surprises this day would hold for me.