Krystenah is Reclaimed (Sylvia Pt 3)

By krystenah

Published on Lush Stories on 19 Feb 2011

This material is copyrighted. The author retains all rights.

Master J Reclaims His Property

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/krystenah-is-reclaimed-sylvia-pt-3.aspx

The water soothed my muscles even as it irritated the punished skin of my thighs and ass. Master lowered me into the tub. He used a wash cloth and asked me to give him parts of his slave's both to bathe. I relaxed my arm as he held my wrist and washed the length on my arm. He ran the warm cloth over my neck and up my face, finally washing away all traces of Mistress Sylvia. He ran the cloth along my lips and pressed his index finger into it so that he could wash the space between my nose and lips, my eyebrows, behind my ears.

He told me to lean back and I got my hair wet and rinsed my face. He shampooed my hair and had me lay down again to rinse it. His touch was firm and he worked like a doctor, working to erase my sweat and tears as well as Mistress Sylvia's juices. As soon as he was satisfied that my head and face were clean, he kissed me very deeply and hungrily. He pressing his tongue inside my mouth and held the back of my head. I kissed him back and lightly chewed on his lip. I longed to press my body against his. He broke the kiss and began soaping up the cloth again.

He washed my shoulders and breasts, paying particular attention to each nipple. He pinched them and twisted them. He pulled them toward his body. He pulled the right side and spanked hard as he began to question me.

"Whose is this, slave?"

"It is yours, Master." The slaps were slow and deliberate. I fought to keep my voice steady.

"Let me see the other one." I pressed it toward his body and he gave it the same treatment. The tits had a pink glow now. Master told me to stand up.

Master washed my tummy and pussy and asshole. He had me step out of the tub and he toweled me off and told me to go into the bedroom and stand in the corner with my hands on my head, fingers

interlocked, with my elbows out. I did as I was told.

As I stood, I felt the back of my thighs, raw from the sting the riding crop had given me. The pain in my ass cheeks was deeper, in the muscle, seemingly. Master walked up to me and ran his hands down my shoulders and back, massaging my muscles. He ran them down my front and grabbed my tits and squeezed them tight. I felt a spark in my clit and fought the urge to close my legs. Master tapped on my arm. “Turn around,” he said.

He ran his hand down my tummy and clasped my mound. He pressed his fingers inside and my head lolled to the side. I kept my arms out, pressed my chest toward him.

“Whose pussy is this?” he asked me.

“It is yours, Master,” I said in a daze.

“If it is mine, why did you think you could keep it from me? I wanted it this afternoon, but it wasn’t here when you told me you would bring it home. I think you need a reminder that it DOES belong to me. “

I shivered both with arousal and with trepidation. My pussy swelled and tightened around his fingers.

“I am going to spank that pussy, slave, and then I am going to fuck it. Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Master.”

“But first I am going to spank the hell out of that ass and asshole, as well. Go into the bedroom and get my toys out. “

I went into the bedroom and took out the paddle, ruler, flogger, hairbrush and spoon. I didn’t know what Master would want to use on me, but I have found out the hard way that if I don’t put all the toys out, I get double the punishment. Master came in and positioned me on the bed. He told me to put my hands behind me and held them in the small of my back. Without warning, he began striking my ass with his hands. He covered the entire cheek in short order and I began crying well before he was finished. He released my hands and told me to hold my cheeks open. He took the flogger and brought it down as hard as he could so the tips hit my asshole. The sting was pleasant and then it wasn’t. Just when I thought I couldn’t take any more, he told me to stand and face the wall.

My legs were wobbly, but I did as I was told. He told me to bend over and hug my knees. He kicked my ankles apart and placed his hand on the small of my back. He brought the hairbrush down again and again on my ass and thighs. I tried to breathe through the pain, but I gave in to the sobs that tore

at my lungs. When he was finished, he pulled me up and drew me to him. He hugged me close and I tried to wrap a leg around him. He kissed my hair and stroked my face. He told me to go clean my face and then to come back to the bedroom. The air on my thighs was soothing and itchy at once.

Master had me lay on the bed on my back. My ass was throbbing, but the blanket felt very nice against my punished ass. He told me to bend my knees and then let them flop open. I was nervous, but I did as I was told.

He used his hand first and slapped my pussy. He had to slap my thighs as well as I kept folding them in a vain attempt to avoid the blows. “Next time I am going to tie you down, slut. Stay still.” I stayed as still as I could, but my clit was throbbing from both the stings and the arousal I felt looking into Master’s eyes and he focused on his work, tattooing his fingerprints on the clit he was reclaiming and punishing the pussy he owned so I would not forget whose it belonged to.

Master stopped and told me to suck his cock. I happily sat up and buried my face in his crotch. I pressed my face against its hardness and began sucking it hungrily. I took it deep into my throat and moved my mouth slowly back up the shaft. I felt it grow stiff in my mouth and I felt the ecstasy I only ever feel when I am serving my master in this way. I brought my mouth down until my nose brushed his balls and I began to move my mouth faster up and down the hardening length. Master was guiding my head up and down and I felt that his orgasm was building. My clit was throbbing at the thought of feeling his cum hit the back of my throat and fill my mouth. Master moaned and came and I swallowed his cum, grateful that he had chosen to feed it to me, his errant slut. I moved my mouth slower, making sure that I lapped up every drop that came out of Master’s magnificent cock. I smiled despite my exhaustion and despite the fact that I had to be punished.

Master asked, “what do you taste like, slave?”

“Your cum, Master,” I answered and he smiled at the ceiling.

“Show me,” he said and I crawled up to him clumsily and kissed him. We lay together and he stroked my hair and I stroked his chest. I curled my body around his and I felt as his heartbeat gradually slowed. He moved his hand down the length of my back and cupped my ass cheek in his hand. We dozed.

When I woke up, I knew two things. The first was that Master was not in the bed and the second was that I was tied to it. It felt like I had only been asleep for a few minutes, but I quickly realized that it had been much longer. I was tied, spread-eagled to the bed. Master’s voice came from the doorway.

“You look really pretty like that, slave,” he said.

“Thank you, Master,” I said.

He had the flogger in this hand and he was drawing it through his fingers. He came over to the bed and traced it down the length of my both to my pussy, which was still sore from the spanking he had given it. He turned the flogger around and pressed the handle against the opening. “Is this where she touched you, slut?”

“Yes, Master,” I said.

“Right here?” he asked and pressed the handle slightly deeper into my pussy.

“Yes, Master.” I said and looked at him desperately. I craved his cock inside me, not this crude substitute.

“And did it feel good, slut, when she touched you right here? When she handled MY property?”

My thighs clenched and I felt fireworks go off inside my head at these words.

“It felt good, Master, yes. I can’t lie.”

“I DO want you to feel good, slut. Should I call her and have her come over and fondle my property so you can feel some more pleasure today?”

“Please no, Sir!” I exclaimed. “Can I please have your cock inside the pussy you own? I am sorry I was bad. I am sorry she had to discipline me. I am sorry I embarrassed you. I need your cock, Master. I’ll be good. I promise, just please, please, can I feel your cock inside your slave’s punished pussy?” My words came out in a stream. I felt as if every cell of my body was straining to be next to his. I looked at him as he came around to the bed. He crawled up slowly and finally smiled.

“Yes, my slut. You can have Master’s cock inside that very greedy and very naughty pussy. “ As he said these words, he ran his fingers just along the opening, avoiding contact with my clit, which was hard and throbbing. He crawled onto me and pressed his erection deep inside me with one motion. I sighed at the reawakening of the sting in my clit and the joy I always feel when I am lucky enough to have Master’s cock inside me. I relaxed against the ropes. My head lolled on the pillow. He began thrusting, with slow, deep plunges. I looked at his smiling eyes and smiled as I cried with relief and with desire.

“Whose pussy is this?” He asked me.

“Yours, Master. Only yours. Only yours.”