

Diaries of Ceres and Taliya: Part Two

By submissive83

Published on Lush Stories on 27 Nov 2007

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

This is a work of Historical fiction names places chronology of these events have been changed.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/bdsm/diaries-of-ceres-and-taliya-part-two.aspx>

It was noon when I woke up. Looking for Master I ran down the stairs, catching him at the bottom step. "We need to talk, Ceres," he said. I didn't know what about. I didn't mean to run down the stairs but I woke up late and wanted to get my chores done. "Yes Master. Did I do something wrong, master?" "No, you did not, Ceres. Turn around and go to your room. I'll be up there in a minute," he said. I did as I was told, returning to my room, kneeling by my bed for my master to come through the door. In such cases he would put his big thing in my mouth but this time he delayed his arrival, leaving me like that for an hour. When I felt his hand run down the length of my back I stood up. Then my hands were bound behind my back, a red-ball gag in my mouth. He pushed me down on my bed, pulling up my blue mini-skirt, revealing my bare ass. Seeing that I was wet he pushed his finger in my cunt. When I started to moan he slapped my ass hard. "This is punishment, Ceres, not pleasure. You are not allowed to cum," he said. I shook my head acknowledging I understood him. He pulled his finger out, then removed my gag. I opened my mouth for him to place his finger on my lips, which I hungrily licked clean. He undid my hands, sitting me up. I saw on my nightstand things I both hated and loved: the golden brown bamboo cane, specially made for him by a Japanese craftsman, whose family had been in that business for generations: a small pink anal plug, about three inches long, an inch and a half in diameter; and a thick eight inch black dildo. My eyes could not stay off of them. I lowered my head and eyes as he sat down next to me. "Ceres?" I didn't answer him: I knew where he was going to take this talk. "Answer me, Ceres!" he commanded. "Yes, Master?" I said in a shaky voice. With that he got up, walked to my closet, finding the silver police handcuffs. I didn't move: I looked up at him walking back to me with something hidden behind his back. "Do you know why you are getting this punishment, Ceres?" Master John asked softly. "Y-yes master," I said. With that out of the way I was made to lie spread-eagled on my stomach, arms over my head as my hands were cuffed to the top bedposts, my legs spread apart while my feet were tied to the posts at the foot of the bed. There was enough rope for me to move to get my ass in the air, my pussy exposed to his

vengeful gaze. I wasn't lubed up enough for the anal plug to go in easily but that was not a problem: he didn't care. I let out a blood curdling scream feeling it brutally forced it in me, my tears were flowing like rain into my pillow. While writhing in pain from the anal plug he rammed the dildo into my now soaked cunt. "Now, Ceres, shall I go on?" he asked me. "No Master, please stop! I will never disobey you and Mistress Julia again as long as I live!" That apparently wasn't the answer he was looking for. Finding the bamboo cane he rubbed it all over my throbbing ass and cunt. What a glorious feeling of pain and pleasure for me, although it was hard to tell where one began and the other ended. Pushing my sore aching ass down to the bed he replaced the cane to its previous spot the nightstand, leaving the room. Still crying, I tried to calm down so not to make things worse for me. Master had quietly returned to my room with a long black braided leather whip, hiding an unknown item behind his back. I craned my neck but I still couldn't see it. Smiling evilly at me I saw... oh God no! In his hand was a much bigger anal plug, pink in color, about six inches long, three inches in diameter, a true item of torture if I ever saw one. I knew I was in more trouble than he let on to me. "Master John, no, don't, please, that won't fit!!" I said, screaming and crying in terror. He picked up the bamboo cane, again smiling. "Shall I give you something more to cry about, Ceres?" he said, hitting the cane against the bed so hard that I thought I was hit. I was too securely bound to move away from him. "Answer me, Ceres!" Master John said. Speechless, all I could do was shake my head no. He gave me another evil smile, yanking the smaller anal plug out. I gasped in both relief and pain, knowing that in a minute I would be wishing to the Almighty that it had remained. I held my breath, bracing myself for the new anal plug to violate my already tender asshole. I felt like a hot poker was ripping my butt as the huge hated anal plug was shoved mercilessly into me. I tried to be brave, holding back tears but I couldn't hold back my screams. Passing into oblivion I heard Master John yelling at someone: I wasn't sure if it was my sister Taliya or Mistress Julia. My last remembrance was of my door closing; I passed out after that. I woke up to Mistress undoing my hands and legs; Master John was standing at my door, smiling gently at me. He walked over to Mistress, helping her to get me up out of bed. I still had the black eight inch long dildo in my wet, sore, aching cunt, plus the huge anal plug distending my butt, barely able to move with them there. Master reached down, pulling the black dildo out of my cunt to throw it on my bed. 'Thank God, I thought to myself. Master is having pity on his poor submissive, and my punishment is over': but it wasn't. To my horror he replaced it with a bigger one. This one, a huge ruby red dildo gleamed as if on fire in the dim bedroom light. I was as thick as my arm (four inches around) and as long as my Master's arm (eighteen inches). I couldn't scream anymore. I had no energy, no voice; I felt as if my most precious privates had been assaulted by an army of cruel strangers. Master John and Mistress Julia lay me back on the bed, then turned me over on my stomach again. Master spoke something to Mistress, after which she left the room, closing the door softly behind her. Gagging my mouth again he caressed my still throbbing ass with the bamboo cane, before moving it away. 'What bliss he is giving me,' I thought to myself. 'He's not going to punish me anymore!' Alas, I was lying to myself. Master John had other plans for curing me of my disobedient behavior. Once, twice, thrice; down came the cane. He rapidly tanned my brown hide, covering every square inch with thin red welts, igniting a fire I begged silently to be quenched. "Stay still; this is the

last one, unless you tell me otherwise.” I flinched. “Naughty, naughty Ceres. Twenty wasn’t enough to fix your attitude, so I shall have to administer twenty more!” Master John said grimly. I had to be chastised all over again. Tears just flowed down my face. I couldn’t say anything with that hated gag-ball between my lips. It may have been for the best. My sobbing could get me caned all night long until I fell unconscious from the agony. By the time he was done, the ruby red dildo had worked its way out of my cunt. I was dripping wet: my clit was unsheathed like a small dick waiting to be sucked. He couldn’t help but notice. Dropping his pants he put his cock in my face. I was so ready to cum that I would have gladly sucked him off until he pulled out of mouth. That was impossible with my gag-ball so I raised my ass in the air enough for his cock to be able to penetrate my sopping cunt. Mounting me from behind doggie style I could feel the swollen head of his seven inch cock brushing against my yearning lust inflamed pussy, his nut sack hitting against my bruised thighs. One hand reached under my belly to diddle my sensitive clit. His pace started nice and slow, his left hand grabbing me by my long black hair, reining me in as if he were riding a mare. I was moaning through my gag, begging Master for more. Then rough, fast, impatient were his strokes, as if the finish line were in sight. ‘Oh Sweet Jesus!’ This refrain ran through my mind, my pain rapidly forgotten with each of my loving Master’s thrusts. I screamed his name loudly, though muffled by the gag. He pummeled me furiously with that lovely cock of his as if exorcising my demon with his holy white cock. Grabbing my wide black hips with his strong white hands his cock felt as if it bursting until he shot me full of his milky white man juice. I thought I had died and gone to Heaven, then came myself. When he was pleased with me he released me from my restraints, including that hated gag that prevented me from sucking his love tool. The hours of being locked in one position had taken their toll on me. I was unable to move without almost falling down. He got me up, taking me to his shower. While there Master John pulled out the massive pink anal plug, slowly, tenderly, as to not hurt me anymore. When I ready he washed me, being oh so careful over my cuts. That done he oiled my wounds, dressing me in my black see-through teddy. By the time we got downstairs it was 8 p.m. For over ten hours I had been subjected to some sort of punishment for my acts of willful disobedience. Mistress Julia and Taliya were watching television in the living room. Master took his sofa, me gingerly on his lap, feeling his arms around my waist, his beautiful cock throbbing deliciously under me. I looked across to Mistress, smiling at her. She was going to have the time of her life tonight, maybe even better than I had. The hour was getting late when Master returned me to my room. Thoughtfully my dinner was on my desk instead of those earlier items of punishment. I still couldn't sit down without gasping in pain so I got a pillow from my closet, placing it on the chair so I could sit to eat. I was ravenous, the only sustenance I had dined upon all day being my cream and a gag. Not enough for a growing eighteen year old girl. Upon completion of that sumptuous feast Master John called Mistress in to take my things to the kitchen. She kissed me goodnight, leaving my room. Her appreciation was evident. Master put me to bed; Mistress had come in while I was in the shower, changing my sheets. “Goodnight, sweet Ceres. Your Master loves you very much, even if I have to show you by punishing you,” he murmured, kissing me goodnight. “Thank you, Master, for loving me enough to correct this bad girl,” I said. “I love you with all my heart.” He left, turning the lights out, closing the door behind him. I was half asleep,

totally exhausted from that day when I heard moaning and screams of pleasure from Master John and Mistress Julia's room. I heard a soft knocking on my door, Taliya's head peering in. She glided in, quiet as a ghost. Finally, some alone time with my beloved sister, the good little submissive. I made room in my bed so she could lie down beside me. Our owners were still going at their lovemaking tooth and nail. Taliya came in, closing the door silently behind her. By the dim night light I could see her tight form lie down beside me. Cuddling each other, her gently because of my earlier abuse, she lightly kissed me. I responded in kind, more forcefully kissing her back. Tongues in each others mouths, nibbling each others earlobes, necks, shoulders I loved the way she was making me feel. A man could please me one way but a woman, she took it to a whole new level. Not only was there the physical bond but a spiritual and emotional one as well. She was so soft, so pliant under my hands. Our pussies grew wet, begging for attention from each other. How could we resist? Our hands reached for each others cunts. Stripping off our confining clothing we explored each others mysteries. The night air soon was filled with moaning and screams of pleasure. In spite of my earlier treatment this was the best night of my entire young life. -part 3 is coming as soon as it gets revise, thx for reading-