

Sex Story: Ginny in the Dungeon - Part Two

*See part one for the beginning.

He held my hand while he led me down the stairs. The room was huge and there was so much to see, I was in shock.

He walked me through the basement, stopping at every piece of equipment, explaining what it was and how it's used.

"This is a St. Andrew's cross. You are shackled spread eagled, either forward facing or backwards. This is a torture device. Torturing using pain or pleasure." he explained. "I would put you in this facing forward, so I could watch my Kitten's face," he added. I was breathing hard beside him. I knew my face was beet red and my pussy was throbbing. I felt my panties getting wet and was embarrassed.

We walked to a big post in the middle of the room. He told me it was a whipping post, only used when a cum kitten was bad and needed punishment. He looked down at me and asked me if he would ever have to bind me to the post. "No sir, I really hope not sir," my voice trembling.

With a little smile he led me to this thing with holes in it. He told me these were stocks. He detached a lock and opened it up. He moved me so my hands and neck were resting on these half holes, then closed it. I was unable to move. My wrists were locked and there was no way I could move my head out of it. He then went behind me and attached my ankles to the metal legs of the thing. I was trapped.

I was bending over slightly, completely at his mercy. I was nervous but not scared. I felt so aroused, so submissive to him, I would not have complained about anything he did. I just wanted to please him, I wanted him to own me, to take me, to use me. My body and soul was made for him, I knew it and he knew it.

He walked behind me and asked if I was wearing pink or white panties. I told him I was wearing white.

"Good girl," he murmured. With those words, I whined deep in my throat and my knees went weak. I felt him lift my short skirt up to look at my panties.

"These panties look wet," he said in a soft voice. I moaned again, just knowing he was looking at my pussy through my panties. He put his fingers under the elastic of my panties and traced slowly down until he touched my bald, hot pussy lips lightly. I cried out and bit my lip.

“Such a wet little kitty,” my master said, his voice husky. I heard him unbuckling his belt and I know I started begging. I don’t know what I was saying, all I know is I wanted to see his cock, to touch it, to feel it inside me.

I had never seen his cock, didn’t know his size.

| I felt his hands on my [ass](#), spreading me. Then I felt something big, very big and very
| hard at the opening of my [pussy](#). He pushed and his cock stretched the opening of my
| wet [cunt](#). It stung and hurt as he tried to get the head in. Without warning, he plunged
his cock deep inside me. I cried out in shock and pain. It was so big I was wondering if it
could possibly be his fist.

He fucked me hard, my neck banging against the stock, rubbing raw with my wrists. I hardly felt it as he thrust in and out of me, pounding my cervix with his meat.

“Master, master, please...” I kept saying. Not knowing what I was saying. I could feel my orgasm building, was starting to scream when he plunged in the deepest and held it there. He ground into me as I came all over his cock.

| “Now Kitten is my turn. I am going to pour my [cum](#) deep in your [pussy](#). You will not wash
today. You will feel my [cum](#) leaking out of you into these wet panties all day,” he
| commanded. He told me to squeeze my [pussy](#) as hard as I could. I did and he groaned,
| his fingers digging into my soft [ass](#) cheeks.

He bit my shoulder as he came, the pain and pleasure of it washed over me into another orgasm.

He was right, his [cum](#) leaked out of me all day.