

The Village Celibate part 1

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The year was 1818. The monotonous grey sky shed its depressing shade on every hut of the small, colonial village in the Mid-West. Anticipatory crowd chatter filled the gloomy dusk of the village square, as the locals were gathered for a public shaming. Roughly pushed up the stairs of the elevated deck with their wrists cuffed behind their backs were two young women. They were led towards two vertical stockades, ominously waiting for them in the center of the platform, for the sentence of public shaming.

The 'shame' part of their retribution appeared to have started already, since the two gorgeous, shapely women (a white girl with long brown hair and a black girl with wavier dark hair) were topless, with only their knee-high skirts to keep some of their modesty intact. The two had been caught committing the heinous act of prostitution, a terrible offence in this day and age.

While power was easily abused by the land-owning gentry, it was the puritanical, religious roots of these societies that put the ground rules which guided the village's simple daily life. As far as the god-fearing people were concerned, sex was only meant for procreation. Acts like abortion, prostitution, even premarital sex were seen as grave sins and crimes. 'Provocative' attire or wives speaking out of turn were also law-breaking offences.

Both girls were visibly distressed, with tears rolling down their cheeks as their cuffs were removed only so that their wrists could be snapped on the two holes on either side of the bigger one in the middle, reserved for their necks. The crowd booed these Satan-loving whores as they were secured into their stockades side by side, facing the mob.

With the heavy stocks closed over their wrists and necks, both women were now forced to bend over at the waist, due to the stock's height. Their ample, perky breasts hung freely underneath their curvy bodies, exposed to the sharp chill of the air and to the gaze of the (mostly male) crowd.

“Oh gosh” 18-year-old Abigail put her palm over her face, shocked by the sight as she watched from a distance, standing at the porch of the tavern she worked as a bar maiden. Though she of course knew that public punishments were very much a thing in her community, it had been years since the last one she’d laid eyes on.

A kind, sweet girl, Abigail couldn’t help but feel bad for the distressed ladies, only a few years older than she was. She felt immensely grateful she wasn’t dabbling in such hated, controversial endeavors.

The petite woman had straight hair of a golden brown color, which reached all the way down her skinny waist. With her slender 5’5” stature and fair skin, she looked like a doll, only her beauty was very real. She had a flat chest and a slim physique complimented by feminine hips and a round, tight rump. Her porcelain doll skin was soft and firm to the touch.

The young brunette’s body was on the cusp of ripeness, with its immense beauty and feminine grace transitioning from that of a girl to a woman. While her small society dictated strict rules in regards to the acceptable interactions between an unwedded lad and lass, young Abigail was stealing the looks of the youthful, male population. A lingering touch whenever she handed a young chap something, a meaningful stare, or the most ‘innocent’ flop of her (always long) dress as she turned away, in order to reveal, just for that split second, her naked calves to the handsome boy.

These things were all as subtle as only a woman could pull off. The meaning behind the words and appearances.

At 18 and without a suitor, Abigail was (of course) a virgin through and through. But for now, she was content with the subtle gazes and giggles towards handsome boys. She imagined she would eventually find ‘the one’ and become his precious bride, but that day seemed far for now.

Unable to avert her big blue eyes out of the sheer shock value, Abigail watched as the poor women tested the inescapability of their bonds before the whole village, with expressions of awful anticipation.

Then, Lord Gerard stepped on the high platform. One of the few high-class rulers, with aspirations of one day becoming a governor, the 40-year-old man was dressed in dark brown attire with a buttoned vest and coat that now peasant could afford and matching breeches that ended below his knees with these white tall socks. His dark, sleazy hair was caught in a small ponytail.

Behind him followed Father Stoltz, the head of the small clergy of this village, with his hands meshed together in a similar holier than thou esteem. He was a hunched, scrawny old man in his signature dark priest uniform. He was bald, with the grey ring of remaining hair going across his scalp.

The Lord rolled out a scroll and read with a booming voice of damnation. “Beatrice Rolland and Juliette Jackson...” the man announced the names of the Caucasian brunette, then the black beauty.

“You have been convicted of the crime of prostitution. For your insult to our village’s faith and customs you’ll be subjected to the pillory for 24 hours”.

As soon as he spoke, a barrage of spoiled tomatoes and other vegetable was ‘catapulted’ onto the two maidens, who were helpless to avoid being targets. The soft tomatoes splashed onto their stocks and all over the women’s half-nude bodies, one hitting the pretty black girl square in the face and smearing it with red pulp.

Both women hung their heads in misery, their sobs almost drowned out by the ridiculing crowd. “This seems...cruel” the soft-hearted Abigail said to her barmaid coworker, a dark-haired chick almost twice her age that was standing next to her. A softie, Abi wasn’t sharing the crowd’s sentiment, though she wouldn’t loudly proclaim it, either. She wasn’t an idiot.

“What do I care? Stupid sluts shouldn’t be bedding every villager with a pulse” the older girl did not share Abi’s empathy, watching these barbaric proceedings like a live show with free admission.

The old priest then took the floor. “In addition, as a reminder of your insolence, you will be branded with the mark of our Lord and Savior” he said with a serious, albeit saddened tone, like a disappointed father.

“Nooo, please...nooo! MMMMffff!” the women started pleading upon hearing the added sentence, but the two guards were already tying torn pieces of fabric over their mouths, tightly silencing them whilst the two powerful figures approached the women’s perked up rears with a red hot iron, that’s been sitting in the hot coals for a while. At the end of the bar was the image of a cross, with a circle around its center.

“MMMMFF! NNNNng!” the panicking women tried turning their heads left and right, with the wooden plaques of their stocks blocking their view of what was taking place behind them. The angry crowd only got louder, wanting to see the godless bitches ‘shear’.

As the women’s skirts were lifted to reveal their firm, juicy asses and the two steaming metal rods approached the top part of their left ‘cheeks’, Abigail covered her eyes. A moment later, she heard two unmistakable gagged shrieks of agony, followed by the sizzling sound of burned flesh, as the two prostitutes were branded for everyone to see, forever marked as heathens.



A few hours had passed since the brutal 'ceremony' at the village square. The sky was dark and the few stars were out now. The vibe had changed; the air was filled with merriment and chatter, the occasional obnoxious male cheers and laughter mixing in with the smell of ale and crowd must. The village tavern was beaming with people around this hour, which meant Abigail was extremely busy.

As she slithered her way through the dense crowd, holding a tray as big as herself above her head, Abigail tried not to look towards the windows. It reminded her that only about a hundred yards away, in the village square, the two poor girls were still out there, shivering from the cold and suffering from their freshly branded bodies.

Beatrice and Juliette would remain there until tomorrow dusk. Though the deck was traditionally guarded throughout the night, it was more than likely that these same guards would be bribed into allowing the stockaded, gagged girls to be raped by a few creeps, especially during those dead hours of the night, when fewer eyes were around.

No rape accusations would occur, since unfortunate girls like them (especially whores) knew not to further 'stir the pot', with their reputation in the community already in the mud.

"Another round!" a dirt-faced, fat farmer yelled at the petite server of the old tavern, the biggest one in this early 19th century, colonial village. "Right away, sir!" with her cute, feminine voice struggling to cut through the roaring tavern noise, young Abigail registered the order. The large, round wooden tray of food appeared giant above her skinny arms, as she was heading to serve a different table.

But the 18-year-old lass, with her gorgeous brown hair caught in two pretty braids that draped along each shoulder, was no stranger to hard work. Though her arms ached from exertion, she soldiered on, weaving through the much-larger crowd in her tiny frame, clad in a white (turned beige with wear) apron tied over her ankle-long, plain dark-green dress, with some puffy short sleeves.

Despite her gritty, rough work environment, Abigail's presence exemplified femininity with its slender, slim form and fragile grace. Though mostly covered (as any god-fearing citizen of this village) her body made the men of the establishment linger their eyes on her. It couldn't be helped. Abigail saw it as one of her work's 'hazards'.

The young girl was used to hardship, becoming an orphan at a young age and having to quickly fend for herself, running all kinds of errands before settling into the tavern gig. Her tough upbringing had made her not just resilient, but spry and upbeat. Nothing came easy, but she was grateful to make ends meet on her own.

“Here you are, lads” the young maiden placed 6 pints of ale down on the table, disguising her physical strain with a courteous smile. “What service! Bet you could serve me with your lips later, hon?” The chubby, bearded farmer from before sleazed over the girl’s beauty, licking his lips to reveal some missing teeth.

It wasn’t the first derogatory comment Abigail had heard in her line of work, and sadly it wouldn’t be the last. With a grimace of disapproval, but no words, Abigail puffed through her nose hard and turned away.

The large pile of potatoes, waiting for her behind the bar to be peeled and chopped, now looked much more inviting.

The ruckus of the joys crowd continued, aided by a fiddler’s cheery music. Abigail wiped her sweat with the bottom of her apron, standing behind the bar, still cutting vegetables for the tavern’s broth. “Shoot, forgot the carrots” she mumbled to herself and cleaning the small knife and putting it in her apron’s front pocket, moved towards the back, where the pantry room was located.

As she entered the room, the loudness of the tavern was muffled by the pantry’s stone walls and the thick wooden door behind her. It was nice to rest her ears from the constant noise ever for a second. Grabbing a big burlap sack of carrots, she made her way back towards the bar.

“Where you up to, lil’ filly?” that hog of a farmer stood under the doorframe as Abigail went to exit, blocking her way. “Excuse me sir, I’m quite busy” Abigail spoke with class and patience, trying to avoid this gross prick, her expression clearly annoyed. She made a step forward, but the large man did not move, causing her to almost bump into his round belly.

“Wait a second, I just want to get to know you” the man said with the same gross smirk, putting his hairy bear-hands on to small girl’s waist. “Let... go!” Abigail’s girly voice sounded like it meant business. She had no time for these perverts. But the man was not intimidated and only pushed her further into the pantry. Abigail dropped the carrots as the next moment the large man fully assaulted her, bringing her down on the dirt-covered floor and getting his body over hers.

“NOoooooooo! stop!” Abigail struggled lightly, too scared to exert much defiance. “Hush little lady. I promise you’ll enjoy it” The horny bastard started pulling her dress’ skirt up, in a rush to see more than just the girl’s princessy arms.

“HEEEEEEMMMnn!” the girl’s scream for help was muffled by the man’s giant, filthy paw roughly placed over the girl’s lower face. With his hand-gagged victim struggling much more desperately underneath him, the farmer got his free hand at Abigail’s white, open drawer undergarments (the conservative underwear that reached down to the knees with a frilly end). With a violent yank, he tore them off her, revealing the virgin’s unripe pussy, with a cute, brown bush curling at the top. He groped

the vastly smaller girl between her legs, eliciting a gagged squeal as Abi squirmed underneath his pinning weight. He was not bothering with the server girl's corset or bralette, simply looking for access to her (surely) tight sex.

"MMMFFF! MGNNG!" The damsel's large, deep blue eyes sparkled with pure terror in the dimly lit room, where only she and her soon-to-be-rapist were. The privacy Abigail was enjoying a few seconds ago now appeared to be dooming her.

"Shut up..." the panting man mumbled, his huge, herpes and God-knows-what-else infested cock out of his pants and fast-approaching between the girl's skinny thighs.

Just then, Abigail finally managed to retrieve the potato knife from her apron and with an act of adrenaline and pure self-preservation, drove it with all her strength in the man's bulging stomach!

"GGgggguuuuhh..." he made a shocked rattle, his eyes wide with shock and his massive weight flopped over to the side. Before the girl could realize what she had done, the man was dead.

"What is going on!?" the tavern's owner, a middle-aged, mustached man, along with other people behind him, entered the room to a site of the dead man, and Abigail lying next to him, her apron fully stained with his blood, and the bloody knife still in her hand.

"I...I can explain..." she muttered with a voice still trembling from the shock.



The gallows at the village square (meaning a large patch of empty, gravel/dirt land) had been setup, and a large, murmuring crowd surrounded them. Lord Gerard, with a belted black hat on his head, unrolled a piece of parchment and read from it:

“With the power granted to us by God and our community’s laws, we hereby sentence thee, Abigail Thomas to hang by your neck until dead”. A few feet next to him, standing with her wrists roped in front of her and a noose already snug around her frail, pale neck was young Miss Abigail, holding back tears of disbelief, in a shocked state.

The village’s approach when it came to homicide was pretty cut and dry. Concepts like ‘self-defense’ and an alleged rape attempt flew right over the simpletons’ heads. “Lil’ bitch knifed him, so lil bitch gots’ to get’ the noose” was the eye-for-an-eye rule of thumb around these parts.

Lord Gerard took a step forward, standing next to the soon-to-be-hanged girl, who was clad in a beige dress that had surely seen better times. With the corner of his droopy eyes, the lord gave a quick, perverted scan of the girl’s youthful, alluring body.

“Cute slut, a shame” were his unfiltered, inner thoughts. Not that he’d lose sleep over the little whore hanging. If anything, he would soon have a first-row seat to her mid-air dance, with her tongue tantalizing him as it flailed out her mouth.

It had only taken the occasional glances during his tavern visits for the young brunette to ‘rub him the right way’. If only this had happened more literally before her capital punishment, was Gerard’s regret.

A pregnant, wordless moment followed, with only the murmurs of the crowd around her as the inconsolable girl was led to stand on the trapdoor, that would soon open to guide her with speed into the underworld. The young girl tried to put on a brave face, but she could not contain her choked sobs. This was unfair. She did not deserve this fate. Below her, she only saw faces of people spectating her incoming demise, without much emotional investment.

As a hooded executioner was making his way towards the side of the platform, where the trapdoor’s crank was located, an arm, clad in a white opera glove, was raised from the back of the crowd and a voice was heard:

“I would like to say a few words, if I may” a female, confident voice broke the tense silence. It possessed the kind of gravitas that showed she knew she would be allowed to speak. All eyes turned to meet a curvy woman in her late 30s. The wealthy woman stood out amongst peasants like a fly in milk, standing in a more comfortable distance from the mob.

Charlotte Richardson, more formally addressed as Lady Richardson, was the richest person in the village, owning farm land as far as eyes could see from the village center. Maybe more importantly in this moment, she was sister to Abigail's late mother; the girl's aunt.

Charlotte was the truest definition of a thick, stunning woman, with her body exhibiting all the wonderful curves of the female form. Her G-size, heavy bosoms were almost spilling out of her era-appropriate, U-shaped cleavage and the tight corset that she wore underneath the laced top of her dress squeezed her hourglass waist, which while possessing a couple of folds of fair skin, wonderfully 'funneled' her curvaceous top and widened again when it reached her feminine, extremely wide hips. A set of puffy, mouth-watering 'buns', under which any villager would happily offer his face for the Lady to sit on, was nicely outlined by the lady's lace dress. Charlotte did not require a bustle on her dress to show off that rump. Her dress opened widely once it reached her knees, as if seizing all the space around her, ending at her ankles.

Overall, the woman's juicy, thick frame was attractive in a very different way to most boney, malnourished village women. Peeking just above 170 pounds, Charlotte's body type was a stark contrast to Abigail's skinny 110 pounds. Having some 'cushion' on you was a luxury around these parts, and the aristocratic certainly had some. The full-figured liege was blessed with scrumptious, round curves on her hips, thighs and breasts and a juicy, fat ass, indicative of the woman's well-fed way of life.

Her exaggerated hourglass shape was accentuated by the tight corset underneath her light-blue dress, which consisted of a multi-layered skirt and white details. Matching blue, 3-inch pumps gave her 5'8" frame some more height and imposition (as if she needed more with her filthy-rich status). A wide sun hat decorated her dark hair and a beautifully decorated little umbrella was on her other hand.

The brunette aristocrat had a pretty face, with voluminous, wavy, pitch-dark hair, big eyes, with their brown color making them almost as black as her hair and a full set of soft, red lips. Her facial features were of similar symmetry to her niece's, albeit more 'rounded out' compared to the skinny woman's.

"I have the outmost faith in our laws and practices" Charlotte addressed everyone with a politician's skilled rhetoric. "Criminals should be struck out of our society, and no sinner should be above the eyes of our law and our God" she buttered up her audience just so that she could move to her actual point.

"But what I see before me is not a murderer, but a misguided young child" she gestured to Abigail's frail, teenage form. The murmurs intensified amongst the village folk upon hearing those words. Most comments were followed by ugly grimaces and spits on the dirt ground. Lord Gerard and Father Stoltz made a grimace of inconvenience. They did NOT like going against the most powerful person in their area of influence. It was simply bad business.

“Abigail needs to pay for her sins, no doubt. But if we kill her, if our village kills her, we’re turning backs on the Lord’s forgiveness. Let me take this child under my wing” Charlotte played the ‘youth’ card again.

“As her relative, her senior and a person of moral experience, I am offering to help this misguided juvenile to the path of salvation. Her mother, my late sister, was a person of pure soul and I know that deep down, Miss Thomas has inherited the same kind heart” the educated woman weaved language rather skillfully.

Still wrist-roped and noosed, Abigail was in a state of confused shock. Was her long forgotten aunt coming to her rescue? Charlotte Richardson was technically and literally the only family that the condemned orphan had in this world. But Lady Charlotte had never reached out to her, essentially acting like her niece never existed, with her and her late mother not being on good terms for ages. She never helped the girl with a single nickel, when the girl was working two jobs to sustain herself. So Abigail had learned to not expect anything from her wealthy relative, who was nowhere to be seen.

But now, she came like a blessing to her aid. A miracle! The crowd’s negative groans were turning into grunts of reluctant compromise. Maybe they SHOULD take the high road, as the Lady said.

“Just like our Lord asks for forgiveness, we too, should be capable of asking for repentance, instead of hellfire” she concluded.

Lord Gerard and Father Stoltz appeared thoughtful, exchanging puzzled looks with one another. Lady Charlotte employed almost half of the village farmers in her fields and wielded great power in the area. A model-citizen and highly respectable member of the community, Lady Charlotte’s 5-dollar words had swayed the simple folk. More importantly, the institutions of power did not want to displease their main monetary source.

“Your proposal is noble, Lady Richardson” Lord Gerard commented, piggy-backing on this showmanship of high morals. “Indeed, our God is a merciful one”, the old priest added, as both men were now seeing this as an opportunity to pose their institutions as the ‘good guys’ that saved the vile criminal and rehabilitated her.

As the final judges, jury and executioners, Lord Gerard and Father Stoltz ultimately agreed to Lady Charlotte’s proposition. Abigail let the biggest sigh of relief, a smile forming on her tear-stained face.

Her life had been miraculously saved by her aunt’s kindness!



Father Stoltz's droning reading of bible passages echoed on the tall ceiling of the village's only chapel. A heavily god-fearing attendance was high every morning, but especially on Sunday, the pew was packed with people, with more forced to stand behind them to listen to the Lord's good word.

It was halfway through the ritual, when the large entry doors of the church creaked open and Lady Charlotte made her appearance. She was always dressed immaculately, and Sunday Mass would of course be no exception. Her dark purple, tightly laced dress radiated her aristocracy (with most villagers unable to even purchase purple fabric) which was matched by her elegant stride and proud, feminine posture. It was puffy on the tips of her shoulders and very snug around the waist, showing off that nice outline of her bubbly hips and ass 'moving' outward. No cleavage this time, but the two large hills of her boobs could not be hidden, even under the tight purple fabric. As she entered the place of faith, the woman respectfully removed her matching, wide sunhat and held it against her concealed, huge bosoms as she made her way through the middle isle.

Many, many sets of eyes turned to meet her, and not just for Charlotte's sake. Right behind her, shyly and demurely, holding her hands in front of her almost as if in constant repentance was Abigail.

She was dressed in a beautiful black dress, its long sleeves form-fitting on the girl's slender arms, with a round, lacy white collar snugly around her neck. Less voluminous and detailed than Charlotte's, smoother in its texture and stiffer in its fit, the dress ended reverently around her pretty ankles and was matched by Abigail's black, inch-tall modest heels. Her long brown hair was caught with a cute, but sternly tight, black bow in a beautiful braided ponytail that draped behind her back, certainly much tidier than the girl's hasty twin braids at the tavern.

Murmurs and hard-to-contain whispers spurt at this entrance, due to the 'accessories' on the young girl's body.

First, the crowd's eyes traced the arcing line that a light-weight chain made, resting on Charlotte's loose, almost dead-weight hand and ending on the petite 18-year-old girl's neck, which was surrounded by an inch-wide, steel collar that the chain was hitched to. It was a symbol of the girl's spiritual bond to her lawful guardian. It was also a mandatory part of her sentence, to be escorted on leash by her aunt at all times, whenever at a public setting.

The girl's peculiar case was grounds for harsher, more exemplary treatment. The village rulers wanted to show an iron fist to counterbalance sparing this killer's life. And Charlotte had gratefully agreed to all their demands, without negotiation.

Abi's collar was far from the only measure. Surrounding the girl's gorgeous face was a metal scold's bridle. Abigail's head was caged in four flat bars running along the sides, the front and back of her head. The front part split in two above the girl's cute nose before reaching the gag feature, a metal protrusion that rested uncomfortably inside Abigail's mouth and kept the reformed murderer humble,

reducing any sinful words to incoherent moans. The degrading gagging device was locked securely via a visible padlock at the back.

Lastly, beneath the girl's pretty, albeit purposely frugal, dress laid another metal feature, the most devastating of her 'purifying' sentence.

An iron chastity belt surrounded the small girl's loins like a harsh pair of permanent underwear, locked securely with another thick padlock. It surrounded the young girl's crotch in metal. Her pussy was bordered off from any external stimuli by the curved metal flap that capped it form-fittingly. It featured rows and lines of tiny holes right over her pussy.

On the young woman's rear side, the metal 'thong' that split her tight cheeks was actually comprised of two neighboring sheets of metal. Both pieces featured a 3-cm-wide through-hole, perfectly lining up with the girl's pure asshole. To ensure that no 'salacious foul play' was possible outside of the girl's strictly assigned restroom visits, a small, thinner but equally impenetrable steel sheet was fitted between the two metal components. It operated like a little sliding hatch, able to allow access to the belt's literal backdoor.

When the hatch was closed, a tiny hole on its one side lined up with a short pin, attached to the inside of the external 'flap'. Using a small, short key (made up of mostly a beautifully shape bow) this pin could be either pushed through the small hole and securely lock the hatch (and the girl's asshole) sealed, or retrieved to allow the hatch to slide open.

That very same key, its bow in the shape of a beautiful blossomed rose (mentally linking to the teen's own anal rose) was currently resting on Charlotte's fair-skinned sternum, as part of a beautiful necklace, for all the townsfolk to see. As she had declared, she'd guard it with all her being, guarding the girl's a-hole from sodomy along with it. Abigail would have no chance or getting that valuable key in her hands, unless maybe from her aunt's dead body.

The belt's clever design allowed for both the young lady's natural needs were taken care of indefinitely without the belt ever requiring removal, or being breached by other means.

Abigail was far from happy with this development. The chastity belt was to be worn by the 18-year-old woman for the remainder of her natural life, never to be removed as per the deal of her sentence. Abigail had forsaken her right to bear children and experience sexual sensations the moment she had set foot on those gallows.

She would not be able to touch herself (masturbation was a despicable sin, anyway) or feel a man's life-giving organ slide inside her cunt or sodomize her. She'd never bare children, an insult and punishment in and of itself, in a community where becoming a mother was the high-point of a female's life. As per Father Stoltz's exact words a couple of weeks earlier, she would "dedicate her life to atonement, serving the community and her generous matron".

That last one was Charlotte.

Abigail followed her new guardian at a close distance, daring not to allow her chain to become taut and insult her aunt's honor. It was a symbol of devotion and subservience to follow closely behind a figure of authority, whether parent or else. Tasting the cold metal of the bridle's gagging mouth-prod, the girl kept her head bowed as she followed her proud-standing aunt to one of the front benches, where the carriage driver was reserving a seat for them.

As the two women were seated, the poor girl drew even further (if that was even possible) unwanted attention towards her, because of the clanking sound her chastity belt made against the wooden bench as she sat down. Abigail blushed further in shame. She felt so humiliated every time she was to appear publicly with her good aunt. The bridle and the leashed collar always went on during those times, whether for a trip at the stores or a stroll on the countryside.

The girl's fingers fidgeted with the white collar her dress, which was buttoned up as high as it could go, in a strict, conservative manner that matched her whole appearance. Those same fingers then traced lower across the black fabric of her dress, over the sternum of her flat chest. The scar in the shape of a Celtic cross, the same scar that those girls had gotten imprinted on their rears, itched very little now, almost fully healed.

Softly rubbing that spot with her hand, Abigail's mind blurred her surroundings, tracing back to the time she had received that scar, two weeks prior:

It was a day after her cancelled execution, and Abigail Thomas was standing once again in public eyes, on that same platform on the village square. The vibe around village folk was slightly more optimistic, given that fact that no one would die. Still, grim imagery was present. The stockade had been brought out, housing a 6-foot-tall whipping post on one side.

Along the usual two-person governing body and the guards was now Lady Charlotte, clad in another flawlessly 'extra' attire of a respectable, light grey color. Abigail, in a cute, plain dress, was standing in front of her, very nervous. Though saved from the gallows, an exemplary punishment was due for her.

While Lord Gerard was waxing on about justice, retribution and forgiveness, the woman's heavy hands were resting on each of Abi's small shoulders as a smiling, fake-listening Charlotte stood right behind her.

It did not reassure the young girl as much as she'd like. Everything was happening so chaotically fast. The whiplashed girl tried to keep her morale upbeat, reminding herself that she missed the noose by a few seconds. It was daunting how many eyes were on her, though, even not to witness her dangling by her slender neck. Abigail was an introverted girl, and it had taken a lot of courage to settle into her very high-energy, very social job at the tavern.

Finally, the attention was shifted to the redeemed killer. Charlotte handed a very reluctant, very scared Abigail over to the guards, who before the entire village, undressed her completely, leaving her naked as the day she was born. Ooos and aaahs mixed in with the general walla, as a mortified Abigail scrunched her thighs together, with one hand over her pussy and another arm going across her adorably small chest.

One guard brought forth a metal collar. On its back, the collar bared a small, but artfully detailed engraving of the Richardson family crest: a small bird holding a stalk of wheat in its beak. Abigail had no extra hands to do anything, simply standing there with her cute feet trembling against the rough wooden boards of the platform, as the collar was placed around her neck and closed. The second guard placed the padlock' shank through the lined up holes of the collar's two semicircles and pushed it onto the lock's body with a strong *click*.

The next 'garment' came soon after, more demeaning than the last. The guards manually pulled the girl's hands away from her privates, so that the chastity belt could be. "Aunt, please, can you make it stop?" the young girl instinctively turned to the only adult on her corner, as the belt was fastened snugly around her slim waist and the metal crotch-flap was pulled through her legs. "I'm sorry darling, it is part of the arrangement" Charlotte replied with a not so much apologetic, as much as a 'deal-with-it' sort of frown.

Especially once that the end of that flapped was similarly padlocked shut onto the front of the belt, now as unmoving as her collar, Abigail really felt her body encased in this metal underwear. It was terrifyingly form-fitting, as if designed just for her. It put light pressure on all parts it surrounded, from the girl's wide hips, to her lower back and more importantly on her virginal crotch.

On the back of the belt, on the girl's lower spine, was the same emblem of the little bird. Lady Charlotte had paid for her niece's metal accoutrements by her own endless pocket, hence the visual identifiers.

The agreed-upon sentence between the Lady and the village leadership required a greater deal of shaming and 'control'. The added sexual nature of the girl's crime (tantalizing an 'innocent' villager

with her body and quite possibly the promise of sex) had given validity to the notion of 'shielding' the deprived female from her 'lustful ways'.

Following her aunt's advice, a back-footed Abigail did not contest any of these claims. There were no witnesses on her side, anyway.

"We hereby denounce the devil between this woman's loins and take away the temptation, so that she may lead a pure life by the Lord" Father Stoltz explained and the crowd nodded with righteous affirmation.

With another harsh CLANK of a second padlock at the front of the chastity belt, the girl's sexuality had been sealed away for life.

"This..." the priest raised a small metal key high for everyone to see. It matched the metallic color of the belt and the padlock, and had a beautiful, intricate, hollow bow.

"...the key to this young woman's sin...is hereby donated to our noble church by Lady Richardson, to be safely guarded so that her niece remains pure and sound of mind" the priest announced and mumbles of ethical approval filled the air. In the eyes of the village, this asking-for-it hussy, this violent murderer, should be thanking them for the second change they were so generously giving her.

"The key will be hanged by our chapel's rafters, symbolizing how faith, humility and temperance can lift us all, closer to God" the old pastor added. Unlike the perverted Lord Gerard, Father Stoltz appeared more driven by his religious beliefs than any carnal temptations. Still, he was as ruthless as the institution he represented.

An increasingly worried Abigail was then led to the whipping post and shackled on the beam by her wrists, each secured in separate, thick cuffs of rusted iron that were pulled up by chains to a single metal ring on top of the post. Her gorgeous, girly, pale back was on full display, facing the public and Lord Gerard, who approached with a mean bull whip.

"Nononononono...." Abigail mumbled in desperation, to no one really. The lord looked very much up for this, his tongue sticking out the side of his beard-surrounded lips in that concentrated way. As he raised the whip up, Abi gasped with closed eyes and grinded teeth, burying her face onto the wooden pole.

CRACK

The long whip caught the girl's back well, too well. It immediately became apparent that this would be too much for the petite girl. A loong, suffering cry left the girl, who immediately started sobbing as her flawlessly smooth back was decorated with a not that deep, but long laceration.

CRACK

Another strike of the whip was followed with another yelp, then another pair of the two and then more, as the standing girl was only able to squirm in place, with her arms stuck raised above her head. Charlotte observed the custom piously, her real feelings hidden.

After the traditional whipping had concluded, it was time for Father Stoltz to make his mark. Literally. Grabbing the red hot bar with the Celtic cross, he approached the back-whipped girl, which was turned around by the two guards and made to face him.

"No.....no..." Abigail was exhausted from all the screaming to be able to plead too loudly. Her weak struggles were nullified by the guards pinning each arm securely. The priest felt necessary that the girl's...dedication to be more apparent than an ass-mark. The girl would have to lay eyes on that symbol every time she tilted her face down her body, a strong reminder to her new cause.

A bar of thick cylindrical wood was placed between the girl's teeth, to keep her from accidentally biting her tongue off. "MMmggg! NNNNGG!" Abi protested, her wide, blue eyes darting between the scary branding iron and her aunt, who looked at her with another saddened, 'my-hands-are-tied' expression. Lining the smoking cross between the girl's nipples, the old pastor softly pushed the glistening metal onto the girl's soft flesh.

"MMNNN!"

The bloodcurdling, gagged scream reverberated in Abigail's mind and slowly faded in the duller, much quieter present, a reverential hum now filling the crowded chapel. Abigail held back tears of shame, keeping her pretty, glistening blues away from the many prying ones that seem to almost burn her fair skin. She lifted them until they met the key to her chastity, which was hanging high up on the chapel's tall, triangular, wooden-beam rafters from a single piece of rope. The symbol of her imprisonment, displayed as a token of the community's righteousness.

With a long sigh of sheer self-pity, Abigail shyly lowered her gaze, looking blankly at the back of the bench in front of her, mentally checked out from this embarrassing ordeal, already looking forward to returning home.

