

The Village Celibate part 2

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The view from Lady Charlotte's porch overlooked the tiny stone houses that were huddled together at the town's muddy center, since her two-story manor was located on the slope of the hills surrounding it, giving it a higher level.

The beautiful, full-figured aristocrat took a nice, long puff from her long cigarette holder. She was seated on a beautifully carved wooden rocking chair, as her 'beloved' niece was on her knees, cleaning and massaging the woman's naked feet, which were soaking in a copper pot of soapy water.

Throughout her first month at her aunt's estate, Charlotte was rather cold to her young niece. The teen was tremendously grateful to her for both getting her out of this ...dodgy situation and housing her in her huge manor without ever needing to go back to the tavern. While she hated her enforced 'accessories' of purity and control, she understood that it was the lesser of two evils and that if her aunt could have gotten her out of this ordeal as well, she would have.

Abigail wanted to use this opportunity to reconnect with her once estranged aunt and show her appreciation, being pleasant and helpful around Charlotte.

But she quickly discovered that the warm aunt-niece relationship she hoped might spring from this cohabitation was probably not gonna pan out. Charlotte appeared distant and very critical of the young girl. She definitely did not treat Abigail as an equal, but rather, with the strictness of both a motherly figure and a teacher. It appeared the wealthy woman had taken it upon herself to shape this boorish brawd into an actual lady.

This was in the form of daily 'lessons', meant to teach the girl everything from the correct posture and walking appropriately to good manners while speaking and behaving in the company of others.

Charlotte's strictness during these was justified merely by young Abigail's "need to be a presentable, charming young lady" as Charlotte put it.

GUP

The three large, leather-bound books of classic literature all dropped with a thud on the floor, falling from the top of the girl's head. "I'm really sorry, Ma'am. Let me try again" Abigail tried to appease her frowning aunt, already knowing how disappointed she had made her.

She was never allowed to address her as aunt or (God forbid) Charlotte, another clear sign of her emotional unapproachability. Abigail had tried her darndest to make it on the other side of the room, her graceful hands finger-woven in front of her waist as instructed, her dainty steps steady and identical, her beautiful, small back and pale neck fully straight.

It was all very hard to keep track off.

"DON'T try to weasel out of your discipline, you little skank" Charlotte cut the girl off as she tried to 'get ahead' of her failure and maybe slither out of her corporal punishment. "Lift your dress" she added with the over-ruling confidence of an almighty goddess.

Abigail bit her lip in sorrow, thinking she could have avoided it this time. She turned around with her back to "Ma'am" and lifting the long skirt of her gorgeous, dark-blue corseted dress, exposed her pretty, firm calves. They were already riddled with rosy line marks that would stay there for quite some time. Some were made today, some were older. Abigail always appeared to be 'failing' her aunt in some way and that anticipation of the next fuck-up, the next 'cane kiss', really stressed her out.

Charlotte approached Abigail, her tall heels clicking sadistically slowly on the hardwood floors with the gravitas of her domineering air. As she did, she was rubbing the end of her long, wooden cane on her palm, as if warming it up. The instrument rarely seemed to leave her hands in the presence of her niece.

She then drew the thing back and Abigail closed her eyes in anticipation. The voluptuous woman brought it down on her soft calves with speed. Abigail might have guessed from looking at her that Charlotte had heavy hands, but now she knew from experience. The sound the bending cane made was two-fold; first a rapid swishing of the air, then the gnarly smack it made as it met both the girl's soft calves.

It was chilling. Abigail swallowed her whimper with great difficulty and a choked, inward gasp, as Lady had instructed her to earn her punishments with honorable silence. Any moans or cries made the lady hit her niece again, nullifying the previous painful 'lesson'.

"Again" Charlotte simply said, and the terribly aching girl squatted to grab the fallen books and place them back on her head.

Back in Charlotte's porch, Abigail did not lift her eyes off her guardian's feet, rubbing her chunky soles thoroughly with her slender, skillful hands and softening them in the lukewarm water. The girl was a natural caretaker and it showed. Abigail was dressed in a much plainer, formless cream-colored dress that reached her knees. It was not that dirty or grimy, but it certainly lacked the classy esthetic of her Lady's attire.

While dressing her young niece up like a porcelain child's doll in the presence of guests, Charlotte saw little reason for Abigail to be 'dressed up' during her daily routine. In decadent presence or in public, Abigail was dressed in gorgeous, lacy, frilly dresses of all sorts of colors, with feminine bonnets, garter belt-held, thigh-high stockings and cute high-heeled, court shoes whilst in social occasions. Her pretty face was heavily powdered white. Her cheeks were rouged and her alluring lips painted red.

She looked nothing like that now, with no make-up, meticulous hairstyles or fancy dresses. She was left barefoot, without any dainty heels to decorate her feet like during her public appearances.

Abigail wanted to go to the ladies room for a while now, but her caned ass was not letting her forget that addressing her 'beloved' aunt without a 'serious' reason was uncalled for and deeply inappropriate. She resigned to holding her poor bladder, until her 'work' here was complete.

And Lady Charlotte was sure keeping the young maiden busy. Whether it was cleaning the dishes, storing supplies and linen, de-dusting carpets, washing clothes on the washboard or any other household chore, Abigail did not have that much spare time. "You have to earn your stay in this house" was Charlotte's approach and it sounded reasonable to Abigail, especially if you did not take into account the demeaning way the teen was treated (and that she was kinda used to being treated for most of her orphan life).

Even if her bathroom breaks were supervised. When it came to unlocking her belt's anal hatch, Charlotte gave her niece one chance each day (and that without ever inconveniencing her selfish aunt) to ask to be escorted in the restroom. On top of that, Abi's small, cute private bathroom housed a bar on the wall above the toilet, with a pair of handcuffs never leaving it. Charlotte had installed them to

make sure the girl wasn't fingering her temporarily freed asshole like the monkey in heat she saw her as. Charlotte would cuff Abi's wrist above her head, then leave her for a few minutes, before returning to lock the hatch and the girl's asshole away once more.

It was a very humiliating practice for Abi, treated a little better than an inmate at an insane asylum. She quickly learned to regulate her own needs and alert her aunt to them at the most opportune time. It went without saying, that soiling herself earned the girl two pairs of raw-beaten asscheeks. Abi never allowed it to happen.

Still, it wasn't all bad. The teen was stranger to amenities like a bed with an actual mattress or sleeping without the sound of skittering mice above you. She had access to clean, running water and good food on her plate, things that weren't a given for many people in the village.

She had a relative freedom to explore the space of her aunt's estate and beautiful gardens and clothes that did not let the cold in through multiple holes. Atop that hillside, she had a view of the whole village that very few people could say they had.

But despite the apparent good fortune, Abigail was struggling in her new residence. She tried to see the bright side. She had never stepped foot in such a spacious home, and this was a big step-up from her cramped, humid closet room in the tavern's attic. While this opportunity the Lady Charlotte gave her was truly life-changing, Abigail had little time to savor it, in between her servile duties to her dear aunt and her (high-stakes) etiquette lessons, aimed at shaping her into a lady of proper manners.

SMACK

"Incorrect. From the top" Charlotte's cane met the soft outside of the girl's hand, as the girl was seated on the piano. Abi never had the joy of being near one and she was having a tough time hitting the right keys to Bach's cute minuet in G major. The novice pianist took a big, composing breath through her nose and resumed playing the song at a beginner tempo.

SMACK

"Straighten your back. Don't slouch like a hag" the plump woman hit the middle of Abi's back next, causing it to spring up in attention.

Another missed note followed.

SMACK

“I’m sorry Auntie-ehm Ma’am, this is really difficult” Abigail felt overstressed and turned to Charlotte. “Are you talking back to me?” the seductively thick woman asked with a threatening voice. “N...no Ma’am” a scared Abigail turned back to her sheet of music and played the song from the top.

Abigail’s mentoring was ruthless. Whether a wrong note in piano practice, a slouching of her ladylike posture, or any kind of shortcomings in her housekeeping duties, as simple as putting out the wrong kind of spoon when setting the table, the girl’s teen flesh (whether the back of her calves, the front of her thighs, her flat chest or her bubbly, tight ass) was marked to remind her not to repeat her errors. In addition to music and her housekeeping duties, a large of array of classical literature was being set as homework, to bring the uncultured swine up to speed with a proper lady’s education.

Young Abigail saw her aunt as a strict disciplinarian, probably doing all this for her own good, now that she could possibly be a member of higher societal status.

But behind her façade of righteous tutoring, Charlotte relished the young maiden’s distress and her pain. She was great at keeping her sadism intact, socially disguised. To her unsuspecting niece, it all seemed like a trainer’s sternness.

“Do you enjoy your stay here, dear?” Charlotte’s cold, blue eyes tilted down as she spoke in her usual snooty cadence, looking down at her feet-washing niece. Abigail was almost taken aback by this break in the silence, lifting her head up at her benevolent benefactor. “Y...yes, Ma’am. Thank you for taking me in” the half-startled girl tried appearing nothing but polite and grateful, even though the truth was more complex.

“Why don’t you show me your gratitude then, Abigail?” the woman spoke in an ominously smooth, calm voice and subtly raised her wet foot, towards the girl’s face. Stunned by the mature woman’s insinuation, Abigail spent a couple of reluctant seconds, before slowly, unsurely, lowering her heart-shaped lips down to meet the spot where the woman’s bridge met the start of her cute toes.

She kissed Charlotte’s feet tenderly, but shyly, virginal pecks all across the woman’s bridge and on her adjacent toes, which looked as aristocratic as Charlotte herself, her toenails nicely pedicured and colored a lively red by her niece just the day before yesterday.

Soon, Abigail was kissing both the water-soaking feet all over, from their tougher-skinned soles up to the soft ankles. She felt so powerless to say no, fearing displeasing the older woman and getting the cane once more. She tasted a hint of the soapy water on them, but mostly the clean flesh of Charlotte’s feet.

They were far from bony and Abigail's lips felt it in the smooth texture of the feet's upper side, before sensing the more textural bottom parts, like the balls of Charlotte's feet, which had these faint ridges and grooves that while someone could not easily notice them, they could sense them against their lips, as did the young brunette.

Inwardly content but blasé in her expression, Charlotte took another puff of her cigarette, holding the holder with an elegant underhanded grip as only her eyes were pointed down at her niece, who kept obediently kissing her feet. The sounds of the girl's lips smacking against the wet feet were now the only thing heard in the balcony.



“Good morning, Lady Richardson! Oh and if it isn’t the lovely Abigail!” a working class, middle-aged woman with a bandana on her head, exclaimed as she saw Lady Charlotte and then immediately after noticed her sexless paramour as they entered her store.

“A fine day, Miss Maple” Charlotte nodded with the quickest of socially mandatory smiles. Right by her side, with her eyes trying to hide their underlying sorrow, the shorter Abigail nodded submissively to acknowledge the greeting, her collar/chain and scold’s bridle firmly in place.

And of course, her chastity belt, which was not going anywhere.

The 18-year-old woman might have kept up with the conservative social rules of the village she grew up on, but she was still an adult woman, one with normal, sexual needs. From around 15 or 16, she (and most girls her age) had snuck their hands under the covers, one particularly lonely, rainy night, exploring themselves, their womanhood. Abigail knew that masturbation was a sin and a crime, but she was always careful to be extremely discreet, whenever she found herself too hot and bothered and needing to touch herself in ‘this way’.

Contained movements (no erratic shuffling or grinding) and a hand over a pair of ecstatically moaning lips at the climax were enough to ensure that their perceived ‘purity’ (and more importantly, their place in that small society) was intact.

Between village women of most ages, masturbation was the secret that needn’t be shared. A witch hunt was too easy to start if a woman had foolishly exposed her sinful habits to someone. But even the generally lawful Abigail had found herself succumbing to this most natural of urges. While careful to not mess up this high-stakes operation, she had run into a couple of close-calls, during some lazy afternoons when the tavern owner had knocked on her door while the cute girl had two fingers inside herself.

But now, that belt had taken these private, intimate sensations away. With everything changing around her life so abruptly and so drastically, Abigail hadn’t really bothered with the consequences of her enforced chastity. She had an average, healthy libido, but it wasn’t like she couldn’t keep her hands off her loins.

It was more the awkward, encasing feeling of the iron belt, hugging her waist and moving with a mechanical disregard between these tender parts, which troubled Abigail thus far. That and the presence of the stiff metal collar around her neck, reminded her that not ‘all’ of her body belonged to her now. It was a surreal, puzzling feeling that the girl had yet to wrap her head around.

And while Abigail did not yet know how to feel about her oppressive iron garments, she had no doubts she hated their public display, making up her shaming presentation. The scold's bridle, which she always wore in public, made her feel really bad about herself; as if her words, her personality, were clearly discouraged.

Lady Charlotte wanted her caged little doll to be a spitting image of grace during these walks. As much as she forced her to disguise her discomfort, Abigail always looked awkward and somewhat distressed during these downtown walks. Though these short expeditions were her only chance at 'socializing' (as much as a gagged, leashed person can socialize) Abigail despised them tremendously.

In reality, these walks were Charlotte parading her 'reformed' niece around the village to boost her own popularity and humiliate her mouth-and-pussy-locked niece. "Are you alright, sweetie?" the kind-hearted, middle-aged store owner asked the moderately tall, skinny girl, sensing a sorrow in her gorgeous, blue eyes.

"It is her...uhm, monthly visitor" Charlotte cleared her throat after the lie, while shooting a strict, side-glance at the poor girl. Abigail met her aunt's glance and nodded quietly at Miss Maple, trying to cheer her expression up behind her degrading metal head-gear. Her aunt always wanted her niece to be nothing but a welcoming and pleasant presence around everyone.

"Oh you poor thing" the kind woman affectionately rubbed the small girl's head, her hand having to avoid the crossing bars at the top of her scold's bridle to do so.

Clad in some fashionable, feminine overcoats over her usual frumpy dresses, complete with the bulging skirt hoops underneath that gave her curvaceous form an esthetic smoothness, Charlotte had taken her niece to the streets for a few errands the plump 'queen' needed done.

She had commented about how the girl needed 'some fresh air' outside the house, though in reality, she loved showing the little trollop off around town, more like a prized pet than a cherished family member. Abigail knew not to deny her aunt's 'invitations' and displease her, as that usually translated to a very 'lively' cane-hand later in the day.

Everywhere she went, villagers praised Lady Richardson for her charitable deeds in teaching this presumably doomed juvenile some manners; some ethics. Abigail hated the attention, feeling like an exhibited animal at the zoo. With her thick, steel accessories of submission, she was an intriguing sight, a peculiarity. Her social humiliation, masquerading as rehabilitation and discipline, was only encouraged by her dear aunt, who 'flaunted' the girl to the unsuspecting public as you would a well-trained pet.

Inside the store, Abigail was soon surrounded by passing customers, stopping to shake Lady Charlotte's hand and linger curiously. "You are very lucky to have this woman, young lady" an old, boney chap, around 60, patted the young lady's caged cheek, gesturing with his thick-browed eyes towards her aunt. The solemn, uncomfortable girl accepted the unwanted touch, not wanting to upset her aunt. She had taught to her to never turn down any attention or interaction from strangers as to not insult them.

To be a good, humble young lady and know her place.

The busy chatter around the collared girl was humiliating in another layer; in how they referred to young Miss Thomas. It wasn't insulting in any direct way, but it was almost as if the girl wasn't there. Even when admired, she was discussed like an object or a concept, rather than a conscious, present person.

"Is the young lady wearing a belt of celibacy?" a different, curious woman asked, like someone wanting to confirm rumors that everyone knew. "She always is. The only key hangs from the chapel's ceiling" Charlotte reassured. "Lift your skirt up and show the good people, my dear" she then ordered a wide-eyed Abigail, who faced her aunt in utter disbelief.

It only took a warning glare from Charlotte for the maiden to reluctantly lower her hands and lift her ankle-long dress up to reveal the metal 'underwear' she was wearing. Abigail's naturally pale cheeks turned a deep red as she blushed with terrible embarrassment.

Clink*Clink

"See? She'll remain as pure as a summer cloud in perpetuity" Charlotte's walking stick clanked against the rigid metal of Abigail's chastity belt.



“Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God so that at the proper time He may exalt you, casting all your anxieties on Him, because He cares for you” Abigail recited from her memory, standing stoically and in perfect posture, as she had so painfully learned under her aunt’s ‘care’. The girl’s arms were joined at a perfectly straight line across her body and each of her fused fingers formed a C-shape as they locked together, right below her (strictly corseted) chest.

“Hmm” Charlotte gave the slightest moan of approval, cooling herself with a hand-fan whilst sitting comfortably on a beautiful, dark-wooden sofa chair, with elaborately carved shapes on its legs and armrests and tassels dangling from the edges of the seat’s fine fabric. She never gave her young niece the gratification of even a smile or a ‘good job’. Her praise was the lack of punishment.

The little bitch had indeed studied her bible as instructed. She had recited correctly all five requested passages, clad in her light blue, frilly dress. Her white, lacy thigh-high stockings hugged her fair, slim calves and delicate ankles as they peeked below her skirt, which ended a few inches above her well-polished, black court heels, with a matching blue ribbon on top.

Without even vocally expressing herself, Charlotte waved the straight-as-a-stick girl over to her, with a slight tilt of her head. Abigail obliged Ma’am immediately and her cute, 3-inch-long heels clicked a few times until she reached her lady. Only wearing flat, peasant shoes before, she adorably stumbled in them the first few weeks she was wearing them. But now she was doing much better in the heeled shoes.

Charlotte’s eyes simply needed to glance at the floor for Abigail to know to kneel in front of her. With her aunt seated, Abi’s blue eyes being on a higher level than her matron’s would be a grave insult. Abigail also knew to lift the skirt of her pretty dress so that her slim thighs were exposed to her aunt. They looked marked with lines, from the canings of the previous days, the red color fading into a fainter purple.

“Do you fancy yourself humble, young lady?” the pretty aristocrat said with a stern look down the submissively kneeling girl, referencing the last passage she spoke. “Y...yes, M...ma’am” the girl stuttered from the question. She got wacked with her mistress’ cane on her presented thigh-flesh, stifling her yelp. “A proper lady doesn’t falter her words. Answer again” Charlotte said.

“Yes, Ma’am” the young girl replied clearer, absorbing the stinging pain with deep, nasal inhales. “Do you love your aunt?” Charlotte kept the questions coming. “Yes, ma’am” the irony of Abigail’s cold, formal answer to a question of love was palpable, but went unmentioned. The added irony was that the brown-haired lass didn’t even ponder the actual question, responding with the desired words reflexively.

After three months under her ‘care’, Abigail’s true feelings about her aunt were far from what someone might call love.

Charlotte uncrossed her meaty thighs and leaned in closer to Abigail. Without words, she placed her confident hands, with perfectly trimmed, longer nails, on the kneeling girl's face and brought it ever so closer to her face. "It can get rather...lonely in this large house" she said, with a suggestive pause following her words and her one brow lifting slightly and a cryptic smirk.

"Uhhmm, it is very large house, ma'am" Abigail did not know how to respond, blaring out just a plain, true fact. Taken aback by this comment and with her face intimately close to Charlotte's (the confident woman's big beautiful, dark eyes staring the girl down) Abi didn't know what to do, but shyly avert her eyes down. She would tilt her head down too, if Charlotte was not holding it between her hands.

"You're easy on the eyes, Abigail. I'm sure you'd make a fine wife for some poor chap. If not for this *awful* belt..." Charlotte gave some extra spice to the word 'awful, as she kept swirling the conversation around Abigail, like an Anaconda circling around its prey before it gripped. Abigail wanted nothing more than to flee this interaction. Was her aunt insinuating what she thought?

"Doesn't mean you can't make your lonely aunt happy..." Charlotte said, and confirming her niece's horrible suspicion, moved her full lips towards Abigail's until they met! It was not a way an aunt is supposed to kiss her young niece. But the innocent girl did not want to upset Charlotte, so she stoically endured as the dark-haired woman kissed her, warmly, passionately.

"Mmm" Abigail let a faint moan, a slight whimper, as her pretty, thinner lips smacked against the older woman's fuller ones. The virgin imagined her first kiss would be with her betrothed, not her abusive relative.

"MMMgg!" another louder moan of surprise followed from the teenage lady as the curvy woman stuck her tongue in her mouth, exploring it confidently. Despite how much she wanted to, Abigail did not dare push Charlotte off or back her head away from her advances. She was too scared to protect herself.

"Serving me is part of your duties, in ANY way, shape or form" Charlotte told the helpless teen after a 'breather'. "Do not fear, I will guide you through it" she said and Abigail watched in increasing horror as the curvaceous woman reached under her luxurious dress and removed her high-quality, white undergarments. The XL-sized underwear reached almost to her knees and had cute frilly endings around the edges. Charlotte then lifted her dress' skirt and spread her juicy legs wide, letting them dangle from the sofa's armrests at the knees.

“P...please auntie. I...I can’t...it’s just not right!” Abigail struggled to find a way to voice her objection without angering her matron. Her aunt’s puffy pussy was bare in front of her, totally hairless as if waiting for this ‘date’. Abigail saw the woman’s meaty labia lips zig-zagging down each side of her already moist hole. A waft of a lily-based perfume and pussy musk washed over her inexperienced nostrils. A scent she had never encountered before.

WACK* *WACK

Another double strike of the long cane, harder than the last, met the girl’s poor milky thighs, which turned a reddish purple were the cane had ‘stung’ them. “Ggggg” Abigail ground her teeth to not scream on this one. “Are you lecturing me? I don’t see a humble girl before me!” Charlotte yelled, quite insulted. “Only a spoiled brat that used her aunt to escape a death sentence” she reminded the insolent whore who was in charge.

“I’m sorry Ma’am!” Abigail profusely apologized and holding back tears, moved her pretty face close to her aunt’s waiting loins, which glistened with the precipitation of her arousal. She had never pleased a woman, or anyone for that matter.

“Undo the top of your dress and your brassiere” Charlotte announced in what Abigail knew would probably be another corporal punishment. She tried to hide her sunken heart (a whimper or worst, a verbal whine would earn her more pain) as she stoically unzipped the back of her dress and pulled away its shoulders to reveal her own. They looked so tender and smooth, like an ancient statue. The little dents her collar bones made with her shoulders alone could excite a man.

With her corset unlaced, her youthful, flat chest was now also feeling the air of the room, her pink nipples puckering at the slight, sudden chill. Between them, the mean mark of a Celtic cross bared resemblance to the humility that was required in this moment.

The rest of her dress was now unraveled around her, uncovering her slender form from the waist up. Standing with her back straight (as trained) her ribs could be faintly seen poking through her much rarer meat, on the sides of her flat chest. Her light pink nipples stood in similar attention to Abigail, stiff from the sudden breeze.

“Hands behind your back and start licking. Don’t make me any angrier” Charlotte ordered, as if doing the teen a favor of letting her ‘munch on her’ without any further punishment. Riddled with both fear of pain and the juvenile kind of guilt that only adult, authority figures can cause, the topless beauty did not waste any time and placed her skinny arms in a box-shape behind her, a submissive position she frequently acquired.

Even though she had no idea what to do, she slowly leaned her face forward towards this moist 'canyon' between the two 'mountains' of the woman's thighs. She reluctantly stuck her tongue out and even more afraid, placed it on the woman's damp sex.

Scrunching her pretty eyes, she tried not to make a face. It felt unnatural, it felt gross. The intense genital scent permeated Abigail's nose, which was all but smooshed against the damp piece of genital flesh. The taste appeared to immediately stick to the tip of her tongue, a greasy, fishy flavor that only a truly ripened pussy like Charlotte's possessed.

It was not pleasant at all, but Abigail tried to not let her aunt know that, circling her inexperienced tongue on the woman's flaps, the right, then the left, then the right again, her inexperienced tongue taking the chunky cunt's oily moisture.

"Awww" the big, beautiful woman moaned pleurably with closed eyes, as she pushed the small girl's head further 'into' her meaty crotch, smothering her pretty face with her needy cunt. Just grinding against the little slut's nose would do the trick, after so many days fantasizing about this moment.

She wanted Abigail. She owned her. She just had to break the little twerp first.

"Gmmfff!" the young bar maiden moaned into her aunt's smothering, dripping pussy, finding her oxygen scarce as she kept orally pleasuring the mature woman's muff. "Silence!" Charlotte ordered, not needing the bitch's cunt-muffled whining to distract her.

Abigail felt like a sexual aid, meticulously lapping at where Charlotte was shoving her face into. The taste of the woman's cunt was strong, a mixture of something metallic, an acidity (from the couple of lingering piss-drops) and salty pussy-sweat. Concealing her disgust as best she could, Abigail kept licking her aunt's sex while her own remained untouched, securely padlocked away forever.

"This is an important part" Charlotte said to the breath-catching teen, as she slowly pulled on the hood of her clitoris to reveal the little nubbin nesting beneath, already red and swollen with lust. "I need you to be very attentive to it" she instructed the panting, face-flush damsel, who was receiving a very different sexual education class than the general abstinence her catholic school had preached to her just last year. "Yes, ma'am" Abigail's words tried to hide her misery. She was feeling violated.

"Well, get to it" the end of an impatient Charlotte's cane gently double-tapped on the girl's cheek, and a defeated Abigail 'dove' back to her oral duties. "Softly at first, this is a very sensitive spot in a

woman's body" Charlotte guided the amateur cunt-lapper through her first cunnilingus. "Wrap your lips over it and softly suck it" she said what she wanted from her servant and Abigail tried to comply.

Charlotte took her sweet time all afternoon, enjoying the young maiden's lips and tongue on her thick muff. She frequently corrected any mistakes with her handy cane, which she brought with great force down the cunt-munching girl's pristine, nude back. Any time Abigail offered too much or too little stimulation, or her technique sucked (which was more often than not) the mean stick graced her porcelain skin. "MmmmGGH!" she'd moan in pain right into her aunt's sex, and pick things up again, with another welt-stripe on her back.

The horny, sexily curved woman orgasmed thrice throughout this prolonged 'lesson', each time waterboarding the little witch in her cunt-juices, only to make Abigail 'get her going' again from the beginning. In the meantime, Abigail collected cane-strikes, each one equating to more enthusiasm from the girl's virginal tongue on those steamy, smooth meat-curtains.

The poor maiden could not have anticipated how things had turned so sinister.

