

The Village Celibate part 3

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Abigail was over the kitchen sink, washing the vegetables that she got with her aunt (or rather, Charlotte got with her leashed by her side) on their village trip a few hours ago. The trip itself was as humiliating as the rest of them, with the scold's-bridled, chain-leashed damsel having zero authority over her presentation, as well as her actions. Amongst the crowd, she felt more than a piece of metal-encased decorum, albeit a living one.

But currently, her clothing was more revealing than her ankle-long, close-collared, long-sleeved and multilayered dress that was concealing her chastity belt from the public eye.

Counter to her public, chaste persona, inside Lady Charlotte's private residence, the young maiden had come to always wear skimpy, ruffle-laced dresses, their skirt barely reaching the level of her crotch, only half-hiding her tight ass and exhibiting the girl's locked chastity belt in all its 'purifying' glory. The dresses' closed chest and puffy, short sleeves gave the essence of a French-maid dress, with the white apron, tied around the girl's skinny waist and overlaying her skirt in the exact same length, accentuating that notion further.

Abigail was currently wearing an auburn-colored version of her dress, complimenting her brown hair, but Lady Charlotte had the same dress in many different colors (though the aprons remained always white), changing her niece's attire like she was playing dress-up with her doll.

Abigail's hair was fashioned (as they always should) in two immaculate braided pigtails, tied with silky bows that corresponded with the auburn color of her dress. Her short, ankle-high frilly socks were always white and her 4-inch-tall, ballet-like heels were always of a shiny, varnished black color.

Again, things that Abigail could absolutely not be seen outdoors in. Her aunt confined these more...eclectic fashion tests to her own four walls.

Abigail put away the washed cauliflower and grabbed a hold of the large cucumber that needed washing for tonight's supper, with five more waiting near the sink. Her dainty fingertips could barely touch as they wrapped around the thick green...thing, and slid all across its long length.

“Shoot! Not again...” Abigail mumbled, as even that innocent practice of rubbing the dirt off the phallus-shaped vegetable was sending tingles through her imprisoned pussy.

The young girl’s sexual frustration was surging in the past couple of months. Not coincidentally, about the same time that her shapely aunt had started utilizing her in much more abominable ways than plain house chores. Ever since she had first ‘discovered’ her womanhood, Abigail had never gone so long (5 months) without touching herself between her skinny thighs.

What was at first a mild annoyance had culminated into a mind-poking distress. It was amplified by the fact that while Abigail’s poor, puckered clitoris and tidy, but swollen pussylips were not feeling any soft touches from her fingers and her virginal, but still wet hole was craving for something inside it, the young beauty was giving all sorts of sexual bliss to her greedy aunt, on a daily basis.

With any semblance of subtlety regarding her perverted instincts gone, Lady Charlotte was not holding back on taking advantage of the chastised maiden, who had been given to her supervision by the village. Her bridled, iron-filled mouth prohibited her from subtly broaching the subject of her sexually abusive aunt to any member of the public, leaving Abigail nothing but an honorably chaste, demurely silent young woman, just like the village’s far from feminist folk liked them.

And so Abigail was helpless in any social gathering to alert the public of her terrible predicament in her aunt’s hands. Even when the bridle was missing from her face in one of the Lady’s dinner parties, blurting out such obscene accusations without anything to show for proof, would definitely doom her, with her already dicey reputation as a murderous cockteaser. It would have been her word against the upstanding Lady’s.

And Abi knew how that would pan out.

As her small, porcelain fingers run across the length of that hard, certainly ‘gratifying’ cucumber, Abigail’s mind could not help but trace back to that memory, at the back of Catholic school’s classroom, where the grassy hillside made a stealthy little crevice with the building’s crusty walls. In that relative privacy, away from the unknowing eyes of the priest/teacher, Abigail was jerking off Adam, a young, buzz-cut-haired, freckled boy she fancied.

The boy barely had his cock out, (hard as the ground-latched stones that surrounded the area) through his lowered zipper. Abigail did not know what she was doing really, but she remembered how exhilarating, how exciting it felt, sliding her grip up and down the man’s young manhood, all while being on the lookout for any sudden ‘visits’. She remembered how slimy and slippery her hand had

gotten, from the boy's precum (though she didn't know what that was then). She remembered the boy's overwhelming arousal in his expression, and how aroused she also felt, grabbing him in such an obscene, 'sinful' way.

As she was 'massaging' the dirt off that girthy, long cucumber, Abi caught herself squeezing it harder, really gripping it under the running water that got it wet, almost as wet with precum Adam's cock was that noon behind the classroom, but just as hard.

She could feel her pussy getting wet, too, not with her hands, sadly, the metal barrier of her belt prohibited that, but she was certain of it, she could feel her hole moistening, as she squeezed her cunt-muscles involuntarily, as if her body was hoping to grasp onto a cock as nice and firm as that cucumber. But nothing was inside her and instead, she only squeezed her pussies' walls together.

As many happy stories have a crappy ending, Mother Elisabeth had shortly after caught the horny teen dick-handed. That was not as pleasant as Miss Thomas' first ever handjob. The nun had a habit of putting her students over her lap and getting their asses peach-red with the wooden ruler, which was exactly what happened next to the 'godless little whore'.

Abigail recalled this memory of corporal punishment with a weird affinity. Not because it was fun...of course not! Mostly because it was a rite of passage, for all young students. Miss Thomas received this discipline more than most, and always due to some kind of sinful, 'lust-based' infraction: Sending love letters to boys in the middle of the class, sitting with her legs more open than appropriate (the appropriate being fully closed). She had even been punished for holding hands with a boy, once.

All that 'rowdiness' as her elders called it escalated in that memorable handjob during her senior year, when her adventurous, inquisitive, free-spirited nature was blossoming. Now, there was a high possibility it was the only consensual sexual encounter the chastened teen would ever partake in. Or the only involving a male.

Abigail closed her eyes, trying to mentally transport herself to that weirdly enough, rather innocent memory of sexual discovery, stealthily jerking off that handsome boy on school grounds. She was now double-fisting the cucumber for no real' good reason.

“Abi!” Lady Charlotte’s voice calling from a different room of the huge manor snapped the girl out of her horny reminiscing. “Yes, Ma’am” she quickly wiped her wet hands on her short apron and turned towards her aunt’s voice.

“Bedroom, now” the bubbly woman spoke with complete authority, not even dignifying a look towards her niece’s way, as her heels clicked towards the Master bedroom, her buxom body parts elegantly swaying along with her steps. She wanted to blow off some steam after her walk in the shops.

“Right away, Ma’am” Abigail knew her aunt did not like waiting on her, following right behind the overweigh woman, on her tall, uncomfortable heels with great difficulty. She still hadn’t gotten used to these obscenely tall heels that forced her feet on their toes.

Whatever gratification that memory had given her, Abigail had to put it aside now. Her Mistress’ pleasure always came first. Strike that. Her pleasure was *the only thing* on the handmaiden’s daily agenda.

While in public the two behaved like a pair of platonic family members (albeit with a lopsided dynamic, since one person was led around by a chain-leash) behind Charlotte’s securely locked doors, there was no real pretense of Christian purity. Though those words were never spoken out loud, Abigail had become her cruel aunt’s unofficial sexual servant, a slave to her incestual whims;

Abigail was a free person only in the eyes of the village’s law. And this with all the caveats and restrictions her house-arrest sentence came with. Being discovered alone outside the Richardson manor, without her good aunt’s supervision, was grounds to reinstate her initial charges; a kind of parole was in order, but the village’s good grace depended on the girl being a model female and fearing both God and her legal guardian as if they were one and the same.

Escaping this ordeal was trickier than one would think.

At any point, the sadistic woman could elect to satisfy the slightest twitch of her meaty sex-lips. The most fleeting impulse of arousal and a simple “on your knees” was all it took for Abigail to do exactly that, before dutifully servicing her aunt’s sexual needs with increasing skill and utter devotion.

Naked but for her heels, stockings and garter belt and very comfortably sunken in her large sofa chair, with one shapely leg usually draped over the armrest, the alluring, domineering woman would relish the opportunity to get those innocent pink lips between her thighs and teach that peasant bitch a thing or two about being useful; tutoring the young lady on the specific ways of her voluminous flesh, whilst seductively puffing her cigarette from its long holder.

Lady Richardson often liked to have her 'gallows-rescued' maiden go down on her during her morning tea, peacefully sipping from the hot cup that her niece had prepared. If the tea was below par to her standards (too strong, too weak, or with the wrong amount of sugar, which was two heaped teaspoons) Abigail would receive some lashes 'on top of' eating her sweet aunt out.

With her little pinky out as per her aristocratic etiquette, Charlotte would enjoy her sweet tea, as a kneeling Abigail observed a different etiquette, with her cute face half-obscured by the doubling folds of the seated woman's lower belly, as she obediently pleased her aunt.

Inside the Lady's bedroom, adorned with silk fabrics of a light pink and golden palette, with multi-layered curtains and a giant canopy bed, everything exhibiting her opulence, Charlotte simply stood in place for her young handmaiden to undress her. Undoing the many buttons in the back of Charlotte's curve-hugging dress took a few seconds, but the lady was smirking with anticipation. As she preferred, Abigail stopped when she had left her bootylicious aunt with only her waist-corset, her thigh-high stockings and heels. Her long dress was nowhere to hide her voluptuous, thick body and her knee-long undergarments were on the floor, unable to hide her and heavily-working brassiere

Oh, and her luxurious jewellery; fancy earrings, golden rings etc. The 35-year-old woman had a kink for staying bejeweled when 'getting off'. And of course, the small rosy bow of the silver key to the girl's asshole, dangling from the small, silver chain draped around Charlotte's neck. A constant reminder that too little of her body belonged to Abigail.

Overtaken by her pent-up lust, the physically dominating, plump woman did not even order the girl to kneel as per her usual habit. Instead, she rudely pushed Abi's head down towards the floor. The girl submissively followed the direction of the force of her aunt's long-nailed, jeweled hand and knelt before her. A second later, she had two of these strong hands pushing her face towards the thicc woman's needy, bald cunt. "GMf...!" the girl managed to inhale a single breath before she was smothered by Charlotte's perfectly hairless, glistening with wetness sex.

The heeled woman tilted her body a tad backwards to allow her horny fuck-hole to be properly shoved in the girl's face, as Abigail promptly got to work slurping that dripping hole and the surrounding labia folds like a thirsty hound-bitch. She didn't need to disrobe of anything to fulfil her role.

Soon enough (though a cunt-smothered Abigail would say otherwise) her big-breasted mistress moved things over to the bed, on which she sprawled her curvy body, with her back softly sunken onto countless pillows. Abigail followed her, scrunching her skinny body between the woman's spread, meaty thighs. With a reluctance that was fading with each passing day (thanks to Charlotte's cane) Abigail then stuck her face right between her soft, jiggle-able inner thighs, as if Charlotte's crotch had its own magnetic field.

"Finger me" Charlotte mumbled under her breath, horny as hell and wanting to get over the orgasmic 'hump'. An increasingly more knowledgeable sex servant (and not the novice she was during that virginal handjob behind school) Abigail carefully inserted her index finger in the woman's sopping-wet fuck crevice. The girl's nails were all perfectly trimmed and manicured as required for someone that often 'finds them' deep inside a needy pussy.

Upon insertion, the clit-lapping girl felt that her Mistress would need more than one finger. One or two of the girl's slender piano-ticklers could not do much for the woman's 'needs', especially when she was in heat and ready to 'burst' like she was now.

Fusing her index, middle and ring fingers together, Abigail slid them inside the woman's drenched fuck-hole, giving her aunt that filling sensation she craved. As she started prodding Charlotte's sex-hole, her three slender, slim fingers easily reached knuckle-deep. All the while she kept twirling her tongue on her aunt's swollen clit, making sure to graze it with both the top and the smoother, bottom part of her tongue, something Charlotte really liked as her moans suggested.

"Yyy...yes!....yes.....YES!" a scrunch-eyed, trembling Charlotte pressed the woman's face on her sex aggressively rough, hurting the poor girl's button nose. That pain never once caused the poor girl to slow down her manual and oral labor (ruining her Mistress' orgasm like that would result in much worse pain than she currently experienced), until her Mistress came loud and hard, squirting on Abi's already pussy-drenched face.



Abigail's 19th birthday had come and gone, without any celebration or even acknowledgement from her uncaring blood relative. With the crickets singing the day away and the night sky pitch black through her little window, Abigail was lying in bed, with her face buried in a copy of 'Robinson Crusoe'.

Her only source of light, the flame coming from a candle on her nightstand, flickered with a frail energy. Abigail's modest room featured only a clothing drawer, a small, single bed and a tiny desk/chair piece on the opposite wall.

Not bad for the young villager, but having a wealthy land-owner's in your family would guarantee any other person a life of absolute leisure, if not decadence. But that was not the case for the young maiden, who was only privy to the minimum the Richardson manor had to offer.

The pretty, brown-haired girl had pondered many times running away from Lady Charlotte's manor, her life oftentimes too hard to bear, a foggy alternation of corporal punishment and sexual abuse, mixed in with some upper-class behavioral training, all in the name of reverential submission to her 'caretaker'.

But, whether the arguably worsened state of becoming a wanted murder fugitive, or the immense manipulation and conditioning the 36-year-old femme fatale had instilled on the younger woman's impressionable mind, Abigail always chickened out in the end. She'd hold off these ambitious plans for 'another day', resorting to the comfort of her warm blanket and the many books she had at her disposal.

The young woman loved literature. Novels were a commodity in this poor village, but Charlotte had loads. Even when she was tasked with memorizing and 'dissecting them' for an impressive answer to a question one of her aunt's pompous guests might throw her way, Abi loved reading and took great comfort burying herself in these stories.

Their heroes managed to come out on top under grueling circumstances, something that resonated with the young girl, who lived these happy endings vicariously. Though she had been viciously grinded down, these stories gave her strength to face the next tough day.

The next dehumanizing treatment.

Lying over the covers, Abigail carefully placed the cherished book on her little nightstand. With the comforting images of adventure fading off her mind, they were replaced with much different thoughts, impulses that had become like earworms to Abigail.

Having her body taken away like that had become the norm. And even though the young girl had become acquainted to carnal sensations she was stranger to before coming to the Richardson Manor, these always had one recipient, one benefactor. And it was not her.

Her hand almost with a mind of its own moved low, under the frilly edges of her plain, white, knee-long nightgown, and traced the shiny, hard surface of her chastity belt, her trimmed fingernails running across the locked, curved flap of steel that capped her pubic mount very form-fittingly.

Abigail lightly tapped that cold metal surface, separating her touch from 'herself'. She felt the muted reverberation of each tap moving from the steel plate onto her feminine flesh below. It felt numb and distant, even though it was right there, an inch away. But it also felt promising, but only in the way a cunning bastard lies to you to see you squirm with hopeful joy.

Abigail had, expectedly, explored the limitations that her belt enforced numerous times. She had tried sliding her dainty fingers through the sides of the belt's crotch-part, but always found the gap between her tender flesh and the hard metal too narrow to reach through. The belt was precisely catered to her slim dimensions, per Lady Charlotte's commission.

Thus, any midnight sexual thought met and end at the belt's physical limitations. Abigail had come to push these fantasizing seeds away, since they only brought her frustration. But it was getting more and more difficult.

But not all of her body was unexplorable. Not removing her nightgown in case a sudden check-up knock on the door occurred, Abi slid her hand underneath the silky fabric and grasped her youthful, perky nipple between her fingers. She twisted it lightly, causing it to immediately harden. "Mngff" the girl bit her lower lip, suppressing a lustful moan from making it past the four walls of her small room.

Ma'am did not want her little protégé acting like a beast in heat, under even the most private of occasions. Catching glimpse of the slightest expressions of horniness (voluntary or not was irrelevant) meant a punishment was in session for the rowdy hussy. And even though Abigail was finding herself getting wet easier and easier throughout her day, she had to always be on the lookout to not be caught 'breast-handed' by Charlotte, fondling or touching herself, moaning or air-humping.

After all, the public image projected to her was one of a reformed, sexless youth, of pure mind and far from sin and feral temptations.

But these notions meant nothing to Abigail in this moment, as she squeezed her small A-cup titty in her feminine hand and crushed her nipple harder in her fingers. Her legs were now resting spread on the bed and bent at the knees, her bare soles flat on the covers, as the girl started lightly sliding her caged pelvis across the mattress, rubbing her pussy against...nothing, just imagining it was actually meeting something. Her free hand moved towards her lips, and Abi found herself, not consciously, but simply driven by her starved libido inserting her middle and ring fingers in her lips and she slurped them as if they were a yummy, juicy cock, belonging to a muddied farmer boy, returning from working the fields.

Gosh that felt so good! Her locked pussy spasmed with delight, and Abi could literally feel the drops of liquid lust drip from it onto her belt's strap. "MMMff!" she moaned a bit louder than before, and Abigail's more logical mind, which had taken a backseat, made her closed eyes pop open and 'shoot' for the door, in temporary fear of betraying herself. No sound was heard, no cover-rustling, no feet approaching; Charlotte must be deeply asleep.

Abigail knew that this was a bad idea. Not for fear of discovery, but just the act of this hindered masturbation never got her anywhere and she had done it many times. Her out-of-bounds pussy always kept that extra, vital part of stimulation needed for her to achieve bliss. But a horny mind is not a reasonable one, and there she was again, groping herself, fellating her fingers (which had only made Charlotte orgasmed thus far) and dry-humping her mattress. It felt...wonderful, but Abigail needed more and she was reaching that glass ceiling in her arousal. Even with the girl's vivid sexual imagination, nipple-pinching could only take you so far.

Abigail grabbed her pillow and turning to her side, shoved it between her slim, fair-skinned thighs, which she scrunched tightly together, rubbing them against one another. "Please....please..." the desperate girl pleaded as she rubbed her flat chest and scrunched her eyes shut, trying to focus on that one sensation that would rocket her to orgasmic fireworks. If that pillow was a person's head, she was definitely chocking the life out of them with how hard her thighs had wrapped around it. But still, her dripping pussy was not feeling anything from what was happening, encased in its little metal prison.

"Nggggggggggggggggg!!!" Abi shoved half of her fist in her mouth to drown out the groan of frustration, as the exhausted girl felt her arousal slip away, once more, like someone slipping onto a water slide and heading down the bottom.

Defeated, the collared girl pulled her gown back down and over her metal undergarments. She took a deep sighing breath of utter disappointment and turned to blow out the candle.

Maybe the next time she would 'get it'.

Maybe.

On par with her sexual misery, Abigail's sexual performances towards her busty, dark-haired hottie of an aunt followed the same rise. Whether she was lapping up her auntie's meaty, bald cunt like a thirsty dog or eating her plump ass like it was a sloppy seafood meal, Abigail was showing tremendous skill as well as eagerness, the latter brought 'out of her' by the constant threat of punishment and the more immediate pain of Charlotte's cane. The heavy-handed woman also did not shy away from slapping the skinny bitch around if need be, either on her pretty face or her flat tits.

Abigail had never been an A-student at the village's church school, but she was now a perfect student of her aunt's ample body, in all its majestic curves, folds, smells and tastes.

The teen could now make Charlotte come in a short span of time, though the voluptuous aristocrat often intentionally prolonged her fun, at the expense of the muff-drowned little tongue-gerbil. Abigail got no breaks under her Lady's suffocating ass, unless she wanted the cane to paint some more 'red lines' on her porcelain skin.

If ANYTHING was not on par with her high standards, she made sure to let Abigail know, both at the moment of the 'infraction' (with her handy cane), as well as afterwards, with a variety of cruel punishment methods.

"FFffffff" a sharp, sucking, slurping sound escaped Abigail's lips, which were currently snugly wrapped around a thick bar of white soap, her teeth absent from it via her Lady's orders. 'Ma'am' detested even a droplet of soapy drool to meet her pristine hardwood floors.

Made to face the floor, young Abigail had to constantly fight gravity to pull her soapy drool up into her mouth (and unavoidably swallow it to keep it from dripping back down). The incredibly salty taste, due to the white lye that the soap was made of, made the small girl softly wince each time and make a soft, soap-gagged, pained wince.

It served her right. Abigail had mouthed off to her infallible matron, and a punishment was in order. It didn't matter that the exhausted girl had been 'pearl-diving' down the insatiable woman's love-cave for about an hour and had pleaded to the woman to allow her to catch her breath before her 'dessert', meaning the woman's plump, round ass.

Her annoying yapping meant she had delayed putting her lips on her aunt's needy anal wrinkles by over 10 seconds! A preposterous insult! She'd even called her "aunt" instead of 'ma'am" during that pathetic bargaining attempt. All the more reason for discipline.

As per her 'lesson', the 'vulgar' girl was currently 'gnawing' on some hard soap and thinking about her actions whilst providing a nice stool for the woman's bare feet to rest on, as she stood perfectly still in an all-fours position. Abi was stoically taking all the weight of the sofa-seated woman's legs on the middle of her delicate back, while Charlotte was comfily seated on the puffy sofa-chair, dressed in a homey dress with her far-from-boney legs leisurely crossed at the ankles onto her niece's back.

Abigail on the other hand, was naked but for a pair of sky-blue, thigh-high stockings (matching her eyes). Her toes were pointing up to the ceiling as the girl folded her legs together at the knees to achieve this 'en pointe' posture, as per her matron's orders. On top of the cramping strain on her straightened soles, this made her knees hurt more as they took more strain.

Despite her stillness, Abigail was far from idle, juggling multiple 'musts' in the air. Besides having to keep track of her esthetically pleasing feet posture and prevent her own bubbly salivation from sliding down the soap bar's length (or her punishment would be lengthened) the teen had also been tasked with keeping her aunt's tea intact. Resting on its little round tea plate, with complimentary spoon on the side, the intricate porcelain tea-cup (full almost to the top with Ma'am's sugary afternoon tea) was precariously resting on the top part of Abigail's tight, right asscheek (the one closest to Charlotte).

Next to it, towards the girl's hips, rested the Lady's small porcelain milk jug. Like the cup, it teetered every few minutes or so, as a result of the young woman's fatigue, causing the liquids to almost spill out their containers.

"Mng!" a worried yelp left the soap-gagged girl's lips, as she feared she had made a mess, but ultimately hadn't.

"I swear if you spill even a drop I'll flay your ass clean off, understand?" Charlotte lowered her book to utter this reminding phrase, the imagery she conjured even worse than her strict tone. "Yuff, Mm'mm (Yes ma'am)" poor Abi mustered a submissive, shameful reply through her soapy gag and without any

further acknowledgement Charlotte lifted her book back over her face, with her straining to continue her humility lesson.



A demure, law-abiding, lady-like Abigail was closing in on a year in her generous aunt's 'care'. The village's community was thrilled with the social experiment that was the girl's rehabilitation through her aunt's generous adoption, which had turned her from a stabbing hussy to a female model citizen.

With the original key of her chastity belt never leaving its spot on the church's rafters, no one was wiser to the presumably god-fearing Lady's machinations. They still saw Abigail as this beacon of sexless purity. And while the girl remained a true virgin, this statement could not be further from the truth, with Charlotte using the girl's as a orgasm-denied sex toy on a daily basis. The publicly bridled and leashed girl could not alert anyone to the truth, standing by her good aunt's side.

The young woman was reaching a breaking point in her patience and mental endurance. Sure, all these novel heroes went through great adversities, but in the end of the book they were victorious, they had immersed on the other side. Robinson Crusoe left the island.

When would she leave hers?

As a result, much to Lady Richardson's dismay, the little brat was giving her trouble lately. Nothing that wasn't dealt with a hard strike of the cane and a loooong disciplinary session, but still, it appeared the young whore was testing the limits of her role, walking on thin ice.

Her niece never outright refused an order, but she often antagonized, begged, or bargained with her dictatorial aunt. It was all sooo...annoying! Her outbursts of injustice were usually followed by unauthorized words about fairness and personal dignity. Things Charlotte did not regard at all. She did not train this classless doll to oppose her orders!

Two or three cane-strikes usually wound the insolent bitch down, but when it came time for her actual punishments for her insubordination, Charlotte needed additional 'guiding' violence to keep the disrespecting cunt obedient.

It appeared little Abigail was going through her rebellious phase, and a rush of pride and strength were running through her. Bothersome things that Charlotte did not want for her maiden slave.

"Out-out...more" Charlotte noted, looking down at her kneeling niece's tongue, with her chin never dignifying to deep towards her slave's level, only her powerful eyes looking down at the submissive girl.

Charlotte knew very well just how long the little whore could make her pretty 'pearl-catcher', so this shy peeking it was currently doing was not fooling her. Abigail was dressed like a doll, in a pink, frilly

dress with puffy short sleeves, her wide, but short skirt barely concealing her chastity belt. Her long, straight brown hair was caught with a big, pink bow that matched the color of her girly, but very tall ballet heels. "UUwww" Abigail let out an involuntary moan of worry, her big blue eyes looking up at her Mistress as she complied and stretched her tongue as far from her lips as it went.

Charlotte had made a trip down her garden and that often meant bad news for Abi. With a pair of black leather gloves protecting her labor-less, elegant hands, the standing lass grabbed a small bundle of nettles, from a larger stack she had collected hours ago.

Abigail's pretty brows furrowed, knowing well what was next. Her tongue was lazy during her aunt's post-lunch cunnilingus, moving slowly and...uninspiring. Her heart-shaped lips were idle and boring. It only made sense that these parts would be disciplined.

Trying her best to keep her terrified tongue from acting on self-preservation and return in her mouth, Abigail traced the bundle of green, pointy-leaved nettles, as they were placed on her tongue by Charlotte, who started rubbing them up and down the textured, moist surface of the girl's tongue.

"Eyes up here" Charlotte's strict order, not requiring any raise of her voice, was followed by a pleased smile, as Abigail whined open-mouthed, a horrible itchiness being dispersed along her tongue by her mistress' firm, leathery touch. She did not dare take her glistening eyes off Charlotte's, since the bodacious aristocrat enjoyed watching the distress in them.

After rubbing the sharp hairs of the nettles all over the girl's displayed tongue, Charlotte took a fresh, bigger bundle from the table next to her, just to make sure they would inject a 'full tank' of their skin irritants. She placed that balled-up bundle deep inside the girl's mouth, resting on the back of her tongue. She then pushed Abi's feminine chin up so that the bitch obediently closed her mouth.

"Mmmm" Abi let out another whimper, obeying in full submission, dreading this step as much as the previous. Her face was already flush with the rash on her tongue.

Charlotte then took a few more nettles and just like she had done with her niece's tongue, rubbed them slowly and without rush, against the girl's sealed lips, both the top and bottom. Abi again tried her hardest to fight her pain-avoidant gene and purse her lips away from the nettles. But her conditioning, her training, was already working wonders and she did not make her aunt's practice of torturing her, cumbersome.

With the intense itchiness now added to the girl's succulent lips, Charlotte grabbed a silk scarf and folding it in half into a nice even-width shape, about 2-inches, wrapped it tightly over the girl's pink lips, tying it in a tight knot behind the young maiden's head and sealing the stinging nettles inside. The bundled nettles were now free to expand their volume inside Abi's mouth, their tiny hairs pricking the inside of the girl's mouth in every direction. And now, they were not going anywhere.

The unfortunate, gagged girl scrunched her eyes shut, trying to cope with the crawling pain in her mouth. Her current discipline did not exonerate her from her servile duties. She would take care of her aunt's needs whilst stuff-gagged with nettles for the next 3 or so hours (in reality, when Charlotte had deemed it was enough) though the soreness and inflammation on her mouth would usually last till next day.

The nettle treatment was proving a very good 'reminder' to Abi, the next time her recovering lips and tongue had to 'work' on her aunt's puffy, hairlessly smooth cunt or face-eclipsing ass. Simply the faint soreness she felt in her oral 'tools' as she licked and kissed and sucked at her aunt's wet spots was enough for the skinny housewife to be extremely eager in slurping her mistress' sweaty crotch, in order to avoid finding herself in the same compromised spot.



The sound of glass meeting wood was heard once more, as another plate was placed in the wooden rack on the kitchen wall. A dutiful Abigail, clad in a dark green, cute (and very short) dress with a white apron over it, was scrubbing dishes under the bronze sink. Her Lady, her aunt, was enjoying a post-lunch cigarette, sitting delicately at the large dining room table, too long for the two people that usually used it.

“I don’t want to see a single stain on these. We have visitors this evening” Charlotte turned to warn her servant, catching the sight of her beautiful, tight little rump, vaguely outlined under the girl’s provocative maid outfit. Abi’s tall, Mary Jane heels gave her a few more inches, and even more sex appeal. Her gorgeous, brown hair was caught in a single, braided ponytail that run down her skinny lower back.

“Yes, Ma’am” Abigail did not stop scrubbing, but made sure to turn her head to face her Mistress while speaking the phrase she had repeated so many times. She had painfully learned that it was an insult to address her Lady without facing her; a sign of disregard.

Abigail scrubbed hard against a particularly difficult stain of meaty fat that was stuck on Charlotte’s plate. Simple house chores like the one she was currently busy with had become too mundane to be unpleasant. Things could get ‘actually rough’ in an instant, and the experienced servant knew that well. These moments needed to be appreciated.

She did not see, but Abigail heard her aunt getting up and her heels clicking towards her, something that immediately filled the skinny girl with anxiety. Now more worried of what her aunt could want, she silently kept scrubbing plates, her dainty fingers all pruned from the water and the manual labor.

“Hm” Charlotte mumbled in an approving tone, standing right behind her niece and wrapping both her arms around the girl’s slim waist, embracing her from behind snugly with her face over her shoulder. Charlotte rarely showed her satisfaction (never mind gratitude) towards her niece, so that faint murmur sounded almost patronizing to Abi. Especially given how Charlotte was currently running her hands, sensually, firmly over the girl’s (safely) dressed body.

The brunette woman appeared randy, feeling her niece up. Abigail was physically trapped between Charlotte’s much more voluptuous body and the kitchen counter. A hand squeezed Abigail’s small breast hard, the painful sensation dampened by the layers of the girl’s dress and brassiere.

“Uhh” Abigail let a sigh, not stopping her housekeeping duties “just because” she was being groped. But that sigh did not only contain a concealed annoyance, but also some lust.

It was getting increasingly difficult to conceal the fact that the horny celibate's body was asking for any kind of touch, even if it came from her dreaded aunt. In its enforced chastity, Abi's body was becoming more and more a desperate beggar, losing any 'bargaining power' it once had. Charlotte did not fail to notice the horny eyes the little hussy had whenever her Lady stuck her fingers past those pretty lips and made Abi suck them. Or whenever she fondled the girl's slim body, or kissed her passionately with big, wet kisses.

With nowhere to funnel her spry sexual urges, Abigail was following the only path available: Her succulent, seductive 'caretaker'.

Getting into this impromptu make out, Charlotte wrapped her strong, ringed hand around the girl's long, slender, milky neck and, gripping it dominantly, stuck her face on the other side her hand was, kissing and nibbling on the side of the girl's neck. "Ooowwww" this moan was unquestionably indicative of arousal, as Abi found herself between a rock and a hard place, not wanting to give in to her aunt's advances, but at the same time liking the attention her sex-starved body was receiving.

Charlotte had caught wind of the girl's state and her horny dilemma and enjoyed toying with the little whore. It satisfied her sadistic side and got her wet as hell between those juicy thighs. Dressed in a comfortable, lighter beige dress in the privacy of her manor, the thicc woman grabbed on Abigail's long, brown braided ponytail and pulled it downwards, causing the girl's head to tilt and her 'yummy' neck to be more exposed for her aunt.

"Mmmmmmmff" Abi bit her lip, as her aunt's neck kisses were more than enough to get her wet. Charlotte had looped her ponytail around her hand, forming an unbreakable grip to the girl's hair and therefore her head and her whole being. She controlled her fully, just like she did every waking minute.

Charlotte used her other hand to pull up the girl's dress/apron to expose her nice, peachy ass. The back of the belt allowed sight of most of her 'cheeks', like a pair of Brazilian panties out of iron. Abi's asscheeks looked relatively 'unblemished' and white, in contrast to the usual patterns of red/purple welt lines from Charlotte's cane and the smooth, rosy 'glow' from her frequent spankings. Abi had been a relatively 'good girl' lately, broken very much in line to her aunt's wishes.

Abigail felt Charlotte's hand fondle her ass, and she hated that she loved it. She was fighting herself to not back herself up on it, because this was what she wanted most. Charlotte's soft ass-caresses alternated to rough ass-grabs, kneading the girl's 'bottom dough' to her whim.

“You like that?” Charlotte asked, more so because she wanted to hear the answer she already knew. “Y...yes, ma’am” Abi appeared lost in another hopeless chase, her blue eyes closed, travelling.

She remembered being very little and chasing butterflies out in the fields. She could never catch them of course; the things always flew away much faster than the girl could run. And though she was disappointed for a brief moment to not have the butterfly in her hands, it was always fun when she run after them.

That’s how these moments felt, for the past year. Chasing a beautiful, colorful orgasm, which always flapped its wings out of her reach. The difference was, Abigail reaaaaaaaaaally wanted that butterfly.

Non-verbally, Charlotte let the girl know she wanted her full devotion, pushing the soapy plate she had on her hand back in the sink. With the controlling grip she had on the girl’s hair, she manually turned Abigail’s face towards hers, and gave the ‘little-spooned’ maid a deep, lustful kiss.

“Mmng” Abi moaned, her exclamations of lust smothered by the older woman’s lips over hers. Her aunt’s luscious lips felt nothing like that first day. Warm, soft and moist, they invited her own to a wonderful dance.

Charlotte let go of the girl’s hair and placed her hand to cap the girl’s jaw-line and keeping her from (potentially) turning away from her frenching tongue. There was no doubt she was the dominant one in this encounter.

Abigail let herself be manipulated by her overlord. Even if she was fully detesting this (which in many ways, she still was) the notion of opposing her abuser was strictly an internal battle, and though it often circled Abigail’s mind, the slightest resistance caused more suffering down the road. The submissive slave was to remain stoic when being used, helping rather than hampering its overpowering ‘user’.

But now, it was undeniably how horny the 19-year-old maiden was. Unregistered by the two amorous girls, a droplet of condensed lust, the girl’s sex juices, fell from the crotch-flap of Abi’s belt down on the floor, between the girl’s tall-heeled feet. Charlotte was also getting into it, pulling down her dress and brassiere and letting her huge, mouthwatering jugs flop freely on her chest. A simple nudge on the back of Abigail’s head was all it took for the young girl to lean over “mommy’s” breast

and wrap her lips airtight around the woman's tasty nipple, starting to suck and suckle with her face over Charlotte's pink areola.

"Oh, God, this gets me so wet!" Abigail was herself surprised at the perversion her starved libido had pushed her towards. This should not be happening. This was wrong. But most damningly, this was something that the young woman did not find herself coerced into doing. At least, not 'as' coerced as the rest of her actions. She liked it, she was enjoying it.

Abigail swirled her tongue around her curvy aunt's hardened, succulent nipple and suckled on it like it was the fountain of the youth. Or more pertinent to her, the fountain of sexual release.

Charlotte cradled the leaning girl's head, feeling too hot and bothered for all this. The skinny bitch was doing too good of a sucking job on her tits. She needed to come, now.

"Bedroom, now" Charlotte seized everything in a record-scratching moment. She left the equally horny girl and headed towards the Master bedroom to disrobe. "You'll finish the dishes when I come" she added before momentarily disappearing from Abi's view. Just because a new one came up did not mean the girl should slack on her previous tasks.

"Y..yes ma'am" with the wind of her arousal sucked out of her horny sails, Abigail replied in a sorrowful voice and with her head bowed, followed Charlotte's lead. Left infuriatingly edged, but without any payoff to show for it.

While Charlotte could catch one in her net whenever she wished (and she would very soon), Abigail's butterfly had again disappeared in the woods.

