

The Village Celibate part 4

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The joyous ruckus of the village tavern boomed throughout the space. Music, booze and good company were prevalent. What else could someone ask for?

At the corner table, unofficially saved for more esteemed 'somebodies' that decided to stop by, was seated the honorable Lady Richardson, clad in an exquisite, dark red bustier dress, its two large caps concealing while also highlighting her attractive jugs. Like a black serpent, her dark hair was coiled over her right shoulder into a large braid, flowing to the sides of her big bust.

The Lady was accompanied by two dear friends, Lord Kentavious Fallwell and his sweet wife, Caroline, seated diagonally from Charlotte, on the wooden benches that sprout from the walls behind them.

Right next to Charlotte, on the end of the bench, was her dear niece and handmaiden, Abigail. Dressed in a cute, but modest, close-collared dress of a cream beige color (Charlotte did not like being upstaged) and with her perfectly brushed, straight brown hair flowing down her back, Abigail's eyes were much busier than her lips, the latter silenced by the scold's bridle locked around her face.

Charlotte had reassured the new waitress that had taken Abigail's place (a cute redhead) that her niece would not be requiring any 'refreshments', though the shapely brunette drunk from her ale pint with little restrain this evening.

While Charlotte and her company quipped and laughed between sips of alcohol, Abigail, who was naturally never really addressed by the three high-society members at the table, scanned around the huge room, reminiscing of a life that was difficult, but freer than what she now had. She was jealous of the young people her age, laughing and flirting at the nearby tables, hindered only by their own compass.

Visually separated by the flat, iron bar of the scold's bridle that moved across her straight, delicate nose and forehead, Abi's blue eyes fell upon a young pair, a man and a woman, a boy and a girl, on the far side of the tavern. The girl was leaning against the wall, and the young chap was clearly hitting on her, their close proximity promising more than just a friendly chat. The shorter girl, a petite blonde,

was looking up at the buzz cut-haired lad with love-struck eyes. Abigail could not take her eyes off them.

They had something she really, really wanted and could never have. She couldn't help but despise them for it. At the same time, her constantly lust-drunk mind started playing out the scenario, only replacing that cute blonde with herself. In her mind's eye, she pictured the young man ripping off her clothes, placing her kneeling body forward as he entered her from behind.

As he took her and made her his.

"Imagine how nice his cock must feel... Bet she'll ride him like a stallion" Charlotte's whispering voice brought the girl back to the real world, safely out of earshot of anyone else. Abi did not turn her face, nor did she reply; she couldn't anyway. Instead, she kept ogling the flirting couple.

Charlotte's guess of her niece's thoughts was pretty spot-on and the way she phrased Abi's longing made it even more urgent. She DID want to ride that handsome boy like a stallion, get on top of him and bounce on his hard cock at her own pace. She DID want to feel his nice, juicy cock filling her up. She was extremely jealous of that blonde and the nice dicking she'd soon receive.

Just because the village was overrun by a religious, conservative doctrine did not mean that people were not getting their rocks on. They just did it more subtly, more discreetly. One can never suppress human urges and wishes. Only create the path through which they are sought out.

It was only by this cruel twist of fate that Abigail would not get her chance at experiencing penetrative sex. As things looked in this moment, she would remain forever a virgin, unfucked but constantly raped, titillated but constantly orgasm-less.

Some kind of unjust purgatory.

As Charlotte had returned to her conversation with her two rich friends, she stealthily snaked her hand under the table, underneath the girl's long dress. The tablecloth obscuring her kinky exploits, Charlotte felt up between the girl's skinny thighs, at the bottom of her belt. Abigail allowed this harassment, with little in terms of power.

The moisture Charlotte was checking for coated her fingers, betraying Abigail's 'happy trail'; her sexual, vaginal secretions. A momentary smirk formed on Charlotte's lips mid-sentence, as she was speaking to her two companions.

“Have I mentioned how good Abi has gotten at the piano recently? She’s a real natural” Charlotte changed the topic of conversation, affectionately caressing her bridled niece’s face with her wet hand, leaving the gagged girl’s sexual discharge on her face.

“Oh, really? It is a challenging instrument. Congrats, my child” Lord Kentavious replied, twirling his curly mustache. Abigail could only nod courteously at the praise, feeling her own liquid horniness getting cold on her right cheek.

Over the following months, Charlotte and Abigail’s relationship developed into an even more complicated web of dependence and hatred. Aided by the young felon’s sentence of eternal chastity, which brought forth irredeemable feeling of bursting lust, Abigail was now seeing her mother’s beautiful, curvy younger sister as not only the single lifeline she had from a trip to the gallows, but also her only gateway to some sexual joy. The only way to open that spigot every now and then and let out some of that pressurized sexual tension was through Lady Charlotte.

The rich bombshell had little inhibitions about pushing her poor little sex-snail further towards unwanted debauchery, giving her inklings of pleasure that never amounted to anything more. The pussy-caged maiden had no way to reach orgasm with just these ‘gifts’, something that Charlotte particularly enjoyed.

It was so darn fun to watch the little brat try to ‘climb’ that unreachable mountain and even more fun to taunt and tease her with her helplessness, at her inevitable ‘fall’.

“I knew you were a huge slut from the very beginning. I bet you begged that fat, filthy bastard to take your virginity before you stabbed him” Charlotte mocked, looking down at her kneeling niece with a spiteful smile. The girl’s pretty blue eyes were stuck up at Charlotte’s, a little bloodshot and wet from the strain of her blowjob. A well-hung dick replica made out of beautiful, dark-brown rosewood, was strapped on the plump femme fatale via a brown leather belt, and it was currently being fellated as if it was one of those cute tavern boys Abigail used to serve ale to and wink at.

It was only a few weeks ago since Abigail had first sucked off ‘Rosie’ (as Charlotte had named her wooden cock because it was made out of rosewood) and she was still far from the actual village whores, who really knew how to open their throat and really accept a hard penis.

But she was doing her best.

The large phallus, with these beautiful dark grains all across its 8-inches-long, polished surface, glistened under the house lights with Abigail's shiny drool, slightly curving upwards, with the same (considerable) thickness across its length. The nicely 'swollen' cockhead could not be seen, currently buried down the brown-haired damsel's throat.

"Mmmhmmmm" Abigail submissively nodded at her aunt's utterly degrading remark as she kept sliding her lips across 'mommy's cock. Not because it was true, but because the idea was hot and it got her padlocked pussy dripping.

She appeared totally susceptible to this conditioning her sadistic Lady was instilling on her. While technically this blowjob had been ordered by Charlotte as a means of her personal enjoyment, its main goal was to 'shove' the brown-haired little bunny deeper into its horny rabbit hole.

Indeed, the shameful girl had a tough time hiding her arousal each time she sucked on 'Rosie'. The kneeling girl's iron-belted hips could be easily seen gyrating, an indication the servant enjoyed her woody blowjob more than she'd like to admit.

It spoke right to her heterosexual tendencies and fantasies. As much as she had fantasized about it, the virgin girl never got the opportunity to actually have a man's erection in her mouth, so Charlotte's skillfully crafted replica scratched that very pervasive itch.

It didn't hurt that Charlotte was getting sopping wet from watching the cute little skank sink deeper and deeper into her nymphomaniac limbo. The more her lips inched towards the base of her wooden shaft, the hornier Abi got and hence the bigger her agony at failing to orgasm was at the end. The dark-haired girl loved her niece's misery.

Charlotte reveled in the girl's inescapable predicament. Miss Thomas could either choose to pleasure her Ma'am with a robotic distancing, or take in the crumps of pleasure her mistress "so generously" dropped on the floor for her, even if that would then result in acute distress, with Abi left orgasm-less and unfulfilled. Like a child guzzling on a bucket of ice cream, ignoring the stomach ache that always followed, Abigail usually went down the route of sexual indulgence, against her better judgement.

Both girls were devoid of many clothing articles, in the Lady's boudoir. Charlotte's wavy dark hair draped down either side of her chest, as her tight leather corset pushed her G-size knockers like a breast pedestal, whilst proudly exposing them. A pair of high-thigh pair of leather, heeled boots that opened up above her knees, hugged her shapely, gropable legs and complimented the color palette of

her strap-on. Her shining jewellery was never removed from her fingers or ears, as was the taunting necklace that featured the rose-key and drew more attention to her chest (as if that was possible).

Abigail had even less to cover her nudity with. Only her tall heels were there to accompany her iron garments, her belt and her collar. Her arms were stuck in a box shape behind her back, each hand grabbing the opposite elbow, as per her mistress' orders. Only through her mouth and head bobbing could she 'please' Rosie. Her hair was caught in two girly pigtails, with matching ribbons.

"Gmmmkhhhh!....." Abigail let a surprised, choked gurgle and her large eyes widened, as Charlotte felt like grabbing her waist-long pigtails and using them as reins to ram her wooden erection down her toy's throat.

Fully breathless and voiceless, Abi did not dare break the arousing eye contact that her aunt demanded, nor mess up the box shape of her arms, keeping them nicely out of the way as Charlotte took control, facefucking her nice and deep.

"Glug.....glug.....glug...." Abigail's teary eyes remained as locked to Charlotte's as her sex was by its belt, whilst Charlotte worked her artificial erection through those pretty lips, making her make these involuntary, sloppy throat sounds as the wet wood penetrated her face.

"God, this is so hot!" the facefucked girl could not deny her depraved emotions, as much as she hated them. Choking on that thick hog was getting her as wet as a waterfall. She loved it! Her tight, drenched pussy-lips were quivering each time Charlotte pushed 'Rosie' all the way down, blocking the girl's windpipe. Charlotte could spot the small pool of juices collecting between the girl's floored knees. She would punish the slut later for wetting her floors.

She winded the girl's long pigtails once around each hand, and gave a good, firm push that bulged the girl's delicate neck, which was now filled by hard rosewood.

"KH.....KHhhh.....!!!" Abigail kept looking up at mistress, with her coughing attempts plugged by her wooden lover. If only someone simply grazed their fingers over her pussylips, she would certainly climax.

Instead, Charlotte, having an iron-grip on the cocksucker's pigtails and keeping her from backing out of her suffocating deep-throating, leaned a bit closer and spat on the cock-choked girl's face, getting

her right between her eyes. “That’s all the squirt you get, you filthy slug” she added with an air of sheer dominance, keeping the dick-choking girl’s face stuck over her cock. She knew that would girl the little whore going.

Indeed, being throat-plugged, spat on and shamed got Abigail hornier than she already was. The girl would moan deeply if her vocal chords weren’t hampered by Charlotte’s hard manhood lodged through them.

Charlotte’s spittle dripped down the sides of Abi’s nose and over her eyelids, the girl on her last ‘deposit’ of air. Still, she was humping the air like a crazed maiden, possessed by some kind of demon, but with her arms still obediently behind her back. She was so close to orgasming!

Only when those drool-stained eyelids started getting heavy and Abigail was about to pass out, did Charlotte remove her wooden dildo, heavily lubed with the girl’s thick throat saliva.

“Bed, now” Charlotte was too hot and bothered by this wonderfully cruel sight. She needed to come, RIGHT NOW and her no-bullshit tone reflected that. As for Abigail, she’d have to forget all about that close-call and get to ‘munching’ on her Lady’s ass, a good assertion given that fact that the plump queen was impatiently waiting for her edged sex toy, kneeling in a straddling position on the bed, ready to take a deep sit on Abi’s pretty face.



In the middle of Lady Richardson's living room, a mostly naked Abigail stood dutifully, with her arms raised up from either side and her fingers woven behind her head; presenting both her girly armpits to her mistress.

While a feminine grooming and hygiene was an inextricable part of the young lady's duties, since Charlotte wanted her niece constantly at her most presentable (and desirable) the powerful woman had opted to 'do the honors' of shaving the young woman's pits.

By this point, it was far from unusual for the young maiden to be left cloth-less in her home's privacy. The frilly, doll-like dresses that she wore during the earlier months, when Charlotte had yet to show her true colors, had become a novelty of the past, usually reserved only for when outside company was present.

Abigail's long brown hair was tied into beautiful, elaborate braids that looped around on themselves, tied with a pretty, blue bow that matched her gorgeous eyes. She herself had perfectly crafted these braids under her aunt's strict eye. Black, court heels adored her delicate feet. The 4 inches of their heels, like all other tall shoes Abigail wore indoors, were considered too crude for the village's sensibilities, but in the privacy of her home, Charlotte made Abi tip-toe her way everywhere, like a 19th century Barbie doll. When respectable guests were present, her heels were shorter and modest, 2 inches at best.

The reformed girl was no longer a harlot after all, but a god-fearing, honorable young lady. At least in the public eye.

White, frilly ankle socks were visible under the shoes' cute bridge straps. Along with her shiny iron collar and perpetually locked chastity belt, these were the girl's only steady clothing items in her aunt's presence. If she was doing some manual labor inside the house, her short white apron was simply placed over her nude body, not doing anything to conceal her (often welted) buns.

Standing in front of her exposed niece, Charlotte was holding a double-edged razor by its metal handle (one of the few with the luxury of not owning a cut-throat type razor), dipping the scary blade into a nearby bowl of lukewarm water;

Even though she always kept her body hairless on the regular, Abigail had to combat the natural urge to pull away, when she saw Charlotte place the ominous razor on her delicate, foamy pit. "Still" Charlotte barked annoyed, glancing up at her toy. She could feel her slight shivering.

“Yes, Ma’am” Abigail replied staccato, trying to hide her anxiousness, not allowing herself to flinch as the cold, sharp metal met the top of her arm pit, then moved slowly down, taking her few slim armpits hairs (mostly peach fuzz) away along with the puffy foam.

Abigail gulped down her discomfort, as the rough instrument made these soft scraping sounds, working its way over the patch of soft, sensitive skin and rendering it as smooth as the rest of the girl’s body. It was eerie to feel someone else’s touch in that intimate way. Tickling yourself does nothing, but a strange hand causes a fight or flight reaction.

Unfortunately, Abigail was no stranger to losing control of her body, of her autonomy. First with the two undisputed locks that trapped her own biology away from her and the collar that signified her inability to choose her own path in life.

And secondly, more gradually and insidiously, by her ‘life-saving’ aunt’s controlling, authoritative treatment, which took away her agency piece by piece. At 20 years old, Miss Thomas had spent the past two years either essentially imprisoned in her aunt’s manor, or following her around at her chain-leash’s distance, whether at Mass, or downtown shopping, a peaceful carriage ride down the countryside, or during the Lady’s appearances at illustrious galas only the rich could attend, Abigail was the most agreeable of pets, always by her aunt’s side.

While firmly gagged with the humiliating iron bridle during basically any outdoor excursion, the girl was unbridled during these upper class shindigs (aristocracy found the bridle to crude of a sight). Still, Charlotte prohibited her protégé from speaking to anyone (whether male or female) unless first addressed. This made the fancily-dressed damsel’s hopes of secretly conferring with someone about her peril all the more difficult, since she rarely left her aunt’s eyes. The more the girl had mustered so far where some anxious, persistent stares towards a few lords and ladies of proximity. Her distressed eyes were not enough to alert them though.

Additionally, the infamous celibate did not attract any interest from prospecting grooms. Who would waste their time asking an artificially barren woman to a dance? Marriage wasn’t an option for the young beauty, so she was little more than eye candy to the male suitors of the room. They might be thinking about the girl’s heavenly, slim body and gorgeous blue eyes, when fucking their spouse that night, but that would have been of no consolation to the unfucked Abigail.

Back in the Lady’s living room, a similarly frilly, white lace garter was decorating the girl’s left thigh. Besides looking cute and girly, the fancy garment was often used for safekeeping things; Mistress’ things.

For example, it was currently holding her aunt's wooden cane from being misplaced. Abigail had gotten used to this added wrinkle of indignity, made to safeguard the very instrument of her pain, objectifyingly deposited on her. The thigh-snapping elasticity of the garter kept the long, thin cane nicely pressed against her flesh and made it easily accessible to her mistress.

As with a lot of things, in her prolonged anorgasmic haze, Abigail's relationship to that cane had gotten...weird. Not because there was anything special about Charlotte's long, wobbly, stick (it was never used as a walking stick, but as a riding crop for the horses of the Lady's carriage). It was the girl's relationship to pain, which the cane administered, that was shifting and twisting.

Ever since Abigail had made the deep dive into the dark waters of sexual perversion, in search for a cunt-less (or anal-less) orgasm, any physical stimuli was slowly seen in a different light. Suddenly, Charlotte's barehanded spank on her tight ass carried the potential for more than corporal punishment. Ma'am's cane stung horribly, but also sometimes kinda... good? Having her nipple sharply twisted whilst Charlotte was sitting on her face was becoming as much a treat of acquired taste, like a very sour candy, as it was a reminder to 'stop slacking' and 'pick things up'.

Abigail did not know how to feel about this scary manifestation. She could feel herself transforming, but could not do much to stop it. Things were not anymore good or bad; white or black; appealing or abhorrent.

"Nnnnghh!" Abigail moaned, grinding her teeth to deal with the great discomfort. "Shut up" Charlotte did not turn to face her niece in order to reprimand her.

Still in the Lady's opulent living room, but transported a few weeks back in time, Charlotte, fully dressed in one of her high-end, form-hugging dresses, had the mostly naked maiden (excluding her white frilly ankle socks, her black, tall, Mary Jane ballet heels and the short, frilly white apron that only covered her front side) bent over her cross-legged lap, having a first-sit-view of the girl's peachy, fair-skinned ass.

Charlotte was the only one with access to the girl's asshole, to cater to the girl's necessary daily 'functions'. But the woman had also found a way to discipline the skinny bitch through that same hole.

Holding a ginger root by its unpeeled, raw side, the plump woman was both twisting back and forth and pushing the roughly cylindrically-shaped, about an inch thick vegetable deeper and deeper into the hussy's tight asshole. Seconds ago, Charlotte had skinned the outer layer of the ginger with a sharp blade, since it was the inner layers of the plant that produced an acute burning sensation.

A perfect way to teach the brat a lesson.

Charlotte had found this 'tutoring' method useful whenever Abigail was underperforming in her duties. Anything regarding the girl's unsatisfying posture was punished in this way. The same strictness was enforced whether it regarded the 'courteous' kind of ladylike posture (correct way to walk, stand, speak and move in the presence of her aunt and her guests) or the girl's alluring, seductive posture during her sexual services.

Or even the precursor to them. For example, even during something as mundane as something falling on the floor in Charlotte's presence, Abi had to bend seductively at the waist with her tight ass up (peaking under her always short dresses) and flaunted at her mistress to pick it up, without any slouching on her back.

Anything that kept her from being a pocket-sized object of desire was a punishable offence for 'Ma'am'. It mattered not to Charlotte that the spicy root was essentially the first thing the virgin girl had ever felt inside any of her fuck holes.

In addition, any delay in Abigail's reactions (expected to be nothing short of prompt) also got her poor little ass figged. Whether her mistress was signaling her to open the windows to let the sunshine in or drop to her knees to suck on her wooden 'manhood', if Abi was late to comply by a moment or two, her asshole would be setup up for a 'date' with a ginger root.

Charlotte kept a bunch of the light-brown plant roots prominently displayed in a big wooden bowl at the center of the long dining room. To her guests, it was an innocent display of still life. To Abigail, it was a constant reminder to keep 'sharp'.

The punishment was very fitting for the above 'insults' in the sense that with the burning root stuck up her little wrinkly hole (the ginger's sides were lodged in the inwards-pointing teeth, hence tough to remove without help) Abigail was in a constant restlessness, wanting to tap her feet, or pace back and forth. Her fidgety state was a coping mechanism to mentally alleviate the anal burning. When Charlotte wanted something from her, the poor, figged damsel would spring into action, it was adorable.

In the early days, the young virgin would count to ten again and again, with the ginger root immediately burning her anal innards as soon as the flayed vegetable made firm contact with her asshole's walls. She would puff quickly and deeply, instinctively clenching her aunt's skirt with her hands, just so that she wouldn't clench her poor sphincter onto the 'spicy' butt-plug and bring further misery her way. The ginger root's girth was often painful on its own right, never mind the heat that came with it. The thicker it was, the more Abi's poor ass 'pressed' on it, and thus got even more heat from the dreaded root.

At times, it truly felt like a fire was being lit inside her ass. This was far from the backdoor action the girl was picturing during her countless wet dreams. On top of lacking any friction, this thrust-less assfucking 'sizzled' the poor girl's asshole, the burning sensation getting worse the more the ginger root was left in her.

But recently, Abigail had gotten less... whiny about her figging discipline. While she still dreaded punishments with all her heart and would much rather be left alone, there was a reverent lack of pushback in her body language compared to before. This could be taken as a sign of good, docile submission, as Charlotte expected from her. But secretly, there was also a small, hidden anticipation from Abigail's needy asshole, to 'feel that burn'. While the pain always overshadowed any pleasant stimulation, there was a small, fucked-up part inside Abigail that relished it.

Like taking the good along with the very bad.

"Aawwww....awwwww.....awwww...." with the 3-cm-thick ginger firmly lodged up her ass, Abi was letting these long moans, whose source was hard to pinpoint. They sounded both as pain-coping moans and aroused moans altogether.

Charlotte was thrilled, not addressing her niece's horny whines. She had her doubts initially, but her plan to turn her niece into an unhinged pain-slut could not have been going any better!

"There. You're gonna be a good girl, now, aren't you?" the clothed, busty lady cooed her disciplined, horny pet, caressing the girl's lap-propped (and a bit pink from an earlier spanking) asscheeks with one hand. Before the girl could answer, she hooked her two fingers of her other hand on the side of Abi's mouth, half-prodding them inside.

"Yuh, Mu'um" the faithfully submissive girl spoke with Charlotte's ringed index and middle fingers softly fingering her moist mouth, as she made sure to not have her teeth anywhere near her mistress' precious fingers.

It would be honestly tricky for anyone watching this to discern whether this was a consensual kink between two lesbian women of different body shapes and ages, or a perverse display of real power dynamics.

For Abigail, the lines between wishing for things and loathing them had gotten too blurry to make out. Aided by her strict training that took all incentives of personal choice from her anyway, the young maiden was losing herself further and further, down a mental realm of her own creation, full of false promises of sexual bliss, which always proved too brief and insufficient.

“Mmm” Abi could not contain a moan, with her lips puckered around her Lady’s two fingers. The feminine moan was split right in the middle between pain and lust. Though as that initial ‘hit’ of dopamine would wear off, it would be only the pain that was left with Abigail, as the irritants on the ginger’s surface slow-sheared her tight, virginal asshole.

For as long as Ma’am deemed appropriate.

Charlotte took her little blade from the table and sliced vertically across the ginger root that poked out of Abi’s filled asshole (and through the belt’s round hole) so that it was a flat surface. She then flipped the belt’s metal hatch over the vegan butt-plug, making it so that the root could barely fit inside its iron enclosure (and not give Abi ‘any less inches’ of ginger than her aunt had decided).

Finally, she grabbed a hold of her favorite, bladeless key and inserted it through the little nook right above the metal anal hole. She twisted it a couple of times, and the pin was secured through the hatch’s hole, fastening it immovable in place.

“Off you go” Charlotte mumbled, waving the ‘gingered’ woman off to get off her perfectly hourglass body with a dismissive motion of her fingers.

“Yes Ma’am” visibly flush in the face from both her ‘spiced’ asshole, but also by the unwanted waves of arousal that had overtaken her, Abigail quickly stood up and picked up the full wicker basket of laundry she had deposited on her way there, before her Lady had stopped her.

The lounging aristocrat did not like the look of her servant’s hunched back as she walking with the basket in her arms. Just like training a puppy, Charlotte believed in reprimanding the dumb peasant at the moment of her ‘mess-up’, if that was possible.

The half-nude Abigail gave a little servile bow then continued her route towards the room the washtub was in, with a much straighter, lady-like back and the reminder of her failure seething inside her tight little ass.

Back to the present day and to the girl's armpit shaving, Charlotte examined up close the slim girl's fully raised pits, which were now as bare as the Mojave Desert; as they should be.

"Perfect" the wonderfully curvy woman exclaimed with a conservatively content smile (her usual affect) as she - almost tenderly- wiped Abi's pits clean with a small towel, before leaning in and giving the closest, smooth, soft patch flesh a warm, pecking kiss.

With her hands locked to the back of her head not by any restraints, but only via docility, the naked Abigail tried to turn off her tickling reflex, but as much as she tried to suppress it, her freshly shaven pit was too sensitive to the touch of her mistress' soft lips and she instinctively lowered her arm upon contact.

"I'm really sorry, Ma'am! I could not control it!" Abigail threw herself into an apology, keeping her arms perfectly raised and her body still as she spoke. "Oh, you will be" Charlotte's warm tone had vanished, and the cold face of a tyrant had returned to her annoyed face.

She didn't need to make a single step in order to grab her long cane from the girl's lace thigh garter. Seeing how things had quickly turned sour but not wanting to make them worse, the arm-raised slave suppressed scared whimpers, breathing rapidly through her nose at the awful anticipation of what would come next. She knew her mistress would choose the cruelest place to punish her, too: Her freshly shaven and hence extra sensitive, already presented armpits.

WWWACK

The mean end of the cane met the girl's pit with an awful smacking sound. "AaaaaaaaHhhhh!" the girl closed her wounded arm to her sides, instinctively shielding her armpit after the hit. "Each time you lower your arms I will repeat the hit AND add one more" Charlotte informed with the cadence of an infallible judge. She was also the jury and certainly the executioner.

"Yes Ma'am!" Abi replied with a voice ready to crack into tears, raising both arms back up. She closed her arms, then her arms and took these loooong, almost meditative breaths, reading her body and mind for the pain that was to come.

Charlotte did not rush the next strike, watching the nude, collared girl prepare herself. She liked the sight and didn't wanna rush anything, even if it added to the girl's horrible anticipation. She pulled the cane back and to the side, to make a nice, clean strike with its fleshy target, then brought it down with the same air-cutting swish.

WWWWWWWWWWWACK

"Ggnnn!" this time, the sharp pain manifested through the girl's squinched eyes and clenched teeth, her body staying perfectly still despite her tense expression.

WWWACK

Another strike followed shortly after, 'kissing' the girl on the other armpit. "Fuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu" a long exhale absorbed the pain, as it reverberated from the point of contact, where a clear red stripe now was on her pit, down the rest of her gorgeous body. Her firm-standing legs were slightly parted, as per her Lady's punishment protocol, supported on her usual cute ballet heels.

WWWWWWWACK

Another slap of the cane came, Charlotte not bothering telling her lousy slave when it would be enough.

WWWACK

As Abigail's girly pits started collecting welt lines, the pain was not stinging any less, but Abi was finding a copying pattern, through breathing and bracing herself before its strike.

WWWWWWACK

WWWACK

WWWACK

"MMMNFFF!" on that one, the girl sharply bit her lower lip, a habit she usually reserved for accidentally arousing sensations. Always observant, Charlotte did not miss that reaction.

WWWWWWACK

"NNNGGFFF!" a similar suppressed squeal left the slim damsel's pursed lips, her butt-long, brown hair falling into perfectly brushed, parallel lines behind her back, like a brown, silky curtain.

"Are you enjoying yourself? Do I have to hit you harder?" Charlotte asked in a soft tone that only half-concealed her taunting. "No, Ma'am" was all the girl could muster, in her intense, but also ambiguous state.

WWWWWWWWWWWACK

That one was purposefully harder. No pleasure was derived from that strike whatsoever, given the girl's clear grimace. Charlotte smirked cruelly.

WWWACK

Abigail moaned again, this time really trying to cover up her lust, but her 'tell', the biting of her bottom lip which she almost drew blood from, could not be controlled. The stings of the cane were still reverberating onto the rest of her pristine body, but now these waves were passing over her locked cunt, too.

She liked those waves.

WWWACK

"AAAAAWWWWW!" Abi could not even keep her pretty mouth shut on this one, her hips and thighs visible tremble by that thunderous strike, even as her pits were red with a pulsing pain. "Don't hide from me, you little slut" Charlotte hid her cruel joy under the veil of her disciplinarian role. "This gets you wet".

"NNno, Ma'am! It...it does not" Abigail lied, as another strike 'painted' her poor armpits red.

WWWACK

Only a long exhale left the girl this time, too disguise whether it was lust or pain-induced.

WWWWWACK

"AAAAAAHHH!" this truly hurt, judging from the girl's scream, but at the same time, Charlotte spotted a droplet of a liquid that could be only one thing, drip from between the girl's skinny thighs, previously hanging on for dear life on the metal flap of her chastity belt.

"Don't soil my floor, you slug" Charlotte said, acting annoyed. The jig was up for Abigail. No woman could refute the wetness of their own crotch. "I'm...I'm sorry, Ma'am" Abigail darted her big blue eyes between her legs, realizing what had transpired.

"Clean it up...with your tongue" Charlotte ordered and the girl finally was able to break her posture, only to kneel on the floor and put her tongue right on her own pussy nectar, lapping it up like a 'good girl'.

Feeling both mortified and incredibly aroused.



Classical music filled the air of the crowded halls, booming with elites. All Lords and Ladies, too wealthy to actually care about the townsfolk and their daily struggles. Dressed in a stunning dark-orange, hoop-skirt dress, but still collared (and of course, chastity belted) Abigail demurely observed from outside the dance circle, as coupled men and women elegantly waltz around the polished marble floors. She had learned as much to not anticipate anyone approaching her. But she did like watching, it filled her heart, even if she'd never have her own partner.

"M'Lady, would you do me the great honor of lending me this dance?" the male voice and its words startled her for a moment, until Abi realized they were addressing her charming aunt, standing next to her. "But of course, Lord Baylean" Charlotte nodded with a pleasant smile, her big eyelashes fluttering as effeminately as her entire curvy body moved. She wasn't much for dancing, preferring to remain a picture-perfect image of feminine grace and sex appeal, but what the hell? This night was great, and the wine was too good to put down.

"Don't try anything stupid" Charlotte leaned in and whispered in her niece's ear, before her silky-coated hand, clad in an arm-long glove, grabbed the man's offered one and they both headed into the arbitrary stage. Abigail did not "yes, ma'am" this secret order, rather watched her aunt blow off steam with this middle-aged gentleman.

She idly watched them for a few minutes, through her lively blue eyes constantly scanned the room for an opportunity. For the right person, that could possibly save her from her peril. Lots of older aristocrats made up the vast crowd, opened around the dancing area, drinking and mingling. Naturally, Abigail was one of the youngest guests in this party.

She didn't really know she could trust anyone. Being a basically voiceless little doll by her aunt's side did not lend itself to building connections. But she believed a soul of similar age to hers might be her best chance. They might be more open-minded to believe her claim. This could not fail! Talking to the wrong person could mean her death, because such serious (and more importantly, unbacked) accusations towards her own guardian could easily cause the then publicly ridiculed Lady Richardson to disown her niece and therefore wave Abigail off her 'generously handed' lifeline.

Eventually, Abigail's wondering eyes fell a few yards behind her, over her right shoulder, towards Amalthea. The young, half-Asian girl, with dark, neck-length, straight hair in a cute bob cut, looked rather isolated, even though she was surrounded by people, she was conversing with none. Abigail recalled exchanging a few 'small-talk' words with her at the previous party Charlotte had brought her to. She appeared kind and empathic to her, at least from their brief interaction.

Besides her very public criminal sentence, Abi was also an outsider, a Lady only by proxy. Simply being addressed to from some of these snobby pricks was all she could get. Amalthea appeared...good to her. She was probably her best chance.

Elegantly and subtly, like a dark-purple little cloud flowing through the sky, the young maiden made her way towards the unsuspecting girl. Amalthea was small and petite, shorter than the slender Abi. She clocked her presence when Abi was a few feet from her. "Hello, Amalthea! Remember me? I'm Lady Charlotte's niece, Abigail" the cunning girl did not want to scare her target away. "Oh, hello Miss Abigail, of course I recognize you. Are you enjoying the festivities?" the slightly awkward girl politely pulled out one of her many 'ready to go' ice-breaking replies, privy to the rules of high-class, social interaction.

"Yes, the party is marvelous. Would you perhaps care to accompany me to the ladies' room? I have some information that would be of interest to you" Abigail lied, whilst her nervous eyes occasionally glanced at the dancefloor to make sure Charlotte was not clocking her. She was merrily waltzing her heart out as far as she could tell.

"Uhm, sure" Amalthea accepted, puzzled as to what the stranger meant.

Inside the restroom, Abi seemed less preoccupied with fixing her 19th century makeup and more with making sure no one else was present. "Listen Amalthea, I need your help" Abi grabbed both the girl's hands in an imploring manner. "Wh...what is it?" the girl widened her pretty, almond-shaped eyes.

"My aunt is not who she's claiming to be. She used my sentencing to abuse and ...and assault me... sexually" Abigail found it hard to say her mistreatment out loud. It ringed so horribly in her own ears. "I need to escape her custody! Please, can you or...or perhaps your parents help me escape this place? I cannot find justice in this town" the girl stumbled on her thoughts, with the urgency of a rare opportunity at freedom.

The girl heard with her jaw slacked open, in shock. She remembered to close it when Abigail's stopped rambling. "This is very serious. I shall notify my father, perhaps there might be a way to help" the pretty girl replied with renewed composure. "Stay put and I'll get back to you" Amalthea added and Abigail's blue eyes sparked with hope.

As the two young women returned to the great hall and separated into the crowd, Abigail was picking her fingernails with nervousness, waiting for what Amalthea would do. Catching the first

carriage away from this village was the best scenario in her book. It didn't matter if she'd be surrounded by caged chickens or drowned in potato sacks. Leaving this village was the call. The chastity belt and her collar could be dealt with later.

The song had changed and fresh faces could be seen on the dancefloor. Abigail spotted Charlotte cackling alongside some powerful company, on the opposite side of the vast room. What she saw next made her knees buckle.

Amalthea, the girl she had trusted with her rescue, was approaching Charlotte! Too far to do anything, Abigail could only watch as the dark-haired Asian girl leaned over Charlotte's ear and whispered something. Fearing to conspire with a known criminal, the girl had fully ratted Abigail out to her aunt.

Abigail could not believe this was happening, feeling almost dizzy from the horrible realization. The next moment, Amalthea pointed to her across the room, and Charlotte's ruthless eyes met the stunned girl.

There was no way this could have gotten any worse.

