

The Village Celibate part 5

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Charlotte opened the large front door of her manor's interior, the large rim of one of her many sunhats barely catching the door frame. Following closely behind the immaculately styled aristocrat was her collared-and-leashed niece. The bridled girl's vacant eyes mostly tracked along the floor as she was being led along, lost in a dull, colorless world.

At 23 years of age, Miss Thomas had blossomed from a 'murderous juvenile' into the gorgeous young woman she had the potential to become. Her physique, adorned in a plain, blue/grey dress, contrasting her aunt's more bombastic, frillier and lively colored attire, remained as slender and delicately feminine as it ever was (her diet was as strict as her discipline), with her long brown hair caught in a modest, cute bow behind her head.

It had been another long, not overtly shaming, but definitely shameful trip down the village shops, during which the bridled, collared girl was as usual subjected to more than a few curious eyes. Even after 5 years since her 'humbling' sentence, the forcefully celibate girl had not stopped being a novelty sight for the townsfolk. She had gotten better at ignoring those inquisitive looks, jaded at this infamy she had never asked for.

Perhaps uninspiringly, the village had gotten to calling Abigail "the Locked Maiden"; though always behind her back. Her reputation preceded her everywhere, that being of a cold-blooded killer that had been 'saved' from her vile urges of sex and violence by the god-fearing community. She was now a refined villager as the protégé of Lady Richardson.

Inside the house, Abigail removed her nice, expensive grey jacket which featured cute, pointy shoulder pads to accentuate her form, and hung it on the metal wall-hangers, with soft, lady-like motions as she'd been taught. The Lady's strict etiquette lessons had definitely 'soaked through' Abi, who never moved without grace (at least in her aunt's presence).

Without needing to be told anything, the young maiden then went down on her delicate pearly-white knees (obscured by her demure dress) in an empty spot of the entrance hall, her hands resting submissively on her closed thighs, waiting for auntie to unlock her bridle.

Without any undignified attempts at speaking through the iron rod that poked inside her mouth, Abi had a nervous stillness in her muted expression. She hoped her aunt had forgotten about the...incident earlier in the day. Her body was equally still and patient in its submission, as Charlotte took her sweet time settling back home, tidying up and storing her things, far from rushing to 'free' her niece's locked face. She didn't even glance at the kneeling, waiting girl. Her heels were clicking behind Abigail's back, as she put away her hat, her small bag, her jacket.

Even after all these years, Abigail had a tough time getting a read on her Lady's intentions. A closed book, the curvaceous woman's ladylike mannerisms, her steady, elegant, slow gate and her rarely shifting expression of vague agreeableness always cloaked away her dark, twisted and true self.

This uncertainty about her mistress often brought greater anxiety to her unofficial slave, who often had trouble discerning on what kind of footing she stood with her, causing her to be frequently on eggshells with Charlotte. If the curvy woman was mad or pleased or simply did not register the skinny slut, Abigail usually found out when it was too late to do anything about it.

Eventually, Charlotte stood behind her and inserted the metal key in the padlock of her scold's bridle, turning it with a loud crank and freeing Abi's caged head.

"I'm deeply sorry Ma'am for my salacious behavior!..." Abigail rushed to a heartfelt, rapidly and elegantly worded apology as soon as the long metal bar that was previously tickling her gag reflex was retrieved from her mouth, stringing a 'webbing' of her drool along with it. The built tension and fear had caused her to try to get ahead of her reprimandable actions, instead of wishing they were forgotten.

"Shut it!" Charlotte cut the pleading girl off mid-begging and Abigail stopped as rapidly as a record player with its power cut out. "If you want to sway your hips like a prostitute, maybe you should do that from the vantage point of the noose..." Charlotte reminded the little whore of the power she wielded over her. "Give the villagers something to jerk off to..." she added with pure contempt.

Charlotte had made it clear, after that awful incident a few years back: That the girl was very lucky that the influential gentry had decided not to go public with Abigail's preposterous, insulting accusations and sent her straight to the gallows. Instead, the issue was dealt 'internally', with Amalthea's family apologized to for the awfulness they were dragged on to. As for Abigail, she was subjected to a cane-beating fiercer than the young woman had ever seen, and a reminder that there would not be a second forgiveness.

With her escape attempt blowing in her face and her morale sunken like an alternate-universe Robinson Crusoe's raft in the ocean waters, Abigail never tried anything as adventurous as that cursed night.

As for the current 'infraction', Charlotte had caught the 'uninhibited harlot' scandalously swaying her hips, out in public, in plain daylight! It was subtle and the horny girl tried to be stealthy about it, but apparently not stealthy enough.

It wasn't the first time Abi had been caught doing that sinful, animalistic movement, a coping mechanism for her restless horniness, which had reached new heights during these 3+ years. But it was the first time she'd been caught doing it in a crowded area.

Charlotte was gleefully browsing around the store, when the corner of her eye caught her otherwise modestly stationary niece do this pelvic motion, subtly humping the air, gyrating her caged loins and externalizing her immense horniness in this terribly crude way. She would not let the bitch in heat ruin her good reputation, grinding against the air like a lunatic.

Adding to her shame, the flush Abigail had also received a few weird looks from the public. Even her deep shame was having a tough time setting her actions straight and stopping her from fucking the air. It was as if her lust had taken over the puppet strings of her body.

Abigail's sex drive was like an unending rollercoaster, unpredictably cruising up and down (but mostly up) in chaotic ways. This morning, the sexually denied girl was feeling particularly sex-starved and could not keep her overflowing lust contained, despite being outdoors and surrounded by townsfolk.

Not that there were plenty to go around in this prude village, but no visual stimuli were necessary to get the poor girl 'revved up'. Her mind was a polluted lake of bombarding sexual imagery and unfulfilled fantasies and her perpetually edged body was constantly swimming in it.

Five years without an orgasm was way too much to keep a young mind sane. Whenever she could steal some moments of privacy mid-chore, and particularly in her limited free time, Abigail was a sheer mess of sexually frustrated nerves, firing all at once.

Charlotte was regularly catching the little whore fondling herself, running her hands down her neck or hips, grabbing her flat breasts, and hungrily digging her nails into her exposed (and more often than not reddened by a spanking) asscheeks, trying to elicit an orgasmic spark.

Each time, she was ruthlessly punished, though that didn't stop the little nympho.

Trying to be stealthier, the desperate woman was then dry-humping everything with her metal crotch, from the more reasonable pillows or mattresses in the relative privacy of her bedroom, to more... novel things in the possible presence of her Lady, like the edge of the kitchen counter, or the corner of a table.

None of them scratched but a small itch though, with the unyielding metal flap that covered Abi's sex keeping all this joy on the other side of her pussy.

"You like bouncing on auntie's knee?" a seated Charlotte perversely infantilized her sex-crazed niece, who was straddling the older woman's juicy thigh, facing Charlotte, like a fucked-up version of Santa Claus with a girl on his knee. There was no way for Abi to hide that she was needily rubbing her featurelessly smooth, metal crotch against her matron's thigh. "Yes, ma'am, I do!" the girl's words came out as a horny, sighing moan.

While her lustful blue eyes were stuck on Charlotte, the full-figured woman's attention was only half-split between her skinny toy and a letter she held in her hands; another invitation to a ball, this one by Lord Leighton. "A dance ball, how splendid" the woman muttered, not as thrilled as her language entailed. As opulent as they were, frivolous receptions like this were not a rarity, and definitely nothing to be amused. "This shall be fun, right Abi?" the woman turned to her dripping-wet pet.

"Yes, ma'am, it'll be wonderful" Abigail replied the words that were required to be heard by her aunt. Her mind was not really there, only on the pleasant sensation of her crotch rubbing against the woman's leg, even over a thick barrier of metal.

"Why did you stop kissing my neck, though? I liked it" Charlotte said with just a hint of annoyance. For anyone else, an inconsequential, casual question. But for Abigail, it was a clear threat of horrible retribution.

"My apologies, ma'am!" the thigh-humping girl leaned in closer towards her aunt's voluptuous body, and with her arms held manually behind her back in a box-shape, picked up from where she left off,

tenderly kissing the woman on the side of her neck, just beneath her earlobe, then lower down to her collar bone and everywhere in between. Kissing Charlotte only got her wetter.

“Hmm” Charlotte let out a soft, pleased moan, silently enjoying the girl’s kisses, with her eyes scanning the rest of the letter.

Five years will make you try anything. The desperate girl had spent long showers (always afraid of her mistress getting whiff of what she was doing), feeling the water nicely caress her poor cunt as it run through the gaps of her belt and over it, but it lacked much pressure to ‘do much’. As much as she twisted her nipples and fellated her own fingers to simulate the nice, veiny cock she fantasized, getting off on running water was as impossible of a task as the rest.

So perfectly fitting to her slim anatomy was the iron belt, that Abigail could not slip anything through the metal walls that ‘protected’ her fuck holes from stimulation. Not even fabrics could slide more than a centimeter under the curved metal flap, before they would inevitably get stuck. Her padlocked belt made Abigail’s crotch an impenetrable fort, much to her own misery.

With her belt’s anal hole similarly inaccessible, only opened by her aunt at that with Abi’s valuable hands handcuffed above her head, it was not possible for Abigail to sodomize herself to an orgasm. The only thing that entered her rear-hole was ‘Ma’am’s ginger roots, which both tormented and aroused the perverted girl, adding to her association of pleasure and pain.

For the past 5 years, the girl was fully sealed off from her two fuck holes. This only increased her oral fixation, further encouraged by Charlotte’s wooden strap-on dildo, ‘Rosie’, which the otherwise virgin girl was by now sincerely looking forward to sucking.

These blowjobs had become more a treat for her than for Charlotte. Rosie’s substitute during the cold, lonely and often maddeningly sleepless nights were usually the girl’s own fingers, which the slut suckled on whilst grinding against anything that didn’t make too much noise to alert her mistress.

Back in the Lady’s living room, things were tense after the rough scolding the kneeling girl was receiving.

Charlotte simply stood behind the kneeling girl, close enough so that her pelvis was making contact with the back of the girl’s head and her nicely braided, brown hair. Charlotte wrapped her nailed hand around the underside of the girl’s face, gently cupping her feminine, almost pointy chin in a manner

more dominating than gentle. Looking straight ahead, fearing meeting her mistress' gaze and angering her more, Abigail felt the firm touch of Charlotte's fingers, clad in a white, half-transparent, fingerless lace glove.

Charlotte then tilted the girl's face, until it was pointing straight up, staring up at her lowered eyes. "Open your mouth" she said in a softer, but still stern voice, the kind of voice that exhibited her sick, lustful side. Abi did not skip a beat before prying her pretty lips wide open for mistress, still looking up at her with those inverted, submissive blues eyes.

Charlotte leaned over that splendid round hole the girl's lips had made, enough for her own, juicier lips to line up with it, and she let a big, glob of saliva slowly fall from her lips down the girl's waiting mouth. Abigail 'accepted' the gift without a whimper or any hint of disgust leaving her face, her eyes stuck on Charlotte's, her goddess'. With the string of spit resting on her tongue, she did not dare close her mouth, just in case mistress had 'more' for her.

It was Charlotte who pressed the girl's jaw up to close her mouth, and only then did Abi swallow mistress' 'donation' with a big gulp.

"Take your clothes off, you got some more lessons to learn" Charlotte said and the kneeling girl promptly begun disrobing, as the woman got a hold of her cane.



In the dead of night, Abigail's eyes opened up, after yet another restless, interrupted sleep. Most nights were like that nowadays, with her obsessive horniness ruining any prolonged peace the girl might get. The girl let a huge, depleted sigh. Lord knew when she would be able to fall back to sleep again. That ever-present twitch in her needy cunt-lips was there, rarely leaving her alone. Charlotte had grown to lock the door on the corridor which led to the girl's bedroom and restroom, saving her mind from the worry of the little slut getting any ideas of roaming around in the night.

Abigail breathed slowly in and out, trying to shoo away this 'heat' she was in, once more. By now, she despised her libido. Countless times the girl wondered why they didn't just castrate her clitoris off her all these years ago. Wouldn't that be punishment enough?

It turned out that it would not.

Clad in her usual, angelically white nightgown, the chastity belted, collared girl leaned over her nightstand and lit up a match, which she used to light up the candle, her only candle, resting on top of the small furniture. Laying back to bed, she stared up at the blank ceiling for a bit, her mind racing; whether to indulge her arousal or simply try to 'nirvana' herself to sleep, like some Buddhist monk overcoming carnal desires. That second approach rarely worked.

The sex-junkie popped up from her pillow like a spring, opening the single closet of her nightstand. Inside, there was a small, zinc box of sewing tools (from when mistress' was training the young lady in another valuable womanly trait) with a pretty imagery of a midwife painted on its lid. Next to it, were neatly stacked side by side three books, as per the limit Charlotte allowed the girl to possess at each time. And one of them always had to be the black copy of the bible, so in reality it was two books that the girl could choose from.

Abi had asked her aunt for a journal, but fearing it would fall on the wrong hands, the woman had declined every time. The chronicles of the girl's tormented life would have to be kept in Abigail's head, 'safe' from everyone else in the village.

Snuck between that last book and the inner wall of the closet, deep at the back end and hidden in the dark slit of space, was a fork, stolen from her Lady's kitchen drawers.

With harsh, violent touches proving a better substitute for arousal than the more ineffectual, gentle ones, Abigail had secretly been using the four points of this little trident on the soles of her feet, to get that nice 'hit' of pain.

It was a good way to get around her mistress' strict rule of leaving her body pristine and unsullied from self-harm wounds, in order to preserve its statuesque, innocent beauty. So no cuts, welts or bruises of any kind, except of course for the ones Charlotte caused. Along the outlines the belt made around her groin were self-inflicted nail scratch marks. They were pink enough to have given Abi a small 'fix' to her desperate itch, but not vivid enough to cause a punishment from her Lady. Like any other part of her body, only Charlotte could inflict damage to it for the purposes of her 'education'.

The brown-haired beauty could only hope her aunt would not bother checking the total number of her many, many cutlery, as she placed the pointy tips of the fork over the ball of her pretty foot, then plunged it with all her strength and her lips tight to suppress the moan. "Mmmmm!" it hurt so good, sending a little tingling of nerve electricity from her sole all the way up her legs and ending at her locked coochie.

She dug the small metal prongs again, this time in her soft, smooth heel, squeezing her right titty with her free hand, under her nightgown. "Yeeeeeeeeees!!!!" her mind screamed, as she let a long, horny sigh. The obscenity of her actions and her debasement had been tossed aside years ago and every time they were creeping back into the front of her mind, they were shunned just as quickly.

In the dead of night, these were the only times of true privacy, the only times were she could be herself. And that was nothing but a nymphomaniac pain slut.

The prick indents on her pretty sole remained there, though they would have disappeared by dawn. It was nice, but breathing deeper and flush with the first drops of horny sweat, Abi was in for a pound after that penny.

The girl grabbed the lit candle by its cute holder and placed it quietly down on the floor. Gathering up her calf-long nightgown and revealing her locked groin from the waist down, Abigail then squatted above the small flame, so that her cunt was a few inches above the rising heat. The girl shoved the front ends of her dress in her mouth, holding them up with her teeth so that she didn't catch fire. More importantly, so that her hands were free to twist and pinch and squeeze her breasts.

Why couldn't she just take her nightgown off? Well, a couple of years ago, Charlotte had burst into her bedroom to discover the skinny whore was sleeping without her nightwear. She deemed that act completely unladylike, and after a ruthless caning, made sure to clip a loop on the back of the gown's neck to a ring of the girl's collar, making it irremovable without clear interference.

Abi would have to do whatever debauched deed with her modest 'nightie' on.

It didn't take long for the heat from the modest flame to reach first Abi's metal cunt-trap and then her flaunted pussy-lips, whose glistening of lust-drip was spotted by no one. Having to juggle her difficult, wide-legged, deep squat, along with keeping her dress in her mouth and her hands 'active', was a tall task. But nothing the desperate hussy hadn't tried before. After 5 years, she had exhausted all (of the few) possible means of self-stimulation.

"Mmmnngg!" Abi moaned into the frilly ends of her skirt, as the candle had warmed her pussy up more than enough and was now 'cooking' it with its steady glow. She lifted her hips up just an inch, only to lower them back down, surfing that thin line between 'nice warmth' and 'burn rash'. She needed to hurt, just for a bit, then more, then more. The more jaded she was becoming, the more she hurt herself. And the more she hurt herself, the more she enjoyed it.

It wasn't a pursuit for the 'finish line' at this point. The poor woman had learned that this was unattainable. But her life, full of sex but simultaneously starved of orgasms, had shaped her to chase her 'tail' again and again, an instinctive reaction that had transformed the denial of pleasure as part of the pleasure itself; A twisted, fucked-up interpolation.

Abigail could have very well transformed into a sexless nun by this forbiddance, letting go of these primal needs just like her sentence entailed. But her sadistic aunt had only reinforced that missing perk, with the way she used and teased her niece.

With the crickets outside her window reinforcing the night's tranquility, Abigail stifled another frustrated moan of painful arousal, as her chastity belt was now too hot to touch. Her pussy, hidden beneath the belt's flap, had gotten a pulsing pink color from its slow-roast. Her asshole had also gotten a good 'torching', too.

"Robinson Crusoe", the girl's favorite book, the book she had risked heavy punishment for by sneaking it into her pillows just so that she could always have it with her, was now deeeep under her bed, covered in dust that indicated it had been tossed there many months ago.



Father Stoltz's droning, old words echoed on the tall ceilings of the packed church. As usual, Lady Charlotte was seated at the first row of the pew. Though technically seating alongside the other common folk of the village, she was essentially leading them, metaphorically and literally. She never stood in the back rows.

Her dear niece, bridled as per tradition, with a green bow on the top of her braided ponytail, sat beside her curvy matron, as always. Her matching eyes rose to meet what to most would be an innocuous feature of the chapel's decorated interior. A single key, dangling from a chain, as if the chain starts at the heavens. The key to her chastity belt.

The priests' monotone bible reading had already faded into the background of her consciousness, as Abigail's eyes remain fixed on that precious McGuffin, the beginning and end of her perils. Without even realizing it, her hands have reached underneath her ankle-long, long-sleeved full-black dress and are massaging the smooth, organ-less mount of her belt's flap.

"If only that key was in my hands...if only my pussy was free...if only I could touch it...just for a second..." with the memories of her touching herself through puberty having gone too stale and too unfocused to provide a useful spank bank for her, Abigail tried to envision how her fingers would feel, gently rubbing her clit, stroking her lips, entering between them. As she did, she kept her eyes up on those rafters, on the key, sneakily rubbing her metal 'mount' harder and harder. Father Stoltz struggled to keep his eyes from the distracting sight, as slowly more people were getting their attention drawn to the girl's suspicious motions.

SLAP

Charlotte's hand meets the girl's ghost-masturbating one and Abigail is snapped back to reality, eyeing her silently furious owner pitifully and apologetically. She would pay dearly for that impudent insult.

The more the defeated maiden seemed to 'throw in the towel' on her attempts to restrict her urges, the more the village was getting whiff of the girl's...scandalous impertinence. Swaying her hips against an imaginary male -and well hung- pelvis and squeezing her nipples over her dresses had become the norm train of action that the girl had to suppress. Though not really consciously deciding it, Abigail was slowly making peace with the fact that one day her aunt will get tired of her shit and arrange a brief date with the noose.

It was no secret that the 'rehabilitated' lass was acting erratic and improper. Charlotte was getting tired of mean-eyeing Abigail in public in order for the fair-skinned beauty to stay still like the doll she very much was treated as. Whether trying to rub her encased crotch against the corner of a table or slyly cupping her own ass or tits before everyone, the many side-eyes Abigail drew only increased her shame. In turn, that shame only increased her arousal, since Charlotte had morphed her little niece

into a good little fuck-doll that loved to be abused. Hence, the reinforcing cycle of shame and lust got Abi going like a chain reaction.

“Gmmm!” the bridled girl moaned, fully flush, as she registered all the shocked eyes around her, watching her not-that-subtly press the insides of her ‘innocent’ wrists against the front of her caged pelvis, rubbing herself over her puffy dress and the metal underwear. Her perfectly slender fitting, aristocratic lace garment, which puffed over the girl’s decadent dress cage, offered a harsh contrast to her borderline animalistic behavior.

With her life being turned into an inescapable parade of degradation and torture, all these people seemed like ghosts to her. They did not matter, in her warped, grim reality; they had zero true impact on her life. Only Charlotte did... and even that was questionable. Like a goddess, the brunette buxom beauty was an inevitability.

So in a more philosophical way, the pain and suffering she inflicted on Abigail were also kind of a given and hence Abigail’s actions were trivial. Whether hurting a lot or little, it did not change much in the broken girl’s perception.

Lady Charlotte was getting annoyed at her servant’s recent nihilism. She didn’t really care about Abi’s welfare or dignity, only how the little bitch’s antics reflected on her. And Charlotte cared A LOT about her public image.

Charlotte needed to ‘tighten the screws’ of her domination over Abigail if she was to pull the reins in on her slender ‘filly’s’ recent tantrums of disobedience. For that, she paid a visit to Father Stoltz, the kind priest that had officiated the girl’s ‘purification’ ceremony and (along with Lord Gerard) the arbiter of this bizarre settlement for the girl’s crimes.

“Good afternoon, Father” Charlotte reverently kissed the old man’s hand, having entered his modest chambers and pulling the chain-leash of a bridled Abigail behind her. The girl clearly did not want to be there by the looks of it, offering a slight resistance to the chain-leash’s pulls and making her aunt’s life just difficult enough to avoid a cane strike. “Thank you for agreeing to see me and Abi” the noble woman added, keeping a calm face as her niece softly groaned, behind her heavy, metal gag.

“Of course, my dear” the greyly-robed man (a façade concealing his actual wealth) nodded, noticing the small girl’s distress behind Charlotte’s back. “It is not necessary for the child to be bridled in this private setting, my Lady” the kind old man offered to lessen her discomfort.

"I'm afraid it is, Father" Charlotte insisted, stoically bowing her head in shame by association, as Abi moaned, visibly trying to speak through the impeding scold's bridle. In reality, the evil woman did not want her niece ratting her out about all the less-than-holy ways she was treating her. "Her...condition has reached critical levels. "Given the opportunity, she regularly screams crude obscenities at the top of her lungs. I would hate to have you subjected to any sacrilegious filth under a holy roof" the dark-haired beauty lied, with Abigail's passionate defending of herself coming out as incoherent moaning through the bridle.

Father Stoltz had been briefed via a short letter of an 'issue' with the young maiden by the respectable Lady a few days prior. The Richardson manor had been visited by a doctor, specializing in 'women's health'. After being handed a big pouch of gold coins by the house staff, the mustachioed gentleman 'examined' the young woman and 'diagnosed' her with "hysteria" and "compulsive sinful tendencies". Women labeled with such titles usually ended up locked in insane asylums or prison, but Charlotte was not dumb to simply hand her little fuck-toy over.

"Uhhh very well. So what is the issue with Miss Thomas?" the priest moved on from the gag comment.

"Father, it appears the sins of lust are pulling at my lovely niece, once more. I often find her struggling to unlock her belt of chastity with any means. Sometimes, I even bear witness to scenes of graphic debasement. She rubs her 'feminines' against my male servants and tries to seduce them with obscene displays of her tongue. I cannot take her outside without her throwing herself towards any creature with a pulse!" the woman explained Abigail's 'sickness' with lots of added 'sauce' in her descriptions, before adding in the dubious diagnosis that Abigail received.

As Charlotte was giving this desperate account of lies, the priest turned to face Abigail with a disappointed frown. With widened, protesting eyes, she shook her head no, as clearly as one could. "M-m...M-m!" she signaled her gagged objection. "That's very troubling, my child" the old man clearly did not believe the pretty lass, but her legal guardian, her aunt.

"It is, Father" Charlotte continued. "She was good for a decent while, but it appears she has fallen from the grace of our Lord. It has poisoned every aspect of her identity. She's vulgarly disrespectful and disobedient, often becoming violent with the village folk who don't indulge her requests to free her from her chastity belt and sodomize her. She was presenting her rear to a pig the other day, on all four in the mud!" the older woman lied again with quite the imagery, with Abigail only able to helplessly watch this slander take place, in utter disbelief. "I'm afraid her psychosis will drive her to flee my home and harm herself or others" Charlotte added to the list of worries.

The old priest looked troubled and a bit shocked by these words, finding it hard to believe how such a pure young woman could fall so low. "Please, Father, help me save her" Charlotte implored, implying

that failure to reverse this problem would be akin to a death sentence for Abigail. “MMmmngghhff, nngg ghhgmm!” she blurted out some more ‘meaningless’ gibberish to defend herself from her lying aunt.

“Yes, chastity is a difficult thing to conquer, indeed, but we must all do our part, my dear” the man of faith misinterpreted the girl’s efforts to uncover her aunt’s scheme as plain frustration with her celibacy. He spoke to her patronizingly, like a doctor talking down to an insane patient. Abi let a long, heart-sunken sigh, unable to communicate her true feelings.

A few moments later, the precious key to the girl’s belt had been lowered down from the rafters and was now resting on the priest’s wrinkly palm. “Please disrobe, my dear” Father Stoltz said to Abigail, with a rather clinical tone. Her blue eyes were glistening as they were fixed to the key to her release from this sexual martyrdom.

With the very handsy help of her aunt, Abigail was undressed before the priest. All that was left besides her metal garments were her cute court shoes and her thigh-high, white stockings that connected to her corset, which ended just below her cute nips, squeezing her waist femininely. The locked belt and the collar glistened under the sunlight coming through the window. The vulnerable porcelain-skinned girl couldn’t help but cover her breasts with a single forearm.

“Attention Abi!” Charlotte said, wanting the little whore on her best behavior. With a helpless whimper, the girl placed her arms dutifully behind her back in a box shape and spread her naked thighs parted enough for the old man to have access to her lady parts.

Father Stoltz inserted the key in the lock and with a double turn, freed the middle flap from its tether point, pulling it down to reveal the girl’s hot, full-of-life, sex. Abigail’s untouched, beautiful brown pubes saw light after 5 years. Abi had to bite her bottom lip just to keep her composure and shove a few fingers inside herself in front of everyone. Stoltz then went into an old chest at the corner of his room, shuffling through it for a moment and returning with a couple of things.

“I’m afraid pain is the best reliever of impure thoughts” the kind pastor said solemnly to everyone present in the room and Abigail’s gorgeous blue eyes twitched with fear. What he produced, were a couple of small, iron vices. Each had two opposite flat surfaces with a little screw element across them, connecting them.

“Mmmm..mm..mmm..” Abigail was already letting out this trembling, continuous moan, realizing what her future held, as the priest fixed each one over a side of her labia and turned the screw until the

metal really gripped the sensitive flesh securely. When he was done, each side of the girl's pussylips was being painfully gripped by unyielding iron. They definitely would not pop off no matter how violently she shook her hips.

"Patience, my girl" was the priest's only comforting words, as he locked the belt back as it was. In his mind, in society's mind, the perpetual pain inflicted on the girl's sex-lips was a fair trade-off to keep her from wanting to touch them inappropriately.

The closed belt actually pressed onto the metal pussy-clamps, providing further discomfort to the already sore flesh. Abigail had to concentrate really hard to not start squatting, in order to 'move' her soreness around a bit. This hurt so much!

The pious man then took out the second piece of 'purification', a pair of metal nipple shields. Covering both areola and nipple (the colored part was the 'sinful' part in the village scripture) these devices featured a round base at the bottom the covered the areola and a cylindrical, smooth-tipped nipple portion, which was no longer than half an inch. It was designed to not fully 'fit' most nipples, so instead uncomfortably crush and squeeze them.

Where the flatter areola part met the pointy nipple one were two tiny, aligned holes. This was how the nipple guards would stay on. "Deep breaths" the priest said to the already grimacing and anxious girl as he waved a small needle over a candle fire, getting it sterilized. "Mmm....mmmmmm...MMMMmm..!" Out of sheer terror, the slim damsel instinctively backed a step off.

"Thank you, dear" the priest said to Charlotte, who held down the shifty little nymphomaniac, as he inserted the needle through the one hole in the nipple guard and pushed until it came out the other end, fully piercing the tender flesh from side to side.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMG!" Abigail screeched in her bridle's gag at the stabbing pain, Charlotte holding both her arms tightly. Using a small pair of pliers, the protruding pointy tip of the needle was twisted, as to be unable to retract back through the hole.

"MMMMNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNGGGHHH!" another cry followed from the teary-eyed girl shortly after, as the second nipple shield was fastened securely in place, taking away her ability (though not her temptation) to fondle them.

With a wide smirk of cruel satisfaction on her face, Charlotte could not wait to return home with a new and 'improved' version of her unruly niece.



The exterior of Lady Richardson's manor was decorated with a wide garden of green grass. Two rows of beautiful, shrubbery with colorful flowers formed a path towards the large, two-story house's main entrance.

Abigail was currently busy with one of her many, many errands in this household, watering the plants that formed this straight pathway. Clad in a cute, lace bonnet that covered her bun-bundled brown hair from the sun rays and with her matching light-colored, apron-featuring gown visibly soaking up her sweat and fatigue, the girl was watering her Madam's plants.

"Mnnnggh!" with her pretty brows squinting, the girl grunted from the strain into a round ballgag of pure steel, that was wedged past her front teeth and buckled over her bonnet with leather straps. As part of her newest attire, the girl was gagged with it for most of her stay in the manor, in theory to save Lady Richardson and her staff's ears from the vomit of foul language that her sex-fueled psychosis apparently caused. In reality, Charlotte liked the way the girl's rosy lips circled that fat ball and only tormented her with her own oral fixation. She forced the girl to be on constant worry of her helpless drooling spilling onto her pristine clothing or her Lady's floors, an offence worthy of punishment.

But why would it be strainful to water a plant? The rest of the girl's metal accessories were to blame.

Following her visit to Father Stoltz, Abigail's bondage had been reinforced along with the further shielding of her feminine features. Her arms were always bound to her sides, rendered almost immobile by two sets of bonds. One was a 2-inch-short chain, linking the girl's elbows behind her back by attaching to two metal armbands over her elbows. The other two chains attached the new wrist-cuffs on the maiden's slim wrists to her collar, at a length which forbid the frisky 'lunatic' from reaching below her waist towards her 'no-no' parts, which remained belted of course. This double tension forced Abi's arms always bend by her ribs, with minimal movement with which to complete her necessary chores. Finally, two metal bands gripping her thighs right above the knees and linked with a slimmer, 5-inch chain, hobbled her pretty legs, forcing her to take small, dainty steps only. The reasoning behind this tool was so that the little nympho would stop "spreading her legs at every random passerby" and prohibit any sinful humping or straddling during her private hours.

This predicament forced the girl to bend rather robotically (and also seductively you could say) at the waist in order for her tin watering pot to be able to reach the plants' roots and not douse herself with water. She was forming almost a right angle with her shapely body and her juicy, welt-covered ass exposed under her too-short-of-a-maid dress. At every plant of the dozens in her ma'am's lavish garden, Abi had to snap her waist like a seductive waitress showing you her ass as she picked up the

tray from the table. Panting into her big metal gag and with a sore waist (amongst the permanently sore other things), she reminded herself that at least she was almost done with this chore. More awaited her inside.

As she made her labored, knee-hobbled way towards the last patch of flowery bushes, the furthest one from the entrance at about 50 yards, a sudden 'clanking' sound matched the strict tug she felt on her neck. Her collar's chain had become taut, fastened to a large metal ring, buried deep into the side of the wooden staircase leading up to the entrance. Abi turned her face over her shoulder towards the ring, having for a moment forgotten her latest enforced boundaries.

Lady Charlotte had installed these chunky metal rings in every room of the house (as discreetly as possible), hitching the restless little bitch to them by her collar's chain. Whether she was fixing the table, scrubbing clothes or even during 'lights out' (her chain reached just enough for Abi to go to her personal little restroom, next to her bedroom) Abigail was leashed 'for her own safety' as Charlotte often mentioned to any inquiring guest.

Furthermore, her visit to Father Stoltz had left the unfortunate damsel with more painful reminders of her (alleged) insolence. The awful, chunky pussy-clamps were a permanent 'accessory' and a constant reminder to Abi that her pussy is a bad, evil thing that only deserves suffering. Her previous main source of manual stimulation, her nipples were pierced and shielded off Abi's reach, further alienating her from her own body.

Before the two-person family departed, the well-meaning priest had even suggested an anal oil enema for the rowdy lass, an ancient remedy meant to dissuade sexual urges. A thin and long, conical metal funnel was used, its tip inserted in the girl's puckering asshole. With her face down on the floor and her ass aaaaaaall the way up in the air, Abigail had to endure this degrading 'healing' treatment, as the oil was poured on the top of the open funnel, and was slowly but surely swallowed by her rectum, until she could feel her lower belly painfully pushing against the unchanging limits of her chastity belt. Charlotte sealed the oil in with one of her favorite ginger roots, then the little trap door over that for double security.

In reality, this religious remedy/nonsense only caused the girl terrible bowel cramps, which in a way would deter anyone from feeling frisky. Charlotte new all this was a load of bull crap, but relished in using this 'cure' as another method of humiliating, sadistic treatment. She really liked seeing the misery in the ballgagged girl's eyes, pleading with her mistress to relieve her off the terrible ache. She especially liked watching the gagged girl struggle to not pace her heeled feet in place as she stood by her mistress' side, a result of the terrible restlessness her pain caused. "Not yet" she'd simply reject the plea in the girl's eyes and return to her book. Her blue-eyed little muff-vacuum was especially diligent and enthusiastic in her 'work' after her mistress had emptied her ass of that enema.

Even the girl's relative freedom during her nights alone in her bedroom were taken away. Before the metaphorical 'kiss goodnight' (most kisses were the ones Abigail was giving her aunt's pussy), Charlotte made sure Abigail was leashed to the headboard of her bed by her collar, as well as that her wrist-cuffs were fastened right on it with no chain to give her slack, ensuring no 'monkey business' went on during rest time. She also kept her ballgagged that she didn't prod her fingers down her mouth and try to come from the sheer joy of slurping on something.

Ironically enough, the smooth, 4-cm-thick hollow ball of steel rather added to the girl's involuntary oral fixation. Having it in her mouth basically 24/7 made her salivate more and feel her painfully clamped pussylips twitch every now and then with the promise that the gag was something more...phallic. Countless times Abi caught herself mindlessly running her tongue over the inner side of the ballgag, the one pointing towards her throat.

It only got her hornier and thus more tortured.

