

The Village Celibate part 6

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

News of the “Locked Maiden’s” recent fall from grace soon spread like wildfire across the village. Before the girl made her first public appearance since the ‘incident’, people had already heard all about how the girl’s lust had caused the previously honorable young woman to ‘slip’ in her judgement.

“Repentance is a continuous journey. I have the outmost faith that these aids will help Abi shed off her deprived urges and turn her into the woman we all know and love” Charlotte addressed the large huddle gathered around her in the exterior of the town’s marketplace. Her naturally mortified niece was standing by Charlotte’s side, in full bondage attire, hoping the earth would open up and swallow her. Bridled, with her arms chained to her sides like that day in the garden, and her thighs closely hobbled, the collared woman was lead around by her Ma’am’s short chain-leash.

Abigail was unable to avoid any of the increasingly curious attention of strangers, who were now eyeing her with less than kind apprehensions. They all looked down on her, a disgusting sex-crazed whore, requiring chains to keep her hands off herself. Few thoughts contained sympathy for her.

The pretty girl wanted to yell at them that this wasn’t her real self, that she had been trained to be this way by her aunt’s sexual abuse and conditioning. That she wasn’t this filthy slut that only thought about sex every waking second.

But at the same time, being bound, vulnerable, gagged, helpless in front of this ogling mob of men and women off all ages and degrees of attractiveness, got her dreaded, perverse side REAAAAAALLY going. Charlotte often whispered sweet-nothings in her ears that only aimed to tantalize and arouse her in public, reinforcing that submissive, exhibitionist side of hers.

Abigail recalled that day behind the school, when she was caught jerking that handsome boy off. There was a thrill that they were outdoors, a thrill that this far from allowed, even a thrill that someone that shouldn’t be watching them, might be.

That self-debasing kinkiness had skyrocketed to the stratosphere ever since Charlotte took the girl’s ‘care’ into her own hands.

Of course, the only reason Charlotte teased her niece with these hot reminders was simply to watch her squirm next to her, forbidden to do ANY motion that could be misconstrued as obscene even at the slightest. Her perfectly trained lady posture was now on a constant test, now reinforced by her rigid bondage.

In this particular morning, young Lady Abigail, clad in a beautiful light-pink, hoop-skirted dress with pretty frills and puffy short sleeves, appeared particularly...antsy, even if her restlessness was forced to remain internal. Having lost her matron's (and the village's) good will, Charlotte's ever-present cane could come down on her even at the most public of settings, reddening her belted ass right in front of the entire village. People would not only badmouth her, but praise her for keeping an iron fist on the young rascal's 'mentoring'.

For some reason not quite clear to those around her, the girl kept pointing with the fingers of her tightly cuffed-under-her-chest hands upwards. With her minimal movement, it was difficult to discern if she was pointing at her chest, her face, or something at the ceiling above. She tried doing stealthily and sneakily, away from her aunt's sight. To the wary villagers, it could only be surmised that like the girl was suggesting something inappropriate, so probably that she was asking strangers to be groped on her flat chest.

An eye-rolling Charlotte repeatedly stroke the girl's fidgety hands with her cane each time she saw her make this 'obscene' gesture, confirming the crowd's suspicions of a complete sex addict, shamelessly proposing to people, to complete strangers, to fondle her chest, or something to that sexually needy effect.

"As you can see, she's battling a grave illness that had corrupted her mind. It's hard for her to go much without attempting to violate herself" Charlotte said with a disheartened head shake. Each time the cane reprimanded her dainty hands, Abigail would shoot an indignant, but scared look towards her aunt, and return her hands to their princessy idleness.

What was happening 'under the surface' was known to only the two women.

A public banter with the wealthy woman sprang at most stops she and her niece made along the village. Lady Charlotte always gathered crowds, whether they be sleazy wannabe minions, fans of her glowing aristocracy, or simply curious onlookers. There wasn't a villager that didn't know who Lady Richardson was. But ever since her niece 'accompanied' her in her daily excursions like a leashed pet, these crowds increased, drawn to the oddity that was the chained 'princess'.

At one time, the humiliated, head-locked girl let out choked, muffled coughs, her scold's bridle making things difficult. "Should we remove it to give her some air?" a thoughtful, middle-aged lad dared to ask the rich socialite, seeing the girl's temporary distress. "It's quite alright. Nothing worrisome" the large woman only gave a slight head-turn to this incident, her fiery blue eyes meeting her niece's sorrowful ones, full of meaning.

Abigail had her reasons for feeling uncomfortable. Around the flat iron bar nesting inside her mouth, had been wrapped one of the Lady's satin handkerchiefs. Specifically, the one the curvaceous, thick woman had meticulously shoved inside herself, letting it soak up all of her dripping pussy juices, before giving an equally thorough wipe on the outside of her fat cunt. In the end, you could have wrung the piece of cloth and see droplets of the woman's liquefied cunt dripping from it, since Charlotte had done this amidst tremendous horniness, right in the midst of a thorough cunt-lapping from her niece. Charlotte wanted the girl to 'cherish' her taste, so she wrapped the cloth around the mouth-piece before putting the bridle on a heart-sunken Abigail, ready to 'hit' the village shops.

The poor blonde had no choice but to just stand there in her thoroughly bound, gagged state, tasting her aunt's muff-musk in front of all these strangers, who had no idea. It wasn't even the first time Charlotte had pulled this sadistic stunt off. Whilst Charlotte loved playing the part of the offended, heartbroken matron, she took a sick pleasure out of watching the girl's futile attempts at alarming the village, all while publicly shaming her as a sexual deviant along the way.

On the previous occasion, instead of her pussy, she had generously rubbed the handkerchief all across her juicy ass crack (only drippier with the summer humidity), really digging it in there and really drenching it in her heavenly ass-grease.

Whether it was the curvaceous woman's 'fishy' dressing or her wrinkle hole's oily goodness, an intense, 'acquired' taste lingered in the very back of the girl's mouth for hours during these trips and caused involuntary heaving and choking. No one could see the taste-filled, hidden handkerchief, so no one was wise to the girl's (additional) misery.

Today was a rainy day, so the big-breasted beauty pulled her niece up close, handing her double-hobbled hands an open umbrella for her to hold. The muddy streets were full of people moving past them or alongside them, minding their own business. But walking side by side to stay dry from the light rain, Charlotte got the opportunity to wrap her free arm around her chained 'butler', pulling her really close to her and turning to whisper in her ear:

“I hope you got bored of tasting my twat. Because of the little tricks you keep trying to pull, I’ll take a dump and make you lick my ass clean when we get home” she announced with an equal-parts sinister and annoyed tone in her low volume voice. Abi’s eyes kept pointing straight ahead where they walked, but her expression, partly-concealed behind her scold’s bridle, was one of hopeless defeat.



As each season gave way to the next one and years did the same, so was Miss Thomas' sanity giving way to a blind devotion to her mistress'/relative's whims. Pavlovianly trained to constantly chase nothing, running on the hamster wheel of her arousal, Abigail jumped through hoops to please her Lady and avoid a bit of suffering in the process.

By that point, all of that was subconscious. There was no discernable 'motive' and 'goal' in the girl's abuse-crushed mind. Only the simple indisputable fact that WHATEVER Miss Charlotte demanded of her, she must oblige. Her personal opinions on her debauched servitude did not factor in, because she had no opinions left. In a sense, not a personality either, besides the one crafted onto her by her cruel aunt.

Only the soft, but energetically repeated cunt-slurps were heard in the sun-lit living room, further muffled by Charlotte's dress that covered Abigail's top half like a veil. Only Abi's milky, folded legs were visible as the girl was kneeling in front of her mistress' luxurious, velvet-padded sofa chair.

After being taught the 'proper way' to go down on her hundreds and hundreds of time (with the nearby cane always a good 'educator'), the chaste little slut had gotten quite good at swirling her tongue around and inside her auntie's sex, tenderly sucking at her meaty cunt-folds and erect clit and every other trick in-between. She was definitely not lapping at it like a timid dumb kitten, like she was during her first months in her auntie's care.

No, Charlotte raised a proper muff-diver.

As per her daily get-up, the lady Thomas was clad in the chains and shackles that restrained her dainty arms right up against the sides of her ribcage, and her "always pried open like a well-cooked clam" thighs locked snugly side-by-side by their own shackles.

The brunette, mature bombshell (even past 40 years of age, she looked spectacular) had purposefully avoided showering that day, to 'seal in' that flavor her pet loves so much. Far from her ladylike ways, she didn't wipe her downstairs lips after using the restroom, leaving Abi to 'clean up'.

"Gmmf" an adorable moan left the skirt-covered girl's lips, as they kept 'working' auntie's cunt. After so much time, it was tough to discern whether this moan was one of accumulated self-strain due to the girl's hard, oxygen-scarce work, one of pain from her clamped pussy-lips clanking against the inner flap of her belt, or one of built-up arousal 'escaping' her lungs.

Despite the constant soreness on her poor genitals and her sealed away nipples, Abigail always got hot and bothered whenever she was sexually pleasing her madam these days. Like a heroin junkie with the

worst withdraw ever that was made to inject someone else with the 'good stuff', the girl was always driven crazy with lust each time her 'services' were called for. She had begged hundreds of times prior for some form of release, a 'helping hand' or even more preposterously, for her belt's removal (this way back when the question didn't sound ridiculous to her).

Charlotte only did just enough to keep the girl helplessly edged and frustrated. A tender touch there, a kiss on the lips here, a spank on her bruised asscheeks over there. That was all she got.

"Quiet down there" the woman scolded, truly not caring which of the two kinds of moans this was. Moving slowly and graciously, she took another lady-like sip of her hot tea. The young girl's cunt-munching sounds could be irritating from time to time. Why couldn't the rowdy whore just pleasure her in peace?

With her face drenched in this cunt-sauna that her aunt's encasing skirt and the emanating heat of her flabby crotch created, Abigail continued submissively lapping, fully in the dark. She knew were 'everything' was by now.

While living in the arguably most lavish manor in the village, Abigail did not feel the kind of spacious freedom it promised. Imprisonment within her own body, the slim damsel spent her days and nights in bondage. It only made her daily chores more difficult, since Lady Richardson had little sympathy for her newest, narrowed field of movement. Even with her skillful fingers unable to reach further than a foot from her pierced chest and her steps no longer than 3 inches at a time, Abigail was expected to complete all the cleaning, dusting, washing, meal-prepping (Charlotte had an actual cook for the final part), gardening and everything else the huge household required.

Her silvery ballgag only came off whenever mistress needed the girl's warm lips and tongue on her skin, or at the very rare occasion one of Charlotte's guests addressed the young Lady during a dinner party. It never left Abi's jaw even in her bedtime.

"Gmmfff!" the bed-ridden girl let a frustrated moan, as she shifted her arms, which had been folded at the elbows, since the wrists were attached directly to her thick collar. Wiggling them takes some of the soreness off, but she'd love to be able to spread her arms wide and straight.

The girl turned to her side in another attempt to find some comfort and as she does, her forearm brushed up against her iron-masked nipple. "MMMg!" the poor girl moaned from the pain of pulling at the needle-like piercing that held the nipple-shield in place. That pain also induced an arousing twitch in her locked muff.

Pain and pleasure were truly interchangeable. Charlotte knew that the deranged little nympho would have no inhibitions about tugging at her nipple covers to elicit any type of stimulation; hence the ruthless bondage that left no room for such “self-rape” as the village community colorfully called it.

If only Abigail’s eyes could manipulate space on their own. The poor girl could only watch her hidden areolas, with her clumsy elbow-rubbing providing a sub-par level of stimulation. The narrow space of the nipple shields kept her nipples always half-crushed, and therefore always teased, making them want more. Her chain-linked knees also kept her from humping stuff, or riding anything rail-like, like the wooden footboard of her bed.

With a deep, nasal sigh, Abigail tried her best to ignore her body’s repeated messages, and closed her eyes to hopefully fall asleep sooner rather than later.



The geography of the village surrounded the lower level plain of cottages with hills, where most of the wealthy estates were built on, literally looking down on the lower class peasants. The Gerard Tower was a stone, castle-like building of past centuries and home to the Lord of the same name.

On the tallest floor of the tower, inside Gerard's study, yet another deal was taking place; the kind that only the rich and powerful can bring about.

"No need to worry Lady Richardson. I guarantee you that the acres by your land will not be sold to Lord Bosworth" the dark-haired, pointy-chinned and always clean-shaven (a sign of wealth in this age) gentleman reassured the curvy cougar.

Both aristocrats appeared to be at the conclusory stage of their deal, with the bustle-dressed lady standing intimately by the middle-aged Lord. She had gotten up from her chair and now both people stood behind his wide, luxuriously varnished desk. They both appeared satisfied with the agreement.

"And you can count on my support at the Council of Lords" the dark-haired fox added with a subtle nod and a faint smirk.

No one registered the third person present in the room. Concealed by the desk, on her knees, Abigail was busy with a mouthful of the Lord's erect cock, peeking through the hole of his unbuttoned trousers.

Despite being dressed as high end as her - official- status of the Richardson household demanded, the young woman was currently sucking on the man's cock with the excitement one would expect from a crazed sex junkie. Her blue eyes might as well be heart-shaped, as they looked up at her temporary Master.

She only had the one mistress, but anyone Charlotte ordered her niece to please, became Master by proxy.

Charlotte often brought the little slut to her... business meetings, finding it an effective way to 'grease' the negotiation wheels with her male counterparts. Of course, no good Lord would be as rude as to expose Charlotte's degrading (and very illegal) mistreatment of her niece, especially after they felt her warm lips wrap around their dicks and stick to it like a leech. With their bails drained into the girl's throat, they all appeared more agreeable than at the initial handshake.

In that sense, Abigail was used as little more than tea or refreshments offered to an important guest. Abigail must have sucked off about a dozen powerful strangers in this way. If the threats of severe

punishment to “stay quiet” and “get to work” were not enough from her aunt, the skinny nympho’s sickened mind also relished the chance to taste the thing she fantasized about for ages. With added ‘allure’, her cooperation came much easier.

Abigail bobbed her pretty face faster onto the man’s erection, which glistened with her thick, throaty drool. All the while, her hips were uncontrollably humping in place and her locked pussy was dripping with the promise of unfulfilled bliss.

Charlotte stood there, giving the man a few seconds of peace, marveling at her niece who worked the man’s stiff, smelly 6-incher with long, fast and air-tight lip-strokes until he finished in her mouth. “Mmmm...” she moaned in added arousal and gobbled her treat like a good girl.

“Does she ever...” Lord Gerard scrunched his expression, trying to find a non-graphic way to display his curiosity. “...reach a...conclusion?” he asked Charlotte about the girl, who was still hungrily slurping the leftover semen from his cockhead. “Hahaha...” Charlotte couldn’t contain an audible chuckle, as at the same time she tugged on Abi’s chain-leash and the girl got up from the floor.

“Good day Lord Gerard” she made her way towards the door, her pigtailed sex toy following right behind her, silent and with her head submissively bowed.

During her down time (which was often, as she had no real job title) Charlotte loved few things more than playing with her niece. Games that were only amusing to her when she was 18, but at 25, the mindbroken young woman was getting a masochistic enjoyment out of them.

“MMMMMGG!” as hard as she tried, Abi couldn’t stifle her ballgagged scream that time, as the long cane came swinging down for the 20th or so time, getting her on her slim belly, right above her bellybutton. She was dressed only in a pair of tall, black heels and her thigh-high stockings, along with the rest of her permanent metal accessories of course.

“Oooo, that’s another book, missy” Charlotte did not even try to act like she wasn’t enjoying this. There was no way Abi could hold that yelp in; after seeing her be a docile little toy for the last 5 strikes, Charlotte intentionally used her whole strength on this one.

The girl’s skinny arms were made to stretch straight to her sides at shoulder-height, with each open palm having a couple of books on it. One for each time the girl was “noisy” during her caning. The girl stood with slightly spread legs, presenting herself as fully as one could to her mistress.

Abi's weak, feminine arms were already visibly trembling from the fatigue, and now Charlotte had gotten an inch-thick book from her giant bookcase. She gently placed it onto the two-book stack already on the girl's right hand and Abi squinched her eyes hard to not let her hand "sink" and cause her to "lose". As her aunt had informed, their fun little "game" ended at 7 o' clock, and it was still only 6.22. If the girl failed, there was much more harm coming her way.

"You're not THAT weak, are you?" Charlotte chuckled as she mocked the panting girl. "NN'uuff" a worried Abi shook her head. In her attempt to respond, another drop of drool left her mouth-stuffing, steel ballgag and stained her nipple-guarded, exposed chest.

"Good" Charlotte nodded and this time smacked the girl's red-lined ass with the cane. "Gh....!!!" Abi stopped that scream midway through her throat, her porcelain thighs, decorated with purple/red lines were the cane had broken the skin, shook in a brief earthquake, as she absorbed the pain. The books remained steady.

But it was not only pain that the brown-haired maiden was trying to hold behind. Damaging and horrible as it was, each "kiss" of the cane also sent a wave of hot arousal straight to her jailed cunt. At times, the moans of lust were harder to conceal than the ones of pain, always coming more... unexpected, more surprisingly.

So in her fucked up mental state, Miss Thomas looked forward to these games. The dirty whore could not wait for mistress' cane (by now an extension of her touch) to grace her sinful, cross-marked body. Simply the brandishing of the instrument often sent little spasms through the girl's labia lips. She had inextricably linked this tool of suffering with the sexual center of her brain.

WACK

As the cane bended through the air and met her square in the chest, right above her "shields", Abigail swallowed the yelp, almost literally, twisting her face sideways in order to "deal" with the surge of pain and pleasure hitting her all together. Mixed; indistinguishable.

The nerves of her nipples, buried underneath her flesh and now, a prison of metal, accepted the stimulation that the cane gave them, as it reverberated underneath her very visibly reddened flesh. With a deeper color than her light skin, the cross branded on her chest was only accompanied by these long red lines, in a painting of sin and retribution.

And yet, the devil's whore sinned again and again, with each and every lash of the cane, for her punishment had become her drug and she longed for it the way the villagers longed for their lovers' embrace.

Such a despicable creature.

The ballgagged slave was flush in the face, panting from both the physical exertion of her “game” and the horniness that was birthed from it. Necessities of her tormented life had caused her to learn to wield that arousal for more energy, like coals to fuel the furnace. Like an adrenaline rush.

But as much as her masochistic side welcomed these strikes, saying that the girl looked forward to these “family games” was surely a stretch. Not only for the immediate suffering they promised, but also for the premise of “The Attic”, where she always ended up upon failing.

There was no pleasure in the attic. Stashed in the dusty room was a seemingly plain, square, wooden crate. It was small enough that the already slender girl had to contort her body in a specific way to fit inside. With her poor asshole figged and the anal hatch locked shut (in order for nothing to ‘leak’) the naked girl would be forced to kneel inside the narrow box.

A cylindrical metal tube, about 5-inches long and 1.5-inches wide, was screwed onto the center of the box’s top lid, ending in a hole on the frame. For that hole to line up with her mouth, Abigail had to uncomfortably tilt her head all the way backwards so that her pried lips faced straight up. Two curved, metal hooks, reminiscent of dental jaw-spreaders, were bolted on the inner side of the hole.

The entire frame of 2-inch-thick wood was then affixed onto the girl’s spread jaw, forcing her mouth open while pinning the poor girl in this painful position that strained her neck and her whole body. With the way Abigail’s throat was perfectly lined up and opened, the girl had all sorts of horrible things tossed into that tube, from straight vegetable oil to watery mud, to straight vinegar. Once the lid was closed, it was quintupled locked on its four corners, making sure to not leave a millimeter of leeway for the “loser” girl, who was drenched in total darkness.

Her bondage position forced the blinded, terrified girl to have no choice but to allow these barely palatable things to flow down her throat, or else she would simply choke to death. The later results of her ...risky diet came in intense tummy cramps and with her ass root-plugged, they kept torturing the maiden until she was released from the box and her “belt add-on”, a random amount of hours later.

Charlotte was even experimenting with more...lively ingredients to her niece’s disciplinary meals.

The sun was beaming through the slanted windows of the attic, as the curvy bombshell, clad in only her “modest” negligee, was sitting on Abi’s box, with her chubby thighs crossed as usual, her bare feet swaying back and forth a few inches from the wooden floors.

She did have her favorite black leather gloves on though, as she placed her hand into a clear glass bowl that was sitting on the top of the box beside her. It was filled with about a dozen earth worms, all

slithering in that ever so skin-crawling way over each other. Some with still fresh the dirt they were pulled from on them.

“Aaaaaaaa....aaaaaaaaaaaa....aaaaaaaaaaaaa...” Abigail’s anxious, jaw-spread heavy breathing was coming out in audible gasps/whimpers, the hot, panicked air coming out from the top of the tube. Usually the dark-sunk girl had no idea what that villainous bitch would toss down that pipe, which only exacerbated her fear.

For an added dose of cruelty, this time Charlotte had shown the girl the bowl of worms before locking her in the box. The girl was hyperventilating ever since, in horrible anticipation. But Charlotte took her sweat time, listening to her niece’s terrified, gagged cries, before finally grabbing a “big boy” that squirmed between her two fingers.

“They like warm, moist places don’t they?” she spoke with her eyes on the yukky creature, knowing the girl could hear her through her cage. The next moment, she let the vile thing drop from her fingers straight into the small tube and the girl’s “welcoming” mouth. “AAAaAAAAAaaaaagggghhH! AuUUUuUUUUUUUUUUUUUaanghuuuuuu!” Abi’s desperate screams at the sensation of the slimy invertebrate plopping onto her tongue caused an involuntary smile to appear in her aunt’s face, who tenderly rubbed the top of the box with her gloved hand, as if reassuringly stroking her niece, before she grabbed another worm.



Dexterous, delicate fingers moved across the piano's keys, playing the whimsical tune of Mozart's Ronda alla Turca (Turkish March). Not the hardest piece of music, but definitely not easy. Abigail would have never imagined she could play it that well, but having an overbearing, strict tutor can be beneficial to acquiring new skills.

Lady Richardson's privileged guests, with drinks in hand, were gathered around the piano, marveling at the young woman's talent. The hostess herself was also observing her niece's performance, standing at the side of the large, beautiful instrument, its varnish glistening above its brown wood. Her little blonde angel, her only niece, looked immaculate, with a pretty, tightly laced burgundy dress that corseted her waist and outlined her slim physique. A matching burgundy rose was fixed to her brown hair, which was coiled in an elaborate bun. The young pianist kept her back perfectly straight, her arms at flawless mirroring stance, her elbows tilted at just the correct, slight angle, her knees ending where the piano's keys began, as her heeled shoe softly moved over the pedal. Though her daily bonds were missing, it appeared as if they were never gone, invisible.

A drop of sweat had formed on the girl's temple. She periodically tightened her lips as they hugged the steel ballgag that graced her mouth. She was in a clear, but reserved strain, but not due to the difficulty of the music piece. No, that skill had been achieved via repeated canings and ruthless attention to detail, 'thanks' to her mentor and aunt.

The reason was the burning sensation Abigail was experiencing in her rectum and sphincter, since her aunt had deemed "a good idea" that the young woman's asshole was figged, minutes before the first guests started arriving. The locked chastity belt assured no 'slip-outs'. With her words taken from her, the girl could not prove the ginger root was there. Speaking out would only earn her more ridicule and, afterwards, more punishment for embarrassing her good aunt.

"I'm so proud of her. Her progress has been immense" as she tickled the piano, Abigail's ears caught a snippet of conversation between her aunt and an elderly lady, who had just praised Charlotte for her niece's mentoring.

The evening proceeded marvelously at the Richardson estate. Wearing a pair of burgundy ballet heels, Abigail (with her mean arm bondage and her knees shackled once again) served each guest their entrée, "helping" her aunt, who leisurely sat at the top of the long table, doing nothing.

Growing up, the girl was stranger to heeled shoes, but after the past year and a half, she had gotten quite good at not just balancing, but walking with impeccable elegance in the cute, 4-inch-tall ballet heels that her aunt had gotten for her. They compressed her feet at a steep angle, forcing the girl to balance her lightweight frame on basically her tip-toes. Only she knew how much pain she had endured to be able to master such a display of etiquette.

Their possibly sexual connotation had been countered by Charlotte with the pretense of simulating a high-class ballet dancer, not a cheap whore. Their little jewels and expensive adornments of the shoes also helped sell her point.

Having entertained Charlotte's guests, the dinner party commenced merrily, mostly for Charlotte and her guests, and not so much for poor Abigail, who had to non-verbally (moans were a vile act with the ballgag on) "excuse herself" multiple times to dab her sweaty forehead and throw some water on her flush face, before taking a couple of deep breaths to go back out there, feeling her asshole slow-roasted from the inside. That burn deep in her colon had stopped being a "good one" a while ago. A lot of the guests quietly assumed this to be a byproduct of some overwhelming lust taking over the recovering sex addict girl, something that the sly Charlotte never denied.

After the dining, the Lady's guests were escorted out in the balcony, where a small firework display dazzled them from the garden below.

With the evening winding down and the energy of the party diminishing, the Lady's comparably rich visitors started gathering their coats and bidding their nightly farewells. "It was a splendid evening, Miss Richardson. You and your niece are quite the hostesses" a couple in their late 30s thanked the seductive brunette, who was seated in a large wooden throne of sorts, her favorite chair in the large hall. The chubby aristocrat had an aversion to needless physical movement, having relaxed in her seat for quite a while now.

"I'd love to have you over again" the somewhat tired, but content woman replied courteously. "But where is your endearing niece, Miss Abigail? We'd love to bid her a good night. She was an absolutely charming young lady" the husband added.

"Oh, I'm afraid she has retired to her quarters" Charlotte said with a slightly sorry expression.

In reality, Charlotte knew Abigail was much closer to the trio than she let on, because she could unmistakably feel the girl's tongue flap against her divine ass-crack. Hidden in plain sight, the secretly pantyless woman was seated right on the girl's face.

The chair's base was not made out of individual legs, but from a square base with wooden, beautifully carved walls on all four sides. Inside this narrow space, no larger than 2 feet in each direction, was a very cramped, very naked Abigail.

Facing the front of the chair, her legs were folded at the knees, then her body folded at the waist in this ball, packed shape. Her arms, also folded at the elbows, were secured at the wrists to two metal cuffs, embedded at the front wall on the inside of this box. The inconspicuous chair's soft, velvet-clad seat could be lifted to reveal a second seat, with the same velvet cushion but an oval-shaped hole in the center; where the girl's uncomfortably tilted face poked through.

She had been ordered inside her "little ass-eating spot" while everyone was busy marveling at the firework show, under threat of severe punishment. Metal accessories aside, the quick disrobing had left the girl with only her garter belt/thigh highs, her ballet heels and her corset. Oh, and that cute burgundy rose on her beautiful hair.

"Gmmh!" the girl's moans were fully smothered by Charlotte's wobbly ass. Though she could hear the conversation about her, her wall-cuffed wrists, her immobilized, packed body and her ass-smothered cries kept her from making her presence known. Her wooden enclosure left no space to squirm and possible slam her tiny body against the wood to make any noise, and her cuffed wrist prohibited any 'rude' banging as well.

Abigail could barely breathe inside that hot box, with her aunt's juicy round asscheeks enveloping her face and her shaven crack crushing it.

Strangest of all was the fact that the girl was more overcome by her own horniness at pleasing her mistress in this humiliating way, than by the opportunity to alert people to her rescue. Her rational mind was vastly overridden by her "good little slut" one, which screamed from lust right into the muff she was worshipping.

"NO! I HAVE TO DO SOMETHING! I can't stay imprisoned like this forever! A tiny Abigail voice pleaded into the girl's consciousness, which was as drowned in a dark abyss as her eyes were. "MMMM!" a louder, more urgent moan, left the girl's ass-eating lips, this one almost audible. Charlotte did a little shimmy on her seat so that her ass sunk deeper into it and deeper into the girl's face, muffling any persistent nonsense.

"GH..." Abigail was fully suffocated by her aunt's ass and that made her pussy even wetter, kicking her lucid burst of sanity out. With her attempt at salvation vanishing, she kept submissively tracing her fat mistress' anal wrinkles with her tongue and kissing the swampy part where the juices of Charlotte's wet pussy dripped down to blend in with her asshole's oily grease; her taint. Abi loved worshipping her aunt, drowning in her cunt was her happy place. She was a bad girl, a sinner. This was what she deserved. It was the ONLY thing she deserved. With her face completely covered by her aunt's wet,

smooth crotch with the force of her alluring 150 pounds, Abi's locked pussy twitched again and again, in these little precursors to an orgasm. The real thing never came. It was the best she could hope for.

"That's a shame. Please pass our pleasantries to her" the couple said as they departed the mansion.

"Will do my dear. Will do" the big woman nodded with a soft smile, sensing Abi's tongue slurp her asshole more eagerly and lively now, with these pesky 'distractions' out of the way.



EPILOGUE

An elderly Lady Richardson, in her early 70s, was lying on her giant bedding, with her tired, weak back supported by many, many goose-feathered pillows. Though the round shapes of her body had not changed, the juiciness of her curves was a thing of the past, having given way to a much flabbier, drier anatomy. Instead of standing proudly tall, her curves now spilled over her body with gravity affecting them much more. Her skin was paler, with tons of cellulite and stretch marks 'ruining' its once smooth, gropable surface. Her big, wonderful tits, once a motor-boater's paradise, now sagged over her belly, losing their ability to hold their weight and facing towards the outside of her ribs.

The aristocrat's face held equally the marks of aging, with her long, wavy hair now a little less dense and a lot greyer, albeit immaculately brushed and oiled, falling on both shoulders. But she did have a couple of very shiny rings on her chubby fingers and her golden earrings to remind everyone of her rich status.

The old lady looked presentable enough, especially with no signs of decades of labor to weigh her down. Still, no matter your wealth, time comes for anyone.

In the privacy of her luxurious bedroom, the old woman was wearing a comfortable light gown, enjoying the morning sunlight coming through the windows. It was summertime, a peaceful morning.

Just then, her faithful niece and servant entered the room, holding a tray of tea, milk and some tasty cookies on a different plate. The steel collar was still snug around her slightly more aged neck, its thinner skin betraying the woman's ripened age of 52.

While the collar's metal was not particularly rusty or in bad shape, the micro scratches/lacerations across its surface had made it less reflective to the exterior sunlight, showing its wear in that subtler way. This decay was natural; it hadn't left Abigail's neck for over 30 years.

Same was true for the rest of her iron garments. The nipple shields, the labial clamps, the double shackles that restrained her elbows behind her back and her wrists in front of her, and of course, the chastity belt were an inseparable aspect of the woman's still beautiful, still slim, still slender body.

The woman literally grew old inside this trapping outfit, which remained unchanged in its shape and rigidity, like an exoskeleton. The nipple shields did not grow along with the girl's maturing (and slightly elongating) nipples, further crushing the little nubs of lust as years went by. The vicious labia clamps were biting the woman's cunt-lips for decades and causing a... looseness on the sore, crushed genital skin there, which would shag for the flap of her belt that kept them from "dragging" the sexlips down. Still, the clamps remained 'intimately' close with the woman's inner labia from just past puberty all the way to early womanhood, past her fertile days and now closing in on her menopause. The belt more or less still fitted the woman's slim waist like a metal glove, keeping everything stoically out of reach.

The passage of time (and even more so her hard knock life) had made Abigail's features a bit sharper, like her cheekbones, her hipbones and her elbows, which were pointier than 20 years ago. Charlotte did not starve her dear niece, but she definitely wasn't overfeeding her. Her diet never left any room for picking up extra pounds.

The belt, as well as the girl's sealed-off nipples, could be seen by any sets of working eyes, since the dutiful housemaid was dressed in a semi-transparent, black gown that ended at her darker, troubled knees, and an opaque, white apron over it hanging from the girl's bony shoulders. Black, ballet heels had not really left her feet for ages. Her once silky, light-brown hair, now looked a bit broken and fragile, as they reached below her exposed ass, caught in a loooong braided ponytail with a big, red bow in the middle. Some white hairs were starting to make their appearance, made more apparent by their rareness.

"Slide the curtains over. I want more sun" the old lady said in her cracked, dry voice, in that tone that only a person bossing people around for decades could master. It was not exactly rude, but the tone alone had the implication that whatever this casual request was, it better be fulfilled.

Silently (without requiring the use of the ballgag, which was absent) and without skipping a beat, Abigail placed the tray on her Lady's bedside, and moved over to open the curtains and let the generous sunlight flood the room. The chirping birds could be heard more clearly, even though the balcony doors remained closed.

Even the motion to turn slightly over to her left and grab the cup of tea inconvenienced the old fat woman, who let out a groan of discomfort. With her niece standing dutifully by her side facing her bedside with her hands woven in front of her lap, the woman took a slurpy, gross first sip of her tea. "Mm" she let the sharpest moan of approval. It is the best Abigail could hope for; it was the sound she made when she had done something perfect. It only went downhill from there.

But after over so many years under her rich aunt's roof, Abigail knew that pretty well. It would be a fool's errand if she hoped things would change now, at the last stages of her matron's life. For better or for worse (objectively for worse, but things like that didn't register anymore to the woman's "homeschooled" mind) Charlotte was her everything. It was how her day begun and ended. And then back to the beginning.

All that the fair-skinned middle-aged lady knew now, the driving force of her actions, was that if she went along, things were easier. Less complicated, less painful. For years now, the servant was free to move around the room, and between rooms. Her collar, not hitched by its chain leash to anything, reflected her surrender.

"It's hot, help me off these clothes" the large woman shifted on her pillows. "Yes ma'am" the girl's tall ballet heels clicked lively as she swiftly was by her side, pulling the dress through her body of multiple folds. The old hag was now totally in the nude. Her enormous droopy tits tipped on opposite sides with their old physics, veins visibly moving through her brown, but greying areolas and puffy nipples.

"Give me some sugar, my dear" Charlotte said with an almost kind smile, parting her chubby legs and resting them bent at the knees across the wide bed. This was what 'sugar' meant. "Yes ma'am" the beautiful mature woman climbed onto the bed on all fours, fighting the difficulty of her compromised arms and without much built up, leaned her face over the old hag's smelly, white-bushed cunt and started lightly kissing her long pussy flaps.

It was three whole days since Abigail had last helped her aunt bathe (she was actually the one always scrubbing the woman's decrepit body) and that accumulated musk and old-person stench permeated Charlotte's genitals. But it had become as mundane to Abigail as the smell of morning tea to Charlotte, and so, she barely flinched whilst shoving her face down that putrid fuck-hole.

"Mmm" Charlotte let a slightly longer, elderly moan, a pleasurable one upon that first wonderful touch her niece's soft lips met her gross, wrinkly, damp crotch. Abigail knew to be very gentle and soft with her kisses of "nana's" fat, hairy cooch, which appeared mangled by time itself.

At her age, Charlotte was of an age where her weak heart did not allow for such intense thrills as a full-on orgasm. The frequency at which the old Lady Charlotte was getting off these days was much lower than the debauched days of her youth. She only indulged in this beautiful climactic every month or so, but she still very much enjoyed the girl's (in her eyes she would always be a girl) slow-lapping, giving her worn pussy this pleasant, soothing sensation.

Abigail's skillful tongue traced along the chubby inner labia, right where the greying flesh met the pink one, signaling the entrance to the elderly woman's cavernous sex hole. She ignored the very unpleasant sensation of her tongue brushing upon all the grey pubes along her way, something that like most things, she'd been used to. Charlotte had stopped "grooming" down there for over a decade.

With her cute, tight ass sticking up from between the old hag's loins, Abigail lapped and lapped and her aunt's sour cunt, like a cat drinking from its milk bowl. A clear queef escaped the woman's tomb-like hole, hitting the woman at the back of her throat. It was like a leak of deadly gas, but the submissive woman stoically 'accepted' it and kept pleasing, like it was some kind of gift her aunt had so graciously given her.

Someone else might gag and dry-heave, but the broken slave loved it. She had to hold back a moan of pleasure as she tasted the scent of her aunt's queef. Her hips momentarily swayed like a pet with an imaginary tail, as she felt her pussy twitch with excitement. She adored worshipping her aunt and the more she debased her, the hotter. Countless times she was fart-blasted her right in the mouth whilst eating her "nana's" ass. She only lapped harder once that stench of air came, getting wet from the sheer humiliation of it all.

Of course, the old woman did not apologize nor did she appear embarrassed in the least. Rather, her long-nailed, chubby fingers softly caressed her niece's head, suggestively bringing it closer "into" her old muff. Wanting a bit more.

Abigail obliged that slight body language sign, sticking her tongue between the multiple folds that covered the elderly woman's clitoris, and sliding in on the right side, then the left, then back.

After a life time under her "care", Abigail had forgotten what an orgasm felt like. It was bizarre how well she could decipher her lady's subtlest twitches or leg jerks or head 'maneuvering', even the patterns of her breathing, in order to tell at what stage of arousal Charlotte precisely was.

And yet, the middle-aged woman had yet to feel the sensation of an orgasm ever since her teenage, self-exploring years.

The healthy, sexually mature woman had zero access to her own private parts. Her metal chastity belt and nipple guards had become an extension of her flesh, her metal skin. It didn't keep her from occasionally writhing on her bedding, bound and gagged as she was, with her hands locked right under her collar, away from those "treacherous" places.

Without being driven by any conscious attempts at orgasming, but only the sheer instinct of "recreation", the woman would shift and rub her folded arms against her pieced nipples, chasing that brief "high". She'd put the pillow between her thighs and grind on it like it was a beautiful prince's thigh (or her aunt's). All this got her worked up, before the pointlessness of her reality would seep back in and a horny Abigail would have to try to find a way to sleep. Countless nights were spent sleepless, with the girl moaning in horny frustration into her steel ballgag.

What the stimulation-hungry woman had been doing for the past couple of decades was mentally connecting the stimulation she was giving her aunt, as if it was hers. In a twisted way, orally pleasuring her old, ugly relative now was getting her going and had conditioned her into this cycle of worshipping = arousal.

It had nothing to do with her actual feelings towards her abusive aunt, which in the last remnants of the girl's lucidity, were clearly negative.

The pretty long-haired whore took the entire right labia that dangled from the hag's crotch in her mouth, like a flaccid penis, and started suckling it sensually. With closed eyes, her right hand made an instinctual move towards her locked pussy, stopping a few centimeters later by her arm-bondage. "Mmm" Abigail let out a pleasurable moan.

"Good girl" petting her niece's head, Charlotte took another sip of her tea, gazing out at the beautiful sky. It was rare for it to be blue in this part of the world. At the corner of her eyes, the old woman spotted the girl's rear. The little bitch (another classic "nickname") was softly grinding her hips in the air, with her belted ass perked up as her bondage forced her.

"Hey! Cut that off!" the sadistic woman was annoyed at the younger woman's pleasure. This was only reserved for her. "I'm sorry ma'am!" a flinching Abigail popped the gross, single pussylip out of her own pretty lips to apologize. "You want to be punished?" the old woman threatened, telling the scared woman off.

"No ma'am, it won't happen again" the woman could not be sounding more reassuring, her pretty blues exuding nothing but the willingness to conform.

It had been a while since her aunt had gotten her out of the house, either chaining her to some ring of the house to do chores or putting her in the attic if she was...unsatisfying, leaving her servants to “fill her up” until she returned. In her rare village appearances, the bridled, cuffed, collared Lady was

greeted with the reverence of a high-member of society, of which she technically was for decades. She was simply the “Locked Maiden”, her infamy traveling past the borders of her village.

Abigail was an example, an icon of purity and moral restraint, with the violence with which it was enforced becoming but a footnote to her story.

She was simply the village celibate.

