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*The Innkeeper's
Wife*

A FEMDOM EROTIC SHORT

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A FemDom Erotic Short

by K.C. Ripley

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Christopher's horse clopped through the mud as the rain continued to fall, seeping under his leather armor and soaking him beneath. At this time of night, in this horrible weather, no one was on the streets, if you could call muddy paths 'streets'. He didn't know the name of this town and didn't really care.

He was on his way to the tourney at Marl's Tooth. All he knew was that this shitbucket of a town was between him and the Tooth, and that he was probably less than two days' ride away.

Even though he was a hedge knight, he was as good with the sword or lance as any royal born. He had squired to Sir Borthan of Highwall, his sigil the curling ivy that covered the massive namesake of his family's castle. But Borthan was dead, and Christopher had no squire, so he rode alone.

He was wet, tired, and hungry, so the sign was a relief. At least the town wasn't so small as to have no inn. *The Yoked Ox*, the sign read. A rather ornate carving of a black ox, yoked of course, sat below the elegantly-painted name. He'd never seen such fine workmanship on a sign for a ratty, small-town inn.

But then, you never knew what you might find in some of these forgotten little hamlets.

He rode to the door and saw a young man, perhaps of fifteen, throwing dice against the wall under an eave.

The young man looked up at the sound of the horse. He smiled. "Stable your horse, sir?"

Christopher dismounted and nodded. He reached under his jerkin for the coin purse tied there and fished out a bronze piece, flicking it to the young man.

"Wipe everything dry and there's an extra coin in it for you," he said.

The stable boy nodded and led the horse away, the rain still pelting everything.

Christopher looked up at the sign once more. The ox's eyes were wide, very expressive. But what were they expressing, exactly? Such thoughts were nonsense. He put his head down and went inside.

The inn was warm and dry, and the savory smell of food hit his nose as he entered, making his stomach grumble. Some sort of roast bird?

Three old men sat in one corner, smoking pipes. Another man leaned against the far wall, his arms crossed and his head down. Christopher took a seat at one of the tables.

“Something to eat?” a low, smooth female voice said.

Christopher looked up to see a plump woman with auburn hair, curls falling about her shoulders, her ample bosom pushed to prominence by a tight corset. She wasn't beautiful, at least in the same way as the maids in the royal court or Princess Penelope herself. But she was fine to look at, and she had a ruddy look to her that made his cock jump a beat under his leather jerkin.

“Ay,” he said. “What do you have?”

“Roasted duck,” she said. “With roasted potatoes and roasted turnips.” The way she was looking at him was strange. Usually women were nervous around Christopher. He was tall, with fair hair, considered quite handsome by most. Women usually whispered and giggled to each other when he was near, rarely being brazen enough to approach him or look him straight in the eye. This woman had no qualms about such things. She was staring at him with eyes narrowed, as if studying him.

“That'll be fine,” he said. “You have wine?”

“Just ale.”

“That'll do.”

She took one last look at him, then headed for the kitchen. He watched her round bottom lilt as she moved away from him, and he felt himself stir again.

“Fine woman, eh?” A man stood over his shoulder. People rarely snuck up behind Christopher without him know about it, so he jumped a bit. The man was small, skinny, a thin waxed moustache curled upon his upper lip. He wore a rapier, but no armor, not even leather.

Christopher said nothing. He was still wet, water pooling at his feet. He'd ridden all day in the rain, and he was in no mood for

company, much less a shady fellow he'd just met.

Nevertheless, the man sat on the stool next to him. "Her name's Odelia," he said. "She's married to Gunnar. He owns this place."

"That's all very well," Christopher said, "but I'd really prefer—"

"Let me buy you a drink," the man said. "Name's Skeeever."

"I have my own coin."

Skeeever got a hurt look on his face. "Well that's beside the point, ain't it? Just trying to show a bit of hospitality to a fellow traveler."

Christopher sighed. "Very well. One drink. No offense to your company, but when my meal is done I'm off to bed."

The man smiled, revealing a gold tooth in front amidst its brownish neighbors. "Good man! What should I call you?"

Three hours later, Christopher still sat at the table, the wooden tray littered with duck bones picked clean. He'd had more mugs than he could remember, and the skinny man had made him laugh. He was actually starting to feel human again, so he let himself enjoy it. The tourney wasn't for another three days, so he'd be fine.

Skeeever pulled his stool closer and whispered in Christopher's ear. "They say she's insatiable, you know. No one man can please her."

Christopher was not a true knight, sworn to a house, but he still had a code. Knowing the woman was free with her loins was arousing, a pleasant fantasy to stroke himself to before falling to sleep. But he would not touch the woman, even if she offered himself to him.

She came to their table. "More ale?"

Skeeever nodded, but Christopher shook his head. "No thank you, m'lady," he said. "I'll be needing a room."

"All right, then," she said. "Let me get the key."

Christopher almost fell over getting to his feet. Skeeever laughed.

“Will you be able to make it up the stairs?” Odelia said.
He nodded. “I’m fine.”

The room was little more than a large closet, a rough bed of straw on the floor and a pissing pot in the corner, but it looked like royal chambers to Christopher. He plopped down on the bed and began to pull off his boots.

Odelia stood in the doorway, a candle in her hand. “You have what you need?”

Was this an overture? He did in fact have what he needed, and again, he’d sworn an oath. Bedding another man’s wife in their own home hadn’t been a part of it.

“Yes, thank you,” he said. “Good ni—”
But she had already closed the door.

Something was kicking him.

Christopher woke to the pain in his head and the harsh light of the morning sun invading his room. He squinted and looked up, seeing a huge shadow there. Its leg reached out and not-so-gently kicked his thigh.

He struggled to sit up and rubbed his eyes. Gods, he felt awful. The skinny man (What was his name? Scutter? Seever?) was friendly enough, but he’d let him talk him into drinking far too many mugs of ale.

He looked up, and there was the woman, the innkeeper’s wife. *Odelia*. He remembered *her* name well enough. Even through his blurred vision she looked fetching, wearing a simple cotton dress, the bottom of her breasts outlined by the sun shining through.

“No need to rouse me in such a way,” he said, rubbing his head. “What is it you want?”

“Not what I want,” she said. “What’s due. Last night you insisted you had coin, but you didn’t pay for your meal or drink. And now you owe for a night’s stay as well.”

“Yes, yes,” he said. The folk around here surely didn’t want to wait long for payment, not that he could blame them. He reached up under his jerkin for his coin pouch.

It wasn’t there.

He patted himself down, then began to look through the straw bed.

Odelia sighed and rolled her eyes. “If this is a play, put on for my benefit, you can spare the acting.”

“No show, m’lady,” he said, digging through the straw now, becoming frantic. “My pouch was full. I had it as I rode in, and when I sat down. I know it.”

“Well,” she said. “What I know is that you owe for a meal, half a cask of ale, and a night in this room. Will you pay, or shall I call upon the sheriff?”

He sat back, putting his head in his hands. Had he lost it? He'd had enough coin for his tourney entry and then some, scraped together by selling his services to whoever he met along the road. Three months it had taken him to put together that stash, and now it was gone?

“Knights are meant to honor their words and pay their debts,” she said. “Or are you not a true knight?”

Christopher felt the blood rise in his throbbing head at the insult. “I am, m’lady. I will pay you, but I may not be able to just at this moment.”

She laughed bitterly. “The refrain of the dishonorable. Do you know how many times I’ve heard those words from those who ride out of this town never to return?”

He threw up his arms and dropped them in his lap. “What would you have me do?”

“There are ways to pay your debt that don’t involve coin.”

His horse? His armor? If he sold such things, he would no longer be able to ride or fight in a tourney. Of course, without the entrance fee, he would not be fighting in the tourney anyway.

“Perhaps I could be of service to my lady,” he said.

“Go on,” she said.

“Have you need for a sword?” The best he could hope for is that she did indeed have some honorable need for his services. He hoped she would not ask for him to injure or kill someone based on a grudge. If so, he might have to choose in which way he meant to be unknighly.

“I might have need of a sword,” she said. She bent down, studying him again. “There’s bath water ready two doors down. Clean up a bit, then meet me in the barn down by the stream.”

He felt a weight lift from his chest. He could pay off the room and meal, and perhaps even earn a few extra coins to get him started again. The tourney at the Tooth was a dead dream now, but he could start over.

“Yes, m’lady.”

He felt almost like a new man after a hot bath. He expected to see Odelia again in the inn before he left, but she was nowhere around. Neither was the skinny man he’d been drinking with.

Christopher walked out into the sunlight, squinting. His head didn’t hurt quite as much, but there was still a dull ache. He took the path in the direction he’d seen the stable boy lead his horse, and soon enough he came to the barn with the green door.

He opened the door, but all was dark inside the barn, except for the weak light of two candles at the far end. That was strange.

“Hello?” he called out.

A shadow moved near the flickering light. “Yes, come in,” he heard her say.

The darkness made him worry that the errand was indeed less than honorable, but he would hear her out. He walked to the far end of the barn, and as he did, he saw a strange chair sitting between the candles.

The seat was leather, but the back leaned back at an angle. Branching out from either side were two sturdy arms, slightly higher than the seat, supported by legs of their own. He hadn’t seen a

chair like this before, and wondered if it served some purpose in farming, something to do with caring for horses or sheep.

He heard the soft rustling of the straw and saw her step forward into the candlelight.

Odelia was completely naked, the warm yellow light bathing her rounded hips, full breasts, and large brown nipples. She had a funny little smile on her lips, and the candlelight made her eyes glint darkly.

“Do you still wish to do the honorable thing and work off your debt?” she said.

“But your husband—”

“—is of no consequence. Will you pay your debts or no?”

He felt his face flush. He should have expected as much. He nodded.

“Good,” she said. “Then strip bare.”

He’d never been ordered around by a woman before, and he wasn’t sure he liked it. But he began to disrobe as Odelia lit several more candles.

When he pulled off his pants, his cock bobbed out, stiff and ready. Odelia walked towards him, then behind him.

“Put your hands behind your back,” she said.

“What?” he said. “Why?”

She sighed. “I am the one owed the debt here,” she said. “Should you not do as I ask?”

What a strange woman, he thought. But perhaps she was right. He reached back with both hands and felt the bite of leather straps as she quickly cinched them tight, in what felt like an expert double-wrapped knot.

“It’s a bit tight,” he said.

She ignored him, crouching down to bind his ankles together.

“Is this necessary?” he asked.

After binding his feet, she stood again.

“What do you—”

He heard something slice through the air, then felt it strike the back of his legs at the joint. He cried out and dropped hard to his knees.

She walked in front of him, and he could see that she now held a long wooden cane, as thick as a thumb.

“What is the meaning of—” Christopher began, but the cane leapt out and struck him on the chest, neatly landing across both bare nipples. He winced and hissed in pain.

“The meaning is this,” she said. “You will do exactly as I say, or this rod will dance across your flesh.”

What was this? He’d never met such a woman, who would give him orders as if he were a servant. It seemed mad. And yet as he opened his eyes and looked down, his cock stiffened.

She reached down slowly with the tip of the cane. He flinched, and she laughed. She prodded his cock gently, flipping it up in the air.

“You asked if I had need of a sword,” she said. “Not really, other than as a plaything. What I do require is the service of your tongue.”

She grabbed him by the hair and pulled him forward. His legs bound, he had to shuffle awkwardly, scraping his knees. She pulled him right up to the seat of the bizarre chair, and for the first time he got an inkling of its design.

She let go of his hair and patted him on the head. Then she sat on the leather cushion, leaned back, and one at a time put her legs up on each of the outstretched supports. Seated thus, her legs were spread wide, the dark pink folds of her lips framed by her creamy white thighs and crowned by a patch of auburn curls. Leaning back this way, her breasts hung above him as she looked down at him between them. He smelled her, a sweet, earthy scent.

“From this point forward, I am your queen. This is my throne. And this,” she pointed between her legs with the tip of the cane, “is how you will worship me.”

He’d lain with dozens of maids and whores. His vows did not preclude him from being a man, after all. He was desirable to

women, and they to him. Some of them had wrapped their pretty little mouths around his cock. Some of those were better than others. Usually he had taken them in the conventional manner, pushing himself into them and rutting until at least he was satisfied.

He had kissed them and licked their breasts, but never had he put his mouth down there. He saw a glint of wetness by the light of the candles, and his initial feeling of revulsion began to turn into a hungry curiosity. He put out his tongue and leaned forward.

The cane struck him across the shoulder. He cried out and jerked back.

“To sup at the divine,” she said, “you must ask permission. I thought you were a well-mannered knight.”

He took a deep breath. “I am sorry, m’lady. May I—”

The cane came down again in the same place, stinging the muscle at the base of his neck. He cried out again and slumped.

“Get the stuffing out of your ears, donkey,” she said. “I am your queen. You refer to me as ‘your Grace’.”

“Yes, your Grace,” he said. He was surprised to find himself harder than ever. “May I taste you, your Grace?”

In response, she put the cane behind his neck, grabbed it with her other hand, and pulled his face down onto her.

She was very wet now, and the taste was like no meal he had ever eaten. Her juice was pungent, but delicious on his tongue. He lapped it up as he looked between her beautiful breasts. Her head now lay back against the padded seat, her eyes closed, her tongue poking out between her lips.

Without opening her eyes, she rapped him on the top of the head with the stick.

“Slower,” she said.

He slowed down. He wanted to reach up and rub his head where she’d knocked it, but of course his hands were bound. He felt sure a small knot would well up there. His eyes watered from the pain, but he tried to concentrate on pleasing her. She had him

completely at her mercy. The thought was terrifying, but also liberating.

He lapped slowly, then kissed deeply, pushing his tongue in and probing inside her.

She moaned, her breathing deepening. Christopher worked, though his knees, shoulder, and head all hurt, on top of being weary from drink. Eventually, his jaw began to ache, as well as his neck, but he dared not pause.

“Here,” she said, pointing to the little hood just under her hair. He probed there with his tongue and found a slick little nub. When he began to lick it, Odelia’s thighs began to shake and her moans grew louder.

He’d never made a woman make such noises. Usually they squealed, and he realized maybe this had been for his benefit. But there was no doubt Odelia was heartily enjoying this, and even though he was on his knees, hurting all over and at her mercy, it made him feel a little powerful.

She grabbed his hair with her hand and twisted. It hurt, but he didn’t care. He was moving his tongue in little circles now, and her body was quivering all over. Eventually she screamed in pleasure, her back arched, her muscles locked and rigid.

Then she relaxed, letting go of his hair and slumping back down.

“Good boy,” she said. She climbed nimbly out of the chair. A knock came at the barn door. Christopher’s eyes grew wide with panic.

“Be back in a moment,” Odelia said, pulling on a cotton smock and patting him on the head. She walked to the door and he heard it creak open, the sunlight cutting into the darkness.

Christopher craned his neck around and squinted. He saw a man, heard his voice, and realized it was the skinny fellow from the night before. He saw the man reach out to her open palm and heard the clink of coin.

Gods be damned, he thought. He’d been waylaid. That thief had plied him with drink, sidled up close, and filched away his coin.

And the woman had been party to it all.

“Hey!” he yelled. “Cut me loose! I demand it.”

The barn door closed, leaving only the dim light of the candles, and he heard her pad lightly back to where he knelt. She slapped him on the back of the head, knocking him forward into the seat, making him hit his nose against it. His eyes watered.

“You are in no position to demand anything,” she said.

“This was a ruse,” Christopher said.

She widened her eyes and pursed her mouth into a mock circle of surprise. “I’ve no idea what you’re talking about.” She grabbed him by the hair and pulled until he struggled to his feet. “Come,” she said, “You still have a debt to pay.”

“I am the one owed a debt!” he yelled.

She ignored him and dragged him away from the chair, to another dark corner of the barn. There he saw a set of wooden stocks. He began to struggle, but she had the rod in hand once more, and he doubled over as she lashed out and rapped his balls.

“Gods, woman,” he said weakly. “You are the devil.”

“You forget your place,” she said, pulling him back up and putting his neck in the stocks. She clamped it down, leaving him with his hands behind his back, his feet still tied, bent over with his head in the wooden contraption. “But you will learn it.”

He heard the smock fall to the ground as she made herself naked once again, though he couldn’t see her. She fetched the candles and placed them one by one on the stocks. All he could see was the corner of the barn, littered with straw and rat shit.

“Fifty seems a nice round number,” she said. “Don’t you think?”

“Fifty what?”

The cane whistled through the air and struck his cheeks, and he howled.

“You’ll keep the count,” she said. “That was one.”

“Damned if I will,” he said.

Thwack!

Gods, it hurt! “Damn you, woman,” he said.

“Let’s add ten for the impudence,” she said. “Sixty, then. And what number was that?”

“I’ll not count—”

Thwack!

Three stripes of pain lay across his ass now, criss-crossing agony. “Three!” he said. “That was three.”

“Oh, but you didn’t count from the beginning,” she said. “If you lose the count, we begin anew. That was one.”

He thought to utter protest, but realized the futility. “One, then,” he said, defeated.

“Remember who you’re speaking to,” she said.

“Yes, your Grace,” he said. “One, your Grace.”

The rod bit his cheeks again.

“Two, your Grace.”

And again. And again. He was crying by twenty and begging for her to stop by thirty, but of course she did not stop.

Thwack!

“Fifty-eight, your Grace.” He could barely get the words out. He was trying to breath, the tears streaming down his face.

Thwack!

Ah, gods, every stroke was agony.

“I didn’t hear a count,” she said. “Shall we start over?”

“Fifty-nine, your Grace,” he blurted out.

The last was the worst. She swished the rod around in the air, taunting him, taking her time. Finally she struck him the final blow.

“Sixty, your Grace,” he said, hanging his head in exhaustion and pain. He cried openly like a small girl, not even attempting to hide his shame. And yet he felt his cock rigid, dribbling on the floor even as he wept.

“Good,” Odelia said. “Now that your cheeks are nice and tender, you’re ready.”

For what, he dared not even ask. He had been sure this was the end of it. How could there be more?

He heard the rod clatter to the floor, then heard her walk across the barn floor. When she appeared again in front of him, she was buckling a harness to her hips. His eyes grew wide as he saw the brass cock jutting from it.

“You’re in for a treat,” she said. “I’m about to take your maidenhood.”

He whimpered. “Please, your Grace. Don’t do this.”

She reached down into a brass pot by the wall and scooped up and handful of something he could not see. She began to slather it on the brass cock, making it shine in the candlelight.

“What is that, your Grace?” he asked.

“Sheep’s fat,” she said. “Be thankful for it.”

She wiped her hands on the straw, then posed for him. “Do you like it? It was fashioned by a blacksmith who stayed with us once. My throne was built by a carpenter who stayed with us once. Men, as it turns out, can be useful from time to time.”

She stepped closer, putting the cock near his face. “Kiss it,” she said.

He smelled the rank odor of the fat, but knew better than to disobey. He puckered his lips and kissed the tip. It tasted disgusting.

“And what do you say?”

“Thank you, your Grace.”

She laughed and walked behind him. He tensed, clenching his cheeks, and tried to lower his hindquarters.

“Now you know what happens when you don’t play nicely, don’t you?”

“Yes, your Grace,” he said. He lifted his ass, presenting it to her, and trying to relax.

She put her hands on his hips, stepped closer, and shoved in the tip. He bit his lower lip. As she shoved forward, he bit down so

hard he began to draw blood. He felt as if his entire insides were being filled with cold, hard metal.

She slid it out slowly, giving some sense of relief, but then pushed right back in. He began to whimper again, the act of being taken like a maid was far beyond any humiliation he had suffered before.

She began to slide in and out rhythmically, fucking him proper. “Once I’ve broken you in,” she said, “perhaps I’ll hire you out to the locals. Charge them a brass coin at the door for a ride.”

“Oh, your Grace,” he cried. “Please, no.”

“How else will you earn your keep?”

“I’ll do whatever you wish,” he said.

“Yes, of course you will. But just now I wish for you to shut your whimpering hole and take your fucking like a good girl.”

And so he did.

When she was done with him, she made him kiss the cock once more. This time it tasted twice as foul.

He was spent. He was beaten, weak, and his ass felt as it had been breached by a battering ram.

Something nagged at the back of his tired mind, even through everything he had been subjected to. They were in the barn, the one where the stable boy had led his horse. And yet for gods knew how many hours, he hadn’t heard the sound of a horse, not a whinny or scrape of a hoof.

“Where’s my horse?” he said weakly.

Odelia laughed. “Oh, you won’t be needing that anymore. Besides, we had to make room in the stable for our newest mount.”

No, he thought. *She can’t mean—*

The barn door opened, the afternoon light seeping in. He heard a man’s voice yell, “You about done, my love?”

“Nearly, my dear,” she yelled back. “Just one more task.”

The barn door closed, and she crouched in front of him. "My husband cooperates with my indulgences. Keeps me happy and him free. Also helps pay the expenses."

"You can't do this," Christopher said. "It's not right."

She laughed heartily at this. "How wonderful," she said. "Right has nothing to do with it. I would have thought a knight such as yourself would have learned this on his journeys. Those who are strong enough take what they want. And I took you."

She stood up and walked out of view. He heard a strange hiss from another corner of the barn. When she returned, she stepped into view holding a long metal rod, its tip glowing red. She held it up to his face so he could get a better look.

He closed his eyes and tried to pull his face back, but he was held in place by the stocks. He could feel the hot glow on his face. When he opened one eye, he saw the tip was actually a brand, a crossbeam with loops, like the sign in front of the inn: the yoked ox.

She moved behind him.

"No," he said. "Please."

The brand touched his flesh on his right ass cheek, just above the worst of the caning. He heard the hiss of his own flesh before the blinding burst of pain, the worst he'd ever felt in his life. He screamed.

From what seemed like far away, he heard her voice.

"I have errands to tend to at the inn," she said. "In the meantime, the stable boy will put salve on your ass. And this evening the blacksmith will shod you."

"Shod?" he whispered hoarsely.

She appeared in front of him again.

"Olag, the blacksmith, has a nice pair of iron cloppers he's going to put on your hands and your feet. They look just like horsey's hooves. You'll have four hooves from now on, just like the others."

"Others?"

“Twelve stalls,” she said. “You fill the last.” She patted him on the head. “Perhaps tomorrow I’ll have the stable boy saddle you up and we can go for a little ride.”

His life as a hedge knight was over. He saw that now. No more tourneys for him. Odelia owned him now, body and mind. He was part of her stable, and she was his Queen.

She turned her ass to him. “Give us a kiss before I go,” she said.

He kissed her cheek.

“And what do you say?”

“Thank you, your Grace,” he said. “Thank you for everything.”

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