Servitude Ch. 01

by LanuitÂ©

She stood in the kitchen in her usual kitchen attire, naked but for an apron.

Her breasts pressed against the apron, the ties were in neat bows laying across

the top of her ass and upper back. She washed the dishes as she always did after

dinner. He liked to watch her from the door way. He'd watch how her hands moved

across the plates, how her butt would jiggle as she moved back and forth,

washing and rinsing. He gazed at her firm legs, watched her muscles flex as she

shifted her weight back and forth. She knew he was behind her watching. She

liked being watched by him. She exaggerated her movements slightly wiggling her

butt more than necessary. Her feet were together as she bent down to put up a

pan. She bent over at her waist, her hips enhancing her heart shaped ass as it

turned into her long legs that came down to the nice points of her feet. He

moved over to her silently. She stayed down longer than she needed to knowing he

was behind her. He slapped her, suddenly, several times. They were sharp and

quick, leaving a stinging impression behind. She had braced herself on the shelf

and took the hits wantonly. He ran his fingers lightly across the redness,

moving them over each cheek. He smacked her ass again a few more times and then moved away going back out of the kitchen and back to the living room to watch tv.

She finished putting up the dishes, untied the apron and put it on its hook by

the door. Opening the refrigerator she pulled out a cold beer, opened it, and

walked out to the living room. She set the beer on the end table next to him and

then moved to the other side of his chair kneeling beside him. He started to

absently play her hair. "I have a little surprise for you tonight," he said

calmly. She smiled with excitement. She knelt beside him for the remainder of

the show imagining all the possibilities of the surprise as the moisture grew

between her legs in anticipation.

The show finished and he turned off the TV. He looked down at her and smiled.

"Come up here and kneel over me facing the TV,". She got up, straddled his lap,

and knelt on the sofa chair, her feet tucked in behind him. Her butt was just

about level with his face, her legs spread for him. He pulled up the foot stool

with his feet and pushed her forward indicating for her to bed over. She did

putting her hands on the foot stool and gripped the edges to ensure her balance.

This position made her ass push up into the air and brought her pussy in full

view. Her clit poked out slightly, already engorged with arousal. He could see

her smooth pussy glisten in front of him, moistened with anticipation. He leaned

to the side to make sure she was in a good position and smiled as he saw her

small but perky breasts hanging in the air. He slapped her ass moderately hard

and watched as her tits swayed in the air from the impact.

He started rubbing her butt roughly and grabbing it, squeezing it with one hand.

He kept his other hand on her thigh to further steady her. He spanked her again

several times going back and forth between each side. Soom she was a nice rosy

color and he could feel the heat start to rise. He loved the feeling of the heat

hitting his hand as he moved it over her flesh, never actually touching it.

She smiled through the spanking, feeling the sting of each strike. She lowered

her head to rest on the foot stool and gripped it securely making sure to keep

her position for him. He ran his fingers lightly down her crack and over her

pussy lips, trailing a finger just between them. He reached her hard little clit

and circled it with the tip of his finger. She resisted the urge to press

against his hand, trying to be good and stay in place as expected.

He teased her some more sensing her turmoil and his smile broadened. He could

feel himself get hard at her torment. He continued his teasing by pressing his

finger a little deeper into her folds, moving back and forth going deeper with

each stroke. She was soaking wet and more than ready to accept him. He pushed

his finger slowly in her wet hole, teasing her some more by just putting the tip

in, moving it in and out. He could hear her breathing get heavier. She rolled

her hips out slightly in reaction to the frustrating teasing, wanting more of

his finger in her. He immediately pulled it out and slapped her ass.

She grimaced at her movement and the subsequent punishment. He began to slowly finger fuck her with one finger then two fingers then three. He smiled as she

remained still taking it. He stopped his fingers fully in her. "Fuck my fingers

my little one, show me how you are My little slut," He said softly and firmly.

She smiled and started moving her hips back and forth sliding her pussy along

his fingers, squeezing them. He let her get herself nice and worked up, enjoying

watching her fuck his fingers like an animal. He pulled his fingers out,

dripping with her juices. "That's enough for now. Get up. It's time for your

surprise." He reached around and gripped her tits in his hands and helped her

straighten out and steady her.

With his help she got off the chair and onto her feet. She placed her hand on

his arm while he walked her over to the sliding glass doors out to the backyard.

He opened the door, it was pitch dark outside. He flipped the switch by the door

and a spot light turned on illuminating a circular section in the middle of the

yard. She gasped when she saw what was there and tightened her grip on his arm.

In the center was a small wooden structure approximately 2ft cubed. In the

center of this box was a circular toilet seat. He started to walk out into the

yard towards it. She hesitated and then sped up when he kept going and pulled

her along.

He led her right up to the "toilet", presenting it for her view. There was a

hole in the top with a seat up on top. Inside there was a bucket that went

almost all the way to the opening of the hole. In the front of the box was a

small door to access the bucket. She looked down at it in trepidation. He looked

down at her and smiled. He grabbed her hand and pulled her around and sat her

down on it. She sat there shaking despite the warm air around her.

He could see her obvious discomfort and knew that it was only her sheer will to

please him that kept her there. "You are going to be a good girl now and use

this every time you need the bathroom," he said very matter of fact. He watched

her eyes go wide and her jaw drop slightly. She started to get up and then sat

back down again when she looked up and saw the stern look on his face. She

opened her mouth to say something when he interrupted, "No, I do not want to

hear anything, but Yes, Sir. You are going to start now and will not be allowed

to get up from there till you have at least peed." She lowered her head and said

softly, "Yes, Sir." He nodded, "Good. I will return in an hour to check on your

progress." He turned around and went back inside closing the door behind him.

She sat there naked and exposed, the bright light shining on her. She felt

nervous and a little scared. She looked around and could see lights on in the

windows of the neighbors' houses. She hoped no one would look out and see her

there. The nakedness didn't bother her, but her position did. She sat there and

thought to herself, 'He knows I can't do this. I don't even use the bathroom in

front of him. How can I do this when he knows that I just can't do these kinds

of things? It's so embarrassing.' The worse part was that she didn't even need

the bathroom. She sat there and lowered her head knowing she would fail him.

He had gone inside knowing that she would not do anything in that hour but sit

there and fret. He shook his head and went to watch tv. After the hour he went

to make some final preparations. A few minutes later he walked out and saw her

sitting there her head lowered. She didn't even lift her head when she heard the

door. She did straighten her posture, but kept her head lowered. He couldn't

help but smile as he stood at the door just looking at her lithe form. Her

breasts pushed out slightly by her arms, nipples hard from the occasional

breeze. He walked out to her and reached out , lifting her chin up. She looked

at him the embarrassment in her eyes. "Did you do as you were told," he asked.

She lowered her eyes, "No, Sir." Her voice was barely audible. He took her hand

and walked her back inside.

He led her into the kitchen. "On the floor, forehead down, ass up," he

instructed. She got on her knees, legs spread, forehead to the ground, and hands

palm down on the floor. He walked out and a few minutes later came back in. She

laid there eyes closed waiting for her unknown punishment. She felt his hands on

her butt, caressing it, then spreading her cheeks apart. She felt him insert

something relatively small in her. Then she felt that all too familiar sensation

of warm water flowing into her. She grimaced as the water went in. She hated

when he cleaned her out. It was always so embarrassing the noises that come out.

At least he always would let her go in the bathroom alone and run the shower

while she emptied her bowels in the toilet. She realized what he was going to

make her do and she scrunched up her face, blushing from the thought.

He stood behind her holding the water bottle making sure the liquid went in at a

slow steady pace. He could see that she had worked out what was going to happen.

He thought it was about time for her to learn that she cannot hide anything from

him nor has the right to hide anything no matter what it is. The bottle was

finally empty and he gave it a quick shake then reached down and removed the

tube. She could feel that her belly was bloated and full. The water no longer

hurt for her anymore as this was part of their weekly routine. It was her least

favorite thing to do. She found it gross, disgusting, and just plain

embarrassing. She understood and accepted that it needed to be done but she

still did not like it one bit.

He rubbed her ass, then reached around and felt her belly. He could feel the

water inside of her. "Stand up, go outside again and lay down," He said. She

stood up and grimaced a bit from the discomfort of the fluid. She went back

outside and laid down on the grass. She laid down with her legs spread, arms

out, palms down, and face to the side exposing her entire backside. She let out

a deep breath preparing herself for what she knew was coming now. 'How can he

make this even worse for me?' she thought, 'Doesn't he know how hard this is

already?' She knew that all these questions were pointless and she just had to

accept her punishment. He walked out behind her carrying his favorite whip. He

noticed that she was out of the light and silently chuckled. He left her there

and decided to get to work. His arm came down and the first strike kissed her

ass. He was very good with a whip and made sure to only hit her with the first

few inches of it leaving a small thin line in its wake. She laid there on the

cool grass, clenching her butt so that none of the water would escape. She felt

the first strike and it was really just like a light caress of the whip. She

knew though that it would intensify as he continued. He did not stop his

strikes. He concentrated on her flesh each strike still only hitting her just

enough to make his point. Already there was a myriad of lines criss-crossing her

butt and hips. Small drops of blood were making their way down the sides of her

creamy skin.

She held her tongue as best she could only making small squeaks here and there.

She knew she had to be as quiet as possible especially being outside. She closed

her eyes tightly and gripped the grass around her as he coolly whipped her. Her

body instinctively pressed against the ground and in doing so pressed her

stomach. She clenched her cheeks together as best she could to make sure she

didn't lose control of her bowels. Even though the hits were not that hard there

were so many of them that the pain compounded. Despite the pain and the

discomfort her pussy was dripping and her clit throbbing. After what seemed like

an eternity to her but was really less than 30 minutes, he stopped. She let out

a long slow breath. She relaxed almost forgetting all the water within her. He

walked over to her and helped her up. He led her back over to the toilet and sat

her down. She yelped a bit as her ass hit the seat, the stings of the cuts

corsing through her. He stood in front of her, his hard cock right in her face,

kept back by his jeans. "You know what you must do My little one," he said

calmly. She looked up at him pleadingly, her hands clasped in her lap. She sat

there clenching her cheeks, trying her best to not let any of it go. He looked

at her coldly knowing that any shift in his expression would give her hope even

though she knows there is none. She closed her eyes and tried to block

everything out. It seemed like everything was so quiet. She opened her eyes

looking up. He was still there looking at her. She looked around and noticed

that their actions had got the eye of one of the neighbors. He was standing at

the window looking down at them. She sighed deeply. "I am losing my patience,"

he said sternly. He had noticed his neighbor in the window earlier while he was

whipping His little one. It's not the first time he's seen him watching them.

The neighbor looked down upon them not sure exactly what was going on. He was

wearing only his boxers, already hard from just looking at her body and watching

him whip her ass. He watched as she got up and sat down on something that looked like a toilet. He was confused by this but just watching her made it possible to push what she was doing out of his mind. He reached down and started to stroke

his hard cock within his boxers. He always liked watching her. She was always

naked in the house, cleaning, cooking, doing everything in the nude. He pulled

up his chair and took his usual position for watching her. He looked down at His

little one and shook his head. She sat there, her eyes scrunched up tight, legs

closed, hands clasped tightly in her lap. He needed to relax her. He separated

her hands and made her keep them open and at her sides. He then pushed her legs

apart and started caressing her legs up and down. He moved his other hand to her

breast and started pulling and playing with her nipple. She started to relax as

he played with her. He moved his hand in between her lips and started to play

with her clit. He discovered how wet she was and smiled deviously. He continued

to pinch and play with her nipples alternating between them. He began to slide

his fingers in and out of her wet pussy. He could feel her arousal rise and at

the same time still keep tense so as to not lose her bowels. He finger fucked

her until her breath was nice and heavy and he could hear small moans escape

from her. He then stopped and caressed her face and leaned in close to her ear.

"Are you going to be My good girl," he said coldly, "or are you just some dirty

little slut for everyone's amusement?" He grabbed her chin and made her look up

and see the neighbor, who was obviously watching them. He asked her again, "Are

you just some slut who hides behind fears, doors and mistrust? Or are you Mine?"

She heard his words and they hit her hard. She felt ashamed suddenly for keeping

things from him. Tears came to her eyes. She shrunk away from him. He stopped

her with a slap on the tit. "Are you ashamed to be Mine? Or are you proud to be

Mine?" He grabbed her chin as he spoke making her look directly at him. "Are you

going to answer me?" She looked at him, tears streaming down, her voice lost

somewhere. "Should I just leave you out here to amuse our neighbor? Or are you

going to pull yourself together and make me proud of you?" She swallowed hard

and whispered, "Make you proud." He leaned in closer, "I can't hear you." He

stepped back from her a few feet, "What did you say?" "Make you proud, Sir" "I

still can't hear you." She took a deep breath and let it out slowly, "Make you

proud, Sir." She had puffed out her chest and finally said it clearly.

He moved closer to her, "Then do it." She looked up at him and took a couple of

deep breaths and gave him a small smile. She exhaled slowly and tried to relax.

She slowly relaxed her anus, water started to drip out and she tensed up again

as she heard the sound of it hit the bottom of the bucket. She tried to relax

some more and let a little bit more out wincing at the sound it made. She hated

the sound. She looked up at him and saw that he was being patient but also

sensed that he won't tolerate much more of this. She closed her eyes and

pictured how relaxed she has to be when he fucks her ass with his nice cock. She

relaxed and all the water came pouring out. She closed her eyes tightly as it

splashed in the bucket. Suddenly, she felt his cock pushed against her lips and

she was forced to open her mouth.

He grabbed her head by her hair and shoved his cock deep in her throat. He felt

his head hit the back of her throat and he held it there until she needed to

breath. He pulled out and started to fuck her throat hard, pounding his cock

into her face. He grabbed her head with both of his hands moving in and out of

her. It didn't take long of the fierce fucking of her mouth and throat before he

shoved her all the way down on his cock and shot his cum down her throat. He

held her there till he was done cumming and then pulled out and wiped his cock

on the side of her face. He looked down at her and smiled. She smiled back up at

him, cum smeared across her cheek.

He leaned down and whispered, "I am proud of you My little slut." She smiled

even brighter at the praise. He put an arm under her and his other arm under her

legs, picking her up. She put her head on his chest and wrapped her arms around

his neck. He looked up as he turned around. Their voyeur had had his fill it

seemed as he was no longer there. He shook his head with a smile and walked back

in the house.

To be continued...