

The Witch's Guide

1324 IC

"Welcome back, milord." Vaia went down on one knee, bowing until her face almost touched the ground, skirt swirling around her. The palace servant was a small, willowy woman with long hair and sun-kissed brown skin, wearing the new regalia of the Witch of Abzu in blue and gold, with a splash of silver to reflect her representative in the kingdom.

Her first hint that a mistake had been made was when Genma's heavy leather boot pressed down on the back of her head, pushing her face into the dirt. "Excuse me?" the witch asked dangerously. Genma was tall and broad today, with their cuirass shaped to give the impression of breasts and muscles. Their skin was dark even for an Arihelmite, almost black, with matching curls that seemed too soft for their grim expression.

Blood running cold, Vaia realized her mistake. "Meister," she said quickly. "Welcome back, meister." It was a new word to her, at odds with the cultural and religious traditions of Arihelm.

But that was the old Arihelm. The new kingdom was whatever Alys wanted, and what Alys wanted was for her new disciple to break the nation that had oppressed and denied them. Vaia could only pray to Ashem that Genma would not punish her too harshly.

"Correct." The boot was removed, and Genma gestured for the servant to rise. "I wish to see the development of the labor farm. You will be my guide. I trust that the cart has been prepared?"

Vaia nodded quickly, not daring to rub the dirt off her face, or brush the mud from her hair. "Of course, m-meister. Right this way."

The labor farm had been Genma's idea. The nobles of Arihelm had all been Ashamites, believing in strict hierarchies, caste systems, and gender roles. They had also believed that the direct use of magic was sinful, and kept those who tried to learn magic in chains, punishing them while forcing them to work their power

for the good of others to ‘purify’ them. Now they were reaping the consequences of those decisions.

Vaia led the way to the base of the stairs, where a cart was waiting for Genma. It was a one-person chair with two large wheels, attached by a pair of long handles to the harness of a tall woman. The former queen of Arihelm had been thin and graceful, once, but two months of intense training and magic had given her wiry muscles and a patchwork of whip scars across her back. Her bare breasts were pierced with small rings, which attached to the reins of the cart, and her hair, which high-ranked Ashamite women were never to cut, was shaved down to a ragged stubble. Her hands were strapped to the handles of the cart, to ensure that she couldn’t walk without pulling it, and she looked at Genma with despair and a hint of fear, a bit gag shoved between her teeth.

“The trainers have been working on your mount. This is her first trip outside of the palace, as you requested.” It was a triple humiliation. Not only was the queen reduced to a beast of burden, but Ashamite women were never meant to do physical labor, and were never meant to be seen naked by any but their husbands. Vaia could see from her expression that the queen was not completely broken; she still looked as though she wanted to hide from the eyes of the passing commoners.

Ignoring that, Genma climbed into the cart, taking up the reins. “You will lead the,” they said, snapping the leather. “Be quick.” The pony let out a muffled grunt as her tender nipples were yanked, and began to pull the cart forwards at a steady jog. Vaia groaned, putting on a burst of motion to get in front of the cart before she was punished. The cobblestones were rough on her palace shoes, and she was forced to hitch her skirt in an undignified manner to stay ahead.

Their route took them through the town square, allowing many of the people of Arihelm to see their queen for the first time since Alys had swept through their small kingdom with her armies and her magic, overthrowing its rulers in a single day. Some looked away, others watched the queen as she struggled and sweated, breasts heaving with the effort of dragging Genma and the cart along the cobblestone street.

Eventually, the cart was pulling up at the labor farm set up on the grounds of what had once been the Temple of Asham. The queen staggered to a halt, desperately panting for breath, head hanging down, and Genma stepped down. They tied the queen’s reins to a hitching post, deliberately tossing the leather loop over it first and pulling it tight. The queen gasped as her breasts were pulled upwards,

standing up on the tips of her toes to try to reduce the pain. In the process, she finally got a good look at the farm for the first time, and she let out a muffled moan of despair.

There were about twenty women on the farm - all of the adults of Arihelm's noble houses. Each of them was naked, skin deeply tanned and hair shaved close to their heads, bathed in sweat from hours of hard work under the blazing sun. Some were watering rows of tiny sprouts, while others hacked at the rubble that had been a church wall with pickaxes, breaking it down further for carting off.

While they were not clothed, the women had accessories. Each of them wore a thick iron collar around her neck, with a tag proclaiming her new name to the world - things like 'HIPS', 'FRECKLES', or 'SMARTMOUTH'. Matching anklets glinted with a hint of gold. They were also each adorned with a ring gag, forcing their mouths open and causing what little saliva they could produce in the hot sun to drip down as they worked. The queen stared in horror across the yard, to where her daughter was toiling away, breaking rocks without comment, body marked by red welts from lashings.

As Genma stepped through the open gate to the farm, one of the women stumbled, dropping her tool. Her collar immediately responded, and she let out a cry of pain as it began to heat up, scalding her neck. She dropped to her knees, scrambling for the tool, and desperately set back to work.

"As you can see, the women are working hard. We had some protesters in the first week, but there haven't been any discipline issues in a few days." Vaia dipped her head subserviently. She had been the maid of one of the women currently breaking rocks, and while she wasn't precisely upset to see her mistress brought low, it was still disturbing to her.

"And the men?" Genma asked.

"Installed as you commanded." The guide led Genma to the far end of the farm. Once, this had been the temple's ritual room, where Genma had been chained and forced to spend their arcana as fast as they could gather it, to ensure that they could not plot an escape. Now, it was a single broad wall stretching across the length of the farm, dotted with twenty-four stained glass windows. Behind each window was the face of a man, heavily restrained and with a tube running into his mouth. The men stared hopelessly at their captor as Vaia gestured down to the base of the wall. A small hole had been carved below each window, and the cocks

and balls of the men had been fed through them, before being magically swollen to a size that prevented them from being pulled back inside. “Would you care for a demonstration?”

“Yes, that would be amusing.”

Vaia nodded. She pulled out a small silver bell, which had been enchanted to temporarily suppress the magic on the collars. “Feeding time!” she cried out. “Give thanks to your meister, and seek your reward!”

The women dropped their tools, groaning. They made their way to the wall - some desperate, some hollow, others stumbling shame-faced, painfully aware of their queen watching them as they lined up in front of the men. They fell to their knees, and each of them took the member of one of the men in their mouths, reaching up to fondle and toy with them.

“We followed all of your rules to the letter,” Vaia said, looking at the women. “Your enchantments have ensured that the mens’ seed is able to refresh and hydrate the women, and is all that they are allowed to drink. When each man climaxes, it activates the hose above them and sends a porridge slurry into their mouths. There are more women than men, so they must choose who is able to eat, and no woman is allowed to feed the men from their own house, so they must watch as their wives, daughters, and sisters subject themselves to humiliation at other mens’ hands.” Of all the humiliations, this was the worst. Everyone knew that a woman did not *give* pleasure. It was the most demeaning thing that could be imagined, for both the woman and her man. Even just watching it as a guide was enough to send shivers down Vaia’s spine.

“Good,” Genma said. “I see that some of them aren’t used to their new lives, yet.” While some of the women were working on the mens’ cocks, trying to make them come more quickly, others were still reluctant, eyes closed and shuddering as they forced the magically-enhanced lengths into their open mouths.

“No, meister. But they will grow used to it.” Vaia risked a quick look up, and was gratified to see a smile of enjoyment on Genman’s face as they watched the spectacle. “After all, what choice do they have?”

“Very true.” Genma waited until the last of the women had brought a man to climax, and then turned back to the cart as the women began once more to walk to

their tools. “Take me to the palace,” they said. “I will discuss the kingdom’s finances, and afterwards I will see if I can make this filly beg.”

“Yes, meister,” Vaia said. As Genma untethered the queen, Vaia shivered again, picking up her skirt and preparing for another unpleasant jog. But at least the witch’s wrath was directed at the former aristocrats. Vaia would do anything to ensure that she did not join them.