

The Wages of Sin

“The court finds the defendant, Natalie Whitmer, guilty on the counts of prostitution, adultery, violation of the public order, attempted seduction of the virtuous, and wanton obscenity. I declare the defendant a Wanton Woman, and strip her of all future rights to marriage and motherhood. Furthermore, the defendant is sentenced to one week in the Pillory, her fate to be decided by the good people of this city whose virtue she has trampled on.”

Natalie let out a muffled whimper as the judge delivered her sentence, sagging in the defendant’s stand. From the moment she’d been dragged out of her home in the middle of the night, the verdict had been a foregone conclusion. No one brought before the Modesty Court was found innocent. But she’d desperately hoped to be declared a Lost Lamb, and sent to re-education.

“Your sentence will be carried out immediately, in front of the eyes of the Court. Bailiffs, prepare her.”

Natalie shook her head as the men approached her, one pushing a small rolling table laden with the instruments of her punishment. “Please...” she said. “I’m not...”

“Shut up, slut.” The first bailiff grabbed Natalie by her long brown curls, yanking her away from the stand. There was a ripple of approval from the crowd; the Modesty Court was always filled with viewers. As she stumbled off the stand, the second bailiff grabbed her long white dress, tearing it at the seams. The net effect was that she was forcibly pulled out of her clothing, and defendants weren’t allowed to wear anything beneath the large, baggy dresses that denoted them as potential criminals. Natalie was left shivering naked in the cool air of the courtroom, on full display to all of her accusers, their families, and anyone who wanted to come and witness her punishment. They could see the gentle curve of her hips, muscles toned from walking everywhere, the dash of freckles across her shoulders and the small birthmark on her side, the paleness of her skin against the tan of her upper arms and face.

Even knowing that this was coming, Natalie’s response was instinctive. One hand dropped to cover her large breasts, and the other tried to fall over her crotch, guarding her modesty. But the bailiff behind her was faster, reaching around

behind her and grabbing her wrists roughly. Natalie gasped as her arms were wrenched behind her, and a pair of thick cuffs were slapped across her wrists.

The first bailiff stepped up, holding a rubber ring gag in front of him. "Open your mouth," he growled, "or it's another day."

Natalie stared at him, tears welling in her eyes, but obediently opened her mouth wide. The bailiff didn't waste any time, shoving the ring gag into her mouth and reaching around to belt it behind her head. At the same time, the man behind her was adding a second set of cuffs to her elbows, pulling her arms painfully together and forcing her to jut out her body. She let out a moan of pain, which was met by a roar of approval from the crowd.

Natalie's head spun as she tried to figure out how her life had gone so wrong. The young woman had been a modest clerk at a local shipping company, keeping her head down as she worked and looked for a husband. Of course, anyone approaching twenty-five who wasn't yet married was viewed with suspicion, and she'd been aware that her options were narrowing. That was why she'd been so excited when Matthew Lombardo had seemed to be interested in her. The man was a widower, rich and powerful, and he had plied her with compliments and gifts, taking her out on dates. She'd thought that her life was secure.

Until Matthew had turned on her. He'd called her to a date and taken her virginity, and then blackmailed her with the evidence. Her career had soared, but she'd been forced to degrade herself for him - and when the inspectors had come nosing around, and she'd gone to him to beg him to marry her, he'd promptly turned her in as a prostitute instead, claiming that she had tried to seduce him. Others had come forward, men she'd never seen who claimed she had tried to suck their cocks or blackmailed them into paying her for sex, and soon enough she was in the bowels of the Commission. The inspectors had used drugs to arouse her, teased her and tortured her until she orgasmed against her will, and used it as proof of her wanton nature.

The entire process had taken less than a week. For the first few days, she'd been sure that someone would save her. Then she had prayed that someone would take pity on her. None of it had helped, and now her accusers were in the crowd, smirking as they watched her pay the price for their crimes. She saw Matthew pull out his phone, taking a subtle picture of her as she was pulled straight up, drool pooling in her mouth and breasts jutting out. She knew that he would keep it, to remember her by.

The first bailiff was approaching her now, holding a pair of deep red rings in one hand. Each one was open at the top, with a tiny, sharp point on each end, and Natalie let out a shriek of fear as the bailiff reached out, roughly grabbing her left breast as he slid one of the rings onto her nipple. She could feel her breaths coming faster, torn between trying to hold still and wanting to run.

As the ring pressed over her nipple, the bailiff pressed on its sides, and the needles shot out through her body. Natalie screamed as a wave of pain passed through her, the ring punching instantly through the tip of her nipple and binding shut forever. She bucked against the bailiff holding her, who just laughed and easily kept her still for the crowd to admire. As the pain faded, the first bailiff pressed the next ring up to her other nipple, and held it still for just a moment. Natalie tensed, then her body began to relax as nothing happened - and then the next spike of agony flared through her as the other ring deployed. She thrashed against her bonds, desperately wanting the pain to fade.

She could feel the rings tightening inside her nipple, as the metal heated and bonded to itself. The rings could never be removed, not without industrial metal cutters. They would forever mark her as Wanton, unfit to bear a child. Anyone who saw her nude, anyone who saw her in less than the heaviest of clothing, would know her shame. Even if she survived her punishment, most careers would be barred to her; she would be left to the most menial and unwanted jobs, molested freely by men who knew that she would not report them for fear of reprisals. Some part of her still wanted to believe that this was a nightmare, but Natalie felt despair pooling as she saw a long, unhappy future unroll in front of her.

But the bailiffs weren't finished shaming her. The first man knelt at her feet, attaching ankle cuffs with a long chain between them, to force her to take slow, shuffling steps when she walked. Then he rose up her body, taking the opportunity to grope her ass as he 'checked' her restraints. As he finished, he wrapped a thick red collar around her neck. She heard a hiss of air as the collar tightened, just enough to be uncomfortable without cutting off her air. Finally, the bailiff pulled out a long leather leash, which ended in a pair of curved loops. He locked each hook into one of Natalie's nipple rings, and then stood, turning to the judge. "The Wanton Woman is ready for transport," he announced.

"Very good," the judge announced. "The Wanton Woman will be walked to the Pillory, where she will be placed in restraints for one week's time. During that

time, she will be punished as the community demands, and given only what food and water their charity provides. Let the virtue that fills our hearts determine her fate.” His eyes bore down at Natalie, and she shuddered at the clear pleasure in his expression. “The Wanton Woman will not speak during her punishment. Her place is to suffer silently, to demonstrate atonement. Do not violate this commandment.” He reached out, slamming his gavel down. “Take her away.”

The bailiff grinned harshly as he took the leash attached to Natalie’s aching nipples in one hand. “Come along, felon,” he growled, giving the leash an immediate yank. Natalie’s eyes widened as she felt the leash pull on her tender nipples, the man behind her still holding her arms and keeping her from moving to close the distance. She started to let out a shriek of pain.

Instantly, Natalie felt the collar on her throat tighten, cutting off her breath and swallowing her scream. Her gasp turned silent, mouth agape as she struggled to breathe. She suddenly understood what the judge had meant when he told her to ‘suffer silently’. A sensor in the collar was responding to sounds coming from her throat, preventing her from breathing when she tried to make noise. She bit back her screams, and felt the collar loosen enough for her to draw a ragged gasp of air.

Having established the situation, the bailiff behind her finally let Natalie go, and she shuffled towards her other captor as quickly as she could, bare feet brushing the cold stone floor of the court. The bailiff immediately began walking, hand falling to his side to pull Natalie’s breasts down. He walked slowly but implacably, and with her feet chained together it was a struggle to keep up, new waves of pain rippling through her breasts every time the bailiff took one of his large steps away from her. Every squeak of pain was met with a warning contraction of her collar, and Natalie shook her head pleadingly, silently begging for mercy from the watching crowd as she was led out the door and towards the half-covered courtyard at the front of the Hall.

It was a cool evening, and Natalie felt goosebumps rise on her skin as she was led through the open doors. Passersby jeered, laughing and taking pictures as she was brought towards the pillories. “Whore!” someone shouted. “Slut!” someone else called. Natalie’s cheeks were flaming with humiliation, even through the pain. Her feet ached as they stepped on twigs and small stones, and she did her best to look away from the gathering crowd.

There was a row of twelve pillories in front of the hall, arranged at a slight angle so that their occupants wouldn’t be able to look at each other. Only four were

currently occupied, with three disheveled, gaunt women and one man bent over and facing away from her. Natalie didn't have time to look at them, however, before she was led to the first empty spot on the left. The bailiff adjusted the pillory to her waist height, opened it, and roughly bent her over until her waist was resting in the central space, unclipping her leash. "Hold still, bitch," he whispered into her ear. "If you try to run, I'll give you reason to regret it."

Natalie could barely imagine anything worse than what was already happening, but she nodded as best she could around the collar holding her head still. The bailiff undid the restraints on her arms, then pulled them down to her side, placing her wrists into two more shallow depressions. The pillory's top lowered, and she felt the material surrounding her oozing shut, closing over her stomach and wrists until she couldn't so much as wriggle them, and leaving her standing bent over with her ass in the air. Next, he unclipped her ankle cuffs, before reattaching them to rings set in the ground to force her to stand with her legs outstretched.

Finally, as she squirmed to find a position that wasn't agony on her muscles, the bailiff grabbed the chain still dangling from her nipple rings, pulling it down until Natalie cried out in pain. As the first hint of sound left her lips, she felt her collar constrict, and she gasped desperately as the bailiff screwed the chain into the front of the pillory, leaving her breasts painfully pulled down. He stood up, giving her breasts a playful slap and drawing another choked gasp of pain, and looked her over. "There you are," he said. "Spread out like you deserve." He leaned in, wiping a tear off of her cheek. "I'll come back later tonight, once everyone is gone," he whispered lustfully, "and give you a taste of my meat. Swallow enough spunk, you might not starve up here. Say thank you."

Natalie stared at him helplessly, knowing what would happen if she tried to speak, and the man's grin widened. "Okay," he said. "If you don't *want* anything to drink tonight..."

"Tha-ughkk!" She knew what would happen, but the thought of being left here alone was even worse. This time, at least, the collar only choked her for a few seconds. The bailiff chuckled, patting her on the cheek.

"Good girl," he said. "You won't be a wife, but you might live as a whore."

The crowd surrounded her as the bailiff stepped away, and she saw more flashes go as the onlookers discussed the latest Wanton Woman to be sentenced. Natalie

closed her eyes, tears flowing freely. Within the hour, her picture would be spread across the Authority, celebrating the victory of morality over another subversive pervert. She'd seen enough of them in her life, scrolling across her social feeds and reminding her of the penalties for disobedience. Officially, the pictures were merely meant for punishment. No right-thinking person would be *aroused* by such things. But she knew better; she'd seen enough men who collected the pictures to know that whatever happened here, she would be on the minds of men across the planet.

Over the next few hours, Natalie was forced to stand and listen to passersby comment on her. Women tsked, warning their daughters that if they were free with their virtue, they would end up like that fallen whore. Men lingered, their gazes running over her curves. The Authority tracked anyone who stayed *too* long, of course, and anyone foolish enough to try to help every captive or to be too violent in their punishments would soon find themselves added to the pillories themselves, but occasional acts of virtue or cruelty were both allowed and expected. Her ass was slapped a good dozen times, brief, vicious spansks that drew cries of pain followed by a few seconds of breathlessness from her collar. Three women slipped up and fed her small scraps of bread or pieces of fruit before quickly hurrying away. A small gang of teenagers posed around her, hands running over her body as they took pictures of themselves with the convicts.

By the time night fell and the Hall closed, Natalie was already exhausted, aching, and terrified. She'd know the Pillory was bad. She hadn't imagined it would be like this, and it had only been four hours. She had a full week ahead to endure.

The air was getting colder, and Natalie shivered as she squirmed against her tight restraints. The exhaustion of the day overcame her, and she fell into a tense half-sleep, plagued by aches and pains.

She was jolted awake by a massive slap on her ass, and shrieked before she could remember to stay quiet. As the collar crushed her down, she heard the drunken voice of the bailiff behind her. "Good evening, miss. I think I promised you a little something, didn't I? Here, hold my beer for me."

Natalie winced as she felt something cold pressing against her ass. She shook her head desperately, unable to look behind her but knowing exactly what was happening as the bailiff slowly, methodically forced a small glass bottle into her ass bottom-first. Natalie bit down on her gag, trying not to scream as she felt herself violated in a way she'd never experienced. Finally, though, the bailiff was

done, and he circled around to look down at her. “No one cares about you, now,” he gloated, pulling down his pants. “A Wanton Woman is just a set of holes for men to purge their lusts in so that they can be proper around proper partners. So why don’t you get to work, and show me that you can do that?”

His manhood was in front of her now, massive and thick. Natalie looked up at him, not sure what to do. Drool dripped from her lips, and the bailiff rolled his eyes. “Not even good at that? Well, I’ll give you a hand.”

He took hold of his own shaft, angling it at her mouth, and began to press into her. Natalie choked around the length of it, eyes burning as she struggled to breathe. Her garbled cough was enough to set off the collar, and she felt her throat tighten just as the bailiff began to thrust, his hands tangling in her hair as he forced her head back and forth on him.

The experience was entirely new to Natalie; even Matthew had never demanded something so perverse. The alternating pressures of the cock and her collar meant that every breath she drew was ragged and hopeless, feeling the stink of his skin in her nostrils as his cock tickled the back of her throat, letting out soft gurgles as she struggled frantically to breathe. The bailiff seemed amused by her struggles, and he began to thrust deep into her throat, leaving her to choke on his length before pulling out, giving her a single breath, and plunging in again. “Glkk - plgg - mhh -” Natalie prayers for mercy went unheard by God or man.

Fortunately for her, the bailiff didn’t have much staying power. After a couple minutes, he groaned heavily, shooting his entire load down her throat. Natalie choked again, coughing and sputtering as he held his cock inside her mouth, forcing her to swallow down the foul-tasting stuff. When he was confident that she was done, he pulled out of her, patting her gently on the cheek. “I’ve had better,” he said, “but you’ll get there. Tell you what, I’ll give you two presents for being such a good girl.”

Natalie stared hopelessly at the ground as he walked around her, carefully tugging the bottle back out of her ass. She winced and whimpered, but just barely managed to avoid another scream as it popped free. “First thing,” he said casually, “when the gangs come by later tonight you should drop your tongue at them and shake your breasts. Try to tempt them to your mouth and you’ll get a lot more seed - and you’ll need it to last, because no one’s stupid enough to come in your mouth twice. Might get us on a list.”

He reached down, offering her the bottle. "Second, have a drink. You earned it, little slut."

Natalie was too tired to protest. She tilted her head back as best she could, and let the bailiff pour beer down her throat. Warmth spread through her belly, and the man laughed and patted her cheek again. "You survive this, maybe I can find you a job," he said. "It'll be a lot like this, but it'll be warm." He winked, turning and walking away. "Good luck, slut. It's going to be a cold night."

Natalie shivered in the pillory as she watched him go. Six and a half days of this, and then a lifetime ahead of her if she lived. She would do whatever it took.