

Taming The Heiress

CHARLES RYDER

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Author's Note: All characters in this adult fiction story are at least 18 years of age
Feedback welcome at charlesryder033@proton.me

Also by Charles Ryder

“The New Government 1”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(34,887 words, rated 5-stars)

“The New Government 2”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,082 words, rated 5-stars)

“The Director's Downfall”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,062 words)

“The Humiliation of Catherine Hunter”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,300 words, rated 5-star)

“The New Government 3”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,300 words)

“Return to Mainland 1”
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(18,800 words)

“Freya and the Amesbury's”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(35,062 words)

“State Orphanage 17”
(Moderate, non-consensual content)
(15,500 words, rated 5-stars)

“Stolen, Book 1”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(16,900 words)

“Return to Mainland 2”
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content, rated 5-stars)
(19,000 words)

“Return to Mainland 3”
(Written jointly with Velvetglove)
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(21,000 words)

“Owner to Office Girl”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(22,000 words)

“Ascendancy”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(104,000 words)

The 3 books of the New Government Trilogy

“Victoriana”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(22,688 words)

“Repurposing Laura”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(25,040 words)

“Prey For Him”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(25,900 words)

“Society of Sadists”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(25,000 words)

“Spanked and Disciplined”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(20,500 words)

“Spanked and Disciplined Again”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(21,000 words)

“Spanking Saves Souls”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(20,000 words)

“Minority Rules”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(17,000 words)

“The Purity Police”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(17,000 words)

“The Humiliation of Naomi Sanderson-Hughes”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(20,000 words)

“The Cadet Regime”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(20,000 words)

“Abigail’s Arab Adventure”

(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(25,000 words)

“The Grey Channel”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(20,000 words)

“Correction Girls”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(20,000 words)

“Daniel and Sophie Enslaved”
(Moderate to strong, non-consensual content)
(22,000 words)

Chapter 1

Stephen Darnley straightened his olive uniform tie and checked to make sure his cap was square on his head. He tucked his swagger stick under his arm and rapped on the imposing door. It was answered almost immediately by Jenny the immaculately uniformed maid.

"Won't you come in Captain? I'll tell the young mistress that you're here sir"

Stephen merely nodded and stepped into the baronial hall. My word but it was an impressive room! The furniture positively groaned under the weight of its opulence. Magnificent hunting trophies decorated the walls. Extravagant silks and carpets were strewn carelessly around the huge space. He couldn't begin to fathom what it had all cost. And that was just one room in the vast mansion. His reverie was broken by a rustling behind him. He turned just in time to witness her descending the last few steps of the massive double staircase.

She was a beauty, of that there could be no doubt. Quite small even for a woman, blonde and very slim. She had a heart shaped face, dominated by bright blue eyes. He knew from previous observation that she had little womanly shape. Her breasts were very small and her buttocks almost non-existent. But on the other hand she was only nineteen years old. He had no doubt that she would develop in a most pleasant way.

"Captain Darnley, how good of you to come sir."

She held out her hand which he dutifully pressed his lips to. My word, she was an attractive young filly. Even dressed head to foot in black she was unmistakably a beautiful girl.

"Miss Conyngham, it would have been most remiss of me had I not done what was necessary. As you know I had the greatest respect for your dear mother and father. I consider it an honour that you have asked me to accompany you to the church on this most sad day."

He hoped his rather formal pronouncement would set the correct sort of tone; after all she was now quite alone in the world and as far as he ascertain would be in need of a protector. He could see tears start to form in her eyelashes. She was trying to be very brave but the mere mention of her parents was enough to make her cry. With his help and assistance she managed to survive the service and the dual burial carried out in the dry heat of an African summer. She cried of course, but generally managed to keep an appearance that reflected positively on her upbringing and social class.

The days after her parent's unfortunate accident and the interminable cruise back to Southampton had given me plenty of time to work on her. Although I was most desirous of a return to Blighty, I was equally determined to take Charlotte back with me. After a little initial resistance she came around to the idea so readily that she began to see it as her own. Even I was shocked at her innocence and naivety. She seemed to regard me as some sort of cross between a guardian angel and lover. In fact nothing could be further from the truth. I know very well from my discussions with her father that she had a very sheltered upbringing, but even so! Having said that, it has made my task that much easier.

During the journey home, I became the epitome of a concerned and supportive friend. I listened with mock interest to her constant teenage whining. Truth be told we had very little in common. I am sixteen years her senior. I have seen and done things that she can't even imagine. What should we talk about? Considering that her only real experience was going away to school, that was pretty much her only topic of conversation. Ultimately there was a limit to her familiar stories of midnight feasts and merry japes. Eventually the discussion came around to me.

What had I done in the Great War? Where had I been on my travels? Was flying an airplane as super as it looked? And so forth. One skill I do pride myself on is the ability to predict my audience. It was too long before she was spellbound by my tales. I related a heavily abridged version of my life, the one I like to give to impressionable young girls. It was a story she desperately wanted to believe. I could tell even after a few days at sea that her interest in me was more than purely platonic.

Eventually she asked me the question that had been preying on her little mind for weeks. Was I married? And if not, was I betrothed? That was my opportunity, wiping away a manly tear I explained that my one true love had been killed by the Hun while I was away serving on the Western Front. Ever

since then I had found it very difficult to speak to a woman, never mind socialise with one. Here she placed her little hand over mine and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

From then on it was merely a matter of time. We held hands for longer. We looked into each other's eyes with greater significance. We were soon inseparable. I proposed to her on a romantic moonlit evening. How could she refuse me? Even when I suggested that the obvious difference in our respective ages may be a problem, she simply laughed and hugged me tighter to her bosom. Obviously we returned to our cabins at the end of the evening. Her to imagine our perfect life together no doubt, whereas I lay awake planning a somewhat different outcome.

When we landed in England, it was the first time she'd ever stood on 'home' soil. I thought it prudent to formally propose. I went down on one knee and swept my cap off

"Miss Conyngham, would you do me the honour of accepting my hand in marriage?" "I don't have much I'm afraid apart from my commission and a monthly salary."

"Oh darling, of course I accept, and don't worry, I imagine I'll have plenty for both of us."

Chapter 2

The two lovers were married at the local registry office. The next week were taken up with visits to her father's solicitors and house hunting. When she found somewhere she loved, a smart Georgian town house, she was quite prepared to buy it there and then. He loved it as well but had to point out to her that she couldn't own property in her own name until she was twenty one.

"I'm afraid it will most certainly be sold by the time you're legally an adult," he joked.

"I want it so very much darling; please say you have a solution?"

"Well, I suppose I'm an adult... But I wouldn't want you to think..."

"Nonsense darling, that's a simply marvellous idea. We shall buy it together, using my inheritance and your name, how simply perfect."

Well I agree with that last sentiment. It certainly was a perfect situation. Perfect for me that was, rather than her.

Charlotte doubted that she had ever been happier. She was living in her own house in London. Thanks to her dear, departed, much-loved parents, she had enough funds to do anything she wanted to do, but most importantly she was married to the most wonderful man. A handsome, dashing soldier. A reluctant war hero according to what little information she had been able to prise from him. Added to that they were now 'doing it '! Stephen had gallantry insisted on celibacy until they were legally married, but now they were making up for lost time.

They were 'doing it ', making love, she hastily corrected herself very, very regularly. The things that she and her friends had only giggled about at school turned out to be even better in the flesh than she possibly could have imagined. Although the first time was quite painful, because she was a virgin Stephen told her, the second was a quite wonderful experience. She could feel herself starting to swoon again just at the thought of the astonishing amount of pleasure he'd given her. And now that experience, the feeling of utter abandonment when that...feeling overwhelmed her was happening on an almost daily basis.

Their life together was a continuous round of late mornings, long breakfasts, shopping together and being introduced to London by her dashing older husband who seemed to know everything about everywhere. And the people he knew! Once the two of them, strolling arm in arm down Oxford Street by a rather intimidating, rough-looking fellow who doffed his cap to Stephen, shook him by the hand and called him an officer and a gentleman and told him it had been an honour to serve his country together. Stephen didn't dwell on the incident but later told her that the chap was a rough diamond, one of the best.

She felt even more proud of her husband than ever. She almost had to pinch herself to believe it. Here she was, nineteen years old, walking in London, the greatest city in all the world, arm in arm with her war-hero husband and making her leisurely wait back to the beautiful townhouse that she now owned. It hardly seemed possible. Her friends back in Rhodesia would be so envious when they discovered her new lifestyle.

The only potential fly in the ointment was Charlotte's almost total lack of housekeeping skill. She certainly couldn't cook and she'd never washed, cleaned, ironed or darned anything in her short, privileged life. She'd always been surrounded by servants, willing, black faces only too happy to do those sorts of things for her. She tried her best, but so far she hadn't produced a single edible hot meal. Fortunately her ever-reliable, rock of a husband had a sudden inspiration.

"I think it's time darling for you to have a little help around the house. After all you have no experience in household management do you?"

Charlotte was a little flustered by this advice. She really didn't want to share her beautiful house and her idyllic lifestyle with servants if she could possibly help it. She had a daily cleaning woman, who came and kept the house in order during the week, but she didn't live in the house and she wasn't around on weekends. But on the other hand Stephen was as usual, quite correct, as he invariably was she had come

to realise. He often remarked that whereas she had the money, he had the experience. He didn't actually say she was still a mere slip of a girl, but the inference was clear.

Well, she'd show him! She would find herself a respectable housekeeper and learn everything that it was possible to learn from her! He would be so impressed by her newfound ability. She was desperate to prove herself to him, to make her new husband ever so proud of her. She soon realised however that even finding a suitable housekeeper was beyond her limited knowledge. Where did one even begin to look for domestic servants? The problem was that she had absolutely no connections in the city. She had no family or network of friends to turn to, and therefore nobody to supply help or advice. Fortunately Stephen was at hand, as usual, to resolve her problems for her. He simply went to an employment agency, Charlotte had never even heard the term, and apparently enquired about a suitable person.

The following Monday she was being introduced to Mrs Francis. She turned out to be a tall, dark haired, buxom woman, at least forty years old by Charlotte's reckoning. She was dressed head to foot in black which Charlotte would discover was her habitual work uniform. She was an austere woman. She took Charlotte's proffered hand in a very firm grip and looked her squarely in the eye. The young woman was slightly discomforted. She was much more used to the humble deference shown by her father's servants. This was England however, she reminded herself. Things were done differently. For the next thirty minutes she was questioned closely by the intimidating woman.

With a mounting sense of trepidation Charlotte realised that she knew next to nothing about housekeeping.

"Well, Mrs Francis, do you think my wife is capable of being taught the rudiments of your profession? I realise now that she's starting from a very base level."

Charlotte could feel the beginning of tears in her eyelashes. She blinked furiously to keep them at bay. What Stephen had said was true. She really didn't have the remotest idea. She felt like a small child in the presence of two adults. She didn't suppose a woman like Mrs Francis would want to take on a hopeless case like her.

"Have no fear sir; I have instructed many a young mistress in my time. Just so long as she's willing to listen to what I have to say, and willing to agree to my requests then I have no doubt that she'll learn her lesson. You'll be proud of her, I'll wager."

Charlotte was so pleased with the older woman's reply that she promptly forgot her tears and gave a little squeal of delight.

"Oh Mrs Francis I'm ever so pleased you're able to take me on. I promise to be the most dutiful student ever!"

"I'm sure you will Mrs Darnley, I'm sure you will."

She was so happy that she missed the look that passed between her husband and their new employee.

Chapter 3

There was no time to waste. Stephen Darnley helped his housekeeper with her bags up to the attic room which had been allocated to her. Shortly afterwards Charlotte's training began in earnest. As she sat by her husband's desk taking note after note from the woman it struck her that it was not unlike her schooldays in Rhodesia. Rather than her schoolmistress, it was her housekeeper lecturing her from behind her husband's desk. By the end of the day she was exhausted. She hadn't had to concentrate so hard for such a long time. To compensate her though, she and Stephen made passionate love that night.

Stephen was even more energetic than usual. The fear that he might be amused by her lack of sexual experience had not come to fruition. Although she was inexperienced she found him eminently satisfying. She remembered with pleasure that first night after their marriage. He could tell she was terrified by the situation. However he had proved a considerate lover. At first they kissed and then she felt his knowledgeable hand sliding down between her legs, probing and investigating, finding the spot. She gasped as his hand insinuated itself into the delicate folds of her labia. Immediately she felt a finger on her hood.

This was better by far than her own ministrations. She licked her lips and they kissed again. Slowly his finger rotated around her clitoris. She squealed a little. He responded by sliding down the bed a little and taking her erect nipple into his mouth. Gently he sucked and pulled at it before changing his attention to the other one. She was going to climax already she was going to climax! When she had first tentatively played with herself she had been able to avoid a climax for several minutes in an effort to prolong her pleasure. With him she was just about to.....Oh lord! Her climax was enormous! Far more intense and prolonged than anything she was used to. Would it go on forever? Would she die of pleasure? When it ended she held him as tight as she possibly could.

"Oh my God, thank you, thank you, thank you," she gabbled.

Laughing, he had wriggled free and guided her hand down beneath the covers. She touched his penis. It throbbed in her hand. Oh my word, it felt huge! She realised then that he meant to put that massive thing inside her! Where would it go? How would it fit? Her panicked thoughts were interrupted by a return visit to her sopping pussy. His knowing fingers teased her again. This time she instinctively squeezed his shaft and heard him groan with pleasure. A few seconds later he couldn't wait and mounted her as she lay there, terrified.

It was quite painful at first, but within minutes though she had swapped terror for pleasure. He had slipped into her easily. There was a slight pain as he penetrated her hymen for the first time but after that it was pure unadulterated pleasure. Again he brought her rapidly to a culmination. This time it was almost unbelievably bigger and deeper than the first. It felt that all the energy in her body was being sucked out of her from her toes upwards. As she curled up in his arms as he smoked a cigarette she remembered realising that she was a woman now, rather than a child.

She wasn't even a particularly good lay. She enjoyed herself no doubt, but I didn't much. I know she's inexperienced and was indeed a virgin but even so. I don't see much of a future for us together if that's the best she can do. Let's hope she's a quick learner. And speaking of which she doesn't appear to be making Mrs Francis very happy either. That's because Mrs Francis is trying to cram a lifetime's accumulated knowledge into my wife's tiny, little, spoiled cranium. Charlotte is starting to panic. She hasn't said anything yet but I know the signs to look for.

I find her confusion and shame every time Mrs Francis corrects her to be highly stimulating. Mrs Francis is playing her role very well. She's very strict with my little girl. She won't accept second best or lack of effort. Both these crimes are described by Mrs Francis as 'displaying a lack of respect'. Whenever she hears that particular term my wife blushes delightfully. Little does she know that she'll never make Mrs Francis happy. Nothing my wife does, on the domestic front at least, will ever bring a smile to the austere woman's face. I can see Charlotte's self-esteem receding by the day. Perhaps it's time to increase the pressure?

It had been the longest week in Charlotte's young life. What she thought might be an amusing interlude had rapidly become a nightmare. Mrs Francis had turned into a dreadfully blunt harridan. Not to put too fine a point on it she was downright rude. She had ordered Charlotte around the kitchen as if she were a skivvy. The sheets on the bed must be turned down just so. A fire is laid like this, not like that! That particular desk needs this particular brand of polish. And so on, and so forth. Really, who did the woman think she was? Did she think she was the mistress of the house, for God's sake? Even Stephen seemed to have abandoned her. He had business to take care of apparently and hadn't returned to the house that evening. As a result, Mrs Francis had woken her at 6am in order to show her how to prepare breakfast. At six I clock in the morning!

"It is hard work, young lady. I don't deny it. But imagine the pleasure you will bring to your husband when you finally master all the processes. He will be ever so proud of you. How old are you, seventeen? Already you're showing enormous improvement."

"Thank you Mrs Francis, but I'm nineteen actually."

If the older woman heard her last comment she didn't reply to it. Once breakfast was finished and consumed, Charlotte busied herself with the washing up. As she did so a pan dropped into the soapy water and sent a cascade of it over her. She cursed silently and picked up a dishcloth to wipe herself down. Mrs Francis chose that moment to return to the kitchen.

"What are you doing now, you silly goose? Go up to your room and change out of that wet dress!"

Too shocked by the woman's annoyed tone even to argue she scurried upstairs and began to change. What on earth was she doing? Why was she rushing to obey her own housekeeper? Why didn't she just stand up to her? Where was a suitable dress? Of course she hadn't been able to bring all her clothes with her. Much of her finery was hanging in cupboards in her Rhodesian house. For a second the thought of her previous life overwhelmed her. She sat on the end of the bed and let the tears roll down her cheeks.

That was how Mrs Francis found her ten minutes later. She wrapped the young woman in her arms and pulled her to her ample chest.

"Don't worry little miss, Mrs Francis will take care of you. Hush now, everything's going to be okay."

After a few minutes she gently released her and went to the girl's wardrobe. She searched until she found something suitable. In this case a plain and simple knee-length black dress. Short sleeved and trimmed with white lace. She helped the girl to dress and then led her downstairs. Lying on the kitchen table was a white pinafore. Mrs Francis picked it up and slipped it over his mistress's head.

"I'm sorry Mrs Darnley I should have thought of this earlier. There's no point in damaging your lovely clothes is there? Now, let's wipe away those tears and get on with today's chores shall we?"

Mrs Francis smiled to herself as she left the room. Her spoiled little charge was coming along quite nicely, there was no point in frightening the horses so to speak. Well, not just yet anyway.

Chapter 4

Later that evening Stephen returned, but he wasn't alone. He entered the living room with an older gentleman. He introduced the man to her as Major Lytham. Who immediately removed his cap.

"Mrs Darnley, it's a pleasure to meet you at last ma'am. Your husband has told me a very great deal about you. And ma'am, if I be so bold, he has much underestimated your beauty and charm."

Charlotte blushed prettily and thanked the Major.

"Let me explain the situation, Mrs Darnley. I am your husband's senior officer. He is one of my most valuable men. The reason I'm here is to explain his role with us and to beg a favour from you. Your husband is soon to go undercover on our behalf. That is to spy on this country's enemies."

Charlotte put her hand to her mouth.

"But Major Lytham isn't that terribly dangerous? Will Stephen be in danger at all?"

Stephen and the Major exchanged glances.

"I'm afraid that yes, it is potentially very dangerous. However it's a matter of crucial importance to Great Britain. Your husband's a very brave man, although I'm sure you know that already, Mrs Darnley."

Charlotte nodded, proud of her valiant husband but scared at the same time.

"Before I go I have to get you to sign the Official Secrets Act. Also on a more personal note perhaps inform you that your husband will be coming and going at all hours of the day and night. He will probably have to dress and act differently to what you are used to. We have to create a new life for him in the short term. But please don't be too alarmed. We hope that this subterfuge will last no longer than a year at most."

Once he'd taken his leave, Charlotte ran to her husband and hugged him fiercely. "Oh darling, darling, you're so brave."

"Do you understand now why I have had to do certain things, my dearest?"

"Of course I do and I'm so proud of you."

That night their lovemaking reached new peaks.

Stephen was regularly absent now. Charlotte was left to the tender mercies of Agnes Francis. Before he left he'd sat the two down and explained to Charlotte that because of her age and lack of experience he was going to ask Mrs Francis to take charge. He didn't want to burden his young wife with the task of running a large house, dealing with tradesmen or even shopping. In the short term, Mrs Francis would rule the house. The daily cleaning woman had been dismissed without a reference, something about a missing item apparently. As a result, Charlotte found her workload actually increasing.

"Do you mind helping out Charlotte? As you can see I have so much more to do now that Jane's not here."

Charlotte didn't really have the nerve to suggest that Mrs Francis's workload had hardly increased at all and, whereas hers had become onerous. What was once a chance to learn how certain duties were efficiently carried out, had now almost become her occupation. Mrs Francis had found her an old pair of boots to work in and insisted that she polished them to within an inch of their lives. Every day she was required to put on one of her increasingly grubby black dresses, a pair of black woollen stockings, her crisp, white apron and work. And work she most certainly did!

Either reaching and stretching with a little feather duster, or down on her hands and knees scrubbing and polishing. There appeared to be no end to her chores. One particular evening it all came to a head. Charlotte had worked hard all day and was looking forward to a well-earned rest. When Mrs Francis asked her to make them both a cup of tea, she reacted rather petulantly and told the woman to make one for herself.

"You seem to be very fractious tonight, young lady. I think you need an early bed time."

It took Charlotte a little while to realise that her housekeeper wasn't joking and did indeed intend to send her to bed. She looked at the older woman in amazement.

"I'm perfectly fine Mrs Francis thank you. I think I'm old enough to know whether or not I'm tired, don't you!?"

Charlotte regretted her words as soon as they'd left her mouth. The housekeeper had gathered her things together and marched indignantly from the room. An hour passed, and then another. The woman had still not returned to the living room. Charlotte began to feel more and more guilty. After all the poor woman was only thinking about her health. Eventually she swallowed her pride and went to find the offended woman. She found her darning a pair of socks in the kitchen.

"I'm very sorry Mrs Francis, it was very rude of me to snap at you like that. You're right, I am very tired."

The woman looked up at her, grim and unsmiling.

"Go and get changed for bed and then I'll come upstairs and see to you."

Too scared to argue this time Charlotte scurried upstairs and found her pyjamas. Mrs Francis followed her upstairs and then sat herself on the edge of her bed. Charlotte stood in front of her not sure what to do with her hands.

"First things first, young lady. I'm most certainly not used to being spoken to like that, especially by an unruly little child like you. I'm going to teach you that that sort of behaviour is unacceptable. I want you to pull down your pyjama bottoms and then place yourself over my knee."

"Surely you don't mean to spank me Mrs Francis, I'm nineteen years old!" Wailed the girl.

"Yet you act like a nine year old. You need to be punished young lady. It's either that or I'll leave this house immediately and you can explain my absence to your husband!"

Charlotte knew when she was beaten. How would the house run if Mrs Francis wasn't there to do it? What would Stephen say when he returned to find her gone? He was under the most terrible pressure as it was. Tearfully she dropped her pyjamas to the floor and then lowered herself across the formidable woman's knee. All thoughts of her humiliating position vanished just as soon as she received the first stinging smack to her pert backside. She gasped out loud, was the woman's hand made of wood?

The humiliating, painful spanking just went on and on. She began to kick and squeal and struggle but she was easily controlled by the much larger woman. It felt as if every inch of her bottom was being heated up. Still the hand continued to deliver stroke after punishing stroke. She'd gone way beyond squealing now. She was howling and begging her housekeeper to please, please stop beating her. When eventually she'd run out of energy even to plead she just lay there and cried. Finally it was over, she was pulled to her feet and allowed to dance around the bedroom, weeping and desperately clutching at her scorched buttocks.

"That, young lady, is how insolence is dealt with in this house."

The following day she was taken shopping, Instructed to hold Mrs Francis's hand 'in case you get lost, dear'. Their first stop was the place that sold servants uniforms. There Charlotte was measured for a variety of outfits "Until we get a new girl you may have to help out a little more Charlotte. I don't imagine that will be any sort of problem for you?"

"N...no Mrs Francis."

"After all we don't want to get your clothes dirty do we? You're certainly not the most graceful of young ladies, I'm afraid to say."

"No Mrs Francis."

Then it was on to a cafe where Mrs Francis ordered her a sandwich and orange squash without bothering to consult her.

"I'm going to buy you some clothes suitable for a modest young English girl to wear rather than those rough African things you insist on. Mr Darnley has left me enough money to take care of the various transactions."

To her surprise she was led by the hand to a children's clothes shop. When she enquired as to why that would be, she was rewarded with a sharp slap to exposed thighs.

"You must learn, dear Charlotte that I will not be questioned by rude little girls. Nor will I explain my every action to you. If you must know we are shopping for clothes for you that will actually fit you. To be frank with you dear girl you don't yet have the figure of a woman. You may or may not be nineteen as you claim but in my opinion you not only have the figure of a fourteen year old, but the disposition as well. That being the case you will be dressed like a fourteen year old while you continue to look and act like one. Do you understand me now?"

Charlotte could hardly believe her own ears. Like a fourteen year old? How dare she? Surreptitiously she rubbed at the sting in her legs and agreed that yes, she did understand.

"B...but at home in Rhodesia I have lots of beautiful clothes that fit me perfectly, how..."

"You're not at home in Rhodesia now though are you missy? Interrupted the woman rudely. "You're here in a civilised country. You no longer have dressmakers, you have department stores where you may only buy clothes that fit you. Now take my hand and enough of this nonsense."

Then followed perhaps the most humiliating hour of Charlotte's young life. She was led into the large shop and directed towards the children's section. There, with the assistance of two smirking junior assistants she was provided with a selection of appropriate clothes. Short, pleated skirts, plain simple blouses. White knickers and vests suitable for a much younger girl. Neat little white ankle socks Plain black, patent leather shoes, brown sandals and two Empire dresses. She was so shocked and cowed by the experience that she didn't even question the deliberate lack of support for her budding little breasts. Not that the young assistants even suggested such an item as a bra. After all what fourteen year old girl was provided with such a thing?

Hand in hand and laden with luggage the two left the store. Mrs Francis had insisted that her mistress wear one of the A-line Empire dresses, a flouncy pink and white creation bedecked with pink ribbons, a pair of ankle socks and her shiny new, brown leather sandals. When one of the assistants enquired as to what they should do with the rather smart dress that Charlotte had put on that morning she was informed by Mrs Francis that they could burn it for all she cared. It was quite clearly unsuitable for her ward, far too grown-up in style for her rather plain appearance. Similarly the assistants could either keep Charlotte's elegant heels or simply throw them away if they preferred. Her little girl had no further use of them.

Charlotte was mortified, Mrs Francis actually used the words 'her little girl'. Really! This was simply too much, shown up in front of a couple of giggling shop girls who were certainly no older than she herself. And her lovely dress! It was one of her favourites, and her heels! Did Mrs Francis even have an idea how much they cost? She very nearly complained, but one look at the woman's grim looking face rather warned her off that particular subject. Instead she allowed herself to be guided out of the store by the hand like a meek, compliant little girl.

"You look very smart darling, those clothes suit you far better than the ones hung up in your wardrobe. I think we'll have a sort through those when we get back, dear. And now to compliment your lovely new dress think it's time for you to have your hair tidied up, Charlotte. What do you think? I know it's a lovely colour, but it is rather...unkempt. Mr Darnley has often remarked on it."

"Oh yes please Mrs Francis that would be lovely. Can we go to a proper salon to have it done?"

Charlotte had perked up a little at the idea of having her blonde hair styled. She hadn't visited a hairdresser's since she arrived in England.

"I don't think so Charlotte. Have you seen the prices they charge? Quite scandalous in my opinion."

"B...but I don't mind paying, Mrs Francis. I don't expect you to pay for me. I do have quite a lot of money you know."

"Is that so dear? How much money do you have on you at the present time?"

"I...well... I don't have any presently, as you know, but I thought that perhaps we could go to a bank and sort of take some money out?"

She tapered off lamely. She looked so confused that Agnes Francis had to fight to keep the smirk off her face as she explained the situation. Her and husband's account was a joint one. Because she was so young, he had to jointly sign every cheque she wrote. He even had to be present if she went to the branch. Agnes watched the naive young girl struggling to comprehend. But eventually even she had worked out that Stephen's continued absence meant that she couldn't access her own money.

"We're going to a barbershop young lady, and you will be grateful for that I hope"

"What's it to be madam? Short back and sides for your daughter, back to school is it?" Joked the jovial barber.

Sorely tempted by the idea of taking the brat down a peg or two Agnes Francis nevertheless explained that she wanted Charlotte's hair to be tidied up and put into two pigtales. The barber carried out his work. He exchanged pleasantries with Mrs Francis and whistled tunelessly. It slowly dawned on her that the barber had assumed she was a child and that her housekeeper really was her mother! Looking at herself in the mirror she found it hard to blame the barber. She actually looked the age that her housekeeper considered to be correct.

The combination of her clothes, her young-looking face without make-up and her lack of any discernable figure did indeed make her look like a fourteen year old! Oh the utter shame of it. Putting her hair in pigtales would clearly add to the subterfuge that Mrs Francis was creating. When the man was finally finished she was shown the finished product and then she was directed by her own housekeeper to thank the man who'd ruined her beautiful hair! Would this shameful day ever end?

Chapter 5

Stephen returned the following day and stayed the whole weekend. She was ever so pleased to see him, he looked so dashing in his uniform, and she kissed him and told him so.

"I love your new clothes as well darling, they suit you very much."

"Thank you dearest, but don't you think they look a little, well ... childish? "

"No, not at all. In fact I think you're very lucky that you have the looks and the figure to wear those type of things. She looked at herself in the mirror. She looked so young. A simple white blouse and blue skirt, white ankle socks and black lace-up shoes. She looked like a schoolgirl . Her hair as well! Now she had pigtails!

"But darling, I'm a married woman. But it hardly looks that way."

"You underestimate yourself , darling. You always look like the perfect wife. Anyway from what Mrs Francis tells me, your shorter hair style won't get in the way when you're helping out around the house. And let me remind you, dearest, and I want to make it quite clear, that Mrs Franco is in sole charge of the house and its occupants while I'm away. Do you understand?"

"I suppose so, Stephen . It's just that... I rather thought that ...well what I mean to say is, I rather thought that I'd be in charge by now."

The man smiled at her earnest young face and sighed, "clearly you will be in charge one day Charlotte , but at the moment when I'm away you're safety is paramount . The only way I can guarantee that is to place you under Mrs Francis's wing as it were. Do you follow, darling?"

She pouted and sulked at this news. Just like a teenage girl he thought with an internal smirk.

"She only has your interests at heart , dearest,"

" But yesterday ... Yesterday , well Stephen ... She... She spanked me!"

"Spanked you?"

"Yes, spanked me and jolly hard too, and she bared my bottom. It was so shameful, darling, I wouldn't be surprised if she's bruised me."

"What did you do to provoke the poor woman. I can't believe she spanked you for no reason?"

The girl blushed prettily. " I ... I erm...she said I was insolent."

"And were you insolent, young lady?"

"Y...yes I suppose I was in a way. But I was very tired and I did apologise!"

Stephen's expression changed suddenly. "Have you been listening to anything I've said, young lady? Haven't I made myself crystal clear? Mrs Francis is in sole charge of the house when I'm away!"

He walked to the door and called for the housekeeper. She appeared a minute or so later, wiping her hands on her apron.

"Do I understand correctly , Mrs Francis, that you recently had the need to chastise my wife?"

"Yes sir," The woman was completely unconcerned by the question.

"Over your knee with her buttocks bared?"

"Most certainly, sir. A thrashings not a thrashing unless it's on the bare, sir."

"Might I enquire why?"

"Of course sir, the young madam was quite insolent so I took it upon myself to chastise her sir, following your instructions, sir."

"I see, run upstairs Charlotte and bring down your hairbrush please."

Minutes later the slim young woman was placed over her husband's tweed clad thighs. Ten minutes later she was still being thrashed . The heavy Maple-backed hairbrush was striking the surface of her naked backside with relentless purpose. Much to Mrs Francis's barely concealed pleasure she watched as the so-called mistress of the house was handed a blistering bare bottom spanking by her irate husband. Watching the arrogant young madam dressed like a child, squirming and begging over the Master's knee was a sight to behold. Agnes could feel herself becoming a little damp at the spectacle.

"You will learn your place in this house young lady even if I have to beat it in to your backside every day of the week. Do you understand me you naughty little girl?"

Each word was punctuated by a resounding slap of wood against a pair of rapidly purpling bottom cheeks.. Eventually she was allowed to get to her feet. Bawling and dishevelled she ran upstairs to her room and flung herself on her bed, desperate to massage the pain from her bottom. An hour later she was called down and required to make a stuttering apology to her own housekeeper

"You do understand don't you darling? I hate having to chastise you, but ultimately it's for your own good. You do understand and accept that I presume?"

"Y...yes Stephen but...but it's so shaming. And it hurts so....I am so very sorry, darling."

Chapter 6

The following week saw a very subdued Charlotte Darnley. She carried out her duties without a murmur. She accepted the many criticisms she received from her mentor with little or no dissent. On the Friday she was called into her former sitting room which was now Mrs Francis's large office.

"I have two pieces of good news young lady. The first is that I'm very pleased with your behaviour this week and as a result we'll be going on an outing tomorrow. And the second is that your husband has been able to secure the services of an experienced house maid. The young lady is called Mary, I believe. She will be starting with us on Sunday."

Charlotte could hardly believe her ears! Mrs Francis was actually pleased with her. She would be going on an outing and she would, after all this time, be finally getting a housemaid. This was simply marvellous news. Stephen would be so proud of her. She could hardly wait to tell him.

The following morning she woke early and washed herself. She dressed herself in one of her new uniforms, reminding herself that the skirt was maybe a little too short and tight for her and that Mrs Francis may allow her to have it taken out a little. Timidly she knocked on Mrs Francis' bedroom door, and when answered she entered and placed a cup of tea on her bedside table as required. At first this had seemed an intolerable imposition but now Charlotte regarded it as just one of her many duties. Thankfully though this might be the last time she carried it out. From tomorrow that would, she imagined, be Mary's job.

She smiled to herself. She'd done it. Her husband would be bound to be impressed by her efforts. She'd proved to him, and to Mrs Francis, that she could learn her lesson and was now in a position to run the household as she wanted it run. She would have such fun instructing the new girl in her new duties! What sort of mistress would she prove to be? Certainly she would be fairly strict. If she'd learnt anything from her mentor it was that servants had to be managed. They were most assuredly not friends, they were subordinates. Perhaps not quite as strict as Mrs Francis maybe? Not a disciplinarian with a cane but certainly strict, strict but fair.

"Good morning Lottie, I trust you're well?"

"Good morning Mrs Francis I'm very well thank you."

The casual diminution of her name had been a fairly recent innovation. At first Charlotte had bridled against its use. But with respect to Mrs Francis her given name was rather a mouthful and considering their friendship she'd finally accepted its use as a form of endearment.

"That's very good to hear, my dear. I expect you're itching to know where we are heading on our little adventure today aren't you?"

"Yes I am Mrs Francis, I'm so looking forward to it, wherever can it be?"

The woman sat up in her bed and smiled.

"Ah, that's for me to know and for you to find out. Carry on with your duties and then report to me in my office at 11 o'clock. We'll be leaving the house at midday. Chop-chop now young lady, you have several duties to attend to before we go."

Charlotte made a little curtsy and scurried from the room. That was also a relatively new innovation. At first she had rebelled against learning to curtsy, after all what was the point? A soundly smacked bottom had convinced her otherwise. Now she did it without thinking. After all it was simply another skill to pass on to her housemaids wasn't it? She rushed through her duties in order to present herself to Mrs Francis at the agreed time. It was incredible really how much effort it took to properly run a house.

When she was a child in Rhodesia she very much took for granted the efforts of her servants. Everything was always done for her. Rooms were always immaculate. Her shoes were always polished. Her beautiful clothes were always perfectly laundered. The gardens were always kept in pristine condition by an army of gardeners. She felt herself blushing as she realised how much work and effort she'd ignored. She promised herself there and then that in the future she'd be far more appreciative of the work of others. Finally her work was done and she hurried along to the agreed meeting place.

Agnes Francis looked the girl up and down. It had taken a few months admittedly but now she had the entitled little brat just where she wanted her. She hardly looked like the wealthy heiress now did she? Her uniform was clearly too tight even for her tiny little tits and quite scandalously short. Her apron was covered in dust and grime; her cheap shoes were scuffed and battered. Her hair had come adrift from its pins and was now hanging down from her cap. Even her face was flecked with what looked like soot.

"Examine yourself in the mirror, Lottie. You are a disgrace to your uniform, girl! Upstairs with you and into the bath. We haven't time to heat the water, you can stand while I wash you. Hurry now, girl."

Charlotte fairly scampered up the stairs. She supposed that she should have been indignant and questioned Mrs Francis, but that just didn't seem possible nowadays. Rather than rebel, she quickly stripped off her outer garments and her ugly work boots and left them lying on the floor. She unclipped her stockings from her girdle and then removed it. She could hear Mrs Francis' shoes on the stairs and redoubled her efforts.

"Good girl, in you get."

Charlotte stood awkwardly in the copper bathtub trying to cover her rather threadbare Mons with one hand and her breasts with the other. Mrs Francis smiled to herself; the silly little chit didn't have much to hide in either case. She poured the first jug of water over the compliant girl who gave a little shuddering tremble as the cold water cascaded over her. Ignoring her, Mrs Francis seized a bar of carbollic soap and began to scrub away vigorously. Every single square inch of her delicate skin was attacked, when she squirmed a little too much for Mrs Francis' liking, the woman simply reached over and slapped one of the girl's long, glistening thighs leaving a red imprint of her calloused hand. When Charlotte's hair had been washed in the same odd-smelling soap, why she couldn't use shampoo had never been explained, she was rinsed for the final time and then bodily lifted out of the bath. Charlotte resented being treated like a child by the much larger woman, but she'd learned how to hold her tongue.

Within the hour though both women had left the house. Agnes Francis marched along the pavement holding Charlotte's hand. She was dressed in her customary all black garb. Alongside her Charlotte had to scamper almost to keep up with the older woman's determined stride. Her free hand was engaged in a battle to keep her short grey skirt from blowing up in the wind. She was a little unhappy in the way she was dressed. Along with the skirt she was wearing knee length white socks and shiny, black shoes. She also had on a long sleeved white shirt and a blue jacket.

The jacket was unfortunately tailored like a short blazer. It even had a nondescript badge on the breast pocket. On her head she wore a straw boater with a blue ribbon around the crown, kept squarely on her head by a piece of elastic that went behind her ears and under her chin. The whole outfit was just so....juvenile. She shuddered to think what her stylish Rhodesian girl friends would make of her current appearance. Her reverie was interrupted by a sudden slap to the back of one of her legs.

"Don't dawdle please Lottie, there's a good girl."

Charlotte yelped in shock. The whole situation was so unfair. She looked around furtively but as far as she could tell nobody had witnessed her humiliation. Here she was a nineteen year old married woman being publicly slapped in a busy street in broad daylight! By her own servant! Surely that was wrong?

"Please Mrs Francis, please don't..."

"Please don't what, young lady? Please don't spank you for misbehaving? If I hear one more peep out of you my girl I'll put you over my knee right now. Do you understand me?"

Charlotte cringed as they passed an elderly gentleman who, she was sure, had heard every word.

"Well girl?" demanded the overbearing woman in a slightly louder tone.

"Yes Mrs Francis, sorry Mrs Francis."

"That's better, young lady. You don't want me to have to speak to Captain Darnley do you; I expect he's got enough on his plate right now?"

Charlotte hung her head in shame, the old housekeeper was right. Her husband was doing important work for the country, the least she could do was to put up with a little discomfort without complaining. Mrs Francis took her hand again and steered Charlotte through the loud, chaotic streets. The young woman didn't resist, she found the noise and the bustle of London to be quite intimidating after the peace and gentility of Salisbury's dusty streets. If anything she gripped the austere woman's hand just a little more firmly. Heaven knew what she would do if she lost Mrs Francis, she had absolutely no idea where

she was. She had managed to memorise her own address, but she didn't know if her own house was behind her, in front of her, or to her right or left, or indeed how many miles away it was.

A policeman would help her, she assumed, but what about all the beggars and rough-looking men that they seemed to pass with alarming frequency. And what if she couldn't walk that far, she didn't have any money for a cab or even an omnibus, not that she'd actually ever been on an omnibus. How did they operate, how did one alight, did one simply flag one of the unfamiliar red vehicles down? The fact that she didn't have any personal money was particularly galling, but as Mrs Francis said, she didn't own a purse and neither did her pretty little dress have pockets so what where would she actually carry money? No, far better for all concerned if Mrs Francis was responsible for the financial side of things. That's what Stephen said anyway. Eventually she was ushered into a nondescript little shop that was tucked away up a side street. The bell over the door jangled as it closed.

"Good morning madam, how may I help you?" the shop assistant asked, obsequiously.

Good morning, I'm here to enquire about your range of domestic disciplinary implements, if I may?"

"Most certainly, madam. Might I enquire as to the age and sex of the recipient of our disciplinary tools? Servants I assume or perhaps a younger member of the household? It would be beneficial in terms of the advice I hope to offer."

Here he glanced at Charlotte as if noticing her for the first time. Mrs Francis explained to the gentleman that she wished to purchase a cane, maybe two canes, and perhaps a leather strap. Charlotte could hardly keep her eyes off the array of disciplinary tools. She'd never seen such a collection, her elderly school mistress had carried a cane but that had largely been for effect. She didn't recall ever seeing it used on a schoolmate; it was certainly never used on her. She had a sudden cold feeling in her stomach, why Miss Francis was actually here, for whom were the cane and the strap intended? The look of fear must have been obvious because Miss Francis spoke to her,

"Don't worry yourself, young Miss. Do we not have a new maid starting with us next week? I want to make sure that we all start off on the right foot. Although if you want me to buy a nursery cane for you, all you have to do is ask." Mrs Francis laughed at her own wit.

The man smiled revealing an unpleasant set of teeth. Charlotte bit her lip and blushed with embarrassment as her own servant intimated that she was but a child, rather than the actual nineteen year old mistress of the house. She could hardly wait for this new maid to arrive!

The following morning Charlotte was up bright and early. Hopefully this was the day her enforced domestic education would end. The new maid was due to report to the house at around midday she had been informed. Charlotte was dressed in her second Empire dress. This one was royal blue in colour and had if anything even more ribbons and bows than the other one. And it was so short, almost but not quite scandalous, but Mrs Francis had been most insistent. Nevertheless she didn't really mind. Her husband had managed to drag himself away from his duties and was on his way over to the house to take her to church. She checked her appearance in the mirror. Once again she was a little downhearted. The addition of the straw boater had if anything made her more self conscious. Did it, as Mrs Francis had claimed, make her look older? Or did it, as she feared, make her look even younger? At that moment she could hear voices in the hall. Dashing downstairs she threw decorum to the wind and launched herself into Stephen's arms.

"Oh darling I've missed you so much. It's lovely to have you back again."

Stephen Darnley hugged his little bride to his chest and then held her at arm's length as if to scrutinise her.

"My word, darling you look scrumptious, good enough to eat in fact."

Good grief! What has she done to herself? She looks like about thirteen. Stephen had to battle not to laugh out loud at her new appearance. Agnes had warned him in advance that her new look might surprise him but this had really exceeded his expectations! How had the woman persuaded Charlotte to dress in such a humiliating fashion? It was agreed that Stephen and Charlotte would go to church and return for lunch. Mrs Francis would wait for the new maid to report and then instruct her in her new duties. Mrs stood in the doorway and waved the young married couple on their way. Although in reality it looked like a father taking his daughter to church.

Chapter 7

Stephen held his wife's hand and basked in the attention the couple received as they made their way back to the house. Dressed as she was she seemed to be a magnet for every lascivious gentleman in the city. He lost track of the number of times he touched his hat and replied to their jolly 'good mornings' with one of his own. Charlotte of course was completely oblivious to the effect she was having on the male population. Nevertheless when they arrived back at the house they were both in good moods. Stephen rapped on the door with his cane. A couple of minutes later the door was answered by a dark haired, buxom young woman who curtsied prettily to the pair of them.

"Welcome back sir, miss."

"And you are?" Asked Stephen.

"Begging your pardon, sir. My name's Mary, sir. If it please you, sir." She gave a clumsy little curtsy

Stephen handed her his hat and cane. Before Charlotte could hand her the despised boater the woman had turned on her heel and disappeared into the house. They were ushered to the dining room where they enjoyed a delightful lunch. When they'd finished, Mrs Francis led in the maid who blushed prettily when she was introduced. She was attractive in a gypsy sort of way thought Charlotte to herself, dark haired, dark eyed and slightly swarthy skinned. Which, she accepted, certain types of men found attractive.

Mary had a faint accent which could be Scots or Irish maybe? Charlotte couldn't be sure. She was also older than Charlotte had imagined. It was hard to gauge accurately but Mary looked ten years older than the age she thought the maid would be. While this was running through her head she was dimly aware of Mrs Francis instructing the young woman on her duties, her hours of work, her remuneration, her duties and so forth. Finally she asked the new maid if she herself had any questions

"Yes ma'am if I might be so bold. Are the master and the young miss the only members of the household, are there any other children?"

Charlotte felt her blood run cold. She knew straight away that the maid had innocently assumed that she, the mistress of the house, was a child. She wasn't sure what to say. She didn't really want to embarrass the poor girl on her first day at her new place of work, but really! However she was surprised to hear the reaction of her husband and her housekeeper. Both broke into peals of laughter. The maid looked bewildered but as her husband slowly explained that the 'young miss' was in fact the mistress of the house even she struggled to hide her amusement.

"Begging your pardon, miss. What with you being so pretty and young-looking miss. I'm most dreadfully sorry miss."

Charlotte could already feel the tears pricking her eyes. This was truly becoming intolerable. Before she could express her anger Mrs Francis bundled the young woman out of the room leaving her with Stephen.

"Stephen I really must insist that..."

"Darling please don't presume to lecture me. The girl made a genuine mistake for which she has apologised. What would you have me do? Take her across my knee and spank her perhaps?"

"Of course not dear only that..."

"Only what, dearest?"

"Don't you think that I may be allowed to dress in a manner befitting the mistress of her own house? Look at the clothes Mrs Francis has me wear. It's no wonder Mary thinks I'm a child!"

"Darling you'd do well not to raise your voice to me at my own table! You should bear in mind that I encourage Mrs Francis to dress you in a manner that pleases me."

"But Stephen I'm your wife. Don't you want me to dress as a woman and to assume my rightful place in this house?"

"Your rightful place in this house, dearest, is exactly the place that I deem most suitable for you. I receive regular reports from Mrs Francis regarding your behaviour. Far too often I hear that you've behaved childishly or that she's had to slap your legs for you. Can you imagine my thoughts when I hear such news? Darling I have to introduce you to fellow officers, my superiors. How would it look if the

woman on my arm turned out to act in a foolish or inappropriate manner? What do you think that would do to my prospects for advancement? Do you think this situation makes me happy at all? Why do you think I haven't introduced you to any of my associates? Is it because you're ugly? Clearly not, you're a very attractive young woman. Is it because you're common? Clearly that's not true either. The problem is that you're very young and inexperienced and you haven't been able to move in the right circles, through no fault of your own I hasten to add. It's almost as if somehow you need to be re-educated in the ways of the world."

Charlotte wept as she listened to her husband. Clearly he considered that she wasn't up to scratch. He was embarrassed by her behaviour. She was suddenly struck with a cold fear. What if she decided that enough was enough? What would she do if he abandoned her? She knew absolutely nobody in England. She had no remaining family in Africa. She couldn't even access her own bank account without Stephen's approval. She dimly remembered visiting her father's solicitors in London but she couldn't remember their name or even where the office was. Who would take care of her if -Stephen wouldn't. Who would supply her with the loving, sexual relationship she so craved? Almost as if reading her mind he leaned over and hugged her to him.

"Have no fear darling; I intend to make the most of a bad situation. I will never leave you, I am after all a British officer and gentleman if you remember. I'm quite prepared to take whatever steps I consider to be necessary in order to rectify our relationship. I love you dearly but you would do well to heed my advice. I believe you need taking in hand and I also believe that I'm eminently capable of achieving the desired result. If you agree with me then let's kiss and make up. Tomorrow is another day after all."

And so it turned out. After a night of heroic, even by my standards, love making she was but putty in my hands. Even a girl as foolish and self-centred as Charlotte had picked up on my unspoken threat to abandon her. She listened attentively as I outlined my plan. Firstly she would not be required to act as a maid in her own house anymore. Although I found her humiliating servitude a huge stimulus in our lovemaking I also realised that it would be difficult to maintain the subterfuge now that Mary was employed in that capacity. Now it was time to convince my little wife that her 're-education' was to be literally that. Now that Mrs Francis was superfluous to requirements as far as supervising my wife's drudgery duties was concerned, I had a new role in mind for her.

Chapter 8

Stephen made me very happy today. He explained how he was very impressed with my work under Mrs Francis. She had apparently explained to him that I was now thoroughly knowledgeable regarding all matters pertaining to the running of the house and that consequently my services as a maid were no longer required. He also explained that I should be schooled in the behaviour expected of the wife of a senior army officer. He has discussed this with Mrs Francis and she is apparently amenable to help 'take me in hand'. He has also given Mrs Francis a sum of money in order that I might be more appropriately dressed for my new role.

"How long do I have to wait before you tell the silly little bitch?"

Each word was punctuated by a rhythmic thrust as I worked energetically on my Irish minx. I could feel my manhood straining to bursting point. She was almost the exact opposite of my juvenile wife, sexy, skilful and all the tricks of a whore, which she possibly once was. At that precise moment I just didn't care. I was right on the very edge of a massive climax.

"Tell me again" I whispered. "What are we going to do with Charlotte?"

She smiled at me showing her beautiful, even teeth, stretching upwards she whispered the response she knew I wanted. With a massive, euphoric rush I came enormously.

Charlotte meanwhile was back in the City. She was trying on clothes again. This time however they were not just child like. They were actually designed for children. More precisely she was trying on for size a grey, box-pleated gymslip. She was already wearing a starched white shirt, a tightly knotted red and white tie, and a pair of tight blue knickers. She was trying desperately hard not to cry. Mrs Francis had threatened to tan her backside if she as much as let one tear escape. The true horror of her situation had slowly enveloped her. Mrs Francis had carefully explained to her that in order to facilitate her re-education she would be required to attend lessons dressed in a full school uniform.

The fact that she was nineteen was brushed to one side. In order to achieve maximum efficiency a room in the house would be furnished as a schoolroom. She, Charlotte, would have to attend lessons given by Mrs Francis. Mrs Francis would be given full authority over her as regards her subjects, discipline and uniform. And Mrs Francis had apparently decided that Charlotte should be attired in the most humiliating uniform that she could find. Despite the warning her new teacher had given her she could feel the tears welling once again. The shopkeeper was bringing over a hideous red and white striped blazer and a straw boater with a matching ribbon.

Two months had passed. Charlotte was sat in the schoolroom trying to sit comfortably on her hard, wooden chair. Her bottom stung abominably. Her skin tight knickers only exacerbated the situation. She had received a 'sixer' from Miss Francis for inattention and now the stripes were throbbing. All she had done was to take her eyes off the blackboard for a few seconds. Miss Francis, she preferred to be addressed as 'miss' now that she was Charlotte's schoolmistress, had called her out and bent her over the desk. The scandalously short skirt of her gymslip had been flipped up and then as directed she pulled her own knickers down to her knees. The first stroke of the cane had taken her breath away,

"Aaagh, one thank you Miss Francis."

Whiiiip,

"T...two, thank you Miss Francis."

And so it had gone on until Charlotte was a squirming, blubbering wreck. This was not an unusual occurrence. It turned out that Miss Francis was a particularly accomplished disciplinarian. The little shop in the City that Miss Francis had dragged her to had supplied the woman with everything she needed. Whatever implement she selected was guaranteed to reduce her charge to tears in double quick time. The cane however was her favourite. So neat, so elegant, and yet so painful for the recipient. Almost every day she applied some sort of punishment to her student.

Not necessarily a severe punishment. Sometimes she might apply a ruler to Charlotte's outstretched palms, sometimes a couple of open handed slaps to the back of her thighs was deemed sufficient. Whatever the choice the outcome would always leave her absolutely squirming with embarrassment. Indeed it seemed to Charlotte that humiliation was the woman's primary objective. Whenever she was taken out of the house be it with Miss Francis or with Stephen she was instructed to wear her full uniform including hat and blazer. They were both most particular regarding her appearance.

Charlotte particularly disliked being punished in front of the new maid. At first she was punished in the privacy of the schoolroom. Although the spankings or canings she received usually caused her to cry and shriek at least it was only her and Miss Francis. When Miss Francis warned her that her unladylike 'caterwauling' as she described it would bring the maid's attention to her humiliating correction she tried very hard to control her grief. Mary seemed unaccountably interested in her punishments. Even when they were in the same room or corridor the Irish maid would look at her in a knowing sort of way. Even after straightening her clothes and splashing her flushed face with water the woman still knew she'd been spanked.

As time passed however she noticed that the maid would hover around the classroom more and more frequently. Even her attitude towards Charlotte had become increasingly less respectful. After the confusion regarding her status in the house had been resolved Mary had been at least respectful to her. She had begun referring to her as ma'am, at least when Miss Francis or her husband were within earshot. But as time passed and her true status had become clear, so Mary's attitude had changed. Now she would grin whenever she caught Charlotte sobbing or holding her caned backside. Once when she came out of the schoolroom after a particularly vicious application of the hairbrush to her pert backside Charlotte had run slap bang into the maid causing her to stumble and drop her coal scuttle and disperse its contents all over the carpet.

An hour later Charlotte was stood, arms behind her back, in front of her husband's desk. She was sobbing and her eyes were red-rimmed with crying.

"Let's try one more time Charlotte. Mrs Francis has told me that she spanked you with the hairbrush for inattention, is that correct?"

"Yes sir." When she was dressed in uniform, her husband had decreed it was more appropriate for his young wife to refer to him as 'sir'.

"Mary tells me that when you ran out of the schoolroom she sympathised with you but in return you lashed out at her causing her to spill coal on the carpet. Is that a correct interpretation of events?"

"N...no sir, most certainly not. I accidentally bumped into Mary and she dropped the coal. It wasn't my fault sir."

"Didn't you see the poor girl? She was after all merely carrying out her duties."

"N...no sir. My eye were f...full of water sir. I was trying to clear my vision when we ran into each other."

"So you admit it was your inattention that was the cause of the collision?"

"Y...yes I suppose so, but my bottom it stung so much that I didn't really n...notice her until..."

"Enough please Charlotte, you sound like a whining child. Do you accept that you were rightfully punished for inattention?"

"Yes sir."

"So therefore you can hardly blame Miss Francis can you?"

"No sir."

"It appears to me that if you didn't notice Mary carrying a coal scuttle that is also inattention."

"Yes sir."

"Despite being correctly punished for that very same offence mere seconds earlier?"

"Yes sir."

He noticed with a certain pleasure that she was beginning to cry.

Chapter 9

"It seems to me that despite the best efforts of Miss Francis, the lesson hasn't stuck. Perhaps you need a firmer lesson young lady? Run along and find Miss Francis and ask her to join us in my study please, oh and Charlotte ask her to bring her cane will you?"

Charlotte could hardly believe her ears, but she certainly didn't feel brave enough to argue with her husband when he was in one of his moods. She turned from his office and literally ran. When she returned with Miss Francis she found Mary already talking to her husband.

"Bend over my desk please Charlotte."

She looked at him aghast.

"But darling, what about Mary?"

"What about her?"

"Surely you don't intend to punish me in front of her, darling?"

"I'm afraid that is exactly what I intend to do. I am going to ask Miss Francis to give you six strokes of the cane across your knickers and you will thank her for each one. Mary will witness your punishment because you caused her to spill the coal over the carpet. Once you have served a suitable amount of penance in the corner you will go and clear up the mess you caused, Mary will oversee your work."

Charlotte looked at him dumbfounded. She was to be caned over her knickers while dressed as a schoolgirl, by her former housekeeper! And if that wasn't shameful enough the whole thing would be witnessed by her Irish maid. But in reality what other option did she have? With a sob she pulled up her little skirt and leaned across the wooden desk.

"If you could do the honours Miss Francis?"

Miss Francis certainly could do the honours. The first stroke of the thin cane bit into my wife's delightfully juvenile little bottom. She shrieked in pain, Miss Francis tapped her again with the stick,

"O...one, thank you Miss Francis."

The second stroke was, if anything, firmer still and had a similar effect. As I stood and watched the weal's raised on her already inflamed buttocks I was suddenly aware of Mary's slim hand stroking the front of my trousers. I was immediately hard, my wife was facing away from me and was unaware of the attention I was receiving. If Mrs Francis was aware, I neither knew nor cared.

"Aaaggh...Th...three, thank you Miss F...Francis."

Mary had taken a firmer hold on my engorged manhood, and I thrust my hips forward in anticipation. Unusually for me I could hardly wait until the thrashing was over. Normally I took pleasure in listening to me little wife squealing and begging as she was punished. But this time I bundled Mary out of my office with almost indecent haste and up to my bedroom. Both of struggled out of our clothes and fell onto my marital bed together. I came in an embarrassingly short time, but she was polite enough to ignore my shortcomings.

"Do you want me to clean you Stephen?" whispered the little minx.

She slid down the bed and started to take me in her mouth. She licked me down the full length of my shaft. She suddenly appeared by my side again.

"Before I give you an extra special clean Stephen, there is one thing."

"What the hell do you mean? Can't you just get back to work?" I was almost begging.

She ran a fingernail from the base of my balls to the length of my quivering tip, and placed her lips close enough to my manhood that I could feel he breath on it

"In return for an extra special clean, I want to spank the silly little bitch's bottom for her. No, wait, I want to cane her like Mrs Francis is right now. Lord, listen to her howl! Do we have an agreement?"

From downstairs I could hear my dear wife squealing as Miss Francis unhurriedly caned her pretty little backside. I believe I would have promised my mistress absolutely anything right at that moment, without giving any thought to my reply I acquiesced. With a delighted squeal she kissed me and then resumed her position between my thighs.

I returned to my office thirty minutes later and was pleased to see my chastened wife still with her nose pressed against the wall. Her skirt had been tucked into the belt of her shamefully short gymslip and

her delightful navy blue knickers had been pulled inside out and down to her knees. She has six quite discernable stripes decorating her backside. I sat at my desk and watched her for a little while before I called her over.

"I must apologise. my dear. My unfortunate duty should have been to stay and witness your chastisement. The truth of the matter is that I couldn't bear to see you suffer so. I sent Mary packing and then I retired to my study."

She sniffed a little and tried to smile,

"Thank you darling, that was very considerate of you. I...I'm sorry I wasn't paying attention and I do hope Mary will forgive me."

"That's very gracious my dear. I know she's only a servant, and an Irish woman but she is a sensitive soul and is surely deserving of a little respect? After all, good servants are so hard to find."

"I know, dear and I will apologise."

"It may be a good idea for you to do that now, Charlotte. Perhaps go down to the kitchen, apologise to Mary and request an apron to wear while you clean up the mess in the hall?"

She bit her lip anxiously and looked at him as if he might be having a little fun at her expense. She soon realised he wasn't though, and untucked her skirt and set off reluctantly for the kitchen. She found her maid and her housekeeper sat together at the well-scrubbed wooden table, eating cake and drinking tea together like the best of friends. Both looked up as she entered but neither made a move to stand,

"Yes, young missy? Was there something you wanted, a little cold-cream for your burning backside was it?" asked Miss Francis in a mocking sort of tone.

The dark, Irish girl laughed in appreciation of the witticism.

"N...no, Miss F...Francis."

"Then why are you down here you fool, stuttering like an imbecile?"

"S...Steph.... Sorry, Captain Darnley sent me to apologise to M...Mary, and to beg her forgiveness."

The maid smiled again and gave a high-pitched giggle,

"Apologise to me, Miss Charlotte, whatever for?"

Charlotte managed to blush a deeper shade of red than at any previous time in her nineteen years.

"I...I beg your pardon, Mary. For knocking you over in the hall, a...and spilling your coal on the floor."

"That's so lovely, Charlotte. But shouldn't an apology be accompanied with a little curtsy? That's assuming your apology is heartfelt?"

"Oh, it is Miss Francis. I am truly sorry."

"In that case, let's hear it again but this time with a pretty little curtsy. And do try not to stutter, you sound like a child rather than the supposed mistress of the house."

Both her housekeeper and her maid looked at each other and giggled.

"I beg your pardon, Mary. For knocking you over in the hall, and for spilling your coal on the floor." She repeated the humiliating phrase and then curtsied properly as she had been taught.

"Apology accepted, Miss Charlotte. I do hope we can still be friends?"

Only Charlotte's good breeding prevented her from simply staring at the girl. Friends? Was the woman quite mad? She was an heiress, the only daughter of one of Salisbury's most important families. Mary was a maid who's family probably lived in a bog in the middle of Ireland for all she knew or cared. She realised that both women were looking at her expectantly and waiting for an answer.

"Um...er, yes of course, Mary. We are still friends."

The Irish woman smiled again but said nothing. Mrs Francis spoke,

"If that's everything, child, it's high time you got back to your lessons. There are still plenty of areas where you're still behind, as well you know."

Charlotte flushed again,

"Erm, c...could I have an apron please, if you have one spare that is?"

"Whatever for, child?"

"Captain Darnley has requested that I...that I clean up the mess I caused earlier." She looked at her shiny shoes and fidgeted with the hem of her pleated gymslip.

"Of course, dear, no sense in getting your school uniform dirty is there? I still have your old aprons ironed and stored away. I'll get one for you now."

Miss Francis went out to the storeroom leaving Charlotte and her maid alone together.

"So, I heard you get your caning Charlotte? You kicked up an awful fuss, did it hurt?"

Once again Charlotte was dumfounded. She tried to remember an occasion when any of their African staff had been so rude. Her daddy would have simply thrashed a maid and dismissed her for that sort of shameful familiarity.

"I..I...don't..."

They could both hear Miss Francis returning.

"Maybe you can show me your backside later on Miss Charlotte, when we're alone again perhaps?"

This time Charlotte couldn't stop her jaw from dropping open. What on earth did the heartless vixen mean by that?

Chapter 10

Charlotte quickly discovered that the low-born Irishwoman wanted to see her bare bottom. That was made clear to her the next time Mary caught her alone in her bedroom.

"Let's have a look then, missy. Let's see what all the fuss was about, shall we?"

The girl sniggered.

"I...I beg your pardon?"

"Granted, I'm sure. Now bend over the bed and show me your arse. Is it cut?"

Once again, Charlotte was dumbfounded by the sheer nerve of the woman. Despite her own juvenile appearance, she was still the mistress of the house. After all, it was her money that had bought the place. Whereas Mary was just a servant girl, a cheap floozy.

"I don't think this is at all respectable, Mary. I want you to leave now."

"Do you want me to call Mrs Francis and tell her that you're being impertinent again? I will you know. What do you think she'll do then, hey?"

Charlotte blushed to the roots of her blonde hair. She had no doubt whatsoever that the girl would call for Mrs Francis and what then? A spanking at least, maybe another caning? Something very humiliating for a young woman of her status and social standing anyway. With a reluctant sigh and a sniff of self-pity, Charlotte bent over her own bed and thrust her backside towards the maid. She felt the girl's cool hands raise the hem of her tiny skirt although it was already so scandalously short that it hardly needed doing. She felt the first tug on her knickers.

"P...please, M...Mary, do you have to take my knickers down? I mean...can't you just see?"

Charlotte knew from her own reflection in the mirror that the weals from her caning extended to each side of her blue underwear.

"Do be quiet, little miss. I want to have a feel, not just a look. You don't mind do you?"

The blue cotton knickers started to slide down her thighs. She squealed suddenly as the girl cruelly pinched the scorched flesh of her backside between thumb and forefinger.

"Well? I asked you a question, Lottie. Please be kind enough to answer it."

The words coming out of the Irish girl's mouth sounded ridiculously pompous and out of place but Charlotte didn't feel like laughing. The whole situation was scarcely believable, but what could she do? Either submit to this terrible indignity, her own maid calling her "Lottie" and inspecting her bare bottom, or have her poor backside punished again by the terrible woman who now ruled her life. She was so sore that there was no option other than too meekly agree,

"N...no, I don't mind, Mary."

Another sharp pinch and a delighted giggle followed the words. Charlotte realised that far from the mistress of the house, she was in fact the lowest, most insignificant person in it. She gasped again as she felt Mary's cool, calloused hand stroking her corrugated backside.

"There, little miss, does that feel better?"

"Yes, Mary."

There was no other answer really. That's what her maid wanted to hear, presumably, and there was nothing she could do about it. Miss Francis she already knew wouldn't have the slightest shred of sympathy for her. The only person, who loved and supported her, her husband, wasn't in the house. But even if he had been, Charlotte lived in fear of him finding out about her humiliating submission to her common Irish maid. Imagine him walking into their bedroom of finding her like this! She would simply die of shame. The one consolation would be that Mary would be dismissed without references,

While she was fortifying herself with that pleasant thought, she was shocked to find Mary's hand sliding from her burning bottom cheek to between her thighs. She struggled slightly, attempting to avoid Mary's hand but at the same time trying to avoid kicking up too much of a fuss in case Mary carried out her threat regarding Miss Francis. To her horror, the hand was very insistent and slipped further towards her sex Charlotte really struggled now but managed to not squeal or scream which she surely would have done in any other situation. A single finger ran down the length of her, of her...penny. Like most well-

brought up young ladies of the time, Charlotte wasn't quite sure of the correct terminology. But she certainly knew that this wasn't right.

She began to struggle in earnest but Mary was considerably stronger than she looked. She was bigger than Charlotte, which wasn't too difficult as everyone was bigger than her, but even so she was extremely strong and simply held Charlotte face down into the eiderdown by exerting enough pressure on the nape of her slim neck to keep her exactly where she wanted her. Charlotte tried to keep both her legs together, but rather than accept defeat, Mary slapped her once, twice, three times across the crown of her wriggling bottom.

"Mary! Hi, Mary!" Shouted Miss Francis from the landing below. "Have you seen the silly little brat anywhere? I've searched high and low!"

Mary scrambled to her feet and hauled Charlotte up by the collar of her white blouse.

"She's up here, Mrs Francis, helping me with the beds. Shall I send her down?"

"Yes, send her back down immediately. I'm going to skin the chubby little arse of hers, you see if I don't!"

Mary turned back to her victim who was rubbing her bottom through the cotton of her grey skirt and weeping silently.

"You heard the mistress, little miss. Wipe your tears, tidy yourself up and get yourself downstairs, It sounds as if Miss Francis has got you just where she wants you, doesn't it?"

She leaned forward slightly and adjusted Charlotte's striped school tie which had become untidy and quickly brushed her hair for her.

When she makes you squeal and cry guess who'll be listening just around the corner to your shameful bleating?"

Charlotte dabbed at the tears on her cheeks with her handkerchief and sobbed, but made no reply.

"Run along now, Lottie. I'll find you again when I need you."

Chapter 11

The days passed by, Charlotte spent the majority of them in the schoolroom under the control of Miss Francis who seemed to take a perverse delight in chastising her whenever the mood took her. She was still trussed up in her shamefully juvenile uniform being made to learn things out of books that simply had no bearing on her life. She was made to right out pages and pages of lines such as, “A good wife is an obedient wife,” or to learn long passages of the bible by heart and then stand hands behind her back and her chin up and recite them it seemed purely for the amusement of her governess and increasingly, her own maid.

Charlotte was particularly bewildered by Mary; she wasn't even a very good maid. She spent a large part of the day seemingly doing nothing, often flirting with any man who came to the door or more commonly sat in the kitchen laughing and gossiping with Miss Francis as if the two of them were old friends. Charlotte herself was usually up before her maid for example and was still expected to make tea for Mrs Francis and take it up to her room for her in the mornings.

Stephen was no real help either. Charlotte certainly didn't mean to criticise her husband, but she saw him less and less frequently. Even when he returned to the house after one of his secret missions, she was often refused permission to leave the schoolroom and go and see him in his study. Her education was apparently too important to disrupt and according to Mrs Francis, the master needed his rest after working all evening and well into the next morning. She supposed she shouldn't have complained, his work was of vital national importance after all.

She was reminded of that fact one lunchtime when, unusually, she was led downstairs by Mrs Francis to Stephen's study. She was quite excited, she hadn't seen him for the last couple of days but at last here he was. As they approached his office door, Charlotte paused, she could hear voices behind it, clearly her husband had a guest. With a sudden shock, Charlotte realised she was dressed in her normal schoolroom clothes and that she'd never been seen by a visitor to the house while wearing the shameful things.

Before she could say anything, Mrs Francis had raised her hand and was knocking on the wooden door. Charlotte halted and tried to pull away but the woman took her firmly by the wrist and entered the room, Charlotte could feel her face flush with humiliation. There was another older man in the room looking at her with a vaguely confused expression. Stephen turned around and smirked.

“Ah, there you are darling, you remember Major Lytham of course, my senior officer?”

Charlotte immediately dropped her eyes to the carpet and made a neat little curtsy. The last time she'd seen the major was when she was in this very same room but instead of being dressed like a foolish schoolgirl she was wearing her adult finery. Being a gentleman of course, the Major didn't goggle or stare, but he did clear his throat rather noisily,

“Charmed ma'am, I'm sure.”

“Good morning, sir. How are you? I hope you and your family are keeping well?”

Charlotte spoke, anything to fill in the awkward silence her appearance had caused in the room.

“And this is Miss Francis, sir, my wife's erm...governess I suppose the term would be.”

While Mrs Francis executed her own small curtsy, Charlotte could feel teas pricking at her eyelids. She could feel the heat rise from the tight collar of her white blouse and flood her face with shame. Stephen had just told another man that he employed a governess to oversee her! When in reality she was his wife and the mistress of the house. She glanced up shyly at the Major who was eyeing her rather curiously now that her status had been made clearer to him. Oh God! What must the poor man think of her?

“I am very well, my dear, thank you and so are my wife and two fine daughters. You have erm...changed your appearance Mrs Darnley and for the better in my humble opinion. You seem even more radiant than the previous time we met.”

He smiled at her and touched his swaggar stick to his forehead. Charlotte blushed again at his attempt at gallantry and smiled weakly back.

“We won’t detain you any longer, sirs. Charlotte here has work to be getting along with and essays to write. If you’ll forgive us?”

She took Charlotte by the hand and turned towards the door. The gentlemen rose and watched as the two women, mistress and pupil left the room together. The major settled himself back in his chair and gave a sigh of apparent satisfaction.

“Stephen old boy, this plan of yours really does look like it’s going to work doesn’t it? I was sceptical at first, but when I see her like that...” he shook his head in slow admiration.

“Thank you, my old friend. I said that you should have faith didn’t I?”

“You did, you did...but look at her. She looks quite ridiculously juvenile. Do you think she knows that? I mean I imagine you can stretch to a couple of mirrors now that you’re a rich man? She must see herself everyday in them. How old did you say she was again?”

“She’s 19 years old, a perfectly ripe, juicy morsel.”

Both men laughed conspiratorially.

“And yet dressed like she is she looks no more than half that. You really have worked something of a miracle old fellow, I really must take my cap off to you.”

“You’re too kind sir. Her clothing serves two purposes. First it makes her easier to manage and control, especially with a harridan like Mrs Francis in charge. She has thrashed my pretty little wife’s backside on a very regular basis almost ever since you first met her. And as you know I do like to see a handsome young lady cry.”

“Yes. Of course. And the second reason?”

“That it pleases me, sir. And that is surely enough?”

The major smirked a little and raised his glass in appreciation.

“Of course, sir, of course, which honest man doesn’t love such a spectacle? A spirited young filly brought to heel by her master is the natural order of things when all said and done.”

Stephen Darnley inclined his handsome head in acknowledgement and raised his own glass.

“Now it merely needs the story to be played out and the leading actors to remember their lines and all of us will be in clover.”

“Yes, sir. Amen to that. But I would ask one more favour on completion of our arrangement?”

Stephen looked over his glass quizzically. The man smiled.

“No sir, it’s not what you think. I am a gentleman, as are you. Our bargain is struck and we have shaken hands on the deal. I want nothing more monetary from you. Indeed you have been most generous.”

“What then?”

“I’d like to fuck your little wife once the game is played out to your satisfaction?”

He held out his hand in anticipation and it in turn was taken by Stephen Darnley.

“You sir have yourself a deal, as our American cousins might say.”

The two raised their glasses to each other and then drained them.

Chapter 12

The one saving grace thought Charlotte as she was propelled through the busy London streets, was that nobody could recognise her. There was a very limited chance that anyone she knew from Rhodesia might be in England, in London and in Piccadilly Circus at exactly the same time that she was, but one never knew. But dressed as she was in a flouncy, fussy bright yellow and sky-blue Empire dress pulled high on her waist to squeeze what little breast development she had into insignificance, her blonde hair bound up in ringlets and ribbons and her round spectacles that made her peer. There was virtually no possibility that anyone could recognise, even her best friends.

For a second her mind drifted back to Salisbury and its calm elegance where, no doubt, all her friends were shopping and spoiling themselves in one of the multitude of fancy tea-rooms that dotted the capital. For a second she had a sudden deep yearning to be with them, which faded almost as quickly as it had come on her. Her domestic arrangement was far from ideal that was sure, but things would change. Darling Stephen had already told her that his service was drawing to an end, which was probably what that meeting with the gallant Major was about, she surmised.

And just as soon as Stephen was back in the house and her life was on an even keel, she'd be able to assume her rightful position in the household. That dreadful Irish woman would be the first to go. Charlotte fantasised about how she'd break the news to the maid. Simply tell her to pack her bags and leave? But then absolutely refuse to supply references? She smiled to herself as Mrs Francis chivvied her along. Or maybe tell her to inform her next employee that she would write with references and then write a thorough denunciation of her character.

She deserved nothing less. Last week she had caned Charlotte! The shock of it was the worst. She had been called to the schoolroom late one evening still dressed in her foolish uniform by Mrs Francis and informed that she was to be punished for some imaginary infringement of the rules that she now lived under. But because Mrs Francis was ill and not feeling up to it, she'd instructed Mary to step into her role and cane Charlotte. "Just" three strokes was the tariff.

Mary smiled at her in what Charlotte had come to realise was her habitually cruel manner and then ordered her to touch her toes, to keep her legs straight, to bend over and to touch her toes as if she was a recalcitrant schoolboy rather than an heiress. She was made to hold up her brief skirt and then she howled and begged as the cane did its wicked work. Charlotte wasn't sure if it was the position that she was made to adopt or Mary's enthusiasm for the role, but her backside stung abominably and how she had cried that evening!

A sudden tug on the sleeve of her striped blazer woke her from that unpleasant memory.

"Do hurry up, child. Stop dawdling or shall have to slap the backs of your legs for you!"

Charlotte blushed horribly. She just couldn't help herself. Those sorts of commands, spoken loudly with no attempt to disguise her irritation made people pause and stare at the tall, intimidating woman. The problem there of course that when Mrs Francis brought attention to herself like this she also invariably brought it to Charlotte. She could see the confusion in people's faces whenever they looked closely at her.

"Sorry, Miss Francis," she said, just louder than a whisper.

The woman said nothing, merely glared at her and then dragged her by the hand. She would be the next to go, thought Charlotte angrily. She was a cruel, horrible bully, more like a prison wardress rather than a housekeeper or a teacher. In fact if it was revealed that she actually *was* a former prison wardress, Charlotte wouldn't have been surprised in the least. One of the few things that made Charlotte content was the certainty that she would have the last word in the situation. She was after all, a wealthy heiress while Mrs Francis and Mary were penniless drudges, easily replaced and instantly forgettable.

Charlotte amused herself with these thoughts and others like them as they mounted an omnibus together and she sat on the inside seat looking out of the window watching the unfamiliar scenery slide by. Everything was green and fresh-looking when one was out of central London. A stop another change

of omnibus and then they were in somewhere entirely new to her. A quiet, leafy street led to a large stone building that backed onto fields.

There was no sign or indication of whom the owners of the house might be, a friend or an associate of her husband's she assumed. Mrs Francis was undeterred, she marched down the long drive and then rapped on the door of the imposing house with the handle of her umbrella. Within seconds the door opened to reveal a subdued-looking maid of about her own age, she guessed. She was wearing a particularly strict version of a maid's uniform, black ankle-length dress with a high collar edged in white lace, a strikingly white apron that went over her head and tied around her waist, shiny black stockings and equally shiny black high-heeled shoes. On her head she wore the traditional servant's mob cap.

"I have an appointment with your mistress, girl. Mrs Francis"

The girl nodded and ushered them both into the house and then begged their pardon and wondered if they wouldn't mind waiting. Charlotte glanced around, although it was impressive, it was also quite dark and gloomy. The windows were not only small but barred as well. She imagined that here must be a lot of expensive things inside.

Sllaap!

"Owwwowow!"

"I did warn you my girl! Behave you self and stop fidgeting!"

Charlotte rubbed surreptitiously at the backs of her legs where Mrs Francis had slapped her and wondered to herself just how much longer she would have to put up with this shameful treatment before the hateful woman was dismissed from her post. A door opened to her left, a tall plump woman with a soft face but hard eyes, Charlotte couldn't help but notice, strode over to them, followed by the maid who had opened the door to them..

"Mrs Francis, what a pleasant surprise. So nice to finally meet you in person."

The two women shook hands and wandered away towards another set of double doors. Charlotte looked at the maid questioningly. She replied with a nod of her head that Charlotte should follow them. The room was vast and overlooked a long expanse of garden. Although, with her unnecessary spectacles it was hard to focus, Charlotte could see a number of blurred figures in the background, gardeners presumably. Mrs Francis and the plump homeowner were sat together on a sofa chatting away like old friends.

"Jenkins!"

Called out the woman. The girl by Charlotte's side hurried over to her mistress and curtsied prettily.

"Go and put our young guest in the corner by the window. We don't want to see her but we do want to keep an eye on her, don't we?"

"Yes, mistress." The girl bobbed another curtsy and hurried back to Charlotte.

"If you'd come with me, miss."

Charlotte didn't have much choice in the matter. She was taken by the elbow and steered to the designated corner like a common guttersnipe rather than a member of polite Rhodesian society.

"You must push your nose against the plaster, miss. And fold your hands behind you, miss. Yes, that's right." She said in barely a whisper before scurrying away and leaving Charlotte on her own, nose just touching the wall as instructed.

Charlotte stood like a mannequin in the corner of the fine room while just behind her on the sofa she could hear Mrs Francis and the woman she still didn't know the name of chattering behind her. The woman's house and her upper class accent suggested that she was some distance above Mrs Francis socially and yet her former housekeeper and governess didn't seem overawed in the slightest. In fact the two of them gossiped away like old friends.

The elegant room was quite warm, the sunlight streaming through the large plate glass window to Charlotte's right. She could feel herself starting to become a little sleepy. She also had an itch that she desperately wanted to scratch and yet daren't. While she was battling with the conundrum, she didn't hear her voice being called at first.

"Lottie!"

Demanded Mrs Francis as if she was calling for a pet poodle in the park.

"Turn around and come here, girl!"

Charlotte felt the glow beginning in her cheeks again. It always did whenever she was introduced to a new person, especially dressed in the ridiculously childish way that she was. She saw the elegant looking woman smile at her in a slightly amused rather than a friendly fashion. She wasn't particularly old either, younger than Mrs Francis no doubt and in fact probably less than ten years older than she herself. Charlotte had the odd feeling that had things been different the two of them could have been firm friends rather than the odd situation she was now in.

"So this is her, the girl I've heard so much about?" Purred the woman looking her up and down.

"Say hello, Lottie. Where are your manners, girl?"

Charlotte executed a clumsy curtsy.

"H...hello, madam. Please to meet you."

Charlotte was rewarded with a tinkling little laugh.

"Hello Lottie, my you do look smart in your little uniform? Have you been to school this morning?"

"No, madam."

"No? Then why are you wearing it you silly little thing?"

Charlotte felt her cheeks blush profusely.

"Erm...because Mrs Francis likes me to dress smartly at all times, madam."

"And do you do everything that Mrs Francis tells you to do?"

Charlotte glanced anxiously at Mrs Francis seated imperiously on the sofa like Victoria on her throne.

"Yes, madam," she whispered.

Both older women glanced at each other conspiratorially,

"She'll do, Mrs Francis, she'll do."

Chapter 13

There was something amiss. Charlotte didn't know what it was, but there was definitely something wrong. It was the week after the visit to the big house in the suburbs. That had been vaguely disquieting at the time. Such a great big house, more like some sort of institution than a home. Such an odd woman as well. What did she mean that Charlotte would "do" anyway? She'd been glad to leave it even though Mrs Francis had straightened her uniform for her in front of the smirking woman and then insisted that she hold her hand as they were shown out of the place by the obsequious young maid.

That had been bad enough, but ever since they had been home Charlotte could detect a rumbling undercurrent. Stephen seemed to have changed somehow; he wasn't as particular about his appearance. He hadn't shaved for a couple of days and didn't seem to want to wear his uniform as much. On the one occasion when he prepared himself to his usual exacting standard it was merely to meet a couple of gentlemen in his study rather than to actually leave the house. And then when they left after an hour or so Stephen closeted himself in his room for the rest of the day.

She began to grow anxious. Her husband it seemed was deliberately avoiding her. Although he also wanted to make love to her more regularly. She wasn't sure why, although it wasn't something she wanted to complain about. Clearly she was still desirable in his eyes and he still loved her. The thought of him losing interest in her was Charlotte's greatest fear. She made it her aim to please him in any way she could.

At the same time, Mrs Francis seemed to be engrossed in her affairs outside the house and less interested in making Charlotte's life a misery. So she took the opportunity to start dressing in a manner more befitting of her status in her own house. Although she couldn't help but notice some of her nicer things and even some of her jewellery seemed to have gone missing. Being left pretty much to her own devices, Charlotte began to plan how she wanted some of the rooms to be. She'd even earmarked a room at the top of the house for a nursery. Surely Stephen would soon want an heir?

These things occupied her, she even summoned the courage to verbally chastise Mary when the need arose, successfully ignoring the dark, angry looks she received in return. One day Mrs Francis dressed herself for a shopping expedition and left without a word. At the same time and without telling anyone, Charlotte waited thirty minutes and then also left the house, she remembered a furniture store just down the road that sold just the sort of thing she was after for the nursery.

She was gone about an hour. When she let herself in she could hear voices from upstairs and a loud rhythmic scraping from the room above her head. Hurriedly she took off her hat and coat and hung them up; Mary was nowhere to be seen. As she mounted the stairs the volume increased. She knew that sound and what it foretold. With a sinking heart she pushed open the door to her own bedroom and there sprawled on the bed together and locked in the sexual act where her husband...and her maid, Mary.

To say she was shocked was a gross understatement. She felt herself go faint before staggering over to a chair. The noise she made paused the two on the bed from their vigorous lovemaking. Mary turned and had the audacity to grin at her.

"Back so soon? Mother said she was going to be all afternoon."

Charlotte sat and stared at her. What was the filthy Irish slattern talking about? What mother? She watched dumfounded as the dark-haired girl slid elegantly off her husband with a feline grace that belied her common background. Stephen levered himself up a little so that their eyes met.

"Darling Charlotte, you didn't leave the house with Mrs Francis as you should have done did you?"

There was a faint, smiling condescension to his tone. His voice sounded different too, less clipped and military, more...more common somehow. Like a man who worked in an office rather commanded a battlefield. But worse, there was no attempt to hide what he was doing, what he had done in fact. As if being unfaithful to his marriage vows with the family maid wasn't a mortal sin and everything was completely normal.

"Well now you know I suppose."

Mary was already getting dressed, in one of her expensive gowns Charlotte couldn't help noticing, and was brushing her luxuriant jet black hair. She was eerily calm and unconcerned despite the fact that

she was just about to lose her position in the house and therefore her home. Stephen climbed to his feet, naked and apparently unashamed, his penis dangling between his hairy thighs. Charlotte modestly averted her eyes.

“Haha, a prude to the end, my little virgin.”

Charlotte bit her lip. Really...this was too much! Now he was mocking her in front of the maid. He didn't seem even remotely ashamed of his actions. There wasn't a single word of apology or remorse. Indeed, he seemed more amused than embarrassed.

“For God's sake Stephen, tell the little fool and let's put an end to this charade. I'm bored of it now.”

Mary was looking at her in the reflection of the mirror. Once again she seemed oddly calm despite what she had done. Charlotte was filled with a sudden sense of trepidation. She turned to her husband who was slowly getting dressed.

“Your time's up Lottie. I've played my part and now it's time for us to go our separate ways. The game has come to an end and you're the loser my girl.”

Charlotte felt her stomach sink and her heart start to beat faster. What on earth was he talking about? Was he drunk? Had his evident infatuation for their common maid had an effect on his brain?

“A...are you okay, Stephen? Are you feeling well? Would you like me to call a doctor?”

This time it was the girl's turn to laugh.

“Hark at her! Call a doctor! Oh lord, that's a good one.”

Stephen sat heavily on his bed and pulled his boots on.

“We will be calling for a doctor, Lottie dearest. But I'm afraid it will be for you rather than me.”

Charlotte stared open mouthed. Had he gone insane? Had the stress he was under due to his job got the better of him?

“Tell her Stephen! I can't wait to see the look on her snooty, posh face when you do.”

Charlotte looked to each of them in turn, the fear becoming more intense with every passing minute.

“T...tell me what? Tell me what, Stephen?”

“Oh my little goose. You never guessed once did you, never suspected? That's partly what made it such fun.”

“Guessed what?”

Her voice sounding faint even to her own ears.

“Guess that you've been plucked like a chicken, good and proper. I don't love you Charlotte and I never have done. You're a vain, foolish, spoiled girl with far more money than intelligence. I was in Rhodesia on business when I heard about you. You weren't hard to convince were you? You didn't enquire into my background too much did you? I'm not in the army and I never have been. My life's too dear to me to risk. I hid out during the war and faked my letter of introduction to your dear papa.”

Charlotte put her hand to her mouth in shock.

“Putting up with your empty-headed prattle on the boat was like a torture to me, but I played my part well didn't I? Wooed you, courted you, and convinced you of my intentions. Not that you weren't easy to fool of course, you are quite strikingly unintelligent. And then you consented to marry me without knowing anything about me. The real Stephen Darnley is dead by the way, not that it matters any more. Stephen isn't even my real name and neither is Mary's hers.”

He nodded over to the smiling, dark haired young woman.

“But why? But why have you played this cruel trick?”

“There's only one thing I want from you, Charlotte, and that's your money. I didn't want to marry you and I certainly don't want to spend the rest of my life with you. Even fucking you was a chore rather than a pleasure. I just want your money, all of it. The house is already sold by the way, to those two gentlemen who visited me last week. And of course all of your accounts are now in my name. So now you know the truth there remains just one loose end to tie up.”

Chapter 14

Almost before she knew it, Charlotte summoned the willpower to leap to her feet and make for the bedroom door. She didn't have a plan and was unsure what she was going to do next, but one thing she did know was that she had to escape that dreadful house and everyone in it. Perhaps startled by her sudden movement the two villains did nothing to stop her. Charlotte flung open the door...and ran straight into the formidable figure of Mrs Francis who was standing resolutely outside it. She grabbed Charlotte by the nape of her neck and hustled her along the corridor and into her own small bedroom before flinging her onto the bed.

An hour or so later the woman reappeared and unlocked the bedroom door. In her hand she carried the long, thin Malacca cane that had made Charlotte cry so often. This time was no different. There was no preamble, Mrs Francis simply raised the stick and began to beat Charlotte with it. There was no particular aim, just a relentless tattoo of blows to thighs, backside, her bare arms. In fact any flesh that she could reach felt the kiss of the cane. Then, when Charlotte thought her torment was over, Mrs Francis grabbed her by the collar of her elegant dress and dragged her downstairs ignoring her tears and her begging.

On the sofa sat the well-dressed couple, her former husband and her former maid dressed to the nines as if they were going somewhere special. Over on the armchair sat Major Lytham, although even Charlotte in her naivety realised that he wasn't actually an army officer. This time he too was wearing civilian clothes and looked like a respectable professional rather than a bluff soldier. He was she realised, all a part of the plan. As if reading her mind, Mrs Francis turned to Charlotte,

"Say hello to Mr Smith, Lottie. He's going to take care of you now. We've had to bring the plan forwards a few days thanks to the bestial needs of one particular gentleman who can't keep his pants on, haven't we dear?"

Charlotte realised that Mrs Francis was addressing herself to Stephen, or whatever the charlatan's name really was. He even had the good grace to look vaguely embarrassed.

"Now that you know what you know we can't let you go, you know that dear?"

"P...please...please...I haven't done anything."

The woman smiled down at her as Charlotte knelt on the carpet.

"I do like to see you like this dearie, you know that don't you? All tearful and humble, it does my old heart good. Don't worry, we're not animals. All we're going to do is put you somewhere safe where nobody can find you. That sound nice doesn't it?"

Charlotte nodded numbly, what else could she do.

"So now we must take our leave of each other. I shall take my share of your money and go and buy a nice little house somewhere. My daughter here," she indicated Mary which made Charlotte gasp in shock, "and her good for nothing lover," Stephen smiled and touched his finger to his hat, "will doubtless fritter their share on something or other."

As if it was a signal the couple rose from the sofa and made for the door. Neither spared Charlotte a second glance as she knelt watching, her mouth hung open in shock at the revelation. Mrs Francis picked up her bonnet from the table and fastened her coat around her.

"So while I have enjoyed our time together very much, Charlotte, this will obviously be the last time we ever speak. I only hope you remember me as fondly as I remember you."

She rubbed at her sex through her skirt which for some unaccountable reason horrified Charlotte.

"And now goodbye, dear Charlotte. It was a pleasure. "

With that, she too swept out of the room leaving Charlotte kneeling on the floor bewildered. Out of the corner of her eye she saw Mr Smith rise and slowly unbutton his dark trousers and pull them down to his ankles. He reached across and hauled her unresisting body over his thick thighs.

"I see no reason why I should be deprived of my own little bit of pleasure do you, you silly little girl?" He asked conversationally. "I mean, I am a bit-part player in this production, an actor of sorts I suppose, but I rather think that I've earned my reward."

Charlotte felt her skirt and petticoats being raised to the small of her back and then her bloomers lowered to her knees. That was when she started to struggle, yet another strange man had a close-up view of her bare bottom. It was still astonishing to her even now. The only man apart from her father to see her bottom in all her 19 years had been her husband, which was only right and proper. But here was a man she didn't even know; whom she'd met just a matter of weeks ago, casually stroking her backside, and from what she could feel jutting into her stomach, clearly enjoying the experience.

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

The first three strokes didn't hold anything back. He was deceptively strong; Charlotte could feel the heat and the corresponding pain radiate slowly from the centre of her bare bottom

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Slaaap!

Another rapid volley followed.

"You do go a nice shade of red don't you, you stuck up bitch? I can quite see why Mrs Francis enjoyed punishing you so much."

Despite her promise to herself not to give him the satisfaction of seeing her cry, the tears were soon rolling down Charlotte's cheeks. She kicked and fought feebly but eventually succumbed to just laying there and accepting her spanking. And then finally it was over. A quick scoop and she was laying on her back over the sofa her legs lolling apart as he squeezed himself between them.

"Before you say anything," he said as he slipped his engorged penis inside her, "I spoke to your husband about this. I asked his permission to fuck you and he was more than happy to acquiesce."

Charlotte felt the tears slide from the corners of her eyes and down her cheeks, big fat tears of shame and self-pity. Stephen hadn't been saying those hurtful things about her for effect earlier. He really didn't have any affection for her.

"He said that you were a terrible fuck as well," whispered Mr Smith into her ear. "I'm not sure if that's true," he slipped out of her. "You seem perfectly adequate to me," he rammed back inside her making her gasp. "But there again, I don't have his vast experience in these matters."

Eventually her ordeal was over. He'd spent his seed inside her and then told her brusquely to tidy herself up. He even brought her a glass of water which, like a fool, she thanked him for. And then...nothing. She had vague recollections of being handed into a cab and then out of a cab and then up a flight of stairs and then put to bed.

It wasn't until the next morning presumably that she came too, her head thick with sleep and her brain banging remorselessly inside her skull. She didn't know where she was. Her head was throbbing, had the major given her something in her drink last night? She struggled to her feet but the door was locked. She banged on it feebly until she heard feet outside. A young woman entered dressed in a nurse's uniform followed by a familiar face also in a dark blue, institutional uniform. Charlotte's brain refused to admit what was happening. The grey-blond woman in what looked like a matron's uniform was the same woman who Miss Francis had taken to visit and this presumably was upstairs in one of the many rooms of the vast house.

The woman looked her up and down and smiled.

"Welcome to St Euphemia's, dear. You'll be safe here. No need to worry. Let's get you another sedative and settle you down.

"B...but..."

This is your home now, Lottie dear. A private medical institute where you'll be well looked after.

"My name isn't Lottie...it's...something else..."

A fog seemed to have descended over Charlotte's brain.

"Such a sad business," said the matron to the nurse with a little shake of her head.

"N...no...my name's Charlotte...Charlotte Darnley. I have...money. My husband must know of this."

"You have no husband young lady. Where is your wedding band? Your name is Lottie, Lottie Cummings. You're an orphan girl but your benefactor has generously offered to pay your way until you recover."

The woman smiled a cold smile that didn't reach her eyes but was mainly for the benefit of the young nurse by her side who was preparing a sedative powder and some water. She leaned forward and stroked Charlotte's cheek,

"So you just lay here and gather your strength. There's nothing to worry about anymore and all we ask in return is your obedience and cooperation."

The matron nipped Charlotte's cheek just a little too hard and for a fraction too long while she considered the fun she and the entitled, snooty little madam now under her control were going to have together. At least until dear Agnes Francis got tired of paying for her upkeep.

The End