**Charmaine, the Naked Maid**

by Pavka?

AI-generated story about a poor maid in Victorian England who is forced by the wicked butler to work naked.

**=== Chapter 1 ===**

**Introduction**

The cold autumn air wrapped itself around Charmaine as she approached the grand Victorian mansion. She clutched her plain cloak tightly around her body, fearful not only of the chill but of what lay ahead. Her heart raced faster than the horses pulling carriages along the nearby road. She knew this was the beginning of a journey that would change her life forever.

She climbed the large stone steps leading to the entrance, feeling the weight of expectations pressing down on her. Charmaine took a deep breath, summoning courage she didn't know she possessed.

She raised her hand to knock, her fingers trembling slightly against the wood. As she rapped her knuckles against the heavy door, it swung open, revealing a luxurious hallway lined with antique furniture and ornate paintings. She stepped inside, cautiously glancing at her surroundings.

A butler stood near the entrance, his eyes fixed upon her, assessing her presence. His face remained impassive, betraying no emotion.

His lips curled into a thin line, exposing his perfect teeth, unbroken by age or experience. He wore a well-tailored suit, complete with a starched collar and a tie neatly tied in a classic Windsor knot. "My name is Mr. Paine," he introduced himself, stepping forward with a hint of arrogance. "Welcome to The Manor."

The butler looked at her with an undisguised appraisal, causing her to blush.

"Well, Charmaine," he said, his voice cold and distant. "I trust you're prepared for your duties here?"

Charmaine nodded hesitantly, trying to appear confident despite her anxiety. "Yes, sir."

He gestured toward the door leading deeper into the mansion.

"Follow me, Charmaine. I will show you to your quarters and introduce you to some of the other staff."

As they made their way through the opulent corridors, Charmaine couldn't help but feel awestruck by the sheer grandeur of her new surroundings. Every corner seemed to contain some hidden treasure, each piece of art telling its own tale.

Eventually, they reached the room where Charmaine would live. The chamber was small, but cozy, furnished only with a simple bed and a dresser. It was empty, and she did not have possessions to fill it with.

"You will be given a house uniform," the butler informed her. "What you are wearing now is not fit to be worn in the household of a Peer of the Realm. It will be cut up for rags."

"The cost of the uniform will be deducted from your wages," he continued. "It is quite substantial - equal to your wages for three months. In effect, we are giving you a loan, something we would not normally do. However, in light of the request - nay, plea - by your village vicar to give you a helping hand..."

The butler stood quiet for a while, then added more for his own sake than for hers, "he was a chaplain in the regiment and has earned Sir Richard's respect."

Mr. Paine then directed her to the communal area - a large kitchen where the other servants gathered for meals and relaxation. She saw a group of people - mostly women - engaged in various tasks, tidying up and chatting amongst themselves.

There were maids, cooks, and even a few gardeners. Each one of them wore their uniforms, signifying their respective roles within the household. Charmaine felt a sudden wave of anxiety. She wondered how she would fit in with these old hands.

Mr. Paine cleared his throat, drawing everyone's attention. "We have a new hire," he announced, gesturing towards Charmaine.

The other servants turned to look at her, a mixture of curiosity and surprise reflected in their gaze.

Charmaine smiled timidly, hoping to put their minds at ease. "Good morning, everyone," she greeted them.

Feeling the weight of their scrutiny, Charmaine asked Mr. Paine, "What duties am I expected to perform here?"

"You are to serve as a junior housemaid in this household. Your primary responsibility will be to ensure the cleanliness and orderliness of the place, mainly in the servants quarters. In addition, you will assist with preparing meals, laundry, and any other tasks assigned to you by the senior staff."

Charmaine nodded, trying to absorb the information. She knew this job would demand hard work and dedication, but she was determined to prove herself capable. "I understand, Mr. Paine."

"As butler, my job is to manage staff and not allow tardiness and laziness. Sir Richard approves of strict discipline and we all take his wishes seriously."

With a grim smile, Mr. Paine continued, "For those who do not comply, there are consequences."

Charmaine gulped, her eyes widening in understanding.

As she went about her tasks, Charmaine soon discovered that Mr. Paine seemed to have developed a strange fascination with her, and enjoyed testing her. One afternoon, while cleaning in the kitchen, he entered the room without warning. He handed her a feather duster, which she immediately began using to remove the accumulated dust on the spice jars.

As she carefully buffed the shelves, Charmaine couldn't help but notice Mr. Paine's keen observation of her efforts. She felt her cheeks redden as she sensed his silent judgment.

Suddenly, Mr. Paine spoke up, startling Charmaine out of her thoughts. "You are getting too much dust onto your uniform. Why don't you take it off to keep it clean? We wouldn't want to cause extra work for the laundry now, would we?" His tone held a mix of mockery and malice, making Charmaine feel exposed and vulnerable.

Her cheeks flushed, her heart pounding rapidly. "What a horribly inappropriate thing to say," she thought to herself as she hastily finished her task and fled the room before he could say anything more.

The walk back to her quarters was slow and agonizing, her mind racing with thoughts of how to avoid further embarrassment at the hands of Mr. Paine. How could she possibly make him accept her as just another servant who properly belongs here?

Back in her room, Charmaine laid down on her bed, her thoughts turning to the other servants she had met earlier. They seemed friendly enough, albeit somewhat stand-offish. Perhaps they could provide her with advice on dealing with Mr. Paine and the challenges of working in such a place.

That evening, Charmaine sought refuge in the kitchen where she found comfort among the other servants. As they prepared dinner, the conversation shifted towards the peculiarities of the household, and Charmaine listened intently, picking up valuable tips on navigating the twisted world of the manor.

"Now, you must always remember, Charmaine," warned a seasoned maid named Jane, as she stirred a pot of soup. "Never question the butler's decisions. He has the full confidence of Sir Richard, who was a regiment commander in his time and is a great believer in strict discipline."

Charmaine nodded, her eyes wide with apprehension. She realized that maintaining a good relationship with Mr. Paine would be crucial to her survival in this household.

Some days later, however, Charmaine broke a glass when cleaning up the table after lunch. She panicked, realizing the gravity of her mistake. Mr. Paine, observing her from across the room, smirked with satisfaction.

Charmaine faced Mr. Paine, attempting to mask her fear. "I am sorry, sir." He eyed her with a predatory gleam, his eyes narrowing. "You have broken a glass, Charmaine. This shows irresponsible carelessness. To prevent this from happening again, I believe a small lesson is in order." His voice dripped with sarcasm, emphasizing his disdain for her transgression.

Charmaine's heart thumped wildly as she tried to control her breathing. She knew she was about to endure a punishment that would leave her humiliated. With a resigned sigh, she replied, "Yes, sir."

"If you were a child, you would receive a bare bottom spanking by hand. If you were a soldier in Sir Richard's regiment, you might get the lash. Seeing as you are a housemaid, you will get something in-between: a bare bottom spanking, but not by hand. I believe a strap would do nicely."

Mr. Paine sneered, twisting his lips in a vicious smile. "It'll be a fitting reminder of the importance of focus and precision."

Charmaine felt her heart race, her skin breaking out in goosebumps. Her legs wobbled underneath her, as she struggled to maintain her composure. Mr. Paine gestured for her to follow him, heading deeper into the manor's labyrinth of rooms.

As they walked, Charmaine noticed the chill in the air seemed to intensify, almost as if it mirrored the frigidity of Mr. Paine's demeanor. Each step echoed throughout the hallway, creating an atmosphere of both anticipation and dread. Finally, they arrived at a secluded room adorned with dark wooden furniture, exuding an aura of malevolence.

With a cruel smile, Mr. Paine closed the door behind them, adding a sense of desperation to the situation. He led Charmaine to a small bare table in the center of the room. From a dresser, he retrieved the short but thick leather strap which he normally used to sharpen his razor on.

Charmaine's heart hammered against her rib cage, her pulse accelerating in panic.

He motioned for her to face away from him, her hands clasped in front of her. With a cold indifference, he pushed her shoulders down until she had to press against the table with her hands for support.

Her heart raced as she heard the rustle of fabric behind her.

A sharp raising of her skirt revealed her white drawers. Unbelievably, the butler next brusquely pulled those down to her ankles, revealing her bare bottom. Mr. Paine's gaze raked over her, his eyes filled with sadistic pleasure.

Charmaine's breath caught in her throat, her body tensing with fear and embarrassment. The cool air caressed her bare skin, sending shivers down her spine.

Mr. Paine gazed at her for a long time, the strap dangling menacingly in his hand. Suddenly, with a forceful swing, he brought the strap down upon her bottom, leaving a fiery stripe across her flesh. Charmaine let out a muffled cry, unable to suppress the pain.

Her eyes stung with tears, blurring her vision slightly. As Mr. Paine swung the strap again, she felt fire surge through her skin, leaving an angry red mark in its wake. Her heart raced in her chest, her breath coming in shallow gasps. The butler relished in her misery, his eyes alight with sick pleasure.

Each stinging stroke sent waves of pain coursing through Charmaine's body, causing her to writhe in agony. Tears streamed down her cheeks, unchecked. But amidst the torment, her resolve remained steadfast - she would not break, she would not succumb to the despair.

The butler's sadistic gaze never left her as he continued the cruel punishment. Her once flawless bottom now bore angry red marks where the strap had hit. The pain was excruciating, her skin raw and sensitive. But more than that, she felt deeply violated by his gaze upon her bare skin, looking at parts of her that were not supposed to be seen by a man.

Mr. Paine's apparent pleasure at seeing her partial nudity only added to her suffering.

After what felt like an eternity, Mr. Paine finally ceased his assault. Slowly, Charmaine raised herself off the table, touching her aching bottom, struggling to hide her shame. He smiled, a triumphant glint in his eyes, knowing that he had successfully made his point.

Charmaine, feeling defeated and ashamed, hurried back to her room, avoiding eye contact with anyone she passed. Once there, she allowed herself to collapse onto her bed, allowing the sobs to escape her tightly controlled throat. She felt utterly powerless, and her resolve to resist Mr. Paine's domination wavered.

She thought that in future her best course of action would be to avoid any interaction with Mr. Paine - stay hidden in the shadows of the house, blending into the background

**=== Chapter 2 ===**

*The Nightmare Begins (Monday Morning)*

Charmaine had vowed to do everything possible in order to not attract the attention of Mr. Paine again, and get into more trouble. However, fate had other plans for her, and those were horrible beyond belief.

A couple of weeks later, a fateful thing happened. On Sunday, Charmaine had gone to the nearest village with a couple of the other maids to visit the local market and to explore the neighbourhood. The excitement of the novelty had her tossing in bed a long time before she finally went to sleep. The next morning, she overslept - a thing she had never done before.

Being late for one's duties was unthinkable in this strict household. Mr Paine was alerted by the cook, and he burst into Charmaine's room while she was still in bed.

His expression was filled with fury, his eyes flashing dangerously. "How dare you sleep in?" he growled, grabbing her roughly by the arm. "Do you think such sloth will be tolerated here?" He quickly drew off the blanket and pulled her to her feet, his grip leaving bruises on her wrist. He was so furious that he gave the impression he had not even noticed that Charmaine slept naked, and was now displayed in her full glory before him.

"Report to the kitchen at once, or breakfast will be late! We cannot have Sir Richard's daily routine interrupted because of your negligence!"

Charmaine, trembling with fear, her mind racing with possible consequences for her late start, stammered: "Let me just wash and get dressed, I am still naked". As she said that, she scrambled to cover herself with the sheet, but her hands shook uncontrollably.

Mr. Paine's was having none of that. He gave her a cold stare, unmoved by her plea. "There is no time for you to dally any further. Mrs. Atkinson has been working alone too long already," he stated firmly, his voice devoid of pity. "You will have to help her as you are. Now."

Charmaine's heart sank as she realized she had no choice but to comply. Any possible hesitation evaporated when the butler, still holding her wrist, roughly pulled her out of the room and she found herself in the corridor, feeling her vulnerability amplified. The cool morning air brushed against her bare skin, making her shiver. The closing of the door behind her felt like the inevitability of a death sentence.

Mr. Paine, however, appeared quite undisturbed.

His eyes gleamed with malice as he watched Charmaine shiver, reveling in her discomfort. It seemed that for him, the colder the better. The butler then grabbed her arm roughly, leading her towards the kitchen area. Charmaine, filled with trepidation, tried to walk beside him with dignity, but her steps faltered. He pushed her to go in front and gave her bare bottom a quick smack, then walked behind her, no doubt enjoying the view.

As they approached the kitchen, Charmaine could hear the faint sound of clinking silverware and clattering plates in the distance.

The air was filled with the tantalizing aroma of freshly baked bread and brewing coffee. Her stomach rumbled, yearning for food. Despite her hunger, she felt a deep dread as she entered the bustling kitchen, acutely aware of her exposed state.

Mr. Paine directed her toward the massive wooden table reserved for staff meals. Standing in front of it, Charmaine attempted to regain some semblance of composure. Mrs. Atkinson, the head cook, stared at her disbelievingly, and raised an eyebrow questioningly at the butler.

The cook's gaze, steeped in disapproval, told Charmaine all she needed to know about the implications of her presence among the staff wearing nothing at all. Her cheeks flushed crimson, and she desperately wished for the floor to swallow her up. One of the kitchen boys, observing this whole exchange, couldn't help but smirk maliciously at Charmaine's predicament. As luck with have, the others were not there, no doubt having been sent on some errand elsewhere.

"What do you think you're doing, girl?" Mrs. Atkinson demanded harshly, her voice cutting through the sounds of the kitchen.Mr. Paine answered instead. "Charmaine has shown herself tardy, and needs a bit of a lesson, since she does not seem to have learned from the previous one."

"She will work as she is, and I expect you to not be lenient on her today. In fact, I expect you to find some additional duties for her to occupy her time."

With that, the butler turned and left the kitchen, on his way to supervising other parts of the household."This is highly unusual", murmured the cook.

"However, let's get on with it and waste time no further, we have much to do," Mrs. Atkinson declared sharply, snapping Charmaine back to reality. Trying to block out any thoughts of her state of nudity, she decided it was best to dive straight into the tasks assigned to her. With trembling fingers, she began taking orders from Mrs. Atkinson, trying her best to remember each task and execute them flawlessly. The cook remained stern throughout, scrutinizing Charmaine's every move, ensuring she did not forget anything or made mistakes.

Under the watchful eye of Mrs. Atkinson, Charmaine diligently worked on, trying her best to maintain her composure, determined not to let her current state of undress affect her performance. Mrs. Atkinson glanced over occasionally, observing Charmaine's struggles. She was annoyed by Charmaine's tardiness and while she did not fully agree with her subsequent punishment - which seemed to be devised mostly for the butler's personal delectation - she thought it was not her place to interfere with Mr. Paine's decisions, and had no intention of showing any mercy.

As Charmaine busied herself with the various chores assigned to her, Stanley the kitchen boy looked in fascination on all her efforts. His eyes sparkled with mischief, and he began devising new tasks for her to complete. These tasks were designed to place her in increasingly awkward and compromising positions. Mrs. Atkinson, while not encouraging the boy in his shenanigans, did not by any means try to limit his mischief either. After all, Charmaine was being punished, and thus Stanley's little tricks were merely a part of that. Charmaine would learn her lesson soon enough, and these minor inconveniences would only serve to reinforce that message.

As she stood there, her body tense with anxiety, Stanley approached her with a large laundry basket. His grin widened as he looked her up and down, clearly relishing the opportunity to make her squirm even more.

"Can you help me carry this laundry basket to the storage room?" he asked, his tone dripping with insinuation. Charmaine hesitated, then nodded reluctantly and reached out to take hold of the basket's handle. As she lifted it, the weight of the heavy load sent her balance off-kilter, causing her to wobble precariously.

The basket slipped from her grasp, spilling its contents onto the floor. Charmaine blushed deeply, feeling even more humiliated than before. She hastily bent down to gather the fallen napkins and cloths.

Mrs. Atkinson observed the scene with a mix of frustration and amusement. This was indeed an unusual situation, one she had not witnessed before. But, she reminded herself, Charmaine was only getting what she deserved. Stanley appreciated the view, and even walked around her so he could stare at her bare bottom from behind. He even pointed out a napkin which had fallen under the table, so that Charmaine had to stretch to reach it.

Charmaine's face burned red with embarrassment. As she struggled to gather the scattered laundry, Mrs. Atkinson spoke up sternly. "Now, Charmaine, I've seen you trip over your own two feet before, but this is quite something. You'll need to work harder if you want to retain your position here."

Charmaine bowed her head, unable to meet the cook's disapproving gaze. She knew Mrs. Atkinson was right; she had shown herself to be careless and lacking in focus.

Feeling thoroughly defeated, Charmaine continued gathering the scattered towels and napkins, her cheeks burning with shame and embarrassment.

She quickly gathered the last few pieces, her movements now more careful and deliberate. Her hands shook slightly as she placed the laundry back into the basket, the evidence of her earlier clumsiness still visible. She noticed Mrs. Atkinson watching her closely, her expression unreadable.

Stanley grabbed one handle of the heavy basket with two hands, and motioned for Charmaine to do likewise with the other.

Together, they slowly carried the laundry to the storage room. Charmaine's arms quivered under the strain, and her breathing became labored. Stanley made no secret of his enjoyment of the spectacle of her rhythmically moving, swaying breasts.

"Here, let me help you with that," he said, reaching out to take a laundry basket handle from Charmaine. He was close enough for Charmaine to feel his hot breath against her ear as he whispered, "You're really getting used to walking around without clothes, aren't you?"

As they returned to the kitchen, she mentally prepared herself for whatever task Stanley might devise next. Closing her eyes for a moment, she took a deep breath, mustering all her strength and determination.

Still, she was shaken when Stanley reminded her: "It is time to setup table for the staff breakfast, all the house servants will be here shortly."

Charmaine gulped nervously; she had been with the cook and Stanley only so far, and they were the only ones to have seen her without clothes. Any vague hopes that her punishment would be limited to that were shattered. She had completely blocked out from her mind the fact that each morning, all household staff had common breakfast in the kitchen.

Mrs. Atkinson stepped in. "Bring the tablecloth and utensils from the storage room, Charmaine. And Stanley, you should fetch the tea kettle and coffee pot."

Stanley's eyes gleamed with mischief as he retrieved the tea kettle and coffee pot. Knowing full well that it would expose Charmaine's modesty further, he said casually, "Please put the tablecloth on, dear."

Charmaine, blushing profusely, began arranging the tablecloth on the table, praying fervently that her shaking hands wouldn't cause it to fall. Each step around the table felt agonizingly slow as she painstakingly spread the cover under Stanley's watchful gaze; bending over with her breasts hanging over the table felt particularly obscene.

Charmaine kept her eyes fixed on the tablecloth, unwilling to make eye contact with Stanley or the cook. Her palms were damp and slippery with sweat as she tried to secure the corners of the tablecloth. Each movement seemed to drag on forever, her muscles trembling with exertion and shame. Meanwhile, Stanley watched with keen interest, his eyes following her every move. He couldn't resist adding another challenge, knowing it would drive her to her limits.

"We forgot the salt and pepper!" he exclaimed suddenly, prompting Charmaine to glance up at him. His smirk told her all she needed to know. Stanley had set her up, once again placing her in an incredibly awkward position. Without giving herself time to think, Charmaine hurried over to the cupboard where the salt and pepper shakers were stored. She knew she could not reach them, and would have to climb on a small stool to retrieve them.

Reluctantly, she took a deep breath and climbed onto the stool, her bare legs and her naked bottom exposed for Stanley's perusal. The kitchen boy even had the temerity to kneel on the floor as if picking up something, so he could get a better view from below. Her heart pounded as she reached upwards, her delicate fingers just able to grasp the salt shaker. However, as she attempted to pull it down, the shaker slipped through her trembling fingers, falling to the floor with a loud clatter."You can clean this up later," Mrs. Atkinson interrupted. "You still need to pull all chairs around the table first." Charmaine's heart sunk - hauling the heavy wooden chairs from their place near the wall was a difficult task.

Beads of sweat formed on her forehead as she pulled the first chair, struggling to keep her balance. Each chair she moved seemed heavier than the last, making her feel more and more defeated. Stanley watched her with an amused grin, clearly reveling in her discomfort.

As Charmaine wrestled with the final heavy chair, her muscles screamed in protest, the veins in her neck standing out prominently. With great effort, she managed to slide the chair across the smooth wooden floor. Her face was flushed with exertion and embarrassment as she straightened up, feeling as though she were carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders. Mrs. Atkinson watched quietly, making sure Charmaine didn't forget any further step in setting up the table. "Here, put the cutlery on the table," she said.

"Everyone will be here in a minute," Mrs. Atkinson added, her voice laced with a hint of impatience. Charmaine's heart raced as she scrambled to arrange the knives, forks, and spoons on the table, trying her best to hide her trembling hands. Stanley watched with undisguised delight, his gaze roaming all over her exposed body. His lewd laughter rang out as he commented, "Hurry up, Charmaine, we don't want to miss anything. It's almost 9am"

Charmaine's face reddened, her anger mixed with humiliation.

"And do not forget the salt you spilled earlier, clean it up now," the cook demanded.

Charmaine set to work immediately. She could hear murmurs and footsteps as her fellow staff members approached the kitchen. Sweat poured down her forehead, and her legs trembled beneath her. Tears threatened to fall as she realized there was nothing to shield her vulnerability. Thus it was that when the first servants entered the kitchen, they were confronted with Charmaine's naked backside, bent from her waist, scooping up the last remnants of the salt in haste. The men froze in their steps as, holding a brush in one hand a dust pan in the other, she got up and slowly turned to face them.

"Do not mind Charmaine," Mrs. Atkinson quickly intervened. "Mr. Paine has found it necessary to punish her - in an unusual manner, I grant you, but who are we to question him? You know he has the full confidence of Sir Richard. So, just do not mind her and continue as before."

The male staff members exchanged glances, their faces registering a mixture of shock and eager expectation. Some nodded in understanding, while others shot long piercing glances at Charmaine, their eyes traveling all over her body. They sat down one by one, taking their places around the table. The kitchen boy, eager to contribute to Charmaine's misery, made sure to sit closest to her, smirking as he took his seat. Charmaine's cheeks burned crimson as she looked around, realizing the attention was firmly on her.

"Serve the tea now, girl, do not just sit there," ordered the cook.

Charmaine's hands shook as she got up and reached for the teapot, walking around the table and pouring steaming liquid into cups lined up before her. The sound of steam escaping the teapot seemed to echo the thumping of her heart.

Each step around the table was filled with the fear of tripping and falling, exposing herself even more. Every sip of tea taken by the staff felt as yet another piece of her humiliation. Her face flushed with each word spoken, her body trembling with anxiety. She was also acutely aware that, with everyone sitting and her walking around the table to serve the tea, their eyes were at the level of her exposed intimate parts. She noticed that even some of the female staff members seemed fascinated by her predicament, their eyes lingering on her body.

Her face was burning hot with the acute embarrassment; however Charmaine had no choice but to go on. She continued to serve the tea, her movements more careful than ever. She felt her every action intently scrutinized, and her cheeks grew increasingly warm.

Her heart hammered in her chest, fear and shame coursing through her veins. As she served tea to the other servants, she could sense their fascination, many of them unable to take their eyes off her. She noticed Stanley's eyes were fixated on her as well, relishing her discomfort. Her skin felt like it was on fire, and her legs quivered beneath her.

Finally, she took her own place at the table, the coldness of the wooden chair a small shock on her bare bottom.

Her gaze dropped instinctively to her lap, her cheeks growing hotter still.

The atmosphere in the kitchen became strained, silence broken only by the clinking of cups and the occasional cough. The tension in the room was palpable, an invisible force pressing against the walls. The cook watched Charmaine with quiet judgement.

As Charmaine took her first tentative sip of tea, she realized with horror that it was scalding hot. She quickly lowered the cup, her cheeks flaring in embarrassment. Mrs. Atkinson, seemingly oblivious to the discomfort radiating from Charmaine, directed everyone's attention to the food. "Today's breakfast includes muffins, eggs, bacon, and sausage."

While the staff began eating, Charmaine tried to concentrate on her own meal, desperately attempting to ignore the scrutiny and snide comments of her co-workers. Grateful that at least part of her body was hidden from view for a while, she picked at her food fully aware that, even so, her full breasts were still on display.

She caught the occasional disapproving look from some of the older staff members. But she was also aware that, despite their disapproval, they too couldn't help looking at her, their curiosity and fascination overpowering their judgment.

Stanley's amusement was evident in his mocking glances at Charmaine, enjoying her discomfort and confusion. She could see other staff members stifling their giggles, their eyes wandering towards her, betraying their amusement.

Charmaine's cheeks burned scarlet, and she bit her lip hard, trying to suppress her tears. She couldn't bear the humiliation much longer, the constant stares and whispers breaking her spirit. Despite the heat from the scalding tea, she couldn't focus on it, her mind filled with turmoil.

Mrs. Atkinson finally broke the silence. "What is wrong with our young lady today?" she asked, a faint smile playing on her lips.

Her eyes met Charmaine's with an unmistakable glimmer of amusement. The younger woman's face flushed with embarrassment as she felt everyone's eyes boring into her.

Charmaine tried to maintain her composure, but the pressure was building within her. She knew that sooner or later, she would snap under the weight of their scrutiny. "It's just, Mr. Paine gave me quite a challenging task," she replied, hoping to deflect attention away from her predicament.

Mrs. Atkinson raised an eyebrow at Charmaine's response, a subtle hint that she wasn't entirely convinced. "Yes, that is true, dear," she replied, her tone gentle yet probing. "Perhaps, you might find it easier if you took a break to get dressed during your shift?"

Charmaine swallowed, her face bright red with embarrassment. She knew she couldn't keep working like this without causing scandal. She hesitated for a moment, then mustered up her courage and replied, "Yes, Mrs. Atkinson? Can I do that?"

"I will ask Mr. Paine about his thoughts on the matter when I see him. After all, he said nothing about how long you are supposed to stay like this."Charmaine felt her hopes sink.

She knew it would be difficult to convince Mr. Paine to change his mind. Still, she forced a brave smile and nodded. "Of course, Mrs. Atkinson. Thank you."

The staff continued eating their breakfast, but the air remained tense. Many of the staff members had been eyeing Charmaine throughout the meal, and her discomfort was plain to see. Stanley's amusement grew as he observed her, enjoying her obvious distress.

He whispered something to another kitchen boy, who laughed and looked Charmaine up and down. The other servants started their daily conversations. Their laughter rang out across the kitchen, filling the air with an unsettling feeling of excitement.

Feeling completely helpless, Charmaine finished her meal, her cheeks still burning with embarrassment. She took a deep breath, determined to remain strong in the face of this indignity. She wanted nothing more than to be able to retreat to her room, where she could finally find some solace.

After breakfast, the kitchen staff returned to their usual tasks, but the air remained charged with unease. Stanley, clearly emboldened by his peers' amusement, began devising new ways to make Charmaine squirm and remind her of her nudity. He had been told by the cook to keep Charmaine occupied, and he dove into the task with relish.He first assigned her the job of scrubbing the floors, where she would constantly worry about bending over or crawling on the floor on all fours, thus exposing herself further. Stanley always contrived to pick a position for himself behind her, looking at her exposed backside and even occasionally getting a glimpse of something more. He also enjoyed the side view of her wobbling breasts, as she vigorously scrubbed the floor with a stiff brush, covering every small area of floor he pointed to her as needing more attention. Stanley delighted in watching her struggle and her humiliation grow with each small task he devised. Mrs. Atkinson feigned ignorance to Charmaine's plight, though her occasional glances revealed that she appreciated the spectacle as well. Charmaine's despair only deepened as she realized that the more she struggled, the greater the humiliation she faced.

Stanley appeared to revel in this suffering, taking sadistic pleasure in making her work harder while exposing her vulnerability. He could scarcely wait for her to finish scrubbing the floor before he came up with the next task. He led her to a closet in a nearby passage and told her to open it. On a high shelf there were dozens of old shoes.

Stanley told Charmaine that she needed to clean and polish these shoes so they could be worn again. He stood behind her as she climbed onto a low stool to reach the highest shoe. The smell of old leather and dust mixed together, creating a pungent odor that made Charmaine's nose wrinkle. Stanley instructed her to take all the shoes out into the courtyard and to dust them thoroughly with a soft cloth, then polish each pair to ensure that they were sparkling clean. His eyes lingered on her figure as she bent over, hands delicately holding the old shoes.

His voice dripped with malice as he taunted her, saying, "Make sure you clean each shoe properly, Charmaine. We wouldn't want any dirt left behind now, would we?" The other kitchen boys chuckled, their gazes fixed on her, making her blush even deeper.

Stanley's cruelty seemed to know no bounds. He insisted on inspecting each shoe personally, relishing in her frustration and embarrassment as he often found imaginary flaws, forcing her to start over. His taunting only fueled her determination to complete the task efficiently, but she soon realized it was futile; no matter how diligently she worked, Stanley would find fault with her efforts. The other kitchen boys joined in, laughing and pointing at her exposed body, making the situation even more humiliating. Charmaine struggled to hold back tears, fighting the urge to cover herself from their prying eyes.

Suddenly, a shadow loomed over Charmaine.

She looked up, only to find Mr. Paine standing above her, his cold eyes surveying her every movement. Seeing her, he smiled, a sinister grin spreading across his face.

"So, my little maid, it seems you have encountered some difficulties during your punishment," he remarked, his voice dripping with satisfaction. "Is it not a challenge, having to perform all these tasks while being so... unclothed?"

Charmaine's heart raced, fearful of what Mr. Paine might decide.

Trembling, she replied, "Yes, sir." Her voice wavered, conveying her fear and despair. Mr. Paine stared at her for a moment, his eyes boring into hers. With a leering smile, he declared, "I have just received some good news. Well, it is good for me. Not so good for you, I would say."

Charmaine's heart sank as Mr. Paine's words struck her like a blow. The prospect of facing more time in this humiliating state loomed large before her.

"Sir Richard has gone to London for a week, leaving me in charge," the butler said. "And Lady Constance has gone with him too, so there will be nobody to voice any objections to this little... hm... object lesson I have decided to give you. Strictly for your own future benefit, of course."

His grin widened, and Charmaine shivered at the sight. "You will continue your tasks naked for the whole week, Charmaine. To reinforce the importance of taking your duties seriously."

Charmaine's world crumbled around her as the reality of her situation dawned on her. This meant that she would have to endure another week without clothes, forced to deal with the constant stares and humiliation.

The thought of continuing to work without clothes felt almost unbearable. As she processed this terrible news, she could hear the murmurs of the other kitchen staff, reveling in her misfortune.

Mr. Paine, ever the consummate master, watched her reaction closely, savoring her despair. "Now, my dear, don't look so distraught. You should consider this an opportunity to learn a valuable lesson which will do you much good during your future employment at The Manor." His eyes glinted malevolently, and Charmaine wondered if there was anything worse than this experience.

"It did not escape me when I gave you that spanking, that you were much more troubled by your naked body being exposed than by the strap. So, you are getting a treatment which you can more fully appreciate."

How could the man be so cruel, Charmaine wondered. How could he force her to suffer this way? But she knew it was futile to question him. Instead, she steeled herself, vowing to somehow survive this ordeal.

**=== Chapter 3 ===**

*Monday is a Long Day...*

Compared to breakfast, lunch was relatively uneventful.

While the staff enjoyed the meal, Charmaine tried to avoid eye contact with anyone whenever possible. She couldn't help but notice that even during their conversation, many of the staff continued to steal furtive glances at her, undoubtedly still entertained by her predicament.

As she finished clearing away the dishes after lunch, she caught a glimpse of Stanley, the kitchen boy who had taken such delight in tormenting her earlier.

His gaze bore into her, a mix of curiosity and anticipation, causing her skin to crawl. She quickly turned away, determined not to let him affect her further.

It was not to be, though. Stanley was given the task of keeping her busy, and he would not give it up for anything in the world.

He had already pushed her limits, and now he was eager to see what else he could get her to do. "I think there is no more to do in the kitchen until dinner time," he said. "Let us check out the court yard and see what needs to be done there."

As Charmaine stepped out into the sunlit courtyard, she sighed deeply, trying to steel herself against the fresh humiliations awaiting her. The bright rays warmed her skin, contrasting sharply with the cool breeze that rustled through the branches of the few bushes growing near the wall, its feeling against her bare skin reminding her of her nudity. She felt it even sharper than before, now in the open.

Stanley eyed her with a mischievous glint in his eye, clearly excited by the thought of continuing to exploit her. "Well, what shall we do here, Charmaine?" he asked mockingly. "We can begin by cleaning those benches." He gestured towards the wooden benches placed near the door and around the yard.

There were bird droppings on them, along with various leaves and twigs. "I suggest you use a brush and a bucket of water to clean them. It shouldn't take too long," he added nonchalantly.

With a heavy heart, Charmaine returned to the kitchen searching for a suitable brush and bucket of water. These were not hard to find, as most of the other housemaids had used the same tools earlier. As she dipped the brush into the bucket, she took a deep breath, bracing herself for what lay ahead.

As she began scrubbing, the bristles of the brush met the wooden surface, the rough sound echoing throughout the court yard.

Charmaine moved methodically, focusing intently on her task to avoid thinking about the discomfort of being naked not only in public, but also out in the open. Despite her best efforts, however, she couldn't ignore the stares of the other servants who passed by, stopping briefly to watch her work. Their expressions varied from curiosity to fascination, adding to her mortification.

As Charmaine scrubbed, her mind raced with thoughts of escaping this horrendous situation. How could she get out of it? Or was she doomed to endure this torturous existence for the entire week?

Meanwhile, Stanley and the other kitchen boys lingered around the court yard, eagerly watching her struggle. They laughed among themselves, enjoying their power over her vulnerability. "Look at that," one of them said, pointing at Charmaine's exposed back.

"A housemaid working without clothes. That must be quite liberating!" Another chimed in, his voice laced with sarcasm. "It doesn't seem to bother her too much."

Charmaine focused on the task at hand, scrubbing the benches as vigorously as she could, ignoring the mockery coming from the boys nearby. Finally, all the benches were spotless.

However, Stanley wasn't ready to release her yet. "Now, there's something else that needs your attention," he announced, sauntering towards the storage shed. Charmaine followed him, hoping desperately that he wouldn't require her to enter the enclosed space.

Unfortunately, her fears were confirmed as Stanley pointed inside, saying, "You need to sweep away the spider webs and dust inside. Make sure everything is clean." The other kitchen boys snickered, their eyes gleaming with malicious intent.

Charmaine hesitated, her heart pounding wildly in her chest. Was there no escape from this nightmare?

Entering the storage shed, Charmaine found herself swallowed by darkness. The air was thick with the smell of dust. The single source of light was the open door.

Despite the gloom, Charmaine could see the webs clinging to the walls and ceiling. She reached for the broom, grasping the handle tightly. Slowly, she advanced into the darkened space, her skin prickling with apprehension.

The cold air of the shed seemed to creep along her flesh, making her shiver. She felt the broomstick's handle in her grasp, reassuring herself that she had something to defend herself with if necessary. Her eyes gradually adjusted to the darkness, allowing her to better navigate the area.

She proceeded carefully, stepping over old wooden boxes and piles of tools. The sounds of laughter from the kitchen boys outside only served to increase her anxiety. She started clearing the spider webs first, which seemed to have been undisturbed for years.

With every swipe of the broom, cobwebs fell to the floor, revealing layers upon layers of dust and grime accumulated over time. Even though the shed was cold, she soon warmed up and begun sweating from the vigorous exertion. She often had to stretch on her toes, trying to reach the ceiling with the tip of the broom, aware of the boys jostling for a better viewing position behind the door.

Eventually, the webs were cleared and it was turn for the shelves to be cleaned.

The sight of the dust-covered boxes filled Charmaine with dread. However, she forced herself to face the task, fetching a cloth and a bucket of water from the kitchen under the rapt gazes of the kitchen boys. With steady hands, she wiped down the dusty surfaces, exposing layer upon layer of the past.

She had to shift the heavy boxes around in order to clean properly, and then move them back. She was now sweating profusely; her sweat trickled down her bare skin, forming muddy paths through the sticky dust which now covered her all over.

She felt the goosebumps rise on her skin, and her nipples turned into little rocks. This did not escape the notice of the boys when she finally walked towards the door to take the bucket of dirty water out.

Stanley pointed to her breasts in awe. "Your poor nipples must be so cold!", he said mockingly.

Charmaine was mortified, her intimate body parts under not only constant scrutiny but now also being the subject of crude comments. Unable to respond, she kept her head down and made her way back to the kitchen with the dirty water.

It only remained now to clean the floor of the shed.

The floor was covered in dust and grime from years of neglect. Taking the broom once again, Charmaine approached the task with determination. With each stroke of the broom, she could feel the gritty dirt beneath her feet. Clouds of dust rose in the air, much of it sticking to her damp skin.

Charmaine's labored breathing filled the silence of the shed. The rhythmic movements of the broomstick scraping across the floor were the only sounds breaking the eerie quiet. With each stroke, she cleared another patch of the floor, leaving behind visible tracks of dirt and debris. Her hands trembled slightly from exhaustion, and she knew that she was close to finishing the arduous task. Stanley did not miss the opportunity though to add a further indignity. "Look under the lowest shelves," he said. "There might be some dirt hiding there."

Charmaine bent down to investigate, feeling the cool draft flow through the shed. When she saw the small pile of dust hidden beneath the first shelf, she sighed inwardly. She knew that no bit of dirt would pass unnoticed by Stanley and the other boys.

Picking up the broom once again, she swung it vigorously beneath the shelf. As Stanley had intended though, she had to go down on all fours to be able to reach all the way to the wall.

The roughness of the floor pressed against her knees, her fingers grazing the baseboards, and her cheek resting against the coarse wood of the shelf. The act of sweeping brought up an assortment of debris - fragments of broken glass, rusted nails, and even bits of paper.

Stanley adjusted his position so he could observe from behind the obscene spectacle she was presenting, her bottom high in the air, her legs parted widely. Charmaine was beyond feeling the mortification now. She just wished to be done with this task and out of the shed.

As she continued her laborious work, Stanley's leering voice pierced the stillness of the shed. "Just look at her, on her hands and knees like that. "

Stanley laughed, pointing at Charmaine's exposed backside. "And she doesn't even mind we can see her like this!" His friends joined in, sniggering at her predicament.

Charmaine's face burned hot with embarrassment, her heart pounding in her chest. She tried to ignore the mocking voices, focusing instead on the task at hand. As she brushed the remaining dust and debris from the floor, her fingers curled around the broomstick.

It was almost dusk when she finally pushed herself to her and feet Stanley acknowledged that the shed was spotlessly clean, as it had never been since it was built.

As Charmaine stepped out, her eyes slowly adjusted to the brighter surroundings. She glanced around, feeling the heat of the day's last sun rays bearing down on her sweaty skin. Her arms ached from the relentless work of cleaning. She looked down on her bare skin with horror. It was grimy beyond belief.

"You cannot go into the house like this," smirked Stanley. "And we cannot draw you a proper bath either". The other boys laughed out at his witty remark. "What are we going to do with you then?" asked Stanley, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

The other kitchen boys began to discuss amongst themselves, debating various options. One jokingly suggested dragging her to the lake, where they could wash her off in the shallows. The other thought it would be more amusing to put her in the garden pond.

Charmaine stood helplessly, her cheeks burning red with humiliation. She was caught in a trap with no way out.

The laughter grew louder and the suggestions ever more fanciful, and Charmaine felt panic rising in her throat. After enduring hours of physical labor and humiliation, it appeared that she might not escape yet another ordeal.

Desperate for any way out, Charmaine couldn't help but plead with the boys. "Please, I don't want to go into the lake or the garden pond. Can't you think of anything else?"

Stanley, who clearly enjoyed playing puppet master, feigned consideration before answering, "Hmm, perhaps you should clean yourself as best you can right here. Being helpful and friendly, we will assist as we can, won't we, boys?" Stanley suggested, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "We can even make it enjoyable!"

Charmaine felt her stomach drop, her limbs growing weak. She was sure that the enjoyment was not going to be for her.

However, the other kitchen boys quickly jumped onto the project.

"Fetch a bucket of water from the kitchen, Charmaine!", one of them ordered.

Charmaine could only nod, too exhausted and humiliated to argue. The bucket of water was placed at her feet, the boys crowding around as she knelt beside it. She hesitated for a moment, looking around at the faces of the laughing boys surrounding her. Feeling defeated, she leaned forward and plunged her hands into the cold water, splashing it onto her face and arms, the boys watching her every move intently. Soon, the bucket was empty but she was nowhere near clean. "We haven't got all day," Stanley proclaimed. "Bring another bucket, and a ladle."

Charmaine obeyed, keenly aware of their eyes on her as she was walking towards the house, and on her way back bent under the weight of the full bucket.

"Stand here now," the boy commanded, pointing towards the centre of the court yard. "And lift your hands up."

"You have all seen how they wash the horses, right?", he addressed his mates. "We have no brushes or cloths, so we'll have to make do with our bare hands, though." Stanley explained, drawing giggles from his comrades. "We can take turns with the ladle!"

When she felt the first ladle of cold water drop on her skin, it sent shivers through her and Charmaine shrieked with the surprise. The boys erupted into laughter, and Stanley told them to continue. They took turns ladling water onto her, with one boy pouring the water while the other two vigorously scrubbed her body with their bare hands. They were so engrossed in the activity that they did not even send her for more water, instead taking turns to fetch new buckets themselves.

Charmaine had no strength left to even protest when they pushed her legs apart and started vigorously rubbing between them too.

She could hear their raucous laughter and feel their eager hands working her skin up and down, everywhere, the cold water meanwhile turning her into a shivering mess.

At long last, they had to admit she was clean when it was time for dinner and all the other staff were already around the table.

All conversation stopped and all eyes were fixed on her when Charmaine entered the kitchen, naked, covered in goosebumps, the nipples of her full breasts rock-hard.

The heat of the stove radiated through the kitchen, and Charmaine nearly ran to it, desperately seeking warmth. She stood huddled in front of the stove, shivering violently, while trying to cover herself as best she could with her hands. Her hair fell over her shoulders in damp strands, and she clutched it tightly in her grasp.

Stanley, the instigator of her humiliation, drew a chair for her at the table and invited her to sit with a mocking bow.

"Sit down, Charmaine, join us for dinner." he said, with a leer that made her stomach turn.

The other kitchen boys watched her walk towards the table, their eyes assessing her as she passed. Everyone in the room had noticed her arrival, and the whispers spread rapidly throughout the household. The maids, cooks, and other servants stared in disbelief, but no one confronted the kitchen boys about their behavior.

Feeling acutely aware of the prying eyes, Charmaine sat at the table, her skin crawling.

She pulled her legs close together and wrapped her arms around her torso, hoping to provide some semblance of modesty. The others at the table remained silent, the tension palpable.

The cook, Mrs. Atkinson, indicated it was time to eat.

With great effort, Charmaine forced herself to focus on her food. She silently prayed for the meal to be over so she could return to the safety of her room. Her skin was still sensitive from the cold water, and she found it difficult to bear the sensation of the cold wooden chair against her flesh. Each mouthful she managed to take was an agony, knowing she was being observed as she ate. Her hands shook slightly as she held her fork, fearing it would betray her frailty.

Her gaze shifted to Stanley, the source of her misery. His dark eyes met hers, and his features contorted with amusement. With deliberate slowness, he picked up his fork and continued eating, casting a challenging glance in her direction.

Charmaine struggled to maintain her composure, focusing on eating her food. She knew that any reaction would only feed the malicious entertainment of these men and women.

When dinner was over, she quickly excused herself and fled the kitchen, avoiding joking suggestions to stay chat with the other maids, or to join a game of cards with the grooms.

Instead, she hastened back to her small room, grateful for its privacy. In her narrow bed at last, the feeling of the bed cloths against her bare skin reminded her of the feeling of being clothed, and she finally broke down in tears.

Thankfully, the exhaustion of the day overcame her, and soon Charmaine drifted into a dreamless sleep.