

A Trip To Matilda's

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Not suitable for those under the age of 18.

The Trouble With Suzanne

The trouble with Suzanne is that she takes things too seriously.

In fact, in this case I think she is taking things FAR too seriously.

Now I do have to confess that this WAS my idea originally. I've always been interested in the idea of dominant women, I've had a few sessions with professional dommes and the whole "forced feminisation" thing has been a bit of a fetish of mine – if only in my mind - for some time.

So, I felt it would be a bit of kinky fun but when I suggested that I could try being Suzanne's sissy maid servant. Suzanne wasn't too keen. I thought at first that it was because she didn't fancy the idea but as it turned out her main reservation was that she didn't think I'd be any good at it.

Anyway, eventually, and as a result of Suzanne being Suzanne, when she eventually did relent and agree, her immediate thought was to come up with a way of making sure I WAS good at it.

And I suppose that is the point at which I should have bailed out. But I didn't and so now I find myself, standing outside her bedroom, in case she needs anything, wearing this stupid maid's uniform, and listening to her making out with one of her girlfriends.

The first thing that should have warned me was when she produced the contract. "If you're going to be my maid," she said, "then I want to make sure you know what's expected. Otherwise one of us is going to end up disappointed, and I don't want it to be me."

Put like that it sounded really reasonable until I started reading it. It all sounded very legalistic and formal and while the idea of being Suzanne's maidservant really appealed, I wasn't so sure about the clauses that talked about punishment for poor performance. Suzanne dismissed my concerns saying that if I thought I could do the job I hardly need worry and put like that it did sound reasonable.

So, I swallowed my concerns and signed it. In retrospect, I probably ought to have read it more closely than I did, but it is easy to be wise after the event and besides, I suppose I found the whole idea of signing something like that quite erotic.

Suzanne didn't waste any time. Straight away she said, "Well you'd better get started, the bed clothes need changing, there is still washing up in the sink and I'd like a cup of tea while I sit down and watch some television."

I said that I didn't think that sounded very sexy and she just said, "What's that got to do with it? I think the sexiness comes from you being told what to do. You can get used to doing the work and we'll worry about the sex later."

The trouble is that the bossier she gets, the hornier I feel, so I did what she said and got on with my chores. I made her some tea first, which turned out to be the right thing to do. "Good," she said, "I'm pleased you are being considerate. Matilda's say that consideration is the best starting point."

“Matilda’s?”

“Oh, yes,” Suzanne said, “I hadn’t mentioned them. Matilda’s School for Male Maids. I’ve arranged for you to take a course. That way you’ll be able to do everything properly.”

I suppose I looked startled.

“I’d have thought it was just up your street. You’ve been going on about this for ages. Still, I’m not sure what you get out of it.”

“I suppose if I’m honest it’s being the centre of attention and the feel of the fabrics; the satin and the silk. I think that’s a big part of it.”

Suzanne nodded. “I see,” she said looking down at a leaflet from the school that she was holding, and then added, making me feel a little uncomfortable; “Oh well, we’ll just have to see how that works out.”

School’s In

Matilda’s turned out to be a large Victorian building on the edge of town. It was a grey stone, three story house set in its own grounds with a long gravel drive leading up to the front porch. I turned up on time and as instructed. Suzanne had said that I would be there for three days but that I needn’t take anything with me. A taxi dropped me at the gate. “Rather you than me, mate,” the driver said as I got out, which I found really embarrassing rather than, as perhaps I should have done, worrying.

I walked up the drive to the imposing front door with its brightly polished brass letter box and door plate inscribed with the single letter “M”. Pressing the button marked “Ring”, I could hear the sound of the door bell somewhere inside. A few moments later the door opened.

Standing inside was a burly, bearded and moustached man wearing a maid’s costume. There was little pretense of femininity – dark hairs on his legs were visible through the sheer nylon of his stockings and the wig he wore to give him the semblance of a woman’s hair style was perched so precariously that his lace maid’s cap seemed to be the only thing keeping it in place. If I had been embarrassed by the thought of what might lay in store for me at Matilda’s his appearance was strangely reassuring – at least, I thought, if this is what they have in store for me I wouldn’t look any worse.

“Good evening, Sir,” the ‘maid’ at the door greeted me without any apparent embarrassment.

“I’m here for the course,” I said, trying to behave as though it was perfectly normal to be greeted at the door by a bearded man in a dress.

The ‘maid’ nodded, “Naturally. Please come in.” He waved me inside. “If you would just wait there a moment,” he said gesturing to a chair at the side of the hall, “I’ll find Miss Matilda.”

“Thank you,” I said, taking a seat as he tottered off on heels that made it difficult for him to walk steadily. I sat for a few minutes and was beginning to wonder if I had been forgotten when suddenly a

door opened and an imposing woman strode into the hallway. I got to my feet. She gave me a nod of approval. This, I assumed, was Matilda. She was dressed in fine Edwardian style, with a long skirt of deep emerald velvet and a tight jacket in a similar material. Her deep-brown coloured hair was piled high on her head. She gave me an appraising look.

“Ah,” she announced. “You will be Mr Meakin. I see you have brought no bags with you. At least that is one instruction you have been able to follow. A good sign. Do you have something for me?”

Suzanne had given me a note with instructions to hand it over on arrival, so I passed the envelope across.

“Very good,” she said, opening it and reading the letter inside. “Well, this all seems to be in order. Come along and follow me.”

“Err, can I ask a few things first,” I said.

“I don’t think you need to bother. We know what we are doing here.” With that she strode off passing the rather grand staircase and headed towards a plain door to the rear. “This is the way staff get into the hall. I’m sure you don’t need me to tell you that you won’t use the main staircase. Your accommodation is up on the top floor. The service rooms are in the basement. You’ll soon get used to the stairs.”

As we got to the bottom of the stairs down to the basement, a stern looking woman emerged from a small office. In contrast to Miss Matilda’s sumptuous dress, the newcomer was dowdy. Her long, straight, dark skirt had no ornamentation and her plain, white, high-necked, blouse showed no sign of flamboyance either. Her elongated face and thin nose gave her a rather supercilious appearance which was emphasised by her gold rimmed half-moon spectacles.

“This,” Miss Matilda announced, “is Mrs Danbury. She will see to your placement here and supervise the various training programmes that you will need to follow. I am sure that you will find your time here productive, as long as you follow her directions.” Then turning to Mrs Danbury, she passed across the note I had given her. “No special requirements, Mrs D,” she said. “I suggest that you get him started straight away.”

“Very good, Miss Matilda,” Mrs Danbury said as the elegant Matilda departed. She turned to me.

“Well, I assume you know how we do things here?”

“No, not really,” I said, “my wife didn’t....”

“No matter. You will catch on soon enough. Follow me.” Mrs Danbury set off along a corridor, down some stairs into the basement and back through a maze of passages and small rooms. She opened a door to one and showed me inside. One wall was lined with cupboards. “All the staff wear a uniform. You will start as a scullery maid. If you grasp the simple tasks for that role, we may allow you to progress further. Undress please.”

Mrs Danbury stood back, arms folded while I took off my jacket, shirt, trouser, shoes and socks. I’m not particularly unfit but she didn’t seem very impressed with what she saw. “And the underpants,” she

said in the bored tone of one who had seen it all many times before. Something, however, had obviously displeased her. "Oh dear," she said, "I see you have not been fitted."

"Fitted?"

"A restraint. For that." She pointed to my crotch. "It saves any argument about unnecessary sexual activity. Never mind. I'm sure we have one suitable." She rummaged in drawer of the old pine table that stood in the middle of the room. "Let's see." She looked back and forth between me and the drawer. "This one should do."

She held up a small metal cage. I knew what it was, Suzanne and I had played with one at home once when she had made me wear one for a whole evening. It sounded as though this one would be in place for much longer than that. I wasn't sure I was keen.

"Don't make a fuss. All our students wear them. If you have a problem with that you are of course free to leave. Or, if you don't want to fit it yourself I can always get one of the other staff to help me fit it for you"

I could imagine what Suzanne would have to say if I turned up back at home so soon. Equally the idea of the mustached maid wrestling me into submission so that Mrs Danbury could put the thing on me did not appeal. I reached out and took the device. It slid over my cock quite comfortably. Mrs Danbury was evidently a good judge of the size needed.

"And this too." She handed me a small padlock, taking the key from it and threading it onto a ring alongside several others on a chain she wore on her belt.

I clicked the lock shut with a disturbingly permanent 'clunk'.

"Very good," Mrs Danbury said. "You will discover that your normal needs to urinate can be carried out with the device in place, although you will find that you need to sit. I would avoid any thoughts of a sexual nature though. I fear that steel is *rather* unforgiving and the results of any swelling of the member will prove rather uncomfortable, I am told. Now. Uniform."

She turned to the cupboard and took out a plain grey dress and laid it on the table. There was a white apron and a cap as well. A rather old-fashioned looking white corselette followed it, together with some plain white panties.

I must have looked less than impressed.

"I suppose this isn't quite what you imagined. Please understand that our purpose here is not to indulge your fetishistic desires. We produce efficient house maids. This sort of attire is quite adequate for a beginner like you, working on duties that will be mainly below stairs. When you return home and if you have shown talent for the work, I suppose your Mistress might let you have a uniform more in line with your fantasies. Frankly though, here we prefer simple uniforms that can be kept clean easily. When you have to do the laundry you will understand why. Do you see?"

"Yes, Mrs Danbury," I replied, rather intimidated by her directness.

“Good. In which case put those on and then come and find me. Oh yes, and get some padding for the cups of that corselette. Otherwise you will just look ridiculous.”

It didn't take me too long to dress. Wriggling into the boned, wired and elasticated confines of the corselette was the hardest part and it took me a while to find something to stuff the bra cups with but in the end found some cloth that did the job. There weren't any stockings that I could see so when I put the uniform dress – a sort of overall that fastened at the back – on the suspenders of the corselette flapped around uselessly beneath the skirt. I did find a pair of white mules that fitted me, so at least I had something on my feet as I made my way back to Mrs Danbury's office.

I reached her office and spoke, “I'm ready, Mrs Danbury.”

“Are you, indeed?” she responded. “And I suppose that I am supposed to drop everything to deal with you am I?”

“Oh, err,”

“You can wait. Turn and face the wall. Stand still, hands together behind you, wait. I'll see to you when I have finished what I am doing.”

I did as she told me, something that I was to get used to during the coming days.

She kept me standing there for twenty minutes or more until she finally decided to pay me some attention. “Right then,” she called, “you can turn around now.”

As I turned to face her I saw she was holding a clipboard. She looked down at it. “Name?”

“Andrew Meakin,” I replied.

“Not your male name. We're not interested in that. Do you know your maid name? The name you Mistress has asked for you to be called by?”

I shook my head. She looked again at her clipboard. “Andrea,” she announced. “Apparently it's Andrea.” She looked down into the drawer of her desk and pulled out an envelope. Inside was a cheap-looking, yellow metal necklace with the name ‘Andrea in script letters. She handed it to me. “Put this on to remind you. You will mainly be called ‘Meakin’ though. You'll reply to any of the staff if you have to as ‘Ma'am’. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Ma'am,” I replied compliantly, fastening the necklace in place.

“That's the idea. Now you seem to have managed to put your uniform on.”

“I couldn't find any stockings, Ma'am.”

“So I see. Never mind, we'll find you some.” She rummaged in the drawer of her desk and pulled out a pair of black, thick stockings. “Put these on,” she said.

I did as she asked. She watched me closely as I pulled them on and fastened them in place. She seemed mildly irritated by the time I took.

“You can wear these shoes.” She passed me a pair of dowdy lace-up women’s shoes with heels sufficiently high as to feel unfamiliar and awkward without ever getting anything close to something a fetishist might have enthusiasm for.

“One other thing,” she said. “Give me your glasses.” I handed them over. “These are much too masculine looking.” Are you short sighted?” I nodded. She picked a pair of wire framed, round-lensed spectacles from her drawer. “These should do.” I put them on. They weren’t quite right but I didn’t think I should complain.

Mrs Danbury looked back at her clipboard, flipping over pages, until she seemed to have all the information that they could convey. “Well, then, how much do you understand of what is expected of you?”

“I’m not sure, Ma’am. My wife said I was to be trained as a maid but that was all.”

“That covers a multitude of tasks; far more than you could expect to learn in only a few short days. However, your wife has been selective. It seems that household cleaning and waiting at table are the areas we should focus on. We will start with the cleaning. There is always plenty of that to be done here. Come with me.”

I followed her off into the maze of corridors under the house. She stopped beside a closet and opened it. “The cleaning cupboard,” she announced. “You will find all you need in here. You can start in the kitchen.”

To me there seemed to be a bewildering array of brushes, mops, racks of cleaning fluids, dusters and other cloths.

“She saw my confusion. “Don’t worry, formal training will start tomorrow when the rest of your class turns up. Just sweep the floor for now and clean the work tops.”

Kitchen Cleaning & Bed Time

I suppose I was only working for an hour but by the end I was quite exhausted. As the evening drew in and the light outside faded, Mrs Danbury appeared and surveyed my work with a slightly disappointed air. “Oh well,” she said, “I suppose it can only be expected. I won’t apply any sanctions on this occasion but you should know this standard of work will certainly attract the attention of performance improvement measures once training is under way. Very well, follow me. I shall show you to your accommodation.”

Her remarks were worrying. I had thought that I had done a reasonable job but it obviously wasn’t good enough to satisfy Mrs Danbury.

I followed her out. Beside her office a doorway gave on to a narrow steep stairway. She went up it quickly, passing doors on each floor of the house until we reached the attic. Leaving the stairway we stepped out into a narrow corridor, lit only by a small skylight and a single naked electric bulb. There

were four doors on either side of the corridor. Mrs Danbury opened the first and showed me in. Inside was a small space set in the eaves of the house. The slope of the roof made the ceiling very low towards the front of the building. Four single iron bedsteads with thin mattresses had been squeezed into the space. One small cabinet stood beside each bed and a single battered plain wood wardrobe stood by the door.

“Take off your uniform, hang it up in the wardrobe. You will find a night dress in there. Put it on. Then get into bed.”

“Do I have to wear the nightgown? I usually sleep naked.”

“Really? Well here you do not. You will find it is not warm in here. Besides, it is easier to wash a nightgown than to be forever cleaning sheets as you will discover.”

I did as she asked. The nightgown was long and plain cotton with long sleeves and a high neck. The only concession to femininity was a frill around the neck, and others at the hem and cuffs.

“Now, into bed. You will see a chamber pot beneath if you have a need during the night. Your first task in the morning will be to empty it. You will be woken at six o’clock. That is the time the staff start here”

I climbed between the sheets. They felt cold, even through the nightgown.

“Good night, Meakins,” Mrs Danbury said as left the room. Moments later she she turned out the light in the corridor and the room became completely dark. I heard a key turn in the door’s lock. There didn’t seem to be anything else to do other than to try to get as good a night as I could. Luckily, exhausted as I was from my work in the kitchen, I was soon asleep.

My night was restless. Several times in the night I woke up, hearing groans, squeals or grunts from nearby rooms. And there were the dreams. I dreamed that I was back at home, crouching, naked at my wife’s feet while she threatened me with her riding crop at the same time wearing a grin that told me that she would be instructing me to provide her with some intimate pleasures later. It all seemed more fun than the rather clinical air of the staff at Miss Matilda’s. Erotic dreams turned out to be a bad idea though. More than once in the night I woke up as the consequences of arousal in my sleep came up against the unrelenting grip of the cage around my cock.

Class Room Lesson

I was woken, as Mrs Danbury had promised, at six o’clock. It was the mustached ‘maid’ that had welcomed me on my arrival who unlocked the door to my room. “You should wash,” he said. “There is a jug and basin in the corridor. You can dispose of your pot through the sluice in the room beside the stairs. Then get dressed. Don’t take too long. It only upsets them.”

I hadn’t used the chamber pot during the night. I’d not felt the need until he mentioned it, at which point I became desperate to pee. As he left the room, leaving the door open, I lifted up my night gown

and squatted over the pot, peeing as best I could with the encumbrance of the steel cage locked around my cock.

I took the warm pot out into the corridor, found the sluice, emptied the pot, cleaned it and returned it to the room. There was a towel folded on the end of my bed. I took that and went to wash.

At the far end of the corridor a jug and basin stood on a small wooden table. Beside the bowl, an old, cracked saucer held a hard green cake of soap. I poured some water into the bowl, It was cold. It was hard to get the soap to lather but I managed to wash my face and hands. It then occurred to me to think what I would do about the stubble that was sprouting on my chin as it did every morning but there was no sign of a razor and I didn't fancy shaving in cold water anyway.

Back in my room, I climbed out of the nightgown and left it folded on my bed. I struggled into the corselette once again, padded out the bra cups and put on the uniform dress.

I'd just finished when Mrs Danbury appeared at the door. "Ah, you are ready. Good. Breakfast in the servant's hall next to the kitchen in five minutes." With that she disappeared leaving me to find my way back to the stairs and down to the basement.

When I got to the servant's hall there were already three other maids there taking breakfast. Nobody seemed to be talking. A dumpy man in a mop cap and floor length dress and apron waved me to the table set a mug of tea down beside me and a bowl of what I took to be porridge. It looked grey and unappetising. I took a spoonful of it. Thick and unsweetened, it tasted no better than it looked.

The maid with the beard and mustache whispered quietly. "I'd eat it if I were you. There will be nothing else until lunch time and if we're unlucky then it will be more of the same."

I took his advice, though without much enthusiasm.

Once we had finished the others picked up their bowls and mugs and headed towards the scullery, where a sink with luke-warm, greasy water was all we had for washing up, each of us dealing with our own eating things. I stacked mine alongside the others and turned around to see Mrs Danbury peering impatiently at me.

"Well," she said, "if you are QUITE ready, perhaps you might like to join your class. Through that door, third room on the left. The others are already here."

Inside the room there were five others all dressed identically to me, all looking equally uncomfortable with their uniforms and being in the presence of others. I suppose I felt embarrassed by being there, knowing that each of the others was thinking exactly the same thing that I was – why had I let my kinky interests get me into THIS situation.

The six of us were in the room, waiting. We had been told to stand silently with our eyes down, and hands behind our backs. It was obvious that each of us knew what was expected; all six of us were doing as we were told.

The sound of the door opening announced the arrival of our tutor.

“Well, class,” she announced, “look up and take your seats, please.”

Our tutor turned out to be a girl hardly more than seventeen years old, I would guess. Slim and with dark frizzy hair, she was dressed in a maid’s uniform like our own but in black. The uniform might have been similar but she wore it with confidence unlike our own embarrassed, diffident, behaviour. It also fitted her rather better than did any of ours. The way that the black dress revealed the shape beneath it left me wincing as my cock twitched against the solid steel that was intended to suppress thoughts like those that our tutor’s appearance was giving rise to. I bit my lip in an attempt to distract myself but only succeeded in attracting her attention. The smile she gave me was, I suppose, intended to put me at my ease. It only made my problem more acute.

There were three rows of two seats, each with a small school desk.

“Take the two front rows,” our tutor instructed. “I want you paying attention.”

Five of us did as she asked. The sixth, a grey-haired, slim man, hung back.

“Is there some problem?” our tutor asked. “Bryony, isn’t it?”

“Brian.”

“Bryony is the name we use here. Please don’t be difficult. I know that was explained to you.”

Reluctantly, Brian, or Bryony, joined us.

“Thank you,” our tutor said. “Now, I am Miss Carson. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Miss Carson,” we chorused, only Bryony hanging back a little.

“Very good. Before we start, please sit in a more lady-like manner. Knees together, backs straight, ankles side by side, hands together on the desk.” She scanned the six of us. “Well done. Good.”

I looked to one side at the man sitting next to me. He was a little older than me, I guessed, and rather overweight. He was balding, something that made his maid’s cap look even more ridiculous than might otherwise have been the case.

Miss Carson reacted to my distraction. “Please just pay attention to me.” She addressed her words to the whole of the class. “The first job of a maid is to pay attention and listen. Without that you will never carry out your duties correctly. You don’t need to worry about the others here. You will have quite enough to take in with what I have to say. You will also find that if you fail to learn the things I intend to teach you, you will find your life here uncomfortable or possibly painful. Now to our lessons. We will be covering the essential skills today. Tomorrow, assuming you get to grips with the basics, we will progress to more complex tasks. First though, we are going to cover the essential topic of your appearance.”

The six of us looked up as Miss Carson pointed to a dress maker’s mannequin at the side of the room dressed in the same uniform that we were all wearing.

“Why do you suppose you wear a uniform?” she asked.

“Humiliation,” the man next to me muttered under his breath.

“Now, it’s no good if I can’t hear you,” Miss Carson responded, having obviously heard what he had said. “Please share it with the class so we can all benefit.” Her stare would have faced down a far more aggressive individual than my companion evidently was.

“I thought, err, humiliation, Miss Carson,” he gave in.

“Well that’s a reasonable thought. If you feel humiliated by having to wear this uniform, I suppose you might think that was the purpose. For myself, I am proud to wear it so I wouldn’t agree. Any other thoughts?”

The class remained silent.

“Well, let me suggest to you that, far from making you stand out, it is intended to make you blend in. It is to identify you as one that provides a service and it signifies that all who provide those services are equal. It says that you are part of the mechanism of the house, available to be called on by those you are to serve. It also says that you are each as good as another. That this maid can lay table as well as that. That this maid can clean floors as well as that. You are not required to be distinguished between. Indeed, quite the reverse.”

Miss Carson warmed to her theme. “So, your uniform should be just that – uniform. Uniformly clean, uniformly pressed and uniformly worn. You two,” she pointed at Bryony and me, “come up here.”

Reluctantly we got to our feet and joined Miss Carson at the front of the class. “Just compare these two to our mannequin here.”

Miss Carson walked around the two of us pointing out the discrepancies in our dress from the ideal that the mannequin presented. “All those buttons should be done up. The apron should be tied so that it’s waist tape lays over the waist seam of your dress. Your cap should be straight and positioned neither too far forward nor back, You should make sure that the hem of your dress is horizontal with the floor, just on your knees and,” she prodded at my artificially enhanced bosom, “you should try to make sure that you don’t look as lopsided as Meakin here does. However, your uniform is just one area in which attention to detail is required. You will find that is a useful skill in all areas. Believe me, the last thing you want to do here is to stand out and be noticed.”

That was a point of view we could all agree on. Certainly Bryony and I were happy when we were allowed to return to our seats.

“Now that we have that sorted out,” Miss Carson went on as we made our ways back to our seats and took up our positions, “we are going to focus on cleaning materials and tools.”

And so it began. What should we use for carpeted floors? How about wooden floors? Cleaning tiles? Cleaning kitchen surfaces? Cleaning in the bathroom? What order should we clean in? Cleaning upholstery. Vacuuming curtains. Washing dishes. Polishing cutlery. Dusting and polishing. It seemed like an unending list. Miss Carson fired questions at us, interspersing her testing with instructions to “Sit up straight!”, “Put your shoulders back!”, “Keep your knees together!”, “Raise you hands when

you want to answer!” and rewarding incorrect answers with a rap across the hands with the bamboo handle of a feather duster.

After an hour or so she felt she had drilled us enough. “Now,” she said, “you can show me whether or not you have learned anything.”

She led us into the kitchen and gave each of us a task. I was assigned to washing up after the breakfast we had all shared, while others were assigned to cleaning the floor, wiping down the worktops and so on. Miss Carson stood back, watching closely, and holding a vicious looking cane that she flexed in her hands threateningly as she watched us work. She criticised the slightest failure and rewarded each mistake with a cut from the cane. I suffered three strokes for failing to pile the plates on the drainer correctly and for leaving greasy spots on one of the glasses. It was clear that if I didn't pay close attention to the work I was going to find the course a painful one. While Miss Carson supervised, Mrs Danbury arrived to see how we were progressing, peering over her half moon spectacles with a look of barely concealed disdain. I took the lack of any actual criticism to be a mark of some limited form of approval.

Time For Lunch

Although we were all taken into the servants' hall for some food at the end of the morning session it didn't turn out to be much of a break.

Lunch was a little more appetising than breakfast – a bowl of hearty soup and a chunk of bread - but we had only just started when Mrs Danbury appeared. She stood with her arms folded across her rather frumpy blouse, waited until we were all quiet and then demanded our attention. “While you are in here I have something for you to look at. Do you see those?” She pointed up near to where the ceiling met the far wall.

There was a large wooden panel with an array of bells. Each of the bells was labelled underneath on yellowing paper labels with the name of one of the rooms in the house.

“Since it looks like we may have to use your services upstairs you need to know about them. Each of those bells is connected to a bell push in one of the rooms upstairs. If Miss Matilda or one of her guests requires service, a bell will ring. It will be obvious which bell is ringing. The staff is expected to respond, and that includes you.”

Mrs Danbury looked out at us across the table as though she had very little confidence in our ability to take any of this on board.

“You see the labels. You need to make sure you know which room the bells relate to. I hardly need tell you that a maid barging in where he is not needed will attract my attention. So, you need to memorise

the rooms. There is a plan on the wall over there. Some are obvious but others you need to learn. Spend some time when you have finished eating and I will test you.”

There was an uncomfortable shuffling as we all realised that we weren't going to get any time to ourselves over the lunch break.

“Then, when you get to wherever you have been summoned to, you need to know how to behave. First thing you do? Ah,” Mrs Danbury scanned around the table, “Meakin?”

I thought for a moment and then said, “Curtsy, Ma'am?”

“No. Anyone? Oh good heavens. Knock on the door. Don't go straight in. Wait until you are called. Don't expect the people upstairs to leap to attention just because you have arrived. They may take their time. That is their privilege. Then, assuming you are invited in, you can do as Meakin suggests. And then what?”

Bryony replied this time. “Wait, Ma'am?”

“Yes. Wait. And then do what ever you are asked to. And before you leave?”

“Curtsy again, Ma'am?”

“Well perhaps you won't make too much of a mess of this. We'll see.” Mrs Danbury did not sound very confident. She left us to finish our soup and to study the chart. As she had said some of the room locations were obvious. The hall, the dining room, the sitting room, the library and the garden room were all going to be easy enough to point out. More of a problem were the various rooms on the first and second floors; the green drawing room, the Chinese bedroom, the French bedroom, Miss Matilda's room, first floor bathroom, second floor bathroom, Miss Matilda's dressing room and so on.

After about a quarter of an hour studying the plan, I thought that I had got the various rooms stuck in my mind and then ended up hoping that either I would be near the bell panel when it rang quite soon (so that I would still remember where the rooms were) or that I would be lucky enough to avoid having to respond to a ring at all.

Then Mrs Danbury reappeared. This time she had a nasty looking cane which she was flexing between her hands. “Now girls,” she said brightly, “let's see how good your memories are. Stand with your backs to the wall and hold your left hands out. I will call out a room and you will tell me where it is. That should be easy, shouldn't it?”

We did as she asked, the six of us lined up with our backs to the wall and, as a result, to the plan of the house. Mrs Danbury, squared up in front of me. She gave her cane an exploratory swish, barely missing my hand and making me wince. She allowed herself a thin smile; the first time I had seen her do such a thing.

“So, Meakin, perhaps you can tell me how to find the Green Bedroom?”

“First floor, Ma'am. Out of the service stairs, turn left and it's the ..” I paused to make sure I had it right, I could see Mrs Danbury was flexing her cane in anticipation, “second door on the left.”

“Very good,” she replied and I relaxed for a moment, but the cane whipped down across my palm.

“Oww,” I responded.

“But not QUITE right,” Mrs Danbury said, eyes twinkling with amusement. “Second door on the right. You would have found the right one though. No doors on the left along that corridor.”

I turned out to be the luckiest one in our group. None of us managed a perfect answer the first time around. Poor Bryony ended up with three cuts across the hand for getting the floor and door wrong for the Chinese Bedroom and what was worse he gave directions from the main staircase, not the service stairs.

I don’t think I’ll tell Suzanne about the bells. She might think it was an altogether too good an idea.

Waiting At Table

Back in the classroom, Miss Carson explained that we were to learn how to wait at table. Until she started explaining the protocol involved I had no idea of how complicated it all was. You had to be on the right side of the person you were serving; there was a right and wrong way to hold the tray; a right and a wrong order in which to do things.

Brian said something to the effect that he thought Miss Carson was making it all up, a foolish move that ended up with him being grabbed by the ear, dragged to the front of the class and asked to read out the appropriate passage from a dusty old book that turned out to be a 19th century manual for household servants. The rest of us, all busily pursuing a “let’s keep quiet so we don’t get ourselves into trouble” approach, just tried to remember it all.

Then came the practical. It was a bizarre set up. Seated at a table that stood by a bay window in the lounge were our “guests” for tea; two elegantly dressed, shop-window dummies. “You are all far too inexperienced to practice on any of us,” Miss Carson announced, seeing our looks of disbelief at being expected to wait on mannequins. “When you can do things properly for Amanda and Sally here, you *MAY* be allowed to try serving Miss Matilda or her guests.”

First of all we had to lay up a table for afternoon tea. Miss Carson stood by explaining how the table cloth needed to be spread just so, completely wrinkle free and hanging down equally on either side. Then the mats and cutlery had to be positioned exactly, not forgetting of course a mat for the tea pot, hot water jug, milk and sugar. All that was relatively normal, I suppose, if irritatingly exact in how Miss Carson wanted it done. The blank stare bestowed on us by the mannequins as we worked made the whole scene feel very peculiar, though.

The strangeness was made worse by the fact that Miss Carson insisted that we curtsy to each of our “guests” before leaving the room to fetch the tea things. Bryony objected and was told that when he’d shown he could do it properly he wouldn’t need to practice, so he could just get on with it and do as he was told. Something about the way in which Miss Carson gave her orders made it plain that

disobedience was not a response that would be tolerated. We all had a memory of Mrs Danbury's cane stinging on our palms and no-one wanted a repeat performance of that. After a few half-hearted protests, Bryony gave in.

After Miss Carson had corrected our actions several times, Daniel, or Danielle as he was now called, complained that he was finding it hard, that he didn't understand why he was having to do these things in these ways. "Let me make it plain," Miss Carson said, "you are NOT to imagine that your concerns are in anyway important. You are simply here in order to ensure the comfort and convenience of your Mistress. You will do what is required of you, without drawing attention to yourself, without questioning your betters and without expecting thanks."

Abashed we returned to our tasks, doing as she directed and doing as best as we could to follow her instructions; serving from the correct side, enquiring whether milk or lemon was wanted (it felt *really* stupid to be asking questions of shop dummies), making sure that sugar was offered and so on.

Clearing up after the practical I made a big mistake. I'd spilled some sugar on the table and swept it up into my hand, before dropping it into one of the cups that we were going to take outside to the scullery for washing up. Without thinking I wiped my hands on my backside. Immediately there was a snap from Miss Carson. "What on earth do you think you are doing?"

The suddenness and sharpness of her reaction took me aback.

"Your uniform skirt is NOT a towel to wipe your filthy hands on. Bend over that chair!" She grabbed me by the back of the neck, and lifted the skirt of my dress. Without any further warning she dealt out a hand spanking that left me gasping with pain and blushing with embarrassment as my colleagues looked on. Once she finished she told me to get up and dress myself again. Then she told me to write out 50 times, "I will take better care of my uniform," while the others had a short break.

Once I had finished, Miss Carson inspected my handiwork. "Well, that seems to be in order," she said before she tore up the sheets of paper and scattered the results to the floor. "Clear up this mess, Meakin," she ordered, "and then you can finish clearing the tea table and wash up.

By the time we had finished clearing the table there was quite a pile of crockery and kitchen utensils piled up beside the sink waiting to be washed. Much of it, I noticed had nothing to do with our tea service exercise. Miss Carson ordered me over to the sink.

When it came to the task, Miss Carson was determined that I should keep my mind on my work until it was finished. As I stood beside the sink, she said, "Lift your skirt!"

I did so and she picked up a length of chain. One end was padlocked to the sink, the other she locked to the cage that was confining my cock. "There," she said, "now there's no danger of you wandering off." The others stood by watching wearing expressions that were half way between sympathy for my punishment and relief that it wasn't them.

I got started on the task, keen to be freed as soon as possible from the chain that was weighing down on my cock and balls. By the time I finished my hands were red raw from the water, which on top of the wheals from the cane meant they felt pretty painful.

After Work

With the afternoon and evening classes finished, I headed back upstairs to my bedroom in the attic, hoping for some rest. It had been a hard day. Not only had there been the physical effort of the work but the continuous attention needed to make sure my instructions were followed exactly had been a strain.

I was looking forward to getting into bed. I took off my uniform dress and hung it up behind the door. I wondered if I should take the corselette off too but just as I was about to unfasten it, Miss Carson appeared in the doorway.

“You’ve been working hard all day,” she said, coquettishly. “I thought you might like to play and relax for a bit.”

I said that I was really tired and that, in any case, I didn’t think that my Mistress would want me to be playing around when I was supposed to be learning things. It was obviously an excuse that Miss Carson had heard before.

“Oh, don’t be coy,” she said. “I’m sure she wouldn’t mind. Besides, I wondered what you looked like out of your uniform.” She stood with her hands on her hips, waiting. I obviously wasn’t going to get rid of her easily. “Go on,” she said.

I took off my stockings and unzipped the corselette.

“Panties too,” Miss Carson ordered “Lay down on your face. I want to see how your backside is after that spanking.” I did as she told me and felt her hands running over my buttocks, feeling where the spanking she had given me had left my skin reddened and sore. “Oh dear,” she said. “That must be painful.”

I admit that I found her touch arousing. Unfortunately my cock was still locked up in its steel cage and as it responded it came up against the unforgiving steel frame. I winced in response.

“Oh,” said Miss Carson, feigning sympathy although in reality I am certain that she knew exactly what the problem was. “is that really so tender?”

“No, Miss,” I answered through gritted teeth, “it’s the cage locked on my cock.”

“Of course. Silly of me. I hadn’t realised how you might react.”

I didn’t really believe her; she seemed intent on teasing me to such an extent that my prick would be forced to suffer in its confinement. The combination of her flirting, her touch and the fact that she was an attractive woman as well combined to increase my problems.

Luckily a moment later there was the sound of Mrs Danbury calling and Miss Carson disappeared in response. I wasn't sorry to see her go. Even so, it took quite a while before I could banish her image from my mind's eye enough to let my engorged cock subside sufficiently to ease the discomfort.

Above Stairs

After breakfast on the second day, it was obvious from the feverishly snapped orders and the extra attention to detail from our tutors that a special social event was being planned upstairs. "I know you are only trainees," Miss Carson said when Danielle said he was worried about making mistakes, "but you have to start somewhere and there is work to be done."

It was going to be a cold day so I was set to laying fires in each of the rooms upstairs, on the ground floor. I'd never had to bother at home – we have central heating – so Miss Carson had to show me how to do it, first of all cleaning out the old ash, then placing screwed up paper and sticks of kindling to provide a base and finally a small pyramid of chunks of coal ready for lighting. On top of that I was up and down stairs several times, collecting coal in the large scuttle and using it to fill the smaller ones beside each of the fire places. I finally worked out that I had laid six fireplaces; one in the hall, two in the big reception room, one in the library another in the dining room, another in a small parlour just off the hall. I caught sight of myself in the mirror in the hall and saw a large streak of coal dust across my forehead over the stupid round spectacles I was being required to wear.

I picked up my coal scuttle and headed back to the doorway that led to the stairs back down to the servants quarters. As I reached it, I heard a voice call out, "Hang on!"

I turned around to see a woman in a mannish three piece tweed suit smiling at me.

"You must be one of the new girls. What's your name?" The woman had slicked back blonde hair, thin lips and heavy eyebrows that gave her a rather sinister appearance.

"Meakin, Ma'am," I responded.

"God, you're plain though! And grubby!" She reached forward and pushed me back against the wall. Shocked, I dropped the coal scuttle with a clatter and tried to break away from her grip. "And these," she reached for the padding that filled the bra cups of my corselette, "are very unconvincing." Undeterred by my struggles, she leant in and locked her mouth on mine for a violent kiss. "God you even taste of coal!" she laughed, eventually letting go of me. "I'll have to tell Mrs Danbury she's working you too hard." She stepped back. "Well, Meakin," she said. "You'd better get on with your work. I haven't got time to mess around all day. Fun though it might be!"

Another voice called out from the hall, "Gloria. Where are you?"

I crouched down to pick up the fallen coal scuttle.

"There you are, Gloria." I looked up as a woman in a summery dress, came around the corner from the hall. She looked at me suspiciously as though I had found a way of avoiding doing anything useful.

“We’re just going to play a hand of cards with the others in the lounge,” the newcomer announced, though I was pretty sure she wasn’t talking to me.

“Excellent,” my assailant, Gloria, responded. “I would like nothing better.” The two of them went off arm in arm.

“I don’t know why you waste your time with the below-stairs staff, though, Gloria.” I heard Gloria’s friend say as she left the room.

“Oh, Celia, they are just so delightfully.....” was all I heard Gloria say in reply before the sound of her voice was cut off by the closing door.

I looked around to make sure there were no coal smuts on the carpet and then made my way back down stairs.

Summoned By Bells

About an hour later I was back in the servants’ hall. Miss Carson had told me off for appearing downstairs with streaks of coal on my face and had ordered me into the wash room to clean up; no fun at all with cold water!

I just got back into the hall when one of the bells up on the wall rang. Looking up at the jangling bell, I could see it had been rung in the Green Bedroom.

“That will be Miss Addison expecting her tea. There’s a tray over there with a fresh pot. You can take it up to her if you can remember where that is?”

Recalling the stinging that Mrs Danbury had given my palm the day before, I was able to reassure Miss Carson that I knew exactly where the Green Bedroom was, so I straightened my uniform, picked up the tray and headed to the back stairs.

I reached the door to the room, knocked and waited. A voice from inside called, “Yes”.

“Your tea, Ma’am,” I replied

“You’d better bring it in then.”

I managed to open the door without dropping the tray and went in. ‘Miss Addison’ turned out to be Gloria. She was sprawled on the bed beside a half naked Celia and an array of sex toys including vibrators, dildoes, and various bondage toys. I suppose I looked shocked.

“Oh, it’s you, the grubby one. Don’t gawp. Put the tray down over there. You can wait while we drink it. Turn to face the wall. I’m sure the sight of Celia’s tits won’t be helping your poor locked cock.”

Celia giggled and, red-faced, I did as Gloria asked. Standing facing the wall I could hear them pouring their tea and the chink of cups, but then the sound was replaced by something much more intimate with both women giggling and little squeals and sighs.

Then I hear Celia say, “It seems a shame to leave him standing there,” and Gloria say “Come over here, Meakin.”

It was worrying that she had remembered my name. I felt that there might have been some safety on anonymity.

“Come and kneel down here.” She pointed to the side of the bed beside them. “Hold the tray so we can have our tea here.”

Once she had satisfied herself that I was kneeling correctly and holding the tray conveniently in reach, Gloria turned her attentions back to sexually amusing herself and Celia. I suppose lots of men have a fantasy about being involved in a threesome but let me tell you this wasn’t any fun at all. The worst point was when I gasped with discomfort at my cock being compressed by its cage.

“We don’t need to hear from you,” Gloria snapped. “This will keep you quiet.” She grabbed a ball gag from the heap of toys and jammed it into my mouth. She didn’t bother fastening the strap; she knew that I wouldn’t dare to push it out. So I ended up with my knees sore from kneeling, my back and arms aching from holding the tray and my jaw stiff and sore from the way the gag forced it open.

Only after Gloria had decided that she and Celia had played for long enough, did she retrieve her gag, and tell me to get up and get back below stairs where I belonged. I was grateful to go.

A Night Time Encounter

After the efforts of the day, I was only too pleased to get back to the dormitory, ready for bed. I stripped off my dress and hung it up, pulled on the nightgown – somehow I was more embarrassed to be wearing that than my uniform – and climbed into the iron framed bed. Yes, the attic room was cold and drafty but I found that I was soon asleep; a consequence of the day’s hard work.

I have no idea how long I was asleep for but I woke suddenly, aware that there was somebody in the room with me. I blinked in the darkness and realised there was a figure standing in the doorway. There was a smell of tobacco and brandy.

A woman’s voice said, “You looked so peaceful. It almost seemed a shame to disturb you.”

I realised it was Gloria. Startled, I sat up and pulled the sheets up around me.

“Such modesty. I thought you might like some company. It must be lonely up here.”

“No, it’s all right, Ma’am,” I said, remembering to be respectful. “It’s just that I’m so tired from the day.”

“They shouldn’t work you so hard.” Gloria sat down on the end of my bed. She was no longer wearing her jacket, just a white shirt and the tweed waistcoat. She was wearing a man’s tie but had pulled it loose and her shirt collar was unbuttoned. She reached towards me and put her hand on my thigh. I backed away as far as I could in the bed, still clutching the sheet.

“Don’t be shy.”

It was pretty clear what she wanted. She obviously hadn’t been put off by the smell of coal dust earlier.

“No, I can’t. I mean, my thing, it’s locked up.”

Gloria laughed. “That’s not a problem you silly thing. I’m not interested in THAT!” She stretched herself out alongside me. As she did so I felt something hard pressing against my thigh. As I flinched, Gloria laughed again. “Oh, don’t say you’re a virgin! How delicious. Well don’t worry, my little friend down there will be very gentle. “She pushed her hips forward against me and it was clear that what ever she had in her trousers was more than a ‘little’ friend.

I’d never tried anything like that with Suzanne and it had never been a fantasy of mine. “Please, I shouldn’t. Mrs Danbury wouldn’t.....”

“She needn’t know. Now don’t make a noise.” Gloria slid herself behind me and reached round so that one hand was over my mouth muffling any cries or protests I might make. I realised now what the grunts and moans I had heard on the first night had probably been caused by. Her other hand pulled the sheet free and then pushed my nightgown up around my waist. I felt her fumbling with the fastening of her trousers and then the disturbing sensation as the rigid bulk of her strap-on pressed against my anus.

I squealed and tried to wriggle as she pushed her hips forward, pressing the dildo into me but my response seemed only to encourage her. “What a slut,” she chortled, “you just love it don’t you?”

The trouble was that in response to the pressure in my arse, my cock was busily trying to join in but being prevented from doing so by the unremitting steel cage that contained it. The discomfort of that made me double up forwards pushing my arse back towards Gloria and leading her to think I was enjoying the whole process far more than I was.

As Gloria got more into the whole encounter, she seemed to lose interest in my response, pressing herself against my back with increasing enthusiasm as she became more aroused. Reaching around me, she squeezed and twisted my tits trying to get me to respond more and press back against her. Eventually she decided that she had had enough and pulled back from me.

She laid down alongside me, one arm thrown across my chest, for a while, recovering from her exertions. Then she knelt astride me and looked down at me. She shook her head. “I know I’m supposed to say, ‘Great Heavens, Meakin, you’re beautiful’ at this point, but I’m afraid you’re still as plain as ever. Never mind, I enjoyed myself.”

And with that she climbed out of my bed and left me to try to get some sleep.

More Schooling

The morning of our third day was taken up with further classes, starting with Miss Carson giving us a run down of all the things she and Mrs Danbury had noted that had been at fault on the day before.

“I’m afraid,” said Mrs Danbury that there is a certain amount of correction needed in order to make sure that the lessons are learned from yesterday. Each of you will come forward. Bryony James, you first.”

Brian got to his feet unwillingly and went to the front of the class.

“Bend over the desk please, Lift your skirt and lower your panties.”

“But...” Bryony began.

“Don’t defy me. Do as you are told and do so quickly. You are holding up the whole class.”

I couldn’t help but feel that all of us were quite happy with that but Mrs Danbury obviously wasn’t prepared to wait as she grabbed Bryony by the scruff of his neck and pushed him down over Miss Carson’s desk.

“Inadequate cleaning in the kitchen. Much more attention to detail needed. Three strokes, thank you Miss Carson.”

Miss Carson dealt out three cuts with a cane that were more than enough to make the point that attention to detail was needed and then Bryony was sent back to his seat. The mischievous grin that she wore while administering the punishment and the way her dress stretched over her breasts as she drew her arm back for the next blow caused sufficient arousal to remind me that my cock was still locked up to prevent such thoughts.

The rest of us followed one by one receiving similar treatment. I was last. Bent over the desk with my knickers pushed down and my skirt lifted up I felt vulnerable and exposed. “I suppose,” Mrs Danbury said, “we should give you some sympathy for the attentions of Miss Addison,” (I was surprised to hear her criticising any of those above stairs) “but I fear such exploitation is sometimes the lot of staff. There was, however, the matter of the spilled coal. Two strokes, please, Miss Carson.”

I barely had time to tense myself before the cane came whipping down. My backside was sore enough from Gloria’s visit the night before. The two cuts from Miss Carson’s cane just added to my discomfort.

A Strange Encounter

After lunch on the third day we had a surprise order to make ourselves ready for a special task. Miss Matilda was entertaining and we were to wait on her guests.

I had not expected to be required (or even allowed!) to serve at a real event with so little training, but Miss Matilda had decided that since was short of staff we should be pressed into service. Mrs Danbury informed us that we would all have to play our part and that we would have black uniform dresses with white aprons and caps for the event.

She checked us over before we were allowed upstairs to the dining room, not letting us leave the servant's hall until she was completely satisfied with our appearance. I felt more than a little pleased that she didn't find anything wrong with my uniform.

In the dining room, Miss Matilda was enjoying the company of about a dozen guests. Men and women sat around the dining table, all seeming unconcerned by the gender of those serving them.

Miss Carson was waiting at table. She was being helped by another maid that I hadn't seen before. She was as perfectly dressed and made up as Miss Carson and it was easy to see how well they had learned their skills as they managed the challenges of keeping everyone supplied with food while at the same time making sure that all were having a good time. Miss Carson's companion – Spencer, I discovered she was called – in particular seemed relaxed at dealing with the flirting banter of some of the male guests, laughing with them in a familiar way that I was sure would have earned any of us the attentions of Mrs Danbury's cane. She was a shapely woman, I guessed in her late twenties in comparison to the much younger Miss Carson, and her bobbed blonde hair gave her a vivacious air. She had obviously paid as much attention to her appearance as she did to her work. Her bright red lipstick was expertly applied and her eyes were made more dramatic by skillful mascara lines. Somehow she managed to nip between the tables in spite of the fact that she was wearing shoes with a dangerously high heel. She seemed the perfect image of a dutiful, attentive, maid servant.

Our job was to make sure that the food from the kitchens reached the side boards in the dining room and that dirty plates and dishes were removed as quickly as possible. That kept us running up and down stairs almost continuously. The bearded and mustached maid that had let me in when I first arrived was making sure that each of the guests had whatever they wanted to drink and between us all, I felt that we managed to keep the event running smoothly.

Once the guests had all gone, Mrs Danbury lined us up in the servant's hall. I was standing next to Miss Spencer and made some remark to the effect that she was obviously so good at what she did and how friendly all the guests seemed towards her. "Well," she said, "I was a trainee just like you once."

"Well, not just like me," I said jokingly, "you do have a bit of a head start as a very attractive woman."

Spencer laughed. "Not at all. I didn't start out like this," she responded. "It's not just skills training that Miss Matilda provides. You would be surprised to learn what can be achieved with some of the surgical and hormone treatment courses that she offers. But I expect your Mistress will explain all about that in good time."

The significance of her words didn't register with me at first but I looked in astonishment. "So you're a"

"Well, sort of," she said with a girlish giggle. "I'm still locked up down below like you but I don't have to fill my bra with padding or have too much corseting to get this shape."

I couldn't think of anything to say.

Luckily our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Mrs Danbury. “Ah, Meakin,” she said, “I see you are talking with Spencer. You can learn a lot from him, I am sure.”

She turned to the rest of the group. “Well,” she said, “I think you did surprisingly well for beginners. Miss Matilda has asked me to pass on her thanks for your efforts. Her guests were most impressed.”

A murmur of satisfaction ran around the group and, for once, Mrs Danbury didn’t cut us off.

“Still,” she went on, “now you must get back to your classes. Spencer – can you go up to the French Bedroom. One of Miss Madleine’s guests has asked if you could just pop up and see him. The rest of you, carry on.”

Spencer turned to me and giggled. “Oh dear, looks like my jaw is going to be aching again at the end of this afternoon. And I’d gone to so much trouble with this lipstick. Still what’s a girl to do?”

It was at once surprising and shocking that Spencer made such a convincing woman and was so accepting of what was expected of him. More to the point, I was now worried that Suzanne might have something similar planned for me. As I said, she takes things far too seriously.

Graduation

The rest of the afternoon’s classes returned to familiar ground. Mrs Danbury and Miss Carson went back to some of the topics they had covered on the first morning reviewing our posture and making sure we knew how to stand and wait when entering a room and so forth. We were allowed to keep our black uniforms on, which felt like a great privilege.

One session was dedicated to practicing curtsyng. Mrs Danbury had brought another mannequin figure into the servant’s hall and each of us were required to walk up and curtsy to it while she critiqued our performance.

“No, Meakin bend you leg and raise the hem of your skirt at the same time. And lower your head. It’s supposed to be a sign of respect, of acceptance of your lower status. You’re not supposed to be grinning like some idiot. Bryony? Heavens sake! That was even worse!”

She kept us at it for over an hour before she decided that she was satisfied that we could reproduce what we had learned when we got back to wherever we had come from.

Finally though we were told that we had completed our first course and that we could leave.

Mrs Danbury waited while we undressed and returned our uniforms and our feminising underwear. Only then did she unlock each of the cupboards that held our clothes. Nothing was said about the metal cage that was locked about my cock. “Excuse me,” I asked pointing to my crotch, “can I have the key for this, please?”

“Ah, I should have explained.” Mrs Danbury looked apologetic for a moment. “We’ll send the key back with a report of how you’ve done on the course to...” she looked down and consulted her

clipboard, “ah... Suzanne and she’ll decide if she wants to carry on using it or not. Then when you come back on any subsequent course you’ll have the appropriate equipment. All right?”

It wasn’t all right but I wasn’t going to say so. The six of us got dressed. I exchanged the wire rimmed round-lens spectacles for my own. Once we were ready made our way to the front door. I’d decided that I wasn’t going to call a taxi to pick me up from Miss Matilda’s. It was better to walk for a few blocks, I thought. The last thing I needed after the last three days was a smart-arsed taxi driver who had worked out what went on in the old house. Even so, I can’t pretend that I was other than relieved that it was time to turn my back on Miss Matilda’s school and go back home.

It was only when I got half way home that I realised that I was still wearing the necklace with the name “Andrea” under my shirt collar.

Homecoming

Suzanne greeted me with enthusiasm but it felt like it was more because she had me back to bully than because she had missed me.

“Did you have fun?” she asked.

I obviously didn’t look as though I had. “Oh, it can’t have been as bad as all that,” she said, brightly. “look I’ve got you a nice new uniform.” Suzanne had obviously taken her cue from Matilda. If I had hopes of the sort of frilly feminine outfit of fetish fantasy I was disappointed. The garment that Suzanne held up was very like the frumpy, plain, outfit that I had worn at the school.

“Well, let’s just say, I’m happy I’ve finished the course,” I said.

“Oh, silly boy, you haven’t finished,” Suzanne said with a giggle. “That was just the first bit. There’s still laundry and garment care to do, and then there will be sessions on helping me dress and bathe and all sorts of other things. I’ve booked you in for a whole series. You’ve got so much more to learn!”

She didn’t mention any of the other stuff – the stuff that Spencer had obviously gone through. I’m hoping she hasn’t thought about that. And I’m hoping the key for my cock cage turns up soon as well. With my luck it will probably get lost in the post.