**Charmaine, the Naked Maid**

by Pavka?

**=== Chapter 15 ===**

*Charmaine Questions Her Naked Fate*

Charmaine's days passed by in a blur of cleaning, serving Sir Richard's breakfasts - he had lunch and dinner elsewhere - and constant exposure to the prying eyes of the household staff.

She had been relieved to realize that Sir Richard had no real intention of displaying her outside of his town house. In London, he did not have the power to intimidate all on-lookers into silence.

Still, the servants' hostile treatment weighed heavily on her spirit. The footman James, however, remained a constant source of solace. They spent much time in friendly conversation while working together or during breaks. This provided her with much-needed distraction from the constant scrutiny and judgments cast upon her by the rest of the staff.

During these moments, Charmaine found herself appreciating the company of someone who didn't seem to judge her based on her nudity.

James had many stories of his time "under the colors", in the regiment commanded by Sir Richard. It was apparent that he also knew many stories of Sir Richard himself, but would no share any of them with Charmaine.

"He is a right bastard and no mistake," was the only thing he would say. "Nobody in his right mind would try to defy him."

Charmaine's heart skipped a beat at the thought of confronting Sir Richard. Despite her desperation for answers, she knew that doing so would bring grave consequences. Still, she needed answers about her future.

One late evening she mustered up the courage to talk to him directly, after she had served him his sherry. Summoning all her bravery, she cautiously broght up the subject, her cheeks flushed with nervous anticipation.

"Excuse me, sir," she began, trying to keep her voice steady. "I... I have something I would like to discuss with you."

Sir Richard looked up, his expression betraying a mix of curiosity and annoyance.

"What is it, girl?" he asked sharply.

Charmaine took a deep breath, trying to gather her courage. "I would like to know what my future holds here, sir," she ventured tentatively. "When will I be able to get my uniform back?"

"You know, girl, we already discussed this," he answered coolly.

Charmaine winced at his tone, but persisted.

"I understand, sir, but I cannot continue in this manner...," her voice trailed off as she waited for his response. Silence filled the room, heavy with the weight of her question. Finally, Sir Richard spoke, his tone cold and uncompromising.

"You cannot or you will not, girl? You will serve me in any manner my butler decides, until further notice, just as you agreed upon signing the contract."

"You are free to quit at any time, and leave this house just as you are," he added with a hint of malice which reminded her of James, who had called Sir Richard "a right bastard" whom it was never wise to defy.

Charmaine's face turned pale at his words. She knew that without references, she would never find another job and would likely end up destitute and homeless on the streets. And what would happen to a beautiful naked girl on the streets of the big city... it didn't bear thinking about.

Her hands shook uncontrollably as she poured Sir Richard his second sherry, her eyes welling with tears.

Ruthlessly, he continued to speak, his cruel words piercing her heart like daggers. "If I decide to be good to you, I might even provide you with references. I am aware of at least two discreet gentlemen's clubs which would love to have you entertain their members. Bare as you are now, of course."

Charmaine was crushed. She could hold her tears no more, feeling the pain and humiliation surge through her body like a tidal wave. Her emotions were a maelstrom of fear, despair, and rage. The idea of ending up as an object of debauchery in one of those clubs was her worst nightmare come true.

Inside, she was screaming at the unfairness of it all. Why should she suffer this indignity when she hadn't done anything wrong?

She quietly left the room, tears streaming down her cheeks. In the safety of her own room, she allowed herself to break down, letting out her anguish and frustration. It seemed that the cruel twist of fate had doomed her to a life of servitude and humiliation. The thought made her heart ache with a painful, raw emotion. She curled up into a ball on her bed, wrapping her arms around herself as if to protect herself from the world outside.

Sleep finally came, but it brought no comfort or escape from her nightmares. In her dreams, she was forced to parade naked through the streets, the jeering crowd baying for her flesh. She woke up with a start, drenched in sweat, her heart racing. The nightmares were becoming more frequent, feeding her growing anxiety and helplessness.

James noticed her state of agitation the next morning, and they shared a few more words of comfort.

Charmaine couldn't help but feel a sense of gratitude towards him. His kindness was a rare commodity among the servants.

The day wore on, and Charmaine found herself engrossed in her chores, lost in thought about her predicament. She wished there was a way out of this tormenting existence. As she polished the silverware, her mind drifted to her past – the days before she ever set foot in Sir Richard's house. She recalled her dear dead mother's soft touch, the smell of their tiny hovel, and the hardships they faced daily. But compared to this, those struggles seemed almost trivial. If only she could return to those simpler times, she mused wistfully.

Yet, she knew that the reality of her life had changed forever. No matter how much she longed for it, her old life was gone, lost somewhere between her home village and the grand mansion.

Her thoughts turned once again to James, whose gentle presence seemed to offer some solace amidst the chaos of her new existence. He was one of the few people in the house who didn't treat her like an object to be used and discarded at whim. He seemed genuinely concerned for her wellbeing, and she cherished that small spark of humanity in this sea of indifference.

However, she knew better than to hope for anything more from him. After all, he was a servant, like her, bound by the same chains of servitude.

Charmaine was surprised at the happiness she felt when the lord informed them that they would be returning to the country estate the next day. It was not only that she hated the London house with its snobby staff. To her astonishment, she realized that she thought of the country manor as her home. The staff there, who had initially treated her state of nudity as an amusement, soon warmed up to her and started treating her as an equal, pretending not to notice her lack of clothing.

The travel by carriage was slow and peaceful, allowing Charmaine to take in the countryside's picturesque beauty. The sight of lush green fields and verdant woods calmed her frazzled nerves.

Upon arriving at the estate, she breathed a sigh of relief, grateful to be away from the oppressive confines of the city. She greeted her fellow servants, and they greeted her as part of their large family.

Her tiny room with only a bed an empty dresser in it felt like her only anchor to reality, her sanctuary. She wished to never have to leave the manor again.

**=== Chapter 16 ===**

*Charmaine's Naked Fate is Sealed*

It had been several weeks since Charmaine returned to the country estate, and she had gradually grown accustomed to her new existence. She found a certain solace in her nudity, accepting it as a part of her life in the house. The servants had slowly begun to treat her as just another member of the household, ignoring her lack of clothing. Even though she still felt exposed, she had learned to move around confidently without clothes. She was grateful for the freedom granted to her by the country manor, where the staff respected her as an equal, and for the seclusion of the place which allowed for privacy from strangers.

As she went about her duties, cooking and cleaning alongside the other servants, Charmaine became more comfortable with her new circumstances. Where she had been tormented before by the petty mischief of the kitchen boys who sought new ways to expose her, she now found herself initiating such tasks herself. Just as she did before when she was alone with James, she now did the same with others. It was easier when there was a task to perform, rather than simply standing there while others ogled. Her initial timidity had vanished, replaced by a calm confidence.

She had grown somewhat accustomed to the attention that her nudity drew from everyone, and had now started to push her own limits, doing things that she would have never imagined herself doing earlier.

She found that she liked mopping the floors under the attentive gaze of the footmen, stretching up when washing the windows, serving the food naked, or merely walking around the estate gardens and chatting to the people she met. Her lithe nude body became a frequent and welcome sight everywhere.

The stables had become a favorite place for her, where she helped the stable hands in grooming and caring for the horses. Remembering her re-enactment of the tale of Lady Godiva, they were happy to start giving her riding lessons and she could soon be seen riding a horse bareback along the paths in the garden. As she trotted across the land, wind whipping through her hair, she felt free and liberated from the shackles of society's norms. The sun kissed her skin gently, the warmth spreading through her entire body. Her heart swelled with joy as she felt closer to nature than ever before.

The nude Charmaine on a horse, riding through the sprawling gardens of the estate was indeed a sight to behold, something that the male members of the household would never forget.

The maid explored all areas of the estate and volunteered even to help the elderly head gardener. The old man put her to work raking leaves and pruning shrubs. She teased him by bending to weed between the flowers in a playful manner, knowing full well what kind of view she presented to his eyes.

It was the season to pick apples and she climbed many an apple tree, balancing precariously on the branches to pluck ripe fruit. She felt an unfamiliar, overwhelming feeling when she looked down to the waiting men, their mouths open, their eyes glazed, unable to tear themselves for the unreal vision of Charmaine above them - naked, legs wide open to balance between two neighboring branches, one arm grabbing a branch for support and the other reaching forward for an apple, her hanging breasts straining against gravity.

Her face flushed crimson from the cold wind but also from embarrassment. She felt a mixture of shame and pride, vulnerable yet powerful, completely naked yet fully embracing her body. The experience was intoxicating, addictive, as she realized she could no longer turn back from this path that had been chosen for her.

In the house, she continued helping James in doing his duties, whether it was cleaning, polishing, dusting, or whatever was required. Charmaine spent much time alone with him in the master's wing of the house. As the unpleasant memories of the trip to London started to wear off, she returned to her former ways of teasing him, and he to his delicate but firm touches, and together they engaged in games that pushed the boundaries of decency and propriety.

Increasingly, the other servants saw James and Charmaine as an item, whispering behind their backs. Despite being conscious of their reputation, neither James nor Charmaine could resist these forbidden moments of intimacy, taking advantage of the solitude offered by the expansive mansion.

In her first week naked, James had tentatively kissed Charmaine but had gone no further. Now, he became bolder and she found herself responding eagerly.

His kisses explored all parts of her body, so conveniently laid all bare before him all the time.

Charmaine felt as if she was being claimed, owned, possessed, by this rough but gentle man. His lips, his tongue, his teeth all worked their magic upon her, sending waves of pleasure coursing through her veins. The feeling was unlike anything she had experienced before.

She now walked around the manor in a state of almost constant excitement, the thought of James and their encounters driving her mad with a desire which neither of them dared to fulfill. Their relationship had evolved beyond the boundaries of friendship, and Charmaine knew they had to find a way to quell the growing passion that threatened to consume them both.

Each evening, she tossed in her small bed for hours, her hands dreamily exploring her own body, imagining James' touch and yearning for the release they both desired but couldn't give to each other.

In the end, it was Sir Richard, of all people, who found a satisfactory resolution to their predicament.

One afternoon, he summoned Charmaine to the library.

She entered the room, nervous and expectant, not quite sure why she had been called. Sir Richard stood at the window, gazing out into the vast garden below. Turning to face her, he spoke softly, "Charmaine, I have some news for you."

He paused, letting the anticipation build up in her, as he carefully chose his words.

Charmaine's heart raced, her palms sweaty with fear and excitement. "What is it, sir?" she asked, trying to sound composed.

Sir Richard smiled slightly, a hint of amusement in his eyes. "You remember Mr. Paine, yes?"

Charmaine nodded hesitantly, unsure what to make of the sudden mention of Mr. Paine. How could she not remember the man who sentenced her to this naked servitude? He had punished her to work bare naked - for a week, he said. But then he went away on an extended leave, and Sir Richard had decided to interpret his words differently. It meant only a week until Mr. Paine got a chance to discuss his methods with the lord of the manor, he had said. Sir Richard had confirmed the butler's methods, but the latter had departed before saying how long the punishment was supposed to last for.

Now, Sir Richard had said piously, he was just waiting for the return of the butler so he could supply that little technicality. In the meantime, Charmaine remained in the nude, working at various tasks in his household and learning to be his personal maid, assisting his valet James.

All of this flashed through Charmaine's mind in a storm of memories and emotions. She had been horrified by the initial prospect of working naked for a week. She had been devastated when this was extended with two more weeks, after which the butler was supposed to return. She had eagerly awaited his arrival and the possible return of her clothes.

Charmaine was now startled to realize that many weeks had passed, and recently she had not even thought of that possibility. What had happened to her?

Sir Richard broke the long silence of her reminiscence.

"I have been in correspondence with him. He was ready to return soon after his departure, but I told him not to hurry..."

The monstrosity of this statement left Charmaine speechless. The butler had started this all, but it was Sir Richard who had orchestrated the events after the first week which ensured that she could not get her clothes back all that time!

"I have now offered Mr. Paine a decent retirement, on one of my other properties. He has accepted, and will not be coming back."

Charmaine stared at him, unable to believe what she was hearing. This new development was entirely unexpected, but what did it signify? She struggled to formulate a response, her mind racing with questions and concerns.

Finally, she managed to ask, "But... what does this mean for me, sir?"

"It is immaterial, and is in fact not why I asked to see you, Charmaine," he replied dismissively. "There's a matter concerning your future at the manor."

His tone turned suddenly businesslike, a stark contrast to his previous casualness.

"I am fully aware of the situation between you and James. Your conduct, while perhaps understandable under the circumstances, has been far from discreet." He eyed her sternly, emphasizing his disapproval.

"A man in my position cannot afford to have a scandal under his roof. A young maid getting pregnant, out of wedlock, would cause quite a stir among my peers. How can I aspire to assume control of my political party if I show myself unable to even control my own household? You must be aware of the consequences," Sir Richard said, his voice now quite stern.

Charmaine's heart sank at his words. She hadn't considered the impact this could have on her life and future. "Yes, sir, I understand," she replied quietly.

"Luckily, the solution is quite simple," Sir Richard forged on. "I have had a word with James, and he would be more than happy to marry you, should you agree."

Charmaine's heart skipped a beat. Marriage? To James? She tried to hide her astonishment, although she knew that it wouldn't go unnoticed. After all, James was a man whom she had come to care deeply about, despite their turbulent relationship. The idea of becoming his wife was thrilling, yet terrifying at the same time.

"If you choose to accept his proposal, you two will have my blessing. I can even think of a vicar who can be prevailed upon to conduct the ceremony in your current state."

Charmaine froze when she imagined the vision - standing next to James in a church, under the approving gazes of the assembled staff, the vicar pronouncing them man and wife - James resplendent in his house livery, and she standing in front of the congregation in all her nude glory.

"I will help you both secure your future. As a start, you will get new living quarters matching your new circumstances, separate from the rest of the staff," announced Sir Richard, his voice betraying a surprising measure of generosity.

"I will also make your position as James's assistant and my personal maid permanent, with the commensurate increase of pay."

Charmaine could hardly believe her ears. A promotion to such a position, so soon after she joined the household?

She opened her mouth to respond, but Sir Richard raised a hand to interrupt her.

"There is one final detail," he added. "The question of your uniform."

Charmaine frowned, confused by his sudden shift in tone. "What do you mean, Sir?"

"Look at yourself in the mirror, Charmaine," Sir Richard unexpectedly demanded.

Charmaine stood in front of the large mirror and looked at her own reflection, turning around to explore it from all angles under the watchful gaze of of the lord of the manor, who inspected her just as thoroughly.

Her full breasts stood proudly, her nipples darkened and hard from the cool air. Her slender waist gave way to plump hips, rounded buttocks and long legs. Her eyes traveled downward, taking in the sight of her womanhood, exposed and unashamed below her cleanly shaven mound. Her blonde hair fell across her shoulders, framing her face as she observed her own reflection, her skin smooth and devoid of blemishes.

As she admired her figure, Sir Richard continued to speak. "In fact, it is you I have to thank, Charmaine, for helping me to find a resolution to your clothing dilemma."

She looked at him questioningly.

"It is something that you said, back when we were in London. You wanted to know when you could get your uniform back," Sir Richard continued, his eyes fixed on her.

"But, you see, it is not 'your' uniform, my dear. When I served Her Britannic Majesty, I wore her uniform with pride. Her uniform - not mine. Just in the same way, everyone serving me in my household wears my uniform, each with the uniform that best suits his or her function," Sir Richard explained, his gaze holding hers with intensity.

"You will be in a new, unique position now, being the female helper of a lord's valet, and the personal maid to your lord. Consequently, a new uniform has to be created for you."

Charmaine thought she knew where the lord's speech was going, but did not dare to interrupt.

"Have a good look at yourself in the mirror again, Charmaine, and behold your new uniform. Wear it with pride."

As Charmaine looked at herself once more, the cold draft from the open window brushed gently against her bare flesh, leaving tiny goosebumps in its wake. She shivered slightly and took a deep breath, feeling the cool air caress her naked body.

Sir Richard watched her closely, observing her reaction to his words. He waited patiently until she finally turned to him.

"What do you say, Charmaine?"

"Thank you, Sir," was the only answer she could whisper.

=== The End ===