# Camping in France

#### A Story in the The Secret World of Josie Crupper Universe

## by [Josie Crupper](mailto:josiecrupper@yahoo.co.uk)

## Chapter 1

Posted: September 04, 2009 - 08:21:53 am

Clare and I had been talking about a camping trip for months. A chance to leave the city and it's hectic life behind and spend a week camping in the wilds of France; that is, if there was still such a thing as a wilderness to be found anywhere in Europe. If there was, we thought it must be in central France, away from the family campsites and crowds of tourists that drive on through and flock to the crowded coasts.

We arrived on the outskirts of Cressy, Burgundy in Clare's old Citroen after a long six-hour drive. It was late on a Saturday afternoon, and the bell in the old church was calling its message to the village faithful as we parked in the central square watched by three old men sipping tall, chilled glasses of white pastis outside a little cafe. Offering a friendly wave, we hoisted our packs and hiked off towards the woodland in search of a place to pitch our tent.

The village of Cressy was beautiful and before leaving, we stopped in a little store and bought long loaves of crusty bread that smelt delicious, hard local cheese and of course several bottles of good red wine to celebrate the first night of our holiday.

Once out of the village, a path led through the woods and opened into rolling hills covered with crops of sunflowers; their yellow faces following the progress of the hot June sun. We tramped along chatting happily for nearly two hours and then, just as the light was beginning to fade to the golden hue of evening, we came across the perfect camping spot.

It was an open grassy area, close to a small river and overshadowed by a large willow bowing its head towards the slowly setting sun, it was perfect, and as the last rays painted the sky a fiery red, we sat at rest with the tent up and a small cheery fire. A bottle of wine was opened and we began to get pleasantly drunk, giggling and talking the evening away - it really felt like we had found our Shangri-La.

I've known Clare for about three years. We both work in the same bank but in different departments so only get to socialise outside of the office. I have always thought she was pretty. She has a slim build and, at first glance, you might think she is still in her teens when actually you would be out by a good ten years. Firelight reflected from an elfish face with startling blue eyes and full lips that were quick to smile. Her best feature, which I wouldn't have dwelt upon that evening camping under the stars, but now some six months after the camping trip I do, are her long, beautiful legs that by the fire were curled beneath her. Most of that evening, while we became more drunk and giggly, was spent talking about the men in our office and how-on-earth a girl was supposed to find a good and decent one in this crazy modern world. It was fun and quite magical night that had us both becoming closer even if, at that point, it was still only as friends.

We awoke the next morning to the sounds of birds in the trees, the gentle rippling of water in the river, and the sound of a car engine coming to a stop close to the tent.

'Josie, someone's outside, 'whispered Clare. She was sitting up, scrambling to get out of her sleeping bag.

'Calm down, ' I answered sleepily. 'It's probably just the farmer checking his river hasn't run away.' I giggled and then sat upright as a voice intruded.

'Bonjour?' The voice was female and sounded cross. 'Est-ce que quelqu'un est dedans là?' Whoever it was shook the tent.

'Wait! We're coming, we're coming, ' called Clare. She unzipped the doorway and I followed her wonderful smooth legs and barely covered bottom out of the tent into the blinding light of early morning.

A woman was standing just a few feet away and she appeared to be angry.

'Anglais? Parlez vous Francais? Non ... tipique!' She glared at us and I began to feel foolish. We were both in skimpy t-shirts and knickers and I suddenly felt underdressed as this intimidating woman studied us.

'Désolés ... errr ... nous sommes... ' I began, but she interrupted me.

'Don't worry your pretty little head, English. I speak your language and I don't want to hear you murder mine. What do you do here? This place is private, no camping. It is wrong that you are here.' Her accent was strong but she obviously had a greater command of English than I did of French. She glanced around and shook her head in dismay at our desecration of her land and then, when she saw the fire, she grabbed my arm and pulled me around.

'Hey, ' I cried.

'What is this? You think to fire this whole field? Stupid English girls.'

I tore my arm back. 'Listen. We're sorry. We didn't mean any harm. We'll just pack up and leave.' I turned back to the tent but then heard Clare squeal.

'Let me go, ' Clare was struggling in the woman's grasp but she was too small to break free. 'Please!'

'No, you must come with me. La Gendarmes must be told.'

'Listen, you let her go or I'll hit you.' I snatched up a saucepan and stood brandishing it, ready to clout this rude woman if she didn't let Clare go. Things had gone too far. I couldn't see what we had done wrong but if we had to leave then we would leave, but she had no right to bully us.

'So you wish to assault me now, eh? You make things worse you know.' Calming herself, the woman pushed Clare to the ground. Clare scampered over to me and I threw down the saucepan and began pulling our clothes from the tent.

'Come on, Clare. Let's get dressed. We'll find a much nicer place than this, ' I promised. I turned my back on the woman as I pulled off my t-shirt and slipped on my bra and a blouse, and finally stepped into a skirt. As I put on my make-up she appeared ready to explode but I ignored her - I wasn't going anywhere without make-up!

'Hurry, ' insisted the awful French woman. 'Clear your things. I will drive you to the village.' She watched us as we silently dressed and then packed up our little campsite. As I threw things into my pack, I studied her from the corner of my eye. She was about forty and was wearing riding clothes; tight britches, high snug polished riding boots and a white blouse. Her chestnut hair was long and flowing hair, she would have been extremely attractive if she smiled rather than glaring at us.

I made a show of cleaning the fire, scattering the large stones we had used to form a fireplace and in the end, there was only a small circle of blackened earth to show we had ever been there.

'I am Madam Renard, you will call me Madam ... come.' She turned, strode to her car, and opened the back for our packs, obviously expecting us to follow and do as we were told.

'Oh, come on, Josie, ' hissed Clare. 'Let's just go.'

I shrugged, and then nodded. 'Okay I won't make trouble.' I followed Clare to the car but when she wasn't looking, I glared at Madam Renard, bobbed a fake curtsey, and said 'Thank you, Madam, ' in a lilting voice. I don't think she realised I was making fun of her stern manner. She merely nodded, got into the car and started the engine. The moment Clare and I got into the back seats, we set off, bouncing down a dusty track between fields of sunflowers - I remember think what a shame it was that she had to spoil our little holiday like this.

We had been driving for about ten minutes when I realised we were actually going away from where the village must be. 'Where are we going?' I asked, leaning forward so she could hear me over the squeaking and rumbling of the car. 'The village ... Cressy, is in the other direction isn't it?

She glanced back at me, muttered something in French and then, waving ahead into the distance, said. 'The road is this way, not through the forest ... I cannot drive through trees, n'est pas ... comprenez, ' she tapped her head. 'You understand, English girl?'

'Bitch, ' I muttered, and then felt better as Clare's hand found mine, feeling a strange, small thrill at our intimate contact and the way our bare knees were touching as the car bounced along.

Another ten minutes of driving and we finally bumped up from the fields onto a gravel path and drove past a beautiful lake with swans gliding across the surface between ornamental lilies towards a huge intimidating chateau. A gardener stood with head bowed as we passed and then we were driving through gates and pulled up in an inner courtyard.

'Wow, ' exclaimed Clare as she got out of the car. 'This place is incredible. Where are we?'

Slamming the car door, Madam Renard tossed the keys to a waiting maid and called over her shoulder. 'Welcome to Chateau de la Bouche.' She made a mocking bow. 'Please, enter, you are my guests.'

'I thought we were going back to Cressy to get our car?' I called. Madam Renard stopped on the steps to the house and turned around. It was pretty obvious she wasn't used to being questioned and I was beginning to annoy her.

'We are going to the village ... soon. I need to fetch a few things and then we will be away. Please, for a short while, be welcome in my home.'

The Chateau really was fabulous - this was old France. I even stopped thinking about its nasty owner who had disappeared giving orders to the maid to make us comfortable - my French is bad but I could understand most of what was being said. The maid was in her late forties and dressed in a traditional maid's uniform - black dress, cut a little short, with white lace apron and bonnet, and black seamed stockings - she looked quite sweet as she smiled and ushered us in.

Old portraits and tapestries adorned the walls of a long impressive hallway and we gazed about, taking in the rich opulence like the tourists we were.

'My name is Claudette. I will bring you drinks in the... ' she thought for a moment to find the right word, ' ... in the summer room.' She smiled. 'Iz nice room, you come with me.'

We followed her through a succession of rooms and corridors, finally ending up in a beautiful sitting room decorated in pale, pastel greens. The sun was streaming in through lace curtains that billowed gently with the summer breeze - it really was a nice room. It smelt old and musty from the leather furniture and polished wood that filled the room but it was clean and welcoming and spoke of times long past.

Claudette disappeared and returned a few moments later holding a tinkling tray of glasses and an icy jug and she poured two glasses that we gratefully accepted. The lemonade was ice cold, sweet and delicious - we drank several glasses.

I remembered drinking the lemonade ... but then the room became hazy and I remember sitting down on a leather couch.

The next thing I knew, was looking at Madam Renard now wearing a dress. She was smiling at me, sitting on a chair opposite. I tried to focus my eyes and felt strange.

'Well, my naughty girls. The way I see our little situation is that I found two pretty, lesbian girls camping on my land. You were touching, kissing and playing with each other in your little tent, away from prying eyes, yes?'

I tried to say no, to shake my head, but I couldn't move. Clare and I were friends, not lovers ... and why couldn't I move?

'Oh, yes.' She smiled and crossed her legs, smoothing her dress with a satisfied air. 'There was a little something in your drinks that will make you easier for me to play with ... and to punish you. You will find that you can only move or say something when I give you a direct order, or at least that is what Claudette has assured me.' She glanced to the maid who smiled and nodded happily. 'We will see.'

I felt a tremor of fear run through me.

'It all sounds rather delicious really, ' she went on. 'Shall we see how much control we have? You.' She pointed at me. 'I think you should put your hand on your friend's leg ... do it.'

Without meaning to, my head glanced down beside me to look at Clare's legs. I saw her short yellow skirt lying just above her pretty, pink knees, and watched in horror as my hand moved across to rest on her right leg, my fingers slipped gently between warm thighs. It felt strange to be touching her like this and I wanted to pull my hand away, but couldn't.

' ... and move your hand up, push her skirt a little higher ... good.' Beside me, Clare wasn't moving and I couldn't see her face. Whether I liked it or not my attention was on her legs.

'Open your legs a little for your friend.' This was to Clare and I watched as her legs spread obediently to the command.

'Pull your skirt higher ... that's right, good girl.'

I saw Clare's hands grip the hem of her skirt and lift it high. I then gazed in horror as my hand slid up Clare's inner thigh until my fingers were brushing her white knickers. I felt hot and terribly uncomfortable to be touching her like this, and I dreaded the next instruction from our tormentor.

'You, girl. What is your name?'

'Clare, ' came the whispered response.

'You may address me as Madam ... and what is your friend's name?'

'Josie, Madam.'

' ... and have you ever seen Josie's breasts, Clare?'

There was a pause. 'Yes, Madam, ' mumbled Clare's voice.

'Of course you have. Have you ever touched them?'

'No, Madam.'

'Well I don't think we can believe that. Josie, expose your breasts for Clare. Let us see if she remembers touching them.'

'Yes, Madam, ' I heard myself answer, and then felt myself scoot to the front of the cushion and turn towards Clare. I couldn't stop myself. We looked calmly at each other as my fingers began undoing the tiny buttons of my blouse. Despite my fear, my hands weren't trembling and, all too soon, I was pulling the blouse open and pushing it to the sides. My fingers continued to the front-opening clasp of my bra and it quickly sprang undone. I pushed the cotton bra-cups out of the way and pushed my naked chest towards Clare.

There was silence as all eyes gazed at my breasts, the rapidly hardening nipples, and the blush forming on both my chest and face.

'You have beautiful breasts, Josie. Doesn't she Clare?'

'Yes, Madam.' Clare was staring, round eyed at my chest. My breasts are 36D cup, much larger than Clare's sweet little buds. I heard Madam Renard walk over behind me and then she was reaching down, cupping my breasts in her hands, taking the weight of them and offering the nipples forward. I watched Clare's face as she was forced to watch me being molested.

'I'm sure you would like to suck one of those big nipples into your mouth, wouldn't you Clare?'

' ... yes, Madam, ' whispered Clare. She slowly moved towards my left nipple until she was close enough that I could feel warm breath caress the puckered skin.

'Lick her nipple, Clare.'

I watched as my friend licked my nipple ... it tickled.

'Suck it into your mouth, Clare.' With her eyes locked on mine, Clare opened her mouth and slowly took my nipple into her mouth. It was warm and wet and I could feel her softly sucking. I wanted to groan. As Clare sucked one nipple, Madam Renard rolled and pulled at the other and I could feel my pussy getting wet - I felt so ashamed.

'Both of you stand up, and then turn to face each other.'

I felt myself stand and then turn towards Clare. She was still staring at my chest and I felt another blush colour my face as my breasts bounced slightly with the movement.

There was a chatter of conversation from the two French women but I didn't catch any of it as I gazed into Clare's eyes and wondered fearfully what would happen to us.

'Turn back to face me.'

'Yes, Madam, ' we chorused, and without doing anything, my body turned and I was standing, hands at my sides, looking down at Madam Renard now once again seated in front of us. The only part of me that I had any control over were my eyes and I looked on as Madam Renard smiled up at us in delight. 'This is wonderful.' She clapped her hands in delight. 'Two delicious English girls to do whatever I wish with.' She stood up and walked over to me. 'Kiss me passionately, English slut.' I watched as her face came slowly towards me, felt my mouth open to receive her probing tongue, and then her lips, soft and sticky with red lipstick, were on mine - I felt myself respond hungrily. Her hands began squeezing my breasts, roughly mauling them before tugging painfully on each nipple. Finally, the kiss was broken and she stepped back and turned her attention to Clare. I couldn't see them but could hear the kiss and could see Claudette, the maid watching happily as her Mistress abused my friend.

Madam Renard stepped back into view wiping the corner of her mouth with a satisfied air. She sat down in an armchair and crossed her legs.

'I think we must find you each a uniform like Claudette's, no? But for now, let us see what we have with you two. Lift your skirts for me, hold them up high.' My body responded, doing as it was told.

' ... and legs apart a little more ... good.' I felt my hands go down to the hem of my skirt, grasp it, and lift until my nipples were brushing the backs of my hands. It felt degrading and humiliating. I looked on, wishing I could cry as the two older women stared at us. I could feel my nipples hardening and goose-bumps rise all over my body.

Claudette said something to Madam Renard and received a nod of approval in response. With a smile, she ran happily forward, firstly to Clare, then a moment later to me. Cold hands fumbled for the edge of my knickers and worked them down to around my knees. As she rose in front of me, her hand cupped my pussy. I had shaved all my pussy hair before leaving for the holiday, even the tiny strip that I usually left. The older woman's hand briefly made intimate contact and inside I screamed, turned and ran. Unfortunately, however, my body wouldn't allow it and I remained where I was, staring into her smiling face; my knickers around my knees, holding up my skirt as her finger started to-

'Claudette, ne soyez pas, villain! Don't be bad, come here this instant.'

'Oui, Madam.' Claudette returned sheepishly to her employer's side.

'Sit back on the couch girls and display your vagin for me ... how do you say? your vaginas please.'

I could feel Clare beside me as we sat back on the couch and brought our knees up, our knickers sliding down to our ankles as we opened our legs and displayed our naked, exposed vaginas together. Madam Renard stood up and came closer to inspect us.

'So pretty, such pretty flowers you have, girls. Touch each other, open each other for me.'

We moved closer together, our legs touching and crossing as we sought each other's naked vaginas. My hand moved over soft warm skin searching for Clare's pussy as her hand move across my leg, cool as it sought the base of my thigh. Her fingers were soon dancing softly across my pussy lips as she parted the folds of my vagina while I parted hers, feeling the moist warmth of her open flesh. A moan of desire filled me and was glad it never made it to my still lips. There we remained as Madam Renard and Claudette studied us. Reaching down, Madam Renard slowly dipped the middle finger of each hand into each of us. I felt it sink into me, my vagina welcome it, tightening, seeking to hold her fast. I was amazed to realise my sex was so very wet, how easily her finger had slid into me. She withdrew her fingers and sucked the glistening honey from each in turn.

'Mmm, delicious. To the window please, girls, ' said Madam Renard, cheerfully. We both sat up and with knickers still caught around our ankles, made our way to the window where sunlight still shone through thin cotton curtains.

'Place your hands on the sill and push out your bottoms.' There was a smattering of French as our bodies complied with the request and I felt my skirt flipped up over my back as I pushed out my bottom. My body dutifully bent forward, and with straight legs and bare bottom I gazed out of the window at the courtyard with Madam Renard's little car in the same spot where we had parked just a short time ago. She came up between us and her hand began caressing the cheeks of my bottom, squeezing and patting, holding my cheeks apart to expose my anus and vagina. I knew she must have been doing the same to Clare.

'You are such naughty girls, you English.' She slapped my bottom hard. 'Such very naughty girls.'

Slap! Her hand came down again even harder. 'But here in France you must not just camp where you wish, Slap! My bottom tingled from the impact but my body wasn't moving.

'You must be punished.' Slap, slap, slap! It was hard, and it hurt, and I felt a tear come to my eye.

'You ... come here!' She must have been talking to Clare, as my body remained prone to her hand.

Slap Slap Slap!

'Lick her here.' I felt movement between my legs and then someone, Clare, began licking my bottom. At first, her wet tongue licked over each cheek, cooling the fire from the spanking, but then she was directed between the soft cheeks and her tongue was lapping at my anus. I blushed as I realised what my friend was being made to do and that I was actually enjoying the experience. I wanted to die but the tongue continued, pushing its way in past my tight sphincter. Her hands spread the cheeks of my bottom further, allowing more access to me, but then she was pulled away.

'You ... Josie, do the same to Clare.' I rose, and turned in time to see Clare stand up and bend over with her hands on the windowsill. Almost in a daze, I went down on my knees behind her, spread the cheeks of her pert little bottom and gazed at her puckered brown hole as my face came closer. It was musky. A feeling of revulsion was ignored by my captive body, my tongue came out, and I began lapping hungrily at her asshole.

'Her vagin as well, mon cherie. Yes, like that.' I licked from Clare's ass, down past her gaping wet vagina to her clitoris and the carefully trimmed, soft hair of her pussy before moving up again. The muskiness of her ass soon mixing with the sweeter taste of her vagina and I realised I was loving doing this to Clare, I couldn't get enough of her. My hands spread her bottom further but then a flush of despair filled me as I was pulled up painfully by the hair before I could do more.

'Back beside your friend, Josie.'

Slap, Slap Slap! For a few moments, our bottoms were spanked hard, the heat inflaming the cheeks of my bottom but also lighting a fire deep in my sex. I knew my vagina was now very wet and I was incredibly aroused and actually I wanted more - it was so confusing, and then Madam Renard stopped and was standing between us again, staring out of the window. It was as if all three of us were intent upon something in the chateau grounds, but in fact, Madam Renard was manoeuvring her thumb deep into my anus and three fingers into my sopping wet vagina. She began fucking both my holes and I knew she was doing the same to Clare. The fucking continued for some time before I realised Madam Renard was breathing heavily. In the reflection of the window, I caught sight of Claudette behind Madam Renard. She had raised her mistress dress and was licking and fucking her with a large glass dildo - a few moments later Madam Renard had a loud, powerful orgasm, removed her hands from Clare and I without saying a word, and then left the room.

Silence enveloped us and it seemed like an eternity passed. Eventually, Clare spoke.

'Josie? Josie I can move again.'

I tested my own abilities but still couldn't move or even speak.

Clare slowly stood up next to me. 'Josie? Can you still not move? Oh you poor thing.' I felt her hand smooth down my skirt, covering my bottom and I felt incredibly grateful to her. 'That was ... amazing.' I felt confused. How could she think that ordeal was amazing? My confusion turned to shock as her hand cupped my left breast and squeezed. She rolled my nipple between her fingers and it hardened as my embarrassment took over again.

I was starting to get control now as the drug lost its grip on me. I slowly turned my head towards Clare and her face filled my view as she kissed me softly on the lips, her tongue forcing me to open my mouth.

She whispered. 'Stay as you are ... please ... just for a moment.'

I did as she asked and felt her cup my bottom, her finger slipped into my wet vagina and I finally heard a moan escape my lips as a second finger joined the first and began exploring the wet folds of my sex. 'We should get out of here ... leave.' Despite my words, I remained bent over, pushing my bottom out for her attention.

'But I want to stay.'

'What?' I stood up and slowly turned around. 'You want to stay here?'

'We can run any time. I want to be made to play more with you, Josie.'

'We can play on our own, Clare ... we don't need her to make us ... let's just get out of here.'

'Please, Josie... '

The door opened and Madam Renard walked back in. She stopped when she saw we had regained control of our bodies, and for a few moments, nothing was said. Claudette came back in carrying two uniforms on hangers.

The maid smiled at us. 'Show madam that you are good obedient maids. Lift your skirts for her ... do it now.' She clapped her hands. Clare and I turned towards each other and I watched as a small smile played across Clare's features.

'Please, ' she whispered. We turned back to Madam Renard and slowly lifted our skirts in submission.

We stayed the summer with Madam Renard. I liked wearing the Maid's uniforms we were given, and we were forced to do even more awful things for Madam Renard ... should I tell you more?

### [Chapter 2](/story/61392:97872)

I felt a bit silly, bordering on ridiculous dressed like this ... but I was also very aroused, especially when I caught glimpses of my reflection in the large floor length mirror.

The maids' uniform I was putting on had been designed to show off my body in an erotic sexual way to an observer - it wasn't meant to be comfortable. It wasn't one of those cheep uniforms you can buy in any internet costume site, designed for hen nights or fancy dress parties. The crisp black uniform with exquisite white lace trim that I was struggling to piece together, was cut from expensive French silk, fashioned in such a way that the bodice, that only just covered my nipples, pushed my breasts up to offer ample cleavage and leaving my upper chest and shoulders exposed. It was drawn tightly around my waist with laces like those you might find binding a corset. It felt restrictive, but it was a beautiful dress.

Clare and I had to help each other, fitting it properly before tying off the laces at the back. The skirt part, which was short, was heavily starched and layered over more stiff white lace to stand out rather than fall down to cover out stocking-tops. It felt awkward and uncomfortable to wear and I stifled a giggle as the unbidden image of me flicking a feather duster about dressed like Fifi the French maid flashed across my mind ... and then I sobered, realising that was probably what Madam Reynard was expecting of us.

'What are we doing here, Clare?' I tried to still the fleeting tremble of panic that fluttered through me.

Clare flashed me a smile but chose to say nothing as she clipped the suspender tops to her sheer black stockings.

'Oh, God, Clare ... are we lesbians now?'

'Maybe, ' murmured Clare.

I took a moment to gaze at my reflection as Clare, finally finished with her stockings and stood silently beside me.

'This thing doesn't feel right, ' she murmured and reached up to adjust her little white lace hair-band making sure the black silk bow was sitting flat. I noticed that as she peered at her reflection, a pretty frown creasing her brow — she looked so incredible — I was happy being a lesbian as long as I was with her.

'We do look amazing.' I giggled gazing at the two saucy French maids in the mirror. I gave a little curtsey and Clare copied me. We hugged each other giggling and, for the moment at least, I forgot my trepidation at this huge change in my lifestyle.

We returned to regard the reflection of the two maids, their legs impossibly long and sexy as they perched high on black stilettos, their black stockings held with slender suspender straps and the tantalising area of skin exposed between stocking-top and skirt.

'My boobs aren't big enough to carry this off. I wish I had breasts like yours.'

'I love your breasts, Clare. I think you look incredible. I just can't believe we're dressed like this; it's embarrassing.'

'It's not really something we'd wear back home, is it.' Clare giggled. 'But we do look good.'

The uniforms gave us a deliciously lewd, naughty look and I knew that, despite my puritanical misgivings, I was becoming very aroused. Reaching down, I tightened the straps of the suspender belt. The short petticoats of the dress rustled as I pushed them aside. The suspender straps were also in black silk, each with a little black bow above clip - I loved the incredible quality of the uniform and especially these small design touches.

I bent forward to smooth my stocking and felt Clare's hand reach under my skirt and caress my bottom - a shiver ran through me.

'Clare!' I pretended to be cross but couldn't help smiling as I allowed her to continue, feeling her hand flutter across my naked bottom before her fingers dipped between my thighs to caress my pussy through the thin veil of my black silk knickers. I sighed and closed my eyes wanting her to push the soft material to the side and slide a finger into my aching wet cunt, but she withdrew her hand back.

'I'm sorry Josie it's just... ' I stood and reached out a finger, silencing her with a touch to the lips, and she came forward to kiss me — her beautiful face coming slowly towards me. Deep red lipstick, dark mascara and liner, sultry grey/blue eye shadow to enhance her blue eyes. My heart fluttered as I sought to lose in the moment.

'Filles non!' Claudette marched into the room and placed the tray she was carrying on the side table before pulling us apart shaking her finger at us. 'You are here for Madam Reynard. There will be work to be done, and games to play, but games are only in the presence of Madam. Now, I will explain a few simple rules for your stay here at Chateau de la Bouche. You may leave at any time ... nobody will stop you, but if you leave without permission you may not return. Do you understand?'

'Yes, Madam, ' we chorused.

'Non, I am not the madam, you will refer to me as Claudette.' She smiled reassuringly.

'Yes, Claudette.'

As I have already mentioned, you must only play when you're being watched — either by Madam or by one of her guests. At any time that you're being watched, you will appear as sexual and arousing as you are able. Both Madam Reynard and myself will be on hand to instruct you in the early days. Let me give you an example. When bending over, to dust or pick something up, you will maintain straight legs so that your skirt rises prettily and your bottom is presented. When serving at table, you will allow your cleavage to be displayed and you will also bend forward keeping your legs straight. If you are ever touched, you will continue whatever you are doing unless instructed otherwise. Do you understand all so far?'

'Yes, Claudette.'

'Good girls. Should you do anything wrong, or break something, then you will be punished. Do you understand that?'

'Yes, Claudette.'

'Well, you both look very presentable.' She reached out and tugged my dress slightly lower to expose the top of my nipples; I blushed and managed to stop myself from instantly pulling the bodice back up. 'Much better, my dear. Now, both of you lift your skirts; show me your under-things... '

Now totally embarrassed, we shyly lifted our skirts, gathering the short folds of starched cloth to expose our tiny black knickers.

' ... and lower your undergarments.'

We both hesitated, blushing furiously at the request, but then I lowered my knickers to the top of my stockings and stood back up, gathering my skirts again to show my newly shaven pussy and moments later, Clare did the same.

'Very pretty. Each morning you will shave each other. You may leave a small amount of hair upon your pubis, if you wish, but the area around your vagina and anus must be without hair and soft. Do you understand?'

'Yes, Claudette.'

'Good girls, you may recover your undergarments. And now, I will offer you a little advice about your attitude. Although at all times you must do as you are told, Madam Reynard finds it especially ... how do you say ... desirable, if you appear shy and hesitant whenever you find yourself in a sexual situation ... compreneze ... do you understand?'

'Yes, Claudette.' Clare's hand found mine and I knew that neither of us would have any problems appearing shy or indeed hesitant ... she was trembling as much as me.

'Very well, let us see shall we? I would like you both to lower your ... how do you say properly in your English, knickers? And then to turn around and bend over ... do it now.' She smiled encouragingly, folded her arms and waited expectantly.

'No ... please, Claudette. That's rude ... you can't make us do that, ' cried Clare wringing her hands.

'We can't, Claudette. Please... ' I echoed 'Please don't make us ... You can't... '

'Do it!'

With little need to appear reluctant, we both turned our backs on Claudette and bent slowly forward. I was trembling with renewed shame and real nerves and that little voice claiming to be my sanity was screaming at me that this was wrong! This was rude and disgusting to be displaying myself like this to another woman — however, the new lesbian slut in me managed to ignore the impulse to run. Reaching under my skirt with trembling fingers, I fumbled for the edges of my knickers and slowly slid them down until they touched the tops of my stockings feeling the cool play of air across my bare bottom and exposed pussy. As I moved my legs a little further apart and felt the lips of my vagina open I felt such a slut.

We stayed like that, legs straight, leaning forward with our hands pinning our knickers to our knees as Claudette moved closer. Her fingers fluttered across my bare bottom before finding my pussy and lightly parting the folds of my vagina. There was a small yelp from Clare beside me, and then Claudette pushed two fingers into my cunt and I gasped feeling the muscles of my vagina close around her fingers.

'Good little girls ... but do not move.'

I closed my eyes and relaxed my muscles allowing her fingers slowly to withdraw before just as slowly, push back in making me sway on my heels. The fingers withdrew completely and beside me, Clare groaned.

'Stand and turn around.'

We did as we were told, pulling our knickers back up as we did so. Claudette was smiling, holding her hands out to us, fingers glistening with juices from our pussies.

'You will clean. Come ... come.' She held out the fingers that had been in Clare's cunt and pushed them into my mouth. I sucked them, savouring the sticky muskiness — the delicious lewd depravity of the action making me feel at once so awful, yet also so wonderful. Claudette smiled in satisfaction at the way I succumbed to her demands.

'You are a good little slut.' Satisfied her fingers had been cleaned she removed them from my mouth and then pushed down the right cup of my dress, fully exposing my right breast. She took hold of my nipple, lifted my breast and folded down the fabric of the dress beneath to provide support. My nipple was hard and erect, even before she wiped the juices from her other hand, the juices from my own vagina all over my nipple and surrounding breast. Turning to Clare, she took a handful of her hair and then drew her face gently towards my chest.

'Clean her.' Clare complied, lapping at my sticky breast, sucking as much into her mouth as she could, her tongue teasing over my nipple before searching for more of my juices around the edge of my breast. As I gasped, she moaned and Claudette laughed. 'You English sluts ... such dirty girls, yes? I tell Madam how I caught you I think ... come!'

Pulling Clare around by the hair, she reached out and took hold of my nipple. It was wet from Clare's attention and it slipped from between her fingers. Her hand lashed out, she slapped my breast and I cried out, more from the shock than any pain.

She smiled at me and I was confused. 'Dry yourself, little slut.'

'Yes, Claudette.' I wiped my hand across my exposed flesh a few times wishing I could cover my breast. Reaching out once more, she took a firm hold on my nipple and drew me after her as she marched from the room.

It was hard to walk, being pulled like this. If I didn't keep up it only resulted in Claudette pulling harder on my nipple, which hurt, so I tottered on as best I could. Beside her, Clare was also having trouble forced to walk bent forward dragged by her hair.

At last, we came to a library and stumbled in as a sobbing untidy group. Claudette let us both go and Clare stood up beside me rubbing at her hair. I held my breast wincing at the sting and gazed about at the shelves of books that lined the walls of this new room of the chateau. There was a long table in the centre with chairs drawn up to it and two leather armchairs close to an unlit fire. Sitting with legs crossed in one of the armchairs was Madam Reynard wearing a short black dress, now looking every inch the dominating Mistress that she was. She stared at us without expression and I tried to judge what mood she might be in, but it was taking a moment for my eyes to adjust to the gloom. The windows were shuttered and candles from three large candelabras, set it different points around the room, offered the only light.

'How sweet you look, but you must arrange your uniforms, girls. My lesbian slut maids who will do anything to be fucked by their mistress.'

'Madam... ' Claudette tried to explain our entrance but Madam Reynard held up a hand to silence her. Feeling a little relieved, I covered my tortured breast and smoothed down my uniform. Beside me, Clare did the same, adjusting one of the clasps from her suspender belt that had come undone, and then pushing her fingers through her hair. I re-clipped one of my own stockings realising it was on opportunity to pose for Madam Reynard. I wished I could check my make-up, hoping my mascara hadn't run and glanced about for a mirror but couldn't see one.

'That is better girls. We will start your duties by having you dust the books. You will find dusters on the table, be sure to dust the top shelves especially carefully.'

'Yes, Madam, ' we chorused, bobbing curtsies. Following Clare, I took a feather duster from the table, walked over to the bookcase close to the fire and began to flick the feathers over the books. I could feel Madam Reynard watching me as I dusted and realised I really liked it. I tried to offer a pretty sight for her, bending forward with legs held straight whilst pushing out my bottom. I could feel the tiny skirt rise and the tension on the suspender belt change and knew that my bottom was very exposed and I must look deliciously rude. The slut in me took over fully and I dusted lower, opening my legs a little further.

After a few flicks of the duster I stood straight and began dusting up towards the upper rows — Clare, I realised, was doing much the same beside me. I stole a look in her direction and caught her smile, which I returned knowing she was enjoying herself as much as me ... yes I really was enjoying the whole experience.

'You may stand on the chair to reach the top shelves.'

'Thank you, Madam, ' said Clare.

'Yes, thank you Madam, ' I echoed, and then taking a chair from the table, brought it back, set it by the bookcase and climbed on.

As I flicked my duster over the top books, I jumped slightly as I felt a hand run up the inside of my leg.

'Do not stop. Keep up your work.' It was Madam Reynard.

'Yes, Madam.' I dusted on, reaching to the sides feeling as Madam Reynard's hand continued to climb to my stocking tops, hovering over the area where nylon met skin. She took the suspender strap at the back of my leg and snapped it back against my skin.

'Long, beautiful firm legs, ' she murmured as she touched me.

As I reached once more to the side, I took the opportunity to spread my legs a little further and felt her hand move up to caress the soft area of skin at the very top of my inner thigh, barely touching me through my knickers. My pussy was wet and I hoped beyond hope that she would draw my knickers to the side, slide a finger into my cunt and fuck me ... but she didn't.

She slapped my bottom softly several times eliciting small slap slap sounds. 'Claudette, expose this ones breasts. They are big and soft and should be displayed.'

'Oui, Madam. You ... pretty slut, ' she tapped me on the leg. 'Get down.'

Yes, Claudette ... Madam.' Steadying myself by holding onto the bookcase, I managed to climb down from the chair, overcoming my shaking legs, to stand before Claudette.

'Please ... not ... please don't do this to me, I... ' My hands fluttered protectively over my breasts. Fear rose inside me again and the play-acting was suddenly very real. I was too scared to be exposed like this. It was all going to fast. 'I'm sorry, but this... '

'Be quiet and hold still. Keep your hands at your sides.' Slapping my hands down, she pulled down the right cup of my bodice and, taking hold of my nipple, lifted up my breast so she could fold down the material to act as support. I gazed down seeing my breast supported, offered up, as she let go of the nipple, which became hard and erect again. I watched as she repeated the procedure on my left breast. Once finished, she fondled each in turn as if arranging them, and then pinched each nipple hard before waving me back to my dusting. I stayed at floor level, my chest feeling exposed and strange, and noticed that as Care perched on a chair, Madam Reynard's hand was at the top of her legs and, I suspected, she had a finger or two in her pussy — Clare was still dusting but her face was flushed.

'Keep dusting, girl.' Madam Reynard finished with Clare and turned back to me. 'Come here.'

I stopped dusting and turned to stand in front of Madam Reynard. She looked me up and down with a neutral gaze and I struggled to keep my hands on my lap clutching the duster rather than covering myself. Reaching out, she cupped my breasts, lifting them, feeling their weight. I felt my face blush and I looked about the room, trying to mentally distance myself from the embarrassment of having my tits fondled by this near stranger.

'Beautiful.' She lifted them and let them fall. I felt my cold skin pucker as the contact with her warm hands was lost. 'Move your chest from side to side, let me see them move.'

'Mistress?'

'Do it! Shake your tities girl, and not too fast.'

I did as she asked, moving my chest from side to side, my breasts swaying and jiggling as my face became even redder — this was so embarrassing ... so demeaning. I saw Clare watching over Madam Reynard's shoulder. She had stopped dusting and was staring at my breasts obviously enjoying my torment. I pushed out my chest just a little more and, looking at her, continued swaying showing my chest.

'Enough, dear. Claudette, the clips.'

I gazed in horror as Claudette opened a small wooden box and removed a length of chain with clips on the ends, evidently destined for my already engorged nipples.

'No, Mistress, Please don't.' Madam Reynard's hand snaked out and slapped my left breast and I cried out in shock.

'Silence, girl. The clips will not hurt you but the punishment you have brought onto yourself will.'

'Please don't hurt her, Madam.' Clare blushed as we all turned to her, still standing on her chair.

'You will come and share her punishment. Get down here now.'

'Yes Madam.'

'Firstly, Maid Josie will wear her nipple clamps and Maid Clare, you will put them on her. Here... ' She held the chains out to Clare who reluctantly took them.

'I'm sorry, Josie, ' mumbled Clare. She sorted the chains out then taking one of the clamps brought it up to my left breast. She pinched my nipple, drew it out from my chest and clipped the tiny clamp onto the stretched flesh.

I drew in a breath as the pain flared through me and I resisted the impulse to tear it off. I watched, biting my lip, as she repeated the procedure on my other nipple. After a moment, the pain seemed to subside and I found that it was in fact bearable. It felt like my nipples were on fire and I was more aware of them than at any other time.

'Both of you ... bend over the table.' We did as she asked, keeping our legs straight and bottoms pushed out. Every time I moved and my breasts swayed, new jolts of pain ran through me. The fire only subsiding again as I stood bent over, my breasts hanging freely beneath me. My knickers were pulled to my knees and a foot kicked my shoes further apart spreading my legs. Without any warning, a spanking began, covering both cheeks of my bottom and down to the insides of my legs. I bit my lip again and tried to go with the experience, riding the pain in my bottom as well as the jolts through my breast as they swayed with the impact of each slap. After a few minutes, the spanking finished.

'Stay where you are.'

Something cold dribbled between the cheeks of my bottom. I felt its slow progress trickling down until it went tickled over my anus before continuing its run down to my vagina. I heard Clare groan next to me and then heard my own voice join hers.

'Silence my little Maid sluts. You are going to enjoy this I think.' Something pushed softly against my anus and I tried to relax, knowing it would go easier if I allowed whatever it was to enter. I gasped as the pressure increased becoming insistent and then it slid in I gasped again as my anus closed about it, filling me. Madam Reynard tapped it and shock-waves flowed through me threatening to buckle my legs. She took the object and pushed pulled and turned it for a few minutes but never removing it. At first I thought it disgusting, invading to be fucked in the anus like this and then teased, but I soon began to actually enjoy it and I felt a wash of shame.

'Stand back up and turn around.' Madam Reynard sat back in her armchair and hitched up her skirt. 'Claudette, come here.'

I watched as Claudette got down on the ground in front of Madam Reynard and began lapping at her mistress pussy - a smile crossed Madam Reynard's face and she sighed. 'Kiss each other, you will perform for me. I want to watch you.'

I turned to Clare and sank into her arms, wincing as my tortured nipples came into contact with her dress. She kissed me and I felt her hands immediately come up and squeeze my breasts sending a fire and urgency through me.

'Find each others pussies and fuck each other. I want to see you fuck each other.' Madam Reynard's voice was deep and husky.

My hand moved down, as did Clare's, and we spent a moment navigating the crush of our bodies. Her cunt, when I found it was wet and slick, and as my two finger sank into her I realised how hot she was and how my own vagina must be like a furnace as well. A moment later, two slim fingers sank into my cunt and began sliding in and out, slowly fucking me, a third finger soon joined them. I could feel the hard object, so close to my fingers in Clare's anus, and the one in mine, hard and unyielding, pushing the cheeks of my bottom apart adding to the intense experience of the whole thing.

Clare broke the kiss and dipped her head to my nipples, taking first one and then the other into her mouth, sucking and licking around the clips as one hand held my breast while the other continued to fuck me. When the hand on my breast left to find the object in my ass and move it slowly in and out, I gazed down at the girl I loved and felt the orgasm begin to rise, ready to explode within me. I realised I would let Clare do anything to me, it was her I wanted to be controlled by and if her command was to follow Madam Reynard then I would, but Clare would be my mistress. Now I just had to explain it to her.