

## **A Lesson For Victoria** **by Angela Meadows**

My carriage jolted and lurched up the rough, alpine track making me uncomfortable as well as angry. I didn't want to leave home but I did understand my widowed father's reasons. Finding me in the arms of his stable boy was not what he expected of his 'little girl'. My lips still tingled with the memory of Bill's kiss and my nipples hardened at the thought of his hand pressed against them with just a thin layer of cotton in between. No, the real reason I was so upset was finding that the Venice School for Young Ladies, as father had called it, was miles from the city of canals – and up a mountain.

The sun was sinking behind the peaks at the end of a late summer's day as we drew up to a large, granite house with the distinctive steep roof of the Alps. The carriage door was opened immediately and my gaze fell upon a young man. He was wearing traditional Tyrolean leather shorts and his bare knees and strong thighs impressed me. It seemed that a swelling was forming in the tight leather at his crotch. I looked upwards past the loose cotton shirt, and found the blue eyes of the blond, smooth-faced young man looking at me intensely. He smiled, but it did not seem a smile of welcome, more one of anticipation. He helped me step down from the carriage. His firm grip on my wrist seemed to be a signal of possession as he guided me up the steps to a heavy, wooden door. He returned to the coach to retrieve my trunk. The door was opened by another handsome young man, similarly dressed but with black hair and brown eyes. He also gave me a thorough examination as he invited me to enter.

I stepped into a square hall carpeted with an old but thick Turkish carpet. A short, grey-haired lady emerged from a side room and advanced towards me.

"Ah, you have arrived at last." She spoke English with a French accent. "It is Victoria, is it not?"

I nodded.

"Named after your dear Queen, I imagine."

I nodded again.

"Come, take off your cloak and join the rest of the girls in the drawing room."

I felt the doorman remove my cloak from my shoulders. His hands brushed my neck gently and a spark of electricity travelled down my back. The little French lady was scurrying back to the room from which she had come so I hurried after her.

I entered a large, tall room with a window at one end. The setting sun was filling the room with light that reflected off the three huge mirrors that went from floor to ceiling on the other three sides of the room. Apart from cupboards in each corner, the room was quite bare of furniture. There was a large, wide couch in the centre of the room almost the size of a double bed and covered with furs. Some feet away from the couch was a line of six high-backed chairs. Five of the chairs were occupied by young ladies of a similar age to me. They all turned their heads to look at me but there was no sign of emotion on their faces. No doubt they were, like me, new to the school and wondering what was going to happen.

"Sit down, Victoria." The little French woman pointed to the empty chair. "The Principal is waiting."

I took my place and noted that the shape of the seat and the hard straight back forced me to sit upright. I had barely adjusted my posture when a tall woman entered. She appeared to be in her mid-thirties. She wore a green silk dress buttoned up to the neck and had cascading locks of fair hair. The other girls leapt to their feet and I struggled to emulate them.

"Good evening, girls. Please sit." We sat down as one. "Welcome to the Venus School for Young Ladies." Did she really say Venus, I thought, or had she said Venice in a strange way? "I am Madam Thackeray, your headmistress. You have already met Madame Hulot, my assistant." She smiled and looked at each one of us girls in turn. "Here you will learn the knowledge and skills that will enable you to take your place in society as the wives of gentlemen. You will learn cuisine; you will study arts and music; you will discover the fashions of the day; you will practise the art of conversation and you will be taught how to run a household. These studies will occupy your days. In the evenings, tuition will turn to the art of attracting husband and how to satisfy him. Lessons will start shortly but first you will be shown to your rooms."

Madam Thackeray turned to Madame Hulot who opened the door. Six elegant young ladies entered the room. Each wore identical silk evening gowns in the fashionable new mauve dye. I gasped at the dresses as they left the girls' shoulders completely bare and revealed considerable décolletage. Their waists were extremely narrow and the skirts flared out. The six girls lined up in front of us.

"These are our senior girls," Madam continued. "They have a year of experience of our ways and will help you in your studies. They will now show you to your rooms." The girl facing me stepped forward, smiled broadly and held out her right hand.

"Hello, I'm your mentor. Come with me." She hooked her arm around my left elbow and guided me back into the hall and up a wide stairway. On the second floor we entered a landing with doors on either side. My guide pushed on one door and we entered a comfortably-sized bedroom.

"Here we are, this is our room."

It seemed that we were to share a room and a bed, as there was just one ample double bed to be seen. I was surprised, but having shared a bed with a cousin I was not upset by the prospect. My mentor sat on the bed, scooping up the hoops and silk of her dress. "I'm Beatrice, who are you?"

"My name is Victoria," I replied.

"Named after the Queen, were you?"

I nodded resignedly.

"I expect you are hungry after your journey. You were rather late so missed dinner but a cold buffet has been prepared for you." She indicated a tray of bread, cold meats and cheese on a side-table. The bath is also ready for you, I'm sure you need one after your journey. I will return to help you dress in your school evening wear."

Having satisfied my hunger, I was enjoying a lazy, hot bath when the bathroom door opened and Beatrice reappeared. She looked somewhat flustered.

"Good heavens, Victoria, what are you still doing there? You should be getting ready or you will be late." I suddenly remembered that I wasn't on holiday but at a school. I was reluctant to get out of the bath and expose my naked body while Beatrice stood in the doorway glaring at me. "Come on, Victoria. Don't be prudish. I'll help you dry yourself."

She entered the room, picked up the bath towel and carried it towards the bath. I realised that she wasn't going to leave me alone so I made the decision to stand up and let her see me unclothed. The water cascaded off me. Beatrice examined me closely and I began to blush. Then she nodded with approval and I blushed some more.

"How old are you, Victoria?"

"Sixteen; seventeen in November."

"You look quite mature for your age. Your breasts are well-formed and firm and your hips are broad but your stomach is suitably flat. The men will take a fancy to

you, I'm sure."

I wasn't sure that I liked this appraisal which made me seem like one of my father's horses but the mention of men made me think of Bill. He had paid my body compliments – the little that he saw of it.

Beatrice wrapped the towel around me and rubbed me vigorously so that I was soon dry. She tossed the towel to the floor and pulled me by the hand back into our bedroom. Clothes had been laid out on the bed, I presumed for me, but I was surprised at what they consisted of. There was a white satin corset – I'd never worn one before. Beatrice wrapped it around me and began to tighten the laces. I groaned and moaned at the unfamiliar constriction.

"Why do I have to wear this?" I gasped.

"Because it is part of the school uniform and because men like the figure it produces."

I was standing in front of a mirror and noticed that I certainly had more shape. My breasts were pushed together and upwards so that they rested on the top of the garment, my nipples on show. The narrowing of my waist also made my buttocks appear larger and more rounded than they usually did. Beatrice looked at my image and then at me. Her eyes descended and came to rest at my exposed mount of Venus. She passed the palm of her hand over my tuft of hair. There was a tingle inside that was unfamiliar. "You have quite a bush down there, haven't you."

"I have?"

"Yes, we need to trim that. Men don't like too much hair, you know." She tugged my underarm hair. "This will have to go too; it's very unsightly. Still, no time now."

She passed me a pair of white silk knickers which barely covered my bottom and, having made me sit on the bed, pulled white silk stockings up my legs and fastened the tops to clips at the bottom of the corset. She presented me with a pair of white satin slippers. As I put them on my feet she brought a long gossamer thin gown trimmed in white fur. I put my arms through the wide sleeves. The garment did nothing to cover me, but instead seemed to form a frame for my corseted figure.

"There; you are ready. No time for make-up, but that's all part of the course anyway. Come, it's time for your introductory lesson." Beatrice tugged on my hand, and dragged me out on to the landing. We almost ran to the stairs, my gown flaring out behind me. I felt as if I had no clothes on at all and wondered what sort of school I had come to.

We reached the room where we had first met. Beatrice pushed me in and departed. Like before, my classmates were already sitting there but this time they and I were identically dressed. I took my place in the uncomfortable chair at the end of the row and looked around me. The curtains had been drawn as night had now fallen. Many oil lamps had been lit so that the room was very light. A large candelabra dangled over the fur-strewn couch.

"Ah, you have joined us at last, Victoria," said Madame Hulot impatiently. "Punctuality is a virtue we foster here. Gentlemen do not like to be kept waiting." She left and a few moments later Madam Thackeray swept in, beaming at each of us new girls.

"Wonderful, girls. You now look as though you belong here and are ready for your instruction to begin. This evening you have nothing to do but watch. I want you to concentrate on what you will see and what I have to tell you. You will observe certain techniques which you will be studying during your time here so do not worry if you do not understand tonight."

I had no idea what she was talking about but as she moved to take a seat at the side of the room Beatrice reappeared and without looking at Madame Thackeray, or the six of us, she went to stand by the couch and looked at herself in the large glass mirror that was behind it. A moment later a young man entered the room. I

recognised him as the blond servant who had helped me from the carriage. Now, however, he was wearing evening dress and looked exceptionally smart and aristocratic. I wondered about the meaning of his change of attire but things soon started to happen. He stepped up behind Beatrice, put a hand on her bare shoulder and spun her around. When she faced him he bent his neck and placed his lips on hers.

"For the purpose of this evening's demonstration, ladies, you must imagine that Eric is the man that Beatrice wishes to marry and that he desires her as his wife." Madam's words seemed to provide some explanation for the deep kissing that was going on. I presumed that we were watching a theatrical performance with Eric and Beatrice as the actors. However, the manner in which they clung to each other and inserted tongues into each other's mouths did seem to go beyond the realms of acting that I was familiar with. Bill had only placed his lips on mine, but as I watched I began to wish that we too had pressed our mouths as close together.

The pair parted and Eric began to undo the buttons on Beatrice's gown which conveniently for him, were situated at the front.

"Men often find the small buttons of a gown difficult to undo, so you must learn to assist discreetly," Madam continued. Indeed Beatrice had assisted so quickly that the gown had slipped to the floor and she revealed not the white corset that I and the other girls wore, but a blood red garment with black lacing. Beatrice now turned her attention to Eric.

"You will also have to acquire the skill of undoing the fastenings of the male vestments."

Beatrice certainly had the skill because Eric was swiftly divested of his jacket, stiff collar, shirt and trousers. In the same time he had kicked off his shoes and stockings. He wore no underclothes.

For the first time in my life a man stood naked in front of me, but his attention was on Beatrice. His buttocks were white, firm globes and he stood with his feet a little apart. He gave Beatrice a gentle push and she fell back on to the couch. Now I could see in the mirror beyond them, the front of Eric's body. He had a strong muscular chest but my eyes were drawn to his member which was as firm as a broom pole and stood out at right angles from his body. I never knew that it could become so large. The tip was a shiny purple and shaped like a massive toadstool.

"As you can see, it takes little to arouse a man. The skill comes in prolonging the arousal and giving satisfaction."

Beatrice had by sleight of hand unfastened her stockings, so now when Eric took hold of the vivid red knickers, he was able to pull them off in one swift, fluid movement. Beatrice spread her legs wide and bent her knees, pulling her feet up onto the couch.

From my position at the end of the row I had a full view of her sex, despite Eric standing just a pace from her. I saw that she indeed had far less pubic hair than myself and that it was trimmed into a neat arrowhead pointing at the cleft between her legs. Without thinking, my hand moved between my legs and like Beatrice's I could feel my outer lips swelling and a dampness penetrating my knickers. Her swollen crack glistened with her excitement. Eric knelt between her legs and lowered his head towards her sex. I saw his tongue stick out and lap at the juices oozing from her fanny.

"Not all men have a liking for cunnilingus, but many do. By offering herself, Beatrice has given Eric the encouragement he needs and for as long as he remains drinking at the trough so to speak, he will retain his erection and derive great pleasure. It is important that the lady also derives satisfaction from the process as she must retain her own level of arousal and lubrication."

Beatrice evidently was enjoying the experience because she moaned at each flick

of Eric's tongue and thrust herself at his mouth. He gripped her buttocks, held her firmly and pushed his face hard into her groin. I almost felt as if I was Beatrice and his tongue was exploring deeper and deeper up my love canal.

Eric withdrew, drawing breath, and stood to stretch his back. Beatrice immediately slid from the couch to kneel in front of him. They slickly turned side on to their audience. Now I and my fellows could see Eric's long, stiff cock (the word I recalled Bill had used for his sex). It stretched to within an inch of Beatrice's face. She poked out her tongue and gently touched the tip. It trembled and Eric mumbled something, a 'Ja', I think. Beatrice leaned forward, carefully opening her mouth to surround the red onion at the end of the penis. I gasped as I saw it slowly disappearing into Beatrice's mouth. She kept her jaws wide apart as she took more and more of it into her mouth. She stopped with her small pert nose almost buried in his pubic hair.

"Beatrice is one my most skilled pupils in fellatio. Very few ladies can take the full length of a man's erect penis but some like Beatrice are able to open their throat and avoid gagging. The heat and the softness of the woman's mouth bring intense pleasure to the man."

Eric was indeed moaning and there was a tremor in his knees. Beatrice rocked back slowly and the shining wet penis re-emerged, but that was not the end. Now she started moving her head to and fro, in turn enveloping and revealing the member. As the glowing tip emerged from her lips her tongue played around it before it disappeared again into the depths of her gullet. Steadily, she increased the frequency of her movements. Eric sighed and groaned and began to shake. His testes in their sac wobbled and swung from side to side. Beatrice reached up and grasped them in her hand holding them firmly as her head now oscillated up and down the shaft. My hand was now pressed hard against my sex, rubbing in time with Beatrice's movement. I was hot and perspiring so much that I felt rivulets of water running down the cleft between both my breasts and my buttocks.

"Stamina is needed for this stage in the act. Some men reach satisfaction very quickly but many are lucky enough to be able to withstand the agony of pleasure for some time." Beatrice showed no sign of tiring. Her lips were now locked firmly round Eric's cock as it slid in and out. At last, when even I was beginning to feel exhausted, Eric let out a cry. I saw Beatrice gulp and swallow and immediately stop her movements. She remained kneeling holding the penis in her mouth, sucking gently.

"Some men like to withdraw at the point of orgasm and expend their semen in the woman's face. A number of women prefer that to swallowing the fluid, but in the spur of the moment you rarely have much choice in the matter. A warning though. After orgasm, the male often finds their penis rather tender. Be careful not to let your teeth cause pain." Beatrice reluctantly let Eric pull his penis from her mouth. It flopped, shrunken and wet between his legs.

"Young men take a few minutes to recover before they can embark on further lovemaking so this provides us with a break in the proceedings. I was pleased, girls, to see that you were watching intently. I noticed also that one or two of you were driven to pleasure yourselves by the excitement of what you saw. I hope you are able to remain dispassionate and observe the skills that Beatrice displayed. Over the next two years you too will learn these techniques. That is our objective here at the Venus School for Young Ladies."

Now that I realised that my new school was named after the goddess of love and not a watery city I wondered how my darling father could have got so confused. Did he have any idea of the curriculum I was to study? Reflecting on the emotions I felt as I had watched Beatrice give and receive pleasure, I was excited by the prospects that lay ahead. I thought of what I could offer Bill or any other eligible young man once I had completed my education.

"Now as Beatrice has had a chance to draw breath we will continue with proceedings. As Eric had been temporarily incapacitated we will have a substitute."

Beatrice had relaxed onto the couch and Eric gathered up his clothes and left. As he departed the other young man that I had met entered. He made his entry naked with his cock already pointing the way forward. He moved towards the couch. I sat up straighter and peered avidly at the pair. My fingers slipped inside my knickers and felt the slick wetness between my pussy lips. I looked forward with gleeful anticipation to what scenes of lovemaking would unfold before my eyes.