

Disclaimer: All Characters in this story are above the age of 18

Chapter 01

-Madelyn-

I couldn't wait to surprise them!

I had to stifle a giggle as I visualized the hilarious image. My shocked father with his eyes wide and his jaw hanging from disbelief.

Oh, god!

Dad was always composed and withdrawn. I think I only saw him smile... twice?

It would be a very special day if I could break him out of his shell.

But what I was most excited about was hugging my little sister again.

Julia was still in college, eighteen, and the best sister there was. People would always give me odd looks when I told them my sister was also my best friend.

We were always close. I knew all of her secrets, even the deepest ones, like all her boyfriends she kept away from Dad and the rest of the world.

I have been there through her breakups, saw her tears, hugged her when she needed it. I even made an effort to talk to her daily, a tradition that unfortunately came to an end when I had to be relocated overseas for work.

I still text her whenever I could, but modeling wasn't all sunshine and rainbows, a harsh fact that hit me as soon as I stepped into my first day of the studio.

However, I wasn't complaining. I knew I was already fortunate enough to be picked up by an agency. But being on billboards and front covers and being invited to talk shows was still a faraway dream.

But I couldn't wait to return home!

I couldn't wait to see my best friend again. Recently, Julia had been slow with her responses to texts and I knew something was wrong. Probably boy troubles again.

Whatever it was, it was nothing her older sis couldn't fix.

Sighing, I towed my luggage through the arrival hall and surveyed the line of people waiting, a bunch of them holding signs.

The sign with my name printed out was held by a middle-aged man who urgently needed a visit to his barber.

But I kept to my manners, strolling towards him and giving my driver a curt nod.

He seemed surprised. He jolted to attention and leaned forward, squinting at me for uncomfortably long seconds.

"Are you..." He coughed into a fist. Glanced at his sign. "... Madelyn?"

"I am." I nodded again. "Are you Jake?"

"I am!" He set the sign down, tucking it under his arm before extending his other hand. The same palm he had coughed in. "S-Sorry, I didn't expect you to... umm... nice to meet you."

I just forced another smile and gave one more polite nod.

I refused the offer for him to take my luggage, but he was very insistent, so I eventually relented, trailing behind my assigned driver as he escorted me out of the airport.

But as soon as I saw the dirty van, I knew I should have splurged a little for my ride back home. Still, I sucked it up and ducked into the back and tried to get as comfortable as possible.

"Sorry!" Jake said, apologizing for the tenth time as started the engine and took a quick glance at me from the smudged rear-view mirror. "I should have cleaned up if I knew who I was picking up."

"It's fine." Fishing my phone out of my purse, I tapped open my conversation with Julia, gazing down at our most recent conversation.

Me: Sorry for not texting you! Been so busy, babe :(How are things? I miss you so much.

Julia would usually respond immediately. The girl was constantly on her phone. But for the past couple of months, my sister has been oddly late with her replies.

Julia: I'm good, thank you. I miss you too. When are you coming home?"

By then, I must have read and re-read that line dozens of times.

Julia: I'm good, thank you. I miss you too. When are you coming home?

Julia never texted like that. It sounded like a robot had possessed her.

Whatever was happening with Julia, I was going to find out.

But that wasn't my sole reason for the trip back home.

I missed my family and I wanted to see them again.

"Madelyn?"

"Hmm?" I blinked. "Sorry, what did you say?"

He laughed. A short, harsh chortle that shook the van. "I was just asking why would a pretty young woman like you come here? It's a small city."

"Oh." I exhaled, already knowing where this was going. "Nothing. Just came to visit family."

"Oh?" He chuckled, as if I told him a joke. "And what do you do for work?"

"Just..." I glanced out the window, watching the sun setting. "... some modeling."

"Ahhhh! No wonder!" Another harsh laugh. "It all makes sense now!"

I laughed with him, more so as a defense mechanism than anything else.

After more awkward conversation and dodging the constant hurl of personal questions he threw my way, we reached my neighborhood, and I had Jake stop a few blocks away from my house. I thanked him, then hurried out.

But in my haste, I had completely forgotten about my luggage. When Jake called out my name, I had to turn around and do the walk of shame back.

When I reached the unshaven man, there it was. A stumbling request for my phone number.

He laughed. "Or... or your Instagram would do just fine."

I had come well prepared for scenarios like this. Nodding, I gave out my secondary Instagram handle, smiled when he followed me on the platform, nodded when he gushed at how attractive I was in my pictures, and then I was finally on my way back home.

Walking the distance home was actually unexpectedly pleasant. I had grown up in this neighborhood, so it felt like a mini trip through memory lane.

I spotted the exact tree I had my first kiss under.

Cindy had me walk me home that evening. I thought it was just any other day when she led me to the tree, pushed me against it, and shoved her lips to mine.

I remembered how I felt. Panic. Anxiety.

After all, everybody around me back then liked boys.

And a girl was kissing me.

But I didn't run. Didn't move. Her lips felt nice and I wanted more of it. So I stayed rooted in place, kissing her as the world melted away.

We never became an item. And that was unfortunate because even after several girlfriends, I could never forget the feeling of her lips. Or her little shudder when I kissed her back.

Sighing, I dragged my luggage along the pavement, still glancing around, seeking more memories.

Even though I have been away for half a year, a lot has changed.

The puppies I used to see running around the neighborhood were all grown up, bounding after each other and rolling around on the grass.

Some of my neighbors haven't kept up with their house maintenance, allowing their lawns to overgrow and their paint to crack.

My favorite bubble tea spot was strangely closed, even though they should be open.

It was bizarre how much could change in just a matter of months.

I finally ended memory lane, strolling towards my porch that was fortunately still trimmed. Dad was a clean freak, so that hadn't changed.

But he wasn't home. His car was nowhere to be seen and as I huffed a breath as I climbed up the steps to the front door. Not because I was tired from all the cardio, but because my adrenaline was spiking up. I could feel my heart battering against my chest.

Julia should be at home. We were in the midst of the summer break, and I fully expected my sweet little sister to be lounging on the sofa in the living room, munching on chips with a movie playing in front of her.

I smiled as I imagined the exact scene just behind the front door. If someone was there with me, I would bet money that that was exactly what Julia was doing.

I would be more specific, too. Julia would probably be watching a marathon of endless romcom.

Dad had always been nagging my sister to get a job, but Julia never listened to him. She might have listened if I was the one nudging her instead, but I didn't want to pressure her.

Sighing, I stood at our front door, feeling frozen at the spot. If anyone had been watching, I would look extremely suspicious.

Why was I so nervous?

I would ring the doorbell, hug Julia tight when I saw her, tell her I missed her, and spend the week with my loved ones until I had to fly back for work.

It would be a nice impromptu vacation after months of mindless meetings and tiresome photoshoots.

I deserved this.

When I finally raised a finger to the doorbell, I realized I was shaking. But I pushed through, sighing with relief when I heard the familiar 'ding dong' flooding the house.

Heels approached.

Wait... heels?

The front door opened. A woman stood in front of me.

I stared at her.

Auburn hair, beautiful green eyes... I could even recognize every spot of freckles dotted around her soft cheeks.

"Julia?" I gasped, stumbling back when I saw my little sister. It was strange to see her standing at my height, but that was because of the black high heels on her feet.

And what the fuck... what the fuck was she wearing?

"Big sis?" Julia blinked, understandably confused by my sudden arrival. But she didn't seem pleased or enthusiastic about seeing me like I had expected. In fact, my little sister seemed... disappointed. "I thought you were Daddy."

"Daddy?" I shook my head. "Y-You mean, Dad?"

Julia giggled, a high-pitched girly sound that had my eyes widening in more shock. "Don't call him that! Daddy will get mad!"

"Umm..." I stood on our front porch, wondering if this was all an elaborate prank. But that would mean Julia would have known I was coming home. "Uhh..."

“Daddy will be home soon,” Julia gushed—actually gushed—then grabbed my wrist and pulled me inside. “He will be very pleased to see his little girl back.”

“O-Okay...” I watched her shut the door and turn the locks. Strangely, there were three new locks installed on our front door, but that wasn’t the most shocking thing. What I wanted to know was what the fuck was my little sister wearing. “Julia...?”

My sister perked up, and I frowned at the makeup on her face. It wasn’t badly done. In fact, Julia looked even more stunning than ever before.

But my sister *never* wore makeup, unless she was on dates.

“What...” I pointed a trembling finger at her outfit. “What are you wearing?”

“Huh?” Julia glanced down, then smoothed out her apron. “You mean my uniform?”

She looked back up at me, actually looking more confused than I was.

“Yeah...” I nodded slowly. “Why... why are you wearing a maid’s uniform?”

Maybe I sounded too judgmental, but could you blame me?

I mean, the uniform did look cute on her, although it was maybe a size too small, clinging tightly to my sister’s figure.

It was a proper maid’s uniform too, not those cosplay gimmicks, with a frilly black dress and a clean white apron. She even had one of those white headbands over her head.

And those high heels? They were way too sexy to be wearing at home.

Taking a step back, I gawked at Julia.

My little sister looked like the perfect image of subservience.

I shuddered at that thought.

Julia tugged her bottom lip with her thumb. “Daddy wants me to wear this.”

She was saying it as if that explained everything.

“Dad... Dad wants you to wear that?”

“Call him Daddy!” She shot me a glare. “Yes, Daddy wants me to wear this. Your set just arrived too.”

I was about to ask what the hell did she mean by that when Julia took my hand and led me to my room...

... where a replica of her maid outfit laid on my bed. Apron and all.

What the fuck was happening? This had to be a joke, right? Julia and Dad had to know I was returning home. That was the only explanation.

“Hurry!” Julia tugged me. “Wear it before Daddy returns home!”

“What?” From the look Julia was giving me, she seemed deadly serious. “I’m not wearing that!”

“You have to!” My sister snatched the uniform off the bed. “It would look soooooo sexy on you, big sis!”

This whole situation was like a strange haze of a dream, and I half-expected to wake up at any moment.

And... why was she calling me ‘big sis?’ We had always been on a first name basis.

Julia continued talking, gushing about how the maid uniform would look ‘soooo good on me’ and that Daddy would get ‘excited’ to see me wearing it...

I shuddered again.

But even disregarding everything.

Disregarding how weird it was to have my own sister wearing a maid’s uniform.

Disregarding how wrong it was for her to be wearing it for ‘Daddy’.

Disregarding everything... I had to admit.

It did look *good* on her.

Even though the uniform didn't show too much skin, the outfit was *tight*, revealing all the hard work Julia had been putting in at the gym.

Her tits were pushed up against her dress, and her ass was really out there.

"I don't want to wear that, Julia," I told my sister. "Why are you trying to get me to wear it?"

"Like I said..." She was frowning at me so much. "Daddy—"

But before she could finish her sentence, the doorbell rang again and my sister perked up to attention.

"Daddy's home!" she exclaimed, her voice disturbingly high-pitched.

My sister placed the uniform set back on my bed and skipped towards the front door. I trailed after her from far behind, more and more confused as the seconds grew by.

But I guessed my bewilderment hit its peak when Julia stopped a few feet away from the front door and sank to her knees.

"J-Julia?" I blinked, somehow still able to feel shocked even after all the unexplainable shit happening. "What... are you doing?"

"Shhhh!" She stayed still, looking like the perfect little maid in her kneel.

So I kept my mouth shut, curious myself to see how Dad would react to this... absurdity.

The final lock clicked and the door swung open, revealing my father. He looked exactly the same as when I last saw him. My friends were always shocked when they first met my dad. I guessed they expected a handsome man in a suit or something, but my father was anything but that.

The best description for Dad would be... a nerd?

I hated to label him as such, but the fact that he worked in some sterile research lab only furthered that narrative.

And his look didn't help him either. Dad wore glasses so thick, he would have been legally blind without them. And all those buttoned up shirts and tight jeans he wore? Ew.

But the one thing I admired about Dad was how little he cared about what other people thought of him, a trait I desperately needed to get into my system.

If others viewed as a nerd, he couldn't care less.

"Welcome home, Daddy!" Julia exclaimed with disturbing glee as Dad stepped into the house.

Even from across the room, I could make out Dad's wide smile.

I blinked. Dad... smiling?

Okay. This was officially the weirdest day ever. It wouldn't even surprise me if I had accidentally stepped into an alternate reality.

"Hello, sweetie," Dad said, sounding more alive than I ever heard him before. He set his hand on Julia's head, stroking her as if she was a pet.

He was acting like all of this was normal!

"Big sis is home, Daddy," Julia whispered, closing her eyes and shifting closer to Dad. My sister's voice dipped low, instantly switching from high-pitched to all low and raspy, sounding as if...

Was she turned on? Julia with... Dad?

What the fuck?

"Madelyn?" Dad stopped stroking her, perking up and glancing around our dimly lit living room, his gaze searching until he finally spotted me standing at the very back.

We locked eyes. He seemed surprised, but then he sighed, looked down and rubbed in between his eyes.

"She doesn't want to wear her uniform, Daddy!" Julia complained. "She's a bad girl!"

"I'm sorry you have to see this, honey," Dad told me. He fished something out of his jeans pocket. Some kind of metallic device, rectangular, with a small circular lens at the front.

Dad held the device out at me, took a few steps forward, and then everything became a blur as a bright flash of light flooded my vision.

The room... it was spinning.

I stumbled to the side.

If Dad wasn't beside me, holding my hips, I would have crashed towards the ground long ago.

Wait... When did he get so close to me?

"It's okay," Dad whispered, leaning forward so he was speaking into my ear.

His voice. *Fuck*. He sounded so... pleasant.

God, I wanted to hear more of that voice.

"It's..." My lips suddenly felt numb and I could feel the first drop of saliva leaking out from my lips. "... okay?"

"Yes, darling." I felt wetness on my left temple. Did he... did he just kiss me there?

I couldn't tell. I couldn't even think. My body was heavy and all I could do was lean against Dad for support.

"Everything's okay." His voice echoed in my head. Again and again. It felt like he was pushing my thoughts away and replacing them entirely.

"Everything's okay..." I mumbled, sounding drunk.

I was drunk. That was it.

Drunk.

"Julia decided to help around the house by being my maid. That's great, isn't it?"

His words melted into me.

“Yes...” I muttered, my eyelids growing heavy. I stumbled backwards, but Dad held me upright, his hands holding me close. “That’s... great.”

Dad made... sense. Of course he did. He was always... insistent on Julia getting a job.

Julia has a job now. As Dad’s maid. And that’s... great.

“There’s nothing strange about it,” Dad added. Once again, his words was everywhere, echoing around the space in my head. It was like the truth was being drilled into me and I couldn’t question the truth.

I nodded slowly. “Nothing’s... strange.”

Why was I acting so surprised?

My sister was wearing a sexy French maid uniform because she was our new maid. There was nothing strange about it.

“Good!” he beamed, then clicked his fingers.

Immediately, everything snapped back into focus.

I blinked. “W-What happened?”

“Nothing.” Dad smiled. He let go of me and nodded towards the dining table. “I’m just happy you’re back home, darling. Why don’t we celebrate by having a nice dinner?”

I could only nod. Even though my vision had cleared, I was still in a daze and I struggled to keep still, swaying on my feet.

“Good!” He clapped his hand once and the next second, my lovely sister was standing at attention beside Dad.

“Sweetie,” Dad seemed surprisingly fond of my little sister, turning to her and reaching up to stroke Julia again, running a thumb along her jawline.

“Y-Yes, Daddy?” My sister was overreacting, squeezing her eyes shut, panting and purring from his strokes.

They must have grown much closer in my absence. I smiled like a doofus, happy about their renewed relationship.

“Go and set the table.”

“Yes, Daddy!” The way Julia was talking to Dad was downright jarring, but Dad told me everything was okay, so everything must be okay.

My little sister lifted her skirt and did a cute curtsy before scrambling off to the kitchen, her heels clicking on the flooring.

The sound was unfamiliar to my ears, especially in our house, and as I swayed on my feet, Dad’s words resurfaced, telling me nothing was strange.

Nothing was... strange.

“D-Dad?” I managed the word out, my lips somehow still numb. I must have looked like such a pathetic sight with drool all over my chin.

He didn’t turn to me. His eyes were still at the kitchen entrance where Julia was last seen.

“Yes, sweetie?”

It was odd hearing him call me ‘sweetie’. Weren’t we all on a first name basis? Since when did we use pet names?

I blinked at him. “This feels... strange.”

He finally turned to me then, a frown apparent on his features. When he raised his hand to show me his metallic device once again, I didn’t resist. I just allowed the mesmerizing white flash to consume me.

“Nothing’s strange.” Dad was saying. His words reverberated all around me, echoing and echoing in my head.

Over and over.

I parted my numb lips. "Nothing's... weird."

"Good." He placed his palm on the small of my back and started leading me to the dining table. "Let's just have a nice dinner, shall we?"

My body felt so heavy, as if there were bags of sand on top of my shoulders.

It was a struggle to keep my eyelids open. "Okay, Dad..."

He grunted, stopped, then raised his shiny object one more time.

FLASH

Woah...

"Call me Daddy," he demanded. "A good girl calls her father, 'Daddy.'"

My tongue felt like a brick in my mouth. "D-Daddy..."

"Again. Say it properly, honey."

I giggled, not knowing why I found that hilarious, but somehow it was. I shot dad my widest, dumbest smile and did what I was told.

"Daddy..." I spluttered the word out in a drunken haze, stumbling against Daddy as he kept me on my feet.

He seemed satisfied. Smiling again, he led us forward, and I could feel his palm making its way down to my ass.

He squeezed my right ass cheek.

I smiled. Giggled.

I was proud of my ass. My job required me to keep it in good shape, and I was glad Daddy was enjoying my hard work.

"You're a good girl, Madelyn," Daddy said, sitting me down on the dining table where I slumped forward without Daddy's support.

My body was so heavy....

“Say you’re a good girl.”

Daddy has never sounded so... pleasant.

I just wanted to obey.

Be a good girl.

Be *his* good girl.

I giggled again. Somehow, everything seemed funny and I couldn’t stop myself from grinning.

“I’m a good girl,” I squealed.

Shit, I couldn’t stop giggling!

“Good. very good.” He seemed more than pleased, and through my foggy vision, I could make out his wide smile. “Let’s have a nice dinner, darling.”

I nodded dumbly, feeling drool seeping down my chin and onto my lap. “Yes, Daddy.”