

Maid to Last

By Bamboozlr

PROLOGUE

“No way,” you murmur.

“Oh yes,” your friend replies.

This is so unlike him. Honestly, what the two of you have been doing is best described as “petty theft”. Neither of you ever went beyond grabbing something out of somebody’s pocket or purse, or maybe mugging an old lady. Not quite honourable work, admittedly, but it keeps you under the radar.

This is like rolling up to the radar station in a tank.

“You are out of your damn mind,” you chastise Eric again.

“Come on, Rich, don’t just dismiss it out of hand. I’ve got a reliable source. This guy has never been wrong before, always trustworthy. We used him countless times, not that you’d know,” he scoffs at you a little. “Says this is a total steal, excuse the pun. Apparently, the owner of this mansion is older than dirt. And so deaf we could hold a concert in his bedroom without him noticing. It goes without saying that, if you own a manor like that, you’re loaded,” Eric lays out his plan for you.

Manor’s the right word. That garden is large enough to make a zoo out of, not to mention the size of the main building. That’s right, there’s more than one. Then again, the other structure hardly qualifies as a home. It isn’t exactly small; about as large as you’d expect a regular house in the suburbs to be, but for some reason it’s engulfed by vines or some other plants, whereas the rest of the estate is impeccably tended.

Eric really is making this sound easy. You can’t imagine it would be. A mansion of this size must have an alarm system, or at least some guards. What else would that second house be for? It’s way too large to be a shed, unless the guy owns a tractor or two. That building most likely houses on-site personnel, you’d wager.

On the other hand, Eric’s always looking out for you. Between you two, he’s definitely the creative force, planning most of your capers and executing the bulk of them too. You’re often in the background, or on lookout, but Eric’s never demanded anything more than fifty percent. In a way, you owe him, and know you could hardly survive without him.

“So, what about it?” Eric asks after what must’ve been a long silence. The guilt finally wins you over. If the guy’s tipped you off about previous jobs, it must be easier than it appears. You’ve stolen a great many things, and never was it too dangerous. Maybe this job’s all show.

“Alright, if you say it’s safe, I believe you,” you accept.

“Terrific!” Eric rejoices a bit louder than intended. “Let’s get started then.”

Over the next few minutes, he explains the details to you. It really is quite simple; there’s a garage you can step on – you can see it even from this distance – to go through a window. Pass through the room and go left into the next to find the object of your desires.

“And what exactly would that be?” you inquire.

“Well...” Eric stalls, “he didn’t say.” You shoot him an incredulous look. “Calm down man, it’ll be fine. He said they’ve got a bunch of things in there worth taking, but he didn’t get too specific. Said we’d definitely notice,” he reassures you. “Believe me, this may be our ticket out of this slump.”

Hearing that the plan is barely deserving of the name makes the whole affair sound rather dodgy. At the same time, the plan is also very simple. That, coupled with the temptation of escaping this petty, embarrassing lifestyle, keeps you on board.

For the entire duration of the heist, you two stick together. Eric figured if shit goes down, it’d be best to outnumber somebody walking in on you. You agreed, especially since you wouldn’t want to get caught alone.

Stumbling through the window, you kind of trip over each other. This does not bode well, but as Eric predicted, no amount of noise seems to alert anybody. Regardless, you do your best to stay quiet from here on out. You’re small fry, but you’re not completely brainless. You do wonder why Eric hesitated before opening the window, but maybe you just imagined it.

Just like Eric’s contact had promised, you leave the room and come to a [weird upper level](#). You’re on a sort of square catwalk; around you are walls and rooms, and in the middle you can look down at the ground floor and a huge, luxurious staircase and carpet, leading to the upper level, opposite you. To your left is a short hallway, with one door to the left and one to the right of the hallway. If you remember correctly, you were supposed to go left, and that’s where Eric moves, too. You don’t think he specified which door, but he just picks left again, so either you’re going to try both or he just forgot to tell you.

Whatever the case, upon entering the room, you stop short with your mouth agape.

Yep, this is the one you were looking for. Basically, the room is lined with expensive-looking jewellery wherever your eyes stop. On every side, you have reflecting light from the finest, clearest gems blind you. All that’s missing from this room is a neon sign in the window reading “Thieves, Check Out This Shit”.

Eric’s already loading up a bag, and you realise you shouldn’t dawdle either. You pick up a few necklaces from underneath a glass casing that is conspicuously unlocked. Eric was right, that old guy must be getting either naive or forgetful; this is a thief’s paradise. Digging your way left, you run out of jewellery to snatch and come across a weird little chest. Like the gems, it’s placed in a glass case, so it’s relatively small. Still, everything else was visible, out in the open. This gets your imagination racing. What’s in there? More jewellery? Gold? A Rolex?

In any case, you plan to take it home. What kind of thief would you be if you didn't? You can worry about breaking it open then, doing it here would make too much noise, even for this old, apparently deaf guy. A moment later, you don't have to worry about noise anymore. The instant you lift the chest even an inch, an alarm blares through the entire mansion, and likely across the rest of the premises too. Eric looks over at you with a clearly annoyed face. What's he blaming you for, this was his dumb idea!

"So what's our escape strategy?" you shout over the alarm, hoping to get Eric back on track. "To fucking run!" he shouts back. Very helpful.

Your eyes dart all over the room. Going back into that upper floor connecting room would be suicide, anybody on the stairs can look at the balustrade in every direction. Unfortunately, that is the only door out. Which leaves the windows. You're not really sure whether that's a good idea. There are only two windows, and from the look on Eric's face, he doesn't have the luxury of a garage underneath it either, like your entry window had. You'd make a full drop from the first floor. Did you consider that this mansion has *really* high ceilings before you came in? It's nothing that would kill you, granted, but breaking a leg is definitely possible.

Getting away has to be your first priority though. Breaking a leg is still better than becoming a prison bitch, you'd bet. You open the window with some effort, juggling the heavy bag and the complicated lock. Goddamn, these things are secured better than the damn jewellery cases. Wondering how Eric got it open from the outside so easily, it finally budes and your fidgeting opens the window eventually. As you set one foot on the windowsill, still scared of the long drop, you feel a sharp pain on the right side of your right ankle. A moment later, you're lying on the floor, looking at the wall, when a quick punch to the liver knocks the air out of you. The pain is unbearable, and you think you'll pass out for a moment.

Laboriously rolling on your other side, you see what's happened in the room. Eric is held from behind, with a large, muscly right hand over his mouth. The man restraining him is quite an imposing figure. His physique, however, would put some college rugby players to shame. His shoulders are so wide, he could probably play defence against an 18-wheeler. Which is bad for you. Quite bad. Given the sample you received of his punching skills, you think a martial arts career is also entirely possible, actually. So much for the old, lonely man living here. Speak of the devil, a wheelchair rolls in through the doorway.

"Son, do you have to make such a ruck—oh," his voice goes quiet when his eyes meet your prone form. "In that case, I suppose you do, heh," he tries to chuckle, but coughs more than he laughs.

"Shit, sorry Dad," muscleman replies, hurriedly taking out a remote. Finally, some peace and quiet. Well, quiet at least, as the alarm just turned off. You're not exactly feeling at peace right now.

"Ah, that's better," the old man enjoys the calm, too. "Well, I'll be no use to you here, so I'll get back to bed I think. Don't overdo it, my boy," the old man cautions while turning around.

“No worries, I’ll try to keep it down. Good night Dad, get some rest,” his son, apparently, tells him. If that was his father, then this man must be in his late forties at least. There’s no sign of that, except some of the minor grooves on his face. Waving off his son’s protectiveness with a smile, the old man just disappears, leaving the wrestler to address you.

“As to you two,” his voice turns deep and threatening, “a pair of scoundrels, thinking they can live off my father’s wealth? That’s a new one. Going after the old and sick, how very noble of you. Your parents must be proud. Worst of all, reporting you will do me no good, since you didn’t actually get away with anything. You’ll go in the box for a year and be back to rob us, now knowing the alarm system and layout of our residence.”

“N-No, I promise, we—” you start, but the man raises a hand and you immediately fall quiet. Eric is barely moving anymore.

“Don’t even start. I’m sure filth like you could talk a baby into letting go of candy,” he sighs. “Rehabilitation, then,” the man says before his fist once more flies towards you, this time meeting your chin. The world goes black...

DAY 1

Light streams into the room and you awaken. It doesn't quite seem normal. Trying, in your dozing state, to examine yourself, you feel weak. Not really sore, just like you didn't move in a long time. The same holds true for your state of mind; you feel like you slept forever. So much so that you actually feel a bit exhausted from sleeping too long. Nonetheless, you sit yourself up and try to remember what happened. Immediately, you notice something is wrong. Something with the air streaming past your body as it sat upright.

Reaching up with your hands reveals the issue. You've grown pretty extraordinary facial hair. It's never been this long before. How long were you out?

That leads you to the room you're in. It's very luxurious, completely in sync with the rest of the manor. The manor! That's where you were last. You got knocked out big time by that man-mountain. Weirdly, you don't feel any pain whatsoever, no soreness. The long beard probably explains that; it would have taken quite a punch to make your chin hurt after so much time passed, apparently.

Making you jump, the doorknob to "your" room twists. Who else steps through but your just-mentioned assailant. When he steps in and sees you sitting up in bed, both of you are frozen for a minute.

"You're awake," your captor finally gets out. You just nod hesitantly. "You look like shit," the man regains his composure. "Get into the bathroom and shave that beard off. There are some clothes in the closet. After you're



finished, you can meet me downstairs,” he commands as if you were subject to his whims.

Then again, you kind of are. This is his mansion, escape is probably a bad idea after lying in bed for what must’ve been at least a month. Besides, you don’t find that beard to be too sightly yourself.

Seeing your reflection in the mirror is a shock, perhaps more so than finding yourself in a cosy, large room of a manor that belongs to a man you tried to steal from. Your beard you already found, though its size is more surprising when you actually see it. Seriously, how long were you out? Your hair tells the same tale; it reaches over the bottom of your ears already.

Hair isn’t your only problem. As you found right away, your muscles seem rather degraded after having lain in bed for such a long time. That manifested itself in a rather erratic gait over to the bathroom, but you adapted quickly. Nonetheless, you could do with some exercise, and your arms tell the same tale. You’ve never been fat, nor particularly muscular or skinny, but now your biceps are truly androgynous. They don’t look dangerously anorexic, but not very useful either.

The bathroom is equipped *really* well, better than any bath you owned, and is large to boot. Without much trouble, you find an electric razor which will be necessary to get that mess out of your face. You go at it until your cheeks are reasonably smooth and finish things off with a proper razor. If your caper went south, you can at least use as many toiletries as he makes available to you. You’re pleased with the selection, too. There’s nothing you’re lacking, everything from shaving foam to pleasant deodorant is available.

Once you’re finally looking presentable again, you notice the bathrobe thrown over the rim of the bath tub behind you. For a moment, you think about putting it on and going downstairs like that, but you figure letting yourself feel *that* much at home would only needlessly provoke your kidnapper. He mentioned a closet which you inspect. It’s quite a simple choice, you pick out a white tank top, since not much else is available and regular blue jeans. In your new form, these clothes look absolutely comedic on you, they’re way too large. Hell, if these were fitted for big guy downstairs, they would’ve been too big for your previous weight. At least the underwear’s about right, though you’re not exactly comfortable wearing a stranger’s boxers. Fretting about it won’t help, so let’s see what’s going to happen downstairs, now that you’re awake.

Exiting the room, you’re met with a short hallway leading to the upper level catwalk. So they’ve quartered you two metres away from the things you tried to steal. That’s some confidence. Now, during the day, you see that the house is actually quite busy and boy, are the inhabitants noticeable.

Everybody, literally everybody who passes you by is an attractive, no, a *hot* woman in her twenties, wearing an exaggeratedly fetishised, sexy version of a French Maid costume. At this point, you’re feeling two things. One, envy at the fact that you aren’t *this* rich.

Two, a painful erection.

It doesn't help that all these... employees seem rather happy to see you and don't shy away from you or your glances at all, no matter how intimate they are. In fact, most of them blush, some outright twitch in goosebumps-inducing glee when you openly stare at their cleavage. When the first one greets you, you notice that this is quite an international workforce.

"Buon giorno, signora," she smiles at you and bows her head slightly as she passes you by. That sounded conspicuously like Italian, even with your lack of foreign language experience. Another woman walks past.

"Bonjour, madame," she greets you in a similar manner. *"Madame"*? That's definitely not what you are. Creeped out, you move along. Your sight immediately locks on one girl that totally falls out of line. Instead of the young, but mature, seductive women, this is a bouncy, horny girl, though just as sexed up as the others.

"Good morning, sexy," she hops past you, giggling. Pff, bimbo slut. Guess it takes all types. Then again, maybe you shouldn't be so condescending. Looking at her body, you know you *would*, without hesitation. Okay, calm down, your erection is burning a hole through your underwear as it is. Every maid you pass after that, you can't ever be sure where they're from. Some apparently can speak English... or maybe all of them *can*, but they just don't? Are they really from Italy and such places or are they just acting out some fetish of their employer? The woman definitely looked like she could be Italian. This is rather confusing.

And still hot. Your arousal undermines the gravity of your situation. Fortunately, you've made it past the largest part of the staircase and thus past most of the... distractions, though you've met many more young ladies who were all very eager to see you. All kinds of ethnicities were represented, and there were plenty of languages present that you've never heard before. They must know English, you theorise, or at least some other language they have in common.

Alright, time to face the music. As you arrive in the [foyer](#), or the stairway, or whatever you want to call it, you remember how incredibly vast the mansion is, even though the upper floor seems reasonably compact. You figure there must be more staircases then, further away in the wings of the building, though you have no clue how you'd get to those. To your left, you can't immediately find anyone, but fortunately, turning right from the foyer gives you a peek through an open door that leads into a large living area, where you find the man who knocked you out together with his father in the wheelchair. You can hardly see the end of the right hallway, though at the end, you can vaguely make out the other staircase you anticipated. The large man glares at you as you're examining the vast hallway, signalling that despite the long wait for your waking up, he's far from patient right now. Hurriedly, you enter the living room, just as impressively large as the rest of the mansion.

"Good morning," he offers bluntly. "Good morning," you respond quietly.

"I'm sure you have a lot of questions. First of all, this is your new home." You look up at him and open your mouth, but he waves you off immediately. "I don't see jail as a viable solution. We provide room and board, and in return you work for us, tending to the manor. As you can see, it's rather expansive and needs a lot of helping hands."

“Yeah, I’ve seen a lot of that...” you mumble.

“What was that?” the man inquires sternly, but you hastily shake your head. Okay, no talking back for now.

“I’m sure you’ve passed many of our servants already.” Servants? Terrific... But you’re smart enough to just shut up. “They’ll be your sisters, your friends, your lovers. If you have any questions, you ask them. If you have any needs, you beg them.” This gets better by the minute. “If you are worried, have them console you. You will like it here before you know it. Since this point seemed lost on you earlier: No. Talking. Back. Your vocabulary in the presence of my father or myself is ‘Yes, Sir’ and ‘No, Sir’ for the time being. Language lessons will follow soon enough.” There’s a decently sized pause, so you attempt conversation.

“May I speak?” you ask cautiously. After breathing out audibly, the man nods. “I still have plenty of questions. When do I get out? What’s your name even and where’s my friend?”

The tall man smiles. “My name?” he raises his eyebrows. “The *title* you will address me by is ‘Master’.” He says that without batting an eye.

But you do, looking at him like he’s joking.

“You’ll get used to it,” he continues. “It’ll create a more suitable work environment. Names are a fluid thing, as you’ll soon find out. Titles, however, are not, at least not here. We enjoy a sense of stability and I’m sure you will come to appreciate the feeling as well.”

“As to your friend...” he moves on to the next point “Your friend’s here. I’m sure you’ll find each other and I’ll do nothing to stop you. However, I would advise getting familiar with the mansion’s layout. Today’s your first day, and I’m not cruel; I know you must be ironically exhausted and breathless after your long bout of unconsciousness, being thrown into this new life. You won’t have any duties today, but that will change tomorrow.” As he mentions your “coma”, you’re reminded to ask him about that. You noticed he evaded or straight up ignored some of your questions, but you figure pushing your luck on that is not a wise move.

“Oh yes, how long was I out? My beard did get rather long.”

“I have a lot of work to do, honey.” Honey? “I couldn’t tell you exactly, but it has to be something between three months and half a year.” That’s quite the shock. It would have had to be more than a month, for sure, but the difference to half a year is still rather intimidating. You doubt your landlord kept your apartment for you, already being behind on most bills...

“Listen,” he goes on, “I’d love to stay and chat, I really do,” he assures you in his most sarcastic voice, “but as previously mentioned, I actually do work. Even if you can’t properly relate to that, I don’t have time to babble here all day. One last thing, I locked the bedroom you were previously in. Keeping you there was a temporary measure until you woke up. Your sleeping schedule goes from 10 PM to 6 AM, except if you are assigned special duties. That will not happen for a while, don’t worry.

Come 10 o'clock, the head maid will seek you out and show you to your new quarters in the Servants' Dormitory next door." The sight of the second, smaller building comes back to you. So it really is for personnel, just not the way you imagined it.

With that, the man... "Master" just leaves, completely disregarding that you still had countless more questions, like what about a hospital? The old man, however, has something to say.

"He's not so rough, usually," he concedes. "My boy just gets a little overprotective when it comes to me and my wealth. Used to be more common," his voice turns a little sad, but he maintains his rather positive, calm demeanour. He has one more piece of wisdom to share. "I know you have plenty a question weighing on your heart, but answers will come in time. No words can really prepare you for a new life anyway." While you don't like the ominous tone, you suppose he's right. For now, this will be a new life, even if you don't plan to make it a permanent solution. Of course, you're not telling him that.

"One thing he is right about though," the old man starts up again. "You will come to like it here. You all do."

With that, the old man is apparently finished as well, rolling out of the door, but not before patting you on your rear. That was... weirdly intimate. You suppose that kind of gesture may have been commonplace in his youth, but still feel like internally changing the subject.

Exploring the manor, as suggested by the son, is probably not a bad idea, though not for his reasons. If you ever plan to get yourself out of this place, you'll have to know the layout and that's your first priority. Naturally, the windows offer an exit, though the top floor still isn't ideal. There's always the room you got in through, but you're almost certain that's the first place they'll suspect you to go. Especially on your first day, it'll be best to avoid suspicion and roam the premises like a casual observer trying to get acquainted with his newsurroundings.

So that's what you do. As the man suggested, you try to memorise most of the rooms. A couple don't allow you entry and that's weird. Not because you find it weird they wouldn't trust a stranger to enter every room in the building, that part makes sense. Rather, the fact that they're guarded exclusively by women, all of them just as hot or even hotter than the maids, all of them wearing black latex bodysuits that cover everything up to their neck, save for a little keyhole that exposes some cleavage. Immediately, you can tell these women may look traditionally attractive, but they're at the height of physical fitness. When you grab the doorknob to another room, one grabs your wrist so much that it actually hurts, making you gasp slightly.

"That is the master bathroom," she says in a monotone voice, "if you need to use these facilities, please go to the Servants' Quarters and use the communal bathroom there." Communal bathroom? As in, shared with all the smoking hot maids? *Yeah*, this might work out, actually. You didn't need to go to the bathroom, but you definitely look forward to it now. The latex lady releases you momentarily, clearly intending no harm.

That leaves you more time to roam, but there's honestly not much to it. Nothing nefarious, nothing obviously valuable – not that you'd want to pursue that plan again – nothing too helpful for escaping catches the eye. Apparently, your little break-in has inspired some security policy changes. Those same latex-clad women are lining the exits of the estate now, sitting and patrolling along all paths, even guarding the fences in some spots. Maybe that's just how it is during the day, but you'd be surprised if they pulled out at night.

So yeah, there's no leaving for now. After wandering the halls a little further, you think you're actually ready to give that “communal bathroom” in the “Servants' Quarters” a try. The sun's setting too, so it shouldn't take too long until you're introduced to your new room.

Opening the bathroom door, you already see two women in maid outfits turning towards you, smiling. Hell yeah. They turn back towards the very wide mirror on the right wall and continue fixing their make-up. This will be so good. Maybe not the part you see on the left though. Adorning the lower left side of the room are toilets, which is what you'd expect, of course. You'd also expect there to be stalls, buuuut... nope. Just toilets, as visible to your direct stares as to the eyes of the maids looking into the mirror.

Apparently that means you're expected to be *very* open with your new “sisters”, as the muscly man called them. You just sit down on the toilet and pull down your pants, letting go like normal. Maybe that's just how it works here? At first, you seem to be successful, the girls in front of you look right into your eyes through the mirror, still smiling in their monotonous, perpetual friendliness. When their eyes focus downwards a bit, you see them frowning for the first time. It's an odd mixture of disappointment and grave disapproval, like a teacher would look at a problem student. What did they look at, your dick? You look down to check if everything's normal in that regard, finding that it is indeed. One of the girls even scoffs, breathing out in a mocking gesture when she sees you inspect your organ. Come on... it's not something you could use to beat somebody unconscious, but it's easily average. Well, almost. It's really not that small, alright?

Maybe size isn't even the issue. Anyway, you finish up, unable to wait for the opportunity to pull your pants back up after feeling this emasculated. You wash your hands and leave the girls to their business. They seemed so nice in the morning... You suppose there are always bad apples, so you remain hopeful the other girls you met turn out to appreciate your qualities; and maybe allow you to appreciate theirs.

There's still a bit of time to be spent, so you give the Quarters a once-over. This might be the place you have to stay a while. There's no telling when security is going to loosen up again, so you better get to know the place. It's a [very open design](#), reminiscent of the central staircase in the manor, which gives you a good look at the upper floor. This however is more efficiently built; the staircase isn't nearly as grandiose, there are two sets of stairs, one on each side, and pretty narrow. Two girls could pass each other, but not more.

You're standing in the foyer, which is basically just a square room containing the stairs and doors to all the other rooms, apart from two very short hallways directly

opposite you on the sides. Essentially, the foyer is shaped like a U with very short “wings” or a partly filled-in interior for the square room. That means ahead of you are another two rooms, accessible by the already mentioned hallways. Whereas all the other rooms are on the left or right side, those are essentially in the middle, in the back of the building. Honestly, the symmetrical architecture makes it look a bit like a prison, with cells on both sides. The upper level looks the same, though you can only move on the catwalk, which is nearly as narrow as the stairs in some places. Most of the rooms are probably private, so you don’t feel like going inside any without invitation.

Turns out you don’t have to, because one of the maids soon seeks you out. It’s the Italian- speaking one, the first that you saw after waking up.

“Good evening,” she says with a noticeable accent. So she can speak English! But given her accent, her Italian was probably authentic. Curious. “Am here to instruct you to your room, okay?” she smiles widely, showing her pearly whites contrast against her perfectly tan skin. Her slightly broken English is cute, and her friendliness endearing. You’ve heard her say three sentences and she’s already like an absolute dream.

“Y-yeah, sure! Thanks, thank you...” you stutter absentmindedly. She chuckles, hiding her mouth behind her hand demurely and starts walking.

Would you look at *these legs*! Covered in semi-transparent thigh-highs they look so incredibly smooth it’s almost compulsive to reach out and touch them. You restrain yourself, though just barely. Usually, you don’t feel this disarmed around women, but these girls are straight-up perfect, it boggles your mind.

Concentrating on the path to your room, you note that you’ll remain on the ground floor, which is definitely useful. In fact, your path takes you to the only anomaly in the otherwise symmetrical building. The maid walks the short way into the tiny hallway on the right, pointing to the left door. You’ve got a room in the middle, of which there are only two per floor, as opposed to the ten to fifteen rooms that line the sides. You’re not certain that actually means anything though. It looks a little larger than the others, but that could just be coincidence. You won’t complain about more space, that’s for sure.

“This is your room. My room is right on other side,” she points to the door on the right. You’re definitely happy she finds it so acceptable to just tell you where her room is, despite not knowing you at all. Of course, you’re not *that* kind of guy, hell no, but she doesn’t know that, so it’s nice to see her trusting you.

She speaks up again. “If have a question, ask all the time,” she offers you with another warm smile. You thank her politely, stumbling over your words a little less this time. She disappears into her room and closes the door. Here we go, time to examine your new abode.

Stepping through the door, it’s not really overwhelming. Definitely better than any place you ever stayed at though, so you aren’t complaining. You’ve got a nice, large double bed, a big closet, your own small bathroom even, surprisingly. It’s just all a little girly. Not overtly, but the vanity dresser adorned with make-up is kind of out of

place. As is the bed with its own ceiling, covered with veils like a princess' bed. The colours are pretty neutral, fortunately, but the bathroom also includes toiletries that seem mostly geared towards feminine inhabitants. Speaking of the bathroom, you haven't seen a single shower in the Quarters. In the old bedroom, there was a bathtub, but you're not allowed back in there. That's kind of disgusting.

You're starting to get tired and gravitate towards the bed. It has a little note lying on it, you didn't notice that before. It just says, "You'll want to sleep naked." No signature, no nothing. Pff, fuck that. You have no intention of somebody walking in on you naked, especially when you're sleeping. Could that note have been left by one of those hot maids though? Your mind is racing; though you know it is racing with mostly wishful thinking and wet dreams. Fuck it, you'll just go to sleep like this. Well, maybe you'll take off the jeans.

Doing so, you drop on the mattress with just your tank top and boxer shorts on. There's not even a blanket! Weird for them to be dropping so much dough on this whole place, and even these roomy quarters, but then save on the bedding.

As you lie on your back, you feel something on your wrist. Both wrists, actually. Trying to sit up, you find out you can't. You pull yourself up harder, but to no avail. Looking left you see something coming out of the bed and wrapping around your forearms. Trying to kick up, you notice the same happening to your ankles. Whatever's gripping you feels kind of slimy, but definitely wet. Like moist leaves, or vines. Not only are they holding your arms and legs, they seem to be moving them too. Before long, you're lying in your bed sort of spread eagle, legs apart, arms pointing west and east.

At this point, you feel more vines sneaking out of the bed. What worries you most is that they seem to go for your face first, covering and even invading your mouth before you can speak – or scream – a tone. You're muted completely, and your nose doesn't stay open long either. A fear of suffocating sets on as your lungs are unable to gasp for air, yet you realise that they actually don't have to. Not breathing seems to have little impact on your chances of survival in this state. Once your eyes are covered too, the vines are happy to spread out more.

Along your entire body you feel the plants encapsulating you. They seem particularly focussed on digging under your clothing. As they amass further and further, pressure builds up as you feel the writhing plants push against your clothes. With an audible snap, the pressure ceases as the tank top and boxers finally give in and presumably pop off your body. Yeah, turns out, sleeping naked? Pretty good idea.

Nothing can stop the living vines from encasing you entirely now and soon your whole body is covered in them. You must look like a green deep sea mummy. No amount of struggling got you out, and it doesn't get any easier now that you're completely restrained. With every bodily function – even breathing – having been taken away from you, you have no choice but to surrender to sleep in your biological, botanic prison as Vitruvian Man meets Poison Ivy.

DAY 2

Your eyes open slowly. Consciousness returns. All you see is dark green. Your body's being massaged, pressed, tugged in different places, sometimes strongly, sometimes so softly it's barely noticeable. Every inch of skin is being worked one way or the other, kneaded by careful, moist plant life.

It takes about half an hour before you feel some vines withdrawing, leaving your skin. Piece by piece, your muscles come back under your control. Mobility returns, and so does your eyesight. Gasping, you feel your mouth free up, and your lungs activate for the first time in eight hours. Your eyes shift towards the clock; 6 AM, on the dot. So the sleeping schedule should be taken literally, it seems.

First of all though, you want to know what happened. You could feel those vines massaging your skin when you woke up. What was that all about? Feeling and inspecting your body, you find nothing is out of place. In fact, all you feel is clean. Sure your arms are looking pretty thin, which worries you for a second, but then you remember that your coma left you looking kind of skinny before you went to bed yesterday.

You're glad you seem unharmed at first glance, but the experience was nothing short of horrifying nonetheless. Despite feeling clean, you go to the bathroom and wash your face. Yeah, feels the same as before, and looks the same too. You brush your teeth and open the closet; you doubt you'll be able to salvage your torn up outfit from yesterday.

The doors swing open and reveal just one outfit. Black shorts, alright. Some



white socks. They reach a little high, to mid-calf. Better just roll them down, they'll look ridiculous otherwise. That leaves shoes and a shirt, neither of which are really your style.

The shoes really aren't that big of an issue. They're black patent leather and actually look like good quality footwear, but they're just a little... formal? Neat? Anyway, you're more the sneakers type. Doesn't really matter, the paths outside are paved, you can go without shoes, not like there's any chance of making a run for it today.

Going topless may be a bigger problem though, and so is the t-shirt they laid out for you. It's black, but has something drawn in front. It's like one of those shirts that has a tuxedo drawn in front of it. Hipsters wear that kind of shit, but you don't. Especially because the pattern on this is not mimicking a tuxedo, it looks like an apron. What, are you up for cooking duty? You doubt that shirt's gonna help much then, short of an actual apron.

That's right though, you don't actually know what your duties will be. The man said it would be related to keeping the mansion in order, but that can be anything. Looks like your future will be filled with scrubbing the deck of this ship. Not for long though, you'll make sure of that.

Actually, you haven't even been told what to do first today. Even if they expect you to perform some tasks, you'd at least need somebody to tell you, right? Leaving your room reveals that you're alone. The entire foyer is empty, as opposed to yesterday evening, where everybody filed into the bathroom and subsequently their personal chambers. It was quite busy, but now it looks like a ghost town.

Walking towards the main building reveals the premises to be similarly devoid of maids walking between the Quarters and the mansion. However, the guards are as attentive as always, and there is even some male personnel about, apparently doing some construction work around the edges of the property. Not quite sure what they're building, but it looks like they may be erecting a taller fence around here. Oh boy, if that's not intended to keep you in, you don't know what else it's for.

Having no clue where to go, you decide the room you met the owners of this place yesterday is probably the only thing that makes sense. Believe it or not, that's actually where they are, already waiting for you. You storm in, immediately starting your inquisition.

"What the hell kind of bed is that? What happened to me yesterday, what the hell is that?" your words stumble over each other. The man is unimpressed, raising an eyebrow at you, looking at your feet.

"You're not wearing your complete outfit," he notes.

"Yeah, didn't like the shoes. Who cares, you want me to work for you, not put on a fashion show," you explain yourself, even though you don't feel you have to.

A long, muscly arm goes for your right leg, lifting it up. Pulling the sock off, he holds it right in your face. Naturally, it's stained a little from walking over here.

“A *fashion show*?” he shouts in your face. A slap burns on your cheek, you drop to the floor. “Listen, *thief*. You may not take this seriously, but I can make sure that you will. Believe me, that’s not something you want.” The man sighs and lets you get up after having tripped from the force of impact. He checks his wristwatch. “Alright, I’ll give Angelina a heads-up, she should still be getting ready in her room. That’s the Italian servant, I’m sure you met her. You will go to her – barefoot – and tell her you’ve been a bad girl and that’s why you were sent to her.”

Nope, you’re not. But you agree with his... order to keep up the appearance of obeying his wishes, take off your other sock and walk back to the Quarters. That guy does not budge.

Arriving back at the other building, you can see it is much more crowded now. Maids are hurrying left and right, almost ready to begin their workday. You head right for the room opposite yours, knocking on the very last one on the right. Momentarily, the woman that is apparently called Angelina opens the door for you, running right back into her room and continuing to dress herself.

That’s right, she opened for you in her underwear, with no qualms about it whatsoever. This girl is right up your alley. She’s currently fixing her skirt, while simultaneously trying to put on a pair of luxurious earrings, somehow.

“Excuse my hurry. Please,” she motions for you to take a seat on the bed or the chair next to her vanity dresser, looking just like yours. In fact, the entire room looks like yours, with the notable addition of a snazzy-looking computer terminal.

“Yesterday, forgot to introduce myself, I’m sorry. Am *Angelina*, nice meeting you!” She shakes your hand in her bra and skirt. “Am almost like the other maids. Only also do... how you say... *amministrazione*?”

“Administration?” you help her out.

“Ah yes? Is almost same word as Italian,” she chuckles, and you smile along. “Guess I am sort of *mamma* of the girls,” she laughs again at the implication of her being a mother. “Heard you misbehave today?” she asks with a playful frown as she pulls up her top a little, fixing its position. You just raise the left corner of your mouth and shrug, gesturing that you suppose you did, though you clearly don’t consider it a big deal.

“Well, is not so bad. Master told you to say something to me, right?” she asks again.

Sighing, you nod. “He said to tell you that I’ve been a ‘bad girl’.” You actually make air quotes.

Angelina smiles. “You get used.” To it? “Master said for me to make sure you behave now. Please try to be better. Give me your dirty clothes.”

You hand the socks over and see Angelina quickly disappear into her bathroom, soaking them in water with a bit of detergent and drying them off quickly with a blow dryer. When you get them back, they’re both still a little warm, as well as a bit wet. It should be okay to wear for the day. Of course you thank her for being so nice.

“No problem, is my job,” she smiles. “Will keep my eye on you. You always wear clothes meant for you. Always do tasks. See me in every morning. Then, everyone will be happy. Okay?”

She’s been so nice, you tell her you’ll try your best. What can you do, her demeanour is charming, welcoming. You respond much better to her approach than to the man’s. In the end, you still won’t play along just like they want, but you will do as much as is necessary to survive in this place.

Rescinding your first rebellion of the day, you head back into your room and slip into those shoes. They fit you perfectly, that much is clear. You’re still not comfortable in them. They’re just too different, you’d never wear anything like these.

Anyway, you head back to the mansion, aiming to continue your conversation with your captor. Indeed, he’s still waiting on you there. He seems at least mildly relieved to see you walk in with those dreadful shoes. Immediately, words burst out of your mouth.

“Here, I’m done. Now give me some answers! What was that plant shit doing, coming out of my mattress like that?” you demand to know.

“*Your* mattress?” the man’s voice rises, and so does his right hand. You prepare for another slap when the old man starts to cough. He looks up at his son, who turned around to check on his father’s health, and shakes his head at him. The man lowers his hand again, though he’s clearly not pleased about it. Trying to maintain his composure, he clears his throat.

“Well, it can’t hurt to tell you, I suppose,” he explains calmly. “It’s an anomaly we found on that specific spot on the premises. It’s the reason the Servants’ Quarters were built there, specifically. We found we could use the vines to our advantage, and so we do. They’re not too controllable, but they get active around 10 PM and seem to retreat around 6 in the morning. Their benefits are easily apparent; the girls are always squeaky clean, better than any shower. They don’t need moisturiser, though many of them still use some, and it serves as exercise to a degree. After your muscles atrophied due to months of bedrest, I don’t think I have to explain to you why that would be beneficial for you. Want to return to a healthy, attractive physique?” You nod.

“So you see,” he finishes his explanation, “perhaps some manners would serve you well. Ask nicely, and a nice answer is sure to follow.”

You really don’t like his condescending tone, even if he’s right. You’re lucky not to rot in a jail cell right now. That doesn’t mean that anything goes, though. From behind you, squeaky, suppressed snickering assaults your ears. Turning around, you see it’s the bouncy bimbo from yesterday.

“What’s so funny?” you sneer in a bad mood.

“You dress like a boy,” she can hardly contain her laughter now and hops away out of sight.

You turn around to the man. “And what’s with that?” you point at the doorway the girl just stood in. “I could swear some of the maids were addressing me like a woman yesterday. You still haven’t really told me where my friend went either.” The man looks at you disappointed. “Please, I would really appreciate a little information,” you try your best to appear humble and cordial.

He lightens up a bit after that. “I wouldn’t pay it too much mind. The maids are always among themselves, don’t get out much, and work hard. Sometimes they like to play pranks on people, especially because they know they wouldn’t get away with it in my presence. You shouldn’t worry about it, they even did that to some of my guests early on. You can bet I got that out of them quick, but training only goes so far.”

“As to your friend,” he goes on, “I’m surprised you haven’t seen him. You must have run into each other.” You shake your head. “Ah well, you will in time. Maybe he saw you but was a little uncertain; he’s been here for months without you and you’re both in quite an awkward spot. Be patient,” he advises. Though his explanations don’t soothe you greatly, they’re not that unreasonable. You doubt they killed Eric, or anything like that. This place is remote, but not that remote. Besides, you were treated okay. Not great, but far from torture, which was your initial fear. But now you know they want you to work for them.

“So what do I have to do today? You mentioned work around the house, but didn’t get any more specific,” you have yet another question.

“My my, chatty today, aren’t we?” he mocks, clearly annoyed at all these questions. Still, he gives you a straightforward answer, probably happy that you’re focussed on what he considers your new position here.

“I think, given your little morning adventure, putting you up for laundry duty would be too appropriate to pass up. But there’s some preparation to be done. Follow me.”

Without another word, he leads the way outside the room and back into the foyer. You hurry behind him, not looking forward to another slap or punishment. He walks around the huge staircase, which has some narrow paths on either side. You can actually go behind the stairs! There’s enough room to walk around it, and actually hides another door, which reveals a flight of stairs leading down. The man moves below, and so you follow, hearing the steps of personnel above you, using the more luxurious staircase of the first and ground floor. You continue your descent down the stone steps into the hidden basement. Not exactly where you want to go, and not exactly putting you at ease, yet you don’t really have a choice but to follow the man.

Eventually, he leads you into a new room. He closes the door behind you and locks it, which doesn’t inspire confidence. The room is square, and looks clinical. It’s almost entirely grey and silver, with some screens and more computer terminals along some walls. In the exact centre of the room, a lonely metal chair is placed. It doesn’t look very comfortable.

“Take off your pants and underwear, then sit down,” your captor demands while fidgeting with some things. Once he notices that you don’t move an inch, he just shoots you another annoyed glare, ceasing his preparations until you start to follow

his orders. You wonder what exactly it is that he is preparing there. Knowing that it probably isn't candy, and that your cheek still burns from earlier, you undress as specified. You sit down on the cold metal chair. It is, in fact, uncomfortable.

The man seems finished and turns around to look at you. As you feared, he looks right between your legs and snickers confidently. Come on, the metal is cold! You're almost average, that's not so bad!

He doesn't let himself get distracted though, grabs your right arm, and closes a clasp around it that's connected to the chair. You didn't even see that! *click* There goes another arm. *click* *click* That was your legs. Your first impulse is to stand up, but the chair seems built into the floor. Incredulous, you stare at your captor, who looks pleased to have your undivided attention.

"Glad to have some five minutes of quiet with you. Had my doubts that was possible," he mocks you. "But I don't want to start a fight again, it's no fun when there's no challenge anyway. Let's cut to the chase. I thought I could spare you this for a day or two longer, but given your rebellious character, I think it may be best to begin training early." Training? Does he think you're a dog or some shit? Before you can ask him that, he continues, likely sensing your imminent protest.

"It's a long process anyway, so there's no harm in starting you off immediately." He raises a long rubber object in front of your eyes. It's quite thick, and you're worried that you may have an idea what he wants to use it for. He sees the expression in your eyes and laughs.

"It's not that. Interesting that your mind went there though. No, this is just an instrument, not a toy. We can arrange those for you, if you need some. This here," he points to the top, which is clearly metal, and one of the widest parts of the contraption, "has to go inside you. I don't want you to feel like you've been abducted by cartoon aliens, but I'll come right out and say it. It's an anal probe." Oh yeah, no, sure, of course it is. No biggie.

"You seem distressed," he states matter-of-factly. Nah, you totally needed a new probe anyway, your old one was all worn out. "Trust me, it'll be over before you know... and then you won't want to go without it, I promise." He's up for disappointment.

Evidently not requiring your consent, he moves behind you. At the press of a button, you feel the floor of your chair disappears, leaving your ass unprotected over nothing but air. A squeezing, squirting sound fills the room, like somebody getting the last drops out of a plastic ketchup bottle.

Something cold presses on your sphincter, and you're startled upwards, away from the foreign object. Your range of movement is limited, so it follows you easily. Pressure continues building up against your anus, until the muscle gives in and tightens around the contours of the long object as it slides upwards. The feeling is so alien, your ass feels so full you can't take it. At least its unceasing climb up your rear canal isn't painful so far, it just makes you feel constantly full. After a few seconds of thrashing, you feel that bastard rapist's hand touch your sphincter; the object must be inside you to the hilt. Apparently, that's not quite enough yet, as it's moving up and down, left and right, never quite finding the spot.

Until a stabbing pain behind your groin makes you scream so loud it must have been audible through the metre-thick concrete ceiling. The pain is only momentary, but it leaves a reminder in the form of a dull throb and residual agony. Below, you hear a wet *plop* and find that kidnapping rapist son of a bitch standing in front of you with the object in his hand. The metal top of it is gone. Your voice dips into a growl and you're about to spew abuse at this maniac, but he once again is faster.

"I get it, I really do, but you can either shout your lungs out for an hour and go back up once you've exhausted yourself, or you can keep your mouth shut and listen to what will happen from now on." You're close. So close to bursting. But once more, you bite your tongue and restrain yourself.

Wh—What's that? You swallowed your anger and you felt... you felt that sensation, like when you're just about to ejaculate. That nice feeling of a coming orgasm. Your head tilts towards your groin; completely dry, though you're sporting an erection you wouldn't want to explain to anybody. Your head points back towards the man. He laughs knowingly.

"Good girl," he says and the feeling comes back tenfold. This time, you can't help but grunt loudly as you feel pure pleasure exploding suddenly in your crotch. You also feel something squirt against your chest. Yep, you actually came this time, and gave yourself a cumshot.

"To make this quick, this will be your main training device. Whether you know it or not, your behaviour will be supervised at all times. It may be a small device, but it is capable of quite a few things. If you behave, as you did just then, you get a little orgasm. If you get praised by your Master, you get a little orgasm. If you beg to suck a superior's cock, two orgasms. It's a simple, but very effective system of acclimating you to your new work environment." You can't believe what you're hearing.

"Oh, but of course bad girls get punished. We can't have you making all kinds of trouble with no repercussions. If you haven't figured it out by now, we implanted that probe right into your prostate, which can be the centre of tremendous pleasure," he pauses shortly.

"But of course it can also be a place of tremendous pain. If you get one of your rebellious streaks, you'll get a little electro shock. It won't do you any actual harm, but it'll hurt like hell for a brief moment. That should suffice to straighten out your manners, or lack thereof. Questions?"

Only how deep he wants to feel your boot in his ass. Considering the position you were in moments ago, you feel like you'd be setting yourself up with a remark like that, so you keep quiet. Another burst of pleasure surges through you, which doesn't elude the man after you let out a gasp that sounds a little more effeminate than you'd like. Laughing, the man removes your shackles.

"That's what I like to see. We appreciate a girl that knows how to keep her mouth shut. You'll suit our needs in no time. Now, let's go back upstairs to get you ready for your first day of service," he commands and walks out, just expecting you to follow. Staying in a barely ventilated basement would be a poor show of resistance, so you do as he asks. To your disappointment, that does not give you a pleasure reward. To

your added disappointment, you found that first fact disappointing. You'll get back at him for messing with your head like this.

Once again, you're led into that living room, or study, that's become your standard meeting spot. The man speaks up another time. Oh, you wish *he* knew how to keep his mouth shut.

"I get that you're somewhat aggravated, but it was necessary," he explains as if talking to a child. "The matter of your punishment still remains. As I said already, you'll be on laundry duty. We'll extend your workday to midnight. That should give you enough time to think about your behaviour."

At this point you're fuming, and you're sure he can tell. He raises his hands, motioning for you to calm.

"It's a lot of change, sweetie, I understand that. There's no need to get hysterical. Let me extend an olive branch. Emma!" he shouts the last part through the open door. That bimbo from earlier bounces in once again. Will this ever stop?

"You were worried about your friend, weren't you?" the man starts again. Well, you were, but you're not sure how that's relevant now. Both the bimbo and the man just stare at you, waiting. She smiles dimly, with a vapid, but amused look on her face. Do they—

"Hey Rich! You still look like a boy," she giggles. What? You haven't told anyone here your name. No way... This can't seriously be right!

"Don't worry Emma," the man speaks up again, patting the bimbo's head, "she's just received her training probe. Suki will be just like you in no time at all. Well, you're unique of course, but she'll be just as girly as you." 'Emma' celebrates. Who is Suki?

"Suki, huh?" 'Emma' asks once her slow brain processed that sentence. "That's a funny name..."

The man ignores that last statement. "How about you two go on laundry duty together?" he addresses you. "Emma can show you how it's done and you can talk about old times or whatever."

Next to you, the girl jumps up and down excitedly. "Come on Suki, I'll show you everything!" The slight double entendre of that sentence makes her giggle after a pause. Wait, you're Suki?

"That doesn't even sound anything like my real name!" you shout back at the man who eyes your exit smugly.

"Who said it's supposed to?" he counters, and you don't really have a response to that. The bimbo grabs your wrist and drags you out of the room as you try to process what you just heard. It's almost enough to make you forget the foreign object that was implanted into your prostate minutes earlier.

"Eric?" you ask after being dragged through a couple of hallways and rooms, not resisting this... woman? She stops dead in her tracks, turns around and you see 'she' is frowning childishly.

“Stop calling me that!” she demands, pouting.

“Alright, sorry,” you defuse the situation. “But, you remember right? You remember being Eric?”

“She” is clearly still uncomfortable with the topic. “Yeah, I remember. But that’s boring!” Eric turns around, gripping your wrist again and continuing her brisk walk through the mansion. This name and pronoun situation is all very confusing.

You and your friend arrive at the room that looks like it’s designated for laundry. Damn, this isn’t just a room with a washing machine and dryer, this is as big as a commercial laundromat. Eric is still a little pouty and starts erratically throwing sheets, blankets and outfits left and right. There’s really just one question on your mind.

“What happened?”

He doesn’t seem to get it. His bimbo face is a question mark, looking at you with big, innocent doe eyes, completely forgetting how upset he was at your remarks just a second earlier.

“What happened to you, while I was unconscious? How did you become...” you get stuck.

“Emma?” he offers. Hearing him refer to himself as “Emma” is as uncomfortable to you as his new personality is with being called “Eric”, you bet.

“It all went pretty fast,” he explains. Amazing, his bimbo attitude is gone completely! Eric’s still somewhere in there, you just know it. “I got a lot of injections, and spent a lot of hours in that helmet that kept mussing up my hair.” There’s the bimbo again, shit. “It’s probably been two months since I’ve become Emma. I love being Emma!”

As he says that, you can see him twitching mildly, his eyes almost rolling back in his head... You know exactly what he just felt. This is going to be an uphill battle.

For now, you don’t want to push it, so you instead ask how this laundry duty works. Eric goes into a long explanation of where everything goes and how you have to fold everything. With a more authoritative tone than you thought he had in him, he emphasises how important it is that you fold everything neatly and correctly. Alright, no rushing things. Noted.

The first hour is a little slow as you’re getting used to the process. Eric occasionally has to jump in when he sees you made a mistake. During the second hour, you barely mess anything up any more, and by the third, you’re both entranced into a machine-like rhythm. Now and then, you feel a tiny tingle in your rear, in no discernible pattern whatsoever. Sometimes you get two inside of ten minutes, sometimes you don’t get one for a whole hour. Enough time has passed, you try to get Eric to talk again.

“So you really remember everything. Why not go back then? What keeps you here?” you tease him.

“The guards, dummy,” he responds nonchalantly. That’s a good answer, actually. “What’s there to go back to anyway? My whole apartment was smaller than my new chamber in the Servants’ Quarters,” he boasts proudly. “I know you weren’t living in a Downtown penthouse either. My every need is taken care of here and Master is kind to me. Going ‘back’ means going into homelessness and unhappiness—” Eric twitches, but this time in pain. It passes quickly, and a smile works itself back into his face. “What I mean to say is, I have so much fun here! Maybe this wasn’t me before, but it can be me now. I get to feel good all day long just for doing a little housework and dressing like Master wants... And doing a few other things for Master,” he giggles and is back to his bimbo persona. The conversation naturally dies from here on out.

The rest of the workday is spent rather quietly. What you heard there was quite worrying, but you take it as preparation. Watching Eric, you know what to avoid, what to keep an eye out for. Besides, you can tell the seed of doubt has been planted. Throughout the day, Eric occasionally seemed lost in thought, then shook when the probe punished him, probably for wasting time. He’s thinking, and that’s one step better than this morning, you think.

What really surprised you was the amount of clothing in the laundry. You never figured they’d need so much; especially this much men’s clothing, when you’ve only seen a handful of males around the premises. It actually took you all day to get all that stuff sorted and folded, and there was still a lot to go.

As your final task, Eric explained you have to take one load back, to a room he explained was on the ground floor, not far from the laundry room. He couldn’t find any baskets for some reason, so you had to carry it all by hugging it tightly. On your way there, a door is slightly ajar, and you think you hear the voice of the muscly man talking to someone. You can’t help but eavesdrop.

“You know what they are, right? You know they deserve it,” is the first coherent sentence you can make out by the man.

“Be that as it may,” that sounds like his father, “you’ll break her, just like you did the last one. That is not harmony, it’s the exact opposite. It is chaos.”

The man sounds unhappy with that response, but can’t manage a real response. Instead, the old man speaks up again.

“*Zuckerbrot und Peitsche*, child. There is a reason those probes of yours have two settings and not just one, remember? You want her to love you, yet you only offer the whip. I know it is easier with willing subjects who obey naturally. But your arrogance won’t change the fact that you have to earn her obedience just like she does.”

The rather long-winded explanation is cut short by somebody tapping you on the shoulder. You’re afraid a guard is about to break your arm, so you turn around in shock, barely suppressing a gasp. Fortunately, a maid is looking at you, perplexed by your apparent surprise.

“*Tu as oublié une chemise*,” she tells you calmly, and you relax too. You’re clueless though. “*Chemise*,” she reiterates, mimicking buttoning a shirt from bottom to top, and fixing her collar like a man would.

“Là,” she points behind you. Indeed, a shirt is lying on the ground just outside the laundry room. You must’ve dropped it. You turn back to her, nod with an awkward smile, and hurry to pick it back up. Once the shirt is lying beneath you, you move the pile of laundry to your right hand, squat, and move to pick up the shirt with your left. Unexpectedly, you’re given a shock by the probe. You’re standing above the shirt and bend your knees to grab it again, only to be shocked painfully another time.

“Non, non, non,” you hear from behind. The French maid is chasing after you. She grabs you under your arms and moves to your side. Pressing her hand just above your cock – this is a recipe for disaster – she gently pushes your upper back forward, basically showing you how to bend at the waist. Once your upper body and legs form a 90 degree angle, you pick up the shirt without being shocked. In fact, you’re getting enough of a pleasure burst, combined with the girl’s dainty touch, to make you cream your pants from inside. Thanks a lot for that...

Nonetheless, you thank the maid for her help, mustering the best *merci* that your dreadful French will allow. She seems pleased with your efforts and presses her wet lips on your cheek before walking off into the distance. You almost forgot you still had to deliver that laundry, lost in thought and arousal. You desperately hope your task for tomorrow is to watch these maids walk away from you all day; you’ve got that down to a tee.

Opening the door Eric mentioned, you’re met with a handful of busy maids all looking your way. You smile as a greeting and drop off the laundry where they’re pointing. Due to the lack of a basket, they’re not quite as nice-looking as they should, but you hope that won’t be a problem. The maids sure don’t seem to mind and thank you. Right away, they start sorting the clothes and drapes into different containers. This is probably where they handle distribution. For one private mansion, this is quite an organised workforce.

A bell chimes in one of the rooms. One look at the clock tells you it just rang midnight. You don’t mind at all, you could use some rest. Slowly, you make your way back to the Quarters to get some shut-eye.

Once in your room, a weight falls off your shoulders; and you remember to definitely sleep naked tonight. Peeling off your shorts, they stick to you and you’re met with the product of your proper bending over technique a couple of minutes ago. You squirted quite a bit into your pants.

You’re tempted. After this day – being violated, being trained, finding out Eric is a girl; no, acts like a girl and doesn’t want to go back – you really don’t think you can be blamed for wanting a little release.

Cautiously, you bend forwards. Bit by bit, you come closer to your own feet, until you’re finally at a perfect 90 degree angle again. As expected the onslaught of pleasure doesn’t take long to rock you where you’re standing. You don’t get off immediately, but find that the pleasure lasts as long as you bend forward. For a few more seconds, you hold out, until your dick can’t handle it anymore. Another load is shot, this time flying through the air spectacularly and dropping on your carpet silently.

You're just about to drunkenly finish undressing, when something grabs your legs and tears you off your feet. The vines! Why are they so aggressive? You painfully hit your head on the fortunately carpeted floor as you're drawn into your bed. You can see one of the plants trailing behind, but not for long. Now you can see what it did. It scooped up your cum and is heading back towards you.

One vine spreads your lips, while the other drops the sticky substance right down your oesophagus. Luckily, it fell almost entirely past your tongue, so you don't have to taste much of the salty flavour. That's you, lucky Richard.

After they're done with that fun idea, they go back to their standard programme. Your legs were already tied together, so it's only your arms that need to be restrained before you're immobile. In no time at all, the rest of your body is encased in green, allowing you a very, very restful night...

DAY 3

Your eyes open. Whoa, everything is dark, with some lighter green spo—that's right, the vines. You wonder if you'll ever get used to this. Hopefully not. The memory of eating your own semen nags you. Did you really do that, or was that just a bad dream? You don't remember. Another thing you don't remember is these vines being so aggressive before, holy shit. Even now, compared to your first night here, they're pumping away at you with much more force. That includes your private area. Oh shit, you catch yourself enjoying that a little too much. Shortly before orgasm, you get a grip on it and avoid having another semen buffet. They start their retreat, allowing you some range of motion again.

Stretching yourself after six hours of utter immobility and that brief moment of shock, you heave yourself out of bed. Torn pieces of cloth are strewn throughout your room. Right, you didn't exactly have time to get undressed last night... Fuck.

So you open your wardrobe, hoping to find something new to wear. Well, there is something new. Lucky you.

You can't deal with this shit now. You need to use the bathroom anyway. Doing your morning business, you instinctively want to wash your face, still not getting used to the fact that you don't really have to do that anymore. Out of habit, you do so anyway. Examining yourself in the mirror, the conclusion is obvious that there isn't a *single* visible pore on your face anymore. Or on the rest of your body, while we're at it. At least one good thing is coming out of this nocturnal plant prison.

After washing up, there's no avoiding the wardrobe. You sigh. First, you pull on some underwear. The shorts are not exactly girly, but you don't see a man wearing these, at all. These would inarguably be called "panties". They cling tightly to your crotch and are very, *very* soft, which makes you feel a little weird. The reward from your probe doesn't help things in the slightest. Next up is a skirt. They really hung a skirt in your wardrobe. You imagine being caught in this underwear is even more embarrassing though, so you have no choice but stepping into it and fastening it around your waist with a white belt. The skirt itself is very long, reaching all the way to your ankles, so at least it covers more than yesterday's shorts did. It's uniformly black and fortunately not nearly as tight as your new underwear. Did you just think of this skirt being fastened around your pelvis as "fortunate"? *Okay*, moving on!

At first glance, the shirt doesn't seem so bad. It looks almost the same as yesterday, with that ridiculous white apron printed on the front. Once you pull it on, the difference is rather noticeable. Like your underwear, it's got really tight since yesterday, hugging your thinned arms and chest... not however, your belly.

No, you see, that is completely visible to the whole world. That's right, this shirt just barely reaches the middle of your ribcage. This is crazy, you'd look manlier if you went topless!

Frustrated, you start your first rebellion of the day. You'll just stay in your room. What are they going to do, carry you around the mansion all day? Five minutes after you sat down on your bed, motionless, a stabbing pain makes you jump. Oh right, there's

that. From here on out, resistance becomes impossible, as the shocks are applied without pause. Finally, it drives you back up to your feet and you dig through the rest of that rotten outfit.

There's not much left, all you can see is two white, long pieces of cloth. Picking them up, you notice they're stockings. Yep. Gone is the ambiguity from yesterday, these may be the most feminine article you found in this wardrobe. Not only are they slightly transparent – though not nearly as revealing as what the other maids are wearing – but they have a cute black bow at the top.

Wait, “other maids”? Did you just think of yourself as one of them?

Somehow, this hits you harder than anything else these past few days. Desolate, you pull the damn stockings on to satisfy the probe so you have some time to lie on your back and cry. You don't know what came over you, but the urge to weep is very real, and you can't muster the strength to resist it. The knowledge that their training is already affecting you one day after it started is doing its job crushing your hope. Out of the corner of your eye, you've seen the shoes they laid out for you as well. They had heels. Fucking heels.

Your mind goes back and forth between Eric and the way you must look right now, lying on your bed half-dressed, crying like a teenage girl, while also dressed like one. After a minute or so, you hear a soft knock on the door. Hurriedly, you wipe away the tears and try your best to get your face looking back to normal. You don't call anyone in, but the door opens anyway. It's Angelina.

“Good morning, Suki,” she greets you and you're tempted to just start bawling your eyes out all over again after hearing that stupid name. “Everything okay?”

Not quite. “If you think I'm going out today, especially in those shoes, you're dead wrong.” Her chirpy attitude isn't doing much to cheer you up.

Angelina squeals when she sees the shoes left in your wardrobe. “How cute!” she swoons over the 1 inch heels while teetering skillfully on her own 5 inchers. “Why do you make fuss over this tiny shoe?” she asks, still excited.

“You call them ‘Mary Janes’,” she explains. “The heel is very small. Is good for training. You call it ‘kitten heel’.” Thanks teach, I feel much better now. “Listen. Making sad face will get trouble. This is your life now. Look around. Everyone loves new life. Why not you?”

Not in a million fucking years. She's right about one thing though; pouting will invariably get you in trouble. Had you stayed calm yesterday, you might've been spared that anal rape at least for a few days longer. Perhaps the best course is to play along and trying to stay sane. Not that you have much choice in the matter.

You don't really reply to Angelina, but you get yourself back up. Moving over to the closet, you pick up the shoes and reluctantly put them on. These heels are just one inch? Wow, this is really off-putting. It's like walking on stilts, even at such a small height. Your balance feels completely skewed. Hopefully it's not enough to send you flying later, but you think at worst you're going to be very uncomfortable throughout

the day. Well, that's a given with or without the shoes. Their saving grace is that your skirt is really long – did you think positively about this damned skirt again? – thus covering the shoes almost completely. The same goes for your unbearably girly stockings, you're glad those will stay hidden.

Angelina is squealing with joy at seeing you all dressed up. Apparently, she considers her work done, gives you a small, funny applause at your first steps in heels, which might have been considered a sarcastic gesture if it hadn't come from somebody as sincere as her, and walks out of the room. With so much time already wasted, you make haste to get to the living room, too; you haven't even received today's tasks yet.

Your reception is unexpectedly warm. What's that on the young man's face? A... smile? Not a victorious, shit-eating grin, but an inviting smile. Still, he can't resist a quip, checking his watch magnanimously.

"Damn clock always runs ahead of time, I could've sworn you should've been in here fifteen minutes ago!" he jokes. His old man elbows him in the ribs slightly. Everybody's sharing a laugh. Everybody except you. Humour is something that will return slowly, you feel. Maybe when you get the hell out of here.

"I understand you may have been a little sleepy though," the man continues, "after pulling that midnight shift. On top of that, your performance in the bedroom, wow. That was something, let me tell ya."

There are cameras in the bedrooms? As if your violation wasn't yet complete, they're now stalking you 24 instead of 16 hours a day. This gives you the opportunity to inquire more about the vines though. Knowledge is power.

"Thanks, I'll write about your praise in my diary," you try to counter, but move on before he gets the idea of forcing you to write one. "The vines went nuts yesterday, I felt like they were much more aggressive than the day before. Then, after I was about ready to go to bed, they..."

"Force-fed you your own cum?" he completes your sentence. So much for the hope that that was a dream.

"Apparently..." you mumble.

"Yeah, it does that," the man explains. "It's weird, but the plant doesn't seem to react too well to sperm, we haven't figured out what that is about. We know that it can't digest semen. Doesn't get bothered by pussy juice though for some reason. Plus, you were late, so it was likely impatient to begin with. So, moral of the story is to be in bed on time and don't ejaculate in your bedroom."

"Or do, if you're into that." Hey, at last his smile is back to the mocking grin you've grown so fond of. "We're sympathetic to your suffering, though. Since you seem so sexually charged, we thought we'd offer some relief. Please, take a seat."

He indicates a chair nearby. It seems inconspicuous enough, nothing like the bolted-down metal chair yesterday. You sit down as suggested, dreading the next moment. Instinctively, your sphincter clenches as you fear another forced entry. Loudly, the man claps his hands twice.

In walks Eric, though he seems much more in sync with Emma right now. That's because he's wearing a flowing, revealing negligée and is inching forward seductively. Eric is walking towards you like a model over a catwalk; or a stripper towards her pole. You're absolutely revolted by the sight, but can't look away either. Before you know it, your friend kneels between your legs, which he pushes apart easily.

Without hesitation, he takes the next step, pulling down your skirt below your knees. Much to your dismay, your cock is already painfully stiff. It springs out of your panties with desperation, in stark contrast to the despair that you think you're feeling.

Eric smiles widely at you, his face partially hidden by your erection. You do anything but smile. You weren't prepared to deal with *this*, not today. Next, he does just what you were afraid he'd do; his smiling lips turn into an O, allowing entry to your glans.

Your first reaction is to shut your eyes. The feelings are enough to handle as it is, you can't look at your friend at the same time. Your captor isn't quite happy with that, it seems. An electroshock surges through your rear, offsetting the pleasure in the front and clearly signalling that you should be paying attention. Knowing that defiance will only bring about continuous punishment, your eyelids part slowly, bringing Eric back into focus.

He's working away at your dick tirelessly. He's not just indifferent about it, he seems to revel in the opportunity. You can only imagine what the probe is currently doing to his libido. Actually, you can see it, once every minute or so, Eric starts to groan deeply with fluttering eyelids. An orgasm a minute... and maybe he's not even reacting to all of them.

One thing you're sure of is that your own pleasure is building, as much as you're trying to avoid it. The worst feeling is knowing that the probe doesn't have a damn thing to do with it. It's all you. You've never been a womaniser, never had much of a sex life. Now, you're the most sexually active with your best friend, Emma.

Right here is when you can't take it anymore. That feeling that the probe has simulated multiple times is arriving for good. Your shaft starts to feel like it's glowing and then you spurt all that you've got. You close your eyes as your pleasure overtakes you. For a moment, you just want to savour the bliss that you've been given. When your eyes open again, you see you've grabbed the head of your friend and pressed it nose-deep into your pubic hair.

Honestly, he seems to enjoy it, which only creeps you out beyond the fact that you did something like this. Of course you immediately release him when you realise what you've done. Eric didn't enjoy you grabbing him as much as he seems to enjoy this next bit, however.

It looks like he really caught all of your... essence in his mouth, a fact which he proudly presents to you. After making sure you've seen enough, his lips shut and you see his throat bulge. Eric's swallowing your seed with a smile on his face. Every last drop drips down his gullet. You're left speechless when he actually sighs contentedly after this fucked up charade, like he just had a refreshing drink after a hot day.

“You don’t taste as good as Master,” Eric giggles. “And you aren’t nearly as large as him either... but I’m not picky, cum is always nice.” *That* is his conclusion from this encounter. You think you’re going to throw up.

To your surprise as much as everybody else’s, you panic instead. Kicking back your chair, you bolt out of the door and then the mansion entirely. Your endurance isn’t what it used to be, but it’s enough for a quick sprint. In a flash, you’re outside, facing the main entrance. The latex-clad guards are no slouches and notice your approach from some distance. You figure sheer speed may surprise them, giving you an opening. When the first plants her feet to block you, you make one swift step to the side to get around her past her reach.

What you forgot is that you’re wearing heels.

Believe it or not, these things can inhibit your dexterity quite a bit, even at a mere inch of height. Without the slightest touch from the guards, you’re planted face first into the floor. Ouch. You try to get up again quickly, but feel a boot planted on your back, another kicking you softly to get you to roll over. There’s really no expression on the guards’ faces when you get a look at them. One of them amuses herself by pressing her boot against your chin and cheek constantly, which you try to avoid by turning your head left and right. After a few minutes of this, you hear slow footsteps approaching.

“Very impressive,” the man whispers to you. He lifts you up, then turns you around again, holding you with one arm across your belly.

“Escaping out the main entrance, a brilliant plan,” he mocks you. One hand goes down to grab your skirt. “You know, these probes aren’t just programmed and controlled to make you feel things out of the blue.” With two quick movements, his hand is rubbing your ass. “They tend to make you more sensitive to the actual touch as well, you see?”

Understanding his plan, your clenched eyes open for a second before you start violently struggling, but it’s too late. His hand was already inside your underwear and a finger is now prodding against your hole. You shake and try to hit him behind you, but you only *really* start shaking when the finger slips in all the way. Immediately, you go limp, held up by his arm and nothing else, as he languidly rubs one finger in and out of your asshole. Just barely, you manage to keep your voice in.

“Son,” a voice cautions sternly from behind. The finger inside you stops, pauses a second, then retreats. You’re helped up to your still shaky feet. The man grins at you widely, not at all deterred by his father’s authority.

“That uniform won’t do anymore, go get a new one,” he says, still grinning. He turns around on his heel and leaves you there with his father.

“Don’t worry about him,” the old man tells you. “Give it three or four months and it’ll feel so good, you’ll be begging him to finger your asshole.” As goodbye, he pats you softly on your ass, then rolls away in his wheelchair too. You hate to admit the pat kind of calmed you down, though the probe’s reward got you on your guard again

right away. Speaking of guards, they're eyeing you rather frighteningly. Better get back to the Quarters.

Once there, you head straight for the bathroom. You've come away with a couple of scuff marks, which you clean carefully. It's nothing major, just some bruised elbow and such. Not making a big deal of it, you get undressed and pick out your new outfit from the wardrobe. Underwear, stockings and heels are fortunately the same. They were girly enough already.

Bad news is that the skirt is now short enough to reveal some of that to every mildly curious onlooker. It's still very conservative at mid-calf length, nothing close to what the maids around here wear, but it's still nothing to be happy about either. Number 2 on the bad news list is the apron. Previously printed on the shirt, they've now separated. It has the positive side effect of actually covering your exposed stomach from the front, not that it helps that much.

Your day – not counting the rather adventurous morning – passes uneventfully. Obviously, the man is quite pleased at seeing you in a yet more revealing uniform and assigns you to some menial tasks. Unlike on laundry duty, you do all kinds of things, usually assisting a maid in her duties, not really doing any hard work, just a lot of different errands.

So when you get back to your room, you're not really very tired. As expected, somebody removed the old outfit you'd left on the floor. Speaking of outfits, you probably should get undressed before the vines get impatient again and earn you another new one tomorrow. It's still a few minutes before curfew when you stand in your room naked, getting a good look at yourself.

It's like the man said, these plants somehow keep your skin looking as healthy as a newborn's. Your eyes gravitate towards your meat, bringing back memories of this morning. He sucked your dick. Like it was nothing. Like it was *great*, even. That picture of him staring up at you with his stuffed mouth won't leave you for some time, if ever. One thing is perfectly clear about it though, and you have to admit it.

It was fucking hot.

Even he was fucking hot. You can't deny it, Eric has Emma's body now, and Emma's body is every man's dream. It seems natural to be repulsed, and you are, that there's a man somewhere inside that body. But you can't deny that the body itself is a wet dream of the highest order. Perhaps it's even pragmatic to think about it that way. To be completely honest, but in the process separating body and mind. The body is turning you on madly, but the mind belongs to a good friend, or at least it used to. If you stop at every turn to get freaked out by Eric's new appearance, your hopes to make some progress towards an escape will vanish quickly. Only if you keep your mind focussed on escaping are you going to make it, and you won't manage if you get distracted at every opportunity. You'll get Eric out of here, one way or another.

You just hope he'll thank you with a blowjob.

DAY 8

Some days have passed without an incident, which you've been proud of in a weird way. You want to get out of this place as soon as possible, but given the bumpy start you had, you were worried how your outfit would look if you had gone on like that for another three or four days. After you talked a little too much with Em—Eric on your duties together, you were always assigned to tasks in separate rooms. You barely saw him passing you in the hallways, and even when you did, there was hardly time to talk. He completely bloomed in this job. All the time, he had that vapid smile on his face, always begging you to stop talking so he could continue with his duties. Unable to wait to serve this asshole that called you into his office just now, after a whole day of work. It drives shudders through your body to think this guy expects to do the same to you. He'll be in for a surprise.

"You've done better these past few days," he speaks up. "I'm really pleased with what I see. We had a few unpleasant encounters... I see that I was a little harsh at times and I apologise. It's been some time since we had new arrivals, especially such rebellious ones. My response may have been a little overzealous as a result. Pull your weight here, and you'll soon be much happier. I am, already," he smiles, genuinely. Might be a good opportunity to gather some information.

"I have a question," you blurt out. The man's features stop their relaxed smile and change into a disapproving frown.

"I have a question, *Sir*," you reluctantly correct yourself. They introduce new rules now and then, and you feel a Tingle run through your body as you obey this one. Apparently, everybody here calls these pleasure shots from the anal probe "Tingles", and you've adopted the term. It's short and descriptive. The sensation does resemble an actual tingle, though it's a vast understatement, which is probably intentional.

"Go ahead," he allows you to ask it.

"Two questions, actually. Why don't I get to see Eric, and why is everybody here a different nationality, or a caricature thereof?" The man laughs.

"Oh my, Suki, are we a bit of a racist?" You're taken aback, that's not what you meant!

"What? No! This is about you and your sick—*hyaan*!" you try to turn it around but are gripped by his strong, humongous hands. He sits you in his lap like you weigh nothing, holding you there. His hands roam over your chest, massaging it violently, but not painfully.

"Diversity is good for everybody. You'll feel it soon. You'll be my doting, tiny Japanese 18- year-old. All you will live for is your Master's approval. Your heart beating, your veins hot with embarrassment whenever you earn that life-defining compliment from him," his lips almost touch your ears.

"Good girl."

Just when he says that, you tear yourself off him, panting, though you're not sure why. Your breath just doesn't want to settle, and neither can you.

"You keep coming onto me, you creep!" you shout back at him. "I'm not Japanese and my name is *not* Suki! Why do you keep molesting me, I'm not even a woman! Are you gay or something?"

In an instant, his smile is gone. He stands up and approaches you. For a few steps, you back off, but soon reach the wall. Cornered. He looks you right into the eyes and somehow manages to still push his arm in between your bodies. For some reason, he raises one finger right in front of your eyes. After letting it linger there for a second, he slowly lets it drift downwards, never touching either one of you, and you follow it with your eyes. It goes past your chin, your *buzzing* chest, your stomach, before you suddenly twitch. Contact. Looking down, you see him touching the glans of your very sensitive, very *erect* penis through the fabric of your skirt, which is clearly dented and lifted up by your organ. You don't dare – even if you could – pull back as the man looks you square into the eyes.

"Are you gay or something?" His smile is back. Blushing wildly, you swat his hand away and rush out of the door. God, what a girly exit. Wait, he didn't even answer your question about Eric! Dammit.

Your humiliation perfect, you check the clock. Nearly 10 PM, it's more than time to head back to your Quarters. Some of the maids pass you by, saying what you figured out to be "hello" in more languages than you could care to list. A few of them just wave at you, or blow you a kiss. The maids are a weird, tightly-knit community of their own. In your observations, you noticed they never talk to the guards. You have to wonder whether that's caused by an order or natural differences.

Right now, you couldn't care less though. You pass a couple more servants on the way to your room and just drop right on the bed. Right as face meets mattress, you jolt upright, remembering to take off your clothes in time. Close call. There's barely a second of respite for you in this place. You need to stay on your toes if you want to get out of here sane. Something seriously fucked up is taking place here, and you've got the feeling you'll become part of it before long, unless you keep a keen mind.

Talking about fucked up, you feel something slimy slither around your ankle. Oh boy. You're torn off your feet, almost slamming your face into the ground, but more vines catch you before head meets carpet. Softly, they carry you over to your bed. This shit will take some getting used to. As you are being completely encased in plants, already immobilised, you hear something tear. A rogue vine was lashing out away from your body, and now returns. Straight as an arrow, it shoots for your face, rubbing itself into your mouth. Blergh, that was semen! You must have ejaculated into your skirt a little when the guy molested you. So that tearing sound...

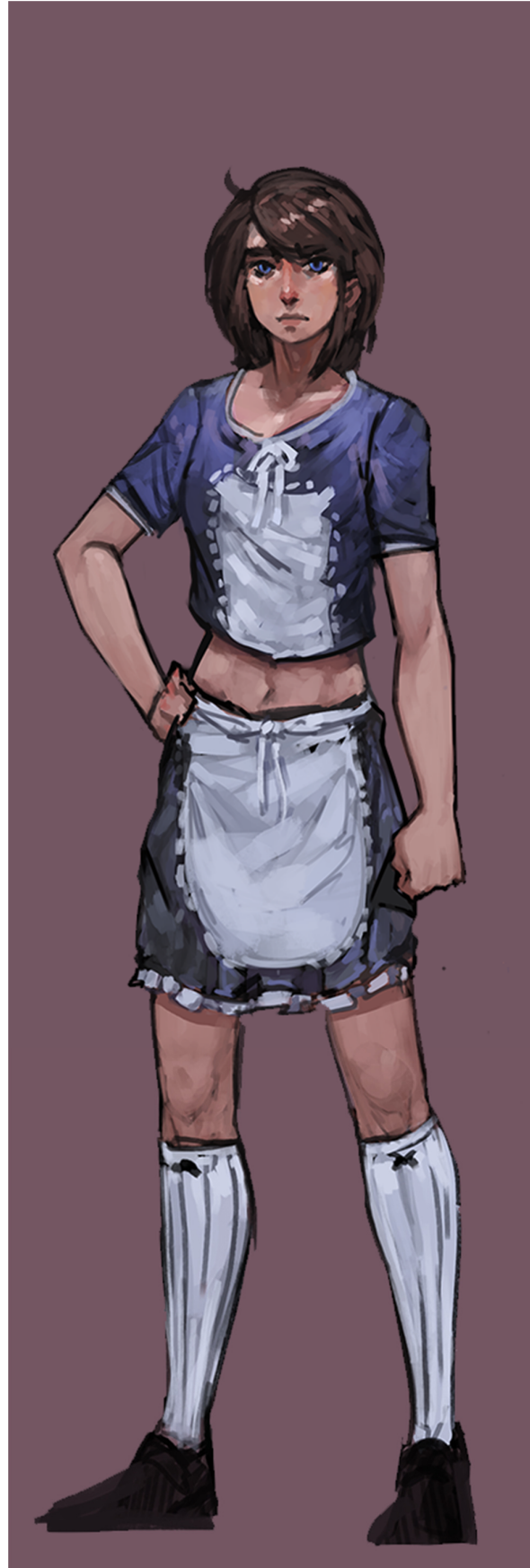
Well, you look forward to seeing your new outfit tomorrow.

DAY 18

It was quite a modest change, you think to yourself as you once again regard your “choice” of clothing. All that happened for you was adding a little breeze; your skirt only reached your knees, nothing else was modified. For anybody seeing you... well, they now have a clear view of the stockings and heeled Mary Janes that were previously hidden. Nobody seemed to treat you any different, though you’re not sure what to make of that. The other maids took to seeing you as one of them quickly. Given your current attire and recent schedule, you can’t really blame them.

Speaking of your workload, there’s been absolutely zero progress on escape plans. As you grew accustomed to living here, so did the head maid, Angelina, to your presence. Day by day, she dumped more duties on you, shooting you that irresistible smile and adding a soft “Okay?” at the end. Needless to say, you haven’t refused even one of her “requests” to date. Embarrassingly, nothing goes unnoticed, obedience and compliance least of all. One of those days, your kidnapper granted you a phone. Can you believe it? They give you one of the most useful tools to get out of here; that’s how much they trust you. A sickening thought, though your probe was quick to reward it back then.

You’ve already taken it apart and examined it. Which your probe was quick to punish, balancing things out for the day. No internet, no calls. It’s all messaging through some app you’ve never seen, all internal communications, sort of like a company would have for employees,



though you're not entirely comfortable with that comparison.

Regardless, the phone would come in handy for something else. At first you hadn't noticed much, but after ten days or so, you started picking up on some things happening to your body. The man who runs things here said the vines would help rebuilding your muscles or something. True, if you've really been out for months, your body is quite responsive and fit, all things considered. But you can't say that you're actually building any muscle these past two weeks, or however long you've been here now. That's another thing a phone will be useful for; the calendar. Back on topic though, you've slimmed down considerably.

Of course, that doesn't necessarily mean anything. You still have no clue what they put in these rations they give you. Still, it's not all explained by caloric intake. Lately, you've noticed your waist pinching in quite a bit. Your stomach is as flat as it ever was, yet your pecs are a little more wobbly than you're used to, which seems contradictory. You're thinking the vines may have something to do with this, but there's no way of researching them that you know of. First of all, you'll need to assert that you're *really* changing, and not just going nuts.

Which brings you back to the phone. Most standard offline apps work, including the camera. For about a week now, you've taken a picture of yourself in the bathroom in the morning, hurrying up with other parts of your routine to make time. Seven photos don't make for convincing proof, but you have your mind set. Sooner or later, you'll notice the changes more clearly.

Just when you're taking your eighth picture, the phone rings in your hand.

"Quick performance review in my office. See you there in five, Suki."

Ugh, that creep is still using that name. He seems to really cling to his perverted little fantasies. Looking at the mansion, you don't think he's denied many of his wishes, so that goes some way to explain it. Better not let him wait, then.

Maids pass you left and right, greeting you ever so courteously as you make your way to the "office". Looked more like a study or a living room to you, but who cares. On your way there, you can't help but notice how sure your step has become over just a few days. Granted, the heel is short and chunky, but it's still a world of difference to your first day in these shoes. Taking a look at what some of the girls around you are wearing is still traumatising though. Some of those heels are thinner than your fingers, but longer! It seems like a miracle that they don't crack under the weight of a human body. Either these women weigh absolutely nothing, or their step is as graceful and soft as a panther's.

Fortunately, that's none of your concern. You arrive at the office quickly, where the man is already awaiting you. Books still line the wall, and he's sitting in an armchair, looking at you entering the room. When you stand before him, he's still looking the exact same way. Expecting something. Now the probe is starting to drive the point home, shocking you painfully. To put a stop to the torture, you make a quick, almost imperceptible bow, satisfying another one of these demeaning rules. Within less than a second, the agony ceases. You breathe in deeply.

"To think I called you in to praise your recent behaviour," the man sighs, his visage hinting disappointment. "I suppose it's to be expected. Maybe we can continue our plans despite your antics."

"I've seen you have taken on some female mannerisms," he states. What? "Yes, we've seen you take those cute selfies in the bathroom. Very nice, though your posing could use some work." Shit, he can even see that? Looks like you must be careful with that phone. "A reward is in order," he goes on. "Nothing quite as mundane as those minor Tingles to get you excited. No, a true honour. Whenever we have a maid-in-training, we bar guests from visiting. Normally, that's our main venue of income. It may not look like it, but this is a lodge of sorts, and an expensive one." All these maids running around looking like they do... Yeah, you bet it's expensive, and you bet you know what sort of "lodge" this is, too.

"There's no point in boring you with details. One thing you ought to know is that some guests are just that; guests. They pay, they stay, they leave. Others are not mere travellers. Sometimes we invite friends. It's hard to judge which deserve more attention. There are guests who tip very well, and friends who are just here because I have to make nice with them. There are guests who make a tremendous ruckus and there are friends that I've known my whole life. In time, you'll come to know them all. By name, by heart. It is perhaps your most important duty here at the manor."

"I'm telling you all this," he continues, "because you'll take care of your first guest today."

His words hang in the air for a brief moment. You couldn't care less about his friends or his shady business. But somebody from the outside, coming in? Seeing you like this? You doubt they're coming for a chat with you either. Your heart is pumping, you're visibly nervous. Two huge hands descend on your shoulders, rubbing them.

"Calm down, dear," you can almost hear him smiling. There's a pleasurable, subtle buzz in your rear as you let his manly hands massage your shoulders. "It's not a paying guest. A friend. One I trust, and one who's gently introduced many an inexperienced maid to her service-oriented duties. Take him to one of the guest rooms upstairs."

You don't even react to what he says. Right now, you're just trying to wrap your mind around meeting another person. The massage strangely does calm you, though it doesn't last long. With the usual pat on your ass, you're sent off, still uncertain. Your eyes just wander from side to side, standing in the hallway. Some guy is going to arrive, probably soon, and you dread to think what he's going to do to you.

The large double doors to the mansion swing open. You're startled, and forced to turn your attention back to reality. A man enters the compound, accompanied by a black maid you haven't met before. She walks behind him, and silently waves to you as a greeting when nobody's looking. At least she's nice.

"Hello there," the man greets. "I suppose you must be *Suki*, correct?" You cringe. Yet you have to comply or face even harsher punishments. Hesitantly, you nod. "Wonderful! Marcus told me to seek you out in specific. On these premises, with so

many gorgeous girls, that can be quite a challenge. Have you been told where we're headed?"

You're thrown off by the question, thinking about other things. Marcus, huh? It took weeks just to find out the first name of the guy who's keeping you here. Some investigator you are. But hold on, you still need to respond. Uhh, right, we ought to go somewhere. Upstairs! That was it. Once again, you only give a meek cross between a nod and a bow, showing with your arm that you're heading to the second floor. Smiling, the visitor follows you without a word. The maid is going back to other duties. Your knees are shaking with every step up the stairs, and not from exhaustion. Inevitably, you find yourself in a room, alone with this stranger, moments later. From your maid outfit to your anal probe, words cannot encompass the gravity and the shame connected to your current situation.

"Undress."

The sudden command surprises you, not to mention the shock it causes. Right away, the guest notices his apparent mistake. He sits down in an armchair, chuckling.

"Oh don't look at me like that," he's still laughing. "It's what you expected, didn't you? Let me assure you that my intent is very different from what you're imagining, though. Marc gave me some pointers, and I'm sure you understand your path by now, your training. My job is to help you along a little, and yes, that includes a sexual component. But as I said, what you're imagining is much worse than what I've planned for today. You're early in your training, and thus relatively unaccustomed to the Tingles." You know them better than you'd like. "One of them at an inopportune time may produce a... sticky result. I expect you're still resisting all facets of your training, and thus I don't want to be responsible for an involuntary uniform change." He grins widely. "Been there."

His openness is some mix of frightening and refreshing. Marcus – "the kidnapper" – and his frequent cadence switches between maniac and best friend are rather unsettling. However, despite him representing one of your most horrifying nightmares, this man's demeanour is quite disarming, you have to admit. Besides his endearing honesty, he's just right. You can't avoid what he's got planned for you, but you can avoid having your clothes forcibly changed on top of what's coming. Still doubtful, you slowly undress, occasionally brushing some hair behind your ear; it's grown to nearly reach your chin now. You reminisce about that electric razor on the first day after waking up. Shame you didn't use it when you still had the chance, you sure wouldn't mind a buzz cut compared to presenting yourself like this.

First, your skirt has to go. This updated version, as previously mentioned, is short enough to not really hide anything but your underwear. Apparently these are called "boyshorts", which you learned in a rather uncomfortable conversation with Angelina. One of the rare ones where you managed to get even one word in. In stark contrast to the feminine clothes, shedding your skirt also reveals your rather hairy legs. The man in the armchair doesn't show even a hint of disgust, or the slightest displeasure. His expression is so neutral, it's almost as if he's regarding a half-filled canvas of an artist, not sure what will come of his efforts, uncertain of its eventual

composition. Your shoes and stockings are quickly kicked off, and you don't miss them one bit. The top comes away in two steps; first the apron, then the belly-free t-shirt.

It's astounding how quickly you came to stand in front of this man whose name you don't even know in just your panties. But here you are. He nods encouragingly when you hook your thumbs between your hips and the thin undergarment. Deciding to apply the same strategy most people use when ripping off band-aids, you just push down forcefully and flex your muscles to stave off the feeling of shame. Instead, you're surprised by the biggest Tingle yet. You should've expected it, but were preoccupied with yourself. The man notices your discomfort and interprets it correctly, reaching out for you.

"Careful, not on your panties!" he cautions, pulling you to the side. You manage to control yourself at the last moment, keeping it all in. What a nice guy, he really cares about your feelings. Another, much smaller Tingle comes on, making you doubt that last thought. Any reward from the probe makes you suspicious these days, but let's see where this is going.

"Close one," the man smiles again. "I realise I haven't even introduced myself yet. Call me Chris."

"Hi, Chris," you almost whisper.

"*It speaks!*" he shouts in response, laughing. "I thought you'd never part those pretty lips." T- that felt nice to hear, though the pleasure was again suspiciously centred on your anus. "You could do with some etiquette classes but I guess that would be a little premature. Come here," he orders, patting his lap. You walk over, sitting down on his leg like a child. A very tall, naked child. Chris traces a finger over your legs.

"*Wild*," is all he says, still smiling. It's infectious, and you find it hard to cling to your discomfort. "Shouldn't be a problem to trim that a little. Say, have you ever touched a penis?"

Well, you didn't have to go without your discomfort for long. "Uh, y-yeah, my own."

"That's a 'no' then," Chris remarks, though you can't quite place his reaction. He looks away from you, like you just said something completely nuts. What's more worrying though is that he takes your hand in his and uses your index finger and thumb to unzip his pants. For a bit, you can contain yourself, but once his half-erect dick pokes out, you jump up and back off.

"Hush, calm down," Chris waves you back, but you remain stationary. "I know it's your first time, but it's nothing, really. Come on. It doesn't bite, I promise." You know you won't get out of here until he's done all he planned. You have a good idea what that is. Step by step, you go and sit back down on his lap, shaking slightly.

"Good, good," he praises you, stroking the back of your head, which your probe is quick to reward. "Go on now. It's no big deal. I just want you to touch it, nothing more."

Alright. A quick touch. Your index finger races forward, prodding his dick, then pulling back.

“Hmm, that felt nice,” Chris tells you. You’re tempted to reply, “Not just for you,” as another sequence of Tingles assaults you.

“We’re getting there,” he reassures you. “Let’s try going a little further. Wrap your hand around it this time. No need for anything more. Just taking it in your hand and closing it into a fist.”

At this point, you’re seriously wondering whether the punishment is the more acceptable choice. Visions of you, balancing on six inch stiletto heels, otherwise buck-naked, are filling your head. You’ve come this far, what’s a little more touching?

You put the phallus into your sights, putting it in between your thumb and index finger. The others close, wrap around the shaft, leaving this stranger’s penis firmly in your grasp.

“You did it!” he praises you excitedly, though with closed eyes. “That wasn’t so bad, was it? I have to say I’m surprised how fast you’ve taken to the suggestion. You would like to touch your Master’s, wouldn’t you?”

Your head fills with the image of Marcus’ arrogant grin as you sit on *his* lap, holding *his* meat. In reaction to that sight, you shake your head, which Chris interprets as your response.

“I see. Then perhaps it’s just my charm that has such a striking effect on you?”

You look at him confused, and he points at your lap. Once again, that treacherous erection is rendering you flustered.

“I—but—the probe—” you stammer, much to Chris’ amusement. Right at that moment, you’re given another tremendous Tingle, strong enough to require your resolve in order to avoid an orgasm. Unfortunately, you’re still preoccupied with Chris’ teasing, so the wave of pleasure hits you unprepared. Stream after stream, a very lazy ejaculation oozes out of the tip of your twitching prick, leaving only bliss in its wake. Yet you’re wondering. What brought on this sudden reward? Your arousal? Your obedience? Your touching of this man’s penis?

Your embarrassment at the implication of feelings for your Mast—your kidnapper?

Whatever it is, Chris seems more than pleased with the work he’s done. You wipe off your sensitive rod very neatly – don’t need another wardrobe change – before rushing to put your clothes back on. Never did you think you’d see this outfit as a refuge.

“That was a pretty nice showing,” Chris proclaims proudly. “I don’t really get why you’re in a hurry to get dressed. Hmm...” he ponders something. “I guess it wouldn’t hurt to tell you.”

"If you're trying to protect your modesty, you can relax. You're being watched, honey. All the time. When you shower, when you sleep, when you get dressed in the morning and undressed in the evening. It's how they control you. I don't mean to freak you out by saying this. If you think about it, it takes the shame out of nudity. Far be it from me to make a nudist out of you, but it's really nothing to be ashamed of, a naked body. Knowing that anybody could see it at any time... maybe it'll make you more receptive to the idea of being naked in front of other people. It's a reality you'll have to get used to. Besides, only if you're comfortable with being naked do you get to laugh at those who aren't," he brings back his charming smile.

"Now, I get you're anxious to get out of here. Hop off. I'll tell Marcus you're busy cleaning the room. Knowing him, you may actually want to do that, depending on his mood. If you hurry, you can get some spare time for yourself out of it. That's a little personal reward from me," he winks before leaving the room.

It takes a few moments to refocus after that encounter. At least he didn't make you... you know what, maybe you *should* get this cleaned up. Every guest room has a little closet with basic cleaning supplies. Or maybe you just got lucky and this room happens to have one. In any case, it helps not to think about what just happened. Semen proves to be rather bothersome to get cleaned up, but you manage with some effort. Considering the nature of this establishment, this probably won't be the last time you have to wipe sexual fluids out of a carpet.

After stashing away the supplies again, you head downstairs to go back to your Quarters. Chris said you'd have some time to yourself, which you wouldn't mind in the slightest. There's been rather little of that lately. While you're on your way, you happen to hear voices from the study. Sensing another opportunity to eavesdrop, you pause for a few seconds.

"She's given in surprisingly quickly, though she's clearly uncomfortable with her role." That sounds like Chris. "I think she's coming along nicely, but there's no doubt you should keep an eye on her. Letting her interact with guests is probably a bit premature. If they were to be calm fellows like me, sure, but anything more than that could break her. You'll have to either wait some more or think of something else to ease her into her new life." So they're already talking about you in female pronouns exclusively. Great. "Otherwise I don't see your plan working out. That hair and smiley, silly attitude may be convincing on the outside but on the inside, the procedure just isn't effective on its own." Huh?

"Thanks, I appreciate your advice. In the end, if that doesn't work out, it's not such a big deal, as long as my main project goes through. Any concerns on that front?" Marcus wants to know.

"None that I could see," Chris replies curtly. "Seems receptive, I think you're on the right track. Might even finish that up ahead of time."

"That's what I like to hear," Marcus says as cheerfully as you ever heard him. "One curious thing about living among absolute fucktoys is that you can always hear where they're going. Courtesy of their phenomenal footwear. If they walk, you can hear them, and you notice when they stand still all of a sudden. That, plus the cameras,

and you're always up to speed on any and all movements, in total control." What's that ab—

"*You're not as sneaky as you think you are,*" Marcus shouts. "If you have to spy on me, listen to this: your legs are going to be smooth as marble tomorrow morning. Angelina's in your room in five minutes. Make sure that you are too, *Suki*."

Embarrassed, you walk past the half-open door, not looking inside, but hearing some mild laughter in passing. It's unclear whether he knew you stood there from the beginning or only noticed halfway through his conversation with Chris. In case of the latter, you may use some of what you heard, even if you were found out in the end.

At first it seemed like they were talking about you. But then Chris started mentioning a "procedure" and some silly attitude. That clearly rings a bell. It could be that they're talking about somebody completely unknown to you, but it does remind you of Eric. If they were indeed talking about him, then apparently there's more to him than meets the eye, which is exactly what you've been hoping for. Alright, plan of action: First, try to reach Eric through internal communications. Now that you know that you're monitored at all times – which perhaps shouldn't have been such a big surprise – you'll have to be careful. You should get away with asking basic questions once you get his number; you're friends after all. Second, behave. Marcus offered a "reward" today. Get him to do it again, then ask more fervently about Eric.

Personal contact could make all the difference. Not to mention all the other information you may be able to tease out of your kidnapper.

For a start, you'll have to follow your orders for the evening; shave your legs. The thought is degrading, no doubt, but fuck it. It's just some hair. Besides, nobody can see it in your current outfit. As long as you don't mess up anything that would provoke a wardrobe update, nobody will know except Marcus.

When you finish your thoughts, you can already see Angelina waiting outside your room in the Quarters' foyer. God, if she's going to be around while you shave, you're liable to cut your leg off without even noticing.

"*Buona sera,*" she greets you in her silky voice. "Come."

Angelina ushers you in, and walks straight into the bathroom. Razor and cream have already been placed among the other toiletries.

"Trusting me with a razorblade?" you ask, surprised. "Marcus isn't worried I'll hurt myself or somebody else to get out?"

Angelina's expression changes, looking almost as if she's about to cry.

"Why say such things, *cara*?" she comes closer and gives you a tight hug, stroking your hair. "If ever feeling sad, see me and talk about it... okay?"

"O-okay." Your chest is crushed by hers, she's holding you so tightly you can feel her nipples tracing over your body, while her fingers are running through your hair. Nervous, you slightly push her off and give her a reassuring nod when she still looks at you with concern. You've had enough involuntary erections lately.

Angelina takes the razor from the shelf and shows you how to do it on her legs. She's asking you to look at her bare legs? *Fine*, you'll play along. Enthralled, you stare at her lovely calves, barely noticing the occasional hand or razor blocking your view. Her legs are already perfectly smooth – as every part of her body seems to be perfect in at least one way – so it's clear she's just doing this for show.

"Your legs are so smooth," your mouth whispers without your consent, but Angelina heard you.

"Mhm, use these," she instinctively picks out a box from the assortment on the bathroom shelf. Wax strips.

"Want to try?" she asks.

Once again, your body takes control. Your head shakes violently in response, prompting Angelina to cackle heartily.

"Okay, okay, just shave now. Undress, please." She chuckles lightly.

Showing surprisingly little resistance, you comply with her... order. You keep your shirt at least, but apron, skirt, stockings and heels all drop to the side, leaving you in just a belly-free top and rather unmanly underwear. For some reason, you don't mind greatly, and neither does Angelina. She points to a little box for you to rest your right leg on. Her finger scoops up some shaving foam and applies it to your calf. Reflexively, you twitch away from her touch. Angelina giggles.

"Sorry. Is it cold?" It is, but that's not why you pulled back... You nod.

After coating the right side of your calf with foam, Angelina hands you the razor. Confidently, you go at it. The hair on your legs is pretty long, and you have to constantly rinse the razor off. Obviously, you've never shaved your legs before, so it takes a long time to get it all on your first try. Aside from that, it's really not that different from shaving your face, aside from the perspective change. Angelina applauds cheerfully when you motion for her to spray some more foam into your hand. Hell, it's not like she's going to let you walk away with just one side of one half-leg shaved. Nor is Marcus, for that matter. So, in an arduous affair, you look on as your hands move almost automatically across your calves, reaching your thighs before long. Shaving the underside of your leg, especially right behind the knee joint, is particularly annoying. Nonetheless, you manage the whole affair without cutting yourself even slightly, which is unexpected. You reach the edge of your panties, and consider your task – or rather torture – complete.

"*Bellissima!*" Angelina exclaims, hugging you as tightly as she did when you two met earlier. This hug's a little different in more than one way though, not least due to the kiss she plants right on your lips as she breaks it.

"Did very good!" she praises your efforts, seeming surprised with the result herself. "Took very long time, but is normal. Do every morning start tomorrow and will go by in no time. Okay?"

"Yeah, sure," you agree absentmindedly, staring at your legs.

"Great! All done then. See you tomorrow!" she says as she leaves your room.

“See you...” you murmur, still looking down. You had the presence of mind not to touch yourself in Angelina’s presence, but now you feel like you should. Carefully, you run a finger up your legs, shocked at how alien it feels, and looks. Perhaps you should have expected as much. It’s really not surprising if you think about it. Damn, even as a kid, you don’t remember your legs ever being this hairless. Your thoughts then drift to Angelina’s. You haven’t reached the end of the road yet, not by a long shot, you conclude.

Out of the corner of your eye, you notice the clock. Getting close to 10 PM. Walking over towards your bed, your mind can’t help but process in wonder how every step you take can be felt on your inner thighs. Where before was only hair rubbing against hair, there now is skin against skin, nerve ending against nerve ending. This will be distracting, you can tell.

Another thing you notice is that Angelina actually folded the clothes you had taken off for shaving and stashed them in your wardrobe already. She’s so nice. You’d probably have gone nuts already if it wasn’t for her. Neatly, you add your underwear and shirt to the pile, before taking your spot on the bed, to be enveloped by the still creepy, writhing mass of vines.

DAY 19

This is much harder when you don't have a hot girl basically forcing you to do it.

You're standing in your bathroom, running the razor over your leg. If yesterday was weird, today feels like you're in a Dalí painting. At least during your first time, you had the soft, yet seductive voice of Angelina cheering you on, praising you. What that woman does to you...

Ouch! That's what you get for fantasising about her with a sharp object in your hand. Before you can have another try, this time without cutting yourself, your probe punishes you for your mistake, sending even more pain through your body. Does this thing think I'm stupid? Simultaneously, your cell phone rings.

"Inspection in ten minutes. Hope you're sexy smooth."

Marcus wants to see you. More carefully, you finish up the rest of your legs after putting a band-aid on the little cut. Your bathroom is quite well-stocked. Heh, except for a toilet, you note cynically.

Speaking of, you really need to take care of morning business. Over the past few weeks, you'd like to say you've got used to the very revealing communal toilets, but it's been rather challenging. The sight of all these drop-dead gorgeous women relieving themselves in front of you is as unsettling as it is arousing. It hasn't helped with containing your morning erection, that's for sure. Even when it's limp though, their chastising looks, hushed voices and suppressed grins haven't ceased. If it hadn't been clear as day already, it definitely was now; your dick stood in the way, because you were meant to become a maid.

How? That is another question. One that you likely won't get the answer to, but the clues pile up. You haven't forgotten taking a picture of yourself before shaving, despite knowing that your activity is all public. Hey, they haven't outright told you to stop, so you're not going to. There wasn't even the lightest of punishments from your probe.

Apparently, your path to becoming a maid involves "inspections" now. Yesterday it was a "performance review". Whatever the nomenclature, you get dressed and head straight there, Marcus already waiting for you.

"You're on time. Good." He closes the door behind you. Seems like he doesn't care about the formalities today. You won't complain. Marcus takes a seat in his favourite armchair.

"Lift your skirt up so I can see those supermodel legs, honey," he orders as he leans back, looking on ominously.

For a moment, you consider if he's joking. Your probe sends a Tingle through you, either enjoying your insecurity, or encouraging you to follow his command. You hardly have a way out here. You're not even sure why you're taking it this hard, you knew that he would do something along these lines.

Defeated, you lower your arms. At this point, you can't look Marcus in the eyes; his gaze would way too heavy on you as you grab the hem of your skirt. Just as slowly as they came down, your hands come back up, with your skirt in tow. Standing there, exposed, you're trembling slightly, though you hope Marcus doesn't notice. Whether he does or not, he's standing up and approaches you. Startled, you make eye contact with him again, though you don't keep it for long, as the buzzing reward in your anus distracts you again.

"Nice, very good," he appraises you like chattel. You almost jump when he starts just barely running his index finger across your thigh, from the knee upwards. At this point, you're not sure whether the tingle in your rear or the one on your legs is stronger. Marcus chuckles while you're squirming beneath his touch, clearly enjoying himself, and convinced that you are too. His finger comes across the band-aid.

"Little accident?" he inquires. You nod, but that evidently isn't enough for him. Before you answer, you instinctively lower your hands again, but only until they're slapped by Marcus as a warning. You muster a reply, still holding up your skirt.

"Well, um, I had to do it, uh, all on my own this morning. Yesterday... yesterday Angelina helped me," you explain.

"Hmm, she's certainly *helpful* isn't she?" Marcus smiles, painfully emphasising the bad innuendo. "No chance that you cut yourself thinking of her deft touch, is there?"

Oh God, he caught you and he knows it. You don't respond, but that's enough of a reaction for him.

"Hah, how cute. That woman is an inspiration, I'll say. A good role model for you."

For that, you don't have a response either. Instead, you just give him an annoyed look. You figured out that you're to become a maid, yet here he is, still playing that card like it's a big surprise after weeks. Right after you shoot him that glare, you hesitate, fearing a reprisal for your defiance. What you didn't expect is that Marcus recoils a little, surprised by your confidence. He follows up with a smile. Not the usual shit-eating, devious grin, but almost a sign of approval. You're not sure whether you prefer that over his old, cocky self.

"Alright, I see I've kept you here long enough. By the way, start using some of that perfume, will you? You smell... you smell like you just creamed yourself." You lower your arms, letting go of your skirt, your confidence eroded and your self-consciousness back in full force. Now that he pointed it out, you do feel some wetness in your crotch. Look at that, his shit-eating grin is back, too. Oh joy.

"Today you'll learn a lot about your new life. Your first formal lesson. We've already started on some basics, like proper greetings, but in today's class you'll get a deeper education. Of course, that's only the beginning, but now that you're being introduced to clients, you'll definitely need to learn how to treat them right, and how they want to be treated. Some of them like spontaneity, but most prefer if their servant lives through her Master with all her heart. That includes knowing his and his guests' likes and dislikes better than her own. Anyway, I shouldn't take away too much or you'll be bored in class."

“Oh, one other thing though; Mr. Williams has taken an interest in you. He’ll pay you another visit tomorrow. I hope you’ll convince him just like you did yesterday.”

“Mr. Williams? Yesterday? Oh, you mean Chris.”

“No, I mean Mr. Williams,” Marcus retorts harshly. “And watch that language.” You flinch a little, but are determined to ask some questions after going along with his demands.

“I’m sorry, Sir. Mr. Williams, of course. Before I leave, I had some questions th—”

“And I have a busy schedule,” Marcus cuts you off. “You’ll be here for a while, you’ll get to ask your questions in due time. Get to class, Suki.”

With that, he opens the door and ushers you out. The door closes shut behind you and locks audibly. Nice going. Wait, he didn’t tell you where these supposed classes even take place. You must’ve really caught him off-guard. After standing there, helplessly wondering where to go for a minute or two, somebody taps you on the shoulder. It’s the French maid... uhh, as in the maid from France. Everybody looks like a French Maid, of course, but this one actually spoke French. Or so you thought.

“You have a class with me, what are you doing here?” she shouts at you angrily.

“Marcus didn’t tell me where the classroom is!” you complain. The woman swats you against your bare waist.

“Don’t make a habit of blaming your insolence on Master, or you’ll not have a pleasant stay. Come along now, no need to further prolong this pointless argument.” She turns around and beckons you to follow with her index finger. On your way there, you just have to ask.

“Didn’t you speak French?”

“What?” She’s clearly not following your train of thought. “We met before. You spoke French.”

“Maybe in passing. I certainly didn’t speak to you, and definitely not in French,” she insists.

You take another look at her. She looks absolutely identical to the maid that told you that you dropped a shirt on your first laundry duty. There’s no doubt about it; either this woman is the most identical of identical twins, or she’s lying for some reason.

Before you can investigate further, you’ve arrived at your destination. The French maid’s supposed twin opens a door, waits for you to come through, and closes it behind her. Looks like you’re the only student today. You take a seat and the maid goes in front. As she announced at the beginning, she’s your teacher today. Below her large desk, she opens a large drawer. Out of that, she retrieves a pair of glasses, which she puts on. Is this a joke? The people in this place must really like caricatures.

“Alright, good morning students. Or, uh, student,” she immediately undermines the authority she had built up in the hallway. “I’ve been informed that you have not had

any formal lessons yet.” There’s a short pause, so you confirm this is your first time. “Good, so we’ll cover basic instructions and procedures today. I’ve also been told you have a guest tomorrow, who we will pay some attention to as well. After you’ve become familiar with general proceedings in the manor, studying our various guests will be your main task in these lessons.”

“You’ve been here for a few weeks now, so I’ll assume you at least got settled in the Servants’ Dormitory. To give you a little historical perspective, I currently inhabit one of the first rooms, whose layout is ubiquitous throughout the Quarters’ many floors. There are three others like it at the moment, making it the least unique room, if you want to look at it that way. In contrast, your room was tamed only shortly before you arrived.”

“Tamed?” you ask, confused how one would go about taming a room. The teacher sighs. She approaches and swats you across your fingers. In your rear, your probe reaffirms her gesture just as painfully.

“Don’t make me fetch the cane. If you have a question, you wait for me to pause at least five seconds, which signifies an opportunity to ask. Then, you will stand up, bow – it doesn’t have to be dramatic, just lower your head slightly – and make a curtsy before starting with ‘Excuse me, ma’am’. Only if you do it correctly will I call on you to ask your question. Want to try that?”

Not really, but you doubt that’s an option. You run the ritual through your head. So you stare at her, waiting for five seconds to make sure she isn’t about to add anything. Next, you stand up and nod your head a little more than you usually would, staring at the floor briefly. On the final task you hesitate. The teacher raises her eyebrows, anticipating defiance. Discouraged by the recent punishment, you grab the hem of your skirt and lift it slightly – reminding you of that humiliating inspection by Marcus earlier – while bending your knees a little.

“Excuse m—“

“No, no, no,” she interrupts you fervently, coming over to correct your posture. Her hands-on approach gives you a hard-on, which she thankfully ignores.

“That’s not how a proper lady curtseys,” she chastises you while pushing and pulling your knees, hands and back into the correct positions. It seems like a minor inconvenience at first, but she expects you to do it without help. You easily spend 45 minutes, maybe even longer, to satisfy her stringent requirements. She’s on your case so closely, there’s no time to debate whether you even want to curtsy like a lady at all. At the end, she deems your efforts “acceptable”, and so does the probe, with a pleasant Tingle.

“Hmph,” she breathes out audibly, “I hadn’t planned for this to take so long. Maybe I’ll have to request that you be relieved of your other duties today, this might take a while. Wait for me here, don’t do anything. I won’t be longer than a few minutes,” she promises.

She leaves the room, probably to clear up the issue. People here must give great importance to these schedules. Why doesn't she just give a sign to the cameras, or send a message via phone? Surely she has one, as the teacher.

The teacher... Working around all these supermodels sure is distracting. The sight of her walking out of the room is stuck in your mind. She's wearing those amazing dark nylon stockings, ending just below her knee, leaving her thighs completely open for anyone's viewing pleasure. Your erection strains against your sticky panties. Having to curtsy for nearly an hour with these new, smooth legs hasn't helped cooling you down one bit. So far, your boner hasn't been mentioned, but if you don't get it under control, the teacher's bound to notice.

Given that you already creamed your underwear, and are thus doomed to a new uniform tomorrow, you start rubbing yourself under your small table, through your skirt. You try to hurry it up, not caring much about the pleasure and more about the relief. Your probe disagrees, and tries to make you enjoy it as much as possible. A Tingle and a voice simultaneously announce your orgasm.

"Can't keep your hands off your fun parts for two minutes? Maybe I was wrong about you," the teacher smirks as you're convulsing under your climax. "You show promise."

"I cleared everything with Master. Your duties for today were cancelled, we'll have the whole day together." She wipes her lips. "Seeing you wack the pathetic remains of your former self like that, I can imagine what happened in your underwear, so let's talk about hygiene and cleaning regimens. I can tell from your outfit that you've encountered the particularities of the vines in our Quarters to some degree." No euphemism for the plants? Well, you suppose trying to make living monster plants sound relatable or comfortable is futile. "For some reason, they struggle digesting semen, which aggravates them. They'll easily tear fabric and feed you any semen found on it. This is part of their training. Trust me, you don't want to find out what they used to do if you brought male ejaculate into any of these rooms before our influence." Didn't Marcus mention that they have no control over the vines? Yet she says the plants were specifically trained for their purpose. Either one of them is lying to you, or something doesn't match up.

"Anyway, the consequence for you is that whenever you are responsible for fabric being destroyed by the vines, you'll get progressively less of it. That decreases cost for us if you continue to be careless and don't get yourself under control." You're looking at her, trying to communicate that you have a question. Luckily, she recognises it and makes a long enough pause.

Imitating what you learned earlier, you stand up, bow your head, and very slowly, cautiously try to execute a curtsy the way you were taught earlier. You really don't want to feel that cane. The teacher sighs, which seems to be her favourite thing, but accepts the gesture.

"Excuse me, ma'am?" you complete the ritual, breathing out as the tension leaves your body. "Yes, Suki?" You do your best to ignore that name.

“Why is it then that my shoes got heels? Doesn’t that increase cost?”

“Not quite,” she corrects you. “As the heels grow taller, the soles get thinner as most of your weight rests on the heel. You may also find that the heel itself will become thinner if you continue to act so recklessly. Besides,” she smirks, “it’s a good way to keep you on your guard.”

You gulp. It’s not the response you expected or hoped for, but at least in the classroom you actually get answers. The teacher goes on to explain something that does spark hope in you, though.

“There is one way to avoid your uniform being destroyed,” she details. “If you report to the head maid, telling her that ‘This silly girl has soiled herself, ma’am’, she will likely give you a protective bag. Put your dirty clothes in it and place it in your room immediately and somebody will come pick it up at night for an emergency cleaning. You will finish your duties with as little a delay as you can manage. Naked. The way it works is that the bag seals the smell that semen gives off, which prevents infuriating the vines. It’s proven quite effective.”

At least you have discovered one thing you could attribute positively to this class. Working nude doesn’t sound like something you would aspire to do, but then again, neither does walking in heels.

“I was a bit shocked to find out you can’t even curtsy correctly,” she continues. “I knew I would be educating a maid-in-training, but not one with the social skills of a rabid dog. I’ll give you the opportunity to visit the head maid and hand in your clothes, but I will accept no further delays. We have a lot of things to cover today.”

It’s not as easy a decision as she makes it out to be, but you know you have to decide fast. In the end, you choose to hand over your clothes. A little over two weeks and you’re already wearing heels, no matter how small they are. You dread to think what else awaits you. Excusing yourself, you make your way back to the Dormitory. You don’t mind visiting Angelina anyway. What you do mind is reciting what the teacher told you.

“Th-this silly girl has s-soiled herself, ma’am,” you stutter before the woman of your dreams, who just laughs. Honestly, you would too, if it were happening to anybody other than yourself.

“Hmhm,” she chuckles, “teacher sent you, right?” You nod, and Angelina laughs more. “Funny woman, but very strict. Is okay. Will take care of clothes. Please keep clean in the future, *cara*.”

You promise that you will and take your leave. You can’t wait to duck back inside the classroom. There you only have one set of eyes staring at your naked form.

“Back already,” the teacher greets you. “I’m glad you heed my advice. Hopefully you’ll keep that up. Let’s not dawdle any longer and get you civilised.”

This will be a nightmare.

It's late in the evening, almost curfew, when you're finally allowed back to the Quarters. On your way back, you're so tired that you don't even register the pointing and snickering at your depressed manhood and utter nudity. Any greeting coming your way is left hanging in the air and you drop straight into bed after closing the door.

As expected, the vines come crawling out of the edges and cracks in the floor, enveloping your body.

Not as expected, you hear some violent tearing, and can see some last glimpses of the vines thrashing about. Your penis is being stimulated by a sucking sensation, while another vine shoots away from you, returning soon after. Both of these plant arms subsequently mash themselves between your lips, depositing your essence in your own stomach.

Why.

DAY 20

Shaving legs, Take three. The small cut on your leg has healed remarkably fast. When you pull off the band-aid, there isn't the slightest hint of a wound underneath. Courtesy of the vines, you imagine. Shaving your legs doesn't really turn out that difficult as long as you keep your head straight. Angelina was right; it barely takes five minutes if you do it every morning and have everything prepared and handy. There was something else you were supposed to do, though.

You press down on the bulb – it's a design that feels rather antiquated – and are immediately assaulted by a barrage of sweetness. It's so sticky and heavy in the air, you feel like you're going to choke on the smell. You never had to use anything like this, so you spray a little on your neck, a little on your belly, and a little on your wrists. People in movies always do that, don't they?

Well, you're caked in pungent sweetness now. The scent is still omnipresent in your mind, though it's not so distracting that you forget the last order of business. You've stalled enough, sadly.

At first glance, your new outfit wasn't so different. You had an inch more heel, and an inch less skirt, keeping the balance. Keeping *your* balance was much harder on these new shoes, it turned out, though they were still no comparison to what the maids around here are wearing. Your step got a bit shorter and more cautious, even while you were testing them in your own room. You'll have to be a bit careful on your first few trips around the manor.

What really hit the point home though was so small that it seems from the outside to not matter at all. When you first saw it, you didn't even know what exactly you were holding in your hands. Then, your mind drifted back to some of the maids and got briefly carried away, before remembering what this is for.

Wristcuffs. Not the kind to restrain you, just the kind for you to look the part of a fucktoy. You're noticing a pattern here. What they are is basically a thin, white length of frilly lace, with an even thinner black length of silk over it, tied into a cute bow to keep it on your arm. All you have to do is slip in, but the constant tickling on your arms betrays their apparent insignificance. This is kind of a hassle, not to mention the degradation that comes along with it. Putting on your new accessory is accompanied by a frightening – and exciting – Tingle in your ass that makes you tremble in your empty room.

Despite your relatively new task today, you've been given all your instructions already. Once you've checked in with Angelina and had some food, you're off to fulfill your duties.

These include choosing a room to host Chris – Mr. Williams – in, for a start. You recall what you've learned about him yesterday. Likes the colour red, though amusingly prefers white wine, not red. Yes, the teacher thought that was amusing. What else was there... He likes baseball, prefers armchairs to sofas – just like Marcus, you figure – and loves Italian food. Shit, why didn't they dump him on Angelina? You'd gladly recuse yourself from receiving this "honour".

No such luck though, so here you are, scouting a suitable room. The colour red and armchairs... Going through every room should be easy, but it isn't when you have so many of them to check. Twice you interrupt a maid providing her services to a guest. The first time was clearly your fault, absentminded as you were. The second you could've figured that somebody talking about mitosis was evidently repeating a safeword, which resulted in you walking in on a maid hastily untying her client, rubbing his beet-red calves with ointment. Won't make that mistake again.

These rooms are all so similar, yet none of them seem to really fit. Orange curtains, cream curtains, even black curtains. Most of them are equipped with couches, too, probably to accommodate more than one guest at once. The manor is large, but it's still just three or four stories tall. You wouldn't know how tall exactly; there are tons of guards around, blocking access to all manner of staircases and doors. Anyway, you're heaving when you finally open a door that reveals a room which seems ideal for your purposes. There's just one tiny problem with it.

It's been... used recently.

Not for a second do you believe that the state of this room is coincidence. You still firmly remember what the teacher said yesterday in one of her speeches about order and hygiene.

"Whoever leaves a room last is responsible for its appearance and cleanliness," she proclaimed like she just came down Mount Sinai.

Thus, you find it hard to believe that whoever was here last is following protocol. Who knows; maybe it really was just a maid who misbehaved and she's getting punished for it just now. It's unlikely, but either way, the conclusion's the same: You ought to clean it up before Chris arrives.

Just like two days ago, this guest room has a supply closet with some cleaning aids. Looking around the place gives you a dark, foreboding image of what awaits you somewhere down the line. You try not to linger on how these stains got here, or what they are in the first place, and instead focus on the task at hand. You were never a clean freak, so most of this stuff is improvisation and reading the labels whole, including all the fine print.

There's no shortage of stains. You need to scrub the armchair, fetch fresh bedsheets, even clean the curtains somehow. It's arduous work, but it's to lay claim to the only room that fits the requirements of the esteemed guest. It's petty, is what it is, but that won't get you out of kneeling on the floor, rubbing the sponge into the carpet, enduring every tiny Tingle whenever you lean forward.

Hours pass, spent crawling over the floor, scrubbing every corner, changing all manner of covers and sheets. Having to fetch these things brings you to places you hadn't visited before. That'll make it easier to find your way around in the future. You expect you'll have to change sheets more than once if your stay here extends much longer. By the end of your cleaning spree you're sweaty, sore, exhausted, *exhilarated*. There's something about manual labour, and the sight of your finished work, that is utterly rewarding. You look at the room that was the image of mayhem this morning, and see everything arranged neatly, scrubbed clean. A feeling of

contentment flows through you, stronger than you've ever known. You shudder at the sensation. Could it be... the probe? Possibly, but it doesn't feel like it. You're not aroused, just happy.

Wherever it comes from, you'll take it. In this rotten place, every minute of relief is welcome. All these supplies still have to be brought back to where you took them from, so you're not quite done yet. It's an easy, quick task, and taken care of in a matter of minutes.

The clock reads 5 PM. It'll be roughly an hour before Mr. Will—Chris arrives. You don't quite want your productive streak to end, seeing how much of a lift it gave your mood, so you head to the Dormitory to talk to Angelina about procuring some wine. She first looks at you funny. You hastily explain it's for a guest and he apparently prefers white to red. Then, she understands, leading you to a wine cellar. It's right next to the basement where you got that cursed probe forced inside you.

Anyway, it turns out Angelina actually knows a lot about wine. Maybe all maids here do, it seems to be an integral part of the job. Her questions about all kinds of aspects of wine completely elude you. All you know is white, not red. Angelina finds this amusing, and reassures you that your knowledge on the subject will expand greatly in the future. Yay. She eventually hands you a bottle, and goes into minute detail about the vintage, but it falls on deaf ears. Not out of malice, of course, it's just that she might as well literally be speaking Italian and you'd understand as much. You thank her kindly for her advice before taking your leave.

Despite your *vino* adventure, you still have more than thirty minutes to yourself. Since you were sweating quite a bit, you head back to your room. The bathroom isn't equipped with an actual bath, nor a shower, but at least you have some sponges at your disposal for this kind of situation. After scrubbing that room for hours, you now get to scrubbing yourself a little. It feels good to get that sticky sweat off you, which is normally done by the vines. While you're cleaning yourself up, you can't help but assess the situation one way. You're standing in a bathroom, with shaved legs, making yourself pretty and presentable for a man. It's just a fleeting thought, because you shove it away forcefully, but it's true, isn't it?

Thinking of something, anything else, you press on the bulb of the perfume bottle a few times, cough a little, then head back into your room to get dressed again. Ten to six, Chris should arrive shortly. Just when you step outside of your room, you almost bump into Marcus.

"What are you doing here? You're supposed to meet Mr. Williams in ten minutes!" he shouts angrily.

"I-I picked a room," you stutter, frightened, "but it was really dirty. R-Room 231. I wanted to c-clean myself up a little. I was looking at the clock the whole time, I swear!"

Marcus' face immediately softens.

"I see. Sorry for being so harsh, my bad." He obviously doesn't know how to react, stalling for a few seconds. "Hop along, Suki. Get to work," Marcus encourages you by

patting you on your ass, a gesture he's getting much too comfortable with. He's right though, it's time.

At least the encounter with Marcus saved you from having to search for him; somebody has to tell Chris where to go. After all, you have no clue where the reception is, one of the few places you still haven't figured out. You head back to Room 231, which is still looking meticulous, to wait for Chris' arrival.

A few minutes later, and the door opens, revealing Chris. You were getting a little comfortable, lost in thought. Comfort goes out the window now, you suspect.

"Oh—I mean, hi—I mean, uh, good evening, Mr. Williams," you stammer before remembering the proper etiquette. A slight bow, then a curtsy, like the teacher hammered into you. Chris laughs as your anus erupts in pleasure, making you squirm on the spot.

"I see you've made some progress," his bright laugh echoes off the walls. "It's stupid," you mutter under your breath.

"No, not at all," he smiles, "it looks cute, you did it nicely." There's the second Tingle of the encounter, barely a minute in.

"Th-thanks. Have a seat," you direct him to the armchair, an offer he takes right away.

"Aah," he sighs, "that feels good after a hard day's work. Join me, would you?" Chris points to his lap. Alright, same as last time. You walk over, brush the underside of your skirt against your legs – something you learned is essential when sitting down in skirts of almost all sizes – and sit down, to be rewarded with a Tingle for the third time in as many minutes. Chris sniffs the air.

"Hmm, lilac. Marcus is a real pal," he states ominously, smiling contentedly. "You smell lovely." Your penis is straining beyond belief. You need to stop this probe somehow.

"I see you've brought some wine," Chris changes the subject while stroking your legs. "Oh my, and you've shaved your legs too. I'm honoured." His hand sneaks upwards, wedging itself under your ass. A finger runs around your sphincter, and your probe goes into overdrive. It takes all your willpower to keep from climaxing, though your voice already sounds orgasmic, if not quite as masculine as you know it.

"Why don't you fetch the platter with the glasses and the bottle, hm?" Chris suggests in a hushed tone. His deep voice vibrates against your neck, making you shiver. You nod and get up. Nodding has become one of your favourite forms of communication. It circumvents all the rules of etiquette that you're meant to follow while speaking. Of course, the downside is that it also makes you look more compliant and passive, which isn't quite what you want to achieve. You return and place the platter on the little end table right next to the armchair, before instinctively sitting back down on Chris' lap, unordered. You gasp at how naturally you did it, but try to hide it quickly. Chris saw, you're certain.

"Pour two glasses, honey," he orders. You do, which culminates in a shock by the probe. You squeak in surprise, though you're not mad. That should help cool yourself down a little. Right away, you realise your mistake.

"Yes, Sir," you confirm his demand, as is expected of you now. Only then are you allowed to continue pouring the wine into the glasses. Chris takes them both, holding one hand out to you. Hesitantly, you grab it.

"Cheers," he says, clinking glasses with you before taking a sip. You do the same, reeling at the sensation. This is affecting you much more than it should, just those few drops. You really must've lost a lot of weight.

"So you've shaved your legs," he states again. "Marcus made you do it?" You nod. "Heh, figured you didn't have a sudden awakening after meeting me, doing it by yourself. You're not drinking?"

"Oh," you notice he's taken multiple sips already, and hastily take one too. More like a gulp, actually, maybe try being a bit more careful. Damn, this stuff is getting to your head fast.

"How do you find it?" Chris asks, but you don't follow. "The wine," he clarifies.

"Ah," you smile. "It tastes really good. Never actually had wine before." At that, Chris sits up. "Never had wine?" he asks, unbelieving. You shake your head.

"Beer's cheaper," you explain. There's an awkward silence. Chris starts rubbing his glass, staring at the floor. Shit, you need to make some conversation. "But who cares? I heard you like baseball."

"Yes!" Chris exclaims. "I do. Do you watch?"

"No," you admit. "Never really had money for a TV either. As a kid, I caught an occasional glimpse. Don't remember much." Chris seems disappointed, but brightens things up with another comment.

"Well, all you need to know is that the Yankees are garbage." You snort, chuckling, and take another sip.

"How come you never had any of these things even once?" Chris wonders though.

"Didn't Marcus tell you how I got here?" He shakes his head. "Me and Emm—me and a friend tried to rob this place." Chris listens intently. "Only did petty jobs before. Barely enough to scrape by. No money for a TV, certainly no money for wine. I was praying every day not to get kicked out of my apartment." There goes the rest of your glass. In a manner more masculine than anything you did these past two weeks, you wordlessly stretch out your arm, gesturing for more wine. You take another sip after Chris pours you some.

"No need to worry about that now," he tries to bring the conversation back to a friendlier tone. "Sounds to me like you should be looking at life here as an opportunity." A nasty shiver runs through your body, entirely naturally.

“Hrmph, you sound just like Emma.”

“Emma? Who’s that, your friend?” he asks a little too exaggeratedly. “Yeah,” you scoff. “Guess you could say that.”

“What if she’s right?”

Your whole response to that is just a sigh. The wine is really getting to your head. That familiar buzz of alcohol is soaring through you. Every skin cell feels sensitive just from the passing air. Exasperated and exhausted, you drop sideways, your head falling on Chris’ chest. This is much more comfortable than having to keep your back upright too. Man, he is tall. You hardly feel Chris’ arm snake around your numb shoulders, though you do feel something poking your thigh.

“Chris.”

“Yes?”

“Do you have a boner?”

“Mhm,” he mumbles, sparking mutual laughter. The alcohol is going through you, relaxing your muscles more than they ever could naturally. You don’t really notice that your hand is undoing his pants. Chris does.

“What are you doing there?” he asks.

“Isn’t this where it was headed anyway?” you answer, resigned. “Wow, you’re in a weird mood today, sweetie.”

“Just shut up so we can get this over with.”

Surprisingly, he does. His fingers run through your hair as you’re still leaning against him. Your fingers are running up and down his cock, stroking it with delicate pressure. You’ve masturbated before. Often. It doesn’t feel that odd to do it for another guy. In fact, you feel great. Your whole body is set ablaze with excitement. In a moment of weakness, you raise your head with some effort and plant a kiss on Chris’ lips. His hand, previously running through your hair, now supports the back of your head as he reciprocates your show of affection, his tongue seeking yours. Your breathing goes ragged, uneven. You’re focussing almost entirely on holding the kiss and keeping the pace. Chris occasionally breaks away from your lips, allowing you to gasp for air when he starts to kiss your neck or nibble on your earlobe.

Suddenly, warmth runs over your fingers. While Chris is caressing your neck, you look down to see translucent liquid streaming down your hand, as well as some puddles staining your skirt. Just as suddenly, pressure builds up in your balls, and you feel yourself ejaculate into your panties, making it perfect. Despite your mutual orgasm, Chris continues making out with you, even dropping one hand in your crotch and reciprocating the attention he just got from you.

“I want you to cum for me again, Suki”, he explains. “Cum.”

The feeling is indescribable. It's as pleasant as a normal orgasm, yet at the same time so unusual. Never before did you cum twice in such a short time span, much less on order. It reminds you of your first wet dreams as a teen, when there was a pressure in your dick that you couldn't explain, and your underwear was stained the next morning. You expect your panties didn't get off any more lightly today than your underwear did during puberty. Spent and relaxed, you slump harder into Chris' chest. Within moments, everything turns black.

When you wake up, you're alone in the room. There's some semen on the carpet, ruining your hard work from earlier. A piece of paper is lying on the big table.

"Come to the office when you wake up."

-Marcus"

You'd hoped for a note from Chris, frankly. A glance at the clock tells you it's around 9 in the evening. That leaves you enough time to get this cleaned up before you head down to the study. You wouldn't want to break any rules now, would you?

So it's back to the faithful supply closet to find something that will make short work of these stains. One of the solutions stood out as very helpful on your cleaning spree, and it still doesn't disappoint. In no time at all, the carpet looks good as new. A longer break would've been nice, but 10 PM is fast approaching, and you still need to do something about your clothes, you remember. Actually, that'll be a good opportunity to ask Marcus what happened yesterday.

In the study, Marcus is sitting in his favourite armchair at the end of the room, as always, and Chris opposite of him. When Marcus looks at the door you're stepping through, Chris turns around to face you.

"The star of the hour," Marcus beams. "Though I hear she doesn't handle booze too well."

Embarrassed, you do the greeting routine before the probe can punish you. The slightest bow, followed by an almost imperceptible curtsy. You vow never to get used to this humiliated procedure, even though you feel like you do already.

"Thanks for the nice time together," Chris smiles sincerely. Warmth runs through your veins. You're flattered, for some reason.

"Why... why do you do this?" you ask him. "I get that Marcus and you are friends, apparently, but that doesn't really explain why you're okay with... um, you know. Doing... *that* with me. I'm a guy."

"Hmm," Marcus wonders loudly, scratching his chin mockingly. "Whatever could that mean?" Chris throws his head back in laughter.

"I'm gay," he breaks the news, chuckling. You're frozen for a solid minute.

"So I, uh, and you, um, we—" Now you're cut off by Marcus laughing, heaving breathlessly, which is infecting Chris as well.

"That stuttering is priceless," Marcus wipes a tear out of his eye. "Yes, Suki. You gave a gay dude a handjob. I knew you were a natural from the start. Don't worry, we'll make you proper nice for straight guys as soon as we can."

"Well, um, shut up." You try to refocus your attention and change the subject. "You said it was your bad that you shouted at me this morning. I want some answers in return."

"Ooh, do you always get feisty after gay sex?" Marcus teases you further, trying to calm down. "First you complain about the maids being some sort of racial or national stereotypes, now you're flattered by compliments from a queen." Chris laughs while Marcus puts on the best Cali girl accent he can muster. "Like, that's so offensive!" he mocks you. Eventually, he catches his breath.

"Ah," he says, "I'm having so much fun with you. It's delightful to have you around. But you had a question, right? Ask away."

"Alright, so the teacher told me that, if my clothes get stained, I can get a protective bag from Angelina so that the vines wouldn't rip them up. I did just that, but last night, my clothing got torn apart again. Why?"

"May I presume your clothes were stained with your own semen?" he starts. Your face answers the question. "Hmm, how shocking! Tell me, Suki, where does semen come from?" What? You expect another joke at your expense, but an awkward pause hangs in the air.

"From dicks," you answer after Marcus doesn't continue on his own.

"Astute observation, dear! And I presume you couldn't have possibly left all that crusty sperm smeared around your pathetic little thing?"

Why does every one of his answers have to come in the form of an insult? Alright, point taken. Maybe you could've thought of that.

"Fine. Another question." Marcus raises his eyebrows at your forcefulness, but doesn't stop you. "You kept evading me on this point. Where's... Emma and why don't I get to see 'her'?"

"I wasn't evading, there are simply things to take care of and I can't sit around all day answering each and every question you manage to come up with," he corrects you. "Emma's fine. We arranged your schedule so that you wouldn't be likely to meet. She got quite upset after your first duties together, and a little birdy told me you did, too." What's he talking about? Marcus starts to fiddle around with his phone. A second later, yours vibrates. You go to check. There's a new message with contact details... for Emma.

"Thanks," you say, looking down at the screen. "Uh, th-thank you, Sir," you correct yourself.

"You're very welcome, Suki. You earned it. Now that we got some of those questions and grievances resolved, I think it's my turn to prepare you for one thing I have planned." Oh God.

“We want to start integrating you more into the maid collective. For now, you’ve only had contact with a bare minimum of the servants. I think you’re getting ready to be allowed into the cafeteria. Your meals won’t be served by Angelina anymore. Instead, you’ll go to the cafeteria at 1 PM to get your daily rations. All the maids eat there, so it’s only fitting that you do, too. I’d say ten days from now is a good time to introduce you. We wouldn’t want to rush things. You’re likely to meet Emma there, too, by the way. We won’t change the schedules for the time being though. Gives you something to look forward to. Oh, and you probably noticed, but your mornings will be longer now that you need to shave your legs and such. We’ll always adjust your schedule according to the amount of routine duties you have. We’re that considerate, after all. Now, if you don’t have any more pressing concerns, I would like to say good night and see you tomorrow.”

There are more questions. Like how he got the idea that you were distressed after working with Emma, or why you have to wait another ten days to get into the cafeteria, but his body language tells you that he was being rhetorical. If you think about it, being introduced to the cafeteria probably isn’t anything to be happy about in the first place, so maybe you don’t mind waiting. Informally, you wave Chris goodbye and head back to the Quarters quickly enough that Marcus can’t chastise you. The probe, however, can. Disregarding the shock, you hope Angelina is still awake.

“Good evening, *cara*. What brings you to me this late?” she answers the door. “My clothes got dirty again, and I could use another one of those bags.”

“No no no, say it right,” she demands, though in her very charming way. You sigh.

“This silly girl has soiled herself, ma’am,” you perform in your most annoyed voice possible. Angelina applauds cutely and hands you a plastic bag.

“Good night, *bellissima*,” she starts to close the door, but you stop her.

“Wait.” She looks at you shocked. “Sorry to be so rash, but I have one more question. Are you actually Italian?” Angelina grins widely and looks off to the corner, like she’s thinking about pulling a prank on you.

“Ain’t you the most curious little darling?” she eventually responds in a completely alien voice, and shuts the door. “No” would have sufficed. You’re a bit stumped, standing there with a dropped jaw at this... whatever this accent was. It sure wasn’t Italian, you’re not even sure it was European.

Any knowledge gained is a step forward though. You’re not quite sure what to make of it, but you’re more interested in following up with Eric for the time being. First off, you need to make sure you avoid another uniform change tomorrow. Clothes go in the bag, then sponge goes over your cock. Just to make sure, you scrub it extra carefully.

Finishing that, you are free to message Eric. You can’t always wait for Marcus to further your plans, and now you have the means to do it yourself. Stay here too long... and you might end up just like your friend. It’s time to get to work.

“Hey Eric, how’s it going?”

“Suki? Grrr, i told u to stop calling me that.”

“Likewise. I’m still Rich, or even Richard if you absolutely have to. How are you doing?”

“Pooey :(Master says hes 2 busy to play with me. Prbly 3 days without cock now, im dying D: guess ur his new fav girl.”

“Come on, don’t be like that. You know that’s the last thing I want. Can we meet up sometime?” “Dont think so, sorry bb. Schedule says i dont work with u at all.”

“Doesn’t have to be at work. I’ll get into the cafeteria roughly ten days from now. Maybe we could meet up there? I miss you.”

You’re interrupted by an explosion of pleasure in your anus. There’s no way to prepare, and so you shoot a load all over your stomach, while lying down on the bed. Just then, the clock turns to 10, as the vines start pinning you down, tearing apart your clothes and feeding you your own cum. Your phone drops onto the table next to your bed, vibrating with a last message from Eric.

“Aww, sure we can sit together in the cafeteria. Hope u got prettier since last time i saw u ;)”

DAY 30

There's no doubt; your body is changing. Flipping through your phone's photo album, you can see it clearly. Now that you have a solid sample size, the difference is obvious. Not from one day to the next; but going from the first day of having a phone to a week later or more, it's like a slap to the face. Your skin looks softer, your hair grows faster than it reasonably could, your eyelashes are much longer than any man's and your shoulders are actually growing closer together somehow. There's no denying it. Your body is becoming more feminine.

Standing in front of the mirror, you make some more severe observations. Like your waist fat apparently moving upwards. You wouldn't go as far as saying that you have breasts. But there are definitely... bumps. Mounds. Whatever you want to call it, it's an unnatural, soft deposit of flesh, giving you proportions no man could sport. As you already noticed, it looks like what you've got extra up top, you're missing down below. That tummy of yours pinches in far more than it has any right to. Your hair is already reaching your Adam's apple which seems to be receding back into your throat as well.

Those strands that keep falling into your face have introduced you to having to brush your hair behind your ears constantly. Combined with your shrinking arms, you have no doubts it looks unabashedly feminine. Right now, you're eyeing the scrunchies that have been forming a pile in a bathroom cupboard this whole time. Resolved, you pick them up. Guys with long hair actually have it in a ponytail often, so maybe this is actually making you a bit more masculine? You sure hope so as you try to remember how you've seen people do this. It's not like you ever paid attention, so you only noticed it in passing. In the end, you just comb your hair back as tightly as you can, try to hold it in place with one hand, while the other is... doing something. In the end, the scrunchie technically does cling to your hair, though not in a way that anybody would show off in public.

Before you can make another attempt, your front door unexpectedly opens. What the fuck, you're still naked! Turning the corner is Marcus, who else.

"Good morning, Suk—whoa, *hello*..."

"Waah, get out!" you squeak, throwing a towel at him and trying to cover yourself up. Marcus just laughs and stays exactly where he is.

"That is no way to talk to your Master, is it? Relax, I'm not here for nefarious purposes." You glare at him. "What? Still mad at me about that spontaneous, remote-controlled outfit change? Come on, it was kind of funny." Still glaring. "You were so adamant about getting it right that evening, I just couldn't resist. I promise the probe will only be used for proper training purposes from this day onwards. I know how passionate you are about becoming a maid. You're not even wearing your upgrade anyway! So what are you mad about?" Glaaaaring...

"Anyway, as I said, I didn't come here to torture you. You just make it so easy sometimes, you know? All I wanted to do is to remind you that today is your first day in the cafeteria. For that purpose, Angelina will stop by shortly. She'll get you fitted

with your new accessories as well, since you preferred to ignore them. I let you get away with that for over a week, and yet all I hear is complaints. This really is a thankless job,” he mutters as he leaves the room. The door actually opens from the outside before he reaches it, Angelina stepping in just as Marcus was about to leave.

“There you are. Perfect timing. I’ll leave you girls to it. Have a nice day, darlings!”

Angelina. So beautiful, so kind. Yet at the same time one of the main proponents of your transformation. She’s giggling and touching your hair, sending shivers through you.

“What happened there?” she asks rhetorically, already starting to pull your hair back and getting it sorted. Her hand catches yours, which she uses to fasten the scrunchie, thereby teaching you how to do it. After she did it, she undoes the ponytail and asks you to get your hair back up on your own. It’s quite simple when you’re shown once, so you get a pretty tight ponytail going on your first try. Angelina praises your efforts adorably, as always.

“So later we go to the cafeteria. But first, nails,” she announces. Huh? She walks over to your cabinet, bends down – at the waist, as maids do, flashing everyone behind them – picks up your clothes and sits down on the bed next to you, dropping the clothes on the mattress. Left in her hand are those plastic things you’ve seen in your wardrobe, but didn’t know what to do with them. “First, nails,” she said. Nails... nails! Oh, fuck this.

Angelina has already sat down cross-legged on the bed and spread out your fingers on one of her thighs. She’s planning to apply fake fingernails to your hands.

“Is this really necessary?” you protest meekly.

“Yes, looks much nicer than real nails. Especially the kind Master always buys. Has an eye for quality,” she smirks, looking at you like you’re in on some joke. “Girl’s job is to be pretty. Can be very rewarding and pleasant, you’ll see.”

You’re not sure you will, but you’re aware no amount of resistance is likely to change her mind. Your mind drifts back to that evening she spoke in some accent. One that was so different from her usual speech. Your curiosity is piqued.

“So you’re not Italian, right?” you ask. “Hm?”

“That night. I was asking if you were Italian, and you responded with an accent... a different accent. You meant to say you weren’t Italian, didn’t you?”

“Oh. Sound like it, don’t I?” she seems to evade your question, but continues. “Am Italian. Angelina is Italian. If asking whether I was born in Italy or if my parents were Italian, then answer is no. But you weren’t born Japanese either, were you Suki?”

For the first time since you’ve known her, Angelina’s giving you cold shivers instead of hot ones. You doubt she could’ve said something that would’ve creeped you out more. Just then, something sharp rubs against your finger.

“Oops,” Angelina apologises, “slipped a little.”

A nail file is dancing across your hand, from one finger to the next. You have to admit that you kind of let yourself go in that regard. Schedules were too packed, new sensations too unsettling, plans unfinished. Something always seemed to get in the way, or you plain forgot.

“Have wonderful nails. Will fit nicely,” Angelina gushes. That’s what you get for not clipping them shorter.

The “Italian” head maid keeps filing your nails into the shape she deems perfect for holding the plastic extensions. After she trimmed them all expertly, she grabs a spray bottle, applies some sort of liquid, and waits for it to dry. Then, it’s on to the real deal. Squirting a more viscous fluid onto the nail sparingly, Angelina always goes for the plastic attachments quickly, to squeeze them onto your finger before the fluid – which you presume to be glue – dries. She dabs all around your nail to get it sticking evenly, and waits a few seconds to make sure the glue is actually dry and hardened before preparing the next finger. You probably sit there for a good thirty minutes, which actually seems pretty fast, considering all the steps involved.

“So what were you doing?” you ask her. “Hm? Applying nails,” she explains, confused.

“No, I mean what were all the steps? I assume this is going on the list of things I’ll have to do, so I should get some explanation of how it works, right? It’s not quite the same as shaving my legs, I never glued things to my body as a man. Uh, I mean, I’m still a man, but I never... you know.”

“Ah, not to worry. First, file them down nicely. Saw how long nails were. Not very long, but not as short as man’s. Then just spray on some disinfectant and wait for it to—”

“Wait, disinfectant? What for?” you interrupt Angelina, which causes her to look at you a little offended for the first time.

“Well, just for safety. Master’s special nails are very good, but if applied badly, a lot of dirt can collect in six months.”

“S-six—” you stutter. These things are going to stick to your hands for half a year? Your plans have been going slowly, but you wanted to escape this place much sooner than that.

“Is right word I think, yes, six months. Half year. Is very useful, no? Don’t worry, do nails for almost all the girls. If want to do yourself when these come off, I show you then. Okay?” she asks her trademark reassuring question. You’re anything but reassured, yet you nod, considering this conversation is pretty much over for you. Angelina isn’t quite done.

“Nails fixed, but no polish yet. May assume you don’t want colour?” You violently shake your head. “Hmhm,” she chuckles, “will fetch transparent polish for you.”

True to her word, she returns a minute later with a tiny bottle in her hand. Without delay, she unscrews the top, revealing a little brush built into the lid. Angelina wipes it off the bottle's rim and starts applying the fluid. In its wake, it leaves your nails looking exactly the same, except shinier, reflecting light more noticeably and drawing attention. So here you are, with fingernails that stop at least an inch beyond your actual finger, nicely painted shiny. You've got the feeling your nail polish isn't going to get any more subtle than this. Quite the contrary. You aren't granted much time to think about it though, because Angelina is already pulling on your arm.

"Let's head to the cafeteria," she suggests, though you don't have a lot of alternatives.

"Wait," you stop her. "I'm not even dressed yet."

"Good," she responds flatly, pulling you out of your room.

Even though the inhabitants have seen you without clothes on more than one occasion, they never get tired of giggling at your naked body. Angelina leads you by the hand all the way, infantilising you to add to the embarrassment. You end up in a side building, an annex to the mansion. It has its own entrance, but connects to the mansion, too. You remember guards blocking your entry whenever you got near any of the doors. This time, they not only let you through, they in fact don't even exist. Marcus put up guards just to keep you out of the cafeteria. There has to be some surprise waiting for you. Judging by Angelina's atypical giddiness as she moves to open the door, you dread to open your eyes. When you do, you regret it instantly.

Before your eyes spreads out a normal cafeteria. All that's missing is a counter (plus the people behind it), trays, queues, food, chairs, tables and conversation. To make up for it, they added some other things. Like loud moans. Naked women.

Ceiling-mounted dildos. Enemas.

Maids of all nationalities, no matter how shy in private, are sitting in rows, hunched over large bowls. Their butt cheeks are not pressed against a chair or stool but rather against a large syringe-like object, inserted into their asshole. It's hooked up to the ceiling as well, which is where it draws water from. Said water is pumped into the girls' complying rear ends where it streams out again and pools in the bowl below after having rinsed out their anal cavity.

In the meantime, the girls are threading the rubber cocks in and out of their throats. It's not so much sexual as it is sensual. None of them are brutally impaling themselves, their movement is quite smooth, relaxed, relishing. However, one girl in particular does not follow that pattern.

Emma. Among the slow movements all around, her frantic pace stands out immediately. It's not that she takes the dildo the deepest. Neither does her sphincter close around the enema as tightly nor as far down as some others. Yet all the maids are just sitting on their enema, letting it do its work, while Emma is evidently... fucking it.

Her hips and ass flex unbelievably far up, to slam back down with an audible smack a split second later. Similarly, her head is bobbing back and forth in a flash, she's facefucking herself merrily and readily. However, her upper body is completely motionless. Her neck and hips are simply so flexible, so apparently well-trained, that she has an almost inhuman range of movement in these areas. Your eyes can't escape the hypnotic rhythm and insane curvature of her ass every time she pulls it back up, until you're grabbed and turned around.

"Don't just stare. Join your friend!" Angelina cheers you on, grabbing your shoulders. She's moving forward, so you're pushed back. Wait, nonononononon—

"Haaaaaaaaaaaaannn!~"

Your scream echoes off the walls of the cafeteria, probably carrying all the way to the Quarters from here. What's worse is that nobody would interpret that as anything like shouting in pain, especially after seeing you cream yourself in reaction to the enema invading your virgin asshole. Now that you're sitting, fully impaled, you try to calm yourself, but that's difficult with a syringe in your rectum and a probe in your prostate. Said probe is quite entertained by the attention it's getting, and passes that joy on to you. You dread to form these words in your head, but sitting on the enema feels so... *great* that you can hardly concentrate.

In the meantime, Emma didn't let you disturb her "at work". Her torso and legs are as stationary as before, while her hips and neck are in overdrive. Jesus, in her current form, she could suck off a standing horse with her entire body except her head tied to a table. You know you set out to separate Emma's body and Emma's mind, but you have to say it's still unsettling when you have to make these observations.

Speaking of unsettling, Angelina isn't resting during your personal porn show. She's standing in front of you and lowers one of the ceiling dildos right in front of your face. It occurs to you how fucked up this perspective is. Here you are, sat down on a huge enema, looking at a drop-dead gorgeous Mediterranean lady in fetish clothing, but having to gaze past a giant – and as you notice, veiny – rubber cock to see her. Angelina proceeds to sit on the enema next to you, like it's the most normal thing in the world. You can do nothing but stare at her, hearing her voice fight against the backdrop of moaning maids and Emma's squeaking enema.

"Eat," she suggests. "Is tasty, promise." With that, she gulps down her own dildo, taking it all at once, no foreplay or anything. As soon as she clamps down on the meat, water is sprayed in and out of her asshole. If you're waiting on a reaction by her, you can wait forever. She doesn't respond to the sudden stream of water whatsoever.

Given that you really do need to eat, you have no choice but to give it a try. Who knows, maybe it really is tasty. Cautiously, you take as little of the dildo into your mouth as you can. Just like you saw with Angelina, the moment your lips press down on the rubber, the enema pumps water into your anus. Naturally, you don't take such a thing in stride like she did, so you spit out the dildo and lean forward in shock, nearly pulling yourself off the enema. In a way, you're glad that you didn't because that'd mean you'd have to get on a second time. Next to you, you hear a gagging

sound as Angelina tries to laugh around her food dispenser. Pff, serves her right. She used to be so nice. Lately, she's been the devil's right hand. Or maybe she was from the start and you just let yourself get fooled...

Attempt number two. You press down your lips on the rubber cock once again, tensing every muscle in your body in anticipation of the onslaught of water. It comes again, and this time, you manage to keep your lips in place. You'd think this is no big deal, getting a bit of water sprayed into your ass. But with the probe doing what it does, you were already losing your mind when the enema was just prodding inside, not outright flooding it. Your eyes cautiously scan the room. How do these girls stay so calm having their asses penetrated? Granted, they're all moaning, but they're doing it quietly, barely moving. With all this arousal coursing through your veins... honestly, you feel much more sympathetic to Emma than anybody else in this room, and that scares you shitless. You're not going to start bouncing up and down on the enema like a pornstar. Not yet.

Even your attempts at eating are futile though. Your lips are locked, you're enduring the anal cleansing, but no food is dispensed from the damn food dispenser. Maybe yours is broken? Could be, but checking out the maids – other than Emma, you don't want to invoke the comparison again in a million years – there are a couple more things they're doing. For a start, while they're not bouncing madly, their heads are all bobbing to some degree. Alright, you can do that. Carefully, you start moving your head back and forth, while keeping a seal with your lips. Oh, something moved in there! You're not sure what it is, but there was definitely a reaction to your movement. To your disappointment, it doesn't seem to do anything though. Two minutes of continues bobbing later, and your mouth is still dry.

Given that all the maids are using this device hands-free, you can only think of one thing left to do: Pressing your tongue against the dildo. The moment you do so, creamy liquid shoots into your mouth, finally solving the puzzle. Ew, it's terribly salty! Not the liquid itself, but rather the dildo surrounding it. The food is the same paste that you've been served on a plate the previous weeks. It's sort of sand-coloured and tastes pretty neutral. There's nothing to really dislike about it, and it sates your hunger very quickly.

Angelina notices your scrunched-up face over having to lick the dildo for food, you see out of the corner of your eye. You look over to her and she tries her best to smile around the rubber phallus that's stuck in her face. Her hand moves towards you and pushes gently on the back of your head. God no! You aren't going to take this thing any further into your mouth, no way! That brings you to notice how she's eating. The dildo is actually completely hidden in Angelina's mouth and throat; her lips are closing an inch or two above the rubber and around the plastic tube that transports the liquid meals. Fuck if that sight isn't straight out of porn, but at the same time you're wondering why she would do that. Just then, Angelina pulls her head back off the dildo, her throat releasing it with nasty – and arousing – squelching sounds. She gasps, evidently excited, catching her breath before addressing you.

“Have your probe in your butt, don't you?” she asks. You nod, moving the dildo along with your face. “Have mine in back of mouth,” Angelina explains. “As head maid,

have to talk to other maids a lot. Feels very nice. This girl,” she points to Emma, who’s still thrashing on the enema, despite her food dispenser’s tube long being empty, “I do not know how many probes she must have. Anyway. Even without mouth probe, more reason to take food deeply. Come, try.”

Her hand moves to the back of your head again, this time pushing with a little more force. At first, you resist, but you can’t withstand the annoyed, disappointed look Angelina gives you. All she did was ask you to try.

So you cave in, because of course you do. You look forward, not daring to look that dream woman in the eyes while you willingly take a male organ deeper into your mouth, even if it’s artificial and made of rubber. You close your eyes. Cautiously, slowly, you move forward. Your tongue drags along the underside of the dildo, and the effect is immediate. More fluid rushes into your mouth than before. That must be why Angelina was done so fast despite sitting down after you. You’ve barely had two spoonfuls whereas she’s consumed her rations for a whole day. More importantly though, you note the absence of that oppressive, musky taste. That goes a long way to make this ordeal more tolerable. Unconsciously, you start driving yourself a bit further up the length to evade the unpleasant taste. The dildo even starts tasting sweet up here! It’s not that amazing, but after weeks of only eating that bland paste, it easily compares to a nice treat after dinner. You only catch yourself taking more cock into your mouth when it hits your gums. At the same time, you’re embarrassed, but intrigued as well. Shame paints your cheeks red at the revelation that you were going down on that dick quite readily. At that point, you doubt much would’ve separated you from the maids around you for a third party observer. Yet you wonder. If it already tastes this good where you reached – which wasn’t even a third of the way up – then how fucking good must the bottom of the shaft taste?

That thought is gratefully interrupted by an onslaught of food paste as the rest of your tube empties itself. All your attention is drawn to swallowing the nutritional fluid as fast as you can to avoid having it burst out of your mouth and spilling everywhere. It’s a challenge, but you succeed in keeping it all in.

“Told you,” Angelina smiles from the side, very happy to be proven right. She lets you have some time to catch some breath, which you dearly need, but you want to talk to Eric as well. It looks like he’s finally detached from the dildo, though he looks really out of it, motionless.

“Hey Eric. Or Emma, whatever... It’s good to finally see you, man—um, or... girl? I don’t know, just glad to meet up. We wanted to have a chat, remember?” you greet him.

However, Eric/Emma shows no signs of hearing a word you just said. All she does is sit there, limp on her enema, drooling on the floor, her chest heaving. She looks exhausted, spent, as well as addicted and momentarily, utterly satisfied. Angelina rests a hand on your shoulder from behind.

“Is no use, *cara*. Happens every day. Girl goes crazy, then looks like this for one hour. Can’t talk to her,” she explains.

“Then what am I supposed to do? I haven’t been assigned any duties today. Besides, I vaguely remember Marcus telling me that we’d eat at 1 PM. You dragged me here pretty much right after I woke up, I didn’t even have time to get dressed.”

Angelina points behind her to a large clock on the wall. 1:30 PM. Impossible. The vines must’ve kept you longer, you couldn’t possibly be awake for more than seven hours already.

“If no tasks assigned to you, have a nice day,” Angelina laughs like it’s the most obvious thing. “Would love some free time. If bored, just come see me and we have some fun together, okay?”

Hell yeah, you won’t say no to that. Although, you should probably manage your expectations. “Fun” in her mind likely means dressing you up and doing your hair. Shit, if that’s all it takes to have some of your brand of fun with her, you’ll bear it though.

With nothing else to do, you leave Angelina and Emma behind, since they’re pretty much dead ends at this point. For a moment, you’re considering to slack off, have a relaxing day in your room. But your mind quickly turns to your escape plans, which are entirely non-existent at this point. You planned to get Emma to weigh in today and as soon as that failed, you try to distract yourself. This can’t continue.

Alright, so she’s incapacitated for the time being. No big deal. You’ve got the day free, which is just the remedy you needed. She can detox from the jumbo portion of cock she consumed earlier and you can take some time looking around the area once you got dressed. Most of your trips were work-related, and you’ve already experienced how seriously schedules are taken here. Now that you have all the time you need, and no tasks to worry about, you can make some noteworthy observations.

First of all, construction on the fence is progressing fast. Shit. In many, if not all, places, you’d say this fence is already insurmountable. Digging through is out of the question with so many cameras around and the time it would take, and you don’t think the fence is likely to have many weak spots, with all the construction workers inspecting it 24/7. After another trip along the fence, you walk back to the manor. You took regular breaks to avoid looking like you’re scouting the premises for signs of weakness. You always tried keeping your head fairly far up to make it look like you’re just taking in nature, too. Yeah, it’s probably silly, and Marcus knows your intentions, but it can’t hurt, and it’s better than taking no precautions at all.

Just as you pass the manor’s main entrance, a blood-curdling scream pierces through the heavy, huge double doors. It’s brief, but powerful, and sounded like it came from the basement. Could that mean...

You decide to walk a couple of circles in front of the entrance, waiting to see what happens. Your patience is rewarded when minutes later, an intimidated-looking man comes through, on his way to the Servants’ Quarters. Surreptitiously, you follow him on his way, learning that his room is on the third floor, which you hadn’t seen yet. It’s not a big secret, nor was it blocked off, you just hadn’t been there before. Seeing it now, you haven’t missed out. It’s literally a copy of the second floor. What is surprising is that there are stairs that would carry you even further up. The

Dormitory doesn't look that tall from outside, huh. Then again, the ceilings aren't very high.

Anyway, back to your escape plans. Or perhaps they'd be more aptly named "escape considerations". You don't have much to show off in the way of actual planning. Now though, this guy might be the key to getting out of this sick, twisted prison. Like you assessed earlier, there's a low likelihood of any structural damage or somehow climbing that reinforced fence. Nor would it be possible to jump from any of the buildings; they're too far away from the fence even if you wouldn't break your legs after such a fall, ending any attempt of running before it started.

All that leaves is the front entrance. Obviously, that sounds silly, given your last attempt in that direction. But that was then. Lately, the guards have thinned out. From what you can see, the main entrance post is staffed by a single woman. Even with your greatly diminished strength and their comparatively impressive physique, you figure you could take one of them on if you had somebody to help out. If you turn Emma back to clarity, and this guy turns out an ally... then you should have more than enough manpower – so to speak – to take that lonely guard down and run off into freedom. In theory, that is.

Man, when you had your mouth stuffed with a dildo earlier, you didn't expect this day to be as promising as it turned out. Proud of your progress, you're about to retire to your room and message Eric, where you find Marcus already waiting. When you come in, he throws a handful of confetti into the air.

"Congratulations on your first blowjob!" He stretches his arms out in mock celebration. "I knew you had it in you. And today, for the first time, you really did have *it* in you. If you go on like that, I'm sure we can have you graduate to the real thing in no time."

Having seen hope for an escape today has given you confidence. Enough to make a stand here, in the heat of the moment.

"Every day you complain how much work you have to do, yet all I see you do is follow every step I take, to make fun of me every time you *force* me to do something. So no, congratulations to *you* for having me dress up like a fucking fetish, and still have me looking like the respectable one of the group." Marcus' face is turning into the opposite of smiling, but at the height of your rant, you don't notice that.

"And while we're on the topic of respectability, what the *fuck* did you do to my friend? Angelina said that after raping him like you did me, you didn't just put one probe inside his body, but more than even she knows about. Tell me then, does it make you feel strong to kidnap people, malnourish them and then toy with their bodies? Are you going to pull the same shit on me?" At the end of your tirade, you've talked yourself into such a furore that you actually have to catch your breath. Marcus, to say the least, is displeased.

"Do you want to see?" he curtly asks you in a deep, rumbling voice. You give him a determined nod, very different from the passivity you've exuded lately. It takes some resolve not to crack under the pressure of his authority. You've learned how much he can do, which weighs heavily on every one of your decisions. Maybe your confidence

was misplaced, but at least it looks like you're getting some more information out of this.

Without another word, Marcus walks past you at a brisk pace out of your room and out of the Quarters. You follow behind him and shiver when you see him heading towards the large staircase. He's taking you to the basement. Right through the room where you were first violated. Marcus stops, breathing in theatrically.

"Aah, the smell of a new maid. People who get excited by new cars must've never experienced the odour of breaking in a girl."

With his back to you, Marcus leans over the trap chair. In the blink of an eye, he turns around and pushes a finger between your lips before you can react. You cough and sputter.

"What was that all about?" you ask him in a ragged voice.

"Only like your own?" he asks back. "You looked like you'd developed a taste for semen, but I guess not. Eh, all in due time."

That's the end of that. All he stopped here for was to rub some cum between your teeth. You suppose that was the answer to your little tirade upstairs. Hopefully that calmed him down. For you, it wasn't so bad. It's still cum, but it was only a few drops. Besides, Marcus is right, in a way, it's not like that taste is unfamiliar to you after the many uniform upgrades you had to endure early on during your stay.

You're still quite happy when Marcus walks through a door you hadn't seen the last time, putting an end to these shenanigans for now. The room before you is massively wide. An entire wall with graphs, names and miscellaneous data stretches out for what must be a hundred employees, if not more.

"What... is that?" you mumble unconsciously with a dropped jaw.

"That's the core of how our little maids are made," Marcus replies nonchalantly. "These graphs represent the path we deem most fitting to them. The one that will allow her to bloom and find happiness in servitude."

"The y-axis is a percentage, the x-axis represents certain characteristics. Love, adoration, submission, dominance, kinkiness, libido, and plenty of other things. We've got more employees off-site, doing surveillance. The probe sends some readings. Hormone levels, blood pressure, the usual. Helps a lot with gauging what's going on inside your body. For everything on the outside, we have the cameras. Whenever they see you conforming to your role, you get a Tingle, because these off-site employees press the corresponding button. Or one of the buttons, I should say. You must've noticed that not every Tingle is as strong as the next. They do have some authority to judge the appropriate intensity, but mostly, the overall strength of the Tingles is determined by the percentage you can see here."

It takes a long time to process all this. So the probe isn't as all-powerful as you thought... For minutes, you just stare at various graphs, reading many names you're not at all familiar with, while searching for the few that ring a bell. There's Angelina, the Italian head maid. Her graph is shockingly low and quite flat. The intensity

barely reaches 15% anywhere, but the flatness of the line suggests she's sort of a jack-of-all-trades.

"Where's the teacher?" you ask Marcus, curious to learn more.

"Anna? She's over here," the well-built man walks a few metres to the graph titled "Anna", who was apparently the woman teaching you a couple days back.

Her graph is interesting. Submission actually goes into the negatives; they want her to be stubborn and resilient. Yet her adoration is high, which explains how upset she got when you told her it was Marcus' fault that you couldn't find the classroom. You suppose love and adoration are related to Marcus only. Needless to say, dominance is still her strong suit, reaching a good 60% on the graph. What could be most useful to you is her inclination towards kinkiness and a lively libido. Maybe that could serve to get you out of a tight spot in class. That's really all you need to know about her; she really wasn't your first choice, but you didn't want to ask about Eric or yourself right away. Scanning the wall, you don't find either name; you even reluctantly look for Emma and Suki.

"Where's my name then?" you ask, trying to sound unaffected and neutral. "Why, right in the middle," Marcus points out.

Huh, he's right. You figured important guards and Angelina would be somewhere in the centre of the wall. But there "you" are, under Suki. Immediately, the difference is noticeable.

All the maids, and presumably guards, had their assigned values somewhere in the middle, or upper mid-field at most. You haven't seen a single girl eclipse 75% in any given category. Perhaps you shouldn't be too shocked at seeing this, but since you're the only one that gets this treatment...

Love: 100%

Adoration: 100%

Submission: 100%

Dominance: 20%

Libido: 100%

Kinkiness: -40%

So you weren't imagining it; the feelings induced to you by the probe are actually much stronger for you than for the others. The rest of the values are mostly minor things that are pretty much even among all the people here that Marcus is trying to mould into maids. Things like behaviour, posture and gestures, though some slightly worrying parts like exhibitionism as well. Of course you're stunned, but you try not to show it. First, because you want to deny Marcus his smug grin, second, because you want to know more.

"Why is dominance encouraged? I stood up to you a few times but didn't notice anything. And why the low kinkiness? How does that even work?" you ask a barrage of questions.

"Aren't we curious today?" Marcus retorts flippantly, as he likes to do. "I encourage some degree of dominance because I like my girls a little feisty," he smiles. "In the bedroom, I certainly do. Cards on the table, I'm really looking forward to seeing you finished. No surprise there, I guess. I used to know this Japanese lady. I must've been

24 when I met her, she was around 35 to 40, I'd say. Whenever I talked to her, she was so shy, so quiet that I could barely hear her soft voice. It just so happened that I knew her husband as well. He worked for me and we got along great. All his conversations seemed to gravitate towards the topic of his wife at some point. This guy was obsessed with her, and for good reason. Said she was this picture perfect housewife, taking care of everything at home, and even in the bedroom she was just the cutest thing. But every now and then, she'd get horny beyond belief, and would take the backseat to no-one. That's what he told me at least once a week, and every time I called bullshit on it. Long story short, we made a deal. The next time this happened, he'd ask her what she thinks about a threesome with his boss. When that day came, I'm not going to lie, my heart was pumping like crazy. This woman just had *something*. Authority. Class. It's difficult to describe, but I was enthralled with the prospect of seeing this woman take charge. And boy, did she ever."

"Without hesitation, she accepted her husband's offer. When I got there, they could barely let go of each other for a second to open the door. Her husband took her from behind, while I had the honour of being serviced by her soft lips. I can tell the picture in your mind is as far removed from the concept of dominance as it could be." He's not wrong. "A woman getting spit roasted. What's dominant about that? Well, let me tell you, back then, I wasn't quite the irresistible hunk I am today. That lady threw herself at us, overwhelmed us. At times, we felt like passive participants, the way she raced from one to the other."

"The next morning, it was like nothing happened. Our night was long, we didn't get to sleep 'til 3 AM. More than once we asked her if she had enough. She preferred to respond through action and what guy in his twenties would refuse? Anyway, at 8 AM, this woman stands in the doorway to the bedroom, where we'd all collapsed on the spot, holding a huge tray with breakfast for two, wearing nothing but a flimsy apron."

"So that's where your fetish for maids comes from?" you interrupt, and Marcus confirms as much.

"Groggy and tired as I was, she looked like a heavenly vision. She set down the tray for her husband and me, explaining that she'd had 'plenty to eat already'. He and I sunk our teeth into magnificent bacon and eggs, while she was nestled against her husband's chest, occasionally giving him a peck on the cheek, just revelling in her role as a small woman, as his doting wife."

His speech breaks up for a moment. Marcus breathes out audibly.

"Damn girl, are you trying to get me hard or something? Look at this erection, who's going to take care of that?" Uh oh... Marcus laughs at your horrified expression.

"Relax. I want our first time to be special, not holed up in this dingy basement, looking at graphs and formulae. It's not like I'm plagued by a lack of pussy in this place. Don't worry though, sweetie, I'll settle down one day." Ugh. Let's move on.

"How about Emma?" you switch topics. "Where's her graph?"

“Ouch! Rejected,” Marcus jokes. “You’re right this time, she’s not on there. We were prepared for somebody to come after our wealth, but not for two people at once. There was no way to tell how long you’d be out, so we were in a bit of a hurry. Emma got the fast-track treatment. It’s not normally used that way. Usually, it’s one of the steps in the process of becoming a maid, somewhere down the road. The Initiation is quite an amazing thing. I don’t understand how it works, but it does a remarkable job of getting you in the right mindset. Let’s leave it at that.”

“But who knows,” Marcus steps closer to you. “One day, if you ask me nicely,” he brushes your hair back, “with that soft voice,” he strokes your neck, “whispered through those soft lips,” he caresses your slightly agape mouth, “maybe I’ll let you see for yourself.”

Forcefully, Marcus wraps his other arm around your hips, pulling you close and planting a harsh kiss straight on your lips. Heat goes through your body. Everything goes quiet, you don’t make a sound past a small, surprised whimper. You do nothing to stop him. You just let it happen.

DAY 37

Greg, his name was.

You look at your almost protruding cheekbones in the mirror, analysing the latest changes to your face. This seems more drastic than usual, you think. Comparing with the regular photos you take – goddamn, these nails get in the way while browsing a phone – you conclude that you just haven’t noticed before. These facial changes are obvious as a whole, but noticing the specifics requires focus.

“Good morning, *cara!*” it sounds from your bedroom. What the, you didn’t even hear the door open.

“Good morning, Angelina. I wasn’t quite finished in the bathroom yet,” you explain.

“Correct,” she responds ominously. Something’s up... “Today, learn how to pluck eyebrows! Yay!” There it is.

“Where’s that coming from? I didn’t get my clothes dirty or anything, and I fulfilled my tasks dutifully,” you defend yourself.

“*Si*. Is not punishment. Just new part of you. Some girls only have nice boobs, nice butt, nice body. Maids are perfect everywhere. Need to learn make-up soon, too.”

“What, so I’ll get my eyebrows pulled out and have one of those tacky lines over my eyes drawn with magic marker?” you ridicule the idea.

“No no. Suki will be classy, beautiful pet of Master. Are very lucky. Plucking eyebrows is like... hmmm... is like man growing beard. Growing beard is not just waiting. Is trimming, washing, caring for. Same with eyebrows. Need to keep beautiful, even shape. Saw man with beard before?”

“Quite a few times in the mirror. I can grow a beard myself, remember?” At least you used to.

Angelina just giggles to herself, not bothering with a response. Instead, she pulls out a pair of tweezers, holding them up in front of you. “Okay?”

“Sure, go right ahead,” you allow her, beckoning her closer. She’s stumped for a second, but smiles happily after that moment of confusion. Let her have her way. You don’t even feel like offering a sarcastic sigh. You’ll be out of here soon. Not bucking one inch, you close your eyes and face Angelina directly, allowing her free reign. The first hair that goes still makes you jump a little, but it doesn’t hurt much once you get used to it. Before she can fall into any kind of rhythm, she’s done and walks you over to the bathroom mirror. She was right, it’s not that big a difference. Nothing like you would’ve imagined. Honestly, it’s so minor, you might not have noticed if they’d done it secretly at night. Deep down, it’s *still* a little disconcerting and you don’t just mean the Tingle running through your body. While not a particular mark of femininity, it’s definitely made your face more compatible with the changes Marcus has planned for you.

“See, is not so bad,” Angelina cheers you on, and for once, she’s right. “Thanks Angelina. It really did go quickly. Anything else?” you inquire.

“No, is all,” she chirps, happy that you seem so eager. “Can go to work now. Give your best effort!”

And with that, she’s gone. God, you hope this is the last day you have to tolerate these antics. Your only regret is that you won’t see their faces when they realise you’re gone tomorrow morning.

It’s time to start your last day of work. Moving from the Quarters to the Mansion, you have another subtle glance at the front gate. Just one guard, as always. This will be simple. Greg jumped on the chance to help Eric and you break out of here. Your best friend was less enthusiastic, but given his current disposition, he’s easily convinced of just about anything. You’re not proud to say it, but he’s set to get another taste of your dick in exchange for following you out of here. If you’re being honest, you’re not too unhappy about that deal.

At least you’ve got Greg fully behind you. A lot may ride on him. With Eric – or rather the persona of Emma – being so easily distracted, not to mention physically diminutive, it’ll be good to have a clear-headed, relatively fit partner on the team. Sure, he’s not Hercules himself, but you’re three people going up against one woman. You have the numbers on your side, and when that guard floored you the last time, you were overwhelmed, distracted and basically ambushed. This time, you know what’s coming. This time, it’ll be different.

Your chores are only half as difficult today, knowing what comes after. During lunch break, you have a quick, unassuming chat with Greg and Eric; they’re both on board and know what to do. Come evening, you put in twice as much effort as you usually do during work. All so you can finish ten minutes early. In the Quarters’ lobby, Eric is already waiting, anxiously tapping his considerable heels. Horny again, you suppose. It takes a few minutes, then Greg finally arrives.

“Sorry if I’m late,” he apologises, out of breath, “kept coming with new chores.” You know how that goes, but got lucky today.

All of you go through the plan once more, not that it takes too long. Well, Emma doesn’t really seem on board, but that’s to be expected. It’ll be fine. Eric will come through. He’ll understand what’s going on once Greg and you are barrelling into the guard, at the latest.

On that topic, you’re waving your partners to follow you outside. There’s the guard, as expected. Your legs are prickling. They’re begging to be used, for jumping, running, anything, but you contain your excitement and nervousness. Just one more thing left to do. You give your co- conspirators a heavy look, and they understand. Emma does only after she sees Greg and you taking off your shoes. Better late than never.

Heh, that goes for this entire operation, you suppose. It’s taken you a while. Too long. But here you are, freedom just a short sprint away after a good month of torture, you estimate. Shit, maybe you can write a book about this, make some honest money

outside. Omitting the magic tentacle vines and prostate probes might be advisable, but hey, that still leaves enough good shit to get a reaction. People love an underdog.

Enough jokes. You've got plenty of time to worry about that outside. When you're free.

Your squad is set into motion. For a while, you're just walking forward. Nervous, you constantly look left and right to see if your co-conspirators are still at your side. They are. You're halfway down the road when the guard turns around. At first, she wears that smug expression that defines most guards around the manor, but when she sees three of you, all walking towards her with a determined stride, you notice her faltering. Just for a millisecond, a twitch of doubt rushes across her face.

Spurred on by her surprise, you unconsciously accelerate, changing into a jog. A month of walking in heels finally pays off, even barefoot, as you're now almost running with sure steps. Something good had to have come of that torture. Your graceful sprint is a far cry from the clumsy stumbling you displayed shortly after your arrival. Don't think of that now, though, this time will be different.

Lowering your shoulder, you barrel into the guard, who digs her feet in to defend against the assault. Her hands land on your chest and shoulder, stopping your advance on the spot. Panicking, you're relieved when you're hit in the back by another force, then by yet another, toppling you over, and likewise the latex-clad lady before you. A hand grips you by your clothes, pulling you up and forward.

As simple as that. You're out. Dense forest wherever you look. Trees and shrubbery, growing wild. No buildings, no pathways, not even neatly-trimmed bushes. Just the plain, untouched outdoors. No time to take in the scenery though.

Navigating a forest at night turns out to be quite tricky. At the very least, you haven't been caught yet, and you don't see the mansion in any direction. Emma isn't exactly being helpful, slowing you down quite a bit with her constant distractedness. Maybe you should go back to calling him Eric. Now that you're out, it's only a matter of time until you get your friend back. With enough money, he might even regain his old body.

Your thoughts are disrupted by a dull thud to your side, followed by a blood-curdling scream. Running over, you see Greg prone on the forest floor, immobile and in obvious agony. Grabbing his arm only amplifies his pain, from the sound of it. He shouts even louder when you try to help him up, begging you to stop.

"Greg, you need to quiet down, they'll find us," you hiss under your breath.

"Thanks for your support," Greg flinches. "It hurts like crazy. I think I popped my kneecap or something. Just go."

"Fuck that—"

"My escape is over. Look at you. Are you going to carry me all the way out of here?" Greg asks.

He's not wrong. Your diminished form is barely able to lift a slender woman at this point, and Greg hasn't changed much so far, definitely less than you have. In movies, you'd be obligated to scream "*I'm not leaving without yooouuu!*" but this is life. Your ass is on the line, quite literally, and chances for getting him out of the woods, again literally, are slim.

You turn around, hesitating for a few seconds. Greg doesn't react at all. No second thoughts, no pleas, except for the pain to stop. You grab Eric and bolt out of the forest together, not once turning around again.

DAY 45

You made it. You fucking made it. After snatching a few easy-to-reach wallets, you “collected” enough money to afford a cheap motel for a while. The feeling of that rickety, filthy shower was indescribable.

Turning Eric back to normal proved more complicated than you first thought, however. You figured time away from a slave’s life would go a long way. But on good days, he begs to suck your dick only twice. Begs for it. At first, you reluctantly agreed. You didn’t want to admit it, but you really looked forward to getting serviced by him another time. But after the first few trysts, it became clear that it wasn’t quite as satisfactory as you remember your first time together being.

You chalked it up to guilt. Sure, he was begging for it, but you know that wasn’t really him, asking you to do these things. Maybe you just felt bad for him, and that stood in the way of your pleasure. So the next step was pleasuring yourself during a short stint of privacy. You had to do it before, and you don’t remember it being this dull. That’s a good word for the sensations in your nether regions. Dull.

Finally, you worked the streets an extra shift to score some action there. She wasn’t the most expensive you could find, but even with a professional you didn’t have any fun. You came home to find Eric jilling off in bed, moaning that you just left him alone. So you gave him a hand, and went to sleep unsatisfied. It’s like you’re cursed, but you suspect something else.

The probe. With all you’ve learned lately, perhaps you shouldn’t be so quick to dismiss the prospect of even curses being real, but you think it wiser to blame the horror you know to exist than the one which might. Given that dulling your sexual pleasure is well in line with the probe’s capabilities, it seems the likeliest culprit. The implications are deeply disturbing; either the device works autonomously, or its reach extends over tens of kilometres. Out of caution, you didn’t settle on the first place you found, despite the temptation for a rest. You’ve nearly made it to the other side of town before finally giving in to Eric’s constant moaning.

That’s why you decided that your next objective has to be to get rid of this thing. If your captors can control your emotional ecosystem as they see fit, then you haven’t really escaped captivity at all. Over the course of the week, you piled up a little purse. You’ve got your mind set on using it to get a doctor to look at you. Possibly even going as far as surgical removal. As long as that thing’s inside you, you’ll know no peace.

Eric’s getting a quick, emotionless fuck thrown into him. That should keep him calm for the evening. Just so he doesn’t get any ideas, you lock the motel room behind you as you leave. One last check. Curtains are pulled, blinds closed. Nothing to see inside.

You’d asked the receptionist for a phonebook to check for doctors nearby. The look on her face. Not quite the tool of choice, considering the prevalence of smartphones, but since you’re fresh out of one, you had to settle for the old-fashioned ways. It was a pain in the ass to flip through, but at the end of the day, you found a handful, and one that advertised that no appointments were necessary. The choice was easy then.

You were just about to cross the road towards the clinic, when something caught your eye. Something black-and-white. Lace. Frills. Headband.

A maid. Instinctively, you jump back, trying to fade into the background. You'd managed to ditch the outfit you got at the manor in favour of something more fitting for sex and century. Once out of sight, you recognise the maid in front of you upon closer inspection.

"Greg?" you blurt out, accidentally calling attention to yourself.

Apparently, you were loud enough for him to hear. Though with some delay, he still turns in your direction eventually, heaving, and happy to see you. Now that he's noticed you, you may as well start a conversation, and hopefully find out more.

"What happened? How did you get here?" you ask.

"Nothing less than the jackpot," he announces merrily. "They found me pretty much like you'd left me. Screaming in torturous pain. I swear my knee was killing me, but whatever had happened, it healed more quickly than both the people at the manor and I'd expected. It wasn't quite fast enough to spare me the inevitable punishment," he stops to point at his skimpy outfit, "but still as good as it needed to be for them to not stock up on guards yet. Guess I caught them by surprise with another escape attempt so soon after the last, just like I'd hoped. Then I ran as far as I could, trying to put distance between them and myself. Until I ran into you, somehow."

You take a look at his outfit. They really did a number on him. His upper body is covered only by a tube top, which looks only more ridiculous due to the complete absence of breasts on Greg's body. The opposite happened below, where Greg has been forced into an impractically wide, flowing skirt. The upside of that is that it covers quite a bit, doing a good job of hiding the white stockings he wears underneath, similar to the ones you were forced into. Other similarities include the headband and the wristcuffs. He's lucky he's been spared higher heels. While his are probably not helping at an inch or two, they could've been much worse.

"Sounds a lot like what I did," you chuckle, continuing the conversation. "Still, what a coincidence for us to happen to cross the exact same road. What brought you here?"

"Actually, I used to live around here. Didn't mean to stay, they'll probably expect me coming back here. But given my limited breath, I figured a few familiar streets might help me catch it again. What about you?"

You explain how your probe has been torturing you. "So I figured I'd visit a doctor. Might be odd for him to look at, but I figured I'd ease him into it with the old 'I accidentally sat down on something' story to break the ice." Greg snorts in laughter.

"So they've been using those things to dull your pleasure? Holy shit, I didn't expect them to work this far away from the manor."

"My thoughts exactly," you agree.

"Listen, do you mind if I come along?" Greg asks, still slightly out of breath. "I've still got my 'probe', as you call it, too. Haven't felt anything like you described yet, but don't care to find out later."

"Phonebook entry said they don't require appointments, so I guess I couldn't stop you if I tried. Clinic's actually right over there," you point in its direction.

"Ah, Dr. Peterman," Greg correctly identifies the clinic's owner. "Been to see him a lot when I was a child. Hopefully he won't recognise me like this," he points to his clothes again.

You calm Greg's mind as you're climbing the steps. If he was still a child the last time he was here, there's no way the doctor will recognise him. Agreeing with you, he opens the door to the waiting room. After a short introduction at the reception, and some snickering by the nurse taking your case, you're asked to take a seat and wait your turn. This half hour of sitting there feels painfully long. Greg earns quite a few awkward stares for his outfit, but he doesn't seem to mind greatly. In fact, he's blushing and smiling. Could the probe be adjusting his behaviour this far away? Perhaps it's not just the negative effects that persist. You're not faring much better with your long French nails, which you try your best to hide.

Eventually, an attendant asks you to follow him, and shows you to an examination room. Greg comes inside with you, which you find a little too intimate. Before you can voice your concerns, an old man in a lab coat walks into the room.

"Good evening," the presumed Dr. Peterman greets you. "Let's see about your case," he murmurs while reading a file. "'Sat on something'," he recites with the most innuendo possible. "I know those lonely days. Really kids, get something with a little grip. And for crying out loud, don't use bottles. You don't want to know what happens when one of those breaks inside of you. Anyway, who goes first?" You raise your hand.

"Great. Not sure if you want an audience, so your girlfriend may want to wait outside," the doctor looks at Greg, who's embarrassed and excited by that label, exhibiting similar behaviour to when he got stared at in the waiting room. Anyway, you'd definitely feel better alone. Peterman leaves the room, saying he'll prepare an x-ray first, to get a good look at your insides. Greg stands up to go out too, and you lie down on the gurney, trying to relax some before having your ass examined again. Just when you do, a piece of wet cloth is being pressed on your face. Looking up, panicked, you see Greg standing above you calmly. You fight against him, but even now he's been changed less by the Quarters than you have, and can easily overpower you. To the side you hear the door open, but it's not Peterman who steps into the room. You look over to see an EMT outfit. Broad shoulders.

Marcus. Your struggle intensifies, but remains futile. He approaches you, holding your hand.

"Soon, you'll be back home, Suki," he creepily foreshadows. Your vision starts to fade. "Good work, Giannina."

“Th-thank you, Master,” Greg trembles behind you. Another person enters the room. Greg removes the cloth from your face, while Marcus injects something into your arm.

“What’s this all about?” you hear Peterman’s stern voice.

“Are you the doctor?” Marcus asks, which Peterman affirms with a grunt. “This man escaped a mental health facility. We’ve been following him since he ran off. He doesn’t usually have any wild, violent tendencies, but when patients go off their medication... you never know. We have an ambulance waiting outside, ready to take him back. If you want, I can show you the paperwork.”

“Don’t... don’t want to... go back,” you manage to awkwardly articulate.

“Shh, shh,” Marcus shushes you, and a large hand comes down on your shoulder. “It’ll be alright. It’ll... al... oon...”

You drop deeper towards unconsciousness. The room is merely smudged paint in your eyes, the sterile walls only disrupted by some blue and white blobs, which must be Marcus and the doctor. At this point, everything sounds like you’re underwater. You can’t follow the conversation anymore, only feeling yourself being lifted up and out of the room, until you’re finally fully asleep.

DAY 50

Your first arrival at the manor has been pretty much hardwired in your brain as the weirdest experience of your life. These five days since returning are trying hard to become a contender though.

Nothing happened. You were dressed back in the maid outfit you were wearing during your escape. No upgrades, no changes. Your probe worked as usual. Bending over at the waist 90 degrees still made you orgasm within seconds, and you could still hand in dirty clothes to avoid a wardrobe change. Your duties varied just like they did two weeks ago. Some laundry here, some dusting there, with some etiquette lessons in between. You still had one meal a day injected into your stomach via fellatio in the cafeteria. Everything remained “normal”.

There was one thing. Not long after you were brought back to the manor, you found red nail polish on your bathroom shelf. Believing it to be part of your punishment, you applied it before anything worse was imposed on you. Later on, it was revealed to be a favour, not a punishment.

“Like it?” Angelina had asked, a big, sincere, dumb grin on her face.

“Like what?” you asked back, dumbfounded. The Italian head maid points to your fingers.

“Left nail paint for you. Were so happy about plucking eyebrows that I wanted to give reward for behaving so well.”

So you got riled up over nothing. Well, long nails or long and red nails, they both look girly. Actually, you were so angry at yourself that you applied a second coat of polish right after finding out that it wasn't a punishment. Worryingly, you found the act quite relaxing and began to wonder if the probe has more modes of action than just pleasure and pain.

And now you're here, looking forward to another regular day as one of the maids. Your legs are smooth already, your body squeaky clean. Your eyebrows are still subtle and feminine, and your fingernails vibrant red. Opening your wardrobe surprises you. Not with a shocking new outfit, but with utter emptiness.

Right at that moment, your door is flung open. You instinctively grab the bedsheets to cover yourself up, but of course Marcus doesn't care that you're naked. The sheets drop right out of your hand when he throws something your way.

“Good morning, Suki. Sorry we kind of ignored you since you came back, letting routine take over. We've been pretty busy with preparations.” Preparations? “But all in due time. You should get dressed.” He leans on the vanity dresser and doesn't even pretend to look away. Well, you're naked already, starting an argument is only going to prolong the inevitable. Let's get a good look.

First, you untangle what you've been thrown. Sort things from bottom to top. Inside the pile of clothing, you find a bra, black and small. You shoot Marcus a look, but naturally he's just waiting for you to make a move. When you do, he steps closer.

“Let me help you with that,” he commands more than he offers. Seeing no point in rejecting him, you let him close the bra hooks behind you.

“You’re good at that,” you comment snidely. “Hiding something under that shirt?”

“Don’t spread those lips too far, or a cock may fly in,” he shoots you down.

For the first time in your life, you’re wearing a bra. Can’t say it’s very helpful, or that you see the appeal, but you surmise that’s because your chest isn’t all that large. The last few days have seen normal progress. You suspect you’ve finally reached an actual A cup in that time.

“Is this thing really necessary?” you ask, fiddling with it to get it fitting more comfortably.

“Depends on your definition of ‘necessary,’” Marcus retorts. “For my general enjoyment of life? Indispensable.”

Great. You go through the clothes again, searching for a counterpart to hide your bottom. “You forgot the rest of my underwear,” you point out to Marcus.

“No, I don’t think I did,” he replies with a joyous lilt in his voice. Seriously?

“No worries, you’ll get some when you regularly work in that new uniform. But today’s special, so I want you to be accessible,” he announces creepily.

Those last words terrify you enough to keep you dressing yourself. So he’s got a plan for today. Things have been too quiet since you returned, you knew he’d have something in store to punish you. The next thing you find is a white skirt that about reaches your knees. Finally something to cover your privates. Beneath, you pull up the same rather opaque white stockings you’re already used to, covering your legs to your knees from the bottom up. As always, they’re topped with a little black bow, which is partly hidden by the skirt, depending on your posture.

Next up are the wristcuffs, looking as embarrassing as always. At least they go on easily. You attempt to start a conversation.

“May I ask a question?”

“You already are,” Marcus corrects you. “What happened to your etiquette classes, by the way? Perhaps we need to schedule a few more of those.”

“Apologies. May I ask a question, *Sir*?” you repeat, taking the hint. “That’s better,” the large man smiles. “You may, Suki.”

“What did you inject me with, *Sir*?” “Pardon?”

"The day you... brought me back. At the doctor's. After Greg... Giannina put the rag over my face and the doctor came in, you punched that syringe into my arm. What was in it?"

"Oh, that," he remembers. "Water."

"Water, Sir?" you respond in disbelief.

"Sure. Giannina had already hit you with enough to get you unconscious, but that's not the most convincing picture for the doc to stumble across. So I pretended to inject you with sedatives which would render you unconscious. Never fancied myself an actor, but I think I handled that pretty well."

You'll say. As far as you know, nobody raised an eyebrow past the initial scepticism. Nobody you noticed, anyway. It's a relief to hear that you've only been injected water though. Your mind has been racing these past days. Who knows what chemicals he's got at his disposal.

Next up are your shoes. Their form has changed a little, and you've definitely gained an inch or two. Yeah, you'd say the heel is about three inches now. In addition, the strap that went over the instep is gone now, making the shoe feel a bit more... mature? Your feet are now a little more exposed, but other than that, the shoe has kept its overall rounded shape and black shine.

The last new item causes some hesitation. During your stay here, you've grown used to the skirt, the stockings, even the heels over time. Maybe you're making too big a deal out of this. But holding the dress in your hands makes you quite uncomfortable. You bite on your tongue, and in one quick swoop lift the garment up,



slipping your head through the neck hole. That wasn't so bad. You can't say the same for how you look, though.

Your dress is uniformly black, but doesn't reach quite as far down as the white petticoat – which you first thought was a skirt – does, creating some contrast. It doesn't show cleavage – not that you have any – and its sleeves are puffy, which only makes your arms look thinner. They're now almost entirely exposed, as the sleeves hardly cover half of the length to your elbow. Over the dress, the familiar white apron is tied to finish off the outfit. Looking into the mirror, you figure you've passed the point where you stand out between the maids. With your hair tickling your shoulders, your face re-arranging itself, and even breasts sprouting on your upper body, you'd be surprised if anybody considered you male. At least your Adam's Apple hasn't left you quite yet. Though it's little consolation, since even that seems to be shrinking. Now that you think about it, your voice recently started to sound softer than you're used to. Sadly, that's hard to keep track of, so you don't really know whether it's really changing or if that's just your mind playing tricks on you.

"Gorgeous," Marcus mumbles from the side. At first you think he's grinding your gears again, but his face appears genuinely stunned.

"Glad I tried to escape?" you counter.

"Gotta look for that silver lining," he chuckles. What are you doing, sympathising with him? Do you think he'll go easy on you? Not likely.

"Come then," Marcus directs you out of your room. "The tour's about to start." The tou—?

Marcus throws something else your way. Catching the heavy, rough leather object, you already know what you're holding. It's a collar, kind of like one you'd put on a dog. Connected to the front is a dangling silver chain. Before you can do anything, Marcus directs you again.

"Just hold up your hair."

You do, and have the collar taken away from you again. While you're holding your hair, Marcus' large hands wrap the thick leather piece around your neck. He has to use a bit of force. God, this thing is tight. And tall, too, you can hardly look down because it presses so far up it almost touches your jaw. Marcus promptly takes your leash and leads you outside without another word before you can even begin to get used to this alien object encasing your neck.

In front of the manor, walking behind Marcus, who gives your leash the occasional authoritative pull, you make out a small crowd. Between the two pillars that normally mark the guard post, a table is now blocking the exit, as well as preventing the people there from entering. The tour...

"Good morning everybody," Marcus greets the crowd loudly, "and welcome to Wolf manor." There's a short round of applause. People are taking pictures. Of Marcus, the premises, and of you.

"It is a rare occasion for us to open our doors to the public, so consider yourself lucky to have been selected. This day also marks the fiftieth that our little Suki here has been with us. Say hello to our visitors, honey." Marcus pulls on your leash to get you to step forward.

"Hello," you comply, staring at your shoes. A few people laugh, one of them greets you back.

"Excuse her shyness, I doubt we'll ever get that out of her. Although there's one thing that always reliably brings out a very different side of Suki. What do you say to a little demonstration of why this event is not suitable for children?" Some cheers erupt in the crowd, with others restraining their enthusiasm a little. You can imagine what role Marcus has envisioned for you in this adult presentation.

"Suki," he speaks up, just like you thought, tugging at your leash, "lean over the table."

Looking over at Marcus, you see no remorse, no hesitation in his eyes. Obediently, you teeter over to the table in your new, taller heels, earning a swat on the ass on your way there, as well as a few chuckles from the crowd. Once at the table, you plant your hands on it, leaning forward. These people, looking right into your eyes, standing just on the other side, inches away from your face... their presence is unsettling, mildly put.

"Over the table, sweetie, not *on* the table," Marcus chastises you mildly, though the renewed chuckling in the audience makes you think he pulled some face behind your back, like you're some kind of bimbo who's too horny to understand him. Embarrassment rising, you slowly lower yourself, brushing your hair to the right so you can put your head on the table sideways. And there it is. Just barely, you manage to keep your voice muffled when your probe kicks into gear, pleasuring your prostate. These days, that's par for the course whenever you bow your upper body 90 degrees. What's more, you're staring right into one lady's crotch in this position. Guess that's better than staring at a guy's though, she's probably going to be much more reserved than a dude would be. The collar isn't helping either. As thick as it is, it presses even further on your neck, now that it's squashed against the table, somewhat restricting your breath.

"Spread those legs, darling, nobody's gonna get to your pussy like that," Marcus interrupts your thoughts, kicking against the inside of your ankle. Forcing your eyes shut in concentration, you raise your left leg and plant it fifteen inches to the left. After some hesitation, you place your right leg the same distance to the right. As soon as your heel touches the ground, your voice forces itself out of your mouth.

"Haaaa~ hmmm," you squeal and moan, catching yourself in the act. Your eyes snap open to see the crowd shying away from you an inch. Something wet trickles down your legs. Your concentration broke. You came in your skirt just by bending over and spreading your legs.

"Nothing to be scared of, people," Marcus goes to calm the crowd. He wipes one finger across your thigh, and pushes it past your lips. "Just a bit of cum. It's completely normal in girls like her. We have high hopes for her. To be honest, the

hardest task in training is for her to stop touching herself and others.” The crowd seems appeased and laughs at your expense once more. “I gotta say, I’m a little excited by that show myself. I don’t want to look impatient, but I think it’s about time I got started,” Marcus announces while resting his left hand on your small back.

While he steps around you, you’re constantly emitting a low-pitched humming, no longer able to control yourself under the never-ending assault from the probe, which reacts to Marcus’ greedy hands. Currently, they’re lifting up your skirt and fondling your ass cheeks. You hardly register that you still have your own semen on your tongue. Nonetheless, you swallow, something you forgot to do for a good minute, to get rid of all the saliva that had accumulated. Given Marcus’ position, you don’t think you’ll need it today.

Speaking of, something wet is already intruding into your ass. It’s probably too thin to be his dick, which is exactly what you’re afraid of.

“These young ones, you gotta prepare early on,” Marcus explains loudly. “Though she’s pretty wet already for a new girl. You must be eager,” he bends over, looking you straight into your unfocussed eyes. “Don’t worry darling, you’ll get your fill right away,” he consoles you with a caress over the cheek.

With his other hand, he undoes his zipper audibly. Here it comes. Just as you feared, the girth of the object that is resting on your sphincter appears to be much larger than the finger that was just teasing you. Gently, the pressure on your asshole increases, until resistance gives out and Marcus’ thick erection enters you. Your jaw is dropped in a breathless, mute gasp, though your mouth still feels less open than your just deflowered ass. You don’t know what you expected, but having something so girthy inserted into your rear feels nothing like you thought it would. For one thing, there’s no semblance of pleasure involved. Even the probe is completely inactive. All that you perceive is an intruding object, making you feel nothing but physical discomfort.

For a few seconds, this situation stagnates, as if Marcus wants to let your first time hang in the air for a while. Right when you’d come to terms with this strange sensation though, he presses onwards, literally. You feel every additional millimetre he takes you. At least he’s taking the time to ease you into it. Perhaps you shouldn’t take *this* opportunity to sympathise with your captor, but after well over a month here, you know what he’s capable of, and you know what to expect. It doesn’t help much to survive this humiliating, shaming display. Your face is still an uncontrollable mess. You notice the inside of your eyebrows drifting upwards, giving you a look of shock or pleasant surprise when coupled with your gaping mouth. Every muscle in your body is tensed as much as it could be, like it’s trying to defend against the intruder behind and inside you.

That’s when the lady in front of you suddenly pokes her finger into your mouth. As if by reflex, your lips close, though not too tightly, allowing the woman to run her appendage over your tongue playfully. Clearly, she gets off on “facefucking” you, giggling to herself. Due to your position and tightened muscles, you can’t even look either of your assailants in the face, making you feel extraordinarily helpless.

“Excuse me, Ma’am. I have to ask you to refrain from touching our property unless expressly permitted by me, the owner,” Marcus scolds the aggressive woman. Unhappy, but ultimately compliant, her hand retreats. “Thank you very much. Don’t worry, the show’s about to start.”

In a split-second, your distracted, dazed mind catches up to what he means by that. While you were molested up front, Marcus has not slowed his advance in the back. God, how long is he? And how long is your anal cavity? You’re worried that... you’re worri... you’re wo...

“WoooOOH MY GYAAAAH—” your voice starts out a whisper, but then cracks up into a piercingly high pitch. In the blink of an eye, all tension is gone from your muscles. Your arms drop limply to the table. The thick, stable heels and Marcus’ even thicker cock are all that’s holding you upright. Undoubtedly, you shot another load into your skirt, not that you felt much sensation in your dick. All your nerve endings seem to be concentrated on your ass right now. All of a sudden, the pleasure just overtook you again. And you’re not sure it was the probe.

Marcus pulls back, and this time returns more quickly. Once again, bliss flows through your veins as soon as the big, muscular man hits the upper end of your anus. The pauses between thrusts get continuously shorter on every consecutive one. This is your last chance.

“I don’t want this! I’m being forced! He’s holding me against my will!”

These pleas, or just any one of them needs to be uttered to get you out of here. But how will you speak them if they don’t even complete inside your head before another thrust by Marcus’ meat scatters your thoughts?

No, you’re very vocal alright, but you don’t think the message is getting through to the spectators. Embarrassingly, you’re not even moaning. Your voice sounds more like a high-pitched squeak every time Marcus bottoms out. Not only that, but he also started playfully swatting your ass in regular intervals. You’re not surprised to report that it doesn’t produce even the slightest amount of pain, and in fact enhances the experience by quite a bit. Yes, this is something you could get used to...

Marcus’ large hands now switch things up, gripping your slim waist while he’s pumping in and out of you. Good thing, too, because your numb body started swaying so much your drool was starting to paint lines all over the table. You don’t register any of this. Right now, you only live for that smack of your ripe bottom racing up and down his steel rod, for that brief moment when his cock is as far inside your sex as it will physically allow.

Those moments become fewer and farther between as Marcus’ thrusts turn slower, but stay every bit as forceful. His hands remain at your waist, perhaps even holding onto you more tightly, until one hand lands next to you on the table with Marcus’ last push. As he leans forward, hot cum sprays your insides, so hot that the tension in your muscles actually returns. They flex tighter and tighter. Your field of view drifts upwards, narrows and finally goes dark entirely.

Slurping, wet sounds fill your ears. Something's tugging at your lips, yet also parting them. It's soft... it feels nice. Your lips purse on their own, reciprocating the attention they're getting. You regain consciousness slowly. As your sight is restored, you recognise the person next to you. It's the French maid that you met very early during your stay here after dropping a shirt. She's... French kissing you? She notices you stirring and pulls back, breaking the kiss.

"Ah, excusez-moi... Tu es trop mignonne. Trop jolie, hmhm," she chuckles, brushing some hair out of your face.

Wow. This is some way to wake up. Much better than sentient plant prisons. And that uncomfortable, embarrassing collar is gone, too! However, you find that it's pretty dark already. You seriously passed out for hours, missing the whole day. Your first reaction is anger and regret, but upon closer examination, maybe it's not so bad. Who knows what Marcus would've made you do if you'd woken up sooner? Speak of the devil, here he comes.

"Mimi!" he calls out. Your lips follow the French woman wistfully as she gets off the table. "I thought I'd told you to keep an eye on her, and I know from experience that you close both eyes while kissing," he grabs her ass and pulls her closer as he's playfully scolding her.

"P-pardon, Mastère..." she breathes ruggedly. No doubt she just got a nice orgasm from that butt squeeze. Lucky girl.

"Well, she seems to have pulled through. Suki, get your cute ass up," he directs you.

Your limbs are a bit tired, but the rest has done you some good. You might be a little sore tomorrow. Marcus sees you struggling a bit, and so decides to just swoop you up off the table into a bridal carry, walking towards the manor with you in his arms.

"Goodbye, Mimi," you wave to the French girl over Marcus' shoulder.

"Michelle!" she angrily corrects you, though she catches herself and bows in apology. Looks like calling her Mimi is off-limits to anyone but "Master". If she's always this outgoing, maybe you'll get there someday. Right now though, your priority is to feel solid ground beneath your feet again, and Marcus lets you down. You walk a few steps together until he speaks up.

"So... Learned your lesson today?" His expression is quite a bit more serious than it was with Michelle, his gaze weighing heavily on you. After today's experience, you find yourself baffled, speechless. All you do is stare back up at him silently. You see his face hardening.

"Unbelievable," he mutters, "that much of a show, plus half a day's rest, and you're still playing tough with me? Not fucking likely." At this point, his voice is beaming across the manor, which prompts Marcus' father to stop by.

“What’s happening here, my boy?” he asks calmly, critically observing the way Marcus is squeezing and pulling your wrist.

“This bitch not knowing her place, so nothing new. I’ll make sure that changes after tonight. We’re solving this downstairs.”

“And have another mess on your hand?” the old man retorts more loudly, but his son is already dashing past him. “Guards!” he shouts, “Carry me into the basement before my flesh and blood makes a mistake, hurry.” You see two latex ladies come running to Marcus’ father, pushing his wheelchair forward to follow you.

In the meantime, you’ve already been led behind the staircase and are running down the stairs dangerously fast on your new heels. At times, it feels like his arm is the only thing holding you up. Once you made the perilous descent, he pulls you through doorway after doorway, plants you in a chair and starts fastening shackles around your wrists and ankles. The room reminds you of the one you got your probe inserted in. Some of the differences include a massive TV screen in front of you, and a very odd helmet on a desk to the side. Noises from behind you interrupt Marcus’ heaving.

“Stop that!” a ragged voice cautions, but Marcus keeps going. “I told you to stop!” The weak voice turns anything but weak. The imposing order gets Marcus to pause, still breathing heavily.

“What is your problem?” the father inquires patiently, but firmly.

“I told you upstairs. She doesn’t know her place,” Marcus repeats himself. “She keeps talking back.”

“I thought that’s what you wanted?” his father interrupts him.

“Perhaps,” Marcus backs down a little. “Sometimes. In the bedroom, sure, but not like this. I show kindness, she ridicules me. I show strength, she ridicules me. She doesn’t want to accept her situation, and nothing I do changes that. It’s time to show her she’s not as tough as she thinks.”

“I see,” the father mumbles, letting those two words hang in the room for a bit.

“I don’t suppose you’ve tried seeing this from her position once, have you? Look at her!” he points to you. “She’s not resisting any more than could be expected. She certainly isn’t now. Does this look like defiance to you? The girl’s whole body is shaking!”

You hadn’t even noticed, but he’s right. Your arms do tremble a little, unconsciously. Are you really that scared of him, after all that he’s already done? Maybe your mind isn’t but apparently your body disagrees.

“We’ve been over this already,” the old man reminds his son. “Neither our wealth, nor our technology will replace trust and nature. You *humiliated* her today, intentionally and gravely. Yet she’s looking you in the eye. If you have a problem with that, then I suppose I can’t do anything about it. But stop looking for shortcuts, boy. You’ve already lost two girls in our home. Do you really want to add another one?”

Marcus' expression goes from exhausted to what looks like pain or trauma. After a short moment's consideration, he goes for one of the shackles on your arm, flings it open, then grabs the other and slaps it so hard it's ripped off the chair and crashes loudly into the adjacent wall. You hardly have time to rub your hurt wrists before Marcus turns around to address you.

"Come tomorrow, you're on gardening duty. And if things turn out the way they're looking, that might be the least of your problems," he angrily predicts. It's not until Marcus storms out of the room that you turn towards his father, who's regarding you sympathetically.

"That can't feel good," he states the obvious.

"Yeah, I'm not as strong as I used to be," you agree while touching your wrist. "I meant gardening duty," the old man points out.

"What's so bad about it?"

"Manual labour, working out in the sun, and in the open, so you'll always have an audience of maids passing by. And of course it's not really compatible with keeping your clothes clean," he explains.

It hadn't even dawned on you, but shit, he's right. The hard work you could deal with. Hell, it may be better than letting your muscles degrade further with the help of the vines in your bedroom. But looking after your clothes is going to be impossible, and you expect you'll slip and forget to bag it properly a couple of times at least, if you're going to be exhausted in the evening on a regular basis.

"Hey, umm, I mean," you stutter, reminding yourself of the required etiquette, "Sorry, Sir, but I realised I've lived here quite a while, and I don't even know your name."

"Hm," he chuckles, "I suppose you don't. It's Wolf, dear. Conrad Wolf." For some reason, he feels like emphasising his words by placing a hand on your thigh.

"P-leased to meet you," you stammer, not quite confident enough to remove his hand, nor to just stand up and leave. Fortunately, he takes it away for you, smiling warmly. Once you've said goodbye, you can't wait to get out of this basement. You don't want Marcus to change his mind, and had enough action during your short day.

So now you have a last name, too. Conrad and Marcus Wolf. Shit, if this operation is ever shut down, that might go a long way. Could you get into a witness protection program? You could sell out this whole place, bring your captors down, get a nice house to spend the rest of your life in, and government-sponsored therapy to go along with it. Eric and you could return to normal and not worry about making ends meet anymore.

A nice fiction. The question is, who would believe you? This estate is *remote*. Hills and trees everywhere, with no police station for miles. You'd have to think of a damn good story to get them to check this place out, if they buy your tale in the first place. And in the end, they may just dump you in the slammer regardless. Can't exactly

trust police, especially with your past. But it's not like you're getting out of here soon anyway. Now that you're walking around out here, you can see that guard presence has actually increased again. Looks like Marcus' outburst has sparked a few more changes around here. The main exit has two girls in black latex protecting it now instead of just one. A few are patrolling the paths and manor hallways. With Greg dropping out as an ally, that fucking rat, there aren't many people you could count on for support anymore. The only other person you really know well and who seems to like you is Angelina, and she's definitely not eager to see you leaving the maid collective.

Oh, there she is, over at the Quarters. She isn't standing right on the pathway, she's talking to someone a few feet away from the entrance. A pathetic-looking creature, with pale, white hair, skin almost as colourless and a stature that cannot even match the head maid's. He's a good head shorter than the Italian goddess. And her etiquette is on point as always. She's smiling, touching the man's arm whenever he says something, and is spending most of her time nodding when she's not shifting her weight around to put her striking features on display. She has plenty to choose from. Angelina spots you walking past, but doesn't grant you more than a cute little wave, opening and closing her fingers. Her attention is fixated on this man.

You've had enough for today, so you don't pay them any mind. They didn't exactly look like they're hurting for company anyway. Getting back to your room and dropping onto your bed sounds like a much better alternative. Just when you do, you remember that the inside of your skirt must be stained with your own juices, and who knows what else. You realise too late though; just as you're moving towards the door to ask Angelina for help, a vine wraps around your hand that's almost reached the knob. Pulled backwards for a surely restful night, the sound of tearing polyester fills your ears before you fall asleep.

DAY 51

Here's to another day, and hopefully one that's better than the last. You first head into the communal restroom, naked and indifferent. Sweet, nobody's around yet anyway. After stealthily doing your morning business – painfully noting that even your best friend is shrinking now, and not because it's cold in here – it's off to your private bathroom. Shaving your legs, tending your eyebrows, painting your fingernails. That last part isn't a fixed requirement, but screw it, it's still relaxing and if they're already going to be red, you might as well make sure the colour stays nice and even. You tie your hair back into a ponytail and see what awaits you in your wardrobe.

The biggest surprise is that there are few actual surprises to be found. Your shoes have changed a little bit. In terms of shape, the front now ends in a point, instead of the earlier rounded form. While the heel hasn't grown, it's definitely thinner than before. You'd say they look a lot like pumps now, no longer like training heels. It's amazing how these slight changes make you feel so different about them. Luckily, the other wardrobe update is rather simple: a plain black plastic headband, barely visible on your head. You've seen women wear these all the time, and if you compare yours to the ones the maids around here have, you have an idea of where future outfit changes will lead. More white frills on top, mostly. For now though, it's something that any woman would wear, which is consolation enough. And you've got some underwear, too! You're not overly grateful for the rather useless bra you already had to put on yesterday, but at least it comes with a pair of black panties. Overall, you think you got off lightly this time.

Smoothing your dress, you leave the room. In the foyer waits the first real surprise of the day.

All the maids are gathered round. At least you think that's all of them. You're kind of taken aback, actually, there are so many. You've never seen all of them together in one room. Probably around twenty or more, and that's not counting the two guards in attendance. Some of these girls must share rooms, or there could be some off-site dorm that you don't know about. Whatever the logistics, most of the girls seem pretty broken up about something. One of the usually steely-eyed guards is even crying. Oh boy, you've never been great at dealing with tragedy. What happened now?

The front door opens to allow a towering man entry, accompanied by a rather tall maid. Marcus and Angelina. All the girls are transfixed on the two people that just entered, who don't look very happy either. Marcus immediately takes the word.

“Good morning everybody. I see word got around. It's probably best to pull the band-aid off quickly, so I'm just going to do it. Our Angelina is going to leave us this evening.” Murmuring intensifies in the small crowd. “We've found a party interested in purchasing her. There's not much else to say on my part. If you want to say goodbye, I don't mind any of you taking a few minutes out of your day to send Angelina off properly. The exception to that is client duty, but that goes without saying. A maid's service is to her Master first, and clients second. Everything else will simply have to wait. You should have until around 8 PM. The buyer is expected to

pick our Italian sunshine up then.” He playfully pinches Angelina’s butt, smiling laboriously. “That’s all.” Marcus then heads over to you, which is rather unsettling after last night.

“Listen,” he starts, “I’m sorry about yesterday. I got a little excited, and figured you were playing the defiant bastard after your failed escape. After sleeping on it, I quickly realised that I was wrong, and not for the first time. Guess I have my issues to handle same as you. You’re still going to be on gardening duty starting tomorrow, but just for an hour or two per day.

Somebody has to do it and you need get familiar with a bigger variety of tasks around here. It’s not a punishment. We’re also going to mix in more etiquette classes and client service. They are the backbone of this estate and go hand in hand. In fact, you’ll have one client waiting for you in two hours. You seemed to like Mr. Williams, so I asked him to pay you another visit. Normally, he doesn’t get serviced by girls as far along their path as you, but I asked as a favour. I know you don’t feel too comfortable sharing your life with your sisters yet and it might feel good to have somebody to talk to. Kind of felt like I owed you a little something at least.” Wow, you can’t believe your ears.

“Thank you, Marc—I mean... thank you, Sir,” you gratefully accept today’s unconventional schedule. Marcus smiles.

“Don’t be too happy, Chris is still gonna want a handy.” He still looks kind of gloomy, but apparently his spirits are high enough to gloat and tease you. Whatever, you’ll take it. Marcus is right that you don’t really get to speak your mind often. When he’s around, you have to tread most carefully. His father is more forgiving, but he’s rarely around and way too grabby. Eric’s mind is gone so completely that conversations with him are almost physically painful. You don’t want to admit that you gave up on him, but your hope is dwindling every day. Then there’s Angelina, who always did have an open ear for you, but had to care for the entire staff of maids and wanted nothing more than to change you into one. Yeah, Chris will shake things up nicely.

By the time Marcus has finished his little heads-up, the crowd around Angelina has cleared a little. Once the large man steps away, the Italian dream woman spots you right away and wants to say goodbye to you as well.

“Oh *cara*,” she hugs you tightly. “Going to miss you so much! Have come so far these two months. Look at your beauty,” she compliments you while cupping your face in her hands. Angelina had her quirks, but she did have your back whenever you felt sad. She’s earned having you indulge her a little.

“Who’s gonna show me how to put on make-up now?”

“Ahh, miss you already!” Angelina laughs, embracing you again. “Was looking forward to it so much. But Mimi puts on make-up very good, you will be in good hands, promise,” she assures you. Everybody but you gets to call the French girl Mimi, apparently.

Angelina excuses herself and goes back to some of the other people that are dying to talk to her. It’s good to see her staying so positive, despite leaving behind her life like

that. There's a bright side to your lack of social integration in the maid community: it spares you the sad goodbyes, since apparently none of them are meant to stay here permanently. So the business model seems to be training the maids, letting them work in the manor – there's so much laundry that it can't be just the residents' clothes and sheets – for profit, then sell them into slavery to an interested third party. And if Marcus' explanations from early on during your stay is to be believed, most of these girls do this out of their own free will. At least for Giannina, that seems to hold true.

You got bombarded with new information lately, but it's about time to remember something older, dating back about a month, you guess. Chris, or as you're supposed to refer to him, Mr. Williams. He was one of the most pleasant characters to cross your path here, though your encounters with him were far more intimate than you'd have liked at the time. However, after weeks of gargling down liquid food from a phallic dispenser tube, you're not sure a handjob will scare you anymore. Some inhibitions are worth keeping, you think to yourself.

First step in preparing for a guest is always to procure and reserve a room. Think back to your last date with him. What was it he liked? You remember he liked one generic type of wine, white or red... the word "red" resonates with you, but you concentrate harder and recall that was just his favourite colour. In terms of wine, he actually prefers white over red. The teacher made some stupid remark about that. And he was pretty similar to Marcus, who loves that armchair in his office. The exact room number from last time eludes you – your memory isn't *that* good – but it doesn't take too long to find a room which feels familiar and matches the description. An armchair and some red decor is all it takes. Another boon is that it doesn't look like an orgy just took place on the carpet. Last time was a nightmare. As it is, it takes you barely thirty minutes to get the room looking presentable again. On to the wine, then. It's probably best to head back to Angelina. Her last day, and you go annoying her about some wine a client likes. Maybe not the nicest thing, but like Marcus said, he and the clients come first. You don't want to bother her, but you want yourself in the crossfire even less.

"Hey, Angelina. Sorry to ask this on your last day, but can you get me another one of those wine bottles I had for my client last time?" Before you can elaborate, Angelina's on the case.

"Oh, Mr. Williams, right?" Amazing. "Of course, *cara*, anything for you," she says, blowing you a kiss. She remembered your client from a month ago. How will this place run without her? In a flash, she takes you to the wine cellar and hands you a bottle of wine that looks like you held it in your hands before. You thank her kindly and bring the bottle back to the room. Just some finishing touches and you're done. Whether you like it or not, you're getting better at this.

There's still some time before Chris should arrive. Fixing up the room was tiring despite your growing expertise, and you could probably look a little more presentable. On your way to the Quarters, you look at the main entrance. Some commotion there... it's probably where guests are first received. Maybe you'll just try

getting back ten minutes early and waiting there. You could be Chris' reception this time. Can't hurt to show some initiative.

Alright, off to the bathroom. Oh yeah, your hair's all messed up, you see in the mirror. Untying your ponytail, you take your brush and carefully get your gorgeous locks back in shape. They *are* gorgeous, aren't they? You certainly would've thought so if the girl in the mirror had shown up on your doorstep two months ago. It not only grew longer, which is to be expected, you're also pretty sure the tint is darker than your original shade of brown. Comparing to the photos you take every morning, you'd say so, though it's sort of hard to make out. The reason for that being that you definitely got a tan, as light as it may be. It takes away a bit of the contrast between skin and hair. You can't say it's a bad look for you, so there's that at least.

Splashing some cold water on your face and re-tying your ponytail, you notice that your arms are hairy, which stands out against your smooth legs. Your arm hair noticeably thinned out compared to two months ago, but it's there nonetheless. Should you...?

It's not exactly slightly, and you've got plenty of time. You shaved your legs this morning, so what harm will it do to give your arms the same treatment? Once you get started, you notice that it takes quite a while. You've never done it before, so the long hair can take quite a few strokes to be caught by the razor. Might have been smarter to start with the electric one, but it's not the end of the world. The process really isn't very difficult, now that you'd had a bit of experience with doing your legs. Arms are definitely easier to reach, not quite as long and certainly not as thick as your bulging thighs. Eventually, they come out looking just as smooth though, and you'd say the effort was worth it. It definitely looks more inviting.

You run your hands over your outfit, smoothing it. You look good in the mirror. Ready to meet Mr. Williams, you head out and wait next to the main entrance. The guards give you a funny look but let you be, since you don't seem to be making any trouble. Sure enough, after a few minutes of waiting, a car rolls by and comes to a stop in front of the gate. How the hell did a car get through that forest? There's a little cleared path running along the manor's fence, but that stops at a pretty steep hill a hundred or so metres to the side. You can see it from here.

However it got here, the car was carrying Chris a few moments ago. Now, he's looking into your face from a distance, squinting to see if it's really you. At times, you can't quite believe it yourself... Chris says goodbye to somebody inside the car and approaches you slightly hesitantly. Okay, get this right.

"Good morning, Mr. Williams," you greet him courteously, "I hope the drive here wasn't too taxing."

"Good morning, and thank you, it wasn't a bother at all... Suki, right?" he asks, slightly taken aback. You hope he can't see how hard you swallow before responding.

"I'm glad to see you remembered... *my* name, Sir," you force yourself to say, though it comes out awkward, and the probe doesn't help to make you feel better about it in the slightest. To top things off, you hook your arm under his. The teacher insisted that this is how you're supposed to walk together with a client, unless he wishes

otherwise. You start to take a very restrained stroll towards the main entrance of the manor.

"I've prepared a room for you. Luckily, the one we used last time was available, so hopefully you'll feel right at home," you joke innocently.

"Thank you, Suki. I see you've put a lot of effort into making my arrival most pleasant." "That's my job," you smile. You suppose it is.

"You've changed quite a bit since we last met. It's a stunning transformation, I have to say, in the most positive way," he thinks he compliments you. As if these changes weren't enough, you have to pretend to like them as well. Your facade is starting to crumble, but fortunately, the entrance isn't far out of reach.

"Thank you, Sir," is all you manage in response. Engaging in casual conversation is easy enough. Chris talks a bit about his day-to-day affairs, and you do your best to show interest. It all goes over your head a little bit; from the sound of it, Chris is a real big shot at his company. That would go some way to explain his relationship with Marcus, and the many appearances here probably aren't cheap either, not even for a friend of the owner.

"By the way, how is Marcus?" Chris asks you just when you were thinking about him. You're unsure what to say.

"Umm, I don't rightly know, Sir," you confess. "He and I... I only saw him for five minutes this morning. We're just not very close."

"Really?" he asks with doubt in his voice. "I heard things got pretty steamy in the basement one night, away from prying eyes." Did Marcus...? He told Chris about that? Your one moment of weakness. You hoped you'd at least succeeded in hiding it, if nothing else. Were there a mirror around, your face would probably reflect back at you as red as a fire engine. The walk up the stairs back to Room 231 is silent as you struggle to jumpstart the conversation.

"I managed to secure another bottle of that wine you liked, Sir," you finally get out as you're unlocking the door.

"Lovely!" Chris cheers. "I should probably keep an eye on you. Your physique won't make drinking any easier in the future, I imagine."

"Th-thank you for your concern, Sir. Do you want me to pour a glass right away?"

"Make it two." Worried, but compliant, you bow subtly and take the bottle out of the ice bucket. Things got so embarrassing. You drank yourself close to unconsciousness, and your tryst with Chris did your dignity in for good. It's not even close to the top of the list of embarrassing moments in this mansion though.

You're about to pour a glass when you realise the cork is still in it. Last time, Angelina had you pop it downstairs after the corkscrew was already in. Now you have to do it alone. Well, how hard could it be? You got it out pretty easily last time, you almost forgot you had to do it. She even left a corkscrew in the bucket, which you hadn't

noticed before. You place the metal end on top of the cork, push down and twist it like you would a regular screw with a screwdriver. Still simple enough. The loops of the screw are continuously disappearing in the soft cork until almost all the metal is hidden and just the wooden handle peeks out. You grip it, and pull. Just pull. A third pull, and you emit a helpless groan that catches Chris' attention. Crap, no way around it now.

"Excuse me, Sir. Would you mind opening the bottle for me?"

Without a word, Chris comes over and steps behind you. With his left, he grabs the bottle, but the right doesn't go on the handle. He takes hold of your right hand and leads it to the corkscrew. It feels like he hardly struggles at all when he pulls the cork out in one try. He did press his body against your back though, and you did feel something hard again. You can't blame him; you're *straight*, and you'd probably get hard looking at your current form.

"Th-thank you, Sir," you quickly banish that thought. Chris just hands you the corkscrew and sits back down in the armchair, dragging his hand all over both of your butt cheeks in passing. Finally, you get to pour your drinks from the – heavy – wine bottle. With both glasses in hand, you walk over to Chris and sit down on his lap like he gestures you to.

"Cheers," he raises his glass.

"Cheers." Remembering your body's adverse reaction to alcohol, you take just a tiny sip of wine compared to Chris' generous swig. He can't help but comment.

"Shit, you look like such a girl the way you drink that. Thinking back to the last time we met, perhaps it's a good idea for you to take it slow. Wouldn't want you 'falling' into my lap again," he teases while bouncing you on his thigh a little.

"I don't think it's my taste anyway," you shrug it off. Chris has another go at his glass.

"Most people would probably prefer reds. *Suavia Monte Carbonare Soave Classico*. That's a mouthful. I hope they don't have you memorise all these names."

"I'm not sure I'll be that lucky if Angelina's anything to go by. When did we last meet? A month ago? When I asked her for another bottle, she knew immediately what I meant and who it was for."

"On her last day? She's something special," Chris agrees, but follows it up with a sigh. "I wonder how Marcus is coping. It must be hard for him to let her go."

"What? Why?" The maids were broken up, but seemed familiar with how things work. You figured maids being sold is another source of revenue and an everyday affair. Chris takes some time with his answer, too.

"Well... she's been here a long time, and... and she's the head maid, right? That has to be an inconvenience at the very least. How do you feel about it?"

"Me? Oh, I didn't know her that much. I suppose she was always pretty nice to me... but she also did much of this," you point to yourself, "to me, so you can see why I'm torn on the issue."

“Sure, I get that, but what about her replacement?” Replacement? “Marcus told me you and her don’t get along too well. What’s her name... new girl, goes by Jenny or something?” You’re shocked silent for a good thirty seconds.

“Giannina...” you mumble to yourself.

“That was it,” Chris confirms, having some more wine. “Do I smell some trouble in paradise?” You breathe out audibly and give him a look for his latest comment. “R-right, what were we talking about? Angelina, wine, oh yeah, and how you looked. You’ve come a long way. The ponytail suits you well. Feminine, but practical. I see you’re still keeping your legs smooth, and added your arms to the list as well. Those fingernails look amazing, by the way. And you’re walking around the mansion confidently in a dress and skirt... Dare I say I left an impression on you?” he grins widely, suggesting rather unsightly that you’re done up just for him.

“You know, maybe it’s because I was drunk, but I don’t remember you being such an asshole,” you snap at him and have another sip of your wine, which probably doesn’t look as defiant as you’d like it to.

“What an eloquent way to put it,” Chris hisses, clearly offended by your comment. “You know, I was told I’d be your relief. Here to get you out of your maid persona for just a day, but I don’t have to, dear. If you prefer to scoot around on your knees, licking my boots from here to the gate, I can happily accommodate you. But I figured you’d revel at the opportunity to be just another guy for a few hours.” You almost cut him off with your response.

“Yeah, that all sounds great, Chris. Believe me, I’m the first person to join some friendly banter between two guys, but if the point is to ridicule my absolutely miserable, *desperate* situation at every turn, I find myself struggling to laugh. Hearing some off-hand joke every second goes over much better when it’s not directed at my being subjected to totalitarian sex change and eventually complete slavery.”

“Well, they got the temper right,” Chris mumbles to himself. “What was that?”

“Nothing! Nothing... Just saying, there’s a reason I’m playing for the other team.” It takes you a few moments, but once you get it, you can’t hold back a snort of laughter. That one caught you off-guard.

“Alright, I may have taken it a little too far,” Chris concedes. “My intention was never to ridicule you, but to lighten the mood. I see I missed my mark there quite dramatically.” Both of you share a minute to calm down. Chris is the first to break the silence again.

“So what was your name again? Back in your ‘old’ life?” “Rich.” He thinks that over for a bit.

“Huh... yeah, I’d take Rich over Suki. No homo.” You glare at Chris like a disappointed teacher would over the rim of her sunglasses.

“What? It was totally applicable in that context! You know, taking Rich as in ‘taking the name’, not ‘taking him’, uhh... you catch my drift.” You grin, but don’t break eye contact. “Alright, alright, cut down on the ridiculing, I gotcha. All I was trying to say is that your transformation has been drastic and incredible, in the best sense of those words. I hardly recognised you outside. Hell, if you go on like this for another week or two, I probably won’t be attracted to you in the slightest. Let’s talk about that, hm? How do you feel? About looking like this? Acting like this? Living like this?”

For a moment, you’re not sure if you should even engage him, but he sounds sincere this time. Maybe you did go off a little prematurely on him. Sighing, you turn around and slump backwards, resting your head on his shoulder. The poor maid’s therapist couch. Now that you’re sitting against Chris, you realise you didn’t have to scoot down his leg at all to get into this position. That means you must have shrunk quite a bit since your last encounter. It’s hard to notice when you spend 15 out of 16 waking hours a day in ever-growing high heels. So not even your bone structure is safe from the vines’ enforced corporal reformation. Just great.

“Like I said, I feel desperate,” you get back to his question. “I’m boxed in here. I do nothing, I get punished. I do a little, I get punished. I try to do something but fail, I get punished. I run away, I’m retrieved and subsequently punished. No matter which direction I turn, nothing is satisfactory and I am chastised for just thinking about it. Even at night, I’m locked in a prison, even tighter and narrower than the one I’m confined to by day. The way I look and the way I act are completely out of sync with who I actually am, so I have no refuge left.”

“How do you feel about living here?”

“What?” You’re a bit confused that he didn’t respond at all. “That’s a bit of a non-sequitur, but alright. Well, aside from the things I just mentioned... objectively speaking, my standard of living here is obviously much higher than before. I can’t deny that. Even the cafeteria food, which is a white-beige goop that you have to fellate a rubber dong to get to, is better than any meal I ever tasted before.” You can feel Chris tensing beneath you, though you’re not sure whether it’s from arousal at that description, or because he’s holding back some dumb joke. Either way, he settles down quickly.

“Then what’s keeping you from enjoying yourself?”

“It’s forced.” That one’s easy. “It’s not real, none of this is. Yes, there’s a lot of nice things, a room of my own, spacious buildings with gorgeous architecture and clean, high-end facilities. It’s all a very good life, but it’s not *my* life. Seriously, you need not look further than the maids that roam this place. Sure, most of them are pretty friendly, no complaints there, and according to Marcus, they’re all here by their own free will, but talking to them feels like talking to a fucking zombie. They seem... out of it. Conditioned. Brainwashed, even. Being slated for that same fate, how could I be anything but scared out of my mind?”

“What’s ‘real’?” Chris posits the question like you’re in a second-rate philosophy class. “Naturally, you’re subjected to training and conditioning to alter your body, skills and personality. But let me assure you, all that you see on these premises is

very much real. Just because you are being eased into this new life by external forces, it's not any less of a life. Let me also state that, yes, the maids are indeed all here by choice, save for one. They have undergone training just like you have, maybe even some conditioning, but they all signed up for it with sound minds, before any influence has been exerted. They all *chose* servitude, and your partner and you were indeed an anomaly when you appeared here like you did. Of course, whether my testimony on that subject is worth more than Marcus' is completely up to you."

"About your concern that the girls feel a little inhuman to you, I can't convincingly pretend that I disagree. I've noticed it too. You might have heard of it already, but they undergo a special process. Marcus and his father call it 'The Initiation' but I've heard them refer to it simply by 'the procedure' in conversation as well. Even as Marcus' long-time friend, I'm not clued in to how it works, how they got hold of the machine that performs it, or even what exactly it accomplishes. But I've obviously spent a lot of time here, observing the effects right after the girls had that treatment done, and can come up with some conclusions. The girls that undergo the procedure come out with a sort of one-track mind. They're determined, absolutely willing to do what they're instructed, and continue to do it until they're finished or until another instruction overrides previous ones. In other words, they're the perfect servants, with the drawback of that mechanical, rigid, yet dreamy and absent appearance that you mentioned."

"If you ask me, I think it's a sort of relaxant, or even a permanent, mild sedative. Of course I couldn't explain how that works, but think about it. All these women come here, abandoning their 'real' lives, as you would put it, to enter servitude. Considering how small the staff is, that's not too weird; people have fetishes and uncommon preferences, and a small portion of them have the courage to act on them. But what does strike me as odd is how there's never any conflict. I've yet to see two maids arguing, much less get into a fight. They're never worried about their home, their former friends or family. They're perfectly calm and embrace their new lives as wholly as humanly imaginable." So The Initiation is like a life's dose of antidepressants? That's terrifying... A thought crosses your mind.

"Do you... do you think that's what happened to Emma?" Chris breathes out audibly.

"I don't want to disappoint you, but she absolutely fits the bill, yes. The thing is, Marcus recently had a hunch that the Initiation leaves more, larger remnants the less trained a maid is. This whole operation may look to you like a well-oiled machine that has been in place for generations, but you'd be dead wrong. Early on, Marcus didn't have the capacity to train every maid individually. Money had to be made somehow, and having a staff of enthusiastic, diligent servants was the perfect way to make it. More and more people caught wind and volunteered, while more and more buyers became interested in procuring a beautiful, servile woman as a personal maid, in some cases even as a wife. Back then, Marcus could barely manage the business alone, so many maids came and went. Suggesting a rigorous, extensive training programme to him then would probably have made him laugh and throw you out of the manor. But when everything had started to enter a rhythm and routine could establish itself, you and your friend showed up at the perfect time. You got knocked out cold, but your friend wasn't so 'lucky'. I assume she got initiated even

before your unconscious body found a mattress to rest on. It sounds bleak, but on the flipside, you should realise that there is probably much, much more left in Emma's head than in any of the other girls'."

That was a rather long-winded explanation, but a plausible one. So Emm—Eric was immediately "initiated" and thus started acting like he does currently. You were able to awaken some old memories though. Aspects of his old life, even his old name seemed to spark a distinct reaction. You've seen no such recognition in any of the other maids. Except Angelina.

On the other hand, that isn't much of a sign. Sure, he knows about those details, but he looks like he'd take the first chance to forget them, if that were possible. His behaviour barely showed a hint of masculinity, not the slightest sense of Eric being somewhere in that head except for information that is anecdotal at this point. If Marcus is to be believed, you were out for months, perhaps half a year. You'd figure this treatment, this "Initiation", would be most effective right after application. In that case... how long are you supposed to wait for the old Eric to fully return?

"Marcus is trying to redesign his routine," Chris starts back up, "starting with you. He's placed all his hopes in your successful admission to the maid corps. If you can accept, or even seek out servitude – as somebody who is so violently opposed to the idea – while retaining all your human features in your new life, then it would be child's play to make the same process work on eager volunteers. If you became a maid without losing your humanity, he could eliminate the uncanny factor in his staff. You're a proof of concept, so to speak. But of course Marcus has slated you for much more than just that."

"What do you mean?" you're eager to know. Chris just smiles. After a few minutes of prodding, he gives in.

"Surely you've noticed that Marcus doesn't just keep you around for manual labour? Always checking up on you, always commenting on your progress. Part of the reason I'm here is because he feels like he's being a little overbearing with his constant personal visits. As anxious as his imposing figure might make you feel, it must be nice to be 'the chosen one'." You can't quite follow. Your mind drifts back to yesterday.

"Physically..." you whisper, louder than you intended. Chris is intrigued and won't let you off the hook.

"Physically, yes," you repeat yourself. "Sure, with the probe doing what it does, there are a lot of physically pleasurable situations that are terrifying when I look back at them. Like yesterday when Marcus..."

You catch yourself explaining much more than Chris should've known. His face makes that abundantly clear. He's staring at you with a dropped jaw. For once, it doesn't feel like he's trying to make a joke; apparently, this is news to him.

"Marcus... did *that*? With *you*? *Yesterday*?" Your face becomes beet red again. "Wow. He didn't even get around to telling me yet. So you liked it, huh?"

“Y-yeah, I did.” You’re not getting out of it now anyway. “Physically, I mean,” you try to save it. “But I’m still straight. All these maids around me are turning me on like crazy, despite what’s happening to my body and in my training, my conditioning. No offense, but looking at you or Marcus does nothing for me.”

“None taken,” Chris cheerfully replies. “I have to say, considering what you were trying to do to a defenceless old man in his own home, you turned out to be a pretty likable guy, Rich.”

“Likewise,” you reciprocate. “Well, without the ‘defenceless old man’ bit.” Chris laughs. “I’m going to miss you. It’s weird in a way. Different than talking to the other trainees, even before their Initiation. They’re all anxiously awaiting it, exaggerating everything they do, because they want to throw themselves head first into their fantasy. I’m happy for them, truly, but it can get... awkward. ‘Creepy’ might be the better word, to be honest. Their responses are programmed before any programming takes place. Can’t replace a normal conversation in the real world,” Chris concludes.

“I’m going to miss you too,” you say, unsure how to respond. Soon, you might look just as creepy, with a slack, dead expression hung over your face, and a silent brain behind it.

“Well,” Chris begins, while the arm that had long wrapped around your shoulder starts caressing your cheek with one finger, “seeing as we both got a little sentimental here... How about you send me off properly? If it helps, think of it as an apology. You did call me an asshole earlier.” It’s hard to deny. Of course, you still want to, but you’d already resigned yourself to provide at least one handjob today, so it’s neither shock nor surprise when you find your hand undoing the zipper on Chris’ jeans.

After taking off his pants and underwear, you fold them neatly and place them on the other armchair. You retake your spot on Chris’ lap and get to work. Right away, you notice that your inhibitions about touching another man’s penis are quickly disappearing. A recent lesson comes to mind.

“I almost forgot. The teacher recently taught me about some of the... toys we have in stock here. I’ve never used them before, but I know the basics. Do you want me to fetch some?” It’s true, you don’t think you’ll be great with them on your first try. The teacher had already announced Sex Toys 102, with more practical applications. You’re not looking forward to it.

“A lovely suggestion,” Chris praises you, once again caressing your cheek. “But I think I’ll be served more than sufficiently by your tender grasp.”

“As you wish, Sir,” you remember your training, and subsequently are reminded of the probe, surveilling your actions. It feels nice.

However, your own pleasure isn’t the priority. There have been a few techniques imparted on you in class, and of course you have some experience pleasuring yourself. You take a break from kissing Chris’ neck to lick your right hand and go back to jacking him off. First a few simple strokes, then you run your thumb along

the underside of his cock, taking extra care to gently massage the area below the glans.

“Damn, Rich,” Chris speaks up. “You’ve always been so straightforward in our conversations. Could it be that Suki is more of a tease?”

Slightly embarrassed, you decide to just go back to normal rubbing with your saliva-slick hand. Chris looks like he could speak up at any moment, but every breath he takes is interrupted by another one of your deft touches. Deciding that there’s no need for words anyway, he makes do with groping your ass with his right hand, which is almost an express invitation for your probe to run haywire. Your face digs itself deeper into his neck and your hands start moving more erratically at the sudden increase in sensation from your anus. When Chris’ left starts kneading your A cups, it’s all over.

At that point, your perception goes out the window. Chris may have been talking to you, but you wouldn’t be able to tell. Your mouth opens and closes automatically, in rhythms you can’t comprehend, hoping to taste Chris’ lips, which never come. You have to assume your hand paces similarly, but can’t be sure. The only hint you get is when Chris’ own fingers start slowing down, and finally cease pleasuring you entirely. It takes you a bit to power down yourself, but finally get what’s happening when you notice a little wet patch on your palm. He came already. Fortunately, further examination tells you that you didn’t, though you doubt you were far away from it. Chris’ jet of ejaculate seems to have missed you as well, as evidenced by the little puddle on the carpet, several inches away from your shoes. Got lucky there.

“Thanks,” Chris breathes, “Suki.”

“You too,” you reply. Both of you catch your breath for a while longer before Chris starts again.

“I can tell you got a lot better at that. Must be all those classes you keep telling me of. They teach you anything about sports yet?”

“They don’t, but I hear the Yankees are completely useless.” “Ah, getting a proper education I see, that’s a relief.”

Before you know it, it gets dark outside, a testament to how much you enjoy Chris’ company, if you’re being honest. You got off to a rocky start, but patched up your differences. And while you’re still being honest, you have to say that he managed to put some things into perspective. This is an opportunity at a better life, even if it’s not yours. Resisting hasn’t worked, running hasn’t worked. Originally, you intended to go along with suggestions and duties to avoid drawing attention to yourself. Maybe the solution is to fulfill them to gain some influence, and be allowed to tweak some things yourself. If your progress keeps going as Chris predicts, you won’t mind any of it before long.

And besides, even Emma, receiving the least effective, fast-track treatment, came out a lost cause. So what chance do you have?

Chris is about to take his leave when you stop him, still in the armchair. Grabbing some tissues from the table, you clean up his semen and your saliva sticking to his cock, aided by a bit of water. It won't replace a proper shower, but you can't let him go outside like this.

"Thank you, Suki," Chris appreciates your efforts, but is evidently finished treating you like a guy for the day. It was nice while it lasted, but you knew it'd be a fleeting form of relief.

"Not at all, Sir," you obediently offer a programmed response.

After seeing Chris off properly at the gate, receiving a peck on the cheek as goodbye, you're left to clean up the room, lest you spark the wrath of both the teacher and Marcus. There isn't a lot to do but clean up the one large stain of man juice that marked the literal climax of your encounter. Fortunately, Chris is quite orderly otherwise, and doesn't make a large mess. Your thoughts drift back to the first time you scouted a room for a meeting with him, and the maid performing some sort of BDSM fantasy for a client. Or the very room you eventually picked for Chris and you, before you cleaned it up. Both of those were a nightmare. You can't help but wonder whether you'll graduate to serve those kinds of clients, and if so, when.

All signs would point to that being the case, seeing as clients appear to have free choice among the staff of maids. Yet some of what Chris said might contradict that theory. According to him, you're some sort of "chosen one". A special case, with special rules. The only maids that seem to act out of the ordinary are you, Emma and Angelina. One of them drops out of the picture tonight, leaving just you and your best friend. Despite everything, you know you'll miss her. Especially knowing that Giannina will succeed her in her role as head maid.

The room is cleaned up quickly. With a little bit of that wonderful detergent, the stain comes out in no time, and then you only need to take away the wine and straighten out some of the furniture a little. On your way to bring the wine back to the cellar, you pass by the office, finding Marcus inside. Perfect, you meant to report back to him anyway. Wine bottle still in hand, you knock on the open door politely.

"Excuse me, Sir?" Marcus waves you in. "I just wanted to report that Mr. Williams has left the manor as planned. According to him, he'd get in touch with you later, and that he'd let you have some time for yourself. He also wanted me to assure you that he's been very pleased with my service. If you don't believe me, you can of course check up—"

"It's fine," he waves you off. "You've done well, I'm certain." An awkward silent ensues. Marcus just stares blankly at his desk, barely moving. You gather your courage.

"May I ask a question, Sir?" A loud exhale.

"This again. Of course, Suki. I live for nothing if not to be your walking dictionary. Go right ahead." His stare is still transfixed on the desk.

"How do you feel about Angelina leaving, Sir?"

His gaze immediately shoots towards you in surprise. After holding you in that frightening stare for a good five seconds, which you avoid submissively, his eyes drift away, not towards the desk, but the wall opposite you, in turn avoiding you. The only response you get is Marcus shrugging his shoulders. They seemed to rise much more heavily than they fell.

You're not sure why you're doing this. Maybe it's all you've learned about him the past few days. Maybe it's plain Stockholm Syndrome. Maybe it's this new, vulnerable side of him. Or maybe it's that passionate make-out session in the basement a few weeks ago, and the culmination of your relationship yesterday, plus all the sensations associated with it.

Whatever the reason, your legs start moving forward, approaching Marcus. You sit down in his lap, just like you did on Chris' half an hour earlier, and pour wine into the glass you'd emptied over the course of the day. You hand Marcus the glass while resting your head on his shoulder, and your left hand on his chest. After a moment of trepidation, you feel Marcus' hand on your hips. In this serene position, aided by his warmth, the slight alcoholic buzz, and the exhaustion of the day, you fall asleep in Marcus' welcoming grasp as a string of cum lazily drips out of your urethra.

DAY 63

It's been over a week since Giannina took over, and life has been hell.

Perhaps that's an exaggeration on your part, but it's true that things have gone downhill for you. Nobody else seems to share that sentiment though. You could derive as much from small talk on duty. Everything seems to be running smoothly, as long as you're not involved.

A perfect example happened just this morning. You were assigned gardening duty, and not for the first time. Marcus had explained it to you the day Angelina left. It's very simple work, and quite calming at that, but as you were told to expect, your clothes get messy easily.

So you went over to the shed, like you always do on gardening duty. As if that thing hadn't caused you enough trouble already. The start of this whole ordeal. You used it to climb in through the window on the day of your heist. Back then, you thought this was a garage. It was dark, so you couldn't see how large it was, and figured that a mansion of this size had to have at least one garage. But, as it were, it is a shed, holding various tools and implements, including rakes and other useful things for gardening. Said tools came crashing down on you this morning just as you were opening the door. This is the first time it happened, and you're certain it's not a common occurrence. As with guest rooms, the last maid to use the shed is held responsible for the state she leaves it in. Of course, if the maid responsible were also the head maid... you doubt there was a contingency for that.

Naturally, your clothes were already stained from that point onward, which at least took some pressure off you while gardening. These antics have already caused two more changes to your uniform in what little time you spent on garden work. Your stockings have become more transparent. The effect is twofold. One, it makes it harder to detect stains on it, since your increasingly tan skin colour hides dirt and liquids better than bright, white cotton. Two, you blend in with the other maids frighteningly quickly. Give your heels an inch or two and take that much off your dress and any difference left to the other uniforms is merely a matter of style.

The second addition to your uniform was a black leather choker. Its design is very simple, but its presence complicates things. The first few days, you took it off at night before going to bed. What's tricky is that taking it off does exactly what the name implies. It chokes you, if only for a few seconds. Obviously, it's designed to fit around your neck tightly, and it does that job admirably. To get the hooks in the back clasped, you need to pull on your neck even more than it already does by just sitting there, and the same goes for taking it off again. So last night, you gathered all your courage and disregarded the rule to sleep completely naked. Surprisingly, the vines didn't rip up your whole room in response. They simply dug under the choker and encased you that way. Sure, it didn't help with the tightness around your neck, but you hardly feel that while you're sleeping. In conclusion, you've found your first permanent piece of clothing. Hey, at least now you're never naked again.

Jokes aside, the reason for those uniform upgrades wasn't that you were too lazy to ask for one of those sealed bags. At first, you wondered whether the dirt would be a problem to begin with. After all, you were told the vines only have a problem digesting sexual fluids. They clean you at night, so they shouldn't mind dirt on your clothes if they don't mind dirt on your body, right?

Kind of. The vines actually weren't the problem as it turns out. You trust your ears enough to say that they didn't rip up your clothes. However, the next morning you still had a new uniform in your wardrobe. So whether your clothes are torn apart or not is less of an issue than just whether you take care of them or not. Either the cameras record in a resolution high enough to detect whether the clothes on your floor are dirty, or you get flagged during the day when your clothes are dirty and marked for pick-up at night, to be cleaned and exchanged. It's a complicated system, but obviously designed to train you to remain spotless while fulfilling all the duties a maid is meant to perform.

Of course there's another catch. Nobody officially rescinded the offer to ask for a sealed bag to protect your clothes. Yet when you showed up at Giannina's doorstep one night and degraded yourself with that stupid line you're supposed to say, all you got as a reply was a wide grin and a slowly closing door.

Normally, you'd have taken this to Marcus, even though he's getting annoyed by your constant complaining. If he's laying down rules, he should make sure they're enforced, right? You're going through a lot, eating a lot



of shit, so you think you can expect that much. But ever since you slept with him – literally – he’s been avoiding you. The times of just bursting into his office are long over, as your teacher explained to you across several sessions, and you’re in one of them right now.

“You don’t just enter a room you’re not tasked to enter or that you don’t need to enter in order to accomplish your designated task. If you absolutely have to enter, you can write the head maid or, in emergencies, Master a text, asking for permission. That is what your phone is for; coordinating with Master and his dutiful servants which you will hopefully join properly sooner rather than later.” Snide remarks like that are the fuel for the last remnants of rebellion in your heart.

“Now, we’ve gone through a handful of client profiles and spoken about etiquette when addressing masters and clients before, but I heard these are subjects you’re still struggling to internalise. We will freshen you up on that later. But aside from your superiors, there’s another community you can’t afford to neglect: your fellow maids and other servants.”

“It’s important that you know you can always depend on your sisters, but they have their own duties to keep in order. Simply put, if you want something from them, you have to offer something in return. Some of them might seek sexual gratification. Since you’re Master’s new favourite plaything, I expect a lot of girls are experiencing an unpleasant dry spell that they’d beg you to alleviate. Others might want to see you in more revealing clothes, thus asking you to dirty your outfit intentionally. I don’t think that will happen to you much, but it wouldn’t be the first time. One common demand is to switch your shift, or take one over entirely. Everybody loves a day off. Or perhaps getting rid of a stinky client that way.” The teacher scrunches up her nose childishly.

“In that case, they might take over your duties or grant you a favour as long as you keep their client happy. All you need to do is ask. Maybe you’ll find help, maybe you won’t. Remember that the girls can decide whether they want to make a deal with you or not. You’re not entitled to anything, Miss!” she scolds you before you’ve even done anything. It is an interesting point though, and you can’t believe you hadn’t thought of it. Exchanging favours with the other maids might go a long way to reducing Giannina’s influence. The teacher mentioned texting as well. You definitely need to make better use of that phone. If client profiles are as important to memorise as she says, you could create a database with some basic information on the clients to call up in case you need to jump in for someone at the last second. You could also try to text Marcus to set up a meet. He’s been avoiding you for too long.

“Let me warn you,” the teacher continues. “Take substitute work seriously. Just because they’re not technically your clients, you better not slack off. If you don’t treat another maid’s client with the proper etiquette and respect – as you’re known to do from time to time – she will not take your sub-par effort kindly. Your performance will inevitably reflect on her, and more importantly, on the integrity of the manor as a whole. Expect punitive action if you callously refuse or fail to stimulate a client’s needs.”

Alright, nothing surprising. Of course you need to do “your” job. You’re quite familiar with the punishments in this place. After the teacher has made sure these lessons stuck you return to the subjects that are part of every class. Posture training, etiquette lessons, profile introductions. You already get started on building up that database, taking notes down in your phone as the teacher speaks.

Eventually, much too late in your view, class is finished, and you have a mostly clear schedule. You noticed that if you blow through the lessons quickly, you’re usually dismissed early and get some free time. Obviously, the probe doesn’t mind you putting in an effort either. Still on your phone, you shoot Marcus a text, asking to meet him. Minutes later, he grants you a visit to his office, later this evening at 8. That was easy!

With some more time on your hands, you resolve to make more use of today’s class. Right now, you’re headed to the main laundry room that you spent your first day on the job in with Emma. You’ve been torn on the subject of what to call your friend and accomplice, but after speaking to Chris, you see no point in clinging to the mental image of Eric. She is Emma. She wants to be Emma. So call her Emma. She’s different from you. You haven’t been brainwashed. Perhaps she can still wake up... You’ll be ready when it happens. If it happens.

Reminiscing is not the reason for your presence at the laundry though. It has come to your attention that it is run primarily by a maid called Kim. Given your current clothing situation, and your relationship with Giannina, she could be the perfect candidate to make your first deal with to get this outfit cleaned. You knock softly on the door, but get no response. Loud washing machines can be heard from inside. She probably couldn’t hear you if you kicked the door down. So instead you open it gently, signalling you don’t want to intrude. The woman inside stops folding her sheets when she sees you enter, waving you in with a big smile on her face.

“Hey there! What can I do for ya?”

“Good evening,” you try to be polite. “You’re Kim, right? The one running the laundry?” “No need to be so formal, hun. Between us girls, call me Kimmy.”

“Okay, sure, Kimmy. Umm... are clients not allowed to call you Kimmy?” She looks confused, staring off at the ceiling for a second.

“I suppose you’re right,” she finds, laughing heartily, loudly, which seems in line with her rather bulky build. She’s not fat, perhaps not even overweight. She’s curvy, and that’s not a euphemism. Jesus, you could get suffocated in between those thighs. But let’s push those thoughts aside, or your skirt’s going to rise a few inches. Anyway, she does look quite distinguishable from the other maids, who are usually dainty and slender. Kim, or Kimmy, apparently has no need for subtlety.

“I dunno about *runnin’* the laundry,” she composes herself, “but I guess I do spend a lot of time here. Anything ya need?” She gets straight to the point.

“Hmm yes, I’m sorry if I appear rude. This isn’t a social visit. As you can see,” you point to your clothes, “I’ve run into some trouble today and got my outfit dirty. Since

Giannina is— since I can't get a sealed bag for them, is there some way I could get you to wash them for me, please?"

"Aww, I heard there's no love lost between the two of you, what a shame. I'd gladly help you out! Frankly, I enjoy the quiet hum of the washing machines," Quiet? "but I've been assigned Mr. Wen later in the evening. He's a nice fella, I just don't feel like servicing a client tonight. If ya take care a' him for me, I'll have time in the laundry to take care of your uniform for ya. You could bring it by whenever you're done, as long as it's before curfew. How about it?"

Mr. Wen. The name doesn't ring any bells, but let's check the phone... Yeah, as you feared. You don't know the first thing about him.

"I haven't heard about him in class... Maybe you could give me a little introduction? If you just tell me one or two things I could—"

"Sorry, darlin'," she cuts you off, "no can do. I can't letcha take a client ya ain't even heard of. Tell ya what. Mr. Wen stops by pretty often, like once a week. Requests me *all* the time. Next time you're in class, ask teach' if she can't show ya his profile first, and when you got it down, you can help me out the next time. Gimme your number and I'll text ya when I need ya. Alrighty?"

There's your first maid contact already. She won't help you out today, which sucks, but you can stock up favours with her as soon as you learn more about this Mr. Wen. You exchange numbers and you take your leave.

How are you going to get your clothes cleaned today though? Kimmy just declined, Giannina's not going to help. All you have left is that appointment with Marcus. It's unnerving to imagine bringing complaints to him again, but you've fulfilled your duties for over a week without fault. Even Marcus should be open to some suggestions after you left him alone for so long and worked so diligently.

Nonetheless, it's still down to chance whether he'll help you out or not. And when it comes to that, you'd like to stack the odds in your favour as much as you can. There's still time left. In this body, it might be worthwhile to learn about the application of those famed feminine wiles. Remembering what Angelina told you, you send Michelle a text.

"Hi! Do you have time? I finished class early so I thought I could get a make-up lesson from you?"

"*Slt* Suki," she replies. "Im afraid Im expecting of a client in thirty minutes. We may not have enough time for learning, but I can make your face beautiful by myself. Of course, in return I would love for you to spend some time *avec moi*."

"That would be great! Can you stop by my room? I'll leave the door open." "A+" is the last cryptic text you receive from her.

Back in the Quarters, it doesn't take more than a minute for Mimi to show up. She unexpectedly kisses you on the lips, but quickly directs you to sit down in front of the vanity dresser. Her haste is convenient. It means you won't be late and she won't

have time to pull anything crazy. What she does pull out is a little tub of cream, which she's already kneading into your face.

"By the—" you start, but are interrupted immediately.

"Sh sh sh sh sh sh," Michelle overzealously shushes you. "No talking for pretty girls."

Obediently, you sit there and let her do her work. She's probably worried about messing up if you move your face around too much. It takes a few solid minutes until there's a break. Michelle's been rubbing that stuff into your face the whole time, and has even spread some of it all the way down to your neck and below. You don't perceive its wetness anymore, after she spread it thinly enough, but it still feels like there's... something covering your face, like a second skin, weighing on you. The pause opens another opportunity to ask your question.

"I was trying to ask. What does Ay Plus mean?"

Michelle stops rummaging through your dresser. "*Quoi?*" she asks, confused.

"Ay Plus," you repeat while fishing for your phone in your handy apron pocket. "Here, your last message."

"Oh, à *plus*! It is short in French for 'see you later'. Anyway, close your eyes, *s'il te plaît*." That explains it. How's anybody supposed to figure that out though? Within seconds, Michelle is loaded with an intimidating amount of tools. What happened to not having a lot of time?

First, she takes a scary-looking clamp to your eyes of all places. You're expecting A Clockwork Orange from a first-person perspective, but it stops short of touching your retina. Instead, Michelle clamps it onto your lashes. Upon touching them, you notice that they're curled upwards, and earn yourself a little slap on your hand by the French maid, who's got a mascara... thing in her hand to use next.

"No touching! And keep eyes closed," she reprimands you.

You feel some light tugging on your lashes as Michelle presumably caresses them with her brush. When she gives the signal, you can look at the result, which is long, curled, deep black lashes. It's not the thickest mascara you ever saw, but the effect is astounding. It provides great contrast to the white of your eyes, though your irises look darker than you recall them being. The cream Michelle applied serves to even out the blemishes on your skin, few as they are after the vines' careful treatment. Your face has some traces of masculinity left, but androgynous or not, it is still eerily doll-like in appearance, and Michelle isn't even finished yet.

The last implement she waves forebodingly in front of your face is one you recognise, too. It's lip gloss. She runs the long tool over your lips for a mere ten seconds, perhaps, not greatly changing their colour. Yet the effect is remarkable. They reflect light much more strongly than before. They shine. They draw attention.

It's quite the sight to look at your reflection in the mirror, all dolled up. There's no debate now; if you saw the woman in the mirror on the street, you *would*. That's

probably the point. But you don't feel revolted at the thought, nor at the sight. It's finally *something*. Not androgynous, not some in between. You look just like a woman, from head to heel. Actually, the thought does make you a bit uncomfortable... but maybe it's a little better than what you had before.

"Et voilà!" Michelle interrupts your soliloquy after stashing away all of her tools. "Now shoo. I need to get back to work. You have an appointment too, *non?*" she reminds you knowingly.

That's right. There's still a couple of minutes you use to brush your hair and tie it back into the ponytail that you've grown so used to. Before you leave, you give your clothes another once over, too. Then, it's time. You're good to go. Rather untypically, the door to the office is closed entirely. Slightly nervous about that circumstance, you knock lightly. After a few moments, you're worried Marcus might not have heard, but that's when the door opens, and the stressed out owner of the mansion – and of you – opens the door.

"You're early," Marcus notes.

"Sorry, Sir," you apologise while entering with perfect manners. "I figured I'd come early rather than late. You never know who you run into on the way." That paints a faint, brief smile on Marcus' face.

"Not a bad idea, Suki. I'm glad to see you adjust so well to your life as part of our maid staff."

"That's actually what I'm here about, more or less... Sir," you hastily add. He motions for you to continue.

"It's no secret that I have my issues with Greg. With Giannina. She sold me out during my... foolish escape attempt, and that's all in the past, I'm fine with it, but she apparently isn't as inclined to let bygones be bygones." Marcus is visibly tired after a long day, but makes an effort to listen. He seemed tense the moment he saw you though. "Which brings me to my problem. You wanted me to adjust to life here. In fact, you just said so. You set the rules and after some differences between us I eventually came around to trying to follow them. Now, Giannina has been unilaterally declared head maid and with that, I'm sorry to be so blunt, rules have lost all meaning."

"I was told I could hand in my filthy clothes to avoid changes to them," you continue. "But Giannina, who took over that responsibility, refuses to give me a bag to put my uniform in, wearing a wide grin on her face. Do you think that's fair? If you intend to force—" you stop yourself. "If you want me to settle down here, you need to ensure some sense of stability not just for you, but for me as well."

"...Sir." Marcus reminds you, exasperated. You tread on the spot a little, unnerved by his apparent disinterest. Is that going to be his whole response? Thankfully not.

"Fine. You're right," he concedes unexpectedly. "Promises have not been kept, and I demand that you keep yours. It would be hypocritical to break mine."

Yes! Finally, a victory. Standing up for yourself within reasonable limits *can* work even in this place. Maybe this will finally mark a change in the dynamic between Marcus and—

“When you feel you’ve been wronged by Giannina in any way and need help from me instead, you can shoot me a text, stop by in the evening or at another time we discussed, and suck my dick in exchange for that favour.”

You stare at Marcus wide-eyed, stunned.

“Oh, but don’t think you’re the only one who aches for my meat. I look after myself, but I have my limits. If the other girls have been riding me all day long – and they have a tendency to – you’re out of luck if you show up on my doorstep at 8 PM. So you might want to show some initiative and come in early.”

“I see that your clothes are pretty dirty,” he goes on. “You mentioned your outfit, too. I assume that’s why you came tonight? Well, we can do a test run to see how this works then. Oh, just one more thing. Do not think you can still afford to haughtily step into my office, making demands after I worked my ass off morning to night. That stops *today*. To mark the occasion, I think it’s way past time that you started addressing me properly, as your Master. I’ve given you two months to adjust. Since you were just professing how sincerely you’ve pledged yourself to follow the rules, I think that’s more than fair, is it not?”

You swallow heavily. Dug your own hole without knowing it.

“Umm, could you... could you please h-help me clean my clothes, M-M-Master?” you grit your teeth at the end of that sentence.

“But of course I can, Suki. But what will you give me in return?” He wants you to beg. Son of a...

“M-May I p-please suck your dick, M-Master?” you stammer, incredibly scared of what’s about to follow. It doesn’t help that you creamed your panties in the face of your submission, thanks to one juicy Tingle.

“I’d love you to, Suki. Go right ahead,” he rolls back in his office chair and motions for you to take your place underneath the desk. What are you supposed to do? Once you asked, Marcus didn’t even give you the chance to opt out, to make up your mind. He just assumed you’d go through with it right here. There was no room for a “no”. Nervously, you put one foot in front of the other. In your head, that sounds like you’re a child learning to walk, and it comes close to how insecure you feel. Every step is like a balancing act on stilts. Like your legs are made of pudding.

As soon as you run out of imagery, it’s no longer needed. You’re facing Marcus from a foot away and are directed below the desk. You’ve got no choice but to comply, so you do. Before you can even turn around to face Marcus’ crotch, he quickly rolls forward to decisively box you in down there.

With nowhere to go, you sullenly unzip Marcus’ pants. Only one word crosses your mind: wow. Quickly, justification follows. There isn’t a gay cell in your body, but that thing is *impressive*, you have to admit. Almost with reverence, you gingerly take it

into your hand, stroking it like you're calming a wild beast, dragging your long nails along its side.

"I'm not a client, Suki darling," an impatient voice cautions from above. "No need to hold back. You're allowed a taste." A belittling hand reaches down to pat your head, subtly pushing you deeper into Marcus' crotch. You suppose there's not much you can do to stall. When it comes down to it, you have surprisingly few reservations about sucking a dick, now that you actually have one in front of you, though its sheer size and mass are still intimidating. It sort of makes sense. After all, you suck on one every day, even if the ones you're familiar with are made of rubber. Your first taste underneath the desk does take you back to your first foray into the cafeteria. Marcus has obviously had a long day, and it shows on his meat in the form of sweat. That's sure to leave a salty aroma in your mouth, not unlike the cafeteria feeder's tip.

Sucking a dick takes more than teasing the glans, so you venture further before you're scolded another time. Ooh, and it was worth it. It starts to taste better as you go further up, again just like the cafeteria dildo. Is that even possible? How? It seems absurd, but spearing yourself on Marcus' hard rod proves it right. Despite your relatively relaxed attitude, there's a good two or three inches of no man's land on his dick, untouched by your saliva. For your first time, you'd say you're not performing too badly, but the salty taste at the tip is tough to stomach every time you back away. An idea strikes you.

If it tastes better as you approach the base, then you'll just have to bring that flavour up towards the glans. Every time you pull your head backwards, you make sure to press your tongue into the underside of Marcus' stiff meat with more conviction, trying to get some of that sweetness to spread out further. When that proves fruitless, you angle your head sideways, attempting the same stunt on both sides of his cock. Similarly, it has no effect, but the involuntary grunts from above the desk clearly indicate that your efforts are not going unappreciated. Marcus reinforces that signal of approval by resting a hand on the back of your head. His hips now meet your lips with needy thrusts. They end suddenly, when Marcus quickly but gently pulls you back by your ponytail, and a hot string of fluid paints a line over your face, followed by another one and then yet two more. Simultaneously, an unprecedented Tingle shatters your thoughts as your panties fill with your own hot seed. Mouth agape, some of Marcus' semen drips into it, topping off this entirely too perverse adventure. Drunkenly leaning against the back of the desk, you sit there for easily five minutes before using the long-made opening by Marcus to let you out. When you do, you grab a few tissues from the desk and clean off the various fluids spread over Marcus' impressive length. Only some traces of your lip gloss remain after you rubbed his cock dry for the second time tonight.

"Not bad, Suki," he brushes a strand of hair back behind your ear. "For your first time, you show promise. Natural talent. I knew I was right about you. Leave your clothes in the corner there and I'll make sure you get them back cleaned and pressed tomorrow morning. Try not to drop your creamed panties right on the carpet though, if you could." So he knows about your little underwear accident. Slightly embarrassing, but nothing of note at this point. "Remember to clean your face a little.

Or don't if you want a little nightly snack before you sleep. Anything else?" Mute, you shake your head. Marcus is not pleased with that response.

"No, Master," you correct your mistake.

Marcus sees you out, and you're alone in your room again. Best to get that cum off you as fast as possible. Fortunately, there are still a few minutes until curfew, so there weren't a lot of maids running about to see your semen face mask. The seed is sticky, and hard to get off without a shower, but you manage reasonably well. Normally, you'd add up the events of the day and think them through, but after your orgasm left you as exhausted as it did, you just drop into bed once you got yourself decently clean. When the vines spread out across your body a good ten minutes later, they do find some issue with your hygiene, but don't feed you more than a few drops of sperm. You last think about whether it was Marcus' or your own before sleep embraces you.

DAY 72

hng *glk* *shk* *hmmph*

Saying the sounds your mouth emits are filling the cafeteria would be an exaggeration. In your head, they truly are deafening, though. At the same time, your focus lies elsewhere. Just a little, just a little more...

No way. You gag – again – and pull back hurriedly. Coughing, you recover from your latest attempt at teaching yourself to deepthroat. The food dispenser has long been emptied; but you'd got the day off from Marcus for the very reason you're already in this cafeteria.

"Listen, we've done this a handful of times now. The fact of the matter is, I'm surrounded by packs of women who cry tears of joy when they see me dropping my pants. That's not to brag; I understand they're doing it, in part, because they're programmed to. What I do mean to teach you, Suki, is that you have competition. And if you plan to hold your own against that competition, I'm afraid you'll have to step up."

And so here you are, currently hitting the back of your mouth with the rubber dick yet again, then quickly removing yourself when the gag reflex kicks in, to your dismay. Try as you might, that's a barrier you haven't been able to overcome, though you've been trying nearly all day long yesterday, and a few hours today. Some of the girls that come through early have started to give you weird looks. They don't seem to struggle with deepthroating in the slightest, which you have to admit you envy at the moment.

Recently, you'd started to blow Marcus every day. It's weird how something like *that* can just become part of your routine. On one occasion, you accidentally dirtied your clothes shortly before curfew. You were certain you would get through the day unharmed, but then tripped over a shoe in the middle of the footpath to the Quarters. Yes, not over your own heel, but another shoe entirely. Whoever left it there – and you have a good idea who it might've been – got you sorted with a new outfit change that hasn't happened yet. Marcus told you he'd been too busy, and that it's too late for him to take the time that he'd want to take in your sweet mouth anyway. Why that meant you didn't get a new outfit, you don't get. For the last week or so, you just blew him whenever you had time to spare, usually before noon to make absolutely sure you wouldn't be outperformed early, like Marcus cautioned might happen. One time you could avoid a uniform change because Kimmy was on a late shift, and you ran twice your normal schedule the next day to compensate her. Yesterday, Marcus first mentioned growing bored, and that he expects you to step up if you want to keep earning his favour. That's how you came to train your uncooperative throat in a nearly empty cafeteria.

Resigned, you call it a day and head to class, the one thing you weren't excused from today. The Michelle lookalike is already waiting, and greets you warmly.

"Good morning, Suki. I'm glad to see you coming on time. It's important you take your studies seriously."

Knowing what she expects, you curtsy before you speak up, as a maid is always meant to do.

“Good morning, Miss Robinson. Yes, I’m trying my best to become a good girl for Master.”

The things they force you to say still make you cringe, but only for a second. Then the Tingles set in, and you don’t mind as much. Let them have their fun. You’ll enjoy yours.

“What’s on the schedule today, Miss?” you ask curiously.

“Of course we have a lot of the usual programme prepared. Some more posture training, though I expect you to ace that based on your past performance,” you blush a little at that embarrassing praise, “introduce you to a few more client profiles and will get you to bask in your identity more.”

That last part throws you off. There’s a long enough pause afterwards, so you offer another curtsy in exchange for another question. Miss Robinson grants it.

“Excuse me, Miss, but what does that last part mean?”

“Well, I should think it’s fairly obvious,” she rebuts, which is hard to take seriously given you’re staring into her eyes, which aren’t hidden at all behind her oversized, lensless glasses. “You’re Suki now. An 18-year-old Japanese girl. By now, we’ve got you walking, talking and conducting yourself like a maid. However, there’s not a hint of the Orient to be found within your composition. Starting today, you will get language lessons to at least uphold the illusion that you have reconnected with your roots.” But they aren’t, though! You never knew Japanese, you’ve never even been to Japan. “Maybe we’ll have time for some cultural training, but that might be overdoing it. As long as you behave, I’m pretty sure I could persuade Master to reward you with a tasty treat. Could be a nice change from the usual cum and nutritional paste, don’t you think?”

Depends. But that doesn’t sound like a subject worth pursuing. Posture training begins, giving you a chance to shine. Miss Robinson still poses you like a mannequin, running all around you with prying, critical fingers, but you know you’re one of her favourite students in terms of posture. On laundry duty, you walked past one of Giannina’s sessions once. Boy, you didn’t know Miss Robinson’s voice could reach a pitch that high. That made all the criticism in class pale in comparison. After an hour of being played with like a doll, it’s another hour of just reciting various clients’ preferences in all the fine things – art, booze and girls, in order of vulgarity. Then, you finally reach unfamiliar territory. Language lessons.

“Okay, Suki. Let’s start with some of the basics that you should get a lot of use of. ‘Yes and no.’ Maybe you already know what that means?”

Fortunately, you don’t have to get up and curtsy when you’re asked a direct question. It’d drag lessons out way too long.

“Sorry, Miss, but I don’t know.”

“No problem, just checking. It’s ‘hai’ and ‘iie’. Can you say that?” Doesn’t seem too hard. The first one is basically the same as “hi”.

“Hai,” you repeat back to her, and she seems pleased. So are you; that sounded pretty close to what she said, you think. The second one is going to be a bit trickier.

“Ee... something,” you blurt out, not remembering what it was at the end there. What an odd word, all vowels.

“‘iie’,” the teacher explains again, and you successfully imitate it. She has an idea.

“You know what, memorising all this is asking a bit too much for your first session. I’ll write down some of them in the Latin alphabet and then you can read them off more easily.”

Miss Robinson looks very happy with that arrangement and starts filing through her notes for today’s classes. You, on the other hand, are a little less confident. Noticing an opening, you slowly get up, curtsying for the umpteenth time today. Miss Robinson looks up from her notes, surprised, but grants you your question.

“Excuse me, Miss, but I can only read the English one.” “I’m sorry, what?”

“The English alphabet, Miss. I don’t know any Latin.”

She lets that statement hang in the air for a few seconds, as if taken off-guard by it. Did you make a mistake? Whatever it is, it’s awkward, but at least you don’t feel a punishment coming in.

“Right,” Miss Robinson speaks up again, “you’ll be able to read it, don’t worry. Any trouble you have, I’ll just correct you, Suki.” That’s something, you suppose.

She continues to write down some words on the blackboard until there’s a decent list on there. Fortunately, she wrote them all down in normal letters, but some of the words are so long! Actually, make that all of them.

“Alright Suki, let’s take it from the top. Can you read this first one?” “Con-eet-chee-wah?” you give it your best shot.

“Very good!” Miss Robinson is elated. “That means ‘Hello’.” She points to the next one on the list. Dear lord, what kind of abomination is that?

“Oh-hey-yo-go... zay-mass-oo?” you pronounce very, very slowly. “What the hell’s that mean?”

Miss Robinson is very quick to punish your vulgar manner of speech. She gives you one of her characteristic slaps on your arm, which you recoil from painfully. Straightening out her clothes, she clears her throat and continues the lesson.

“It means ‘Good morning’. You have to change the pronunciation a little though. When you see a word spelled with a combination of letters like ‘ai’ it’s not pronounced like the letter A. Instead, you’d say it like you’d say ‘eye’.” She points

through one side of her stupid glasses to illustrate the point. Got it. Slightly disappointed that she used her face as an analogy, instead of an affirming pirate, you move on to the next word. Once again, it's unspeakably long. Sucks that your current duty is literally to make words speakable.

"Go-joo-shin-sah-mah?"

"Nicely done, Suki!" Miss Robinson praises you again. "This is one you better memorise early, because you'll be needing it a lot. It doesn't have a perfect translation, but it is a term that a maid would use to address her Master. The '-sama' part at the end is a special term that you attach to a word to change how formal or familiar the person you're speaking to is. '-sama' expresses great respect and a clear difference in rank. You call that kind of term an honorific."

"This class is horrific too," you mutter quietly, but not quietly enough, earning another slap on your reddening arm.

"Remember it," Miss Robinson chastises you. "Alright, let's keep going, we still need some time for revision. The next one, please." Huh, this actually looks a little easier.

"Con-bun-wah?" You remember not to pronounce the 'a' in the middle like you would in the alphabet. Miss Robinson notices.

"Fantastic! Showing real talent, Suki! This one means 'Good evening'." What? You need fifty- three syllables to say 'Master', but 'Good evening' is half as long? When faced with the prospect of learning this language and acting like you grew up with it, you'd almost prefer deepthroating cock for a living.

After your first concerns are out of the way, things start blurring together, and time passes more quickly, especially during revision. Words flow off your tongue smoother as you find yourself adapting to the way words are pronounced after doing it for an hour or perhaps longer. Miss Robinson is about to finish today's class when you crave just one more question. You're granted the privilege of asking it after following proper etiquette one last time for today.

"Excuse me, Miss, but all we did is learn random words. Aren't we going to do at least a basic lesson on grammar?"

Almost like after the alphabet question, there's a brief pause, but unlike before, Miss Robinson now snorts, holding back laughter.

"I'll see you tomorrow, Suki," is her only response before leaving you alone in the room. That was... odd.

You made it through classes though, which is nice. Today sure was something new. Hopefully, you'll be able to stay attuned to the language lessons like you were towards the end. More than likely though, you'll really struggle early on.

On to greener pastures then. Miss Robinson said something about Marcus possibly having a treat for you? Either she was being unusually chatty, or unsurprisingly teasing. Special reward or not, you do need to meet with Marcus before too many girls beat you to it. You pull out your phone.

“Hello Master. I hope I’m not disturbing. Would you care for some private time with me? I just finished class,” you shoot him a text. A response arrives momentarily.

“Suki, it’s nice to hear from you. No need to mince words. I know you overindulged this morning and are probably feeling a little hungry now. Don’t worry, I won’t let you suffer. Come right over.”

So he’s already heard of your early morning practice session. That might actually work in your favour, even if you hadn’t made much progress. Marcus asked you to work on your technique, and you did. Hopefully that will earn you some points with him.

Straightening out your clothes, similar to how your teacher did it earlier, you head over to Marcus’ office. It’s not far from the classroom, so the open door greets you soon. Looking inside, the tall, commanding figure is sitting at his desk – as usual – and staring down at some notes. Cautiously, you tap your knuckles against the wooden door to alert him to your presence. The curtsy you offer as a formal greeting is only acknowledged by Marcus’ raised finger, bidding you to wait a moment. His eyes ignore you entirely. Knowing your manners, you stand there, unmoving, until Marcus is ready to receive you; a maid always waits for her Master’s permission. Giving it two more minutes, your patience and obedience is rewarded, as Marcus finally glances up from his work with an exasperated, exhausted sigh.

“Sorry, you can see I’m a little busy,” Marcus apologises for making you wait so long. “So, Suki... may I assume you’re here to stock up on favours?”

“Umm... *h-hai*, Master.”

Marcus is looking at you confused. “Language lessons?” he guesses.

“Yes... umm... I’m sorry for being so awkward, Master,” you apologise.

“Ah, I didn’t know we got started on that already, very nice.” You highly doubt that, but his positivity still bodes well for the meeting. “Though it’s often as much a language class for me as it is for you,” Marcus laughs and you reciprocate. “Don’t worry, it’s always awkward at first.”

“Only at first, Master?” you ask cheekily, but deadpan. Marcus catches on and continues to grin widely.

“Point taken. I guess it is odd, but it’s what people like. Inconsequential little phrases that don’t inhibit comprehension, but do enough to set you apart and make you look much more exotic...” He fidgets in his armchair a little. “Between your attitude and your burgeoning Japanese flair, you’ve already got me all wound up, my little minx. Ready to go, Suki?”

“Always, Master,” you accept your opportunity to please—to gain his favour. Following his unspoken invitation of rolling back in his armchair, you take your familiar place underneath his desk, and between his legs.

Tasting dick really isn’t that bad after you’ve done it for a while. No, really. At first you thought it was a symptom of a routine establishing itself, but now you’re pretty sure

it's something else. It's not exactly an acquired taste either, though getting used to the flavour definitely helps, and it's starting to be quite pleasant, you have to admit. But what's really captivating is how much a lick of his cock can tell you about his day.

His first reaction is a dead giveaway of how much love he's already got so far. If he recoils strongly, chances are you're the first touch on his dick since his morning piss. If he barely reacts to your commencing ministrations, he's probably pretty spent already, sexually.

On the topic of being spent, there's another dimension to it. While his cock has a very... unique taste to it on its own, sweat definitely overshadows it. When Marcus had a hard day, you can't just smell it in his crotch, you can taste it, too. The more pungent, musky the flavour, the more stressful his day was.

Today, the attitude gave it away, but the first lick confirms it. He didn't have it easy, and no girls to console him either. This is when service really counts. It's days like these where you found him quite receptive to some bolder moves, to show you're there for him and all the fantasies coursing through his head. Just yesterday, Marcus was stressed out too. You were worried how he'd respond, but you reached up a hand and started tracing his nipple through his shirt. Sure, he could kiss his work goodbye for the next twenty minutes, but he made no move to stop you. Oh no, he liked it enough to even allow you a squeeze of his firm pecs, and still he let your hand roam freely.

You move your mouth down towards his balls, and let your left hand take care of the shaft for a little. Marcus *loves* having his balls nibbled. At first, he had to instruct you to, now it's a firmly integrated part of your technique. You suppose it feels like a cute, loving gesture to him, but it's important to remember that it doesn't do much for the appeal of a blowjob. It lacks the noisy vulgarity of the act, so it's best used to complement the facefuck instead of letting it take main stage.

So your mouth shifts back up, greedily slobbering all over Marcus' meat, wet with your spit now, instead of his sweat. Deepthroating is still off the table, but you find that practice hasn't gone to waste entirely. While you can't take it inside your throat, it got easier to gauge how far you can take cock without starting to gag. It might not be much, but it's worth mentioning, you feel.

The back of your neck is suddenly seized by one of Marcus' large, manly hands. It's become a gentleman's agreement – imposed by the gentleman onto his obedient servant – that he grabs the back of your neck shortly before he finishes. Really though, it's just a habit you found he has and it's turned out very useful for you. It feels like he's taking hold of a horny pet rabbit, and recently, you've actually been horny like one.

That imagery is interrupted by a stream of white, shooting deep into your mouth. Catching the first load of the day is the most challenging, but only in relative terms. It's not that difficult anymore to keep a tight seal with your lips; not with how much they've been blowing up during your stay at the manor.

You swallow down all that you got, content with a job well done. Marcus' hand lingers on your neck for a few moments longer, before it reaches up and pats your head to

confirm your sentiment. A last Tingle rushes through your system, and you're let out from under the desk. Marcus addresses you as you're getting to your feet.

"Not bad," he praises you, making you jump inside a little, "that training paid off. Not as much as it could've, but it's something. Deepthroating is non-negotiable, and we have to get you... well, maybe I shouldn't tear down my compliment right away." He runs a palm through your hair. "You've done well, and you'll perform even better, given more time. I can't wait. For today, Miss Robinson has recommended a reward for you. After this performance, I'm inclined to agree with her." Oh boy, what now?

"We'll get to that in a little bit," he teases, "but first we need you to see our seamstress."

"Seamstress?" you forget your manners, blurting out the word in confusion. Marcus doesn't seem to mind.

"Seamstress," he repeats. "We've acquired her some time ago, but you probably didn't notice. Although I'm sure you didn't miss the fact that you'd dirtied your outfit and haven't experienced any consequences for it yet, have you?"

"No, Master, I haven't missed that," you reply properly this time.

"Good. Then you can imagine what's awaiting you next. She's new, and thus has been backed up. Kimmy has been particularly vocal about her wardrobe requests," Marcus smirks. "She's been satisfied for the time being, so now it's the other maids' turn to get fitted for proper, tailored outfits. I've been looking to do something nice for the girls after..." he pauses briefly, "the rather sudden Angelina... situation." There's another, longer pause, before he continues.

"And now I could! I won't play the selfless benefactor though. I'm sure I'll get a lot of eye candy thanks to the newest addition to our family. As soon as she's got a little stockpile of clothes built up for the girls, she'll settle into a routine and we'll have more outfits to go around, for a variety of occasions. New girls can be outfitted straight away, and long-term, we can think about taking in some outside requests for sewing work. But I'm getting ahead of myself. Go visit Jasmijn, and I'll pick you up from there, Suki darling. Her atelier is right next to the laundry room."

"Of course, Master," you lift your skirt for a last polite curtsy in his office.

The laundry room is just past the staircase, so you don't have to walk far. Through the door, the washing machines do make some noise, which you expect would bleed into the atelier. Indeed, knocking on the door produces no answer, so you cautiously let yourself in.

"Hello?" you ask into the room, raising your voice a little over the ambient noise. Somebody notices you, and hops over to fully open the door for you.

"Hi there, I was told somebody would come by in the afternoon. How are you doing?" the maid inside chirps happily.

"Thanks, I'm doing quite well. If you've been expecting me, I suppose I'm in the right place." The other maid nods energetically. "I got my clothes dirty a while ago, so now

that you have an open spot, I was ordered to get myself the new outfit I should've received earlier."

"Perfect, perfect, we'll get right on that." The seamstress rushes back and fetches some things. "Disrobe, please," she directs you from the back of the room.

That shouldn't pose any problems. You slip out of your heels, which your feet thank you for, and pull down your stockings. A voice interrupts you again.

"Oh no, you just need to remove your dress and underwear. Sorry, should've been more specific!"

Alright then. You leave the stockings and shoes for the time being and just pull your dress carefully over your head. Your ponytail looks like it's survived it just fine in the mirror nearby, so you unhook your bra and slip out of your panties in a few seconds. The girl is already waiting right next to you, holding up a measuring tape. Without asking, she raises your arms over your head and starts measuring you in all kinds of places. Wearing nothing but your choker, hairband and wristcuffs, the tape at first feels cold against your skin, especially your nipples. Maybe this is a good time to get some conversation going.

"You're Jasmijn, right?" you ask while she's writing down her findings on a notepad.

"Yep!" she confirms. "That... that'sh me."

What an odd response. Jasmijn didn't seem very comfortable with it either. "What's that all about?" you inquire. She's blushing.

"Aha, you know... Marcus said to start doing this accent. And the teacher, she started getting more specific. Apparently I'm supposed to be Dutch or something? I've never been to the Netherlands, so it's... weird. So far, I've only worked with Kimmy, and she seemed normal, so I was kind of surprised when this happened. Is... is everyone like this?" You sigh heavily.

"*Hai*," is your poignant answer. "I'm supposed to be Japanese."

"Oh yes, that would've been one of my first guesses, too," Jasmijn reports, happy to have recognised you. How nice of her...

"Yeah, I'm starting to look quite Japanese, aren't I? Like you with the Netherlands, I've never been there though. Language lessons actually only started earlier this morning for me."

"Wow, really? But you already look so settled here." Was she sent here just to rub it in? "How long have you lived here?"

Well, given your rather long coma, that's not such an easy question to answer. Talking about the coma and how you got here may get you in trouble in the first place. It's nice to have an opportunity to talk about your old life again. You took it with Greg and Chris. But now?

"I've been here for... well, I don't know how long exactly, but it should be like two and a half months now," you tell her only about the time you were awake. "Feels longer..." you sneak in a single biting comment, and it's one the probe doesn't miss. You don't let the punishing electric shock show.

"So that means that you're not one of the veterans here." You nod in agreement. "For me it's probably been a week or two. God, the vines in the bedrooms were so scary at first!" Again, you smile and agree while she's already getting started on adjusting some clothes she's apparently prepared for you.

"What can I expect in the future?" she asks curiously. "Something felt weird about Kimmy, but I thought it'd be rude to just blurt that out. You... you feel like somebody I can talk to more openly. Perhaps because we're in the same boat, more or less. You haven't been here that long, but long enough to know more than me. To be honest, I still can't believe what I got myself into. I just wanted to leave all those pesky responsibilities behind. Well, it looks like I did, but I'm worried it may be more than I bargained for. After all, this seems like a pretty permanent solution."

Hah, no shit. It's sweet of her to confide in you, but her words do provoke some anger welling up inside you. Wanted to relieve yourself of responsibilities? Poor baby. What's going to happen is you'll be here for another month or two, learning things without realising it and not taking it all too seriously, while you're being conditioned, which you'll notice even less. After the honeymoon phase has passed, it might dawn on you that you've ended your life by coming here. But it'll be too late. By the time you realise it, you'll be sitting in some brainwashing contraption, which squeezes all those last thoughts of resistance and independence out of you, until you're nothing more but a helpless child, serving as a slave to a man you'll cream your panties at whenever you catch a glimpse of him. And every day you'll thank him for enslaving you, for robbing you of your free will.

"You know, that's for yourself to figure out," you reassure her. "I find it comes eerily automatic at this point, to slip into the persona laid out by Marcus." That's not a lie. "You'll get used to the duties and learn to enjoy different parts of them. The maids and you will get closer. Like a family, almost. Not long after, you'll never want to leave." Even if it's not really *your* brain deciding that.

"That sounds pretty good, actually!" Jasmijn laughs loudly, and you awkwardly join in. "It's weird, the kinds of rituals going on here. To anyone outside, it probably looks insane, but there's an almost poetic beauty to a place catering to such archaic themes and lifestyles. I never knew life could be like this. Simple, but fulfilling."

"That sums it up, pretty much," you lie. At least you tell yourself it's a lie. "How are you doing over there?"

"Almost finished," she reports as she applies some last stitches to the clothes in front of her.

Jasmijn holds up what she's been working on, assessing the quality. Nodding her head, she seems content with the result, which you can now see is an entirely new dress. Impatient, she comes over to you right away, eager to see her work on display against the body it was designed for.

“Try it on,” she pushes the dress into your arms. “I didn’t make it myself, just some improvements. It’ll take some time for me until I get to do custom outfits for you or the others. Kimmy was an exception, I guess. Anyway, go ahead! I want to see how it looks on you.”

You hold the dress up in front of you. Yeah, it’s still a one-piece, that much remained. Countless other things changed, though.

The top is now white, except for a thin black line contouring your bust, and some light ruffles on top, which are white again. Thin, white spaghetti straps would rest on your shoulders. While you were dressed very modestly before, if fetishised, now you show a good amount of cleavage with this halter-top style.

Below, the skirt is black, with a white petticoat underneath, very similar to your old dress. The main difference is that it now only reaches roughly the middle of your thigh, thereby exposing your legs and stockings a lot more. It may just be your imagination, but you get the impression that it’s also a bit tighter around your constantly expanding hips.

Pulling the dress over your ever-changing form, you find it goes on just as easily as the old one did. It does seem to hug your curves more closely though, which probably shouldn’t be surprising. Before you can examine yourself in the mirror, Jasmijn cuts in.

“Hold up, not quite done yet!” she announces, handing you something you hadn’t held before, but recognise immediately.

A corset. You didn’t know these things were still in fashion. You know even less about how to put one on. Your helplessness doesn’t go unnoticed for long.

“You never wore one of these?” You shake your head. “Can’t blame you, those can be a sucker to get in and out of. Do *amazing* things for your posture though. Alright, let me show you.”

Jasmijn gets behind you, placing the black leather item over your waist. She pats it left and right, adjusting it so it’s positioned straight. Not so bad yeEEEEETT—

All of a sudden, Jasmijn had grabbed two laces, and pulled *the fuck* out of them, together with the air out of your lungs. You’re left there gasping, as Jasmijn goes on with her business behind you. Unperturbed, she laces another set, provoking a similar reaction.

“Really sorry,” she apologises, herself out of breath, “but you have to lace this stuff tightly for it to look good. Once you,” she pauses to tense another set of laces, “do this on your own, you can do it as loose and half-assed as you want, but I’m not gonna let you walk out here looking like a hobo.”

That exaggeration aside, subsequent attempts to strangle you are much easier to bear, and after a few minutes Jasmijn finally ties the last section off and finishes up. It’s... cumbersome, this latest addition to your wardrobe. Your breaths are very restrained and low by necessity. It’s an almost crushing pressure on your waist and parts of your ribcage, but once you find yourself in the mirror, you can’t deny its

effect. Your back is automatically, forcibly arched, which invariably pushes out your chest with obvious results. Not only that, but your waist is so tiny that it makes your hips look even more feminine. Fuck. What the vines don't do quickly enough, the corset is there to help you catch up with.

"And... for the finishing touch," you hear from behind you, followed by two hands snaking around your waist.

Immediately, you tense up, after the shock that the first pulls on the corset gave you. This time, fortunately, all that appears is a white apron, now much smaller than the one you used to have. Hey, almost like your body... Anyway, it's almost cute how tiny the apron is. No doubt that's intended. In practical terms, it still has the little pocket you came to appreciate, so you still have a convenient place to stow your phone and maybe one or two other things. It hides the corset from the front a little bit, and should provide some minimal protection against fluids getting on it. Although, speaking from experience, that stuff tends to spray pretty much everywhere.

"I think that should be it!" Jasmijn cheerfully announces. "And you look gorgeous, if you don't mind me saying so. Especially for a... well..." Just when you thought you were blushing uncontrollably at that embarrassing compliment, she tries to trump you. There's something on her mind, but she can't seem to bring herself to say it.

"Yeah?" you egg her on.

"Well, for a guy," she drops on you.

You hadn't even noticed. You undressed in front of a woman, and you didn't feel a thing. Like you were just two girls in a locker room. No sexual tension, nothing.

"Are... a lot of the maids... you know... *endowed*?" she asks, almost silently.

"No! No, no, no," you deny, "I'm one of the very few. God, I didn't even think about that anymore. Most of the girls actually laugh at it when they see it."

"Awwww," she coos, not making things the slightest bit better. "I would've thought that people here would be more accepting of that, given that everybody sort of lives out a fantasy here."

"Chris never seemed to mind."

"Chris?" Jasmijn inquires, and you realise you have no idea how your thoughts strayed there.

"Oh, uhh..." you stutter, "yeah, Chris. Mr. Williams. You've been here a while, so you might meet him pretty soon, actually," you predict. "Have you had any client service yet?" Jasmijn seems unsure what you mean at first, but shakes her head eventually. "Yeah, then he's probably on schedule to see you already."

"What does he do?" she seems almost scared of him. Maybe you've been more ominous than you intended.

“Oh nothing! Nothing at all. He’s a pretty sweet guy actually. Basically, he’s there to ease you into the sexual duties here at the manor.” Jasmijn looks quite reserved about that. “Which is a little ironic, given that he’s gay.”

“He’s what?” Jasmijn can’t believe you. “Gay,” you laugh.

“And he’s the one introducing maids to sexual service?”

“That’s right,” you affirm. “Depending on how you conduct yourself, you might not even notice what he’s doing. I guess my explanation may have ruined that though,” you chuckle. “He’s a really sweet guy, I promise. You’ll definitely like him. If it’s your first or second time, you’ll probably get away with just a handjob. At least I did.”

“When you first met him, you jacked that guy off?” “Sure I did.”

It doesn’t even occur to you how that’s so unbelievable. Next to the things you did since, what’s the big deal?

“I don’t know if the procedure for born girls is the same though,” you continue. “Maybe they give you different clients to start off with, but from what I’ve been told, I wasn’t the first girl Chris initiated.”

“But... you’re not a girl...” Jasmijn cautiously mentions. “That was kind of the point.”

“I know, I mean... urgh,” you don’t really see the point of going forward. “Just saying, if there’s a list of people to be scared of, Chris would be at the very end of it. He’s incredibly nice to both guys and girls. And if I can trust what I’ve been told by Marcus, I may eventually be one of the girls in *that* respect as well.”

“You mean like...” Jasmijn now doesn’t even dare utter it, but you nod. “But do you—”
” Before she can finish that question, Marcus barges into the atelier.

“Hello ladies!” he greets you both loudly.

His dominant attitude only expedites your efforts at remembering your manners, prompting another of the uncountable curtsies you performed today. Clearly unfamiliar with the etiquette at Wolf Manor, Jasmijn merely imitates you half-heartedly, and likely confused.

“How are we getting along? Just about read—” Marcus now interrupts himself as he starts eyeing you more closely.

“*Meine Güte...*” he mutters something you don’t understand, breathless for a few seconds. “It was a mistake not sending you here earlier. You look breath-taking, Suki honey.”

“Thank you, Master,” you respond gratefully, as is expected of you. In all honesty, your gratitude reaches past your obligations as a maid, though. It takes Marcus a couple moments to compose himself and get back to the issue.

“As you can probably gather, this wasn’t your reward yet, though I hope you do like your new outfit.”

“Of course I do, *g-goshujin-sama*,” you offer a response that feels almost programmed at this point. Jasmijn looks noticeably taken aback by your sudden change in demeanour.

“Good,” Marcus smiles. “Then we should be ready for your actual reward. Since you’ve been such a curious little cat, I thought you might appreciate some more information about how things run here. So if you’re all done here, get yourself ready for a little off-site trip with me. Sound good?”

That's probably the last thing you expected. When first Miss Robinson and then Marcus promised a reward, you'd placed your bets on a surprise anal fuck the next morning. You've become acclimated to the euphemisms here, and "reward" is topping the list of suspicious ones. What he's said so far doesn't sound too bad, but not exactly useful either. Your initial curiosity was largely based on the eventual goal of breaking out of this place. Shit, lots of things are drawing you back into your old life today. Regardless, you're done with that. Marcus has proven to have a short fuse. Trying to escape again is sure to push him over the edge, and you don't want to be present for that. As long as that probe is inside you, you're never going to be really content with life outside anyway. So whatever, let's just go to this place, as pointless as it'll likely turn out to be.

"Sounds great," you unconvincingly fake enthusiasm, "if Jasmijn doesn't have anything else planned, I'd be ready right now." Marcus glances over at her.

"Nope, it... it'sh all done," she adjusts to Marcus' presence just like you did.

"Fantastic," Marcus smiles. "A car should already be waiting. Come along, sweetie."

Saying goodbye to Jasmijn, you quickly pull on your stockings, slip into your heels, and hop out of the mansion behind Marcus. From here, you can already see a black limo parked right behind the entrance to the estate. You keep walking behind Marcus at two steps distance, like a maid is supposed to. Once you arrive at the car, you go for one of the rear doors, not thinking much of it. Before you can grab the handle, Marcus's hand rushes past yours and opens the door first. However, he makes no move to get inside, instead looking at you expectantly. He's holding it open for you.

"Thank you, Master," you thank him.

"Oh, not for this," he brushes it off, "that's just manners."

Leaving you a few seconds to ponder the implications, Marcus takes his time walking around the car and getting in on the other side. Although it's not a stretch limo, it's surprisingly spacious back here. Spacious and luxurious. There's a fucking minibar in here. In a *car*. Despite the abundance of space, Marcus sits down so close to you, you'd think you're on a motorbike.

"Get us to the Control Tower," he barks orders like he's used to, though not at you for a change.

Control Tower? Servant's Quarters was a harmless title compared to that. You wonder what the basement is called. Situation Room? New World Order Headquarters? *The Dungeon*? Despite the ridiculous name, your mind wanders, if not for long. Your probe disperses your thoughts with a tiny shock. Goddamn, do they have surveillance even in this limo?

"Da," a female voice says curtly from behind the steering wheel.

Evidently not allowed to reflect on the current situation, you take to observing instead. The voice at the helm has piqued your interest. Above the seat, you see a little

hat protruding, black and baggy. Nothing more. You're sitting on the left side, directly behind her, which makes it hard to see her. Leaning slightly to the right, and thereby into Marcus' arm, you see a glint of a reflection coming from the bottom of her backrest. Legs, wrapped in black latex. Like the synthetic rubber around her thighs, an arm wraps around you.

"Aren't we a bit cuddly today?" Marcus smiles down at you. He looks sincere, so he must've thought you were leaning into him for attention. Apparently he didn't see you trying to catch a glimpse at the driver. No harm indulging him, you don't think. He doesn't look like he'll do anything to you here, so you lay your left hand on his pecs. He liked that last time.

The embrace brings you slightly closer to the centre of the car, which allows you to see the reflection of the driver in the rear view mirror. As you spotted earlier, she's wearing that slightly baggy hat, which you now see has a shiny little front part. Blonde hair peeks out underneath it. Most catching though are the eyes that look back into yours.

Piercing you are two white-blue glaciers, endlessly deep. Her hair and eye colour could remind you of Emma at first, but it only seems to accentuate the tremendous difference. This woman's eyes are such a light blue to be described as icy, while Emma's are inviting and almost warm, like the ocean surrounding you on a cruise ship. In essence, the driver looks like she could kill with her gaze. Given Marcus' frighteningly advanced technology, maybe she can. Speaking of violence, why is she wearing a guard's uniform? Your curiosity isn't sated yet.

"Master... may I ask a question?" Marcus' joyful expression immediately falters.

"Ah. I should've known you had an ulterior motive when you suddenly got all lovey-dovey."

"N-no, no!" you hastily reject that accusation. "It's just a question to pass the time. I swear I didn't mean anything by it this time."

"This time, huh?" Marcus catches you, but chuckles after a frightening pause. "Alright, alright, calm down. Ask your question and watch that language."

At first you think you misspoke, but you catch his meaning a second later. He's commenting on the lack of faux Japanese in this conversation.

"I'm sorry, *goshujin-sama*. Ano... about my question. Why is the driver wearing a guard's uniform?"

"Because she is one," Marcus reveals bluntly. "Having a car unguarded? Bad idea. Who knows how far you could've got in your foolish escape if you'd stolen it, right?" Yeah... who knows.

"So she's just guarding the car all day long, *goshujin-sama*?" you keep prodding purely out of curiosity and boredom.

“No, we rotate it. Unless there’s actual driving to be done, it’s a rather dull job, not that our guards usually have a lot of work to do. Our driver’s called Anastasia. Maybe you two can get to know each other better today.”

What a complicated name. Based on the one word she spoke so far, she sounded Russian. You’re not educated well, but you understood as much. Her manner of speech really is peculiar though. Marcus made a request and she responded with a single word. You don’t know any Russian, but you doubt that reply included much in the way of courtesies.

“Why is she allowed to ignore etiquette, *goshujin-sama*? It didn’t sound like she addressed you by your title,” you follow up.

“We require slightly different things from our guards than from our maids, darling,” Marcus calmly explains. “She’s supposed to be able to handle you maids with determination and, if necessary, force. You proved that we haven’t even gone far enough in that regard,” he reminds you, once again, of your failed escape. “So our guards are subject to less stringent etiquette. But don’t be mistaken; if I so much as touch her, she’s spreading her legs faster than any maid.”

You’re not sure if that’s something to be proud of, but you get his point. So guards don’t have as many restrictions on their speech. But are they produced by the same process? That mysterious “Initiation”? The guards do have that robotic feel to them sometimes, but you can’t be sure whether that’s caused by the procedure in question or is just a facet of the military-like composure they’re supposed to exude.

With the most pressing questions answered, your attention wanders to what’s passing by the car’s windows. If you’re not mistaken, you just passed the motel you were staying in with Emma. References to your biggest lapse in obedience are abundant today, popping up left and right. Seeing these reminders drives home the immense trust shown towards you just weeks after that incident. Here you are, being driven to an unknown facility, with just Marcus and one single guard, who doubles as the driver. Granted, you had two accomplices last time, but you were up against a guard on full-time duty then. You’re not blindfolded or drugged during transport either. They’re even holding the damn door open for you, knowing you’ll obediently enter the car.

Just when you’re contemplating the veiled insult to your no longer independent nature, the limo comes to a halt. Without you noticing, you’d pulled into a parking lot. In your defence, it’s getting dark already. Marcus pats your head while uncoupling from you and gets out of the car. Your door opens before you even go for the handle. The driver holds it open for you. Naturally, you don’t snuff her friendly gesture and step out of the car with your shrunken legs. Standing next to her, the physical changes are driven home by a good ten inches she towers over you, and her heels only look one, maybe two inches taller than yours.

“Th-thank you, Anastasia,” you hurry to thank her, and manage not to stumble over her complicated name, nor her imposing stature.

“Oh *printsessa*,” she smiles warmly, “can call me Nastya. Khave good day!” she wishes you in heavily accented English before giving you a motherly hug, squished against her latex-clad form.

Marcus, in the meantime, has already started walking to the entrance, simply expecting you to follow him. Hurrying towards the building, you turn around to have a last glance at a waving Nastya before she’s hidden by the closing doors. Looking forward again, you almost bump into Marcus, who’s greeting the receptionist.

“Should I inform Mr. Goldstein that you’ve arrived?” the busty lady at the front desk asks when you join the conversation slightly behind Marcus’ side.

“Of course, we don’t mean to sneak in,” he forces a laugh. “Don’t get his hopes up though, no leftovers for him today.”

“Gladly,” the receptionist smiles politely. “Go on through, you know the way. Mr. Goldstein will receive you shortly.”

Without another word, Marcus does like the lady says, heading past offices and countless cubicles after a brief elevator ride, responding to the occasional greeting. In contrast, you’re the subject of many a lewd remark, and more than one wink or sarcastic kissy face. You feel yourself instinctively clinging closer to Marcus. In this body, you’d have no way of fending off their advances. Life at Wolf Manor has distanced you from society. Walking around maid uniforms and latex catsuits 24/7 has made you oblivious to how much your own outfit has transformed into a costume more suitable for porn than the sidewalk. In a way, you can understand the men’s hollering and joking. You’re not sure you would’ve reacted any different a year ago.

What’s peculiar about the workspaces is that every employee is outfitted with a plethora of screens. You haven’t yet got a good look at any of them, so can’t reliably deduce what kind of work they do here. You expect you’ll find out. After passing through a variety of drab offices and hallways, you seem to arrive at your destination. Marcus stops, at least, which you take as your signal to do the same. The office you now find yourselves in is very similar to the others, but with some key differences.

While the workspaces are nearly the same as the ones before – countless monitors crammed into tight spaces – this office is not one you can pass through. It’s little more than a nook on this floor, and yet large enough to have around fifteen employees working here at first glance. Situated at the far end, with nothing coming after it, there’s no risk of anybody accidentally finding his or her way here. Instead of cubicles, the desks are open and allow watching what the guy next to you does. Or girl, but there appears to be only one working here. The room is also drenched in a filthy yellow tint from the lights above, completely different to the clinical white fluorescent lights in the other offices. Most remarkable about your entrance is that, upon seeing you two, everybody immediately jumped to their feet, almost like soldiers saluting their commanding officer, except for one man in the middle of the room. He cursed loudly, specifically after seeing you.

“Good evening gentlemen,” Marcus greets the congregation of... office workers? “And lady,” he nods to the one woman on the team, who winks back at him. “Say hello to the newest addition to our maid staff, Suki.”

“Hello, Suki!” they chant enthusiastically, and in unison.

“Don’t be shy, say hello to them,” Marcus eggs you on. “And properly,” he cautions.

“*K-konbanwa*,” you greet everybody, unsure of both your Japanese lesson earlier and the exact time of day. “I’m Suki. Nice to meet you.”

Everybody’s quite elated to meet you. Some even come to shake your hand. All of them, however, stare at you lecherously, whether they’re keeping their distance or coming right up to you. It’s starting to dawn on you what this “trip” is all about. Marcus doesn’t have to know that though. You try steering your questions to something inconspicuous.

“*Goshujin-sama*? Why was that man over there so upset when we walked in?”

“That?” He points out the right person. “That’s Dominic. He’s mad because today’s not his day. Remember the readouts? He’s the man in charge of making sure your... corrections are applied. We come here once a month and—”

The door swings open behind Marcus, interrupting him. Through it steps a heavy-set, balding man in a suit. His expression, once Marcus has turned around to see him, becomes almost instantly more cordial. This guy seems sleazy.

“Marcus, my friend. Pretty eager today, coming here before seeing me! Are we in a rush?”

“Oh Goldie, don’t take it personally. You’re just as cute as any of the maids at the manor.”

Both of them share a laugh that neither of them seems very comfortable with. After some more “pleasantries”, the conversation gets more substantive again.

“Seriously Marcus,” the apparent owner of this office complex continues, “this is kind of unusual. Not only did you come here unannounced, but my secretary tells me I’m not getting a taste of this sweet Oriental girl you brought along?” Yep, total sleaze.

“Sorry, my friend. This one’s a pet project of mine,” Marcus explains as his right hand comes to rest on your right butt cheek, drawing you closer to him. You do nothing but blush furiously at his possessive gesture, and your part as the object of desire in this powerplay you do not have a voice in.

“Alright, I’m not pushing,” he pledges, but his eyes definitely linger on you. “Come on, you brought absolutely nothing for your favourite business partner?” Mr. Goldstein gets a *little* desperate.

“Well, listen, if you just came out to the manor more often, maybe you wouldn’t be so starved for it between our visits and the one day out of 365 that your wife is willing to put out.”

“Uncalled for!” the guy complains jokingly. “Mentioning my wife to banish my erection isn’t the same as having one of your seductresses taking care of it, you cheat. Don’t make me beg, Marcus. You’re getting a fair deal here.”

“Alright, alright. I didn’t mean to evade. Umm, okay, I’ve got Nastya looking after the car downstairs.”

“The Slavic broad?” Mr. Goldstein interrupts.

“The very same. I’d like her to get me to the hotel, but I suppose I can sacrifice five minutes I’d otherwise spend working to make my best friend in this building happy. Five minutes isn’t all that much, so let’s say your next visit to Wolf Manor, servicing fees are half off.”

“Five minutes isn’t much? Shit, I hope I’ll last more than one. Sounds like a good deal though, being pampered by one of your girls... there’s nothing else like it. Shall we go then?”

“Damn, you are needy,” Marcus jokes, before turning to you. “Okay baby, you do what you do best. Nobody here uses your mouth or cute ass,” he reinforces that with a sharp smack, “but otherwise they can paint any part of your body white if they please. Except Dominic. No touching,” Marcus reprimands Dominic now.

“No touching,” the employee raises his hands in innocence and looks back at his monitors grumpily.

“Good. Once everybody had a round, you come straight to the hotel. It’s on High Street. Do you know where that is?” You nod. “Perfect. It’s the tallest building there, you can’t miss it. Personnel should help you to my room. If they don’t, just ask for ‘Master’, like you normally would. They’ll get you to me. But most importantly, have fun. I’ll see you later.”

And with that, you’re left alone in a room with fifteen men, grinning wildly like hyenas surrounding a gazelle with a broken leg. Indeed, they form a circle around you immediately, their pants unzipped, stroking their half-erect cocks. None of them make a move towards you just yet.

“Alright, so... who goes first?” you try to get things started.

At that, two guys step forward eagerly, like your permission was all that they waited for. Conveniently, they’re already lined up at your sides, so you can jack them off with one hand each. Their lengths aren’t too impressive. Marcus is pretty well-endowed, so you’re used to different calibres.

Once you’ve got into a rhythm that both guys seem comfortable with, you get to your knees. The thin carpet isn’t very soft, but it’s welcome relief after yet another day of parading around in heels. After a while, some of the other guys get more confident, or perhaps impatient.

The first gently pushes you forward. You’re worried, because this is exactly the sort of position you’d assume when doing it doggy style, and Marcus expressly forbade them to use your ass. Luckily, he realises that, and starts to rub his meat between your thighs for stimulation. Both guys at your sides have accommodated the third, and have moved along with your hands, kneeling next to you now. Leaning forward like that feels... really good.

It doesn't stop there. Just moments later, one guy slips underneath you. You're puzzled what that's going to accomplish, when you feel something hard rub against your armpit. Really?

Really. Well, if it gets him off, you won't protest. He does all the work and that's another guy taken care of. All of a sudden, his face closes in on you, and he plants a wet kiss on your mouth, and his tongue probes against your lips. Instantly, you recoil, detaching from him and shaking your head while cringing. Surprisingly, he doesn't follow up more forcefully, and leaves your face alone after that.

Four guys are going at you, and still they're not done. You feel two more guys angling your legs more, so they can use the back of your knee as a point of friction. That one actually isn't that weird, you figure there's lots of men that are *really* into legs, and your stockings should double up on their appeal. However, the guy behind them is... weird. He's taken to rubbing his dick against the sole of your foot. Either this office is the broadest assembly of weird limb-related fetishes, or these guys are just damn impatient.

The latter may be more likely, since three more guys have elected to just stand in front of or beside you and jack themselves off. Hey, whatever floats their boat. You figured you'd have a long night, given the restrictions on your ass and mouth. Only having two hands, that would've been seven or more double handjobs, and depending on how pent up these guys are, that could've taken forever. Right now, you have... seven? Yeah, you think it's seven guys rubbing up against you in some fashion, while three others are jacking themselves off. So that's servicing ten guys all at once. That must be some kind of record, if not just a personal one.

Something hot hits you in the temple. Turning to the right, you see the guy just shot his load, seconds before another late spurt tries to glue your right eye shut. Half-seeing the cum-dripping cock, you lean forward with an open mouth, but catch yourself at the last second. Instincts briefly got the better of you. You got so used to taking spunk in the mouth that you reflexively tried to clean his meat off. That's a reflex you wouldn't miss, frankly.

Just then, another burst of heat hits the other side of your head, meeting your ear and running down your cheek. Your handjobs evidently pleased, which is good news. You give both guys a few sweet post-orgasmic rubs to make sure their balls are emptied properly, and send them on their way. Their spots are quickly taken by two men who previously took care of themselves, and the third gets his time with you as well when the guy between your thighs finishes.

In rapid succession, the employees finish roughly in the order that they started fucking some part of your body. Jizz starts flowing over your shoulder, your calves, your thighs, and hits you from under your belly.

The girl starts to look intrigued. You hadn't seen her before, so she must've been standing behind you. Your arms are getting tired while you still have to jack off the two guys at your side – they should be close to climaxing, your senses tell you – when dainty fingers take hold of your testicles. You yelp in surprise, and the fingers

retreat as if scared away, but the woman definitely found what's hidden underneath your girly panties.

Both remaining guys finish in short succession. The one on the right was so much into it, he forgot himself and started to lean back. This caused half his load to land on the top of your head, and the other half on the left guy's pants, as you could hear right after.

"Dude, what the hell?!"

Fortunately, they take their little spat elsewhere. The woman now walks in front of you, pushing back against your chest so you land on your butt. She keeps pushing so you're lying down on the floor, and starts to pull down your lacy new underwear.

"I'm glad to see you brought a little surprise package," she tells you as she unwraps it.

You don't really have a response to that. She's not deterred by your quietness. It's obvious what she's trying to do, and her actions confirm your theory. She's lowering her hips onto your painfully erect, diminutive penis.

"Thank you," you mumble, out of breath.

"Don't thank me just yet," the woman retorts while commencing something you haven't felt in a long time.

At this stage, fucking a pussy is a sensation more alien than sucking a dick. It comes as no surprise then, when you literally finish inside her within seconds. That does not deter her at all.

"You're finished when I'm finished," she seems to read your mind.

So that's what she meant when she said you shouldn't thank her. Well, you suppose she deserves it just like the other employees at the office, and feeling a tight pussy around your dick is a nice change of pace. That makes you realise that your probe has been quite inactive throughout your orgy, beyond your bending forward. Her plunging her snatch onto you has been the first real surge of pleasure you felt. Normally, servicing cock is sure to give you one orgasm per meat, minimum. All you got was a few lacklustre Tingles here and there.

To refocus and make this an orgy again, you need more participants. Two more male employees realise that, and position themselves, on their knees, next to your face. Reaching up with your burning arms – fuck, you miss those muscles – you do your best to please them, like you're supposed to.

Looking around a little, you see nobody else waiting to use your body. Only Dominic is left, moping at his workstation. Everybody else has left, maybe to clean themselves up.

With renewed vigour, you massage the two cocks to your side. Your arms are crying out for mercy, but they won't get any when there's still dicks to be served. No rest for the weary. You pull out all the stops to ensure the guys have the best of times, and of

course in hopes of getting them off faster. They comply, and strands of their hot jizz soon land square on your face.

Focussing on them has proven a nice distraction from the rather uncomfortable abuse below. Already, the woman seems to close in on her own orgasm. Her thrusts are becoming noticeably more forceful as she tries desperately to impale herself deeper on your shrinking cock, made impossible by its physical attributes. It looks like what you lack in length, she makes up for in stamina. It's no surprise then that even with your disappointing phallus, she manages to bring herself to a shuddering climax. Out of breath, she takes a good five minutes to rest on your dick, apparently finding it a comfortable resting spot at least, before she lets you go free.

A break is just what you need too. Even after you're free, and everybody filed out of the room, you're lying down for a bit to catch your own breath. People are starting to return while you're resting on the floor, completely unperturbed by your presence there. In fact, some of them leave appreciative comments, which isn't very practical, but nice of them nonetheless. Once you've recovered, you clear your eyelids of semen and wipe your fingers on your tiny, mostly decorative apron. Just when you're about to leave, somebody grabs your hand, startling you.

"Hold on, don't leave yet," Dominic looks at you desperately. "Can I... can I get a handjob before you go?"

You're more than hesitant to service him. Marcus said not to.

"I know I'm not supposed to," he goes on, "and I know the same goes for you. But I can make you feel really good, you know? And besides, it was all about keeping an eye on you. Where can I supervise you better than right in my crotch?"

Make you feel good, huh? You've felt what the probe can do for you more than once. It's enticing, no doubt, but nothing to display such disobedience over. Dominic still isn't done convincing you.

"Look. Your master has shown you the readouts, he mentioned. With all those percentages? I know some of your stats were at 100%, but the truth is, that stuff isn't an exact science." Chris mentioned that Marcus' organisation is much younger than it looks... "100% is an approximation of what the human mind can sustain long-term. Worst case scenario, if you go above that, there's a good chance you'll turn somebody into a severe, possibly dysfunctional nymphomaniac over time. In short bursts, however, and briefly... you could have the time of your life."

He ends his sales pitch on that. Having "the time of your life" is a strong argument, and does get you to reconsider. As a hesitant preview of what that might entail, you teasingly rub Dominic's bulge through his pants. He gets what you're trying to do right away. He turns around, twists a dial and pushes a button.

Your vision flashes white. Your mouth opens, but you stay mute. Your body topples forward, but Dominic retreats in surprise as your muscles – including the ones in your hand – simultaneously cramp up. The sensation only lasts for a moment, but must've been as strong as ten orgasms packed into one. So shortly after that massive orgy, you're immediately out of breath again.

“How...” you heave, “how strong was that?”

“A hundred and fifty,” Dominic responds, getting closer to you again. “How far up does the dial go?”

“About two hundred and fifty, but I have to get permission for anything over two hundred.” “Good... good. I don’t think we need to go above one-fifty.”

Instead of more words, the zipper on Dominic's jeans is the sound that fills the room. Another Tingle jolts you forward, but he wisely toned it down this time, leaving you free to unpack the dick before you. Wrapping your hands around it unleashes another, stronger surge within your ass.

"That's 80%," Dominic informs you. "The more fun I have, the more fun you'll have."

Sounds like a fair deal. You're not allowed to take him into your mouth, but that doesn't mean it can't come in useful. Stretching out your tongue, you let a big glob of saliva drip right onto Dominic's glans, which twitches in response. While one hand massages the shaft, the other rubs and spreads your spit all over the tip of his penis, providing teasing stimulation as well as lubrication.

Your strokes become longer, and so do the Tingles. As Dominic keeps relaxing, his hand has a harder time getting back off the button on his desk. The longer the Tingles, the fiercer your muscles clench, which in turn increases stimulation to his raging erection, and then causes Dominic to relax even more.

"We're at 110%," Dominic keeps you updated on the state of this vicious cycle.

At this point, your hands are running over the entire length of Dominic's length in sequence. One after the other, racing from the glans to the hilt, making sure to spread each finger out, tickling and teasing as many spots at once as you can. Another boost rushes through your prostate, enough to make your vision grow hazy, and cramping up your hands once again.

From here on in, the action turns from calculated teasing to nearly uncontrolled tugging. Fortunately, Dominic's meat is sturdy enough, or maybe he's just good at hiding his pain. You're not hearing any complaints, and thus have no reason to doubt he's in heaven just like you are. To support that theory, the probe's intensity grows ever further and so does your frenzy.

"Getting close to 150%," Dominic barely gets out, "and I'm getting close too!"

Encouraged by his compliment and the animalistic heat inside you, your arms – which should be dead tired by all accounts – speed up yet again. The pleasure has you so far gone that you're starting to involuntarily rub your cheeks against his cock as you stroke it, like you're cuddling with it. Dominic tries to brush a strand of hair out of your face, but struggles finding a spot that isn't already covered in exorbitant amounts of cum, and decides to give up.

He has his climax to worry about anyway. At first, he gives you some audible cues, with more pronounced groans. Then, you feel his feet planting themselves on the ground more firmly, tensing up. Blurrily, you decide to end this "trip" with a massive, well-aimed facial.

Pointing his reddening cock at your forehead, it only takes seconds for you to feel a hot stream of jizz hit your face. As it runs down over your eyes, Dominic leans back, bathing in his ecstasy, resting his elbow right on the activation button for your probe's Tingle button.

For the next sixty seconds, you gasp uncontrollably, clawing at Dominic's chest. He remains oblivious, or is simply unperturbed. Your dick, having shot a load just twenty minutes ago, is now struggling to find fluids to eject, but rewards your sexual openness with plenty of pleasure to course through your body.

Finally, Dominic leans forward again, and your torture – sadly – ends. He lets out a few laboured breaths, while you're lying on the floor, begging for mercy to nobody in particular.

Exhausted, your tongue starts to drop out of your mouth on its own, bathing in a hint of the salty taste that your face has been painted with.

"Thank... you," Dominic says, catching his breath. "You won't have to worry about the others. They'll stay quiet."

"Maybe if you blow me," an employee to the side interrupts. You didn't even notice most of them already came back in while you were busy.

"Very funny, Matt," Dominic rewards his comment with a punch on his arm. "Seriously, they won't tell anybody what happened. They know if they'd want some rule-breaking fun, I wouldn't snitch on them either. Just be sure you don't arouse suspicion with your master."

"I won't," you assure him. "Thank you as well. That felt... good."

"Oh, I'll bet it did," Dominic smiles and rubs your back as you get up. "I need to get back to work though. Monitoring you, and all that. Just behave, alright? You've been dumping work on me for months now."

You roll your eyes jokingly and wave everyone goodbye. Outside the room, you remember what your face currently looks like, having grown used to the layer of semen splashed across it. Looking out for a bathroom, you notice all the doors are marked "Staff", so you can't get in without a key. You're not naive enough anymore to believe that's a coincidence, or that anyone would give you access. Maybe even Dominic's request for intimacy was premeditated, now that you think about it. Whatever the case, you're pretty sure Marcus intended for you to get to the hotel plastered in cum. What a loving, caring Master you have.

So you find yourself passing through every office and every hallway you'd gone past earlier, making for a good five minute walk just to find the elevator again. Thankfully, you find it empty, so you can get back to the ground floor undisturbed. That leaves the trip from here to the hotel. You know it's not that far, and you're only in a small town, but it's near impossible to think nobody will see you. Even the receptionist is unsuccessfully holding back laughter, and if Marcus really comes here once a month, your "situation" shouldn't be an unfamiliar sight to her.

Your first steps outside the office reveal nobody. Not even the limo remains in the empty parking lot. Looking around, you can even see the top of the hotel peeking over the other buildings. It should be roughly three blocks ahead, then a left turn and about as long a distance in that direction again. Longer than you thought it was, but manageable.

The sooner you get started on your journey, the better. It's pretty dark outside, which helps exposing yourself less to curious onlookers, but also makes the small town seem immensely more creepy. One block down, two blocks down. A handful of people crossed your paths, but only one man stopped to look at you, with his jaw dropped so far down, it might well be dislocated. Fortunately, he's shocked more than anything, so he leaves you alone.

During your left turn, you already spot something that may be trouble in the distance. Coming closer confirms your suspicion. Construction work.

A construction site, at least. Not much work being done on it. Yet you're not allowed through, and have to take a detour. Alright, hopefully it'll just be one block you'll have to round. The area behind the site looks clear all the way to the hotel. So you head right, passing many more gawking eyes, before turning left.

It's not the prettiest of sights. A barely lit alley, dirty, dark and narrow. One glance to the right, the way you were just going, tells you that none of the parallel roads look any wider or brighter from here. Eh, let's just go through there. Dark alleys are the preferred locale for wives' tales and fictional horror stories, is all. Not so long ago, they were your single favourite type of road, so what's the big deal?

Heading inside, you can't help but feel those tales and "fictions" getting to you. About halfway through, a rat nearly scares you out of your mind. Okay, this is getting creepy.

Not wanting to spend any more time in this rotten place, you speed up and run as fast as your heels allow to get to the hotel. Once there, you find an employee, as instructed. He doesn't react at all to the fact that you're dripping semen all over their carpet.

"Excuse me," you begin, trying to remember what Marcus wanted you to say. "I'm trying to get back to my Master."

The employee understands what you mean straight away. "Of course, Miss. Follow me."

You do as he asks, enduring a silent elevator ride that seems unending. Through two hallways, you're led to a door and come to a stop.

"Here it is. Have a pleasant stay."

Unceremoniously, the hotel employee leaves you there after you've thanked him for showing you the way. Finally, this day will come to an end. What a reward this trip was.

Inside, you jump a little. Marcus was leaning against a nearby wall, clearly stalking the entrance for your arrival. Your bewilderment doesn't elude him.

"Staff informed me when you came in. Expected the message earlier though. Any reason you were delayed?"

Already, you're under pressure. You'd expected to start off with cleaning your face. You certainly didn't imagine Marcus would become suspicious the very second you set foot into the hotel room. He sees you eyeing the bathroom, and uses his hulking form to block the entrance. This is ridiculous.

"I'm sorry, Master... *goshujin-sama*. There were a lot of them. It takes time," you evade your real reason for being late, but Marcus is unrelenting.

"Absolutely, absolutely. Especially when you service one more person than you were asked to." He knows. Of course he knows.

"Did you think I'm that dense?" he asks rhetorically. "That I wouldn't keep an eye on the surveillance company? The people with so much control over the probes, and thereby my girls? Obviously I'd watch them! So why did you do it?"

You think, perhaps hope, that it's another rhetorical question. However, Marcus keeps staring at you insistently.

"I felt sorry for him. He asked really nicely..." "And made you feel really good?"

"I guess..."

"So why do you think I didn't want you to?" Marcus asks next. "Why do you think I didn't allow you to? Because I'm just mean and want to provoke one of them once a month? No. Surprisingly, that's not it. I did it to prevent this exact situation! What happens if those little 'treats' Dominic gave you have side effects? What happens if those excessively powerful Tingles affect your body in a way we haven't anticipated? What happens if you don't develop exactly like we planned? Do you even bother to *think* before you go out and do stupid shit like this?"

"No, I don't!" "Then why not?!"

"Because I don't want to be your *fucking* slave!"

Marcus stares at you for what feels like a minute, his chest heaving. You're standing still, mortified, in the hallway. Instead of approaching you, like you feared, Marcus starts pacing around the room. He doesn't look at you once. After five laps of going around the bed, stopping at the far side wall, going back around to the near side, and repeating that, he faces you again, leaning against a little dresser. Facing you is perhaps not the right expression. He's staring at the floor, mostly.

"Why don't you take a shower," he starts, eerily calm. "You wanted one, right? Towels are fresh, pick the ones you want."

After a considerable pause, you respond, "Thank you, Master."

Inside the bathroom, you take a deep breath. It's like you'd held it for minutes. Even if you weren't covered head to toe in spunk, you'd probably be in here to take a shower. Anything to get some space.

Undressing is more complicated than you'd thought, largely thanks to the new corset. Taking that thing off is *hard*. Jasmijn didn't help with her tight lacing technique. Slowly but surely, you wriggle your way out of the constraining corset, after having spent some time loosening the laces. Fortunately, the rest of the outfit doesn't pose any such challenges. In fact, the shoes are actually easier to slip out of than the previous ones, thanks to the now missing strap over the instep. Still, you wouldn't mind changing back.

You let the clothes pile up on the floor. No point folding them, since you have nothing to change into anyway. Boy, tomorrow will be great. You have a choice between nudity and cum-soaked clothes. But first, you have to deal with the unfamiliarity of taking a shower.

Uttering those words, even if just in thought, is outright absurdity. Yet you can't remember when you last took a shower. Creepy as they are, the vines do have some benefits. You turn left, towards the mirror, taking them in. Flawless, soft skin. Narrow, compact shoulders. Dainty, slim hands. A tan that betrays your exotic nature. And eyes shaped like no white man's would be. Not even the colour of your iris tells of who you used to be. None of the bright blue left, it's darkened considerably, and the hue turned brown. After all, who ever heard of a Japanese girl with blue eyes?

Turning on the water makes you squeal quite loudly. That's freezing cold! You'd underestimated the pressure on this shower, and got splashed something fierce.

"Are you okay?" the surprisingly concerned-sounding voice of Marcus rings out.

"Y-yeah, the water's just cold," you shout back over the noisily running shower.

Adjusting the knobs a little, you dare a tentative first step inside, and close the transparent door behind you. Finally, the rushing water will free you from all that sticky goo that's been clamouring to your body for the last half hour or more. It doesn't come off willingly, but is reasonably simple to clean off with some agitated wipes, mostly across your face. Just then, the door behind you opens to your shock, and a naked Marcus steps inside the shower. You're frozen under the hot water, staring up at him, scared.

"I thought I'd come warm you up," he mock-explains in reference to your earlier squeak.

Knowing that resistance is not an option, you have no choice but to submissively accept the situation. Marcus steps behind you, and closes the shower door shut again. Feeling his large hands on your tiny shoulders makes you tense up.

"You've got grime all over you," he whispers. "Let's get you cleaned up."

One of his fingers runs over your cheek, once, then twice. The other hand roams over your upper body. It quickly finds a favourite place to rest on in the form of your small breasts. Water runs down your bodies, facilitating Marcus' groping. Both the water temperature and the intimate touches do their job in producing a very specific kind of heat within your body. You find yourself unconsciously sticking your chest out to meet his hand.

In one quick flick of his wrist, Marcus twists you around by your hips, which have become much easier to grab. The finger that caressed your cheek is now firmly planted into your soft ass flesh – another kind of cheek – and holding onto you for control and pleasure. You angle your head upwards in anticipation, and sure enough, find your lips assaulted by Marcus'. His hands are now both dug into your ass cheeks, pressing you strongly against his hard body. You involuntarily moan into his mouth as he pulls you closer, feeling an oddly powerful sensation from having your butt groped, which goes beyond the physical touch. It's clear, and not at all surprising, that his penis is fully erect, and straining against your stomach in this position.

Marcus' hands start exploring again, finding that your meat is stiff and standing up as well. You've been long past finding that embarrassing anymore. Just his firm grip on your ass would've been enough to turn you hornier than you can remember ever being. Courtesy of the probe, you imagine. Or perhaps the vines have affected your nerve endings, too? After all, what's left that they can't do?

Those thoughts break together when Marcus surprises you by not just brushing past your stiff little dick, but grabbing it and jerking softly. Another moan, this time much louder escapes your lips, and rushes between Marcus'. Moving just his fingers, he gently massages the underside of your dick by rubbing your foreskin back and forth. His wrist and arm are completely still. Your mouth is just silently agape now, while he continues kissing you passionately.

Having your dick stroked feels so fucking good. You thought you'd started to actually like blowjobs, considering how much pleasure the probe can give you, but you can't beat the classics. It's not long before you feel an orgasm coming, but Marcus' hand already loses interest and moves to another spot on your body to molest. No pay-off for you.

That was a rather weak apology on his part, but it's a nice reminder that your penis can still give you tremendous pleasure on its own. Marcus goes back to groping his favourite parts, which means mostly your ass and your diminutive tits. You're starting to see some truth in women stating that men are simple creatures. You can't help but wonder how big yours are going to get. Most of the maids looked to be well-endowed up there, though entirely reasonable. None of them have a huge, obviously fake pornstar rack. The biggest are Emma's, and she's probably a DD or something. Large, but not obscenely so, though they do look pretty fake, in contrast to everybody else's. But then again, she's still pretty tall, so her big breasts don't look that out of place. You've got the feeling that you're shrinking, while your tits are expanding very obviously. A C-cup on you would likely look bigger than Emma's DD on her, you imagine.

Wait, are you... are you comparing yourself to another girl by the size of your breasts? You'd be about to go nauseous if you didn't already feel so fucking good. Whatever your cup size, your chest falls out of focus when one of Marcus' hands snakes around from your ass and unexpectedly finds your penis again. His large fingers encompass your thin dick easily. Like that, he only moves his thumb and starts to gently dig into the underside of your length and rubs it.

You let out another moan into Marcus' mouth. You never imagined he'd dare touch your penis so intently, after all the effort he's putting into feminising you. Despite your earlier orgasm, your nethers are still incredibly greedy for attention and more than happy that they're getting it. Your arousal was already at a fever pitch, from the intense make-out session to the possessive groping of your tits and ass. Your dick starts twitching predictably fast.

Marcus' hand, however, loses interest yet again and grabs a bottle of body wash. So much for your building orgasm. Marcus squeezes some of the gel out of the bottle and breaks his kiss to turn you around, so you're both facing the same direction, and your butt presses into his thighs. First at your legs, then working his way up, pausing a long time in your crotch, though not enough for you to gain any benefit, he eventually gets to his favourite parts again, your tits and ass, where he lingers even longer. Your whole body is slippery, making it easier for Marcus to glide his hands all over it, not that you could – or want – to resist at this point. At least he got his rocks off a little already, so his interest in molesting you further is slim. After a few minutes, he grabs the showerhead out of your hands and runs it over your body to rinse off the soap.

Next he holds it over your head, and grabs the shampoo with his other hand. He uses a generous amount to rub into your hair. Marcus is surprisingly gentle with this. Given he's coming here once a month, you figure this isn't the first time he's shampooed a girl's hair during a shower together. From behind you, he starts nibbling at your neck, which gives you unexpected, inexplicable pleasure. Your hand instinctively reaches up, circling around his neck to encourage him, but the sensation only lasts briefly. Before long, the showerhead comes up over your head again to rinse off the shampoo.

When you both step out of the shower, Marcus leaves the bathroom very quickly. He grabs a towel, rubs off his arms, legs and chest a little, then ties it around his waist. You encounter some hindrances you weren't familiar with yet.

Most notably, your hair. It drips all over the place, so after the first few drops you quickly lean over the shower again and squeeze the wet strands until they're relatively dry. You use a towel to pat it down a little, but it's not very effective. Oh well, let it be a little moist. Rubbing your body like Marcus did, you tie the towel around your waist and leave the bathroom. Marcus is already sitting on the bed with some papers in his hand. He looks up from them and at you, grinning.

"You might want to... raise that a little," he points to your towel.

Looking down, you notice your mistake. You wrapped your towel around your waist, leaving your chest exposed, just like Marcus did. And like you did, for decades.

"Oh!" you mumble and pull up the towel until it touches your smooth arm pits. It's kind of short, but should leave you looking decent enough. Marcus gets back at it.

"There's something on your night table. I want you to take it, please."

You walk to the right side of the bed – apparently *your* side – to find a glass of water and a non-descript, rather large white pill sitting on the table. That’s probably what he meant. But what is it?

“Master... what is that?”

“Medicine. Take it.” His response is brief, direct, and forceful.

Maybe you shouldn’t be so anxious. With your body already looking like *this*, what’s the worst that could happen? Growing horns? Could be Marcus is into that, but you’ll dismiss it for now.

Not wasting more time and risking another sharp remark from Marcus, you pick up the pill and drop it on your tongue. You take the glass and want to drink down the water, when Marcus intervenes.

“Don’t swallow that!” he cautions you loudly.

You react in time, leaning forward and dropping the round object into your hand. As you straighten out the glass in your hand, you find it flows more slowly than water should. What you’re holding isn’t for drinking. It’s lube.

“That’s not a pill, Suki,” Marcus spells out for you, “it’s a suppository.” Gee, maybe say that to begin with?

“Sorry, I had bigger things in my mouth recently, so it seemed natural,” you quip.

Marcus tries hard, but can’t avoid the corners of his mouth pulling upwards a little. Noticing he’d almost jumped at you for swallowing the suppository, he retreats back to his side of the bed and returns to reading his papers. You’re filled with more hesitation now that you know you actually have to push this up your butt, but you were already about to insert this thing into your body from the other side, so you mount the bed on all fours relatively quickly. “Who puts lube in a glass anyway?” you internally ask yourself as you scoop up two fingers of the viscous substance and spread a small amount of it over your sphincter before you slip inside. The pose itself is already pleasing your probe, and with two fingers up your ass, it’s hardly surprising that you’re getting aroused yet again. God, you can hardly turn around without some part of your new, sensitive body going haywire.

You pick up the suppository. Now that you know where it goes, it looks twice as large. Resting your head on the pillow, you stretch your arm backwards and push the pill past your sphincter. Just like when you’re receiving dick, it offers some resistance, but once you’re through, it clenches around the foreign object tightly, swallowing it inside greedily.

“Be sure to get it way in there,” Marcus advises. Sir, yes, Sir.

With yet another command to follow, you push your head even further into your pillow, to raise your ass higher. Using your middle finger, you try your best to push the suppository in until your fist hits your cheeks. For a brief moment you felt a tickling sensation deep inside. Did it touch your prostate? Maybe that means that it

worked? You feel around for a few more seconds, but can't find the pill. Should be enough then.

"Good, thank you," you hear from the right. You just stare at him.

Marcus goes back to his papers, willfully oblivious to your confusion. As usual, you're not letting this pass by uncommented.

"*Goshujin-sama*," you try to be polite, "what was in that pill?"

"Medicine," he repeats vaguely. "Should help with countering that stunt you pulled earlier." The words sound like another jab at you, but his tone doesn't.

However, that doesn't help the fact that you're not quite content with his answer. You keep staring at him. Marcus looks away from his papers for a split second, averts his eyes, and a second later starts acknowledging your gaze again with a sigh.

"It's slow-release estrogen," he responds curtly. That still doesn't really help you.

"And what's that?" you follow up, sounding almost child-like.

"Alright," Marcus says, putting the stack of papers on his night table. "In the simplest terms, they're female hormones," he explains. "You weren't supposed to get them this fast, but because I don't want your poor little head to break, I gave them to you in hopes of lowering your arousal back to normal levels. The suppository is going to attach to your probe, and it'll slowly administer the hormones over the course of the next two or three months. There'll be some side effects beyond the libido reduction. Overall, it'll aid your development. I think that's enough said about this topic, I do have work to do."

"*Arigato*, Master," you remember another word from your language classes.

You *are* grateful that he told you at least. This time, you won't need to hover around him for weeks and weeks until he finally lets you in on what's happening to *your* body. Yet you're kind of restless. Marcus sounded much less confident just now. Sounded almost sorry. With all that you've thrown at him at times, that couldn't be the effect of what you said earlier, could it? God, your arousal is driving you crazy. It might be the aftermath of your "little stunt", as Marcus put it. But the shower tease definitely hasn't helped. On top of that, you even feel a little sorry for him now, even though you have no reason to, and in fact have every right to be livid.

Scooting over, you unzip Marcus' pants unsolicited. He betrays no reaction. It's not a ringing endorsement, but not a warning to stop either, so you don't. Since he's not moving, you can't really get his pants down. So what you do instead is lift his boxers' waistband, which is very stretchy, luckily, rest your head sideways on his hard abs and push your mouth forward far enough to at least encase his glans with your lips. Naturally, his dick is as erect as it was under the shower. As your soft, wet lips make contact with his tip, Marcus audibly breathes in. There's the endorsement you were waiting for. As if it wasn't clear enough that he's enjoying your... company, he lifts his hips up. Almost reflexively, you take hold of his pants and pull them down, interpreting Marcus' shift of position as a non-verbal order. That made it a lot easier

to gain access to his crotch, but you keep your languid pace. Your head doesn't do a lot of bobbing; you're much too tired for that.

To compensate, your tongue does some more work. You always heard about, and sometimes saw in ads, hot girls sucking on lollipops to invoke sexual imagery. Back then, you didn't really get it. But the significance is becoming much clearer to you now. Even with you near immobile, you can feel the effects of your suction in the form of the increasing volume of Marcus' paper shuffling.

A hand rests on your cheek. It's bulged out by Marcus' firm cock, so his fingers are indirectly stroking himself. His gesture implies neither encouragement nor control. Just contentment.

"I thought that pill was going to reduce your urges," Marcus quips.

"Well, it's slow-release, right?" you pop his dick out of your mouth for a moment to counter. "And besides," you decide to sit up. "Who said my 'urges' are your loss?"

Both your mouth and your hands are tired, from cafeteria practice and the orgy respectively. But you're clearly expected to perform now. Lethargically swinging your leg over Marcus', you mount his hips with an idea to provide relief.

Your ass hasn't seen much action, yet it can be a source of great pleasure for you *and* him. Marcus is long enough to stimulate your prostate, and by extension the probe. It feels amazing, without any need for Tingles to motivate you. Your saliva is still coating Marcus' glans, and there's enough for some of it to be running down his length, too. Combined with the lube you just applied, it only takes a few teasing rubs against your cheeks for both of you to be wet and ready. His tip is resting against your sphincter. Apparently, by staying completely immobile, Marcus wants to show you he can tease just as much as you can. Let him. You'll take what's yours.

Pressing down, your muscles give way, hugging the intruder tightly. You can't help but moan excitedly. The act, despite how intimate it is, feels less embarrassing than suckling on a cock like you're a child with her only piece of candy for the month. Is that weird?

Yeah, pretty much. But who cares when it feels this good? Marcus hasn't been shy about his desire to spear you on his rod, and so your little one has already shot its first load all over the place. Despite the animalistic display of decadence in the "Control Tower", you're all pent up from twenty minutes of making out in the shower. You've been in his grasp for over two months. Whatever "100% Arousal" means, it had to have an effect after that much time. You're really going down this road. And right now, you're loving it.

Clearly, Master isn't going to allow you to take charge for your own pleasure for the whole fuck. That's not what you're here for. Grabbing you by the waist, you elicit a surprised gasp at his strong grip. He uses it to keep you right where he needs you, stuck on his cock, as he reverses position. In the blink of an eye, he manages to get behind you, and you find yourself toppling forward, reflexively popping your arms out to avoid crashing head first into the pillow. Your probe starts right back up, as if it had been waiting for this.

You've seen this before. Though certainly not from this perspective. Being fucked doggy style. Some of the girls you've been with found it degrading. Some outright refused. You can barely keep your arms stretched out in excitement. You're more than happy to be his cum catcher now.

Maybe – probably – it's just your imagination, but you have the feeling that Master can hit your prostate way better like this. It sure feels incredible to be cowering beneath his hulking form, vulnerable yet ecstatic from the pleasure he allows you. Your towel is loosening and falls down under your belly, onto the bed, but you hardly notice. One facet from culture class springs to mind spontaneously. You didn't think it would come in useful as early as today.

One of your arms has given out already. Your face is turned sideways, resting on the pillow. All muscles in your body have shut down to divert energy and focus towards your sphincter, and it needs all it can get. You find some strength left to stretch your left arm out backwards. You wave, flail it around, but can't make contact. Vaguely looking backwards, you see Master is not quite catching on to what you're trying to accomplish. Your pleading look helps.

He takes hold of your hand, and simultaneously, you shoot another load into the towel, you're sure of it. Holding hands while ploughing into you... in this position, at this moment, you feel a connection with your Master. Biting your lip, you see the affectionate gesture takes his toll on how much more pleasure he can endure as well. Seeing your cute, prone form before him, he can't help himself any longer.

Leaning forward with his massive, muscular upper body almost suffocating your tiny, gorgeous one, he reaches his other arm under you, all across your chest, to take hold of your shoulder. At first, you're confused, expecting him to squeeze your little titties for pleasure. His real aim is to steady you. To hold you tight as he explodes into your ass.

You feel a jet of heat spurt into your anus, forming a pool that constantly warms you from inside. He held you tight so not one strong sperm cell of his would be wasted outside your body. Master is tensing up, now rigid everywhere, then suddenly relaxing. Both of you topple sideways, spooning. Quietly orgasming, little spoon falls asleep with a rock hard cock sitting snugly in her rear snatch.

DAY 80

The vines are retreating. Wait, they are? You don't feel quite rested yet. In true rebel fashion, you wonder what'll happen if you try to squeeze out five more minutes of sleep. Surprisingly, neither vines nor probe disturb that plan. Instead, it's some commotion in the Quarters' foyer that's keeping you up.

Eventually, you surrender to the noise outside, which brings you out of your room completely naked, given that you haven't even done your morning business yet, and are still rubbing the sleep from your eyes. Decoration has been hung on the walls, for some reason. The maids are currently filing out of the Quarters, and Kimmy spots you.

"Run along, hun. You don't wanna be late for this," she guarantees you.

Not bothering to wait for a response, she grabs your hand and pulls you after her. The large clock on the way to the mansion catches your eye. 5:45 AM? you're not even supposed to be awake for another fifteen minutes, much less walking around outside. No wonder you were still sleepy! This day is already the worst.

With little choice but to follow the maids' march, you come up in front of a door in the mansion that you hadn't been allowed access to yet: the master bedroom. None other than a guard herself opens the door, and all the maids walk in as quietly as they can manage on their stiletto heels, and you on your slightly thicker ones. Only now does your nudity really register in your mind, with Marcus lying in his bed inches away from you.

He's sleeping tight on something that can't rightly be called a bed. It's simply huge; you didn't know mattresses of this size were commercially available. Next to him, you could probably fit every single maid in this—oh... now that you think about it, you doubt that design is accidental.

Indeed, the first few girls are daring to cautiously crawl up on the mattress, curling up next to a stirring Marcus. He's waking up any moment, and the other maids notice it, too. Their voices echo off the walls in unison.

"Happy birthday, Master!"

Marcus rises drunkenly, being assaulted by groping hands – and some eager lips – from all directions before he's opened his eyes. It takes him a few moments to get a grasp on the situation, upon which he smiles with gratitude. Stretching his arms gives him the perfect excuse to hug the nearest maids even closer, if that's even possible.

"Thank you, my darlings. How sweet of you to surprise me," he laughs, not sounding surprised at all. You're almost certain they did this last year, in exactly the same fashion, and maybe even the year before, depending on how long this mansion has been running.

"Let's not dawdle too long. It may be my birthday, but I still have work to do. Why don't we get right into the gifts?" Gifts?

Cheers erupt in the crowd of maids. Nearly all of them hurry to pick up small, ornate boxes from the floor. The fact that so many of them have *actual* gifts to present instead of just taking off their clothes, giggling, is the first big surprise of *your* day.

“You all know the rules.” There are rules, too? This is much more strictly regulated than a birthday has any right to be. “The youngest go first. Where are our little pups, hmm?”

Phew, that should clear you for a bit. You’re older than Eric, or Emma. Marcus said you’d eventually turn into an 18-year-old, as you recall, but you’re not sure that was meant to be accurate. Even if it was, Emma sure acts even younger than you. If you’re both 18, you should at least have a month or two on her. All the stares directed at you are about to prove you wrong.

“There you are!” Marcus rejoices. “I see you’re already wearing your gift.” Some chuckling breaks out among the maids. “This year is pretty special for me, as we have two maids that haven’t been born yet.” Not... born? “That means Giannina and Suki may present their gifts as a pair.”

Right upon hearing her name, Giannina pushes through the crowd of maids. For a moment, it looks like she’s going to leap over the ones already on the bed, but she takes control of herself again once she reaches the bed. Apparently, closeness to Marcus calms her down a great deal. His underwear is still flying across the room comically, and Giannina is gobbling down his dick almost instantly.

“Haha, looks like somebody was just waiting on her cue,” Marcus laughs as he smacks her butt.

Giannina has filled out, it’s true. At least, back there she has. Something seems fishy to you about the way her ass jiggles, though. Because it doesn’t. For the bubble she’s packing, that’s definitely suspicious. Kimmy is... voluptuous, curvy, whatever you want to call it. Her ass is probably slightly at a loss compared to Giannina’s and yet it jumps hypnotically whenever she walks away from you. You get lost in her abundant assflesh, taking a few moments to realise that you’re still on the spot here. There’s one more Hail Mary on your mind you could use to deflect.

“What about Jasmijn?” you ask. If you haven’t been “born” yet, maybe this is about how long each maid has been here? If so, Jasmijn would definitely need to go first, or at the same time as you and Giannina.

“That’s true,” Marcus concedes. “How could I forget about such a lovely addition to our staff? Where is Jasmijn?”

“She’s finishing up this *totally* handsome suit for—OW!” Emma blurts out, and earns herself a fair number of frowns for that slip-up.

“I see,” Marcus grins. “I’ll be sure to look surprised when she shows me.” The maids once again giggle heartily. “Looks like it’s just you and Giannina then, Suki. Come on, there’s more than enough meat here for the two of you.”

Looking at Giannina, you’re not sure that’s true. If she’s continuing like this, she’ll probably lick that cock down to a twig’s girth. You know you have no choice but to

obey, as always, and the maids helpfully form a corridor to let you through. But even once you're lying on your belly, right next to Marcus' crotch, you can tell you're going to play second fiddle in this.

Those concerns are confirmed quickly. You do get in some licks of Marcus' shaft, but beyond that, it's a war zone. Giving Marcus pleasure is hard-fought territory, and Giannina does not back down. Not only does she have seemingly unlimited stamina, she's also exceedingly noisy during her blowjob. Because let's be honest, this is *her* blowjob.

It helps that you don't find you have to prove anything. The same can't be said for Giannina, who looks almost frantic. You content yourself with snuggling up to Marcus, kissing him lovingly and occasionally getting to fondle his balls. The moment the two of you intertwine, Giannina gets louder and faster, but you're pretty sure Marcus has most of his attention turned to you. His eyes closed no sooner than when you started kissing him, and only occasionally open to gaze into yours. Clearly, he's under your spell, and that's more than you need to pass today's test of your servitude.

Especially refreshing is the occasional coughing you hear from behind you. In an attempt to gain back the attention, Giannina apparently bit off more than she can chew... you hope not literally. You're relieved to see that while she can apparently cheat herself to a sexy body somehow, she can't cheat her way to skills you haven't mastered yet either. At first, when you heard Giannina moved into Angelina's room, you expected she'd almost turn into a clone of the charismatic, classy Italian goddess. What you've seen so far is rather trashy, and not at all impressive. This day is improving every second.

Not much later, you hear some gurgling. Marcus' quickened breaths had already announced his building climax, so you're prepared for the moment his lips flex and clamp down hard on yours. It passes quickly, and the mild pain has an oddly erotic quality to it that you don't want to examine further. Marcus looks happy with your service, but disconnects from your lips when Giannina removes hers. Embarrassingly, you have to admit your lips kind of followed his after he broke the kiss. This damn horniness... you thought the estrogen would help keep your arousal in check, but your chest and dick have been kind of sore and insanely sensitive since you took it. Refocussing on the celebration, you're about to make room for the next maids, but Marcus gently takes your hand to signal for you to stay.

"Our youngest always have the privilege to stay at my side for the gift presentations. I suppose it's a good thing Jasmijn is busy, seeing as I only have two arms." Another wave of laughter passes through the crowd of maids. Ugh, as melty as you just were in Marcus' arms, you hope you'll never have to laugh at this weak-ass shit. He squeezes your butt upon seeing your slightly frowning face, which almost automatically paints a smile over it though. Goddamnit...

So starts the endless line of maids, all presenting more or less elaborate gifts to their Master. The staff here isn't that huge, but they all take care to lengthily present the simplest of gifts. One of the maids, you'd barely known her, took twenty minutes to show off her new nipple piercings. And she didn't even have sex with Marcus! No, just

posing in fifty different positions, pausing generously for every giggle that escaped her air-filled head, and finally the “practical” part of her presentation. She found it quite exciting to put little weights on the studs because it puts pressure on her nipples without her touching them. It follows then that it’s just like somebody else is touching them. Except it isn’t, but that was her logic. Her name was Grace. It would be physically painful to point out the irony of that name.

Piercings were actually a rather popular “gift.” It seems the maid staff has taken a liking to buying things like jewellery or accessories and passing them off as a present to their Master. Well, he doesn’t mind. Marcus is obviously in a good mood, and you’ll try your best not to ruin it. As long as he’s happy, you’ll get by just fine.

Maybe not exactly. When Emma walks – or rather, bounces – up to the bed, you’re not too shocked when she announces that her present is...

“...my titties!” she shouts as she pulls down the neckline of her dress.

You are somewhat surprised when this somehow starts to involve you. Tits seemed like a very straightforward gift, and Emma confirmed as much. Like you expected, she hopped on the bed and started wrapping her enhanced double-Ds around Marcus’ unbelievable erection. His refractory period must be shorter than yours. Emma does what she does best, bouncing up and down, as well as servicing cock, and Marcus predictably blows his load right into her face, which she relishes just as predictably. That’s when his attention turns to you.

“Maybe one day I’ll get to feel your boobs around my dick, huh?” Marcus passively suggests sort of like a desperate husband would to his prudish wife.

Put on the spot, and having paid attention mostly to how much your friend has let herself go, you feel pressure to act. Already naked, you hastily jump forward and try to emulate what you just closely observed Emma doing. You lean down, placing Marcus’ length square on your chest. You then grab the sides of your breasts, squeeze them together, and start moving up and down. Not two seconds in, hushed laughter interrupts you.

“Honey, I was just kidding,” Marcus explains, which only adds to the humiliation. Annoyed, you pull back and return to your familiar position near his pecs. “I’m sorry. You know I love your other qualities,” he consoles you while running his thumb over your lower lip. Minutes later, you feel a hand stroke your hair gently. You hadn’t noticed, but you pressed your face more strongly into Marcus’ hard body than intended, like you’re trying to hide in his muscles, and he attempts to calm you down. This could hardly be more embarrassing.

Fortunately, you’re not the centre of attention, so the humiliation passes quickly. Your eyes keep darting to the clock on the wall. It takes all the way until noon for the last maid to present her gift to her Master. You’d almost fallen asleep, and it takes a light stroke of your thigh from Marcus to get your attention.

“Hey you. We’re all finished here. All the girls have been holed up here for a while, so most are probably grabbing an early lunch. I suggest you do the same, maybe practice a little if you feel like it,” he smiles sincerely. “Whatever you prefer. You’ll

have to do me a favour though, sometime today. Get dressed and head to the second floor of the Servants' Quarters." That's the floor for guards... "Knock on the first door on the left. Right next to the stairs. We've got a newcomer who needs to get settled. I think you'd be perfect for that."

"Lots of newcomers, lately," you note.

"True," Marcus admits. "Circumstances dictated it. I hadn't actually planned for it, but we'll manage. Now hop along and do what you did with Jasmijn."

Oh... so that's what he meant with you being perfect for it. Of course he would've taken note of the conversation between you and her. Apparently, he was impressed with your performance. Given that it was luring an unassuming girl deeper inside, you're not sure how to feel about that, even if she's ultimately responsible for herself.

You think you'd rather have a distraction from your questionable ethics, and you can't think of anything more distracting than plugging your throat with a dildo and your ass with an enema at the same time. The cafeteria is crowded, as expected. It's large enough to serve all the maids, and then some, but it still makes it challenging to find a free enema. Some of the girls passing by congratulate you on a gift well-presented, while Kimmy just winks at you, and Michelle looks almost wistful that she didn't get to spend the whole morning nestled into Marcus' shoulder. You sit down on an enema, and angle your head upwards to accept the food dispenser into your mouth, though still not into your throat. At least you're getting to the sweeter sections of it already, even if you can't manage all of it. You only wanted to get a quick meal anyway.

Heading back to your room, you dress yourself. Knowing you only have one other thing to do for the day really takes the edge off. It also allows you to tie the corset a little tighter. It takes a long time, and the first week was a real challenge to get into the thing at all. By now, you can put it on by yourself just fine, but it's nowhere near as flawless as Jasmijn's work. Yes, she told you so, and yes, she was right. Her tight lacing did make you look much better, despite how much air it knocked out of your lungs. Taking more time now doesn't make it on par with how Jasmijn laced it, but it's definitely closer in quality.

Climbing up the stairs in the foyer feels so weird. You've been on the second floor of the mansion a number of times, but never in the Quarters. Guards and maids get along just fine, but you don't see them mingling a lot. Probably too much of a distraction. Who knows, with how much Marcus says things are changing, first and foremost the very process that creates the servants here, maybe that will change too.

Nervously, you knock on the door. You hear some wincing inside, and it takes a few seconds until you're greeted by a familiar sight. Thigh-high boots, as black and latex as the catsuit whose legs are running all the way into the shoe. More latex, latex, latex all the way up to her neck, with a little keyhole cut-out for cleavage on the way. Cleavage that... isn't quite there. Considering Eric and you were supposed to be the first male "recruits", there's a suspicious number of guys joining the manor recently. The catsuit also encases *his* arms and hands, even his fingers, but you're more enthralled by what's above the neck, because another familiar sight greets you there.

“Dominic?!” you exclaim.

“Hey, Suki,” he meekly responds.

There’s a minute-long silence between you. Your mouth is hanging agape as you stare at him. You can’t believe it. He’s here, and he’ll be made part of the staff. And it immediately dawns on you that it’s your fault.

“God, Dominic, I’m so sorry!” you apologise, close to tears.

“Stop that,” he finds some more confidence. “I asked you to do it. Basically coerced you to. I guess nothing would happen if it were to go to court, but my circle of friends would definitely think I was a douche. All things considered, it could be worse.”

“How?”

“Well, one of my buddies is going to find out...” Dominic reports ominously.

“Okay, I can’t really follow. What happened?” Still feeling sorry, you sort of sidle up to him. Your touch seems to have a calming effect on men, and beneath the synthetic rubber, he still is one.

“Marcus came into the office again the very next day,” Dominic recalls. Yeah, Nastya did make a short stop for Marcus on the way back... “It was unannounced, like the day before, but something was fishy about him coming in on two consecutive days. I knew something was wrong. I knew I fucked up.”

“Sweating bullets, I tried to calm myself. In my panic, I figured doing stellar work for this place would be the best defence. I think I’ve never watched you as closely as I did in those five minutes Marcus took from the reception to our office. Shame that your readouts didn’t say anything out of the ordinary, because that meant I could watch you all I want, nothing was about to happen. Then the door swung open.”

“Marcus didn’t try to hide it. He came straight for me. No idea whether that was just because he was short on time or for any other reason, but I was relieved that he wouldn’t let me stew and wait for the verdict. Yet a verdict wasn’t spoken. All he told me was that he knows what I did to you, Suki, and that there’d be consequences. That day, he was supposedly too busy to deal with me, but assured me he’d be back a few days later. And he was, today.”

“When I first heard about these ominous ‘consequences’, my instinct was to run.” Your heart jumps at hearing him say that, because you know how that goes. He notices you flinching. “I know. That’s what I realised too. These guys have reach. Goldstein is global, they’d find me anywhere short of some third world slum, and that’s really not a life I envisioned as a preferable alternative.”

“So between his warning and his arrival yesterday, I was the model employee. Did everything as per instructions, not taking liberties at all. Haven’t even had a single lunch break. Hadn’t heard a peep, until this morning. My alarm bell hadn’t even rung yet when I was woken up by a circle of strong-looking men. The panic lasted only briefly, until I locked eyes with Marcus. For a moment, right out of sleep, I was afraid some common criminals had broken into my apartment and were about to rob

and possibly torture me. But I quickly realised it was just fate come knocking on my door.”

“Marcus calmly explained how happy he was with my composure. I think he phrased it ‘I’m glad you saw reason.’ Past my initial mistake, he said I conducted myself as well as could be expected. My... reward would be an ‘honourable’ induction into the service staff at Wolf Manor. I know how stupid that sounds, but he’s not entirely wrong. It’s still a punishment for a contract violation, but he promised it’d be kept within reasonable bounds. No outlandish fetishes, no ridiculously deformed body, no embarrassing defects, and I become a guard instead of a maid. Though I can’t quite decide whether I actually prefer the dress code on this floor,” he complains as he wobbles around in his heels a little, unsteady and unnerved by the creaky latex rubbing over his body. “Pretty sure my friend’s gonna be much worse off,” he mentions, lost in thought.

“Tell me then,” Dominic pleads, “what can I expect for my new life here?” He sure resigned himself to fate quickly.

“Well, what do you know already? I thought you’d be familiar with the inner workings of the manor in your position.”

“I actually don’t know that much. Everything’s on a very strict need-to-know basis at the office. We peek a lot at what the other guys there are doing, but it’s all the same, redundant stuff, you know? Office work. It’s creepy how well I know some of the girls here, despite never having met them beyond a quick hook-up when they visit the office. But I digress. I basically know that you have probes inside you that we use to control you.”

“Yeah, those are a bitch to get in if you’re not used to having stuff up your butt,” you recall your first, very violent, invasion in this place. It was utterly terrifying.

“Up... your... butt?” Dominic shares the sentiment. “What... what are you talking about?”

“The probe,” you state nonchalantly. “You said you knew about the probe, right? Having it inserted is really uncomfortable, but you won’t even notice it the next day.”

“Up your butt?” he repeats in a daze.

“Y-yes... Are you okay? It’s an anal probe. Marcus said it attaches to your prostate. Not sure where it goes for the natural girls around here. Not all of them go down there though, I knew one girl who had a probe somewhere in her throat. It feels *really* good when the probe gets stimulated, you can look forward to that. H-hey, you’re still not saying anything. You didn’t answer me when I asked if you were okay either.”

“I thought it was just a little sensor coursing through your veins. Definitely nothing like that.”

“If it was just a little capsule in my bloodstream, how would the Tingles work?” Dominic doesn’t respond, but this time out of confusion. The term Tingle means

nothing to him. “The bursts of pleasure you can administer, that’s our word for them,” you explain. “Where would they come from?”

“Like a vibrator or something, I don’t know.”

“And where would I be keeping that when I’m naked, huh?”

“I-I don’t know. Is that really the most important thing right now?!” he gets a little louder.

“Sorry,” you back off, “just saying you could’ve been a little more curious and followed up on these things.”

“Yeah, well, curiosity is what landed me here,” he moans. You’d correct him that it’s actually the fact that he let his dick do the thinking, but your reading of the mood tells you not to point that out.

“Okay, so I guess that means you really don’t know anything at all.” God, this is turning into much more of a Jasmijn talk than you imagined when you saw Dominic. “So... have you slept here yet?”

Dominic doesn’t quite seem to get the question, but responds nonetheless.

“I had a little nap when you came. A lot to take in, just from being dressed like this as soon as I arrive. Hadn’t expected that shock to continue like this. First days are supposed to be slow. But... why are you asking?” Oh boy.

“There’s probably no good way to ease you into this. You saw the vines crawling all around the building?” He nods. “Those... come alive.” Dominic arches an eyebrow. “They creep into your room and encase you until your wake-up call. For me it’s 6 AM. Curfew is 10 PM.”

Dominic clearly waits for a signal that you’re joking, but it never comes. If anything, your face is probably looking conciliatory, like you’re feeling sorry for him, and for being the messenger of news like this. You make a weak attempt at smoothing the situation over.

“They’re not quite like the ones outside though. They’re very fresh and clean, promise.” “You know, hygiene wasn’t my first concern, but that’s very reassuring.”

Predictably, that didn’t go over too well. But after that first bombshell, Dominic seems more adept at processing this kind of information. There’s a silver lining at least.

“What else?” he’s ready to hear more.

“They aren’t just clean for your comfort’s sake, they actually clean you too.”

“Clean me?”

“While you’re asleep, yes. Showering at the hotel after our visit to your office was actually my first shower in months. That part of the vines is pretty handy, they’re more thorough than any shower, though I do miss those sometimes.”

Use of the word “thorough” has clearly not eased Dominic’s mind.

“Surely you noticed the complete lack of showers?” you try to get a conversation going again.

“Well, we don’t see everything. I can’t see far inside your bathroom. Only if you’re standing right next to the door. Same with the communal ones. The cameras in the private maids’ rooms only turn on a while after you wake up, and shut down a while before you go to sleep. I thought they might not turn on until after the girls all had a shower already.” Now your curiosity is piqued.

“Wait, you said the cameras in our rooms shut off before we go to bed? And only turn on a while after we wake up? Then how come I vividly remember some early morning and late night Tingles from you?”

“Tingles? Oh right, the stimulation, you mentioned that. Hmm, I can’t really give you anything on a specific occasion. No offense, but until a few days ago, you were just a small silhouette on a security tape to me.” Charming. “Generally speaking, I get readouts. Standard stuff, actually, far less surreal than living hygiene vines. Blood pressure, heart rate, things like that. If your heart’s pumping like crazy, I know you’re probably panicked or aroused. When I know you’re in your room, that automatically means at least a little... Tingle for you.”

“You reward me when I’m panicked?” Now you’re confused.

“Don’t think of it as a reward in that situation. We weren’t told why we’re doing what we’re doing, but I always figured that, unless you severely go against the rules, your room should feel like a safe place to you. That the stimulation isn’t always supposed to excite, but to calm you.”

“Oh... yeah, that makes sense,” you concede. It’s sort of subtle, and you can’t say you ever noticed that happening, but the implications are terrifying. Not that much could shake you anymore, but you’ll be much more aware of how you feel in the Quarters from now on.

“Anyway, of course Marcus has access to the camera feeds too, and I doubt he shuts his monitors down when the staff goes to sleep. So when everybody’s in their rooms, he can comfortably keep an eye on everybody on a handful of monitors and order Tingles when we can’t see what you’re doing.” That would explain why Marcus looks and acts so tired all the time. Shuffling papers all day doesn’t seem very exhausting, but staying up late and getting up early to watch the girls sure might be. “Plus, I noticed you squirming sometimes even when I didn’t do anything. When was that... hmm, I think you dropped something. Did you ever feel a Tingle when you dropped something?”

“When I pick it up,” you know exactly what he’s talking about. “It’s about bending over at the waist. One of my first lessons here was to not bend my knees when I pick something up. I get a Tingle every time I bend over 90 degrees or more.”

“Ah, so that’s why they do it,” Dominic catches your drift. “Yeah, you see, whenever that happens, it’s not me doing that, and it wasn’t part of my instructions to reward

that behaviour. Now that I know that the probe is actually in your ass... yes, maybe that's *how* they do it," Dominic seems to have a little epiphany. "Either Marcus has a lot of time on his hands, or these stimuli are pre-programmed. Imagine if the probe had a pressure sensor of some kind. Marcus could analyse how the sensor reacts if you bend over at your waist. He could then program it to detect exactly that sort of pressure, and release a Tingle of fixed strength whenever it happens. You following?"

"Not really," this goes a little above your head. "But I think I sorta get it. The probe knows when I lean forward and gives me a Tingle, without asking you or Marcus?"

"That's my theory, at least," Dominic nods. "Anything else you think I should know? I'm really not looking forward to my time here, but being prepared will at least calm me somewhat... I think."

"Hmm... touching the probe feels really nice." You think you mentioned that already, but you aren't sure Dominic listened. He sure reacts like he's hearing this for the first time.

"Touching it? I thought it goes all the way to your prostate?"

You elect to respond non-verbally. You bite your lower lip and slowly nod your head.

"God," Dominic exhales. "How do you keep your masculinity after getting that thing implanted?" There's a long pause while you try to come up with an answer.

"You can always try running away."

That's the best you can give him, which isn't much. Dominic's aware of that. He was probably closer to you than anybody else during your own escape attempt, which means he'll know better than trying something that stupid on his own. It's a nice segue to ask another question.

"While I was doing... *that*... I couldn't feel any sexual pleasure. Was that the probe?"

"Yep," he answers curtly. He's not the most empathetic guy you ever met. "I should probably thank you for that whole affair. Having a week off is a real rarity back in our office. The probe was constantly keeping your sexual stimulation low, I didn't have to do anything at all."

"I see. *Ano*..." something from your Japanese lessons slips out. You have them every day now, and it's starting to affect you even in absence of Marcus. "So what else is there... oh yes, the vines don't just clean you. They'll most likely change your body, too. That's how I got these," you lift your breasts for effect, and immediately regret your mistake. Still sore, shit.

"Oh... that's how I'll turn into a woman, huh?" Dominic asks calmly. The fact that he'll be a pretty girl at the end of his training here is probably no surprise to him after he spent who knows how long watching the entire staff all day.

"Yeah. I mean, I don't know specifically. They'll make you look more womanly, but I don't know yet if they'll make you a woman." It takes Dominic a few seconds to register what you mean.

“Oh right, you still had... *that* yesterday?” he asks, and you nod. “That’s some relief, I suppose.”

“Don’t get your hopes up too much,” you pull back. “It’s shrinking. I never measured myself before, but the difference is noticeable. I’m not tiny, but... calling it ‘below average’ would probably be the nicest way to put it. We get cell phones for communication, and I used to detail my changes via selfies, but I never photographed... *that*. I stopped doing it altogether, actually.”

“Why?”

“Because it’s obvious how much I’m changing. At first I thought my mind was playing tricks on me, but by now I’ve come ridiculously far. I look nothing like I used to.”

At this point, the conversation drifts more into the mundane. Occasionally, you’ll discuss some details and some things spring into Dominic’s mind. Like you, he asked whether the phone had an internet connection. He’s still looking for a way out, like you did for over a month. You don’t want to be an ass, but you tell him in no uncertain terms that, if he plans something, while you wish him the best of luck, you won’t help him. Dominic understands that, and the conversation peters out with some last advice on how to live in the mansion peacefully.

“I hope you don’t blame me for turning into Suki,” Dominic says. “I hope you don’t blame me for becoming one of us.”

You’re both in the same boat, more or less. Both of you were involved in the process of becoming part of Wolf Manor’s staff, but neither of you could’ve prevented it. Dominic was actively trying to break the rules. Had you refused his advances, the punishment would likely have been the same for him. And if Dominic had refused to operate your probe, somebody else would’ve, so you’d still end up a hot, submissive Japanese maid.

“Shit... who would’ve thought they’re watching the office, huh?” Dominic sighs.

“Yeah, completely unthinkable!” you joke.

The conversation has run its course. After telling Dominic to feel free to ask you questions anytime, you part ways with him and go back to your room. On your way down, somebody who is clearly a man in a maid outfit passes you by. He does not look happy to see you, but remains silent. Once upstairs, he talks to Dominic, making you pause briefly and look back. You hear him uttering the word “anal probe”, and the man who just passed you crumbles. At first, his jaw just drops, but then he leans against the wall, slides down until he’s sitting and opens the flood gates. Looks like he didn’t behave as well as Dominic did; he’ll become a maid.

Picking your phone out of your apron, you shoot Marcus a quick text to update him on how things went with Dominic. With nothing left to do for the day, your mind wanders. It’s been a while since you had some free time. Most of your activity here is rigidly planned and scheduled. You can’t immediately think of anything better, so you

just plop down on your bed to study some vocabulary. Knowing the words off the top of your head should earn you some points with Miss Robinson tomorrow. Anything to make your time here a little more pleasant.

For about half an hour, that plan works out. You're reminded of some of the words you'd forgotten, and memorise a few familiar ones more firmly. Once you hit that thirty-minute mark though, your concentration scatters and you find yourself making much less progress than before. It's not just boredom; you're horny.

It's such an embarrassing term to use, but it's the only appropriate one, really. You don't remember feeling like this since puberty, and even that was different. Your dick is perfectly quiet, but your anus is burning with need.

That thought doesn't cut down on the embarrassment, but again it's simply appropriate and true. It only occurs to you now that masturbation was never really acknowledged by Marcus or Miss Robinson. If there are rules against it, you haven't been told.

You sit back against the wall, pull your panties down, and start jacking yourself off slowly. Your diminishing length means you can really only take what's left of your dick between your thumb and two fingers. Wrapping your hand around it might work when you're fully hard, but just barely. Whatever the technique you use, there's some pleasure from the plain friction, but it doesn't do much. Your need is focussed elsewhere.

Invariably, your thoughts go back to the instructions you received on toys a while ago. Miss Robinson explained its use on clients, but made no mention of playing with them yourself. Given how the probe works, you should be cumming in no time if you started plugging yourself up deep with a long enough dildo.

As soon as you resolve to check if you can find any that aren't currently in use, your phone vibrates, stimulating your penis for a brief moment. It's Marcus.

"I realised I didn't thank you properly this morning," he writes. *"What are you doing atm?"* You choose to turn the clock back a few minutes and gloss over what you were doing right this second.

"I was studying up on my vocabulary, Master."

"That's very good of you. How do you feel about going to class, then? You wouldn't be so alone and I'm sure Miss Robinson would be excited to see you taking the initiative."

"Of course. Anything you want, goshujin-sama." Writing that word is even harder than having to say it all the time.

"Great. I'll tell her you'll be there in ten minutes. Hope you have fun, sweetheart, and thanks again for your gift this morning. Your lips were delectable, as always."

"How sweet of you to say that, Master." At least playing up your obedience is easier over text. *"Arigato gozaimasu."*

So much for your exploration. If nothing else, classes should at least distract you from that overbearing arousal. You hide your half-stiff, aching rod back in your panties and make your way to the mansion. Outside, you see Marcus coming past you, though not exactly of his own volition. A bunch of maids have decided to carry him around the premises on a sort of stretcher, a mocking image of a king being carried through his realm in a sedan chair. He waves to you from up high, and you wave back from below, mildly chuckling to yourself. Time to get to class though, unless you want Miss Robinson to get mad at you.

“Good afternoon, Suki. I see you thought it would be funny to make me work on one of our rare days off.” Welp, looks like that ship has sailed.

“S-sorry, Miss Robinson, I swear it wasn’t like that. I only said—”

“And I see you forgot most of our recent lessons, too,” she scolds you before you can explain yourself.

“*G-gomenasai, Robinson-sensei.*”

“Think twice before you try to talk back next time.” Miss Robinson sighs. “Let’s not focus so much on the language today, but rather how you use it. It’s time for some more culture lessons. This little surprise proved to me that you need them.”

Anything’s fine by you. That half hour you invested in improving your Japanese just feels useless now. Not only does Miss Robinson think no better of you, it backfired and she’s upset. You sit down at your desk, and do your best to listen attentively.

“As soon as I told you what you did, how did you respond?” With a reasonable defence of your actions? “Loud, brutish, entitled. I’m not surprised you used to be a man. A born woman would’ve known better than to respond so aggressively.” Aggressive? You were being nice, almost passive! “On top of that, you’re part of the manor. You don’t live in the outside world anymore, where you’re innocent until proven guilty. On these premises, Master is judge and jury, and your superiors speak in His stead.”

“In Japanese culture, and indeed across East Asia, seniority is still a very serious, ubiquitous concept. That’s a good way to think about the manor for you. You’re Suki, 18 years old. Just barely an adult. Nearly all of the staff are above you, and you will behave accordingly. Show them respect, and drop the pretences of having to defend yourself. Nobody cares who’s right and who’s wrong. All that matters is your obedience.”

“Another thing they like in Japan is a girl who knows her place.” Damn, maybe you should’ve gone there, sounds like you’re kinda place. Probably not now though... “By many, it’s considered attractive for a girl to be shy and quiet. Since we’re going to make a Japanese girl out of you soon enough, consider this to be permanent homework. Pay attention to what you say, and especially to how you say it. I don’t want to hear any loud, mannish outbursts from you any longer. Master and I talked about this for a while, and your probe will start monitoring this kind of behaviour more closely from now on. Is that clear?”

“*Hai, Robinson-sensei*,” you agree obediently, but what a shitshow this is. First, your rebellion gets crushed, now you can’t utter rebellion anymore, not even say normal things in a way they’d consider rebellious. What’s next, controlling your thoughts? Her mention of the probe does remind you of a question you had though. Miss Robinson makes a brief pause, allowing you to stand up, curtsy, and politely ask your question. You make a conscious effort to keep your volume to a minimum.

“*Robinson-sensei*,” you begin, “my anal probe amplifies pleasure when... Master’s dick touches it. Does it work the same for toys like dildos?”

“Yes, it does. Why are you asking?”

“*Ano...* I got a little excited in my room, but *goshujin-sama* was busy. I was wondering what the manor policy said on masturbation.”

“Policy?” Miss Robinson asks.

“*Hai*. I mean, will I get rewarded for it? Punished for it? Or does Master not care about it when the maids pleasure themselves?”

“Master always cares about you, you know that,” she assures you, misunderstanding what you said. “In that spirit, I suppose it would depend on context. If you ever feel the need – and we all do, frequently, *Suki-chan* – then your first responsibility would be to ask Master if you could see him. His mission is to make us comfortable, just like it is ours to make him happy. However, if it’s like you said, and he’s busy, then I don’t think you would be punished. The ideal way to proceed would likely be to ask him for permission directly. I have a feeling Master would like that. Depending on how needy you are, you could make your request more effective with colourful, descriptive language. Try to include Master in the act, even though he isn’t physically there.”

Miss Robinson is quite happy with her answer, and awaits your reaction. You do your best to play along.

“*S-sugoi!* That’s a great idea, *Robinson-sensei*, I will try that.”

She raises an index finger in front of her pursed lips, indicating for you to keep your voice down, but you can tell she’s happy to be praised. After attentively following her lesson so far, she seems to have cooled down from her anger at the start.

That bodes well for the rest of the lesson, which revolves more about making your appearance more feminine, as well as more submissive. It turns out the vines aren’t going to do all of that, and it takes a lot of acting to get it just right. Miss Robinson teaches you the art of cutely squirming, or not daring to look a strong man in the eyes when he compliments you, as well as blushing on command among other things. Most importantly, she wants you to take pride in your appearance from now on. You’ve reached the point where you easily pass as a woman to people who don’t know your background. You may not be a bombshell – yet – but getting compliments based on your looks is an essential part of being a woman, no matter where you are on the spectrum between “pretty” and “drop-dead gorgeous.” She encourages you to react more strongly to the compliments you get from now on. As a

side note, there is also a small segment on vocabulary, so at least your earlier study session wasn't entirely in vain. Miss Robinson is as strict as usual, which is stressful, but her appreciation of your effort makes today's lesson end on a high note.

Leaving the classroom immediately tells you that its effect as a distraction was merely temporary. After an intense make-out session in the morning, a surprising meeting at noon, a boring study session and taxing lesson in the afternoon, you can very well sympathise with your grieving libido. Looks like it's already time to follow Miss Robinson's suggestion and ask Mast—Marcus what he thinks about it. You take your phone out of your apron and start texting right outside the classroom.

"Konbanwa, Master." It takes you quite a while to figure out how to word this. *"We were kissing so passionately this morning, and I just couldn't forget the feeling of your lips. All day long, I didn't get to see you, and I know you're busy because it's your birthday, so I thought, you know, I'd take care of myself with some toys. Would that be okay, goshujin-sama?"*

You don't have to wait long for a response.

"My, Suki, starting to flirt already? It could use some work, but I like it, you're doing well, honey. You're not wrong, I've got my hands full right now, quite literally." He sends a picture and good lord, that's Kimmy's massive tits he's pressing his fingers into while she's riding him. Marcus is wearing a suit you hadn't seen on him, which is probably Jasmijn's gift that finally got done. The scene's not helping you cool down at all. *"Tell you what, you do me a favour and I'll allow you to masterbate all niht long if u wan to."* His spelling is really starting to break down. Kimmy must've found her second wind. *"Sned me a pic of yo uriding the dildo. An think of me whil its inside you!"*

Well, it wasn't very eloquent or sexy, but you've got a deal you're willing to accept. Pondering the virtues of AutoCorrect, you make the trip over to storage, right next to the Atelier. In comparison to the hallway, these rooms seem tiny, but in absolute terms, any one of them is probably bigger than any apartment you ever rented.

Those vast expanses of the storage room now spread out before you. Like guest rooms and the shed, leaving a borrowed item in a presentable state is the responsibility of the maid who last used it. There have to be some who don't do that, though, and yet storage is always looking impeccable. You wouldn't be surprised if Kimmy was unofficially in charge of keeping the room orderly, like she does with the laundry. To say she is a bit of a neat freak would be a mild understatement.

You sift through the drawer – or rather the whole chest of drawers – to find a dildo to match your... needs. It's going to be your first time pleasuring yourself like that, so you're not entirely sure what to look for. You're thinking it'd be nice to avoid being reminded of your recent bumpy ride with Marcus.

Even if it was... really, really good.

So you find yourself gravitating towards dildos of unnatural colours. Nothing fleshy. A blue, translucent one rests in your hand. It's comparatively soft, which you'd think

makes it a good choice for beginners. As a result, it's rather bendy, which you don't expect to cause many problems. Compared to some others you're met with, it's not particularly girthy, which should help, too. It's definitely long enough to hit your prostate, which is the most important thing.

Picking out a bottle of lube is much easier. You just take one pretty much at random, checking the label to see if it's something special or weird. Reads like regular lube though, should do the job just fine.

With all your equipment assembled, you shut the drawers, see that everything's looking tidy, and head back to the Quarters. On your way there, you encounter Marcus, as well as... Mr. Goldstein? It can't be coincidence that he shows up the same day Dominic does. Whatever the reason for his visit, you don't want to get roped into anything last minute. Your masturbation was already interrupted once today, you deserve some "you" time! Marcus is clearly looking at you, definitely noticing that you see them, too. You keep thinking of a way to acknowledge his presence, while not committing too much that you might become part of whatever they're doing right now.

"...but two of my employees? Two?!" you hear Mr. Goldstein irately finish a sentence. "Do you know how arduous the vetting process is? I'm already taking great risks working with you, Mr. Wolf, and I can't say it's not a pleasant experience, but understand..."

Their words quiet to silence as they pass a considerable distance, but Marcus is still looking at you over his shoulder. You have an idea. As emotional support, you simply blow Marcus a kiss and shoot him a little wink afterwards. He smiles, raises his left hand behind Mr. Goldstein's back, and acts like he catches it. His stocky business partner starts to notice Marcus' absence of mind and looks back at you, too. Giving him a friendly wave with the dildo and a big, innocent smile, he resorts to tapping Marcus on the arm to focus him back on the conversation. As they arrive on the steps of the mansion, you only hear Mr. Goldstein saying two words.

"New girl?"

The rest of their talk is too quiet, but you think you see Jasmijn in the door frame. Of course, Mr. Goldstein's mood is instantly more positive. Poor girl. She was really nice, so you'd hoped she would at least get the Chris treatment for her first time. Tonight could mark the first night she's truly questioning her choice to come here.

You shake your head of these thoughts. You won't let anything stop you from earning some sweet release! Sure, you feel sorry for Jasmijn, but she pretty much signed up for it. Besides, she'll probably be rewarded generously if she does a good job, something you could really use right now.

Walking briskly into your room, hoping desperately that you don't run into any more distractions, you shut your door and move to lock the door. Right, no locks. Nobody really enters your room unannounced except Marcus, so you should be fine either way. If push comes to shove, you'll duck into the bathroom and pretend you're not there. Anything for just one sweet, relieving climax. You realise how lucky you are

that Goldstein and Marcus didn't react to what you were holding... Nevermind, no more distractions!

Shedding just your panties – you can't be bothered to prolong the wait any further just to get out of this corset – you kneel in front of your wardrobe. The doors are relatively large, and have full-length mirrors built into them. You're thinking it'd be best to get the photo done first, then you can focus on letting yourself go.

Almost fully dressed, you squirt a generous amount of lube into your hand and start spreading it around your sphincter. You jump a little at how cold it is. It quickly warms from your body's increasing heat. Next, you grab the dildo and spread lube along its entire length, though you doubt all of it could fit inside you. Before you go any further, you go to the bathroom and get a towel, so your hands aren't too slippery.

Here it comes. You grip the dildo by the base and lead it against your sphincter. So far, so good. It feels somewhat familiar, but it's so much more pliable than Marcus' real cock that it's also quite different. Okay, stop comparing it to Marcus' dick, that's the thing you expressly wanted to avoid. You try to push forward, but can't quite get through your still tight sphincter. Whenever you exert too much pressure, the dildo just bends sideways instead of slipping in. Your first idea is to grab it closer by the tip, but that just leaves your hand all lubed up and slippery. With your other hand, you try to pull one of your cheeks out of the way, to stretch your sphincter a little further. After a few failed attempts, you eventually manage to get it in. Once that initial obstacle of your sphincter is gone, it's not so hard to get the dildo further in by just pushing until it's a safe distance inside you. Wouldn't want it slipping out again. Being filled by this particular toy reveals more differences to actually being fucked by Marcus. God, there goes another comparison to *him*. Anyway, the dildo's so well-lubricated and soft, it almost feels like it has a life of its own. Without consciously moving a muscle, you feel it gently moving inside you, your anus clenching and pulsating around it. The feeling is a subtle, but undeniable tease. Alright, just get the photo and you'll be done.

Pulling out your phone with the hand you just used to spread your cheeks, you open the Maidchat app. You never had to take a picture with this, but immediately find a little camera icon at the bottom. By default, it's set to use the secondary camera, pointing at you, so you tap the switch button. This picture is probably easier to take with the help of the mirror.

For a minute, you ponder which pose to take, eventually opting to go for something simple. You just sit back against the side of your bed. You're leaning backwards enough that your ass isn't square on the floor, but pointing forward, in the direction of the mirror. You spread your legs, planting your heels firmly on the floor. High heels are supposed to make women more attractive by altering their gait, but even sitting down, you find they look extremely alluring on your feet somehow. You hold your phone over your chest, slightly insecure about your size since this morning, and press the biggest button on the screen to take the picture.

This app allows you to add a caption at the bottom after you took the picture, you quickly find out. At first, you're unsure about whether to add one. Marcus asked for

just the photo, after all. However, you also remember what Miss Robinson told you. Try to include Maste—Marcus in your masturbation. Like the photo itself, you decide to keep it simple.

“Thinking of you”

You have a last look at the picture and click “Send.” A shudder runs through your entire body, though you hadn’t moved at all. The probe was clearly dormant. Something excited you and it wasn’t physical.

But you came for the physical pleasure, so that’s what you’ll focus on. You grab hold of the half-length that still pokes out of your butt, ready to move things to the bed, where you’ll be more comfortable. That’s when you catch sight of yourself in the mirror again. Experimentally, you give the dildo a good push. And then another. You spread your legs like a slut, as some precum drips out of your tip. Seeing your actions in the context of your new body is really, inexplicably turning you on.

For some time, you just lazily fuck yourself in that position. Indeed, the probe works just as it should. The dildo keeps hitting your prostate, and you think you keep hitting your peak, but it’s always just slightly out of reach. To get closer, you try changing positions. Reminiscent of your night at the hotel, you drop forward on all fours, approaching the mirror while your right hand constantly rams against your sphincter. It’s dripping with lube, but still holding the toy firmly enough to keep it pummelling your insides.

Eventually, you’re so close to the mirror, and so elated, that you don’t even feel like holding up your head, resting it right against the reflective pane. Your quick breaths fog up the mirror, further limiting your field of view. Out of a lack of alternatives, you gaze deeply into your hazy, brown eyes, past your new epicanthic fold, straight into your hardly distinguishable pupils. With your vision impaired, your ears start to pick up the lewd noises you make as you fuck yourself quicker and quicker.

You’d been horny like a bitch in heat before you started, and you think you’re finally closing in on that orgasm. This one won’t elude you. You won’t let it. Just like Marcus does, you make the final thrusts slow, but powerful. Right before your climax, you manage to heave yourself back on your feet, stumbling backwards to your bed. Standing in front of it, you’re blessed with a text message. With the apron hanging right over your crotch, the vibration tips the scales and catapults you to paradise.

Falling back on the bed, you feel your dick spurting fluids like there’s no tomorrow. Warm seed runs down your legs, into your stockings, your skirt, and probably the edge of your bed. After catching your breath, you take your phone to check the message you got.

“God, you look so fucking cute I want to bend you over my table right here and now,” Master writes, and another jet of cum escapes your little dick after reading that first line. *“What a tease you are, and on my birthday, too. At least you look like it feels pretty good. I’ll make sure you feel even better tomorrow.”*

Contented, exhausted, satisfied, you fall asleep on your bed, coated in your own semen. You don’t even notice when the vines come to encase you an hour later.

DAY 90

In Marcus' office, familiar gagging noises echo off the walls. They're coming to an end though. Your mouth is being assaulted by cock, only to be quickly replaced by a stream of viscous fluid. You finish swallowing Marcus' load, but unexpectedly cough when you're almost finished. That's weird, you'd long got used to swallowing the thick, creamy substance. It never posed major problems. On your tongue, you immediately find the culprit. A pube had slipped inside. Marcus has already moved on, zipping up his pants and looking at the work piled up on his desk. You address him from below.

"*Goshujin-sama*... may I suggest shaving your pubic hair?" you propose gently.

"What? Get out with that gay shit," he recoils, but then sees you holding the hair that tickled your throat and made you cough. "Oh, I see. Eh... Alright, I'll see if we can deal with that."

That's all he really says. These vague explanations have rarely turned out in your favour, but you'll just have to see what happens. Anything that stops you from choking on pubic hair looks preferable to the alternative. That's something you really don't want written on your grave. You wipe a strand of semen off your cheek and into your mouth before you leave, but Marcus stops you on your way out.

"Say, you and Emma haven't seen each other much lately, have you?"

"Uhh, no, Master, we haven't." You hadn't even noticed, and are slightly taken aback that, of all people, Marcus did. Upon reflection, Emma is sort of painful to be around, now that you know for sure that neither of you is getting out of here. Being around her never seemed to bring you much good luck for as long as you've been at the mansion either.

"How about a little compensation for that hair problem just now? I want you to feel good about our time together. You two are old friends and you've done well lately, so I think you should go on a little trip together, just the two of you." Marcus immediately senses your hesitation. "Don't worry, this trip won't include any orgies whatsoever, I promise. Go get yourself cleaned up and wait at the front gate."

"And can I just say," he interjects one last time, "that your new choker looks absolutely gorgeous on you? It really highlights your slim neck perfectly. Of course, the implication that you're my eager little cocksucker helps, too."

"Of course, M-Master. Thank you, Master." Like Miss Robinson taught you, you're actively trying to blush but you're not trying *this* hard. Your cheeks are burning like crazy, so you excuse yourself quickly, walking briskly out of the office and trying desperately to calm your breath. He's right, you got a new choker, after your little self-pleasuring session destroyed your old outfit... and he's right about it looking pretty as well.

You'd heard about the implication that wearing chokers is a signal that the wearer enjoys sucking cock, but nobody at the manor ever referenced it, so you thought you'd dodged that bullet. Compared to the last one, it is quite the upgrade, even for your sensibilities. For a start, it doesn't actually constrict your airways anymore. It

still hugs your neck as closely as it possibly could, but it doesn't actually squeeze your throat and is more elastic than black leather. In fact, it probably looks just like a larger version of your wristcuffs, tying in well with the theme of your outfit. Black silk on white lace. Despite it being much easier to take off than the last one, you got accustomed to wearing the choker to bed.

The esthergen or whatever it was called hasn't stopped working its magic. That pill is giving you headaches like you wouldn't believe. Or breastaches, rather. Not only are they still permanently sore, but you're pretty sure they didn't grow this fast before! You're definitely at a large A-cup now, perhaps even a smallish B. How do you know that? Well, the label on your bra says 36A, and for a day or two now, the cups have been digging into your skin pretty badly. You checked it in front of the mirror, and you have to say the effect it had on you was mostly arousal. It looked really hot, the way the cotton squished your boobs, which tried to escape upward. But most of the day, it just sucks because it hurts the whole time! You meant to talk to Jasmijn about this, but didn't have time yet. A part of you wishes your masturbation accident had earned you a bigger bra along with the new choker.

So you're going on a trip with Emma. You're not really sure what to think of that. It's hard to admit, but if you're being honest, you'd recently started to avoid running into her. Beyond her generally grating personality, she'll always be a reminder of your life outside. During your day-to-day business, fleeting thoughts of life as a man are impossible to eliminate, but having her bounce about feels unsubtly painful and foreboding. It's an indiscreet reminder of the past as well as an uncomfortable outlook for the future.

Given Marcus' tone, it looks like you'll have to put that discomfort to rest for a day, something that you should have accrued a good amount of practice with. At least you've been assured that you wouldn't have to partake in any orgies. Compared to spending a day with Emma, you probably got off easy there. As instructed, you go to your room, clean up your face, and head out to the front gate. From the distance, you can see Emma is already waiting for you.

"Sukiiiiiii!" she screams while jumping into your arms. "Are you excited yet?" This is so uncomfortable.

"Sure, it'll be great," you respond, not at all convincingly. "Yay, it will!" she agrees, oblivious.

Rounding the car is another person you know.

"Nastya!" you recognise the tall Russian guard. What a coincidence that she's your driver again.

"*Printsessa*, how do you do?" she greets you back with a big smile on her face. She gives you a warm hug. "You two khave fun today, yes?" Unsure how to respond, you just nod. "Okay! Hop in when you are ready."

Emma fortunately doesn't have much more to say beyond unintelligible squeals of delight, so you both get in the limo right away. Once Emma's calmed down inside the car, she instantly becomes more helpful.

"Gosh, I can't believe me and Suki are going shopping together!" she gushes.

Ah... so that's what you're doing. That's surprisingly tame. Marcus saying there wouldn't be any orgies made you expect something more sinister. Then again, what's more cruel than sending a biological male shopping with a person who's all girly girl in the head?

"Yep, can't wait," you chime in, once again not having to put much effort into your act to convince Emma.

The drive to the mall is uneventful. Emma bounces around in her seat like you expected she would, occasionally looking a little... dishevelled. Needy. Horny.

That's par for the course with Emma these days though. The least Marcus could've done is give her some relief before leaving her with you. Though you don't really like the mental image of however it is Emma gets "relief." You expect it's not too different to how you do it anymore.

Uncomfortable with the subject, you do what you did last time, and focus on the road, earlier this time. What you see there doesn't really inspire relaxation either. Anastasia is currently approaching a decently steep hill, right where the road ends, and shows no signs of making a turn. Not that she could, given that the road just plain stops.

"Uhh, Nastya, what are you doing? Look out!" you panic a little. The guard in the driver's seat is completely unfazed.

"Oh, you did not see last time?" she asks you. You have no idea what she's talking about. "Just vatch."

Nastya presses a button, and the hill is starting to open up. Now that you see it, the green door does stand out a little bit against the rest of the grassy slope. There's an electric gate there, leading into a tunnel! You must've been so lost in thought – and staring out the side window instead of straight ahead – when you visited the surveillance office that this completely passed you by. Even with all the tech displayed in the mansion, this is still quite Bond villain-esque, despite the relative simplicity of a tunnel with disguised electric gates. At least it explains how they drive a car, especially one so impractical, all the way to the mansion without having to evade trees constantly. Once outside the tunnel, you can tell you're going to the same small town close by. This time, you're not headed for the hotel or Goldstein's though, this time, you're going to the mall. Nastya stops in second lane and turns back.

"I vill look for parking spot. You two go akhead and enjoy yourselves."

Thanking her kindly with a little rub on her shoulder, you get out of the car. Nastya drives around the corner, out of sight, leaving Emma and you alone in front of the mall. It's not very big. Two or three stories tall. Of course the ceilings are much higher than in an apartment building, or in the Quarters, but the hotel is much taller

in comparison. Emma is grabbing you by the hand and runs off inside the building like a child in a toy store. You expect you won't be visiting any of those, or at least none suitable for kids.

You're being pulled through the revolving doors into the air conditioned mall. Emma can hardly wait. Her head's already panning left and right, deciding what boutique to ransack first. In the end, she might as well have thrown a coin. You don't see any logical thought process taking place to determine which store to go first.

Walking through the aisles is confusing. While most of your female acquaintances didn't get to know you closely, you'd been roped into watching them shop for clothes once or twice. Your masculine build gave you a high point of view. You always saw the girls darting through the aisles like locust through a wheat field. Even with the three inch advantage your shoes give you, that privilege has been revoked. It doesn't take long for Emma to disappear in a maze of racks and discounted piles of clothing. Only when you hear an almost orgasmic squeal from somewhere do you get back on the right track. It leads you to the lingerie section, of course.

"Hold this," Emma tells you before you can even see her behind the mountain of clothes she's picked out to try on, rudely shoving them all in your arms. At least one thing hasn't changed from Rich to Suki. Apparently something's caught her eye that needs her immediate attention. She picks it up, holds it in front of her chest, and excitedly turns to you.

Peeking around Mt. Clothes, you vaguely see Emma chipperly bouncing from one foot to the other, as she tends to do. More importantly, you see the bra she's holding up. It's very lacy, and quite transparent, unsurprisingly. The cups would only cover half of her breasts, ending barely above her nipples. Miss Robinson called them half-cups, which is easy enough to remember. According to her, they provide much less stability, so their function is mainly to entice viewers. You haven't experienced it yet, but you might be approaching the point where your breasts also need some stability and support. Emma cares little about that.

Peculiarly, the black straps split in two halfway down the shoulder. A few inches above the nipples, they split, forming a triangle with the upper end of the cups. What that's supposed to achieve eludes you, it seems an impractical design compared to just having simple, straight straps. But maybe that's the point.

You're about to find out. Once again, you find your arm grabbed, and harshly pulled after a very eager Emma, storming towards the changing booths. Of course you retain the privilege of carrying Mt. Clothes over there. Somewhat unexpectedly, Emma pulls you into the booth with her. It gives you the chance to put the clothes down, finally, and rest your arms a bit, but it still feels a little too girly to be trying on outfits with your friend. The disconnect between that statement and the amount of cocks crammed into your mouth recently is not lost on you. However, you felt weird the moment you stepped foot into the boutique. Contented. *Relaxed*. It felt like coming home after a hard day of work. Just dropping on your bed and falling asleep instantly. You never felt anything resembling this emotion inside a mall. Not once. Obviously that makes you suspicious. At the same time, there's nothing suspicious you can point to. Emma is acting like she always does, and none of the few people you've

seen in the mall acted out of place either. Yet that wholesome feeling just won't leave you.

Emma pulls your attention back to the interior of the changing booth by unceremoniously disrobing in front of you. She's now a good bit taller than you, so her slightly fake-looking knockers are at an almost perfect viewing height. What her back hides, the mirror assists in making visible. Even without it, you quite like the angle you have, seeing her fat globes span so much size that they bulge past the line her waist draws. Now that you look at it, you notice she doesn't really have one though. Maybe the corset had more of an effect on you than you thought, despite your rather loose lacing habits. Weird that Emma herself didn't demand a corset then, given how much she loves anything feminine. For now, her attention is focussed on the bra she's putting on. The clasps shut in the back and Emma jumps, doing a 180.

"Whaddoyouthink?!" she can't wait to hear your answer.

"Wow," you unconsciously say, giving Emma exactly what she wanted.

It's clearer now what the purpose of the straps was. As you expected, the half-cups do their job of concealing just the nipples, leaving at least something to the imagination. They simultaneously form one side of the two triangles that are drawn with the help of the straps over her breasts. What that does is it creates an outline around each breast, making them seem even bigger. It likely helps that Emma chose a bra that's slightly too small for her. As a result, the straps ever so slightly press into the sides of her boobs, further enhancing the effect. You don't know a man in the world who could resist the sight in front of you, and yet, you have to.

Before you have the image safely stored in your spank bank, Emma turns around, poses twice, and quickly sheds the undergarment. Turnover seems to be fast with this girl, as she blasts through the clothes you carried here at the same rate. No item has to be on her body longer than ten seconds, and already she knows whether she needs to take it home or not. That's not to say she's picky, quite the contrary. When you lay eyes on the pile that she declared "stuff to keep", you're starting to question what sort of budget Marcus sent you here with. Either he didn't specify it, or Emma conveniently forgot.

Before long – considering the mountain of clothes you came in with – she has decided which items to keep, and which to discard. That's something at least. It takes two huge bags at the register to take everything she chose home. And guess who has the honour of carrying it all! Two maids walked into this store roughly an hour ago, but one of you has quickly relieved herself of that role.

On that note, it has to be said that your outfits aren't exactly everyday fashion. The mall's in a small town, and not very crowded, but you naturally attract some curious looks. Nobody says anything though. You imagine they probably see you as a performance art duo, small-time comedians or actresses who couldn't be bothered changing out of their stage outfits. Or something like that, at least. The larger implication here is the immense trust that Marcus shows in letting you roam freely. Granted, what's Emma going to do? You, however... that's a different story. If you

wanted, you could calmly take somebody to the side while Emma is entranced by a thong or whatever, and tell them that you're being held against your will. But you won't, and Marcus knows that. Part of it is remembering what happened the last time. Another part sees the safety the mansion gives you now. You know that if you behave, you won't be starving, you won't be hurt, excluding your pride. Everything that Chris and Conrad predicted became true. It dawns on you that you're not special, that you're not more resilient than the others, but that you're firmly on the path they took before you, presumably including Emma.

Speaking of, she's already found her next object of desire. Unsurprisingly, it's hidden in a boutique. As your arm is customarily grabbed and pulled behind the blonde shopping enthusiast, you wonder how much longer this day can stretch. Secretly, you still find the time here enjoyable, though your brain tells you constantly how much you should hate it. Maybe it's time to take some more initiative.

"Hey Emma, I don't want to disturb you, but I kind of need some clothes myself."

"Oh really?" her eyes go wide. "I'll help you!" Oh great. Should've just gone away, she never would've noticed.

You explain to her your recent troubles with your bra. Emma's clinging to your words as intently as she ever has, offering encouragement, empathy and advice. When you tell her about how your bra has been chafing against your breasts all day, she literally grits her teeth in shared pain.

"I know how that feels... but to be honest it looks *super* hot on you," she jokes right after, giggling to herself. Your mouth can't help but turn into a restrained smile either, and at the compliment, you even feel a small rush go through your body.

"So you wanna go back and get one yourself?" Emma asks, and after a second you get that she's talking about the peculiar bra she tried on first.

"Uhh, I was thinking of something more practical," you negotiate.

"Booo! You're a maid, Suki. You gotta leave an impression if you wanna get anywhere!"

You can already tell this is going nowhere. She's going to insist that you walk out of this mall with something slutty in your bag. It's okay, you figure. Just to appease her, you'll get some lingerie that's going to make Emma swoon while you get something which actually gives your boobs support, when she's distracted.

"Y-you're right, Emma. I should get something a little sexier," you stutter. "Yayyy! I knew you would see things my way!"

At first, you're being crudely dragged through the aisles, but as the choices pile up, Emma, as predicted, gets distracted and you can slip away for a moment. You spot a simple, white cotton bra, looking almost exactly like the one you're wearing now. A couple of them are on the rack. 34A, 36A, 38A, 34B, 36B! That should be what you need! Hastily pulling it off the hanger, you get it just in time before Emma notices you're missing, and reels you back in. She suggests countless scandalous underwear

sets, which you dismiss outright. It's clear that she's frustrated every time, pouting angrily, but she seems to comprehend your apparent pickiness much more easily than your initial apprehension. Seeing a relatively modest option, you jump on it, telling Emma that you'd like to have that one. She's elated that you finally settled on a set, and insist that you try it on immediately. If you think you're going to get some privacy, you're sorely mistaken. Emma pulls the curtain closed behind her and waits for you to undress.

You're more annoyed than you are uncomfortable, really. Emma is being overly pushy, which you hadn't expected at all. In no time, your naked form is reflected back to you in the mirror. Impatiently, Emma hands you the lingerie set you'd agreed to get. The panties are mostly what you'd expect. They're black, but made of a very fine mesh, which makes them look quite transparent. One difference to your uniform is that this is actually a thong, which slips right between your butt cheeks. You thought you'd got used to everything there is in acting like a girl, but Emma still manages to surprise you. It's an odd feeling to have your underwear so... present on your sphincter, but it's comfortable otherwise.

The same can't really be said about the bra. As you feared, it's absolutely not built to provide support for your breasts. It's made of the same fabric as the panties, very soft and loose, in contrast to the stiff, sturdy cups on your bras at home. In the Quarters, you mean. Being made in the same fashion as the thong also means that the mesh does a poor job of actually obscuring your breasts. On top of that, the gimmick of this piece is that there's a vertical line in the middle of the cups that's completely devoid of any cloth whatsoever. It's basically a cut out rectangle, which poses a little problem. The obvious effect is that parts of your breasts and the entirety of your nipples are uncovered. But more subtly, every time the bra shifts a little, the sides of the cut-out graze your nipple. Thanks to the soft material, it's not that noticeable, but if you had to wear this all day long, you imagine the stimulation would accumulate and become distracting.

"Ooh, that looks so cute on you, Suki!" Emma swoons. You wish you were allowed to kill anybody who uses that word to describe you. It makes you feel so embarrassed... and warm.

"Thank you... Emma," you force yourself to respond. You hate yourself for it a little bit, but you know how Miss Robinson expects you to respond to compliments, especially for your physical appearance. If you let yourself slip up here, it wouldn't be such a big deal, but you need to get used to it, or you might slip up when it matters.

"I can see you like it, too," she giggles, looking down. Of course you have an erection. You'd love to blame Emma's perfume, but you have to admit wearing lingerie feels... naughty.

"Gosh, and it got so small!" Emma gushes. If she goes on like that, your erection is well on its way of disappearing. The attention she pays it inevitably brings back memories of the last time she got so close to your crotch. Between Emma's emasculating comments, her adoration of your femininity, the inexplicable joy you feel in the mall and the sexy lingerie caressing your nipples, your libido is confused, but ultimately wins out. There's no cameras here, right? Nobody to watch you...

“You like it?” you ask Emma. She nods, giggling. “Remember the taste?” She nods again, this time silently. “Want another?”

You can see Emma fighting with herself. Something tells her she shouldn’t give in to advances from anybody but her Master so quickly, yet her body clearly wants it. Amazingly, she seems to resist the temptation, if not very convincingly.

“Soooo, if I blow you now, what do I get?” she tries to be playful, but is obviously nervous and trying to stall.

“I’m carrying all your stuff, aren’t I? That has to count for something.”

“Hmmm,” Emma makes a show of contemplating your offer, but her eyes keep darting back to your crotch.

Her hand reaches down, rubbing you through the panties and announcing your victory. At first, she remains standing, but her breathing quickens and soon she can’t help herself. Within seconds, she’s on her knees, inches away from your dick.

You can’t quite believe that worked. Well, it’s Emma, so it’s not that incredible. It was a really flimsy excuse though, to justify getting a blowjob. But you’re getting it, so who are you to complain?

You inhale sharply. Emma just gave your length a quick lick. Not only were you surprised, her warm tongue felt really good, and now her saliva is cooling in the fresh, freezing air. It’s a different feeling, but not unpleasant. You definitely want her to continue, and she does, this time dragging her tongue more slowly, starting at the base of your scrotum and going up all the way to the tip of your penis. Once she reaches the peak, Emma tilts her head and takes your length in one big gulp.

It feels so good. Not just physically, but mentally as well. You never wanted to think about it, but rarely could you help yourself. That first blowjob never quite left you, nor did your time together in the motel despite all your attempts to forget it..

Your recollection of those memories has the unfortunate side effect of turning you on quite severely. You want to enjoy this, goddamnit! And for a bit longer, if you have anything to say about it. Emma is really stepping up her game, too. She’s currently keeping not just the entire length of your penis – which, granted, isn’t too impressive anymore – in her mouth, but your balls as well. She probably noticed that the bobbing technique you’ve both grown so used to applying is difficult to pull off on less well-endowed specimens such as yourself. You think you notice a hint of disappointment above her bulging cheeks, but you don’t mind. For you, it’s as pleasant a blowjob as it could be, with her wet tongue running all over your sensitive genitals.

Emma picks up the speed, which makes the dam of your resistance crumble. You’d hoped to prolong this just a little bit, but it’s no use. You’re feeling that point of no return sneaking up on you, pressure walking up your urethra, ending in an explosion of pleasure.

Your quick finish takes Emma by surprise. Consummate professional that she is, there’s barely a drop of sperm wasted though. One string shot out when her mouth

wasn't quite sealed yet, finding its way up her cheek, almost reaching her left eye. As Emma quickly swallows the load she received, you take your index finger and wipe that stray line of cum back to her mouth. Gratefully licking your finger, Emma straightens out her clothes and stands back up. You lean over to your clothes and wipe your finger on your apron.

"Wow, I hardly felt you in my throat," Emma notes. "So weird..."

If the disappointment on her face was subtle, the kind in her voice is unmistakable. She also holds her stomach, like she expected a bigger meal to feast on, but doesn't say anything about it. After sex follows regret. It seems even maids occasionally can't escape that fact. You have to say you feel a little bad too. Accepting Emma's new wishes is one thing, but exploiting them is a whole other matter. You'll make it up to her. Giving slightly more of a fuck about making this trip with her enjoyable could be a start.

"Sorry about that, heh," you try to play down your admittedly sub-par performance. "How about we bag these clothes, I get dressed, and we have a look at the next store that looks good, hm?"

"Oh yay!" Emma presents one of her handful of standard responses. "More clothes, though? I'm worried Master might get mad or your arms are gonna break."

"No, no, it's fine," you wave off her concerns. Emma thinks for a bit longer, which you use to get dressed. You grab everything you brought in and pay at the register. Once outside the store, Emma chimes in again, looking up briefly, then right at you.

"Ooh, I know! There's a super duper salon on the second floor, we just have to go there!" "Okay, sure, just lead the wa—haaaaaay!"

She does. Of course she does. And she doesn't need your consent for it. Incredibly fast, you're standing in front of the salon, and it looks like they can fit you right in, both of you. You're redirected to a reclining chair almost immediately, where a beautiful young redhead tends to your... needs? It's hard to say how much you really need this, but you try to keep an open mind about it.

Right away, the beautician comments on how perfect your skin is. She swears she has no idea what you're even coming in for. Emma insists that you both get face masks either way. In this mall, her word is law, and so you do. The redhead is making small talk, which is probably the bulk of her job, so she's quite good at it. You being who you are, you find yourself eyeing her features more than you're listening to what she says. It's not like you can talk to her about much anyway. She's quite beautiful, and it takes you a while, admiring her shapely form, to realise that you better not enjoy this display too much, or your skirt may rise suspiciously high.

In a hurry, you focus on something else. First, you just stare straight ahead, but seeing your new body is no less arousing than the beautician's. After a bit, the mask starts extending to your eyes too, so you have no visual input anyway. That helps quite a bit, and you're quickly able to cool down. Crisis averted.

You're instructed to move your face as little as possible while the mask dries. It saves you from having to make more excuses for why you're so terrible at keeping a conversation alive, so you're grateful. Not to be mean, but Emma being quiet only makes the deal sweeter. It's hard not to fall asleep. After about thirty minutes, you notice some activity, and the mask comes off.

It's quite sticky, and your attendant constantly applies some water to your skin where she just pulled the mask off. The feeling's weirdly satisfying, the way the mask clings to your face as it's being removed. It's one of those things like popping bubble wrap. You just can't help but enjoy it.

Next up are your nails. You haven't shaken the habit of painting them regularly, and you doubt you ever will. The gorgeous beautician commends your skill, but has some advice to give for filing your nails properly. Angelina showed you once, but it was a while ago, she didn't go into a lot of detail, and of course her fake accent didn't help things, no offense. You know you're well on your way of entering that glass house yourself, so you should be cautious about throwing stones. The redhead is more adept at explaining things, and you feel like you learn a lot about how to care for your nails. You thank her for the helpful tips.

"Sure thing, that's my job after all!" she says. "While I'm giving out advice, how do you feel about your ponytail?"

"Oh that?" you ask. "I started doing it just because it was useful to get my hair out of the way, but the look kind of grew on me, so I stuck with it."

"Total agreement there! However..." she starts to turn it around, "...I think we could make it even cuter."

There's that word again... She goes right to work, pulling a little on your hair, mainly in the front. Getting her fingers wet, she starts twisting strands of hair all over the place, and fixing it in position with a blow dryer a couple of times. When she walks out of your line of sight after two minutes or so, you see what she did.

Instead of pulling all your hair back, she loosened up a few strands so you have bangs now, swept to the side. On the other side is just one thin strand of hair, hanging down with a slight curve to it. In a way, it frames your face, and makes your style look less plain. It's not a drastic change, but the effect is quite remarkable. You thank her for showing you, and think about doing this more often from now on. Emma starts to take note.

"I don't usually pull my hair back," she comments. "Boys like long, flowing hair. And my ears are kinda big, so I don't mind my hair hiding them. It's a nice side effect, I guess... How about you, Suki?"

"What about me?" you ask, clueless. "You got big ears?"

"Uhh, I don't think so. It's not like I look at them much."

"I think yours are kinda big, too," Emma asserts. "Miss Robinson said it's not so bad. She told me it's easy to hide with earrings if you let them draw attention. I wore them a couple 'a times, but always felt too insecure to go through with it. You ever try that?"

"Earrings? No, never had any. Don't even have my ears pierced, so I can't—" "What."

Emma cuts in.

“Huh? What’s wrong?”

“You don’t have your ears pierced?” Emma seems upset.

“No, I don’t.”

“But how are you gonna wear earrings?”

“You just said you don’t like wearing them either!”

“Well, uh... okay! But I tried, at least!” she tries to justify her anger. “How are you getting through all this time without ever trying on some pretty jewellery to hang on your ears?!”

Emma is baffled, and so are you. You really don’t know what to say, which is a mistake, because she decides to then do it for you.

“Girls,” she addresses the beauticians, “you know what to do.”

Unfortunately, they do. The redhead you befriended earlier goes in the back to fetch some things while the brunette that tended to Emma comes over to you. She turns your head sideways and dabs at your ear with a wet cloth.

“You do piercings here?” you ask.

“If you want one,” she leaves the door open for backing out, but you hesitate too long. “Yeah, we do. Mostly ears, though. So don’t worry, we got experience.”

“Does it hurt?”

“Honey,” she says patronisingly, “it’s a metal stick going through your earlobe. You wanna take a guess?”

Alright, geez. You want the redhead back, she was much more considerate and caring. When she does return, you’re not so sure what you want anymore, seeing as she’s the one carrying the previously mentioned metal stick.

“Relax, it’s not so bad,” the brunette backpedals, but she doesn’t sound very sincere. Her hands come to rest on your shoulder, less in a reassuring and more in a restraining way. You don’t respond to those gestures very well anymore, as your mind inadvertently flashes back to your probing while your breathing quickens.

The redhead stands at your side, now wearing sanitary gloves, and puts the stick to your earlobe. “Here it comes,” she prepares you, making you hold your breath and grit your teeth a little. You feel the literal piercing, and while it does hurt, your mind overreacted so much that the act itself is almost a pleasant surprise. Getting the other ear pierced is a matter of seconds, and barely painful anymore.

“There you go!” the red-haired stylist is fortunately the one to take the word. “Wasn’t so bad, was it?” You shake your head in agreement. “Great! If you’re looking to try them out right away, there’s a jeweller downstairs who has a really sweet selection. And... if you would be so kind to mention our names, we get a little commission, with no extra cost to you. We’d really appreciate it... we don’t exactly drive Bentleys, and

the rent here isn't cheap either." She forces an uncomfortable smile, but is being endearingly honest.

"Was just gonna go down there," Emma cuts in while she's paying the brunette at the counter. "Thanks girls! You were great as always."

"Always happy to help out," the redhead is getting more cheerful again. "Don't be a stranger, see you next time!"

Emma, now a little calmer, actually lets you walk downstairs on your own this time. Your earlobes are somewhat sore, but they don't actively hurt. At worst, it's a dull throb, distracting and annoying you a bit.

The jeweller isn't far. Emma immediately waves off the clerk that's chiming in to help you select something. You try to get a good look at the earrings on display, but get the distinct feeling that this isn't your choice to make. Emma is mostly blocking your sight, as well as physical access, to the display cases, but turns around quickly enough with something she deems suitable.

Without hesitation, she inserts the jewellery into your ears – which isn't too pleasant – and clicks the clips shut. Some of the earrings you did get a look at only had a little bent hook to keep them in, but these can actually be closed around your lobe. You wonder if that wasn't one of Emma's criteria, since that seems rather useful if you're moving your head quickly. But when do you ever do that, right?

She leads you over to a nearby mirror, allowing you to finally see the bauble you'll likely be forced to purchase. You have to admit, her taste isn't bad, though it is quite an eye-catching specimen. The rim of it is silver, and the piece is overall quite dangly. An inch-long chain suspends the ornament below your ear lobe. Its contours are silver and diamond-shaped; not quite like an actual diamond, but rather like the diamond suit of a card deck. In its centre rests a beautiful, almost-round purple jewel, surrounded by an elaborate silver setting. While you haven't seen much else that's on offer, you're quite taken with how they look, honestly.

"We're taking these," Emma announces confidently upon seeing your intrigued expression. She's nothing if not predictable. The clerk allows you to keep them on, enters their value into the register manually, and wishes you a magnificent day with your new purchase. You'll do your best to honour his wish. Outside the store, Emma is getting shaky on her feet.

"Oh, I'm gettin' kinda tired..." she moans. "Wanna go home?" Yes. Yes you do.

You head to the car park. Emma is on her phone, texting, and directs you to where Nastya is waiting for you. She's on her phone too, likely to pass the time a little quicker. Man, you really had no supervision at all while you were here. Nastya looks up briefly and sees you loaded like a pack mule. Immediately, she hurries over and takes the bags from you. You hug her from behind as thanks, and get into the back of the car, where Emma is already sitting. Nastya closes the car's boot, gets in the driver's seat, and gets you back home.

The drive to the mansion is uneventful. Emma dozes off a couple of times. She was quite animated all day long, so it's not surprising that her shopping trance would eventually catch up to her curvy body. You don't mind having a few moments of peace and calm, so you don't disturb her rest. Despite all your apprehension, you have to say it was fun. Really fun, actually. You can't explain why, but you enjoyed yourself. At the end of the day, that's what counts, right? You see the mansion appearing at the end of the tunnel before Nastya pulls up to the front gate and lets you and Emma out.

"Thank you for nice day," Nastya says. She seems to really enjoy being around you. "Khope I get to see you again soon, *printsessa*. Bye bye!"

You walk to the Quarters, waving to Anastasia. Emma is really out of it, so on top of all the bags, you're sort of carrying her, too. Not literally, as she's way bigger than you, but she bumps into you a couple of times. Dropping her off at her room, you head to the office next.

"*Konbanwa, goshujin-sama*," you try to be politely Japanese, since you're barging into the office unannounced already. For a change, you're not reprimanded for the slightest mistake tonight. After a short pause, Marcus looks at you with interest, followed by something that looks like physical pain when he spots your bags.

"I didn't know where to put these," you continue. "So I figured I'd come to ask Master. I'm sorry for the disturbance, Master."

"No, umm," Marcus struggles. "It's okay, Suki. I see you've had... a productive day?"

"My arms are dead," you complain. "Emma has quite the hunger for cute clothes. I'm not sure how much of this we can use, since our dress code is rather specific," you admit honestly while sort of forgetting about the code regarding your language use.

"You're getting familiar with the place, huh? I like it," Marcus finds himself again. "Don't worry. Worst case is we can give them to Jasmijn and she fashions something nice out of them. I don't think anything you got will go to waste. Hold on... are those earrings I see?"

Marcus comes over and holds the earrings against his hand, to get a better look. You're squirming a little at having your fashion assessed like this.

"Y-yes," you answer. "When I told Emma my ears weren't even pierced, she got quite..." "Excited?" Marcus helps out.

"Right... So we were at this salon, and they pierced them for me right away. Emma then couldn't wait for me to have those put to use, so she went downstairs to a jeweller's with me right away and we got these," you point to your ears.

"She picked them out?"

"Not like I could do anything about it," you chuckle.

"Well, she has good taste at least. These look really nice on you."

“*A-arigato, goshujin-sama*,” you remember to include your faux Japanese.

“But there’s something else about you,” Marcus ponders. “Something... or am I crazy?”

Looking down with a smile, you help him out by brushing your bangs to the side. He catches on immediately.

“It’s your hair, isn’t it?”

“*Hai*. The stylist showed me how to spice up my ponytail look. I didn’t even know it was a look. Anyway, it’s really simple but I wasn’t sure—”

“You should keep it,” Marcus interjects. You’re a bit taken aback by his conviction on the subject.

“I should?”

“Absolutely. God, I didn’t even notice what it was first. Now it seems so obvious. Such a small change, yet such a big difference. I love how that looks on you. Keep it.”

“I-if you say so, *g-goshujin-sama*.” What’s happening? You’re actively blushing, stop it already. Does it really look *that* good on you? Maybe it does...

“But I don’t want to keep you too long,” Marcus changes the subject and backs off a bit. “I can see you had a long day. I love her, but Emma can be a handful.”

Isn’t that the truth. You playfully roll your eyes at the statement, happy about the change of subject. Thanking Marcus for his kind words, you take your leave. It’s still a little early to go to bed, so you remember to stop by the laundry for your apron. You’d wiped off some of your cum on it in the changing booth, and you’ve had enough wardrobe changes for today. When you ask Kimmy to please wash it for you, she’s hesitant at first. After you explain that you’ve spent the day in the mall with Emma and don’t have the time or energy to do her any favours, she seems to help you almost out of pity.

There isn’t much else to do. If there was, you wouldn’t do it anyway. Spending the day at the mall was fun, but taxing. You deserve some rest. Once your clothes are neatly folded and placed in your wardrobe, you collapse onto your bed a good half hour early and just wait for the vines to carry you into dreamland.

DAY 91

You go through your normal morning routine, taking care of your morning business in the communal bathroom, then going back to your room to get dressed. That takes a while longer ever since the corset was added to your wardrobe. You're getting used to it, but it's time-consuming nonetheless. Can't they at least make these with the laces in front? Whether they can or not, you're stuck with this one. You check the Japanese woman in the mirror one more time. She looks flawless. New earrings are in, new hair style looks just like the beauticians did it. Opening your room's front door, you jump, being faced with Giannina only a foot away from you.

"Everybody else is working already," she starts up without introduction. "Don't think you'll get away with slacking just because you're Master's favourite. He wants to see you. And wear the bra Emma picked out for you or something. Hurry it up."

That's all there is. Before you can respond, Giannina turns around, rolls her eyes and disappears. Thanks a lot, bitch. Still, it sounded like Marcus actually told her to relay the message, so you make your way to the office after you changed into the embarrassingly see-through lingerie. On the path between the Quarters and the mansion, you find a lot of people that are distinctly... not maids. Nor are they guards. The first explanation that pops into your head is that the manor must be having another open day. You can't see any other reason for this many "civilians" being around. As you're looking around the premises, something catches your eye.

Giannina is talking to a man you've never seen before. Must be a visitor. She's giggling every five seconds, when the guy has barely finished a sentence. It doesn't have to be said out loud that she's making a move on him. The man says something else though, and Giannina changes her demeanour. Instead of the vapid giggling, she looks shocked – in a rather overacted way – her eyes darting left and right as if checking whether somebody else heard that. You didn't, but you expect you'll find out what it was about in a moment. Giannina turns around 180 degrees. What's that tucked into her apron's waistband? It looks like a bottle of soap. All of a sudden, in the middle of that path, the man unzips his pants, revealing his *massive* junk. He presses the top of the "soap dispenser" twice. Once to drop a glob on his dick, and another right on Giannina's... ass... Oh. That's what it is. Yeah, you don't need to see that, you have an idea what'll happen next. Giannina looks ecstatic though, crazed almost. Her face clearly says that she can't wait another second to feel this stranger inside her, with everybody watching.

Maybe it's best to just move on to the office. Once there, Marcus immediately notices your presence, waving you in. After your curtsy, he keeps waving, indicating the spot next to him. As you come closer, he gets out of his armchair and plants a deep, *deep* kiss on your lips. The amount of tongue he offers wakes you up quite quickly.

"Good morning, sweetheart. Careful, don't step into that," he cautions you, bringing attention to the large bowl of water sitting next to his desk.

"Umm... Master? Why is there a large bowl of water next to your desk?"

Your inquiry prompts Marcus to pull out a razor and a can of shaving cream from his drawers. Oh... this is about your comment yesterday. You hadn't expected this at all, especially so soon.

"When you have a point, you have a point, right?" Marcus concedes. "If it helps you out, I don't mind going bald down there. Maybe it'll bring me a little closer to my staff," he jokes – in reference to you regularly shaving your "legs" – but quickly regains his seriousness. Well, not having your nose buried in tickling, obstructive pubic hair every day would indeed be helpful.

"You should probably stay standing for this, Master," you suggest, to which Marcus nods, but not silently.

"Say, what happened to your language classes, dear?" he reprimands you passive-aggressively. "*S-sumimasen... goshujin-sama.*"

While he tries to get back to work, which looks rather awkward, given his physical height, you interrupt before he even begins with a few gentle taps on his foot. He sees you holding the towel and catches your idea to have him stand on it. That way the hair won't fall right on the floor. After all, if it does, who'll be the one who has to clean it all up afterwards? Most likely not him. You pull the basin closer to you, and take a more permanent position on your knees. At least in terms of perspective, your invitation here is not so different to what you expected would happen.

Grabbing the cream, you let the razor soak in the water for a moment. Pressing on the top of the can, you get a handful of foam in your hand and start spreading it evenly. Marcus jumps a little at the coldness of it. Unsurprisingly, his penis also reacts, rising to half-mast in response to your innocent ministrations. Rinsing your hands in the water, you take hold of the razor and go on the offense against the hair above his twitching meat. Having only a non-electric razor proves quite the challenge, since Marcus is not one to shave voluntarily. As a result, the hair is long enough to cover the entire front of the razor after two strokes, maybe three. Your knees start hurting before you get there, but eventually you have the entire top of his crotch as smooth as the day he was born. Your nose will thank you during the next blowjob. So far, so good.

The next area of concern is going to be a little more tricky. Now you actually need to shave his scrotum. You pinch the bottom of one side firmly to stretch out the skin. Then you carefully lead the razor over it, only catching a few of the long hairs along the way. You only get in one and a half strokes before you're distracted from above.

"Fuck this," Marcus curses while hammering his fist on the table. His outburst obviously sets other parts of his body into motion. You quickly retreat with your hand when you see his coming down on the desk. You give it a few seconds before taking the razor to his scrotum again.

"This fucking—" Marcus cuts himself off with another slap on the desk. Retreating your hand again, you wrap your left around the base of his scrotum. As a reminder to Marcus, you give it one firm yank.

You don't look up to see his reaction. But you do notice the rustling of papers ceasing for quite a bit longer than usual. It's all the same to you. At least it gives you some more time to focus on your task; shaving your Master's privates. And yet, it's not quite enough yet. After maybe a minute or two, Marcus' temper has got the better of him yet again.

"Goddamn this—" This time, it's not the fist that's interrupting him, it's your voice.

"Master, respectfully, I'm kneeling down here, with a pretty damn sharp razor right next to your balls, and the best thing you think to do is to swing them around like an idiot." Slightly shocked by yourself, you notice your choice of words and decide to try some damage control. "So please be more careful, *goshujin-sama*." There's a moment of silence when you both take stock of the situation, realising how much power *you* wield in this position for a change. A lethally sharp object rests in your hand, inches away from Marcus' most vulnerable body parts.

"Watch that tone," he reprimands you, but doesn't go any further. You stare straight ahead, letting nothing deter you from getting this rebellious bush under control. What's perhaps most surprising is that Marcus seems to have taken your little lesson to heart. A couple of times, you see his hand rising, or hear his breath quickening in anger, but every time he composes himself, controls himself. Good boy.

However, you can't expect Marcus to stay completely still. Especially with his half-erection, one part of his body in particular is bouncing around all over the place, through no fault of his own. While his temper is under control, the mood has turned a little icy after your outburst. You can't deny that the bobbing penis in front of you, in its imposing size, is tempting you. Tentatively, you lean forward, stick out your tongue, and use it to tickle Marcus' glans a couple of times, before quickly retreating and concentrating on the razor again. Obviously, Marcus felt what you did, and stops in his tracks.

"What was that?" he asks. You stop the razor and look up at him innocently, not saying a word. "What are you doing?"

"Shaving you, *goshujin-sama*," you respond, mocking ignorance and obedience.

Marcus stares at you for a second, but ultimately drops the subject, letting you go back to what you just professed you were doing. And so you do, with a big, fat grin on your face. You move over to the other side, having shaved half of Marcus' scrotum. Leaning forward, you tickle his tip with your tongue once again.

"Suki?" Marcus asks, stretching out your name as he says it. "*Hai*?" you respond properly.

"What was that?"

"What was what?" Oh, you're having fun.

"That cold feeling on my dick just now. What was that?"

“Hmm, I’m not sure,” you feign ignorance yet again. “It’s pretty cold in here, *goshujin-sama*, it might have been the wind.”

“The wind? In a windowless room?”

“*Hai*,” you confirm simply, looking up at Marcus without another word.

He grins, and starts shaking his hips left and right. His nearly erect dick starts swatting across your face, which you scrunch up while the stiff meat slaps against your cheeks. After a couple of taps against your chin, Marcus leaves you alone again.

“That was pretty unprofessional, Master,” you comment as you take the razor to his scrotum.

“Oh yeah? How about you shut your cute little mouth or I stuff it shut?” Marcus playfully threatens.

“Hmm, wouldn’t want that,” you mock. Like that’d be so different from any other day.

After your little exchange, you can shave Marcus without any more disturbances. He seemed to really calm down. Is this really what you want humour in your life to be like, though? Being slapped in the face by male appendages? Your doubts are justified, but emotionally, you’re not up for those cynical, defeatist remarks today. Once in a while, you just need to have a little fun, despite the situation. You’ve come so far, accepted so much. Why not accept this, too?

A few more strokes, and there we are! Marcus’ dick and balls are finally visible for the first time, instead of being hidden behind a forest of hair. You gently rub Marcus’ leg with one hand to get his attention.

“Your crotch is as hairless as it’s going to get with this razor, *goshujin-sama*,” you inform him. “Are you going to take a shower to rinse off?”

“Uhh, you know what, I don’t really have time for a shower. It’s not as thorough, but do you think you could clean it off with some water, Suki?” Marcus requests.

“Anything, Master.”

With wet hands, you start to rub away at this crotch, trying to catch all the stray hairs that stuck to his body. Massaging his testicles has an obvious effect, and you can’t resist giving his cock a few strokes whenever your deft fingers are in the vicinity. A minute in, you have more hands- on time with his penis than you do with his balls, but most of the hair stuck to the razor anyway, so it’s not like there’s much else to clean up. Marcus’ breath accelerates again, and he speaks up.

“Do you wa—whoa...” he takes a short break. That was the unmistakable sign that you’re doing your job. “Do you want to... take another load on your face?”

You surprise yourself by giggling. “Hmm, I thought you were going to make me beg, Master.”

Wow. You're in form today. Marcus' question doubled as an announcement; his dick is already pulsing under your massaging fingers. One rub, then another, and a semenfall spurts out of his dick to cover your face, just like you were promised.

"Damn girl, you dried me up fast today," Marcus says in what is probably supposed to be a compliment. "Just a shame I hardly got to see your sexy new underwear... I hope I didn't cash in too many points to get another show soon."

You wipe free the essential parts of your face before you respond. "I might make an exception if you ask nicely," you smile.

"What a lucky man I am," Marcus grins. "You are dripping all over the place though." He looks like he's struggling with something. "I probably should tell you right away... Emma is leaving us. Get yourself cleaned up and we'll talk some more. Sorry I didn't say anything when you were coming in. You looked kind of happy and I couldn't quite bear to ruin your day. We'll talk when you get back, I promise."

That kind of just tumbled out of his mouth at a rapid pace. Emma is leaving? As in, she's been bought? Marcus is quite insistent on ushering you out of the office, so you can't follow up on it. Eager to know what's going on, your walk back to the Quarters is brisk, and so is cleaning your face. On your way back to the mansion, a man chats you up unsolicited.

"Hey there, ain't you a cute one?" he tries to flirt, bluntly and badly.

It's not exactly your duty to cater to guests right now. In fact, you're probably exempted from offering... services like Giannina does. She referred to your rather special position herself this morning. However, you're still a maid, and as a man, this person is your superior, and entitled to basic politeness.

"*Ohayogozaimasu*, Sir. I'm flattered, but I can't—eek!"

You squeal when the man suddenly takes you by the shoulders and starts running a hand over the front of your dress. It lasts for only a few seconds before his hands let go of you and he lets out a pained grunt.

When you open your eyes – you didn't notice you'd closed them in fear – you see his molesting arm twisted behind his back by a tall Amazon of a woman with dark brown hair, latex clothing and a winning smile. She stops to look at you with concern in her eyes, as if evaluating whether you're okay. You nod your head to indicate that nothing major happened, and the woman goes back to confidently... well, manhandling the man. There's no better – or more satisfying – way to say it.

"What was that all about, Sir?" the impressive woman interrogates the wincing man. In perfect English, one might add. Looks like there's somebody else apart from Kimmy who doesn't have to speak in tongues.

"I'm sorry!" the man begs.

"That's not an answer to my question. Do I have to repeat myself or are we going to have a civilised discussion?"

“Ah, ow! I just wanted to inspect the goods,” he explains.

“As is your right under normal circumstances,” the guard concedes. “Do you recall the rules that were laid out ahead of the event?”

“It... it said not to touch the Jap.”

The man grunts in agony as the latex-clad, towering woman tests his joints.

“Your memory clearly works, but want to try the ‘civilised’ part of this discussion again?” “It said not to touch the Japanese maid.”

“Thank you! *That’s* how you speak to a lady.” The guard shoots you a wink. “Her name is Suki, by the way.”

“I-I’m sorry, Suki. I didn’t mean any—argh! Anything by it.”

“Just what I wanted to hear,” the tall woman explains, and releases the man. “I’m sorry I had to do that, Sir, but the rules apply to everybody, not just us, the staff.” The guy shakes his sore arm. “Now, I hope you’ll still enjoy your time here. However, I have to insist that you respect Master’s property; you wouldn’t want to invite us into your home and watch as we...”

You slowly distance yourself, watching the spectacle unfold with quiet adoration for the cheeky, but professional guard. As you back away from the scene, you bump into someone, almost falling over. God, this trip back couldn’t get worse.

“*S-sumimasen!*” you excuse yourself reflexively in Japanese.

“No harm done...” the man calms you, but then does a double-take on your face. “Hey... don’t I know you?”

“Umm... I don’t think so?” you respond honestly. What’s up with the visitors today? “I’m sorry, but I’m not for sale like the other girls, and I really need to go.”

“I see, but I have no intention of buying you,” the man persists. “Just want to say hello to an old friend. How about a friendly embrace, as friends? I’ll let you go on with your affairs right quick.”

Oh, what the hell. The guards clearly have a watchful eye on you, and giving him what he wants will get you out of here faster than debating the issue. You reach up to get to his shoulders, while he leans down. His mouth gets close to your ear.

“Looks like your heist didn’t go quite as planned, did it?” he whispers. Before you can respond, he breaks free from your embrace.

“Thank you,” he says a bit louder than normal. “It was nice seeing you again.”

Immediately, he starts walking away, towards the front gate, but with his gaze fixed on you for a bit longer. His cheeks are sort of fallen in. His eyes are hard to pin down for some reason. You’d say... blue, but from a distance it almost looks like they’re changing. His haircut is nothing special, non-descript and very short. He waves to

you as goodbye, drawing attention to his hands. They're not very thick or muscly, but still look rough and sinewy. Now that you're taking him in so intently, you think you remember seeing him together with Eric! Yeah... even as he's walking away, you have an almost clear picture of him and Eric talking to you about a job before. Eric didn't mention who, specifically, tipped him off about this mansion, but he did say it was somebody you'd worked with before. Could it be him? You vow to lock his image in your mind tightly. Should he ever step foot on these premises again, you'll make sure he doesn't get away without answering some questions. For now, Marcus will have to make do.

That's exactly where you're headed next. Upon seeing you enter the room, Marcus immediately gets up out of his armchair. He's probably interpreting your brisk pace as anger, which isn't entirely incorrect.

"Hey, Suki, so I know this thing—" "Master... a man just approached me outside."

Marcus is instantly more alert. He gets closer to you, concerned but grateful for the apparent change of subject.

"Are you okay? If he did something, I'll—"

"No, everything's fine," you cut him off a second time without being reprimanded. You calm yourself down a little. "That man said he knew me. I didn't recognise him at first, but I think he's a loose acquaintance of mine, and perhaps as much as a friend of Eric's... Emma's. I... I suspect he may be the one who tipped us off about robbing your mansion, Master."

Marcus seems to ponder this idea for a moment, before laughing uncomfortably. "Hah, what now, are you missing your playmate that badly already that you want me to make that guy into a new one?" He evades the issue at hand, painfully forcing himself to grin. "Let me guess. Kind of a zombie face, buzz cut, talks a little weird?" That is... essentially accurate. "Honey, that man is the one who advised me to install an alarm system in the first place. I've known him for a long time, and while the system was starting to fall apart from disuse, it finally paid off on you and your partner."

You're stunned. Could it be... could it be that this man set up you and your friend? Now you're being told that Emma is leaving the mansion, which likely means somebody bought her. What if her buyer is the same man that made Eric a woman, a maid, in the first place?

"Hell," Marcus interrupts your thoughts while cupping your ass and drawing you closer, "if he did put you up to robbing us, I should probably thank him for sending a hot piece of ass like yourself my way."

Losing yourself in your conditioning, you giggle again, thanking Master for the compliment with burning red cheeks. His hand keeps resting on your rear end – your other cheeks – where it stays for a brief moment. Once the initial rush from having you praised for your body subsides, the anger returns though. You push yourself out of Marcus' embrace, and he lets you go.

“So you’re completely ambivalent to the idea that this man set us up? If he betrayed us, who’s to say he won’t betray you as well?” you suggest.

“Listen, I felt for you when you left earlier, and wasn’t happy to have to sell your friend, but this is a business,” Marcus goes on the defensive.

“Have to?” you quote back to him, incredulous.

“Have to,” he repeats himself with a stern voice. “You’re already exempt from being sold. If I go around handing out that sort of immunity left and right, we’ll soon be broke and moving into a two bedroom apartment, you, me, and twenty maids and guards. It’s not personal, Suki. Someone was interested, so someone bought her. Just like with Angelina. Don’t think it’s easy for me, but that’s the business.”

“Oh, and because it’s not personal, I’ve got no right to get angry at your decision?”

“You’ve got the right to feel whatever you want to feel.”

“Pff, that’s perhaps the biggest lie you told me since I got here,” you snap at him. Marcus takes a deep breath.

“Look, maybe talking this out wasn’t the best idea. I’ve got the impression you may need some space. If you don’t have anything else to say I think getting some food in you might help. Monster that I am,” he can’t resist a little jab at you, “I’ll give you the day off while everybody else is working twice as hard to keep this place running. None of the guests outside will bother you. At least I thought so. In any case, the guards are there to have your back.”

“I noticed,” you mumble, but don’t make a move to leave. After a long silence, you quietly speak up again.

“Is Emma gone already?”

“Yeah,” Marcus breathes out audibly.

“So she doesn’t even get a goodbye ceremony?” you say, voice rising in volume.

“Calm down. That’s not a slight against your friend, that’s the norm. The day Angelina left, three other maids did, too. I don’t suppose you noticed. There’s a reason we had a number of new arrivals lately, and there’s a reason Angelina got her own ceremony. She was our head maid from the start. Her departure was something different.”

You take two deep breaths, which helps you avoid doing something stupid.

“It was different because she was important to *you*,” you mumble as you walk out the office without so much as a glance at Marcus.

Nonetheless, he’s right about you needing to calm down, and the cafeteria doesn’t seem like the worst place to do that in. An added benefit is the fact that it’s not lunch time yet, and with the commotion outside, it’ll likely be a while before anybody will show up. You’ve got the whole place to yourself.

You take a seat on an enema all the way across the hall. Slightly cold water splashes up your ass, cleansing it thoroughly. It's a distraction alright, though you wouldn't call the process calming.

The same goes for lunch. Clearing your head with some food sounded like a good idea, but since all your options here only vary by the beigeness of the sludge you're drinking down, it's not very thought-provoking either. Nor does it help much to chew around on the surprisingly resilient rubber dildo that squirts the damn fluid into you, except to hurt your jaw. What you need is something active, something that occupies your mind. Given that the food dispenser is inside your mouth already, it doesn't take you long to come up with something.

You continue your deepthroat training with about as much success as previously. Every thrust, you hesitate. You just can't help it. You flinch, thinking about that girthy dildo trying to pierce your throat. In your anger, it calms you to think you're fighting against it, like it's an opponent, but that hasn't produced any meaningful results yet. You've got the dildo to touch the entrance to your throat before, of course, but it always ended in you almost vomiting all over it, and that's something you definitely don't need.

Okay, next try. Clear your mind. You always tried to sneak it in. Trying to avoid your uvula seems like a lost cause, considering how thick the nutrient dispenser is, not to mention Marcus' cock, which you'll inevitably be graduating to. Slowly, steadily you push forward, pressing the dildo against the roof of your mouth. Hold on, it's already entered your throat! The realisation makes you suddenly cramp up, forcing you to pull yourself off again. But you did it! And you barely noticed! You just need to stay calm and insert it into your throat like it's the most normal thing instead of trying to squeeze it through. You test your theory once again, with the same result. Only this time, you're less surprised, and actually manage to hold a good inch of it in your throat for about twenty seconds. You spend an unusual amount of time in the cafeteria to repeat your experiment, finding that the dick slides in easily and that you've readily grown used to the feeling of your throat being filled and blocked. It's all been in your head this entire time. All in your head.

But as soon as the cock exits you, thoughts start pouring in again. You know you only continued practicing to stop them from running through your brain. Emma left you here. All this time, you just felt pity for what happened to her... to Eric. True, you weren't the best friend you could've been. Lately, you'd felt relieved not to see him too often, perhaps even tried avoiding him. You know you cursed "having to" spend time with him just yesterday. But you tried getting him out! Your resistance wasn't selfish. You wanted him to get out, too.

But Emma left you here. Did she even put up a fight? Because it feels like she just left.

Let her. Let her leave if she wants to. Let her enjoy whatever life she'll choose to live outside. You'll just have to enjoy yours more.

DAY 104

“You’ve never...?” Miss Robinson asks again, gasping for air. “N-no...” you respond, suddenly embarrassed.

“How do you...?” she’s still incredulous.

“Well, I just took what I could find,” you go on. “Didn’t really care much about doing anything with it. It’s expensive and creates a huge mess.” Miss Robinson doesn’t like that.

“Oh yeah? You’re a maid, Suki. Cleaning up messes is your job. Sooner or later, cooking will be too.” Your teacher sighs loudly. “You know what? It will be, starting now. You’ve applied yourself recently, you even continued to excel in posture training despite the addition of your corset. I think you’re more than set for something new. Any respectable maid is an excellent cook. I expected you would need training later, some refinement and advanced classes, not that we’d start from the essentials...” Again she breathes heavily, reflecting briefly. “Eggs. I don’t think cooking gets any simpler than that. Come along.”

Class is moved outside the classroom for a change. Outside the mansion, even. Miss Robinson leads you into the cafeteria. Instead of taking your seat on one of the enemas – looking at the clock, you see that it’s lunchtime soon – you’re led straight through, beyond the large double doors into the sizeable side room you hadn’t got to see yet. Unsurprisingly, it’s a kitchen.

You’d never been in one, at least not a cafeteria or restaurant kitchen. There are four girls cooking here, three of which you only know in passing, while the one at the far end of the room is very familiar. Michelle looks up from the pot she’s stirring and waves to you, which you reciprocate, of course. She looks really sweaty. All the girls do. For once, some of the maids also share your hair style. Most curiously though, who are they cooking for? The staff eat only that creamy, beige sludge, and you doubt Marcus is hungry enough to require four chefs. Before you can get a good look at what they’re doing, Miss Robinson directs you to an open cooking spot right next to Michelle, who gropes your ass as you walk by. Man, your lower cheeks really are public domain at the manor, aren’t they? Not that you’d want her to stop...

“Alright, there should be eggs in the cupboard above,” Miss Robinson pushes you to go on.

Indeed, there’s a box of eggs. You should take out three, so you do. Next, drop some butter into a pan, turn on the stove. Oil works too, apparently. Once the butter has turned runny, you gently hit the egg against the side of the pan, then pull the two halves apart at the hole you created in the shell, holding it above the pan. Repeat until all the eggs are in. Grab a spatula and keep stirring the egg sludge so it doesn’t stick to the bottom for too long.

“These are going to be scrambled eggs, if you haven’t noticed yet,” Miss Robinson explains. “We’re going for a very basic recipe, since it’s your first time. It’s a simple

dish, but a breakfast staple. We're going to add some bacon in a second. That combination alone is enough to give 90% of the male population an erection when they see you making it for them. It's less about the complexity of the dish, and more about the thoughtful act of feeding them. Quite sweet, if you think about it." She's not wrong. If a girl made you scrambled eggs in the morning, you'd tear her right back into the bedroom. "Even these simple recipes can be made more elaborate, if necessary. Many people add chives or parsley to their scrambled eggs. When you're cooking, though, you probably shouldn't; Master doesn't like either of those. Of course, any dish has to be seasoned, too. Some salt and pepper should do it for this time."

Pulling out your phone, you keep one eye on the eggs while you type in a note about the chives and parsley thing. Given your new life, you'll probably need a new folder just for cooking notes and recipes soon, but you'll organise that later. For now, it's just important you don't forget these things. Miss Robinson has little patience for having to repeat herself. And Marcus hasn't talked to you, practically ignored you the last two weeks. Oh, look at that, the eggs are already coming together. They're starting to stick to the pan more and are really taking on form. One look at Miss Robinson is answered with a shrug of her shoulders, which you take as subtle encouragement to take a plate and dump the eggs on it. Looks like scrambled eggs! That's more than you expected, honestly. You're quietly proud of the result, but Miss Robinson isn't quite done.

"Go ahead. Take a fork and try it," she encourages you.

Your teacher points to a drawer right in front of you, from which you take a fork. You dig into the egg and... oh... oh my.

"This is delicious!" you almost spit out some of the egg while singing its praises. Miss Robinson can't help but chuckle slightly.

"Show some humility, darling," she playfully reprimands you. "I'll be the final judge on that."

Picking the fork out of your hand, you're immediately disappointed that your feast ends so prematurely. After months of eating some bland goo – and almost as much salty goo – your taste buds have grown unaccustomed to actual flavour. You don't think you ever ate something this good, though that seems unlikely for your first foray into cooking. Miss Robinson is looking to verify your skills, and what you see is not promising. She's scrunched up her face, and is visibly uncomfortable.

"Well..." she begins, "it's your first try alright. First off, the egg's runny. Do you know how to fix that?"

"Use the dry eggs next time?"

Miss Robinson slaps your arm. Maybe you should've just responded "No."

"Keep it in the pan longer. It's not rocket science. This 'delicious' egg, as you describe it, is a health hazard in its current state. Burning it doesn't make for great cuisine, but at least it wouldn't kill anybody. If you're unsure about how long to fry it, err on

the side of caution by keeping it in too long rather than too briefly. Also, ease up on the pepper. Your egg looks more black than yellow. That's a pretty good indicator of 'too much seasoning.' So let's try that again. And mind your language, I'm getting sick of having to remind you of your heritage."

"*Hai, Robinson-sensei,*" you correct your behaviour. "*Ano...* there is only one egg left."

Your teacher's surprised by that. Looking over to the other maids, it seems they're running out of ingredients too.

"Huh," Miss Robinson admits to the understocked state of the kitchen, "we'll have to do some groceries then. It was dumb of me to let you have your first attempt at cooking with three eggs right away. Could've seen it coming that these would be wasted. Alright, let's do it one more time with the last egg, then we'll head to the supermarket. Remember, keep the egg in the pan longer this time, and try to use the pepper more sparingly."

Sounds simple enough. There's not much to say about your second attempt, except that your stomach was growling all throughout. Miss Robinson dumped your first creation, which you happily would've eaten. Finally something with flavour. Fortunately, it doesn't take long to make scrambled eggs, so your second portion is soon on the plate. You don't make a move to taste it, since it's Miss Robinson's verdict that dictates what should be done with it.

"Better," she immediately reports, "much better. Could've come out a little earlier, but like I said, when you're not sure, it's better to be cautious and leave it on for too long rather than the other way around. Seasoning is a big improvement. I can actually taste the egg this time. Of course there are still some changes I'd make, but that's okay. You've done well for a second attempt. Over time, you'll develop an eye for the right colour of the egg and you won't burn it accidentally. Speaking of eyes, think about presentation eventually. It doesn't directly affect the taste, but a visually appealing plate can make the dish *feel* much tastier. Decorate a little, give your dish a theme."

"Like what?" you ask. You can't really follow.

"Uh," Miss Robinson actually stumbles over that question. "Just think of something. I'm here to teach you skills, not tell you exactly how to do everything," she evades the question. Okay, you're on your own on decoration. "Come on, you can eat this portion if you want to. Once you're done, we'll go out to buy some more eggs."

She doesn't need to tell you twice. The fork has already gone in and out of your mouth twice before she finished the word "portion." Miss Robinson texts on her phone while you eat, and outside the cafeteria you see that it won't be Nastya driving you today, but another guard whose name you don't know. Oh well, it was quite lucky that she went two for two on your off-site trips so far. Besides, this guard is very nice to you as well. Seems the guards are programmed for that, as long as you don't break any rules. At least lately your interactions with them have been more than pleasant.

“Don’t get used to this kind of lunch, by the way,” Miss Robinson warns you in the car. “You cook for Master, for class or when you’re on duty. Not for yourself. The cafeteria isn’t just there for guards and maids who *feel* like having their asses cleaned and stomachs filled with staff food. Got that?”

“Of course, *Robinson-sensei*.”

The rest of the drive is spent in relative silence. Your destination is no secret, and starting to get boring. You have to make it nonetheless. This time, you’re headed to the small store at the edge of town. Surprisingly, nobody there reacts to your outfits. Looks like the townsfolk are used to seeing Marcus’ maids in this place, kind of like the two girls working at the mall’s salon. Another surprise is that Miss Robinson actually picks out things to buy rather sparingly.

“Don’t we need a lot more if the whole manor is out of food, *sensei*?” you ask her. “Is the budget getting tight?”

“Oh, Suki,” Miss Robinson laughs at that. “Believe me, Master is paid very well for our work. Just like we are paid well in his love and care. We’re only getting the good stuff here, I can assure you. You’re right, the manor needs a lot more than what we’re buying, but we’re not restocking, we’re just filling up what we used and getting more of what we need. The bulk of our groceries is handled by delivery, ordering from a wholesaler. With such a large staff, there’s no other way to do it. It’s sweet that you’re thinking about the others at the manor, though.”

You push the shopping cart – these things seem huge in your new body... and *heavy* – through the store, following closely behind Miss Robinson whenever she needs help. As announced, you only get some basics: mostly eggs, bacon, some milk, salt and pepper. The trip here is far from useless though. In case you’ll ever need something, you’ll be familiar with the layout of the store and where to find things. Miss Robinson pays for the groceries – cash, just like Emma did, now that you think about it – and you’re on your way back to the manor. These bags are heavy! But you’ve been over that. Everything is, these days. Perhaps it’s time to get used to it.

Before long, you’ve carried the bags into the kitchen and filled up the cupboards nicely. By now, you’re alone though. You’re spared the continued confusion between Michelle and Miss Robinson. They still look absolutely identical to you, though your teacher’s stupid “glasses” help with telling them apart. Anyway, less gawking at the teacher, more thinking about eggs.

Your next attempt goes pretty much as you planned. You take the egg out a bit earlier than last time. Once it’s on the plate, you use the spatula to cut it into a more symmetrical shape, and add the cut-off pieces on top. It does look a little more appealing that way, you suppose. Miss Robinson is quicker to try it.

“Hmm, not bad at all!” she praises you. “I’d say this would be presentable enough even for Master. Let’s add the bacon back into the mix. One thing to keep in mind is that bacon tastes pretty salty, so you should probably reduce the seasoning on the eggs if you intend to serve them together.”

So you follow Miss Robinson's advice, going through one iteration after another of trying to cook bacon & eggs. You never thought it'd be this difficult, but her classes so far have probably been pretty obvious hints to that. After all, before you came here, you didn't think standing upright was too challenging, but posture training proved you wrong. Cooking practice isn't finished until well into the afternoon, almost evening. It was worth it though. Miss Robinson is usually very stingy with compliments, yet you've earned a number by the lesson's end.

Class is over, which means the rest of the day is yours. Normally, you'd have duties in the evening, but Miss Robinson had to extend your lessons, which means somebody else already took over your other jobs. Once again, you'll have to think of a way to spend your sparse free time.

Seeing Michelle in the kitchen reminded you that you have some unfinished business together. That sounds a little dramatic. You're thinking of the day she did your make-up. She was out of time, and couldn't show you how to do it. You hadn't dared experiment with it yourself. During what time, anyway? You're so busy, you pretty much jump out of bed, straight onto the floor to scrub carpets or nurse plants. In the evenings, you get back up from your aching knees just to fall straight into bed. Now would be a good opportunity to learn another skill, especially since it would likely be on the curriculum soon anyway.

As you noted while you wrote down the lesson about chives and parsley, Marcus has been oddly distant the last two weeks; ever since he told you that Emma would be sold. Did you snap at him too harshly? Even though you still think it was completely justified, you're rightly scared you'll feel repercussions for the rash way you reacted to the sale of your best friend.

Emma... As crazy as she was in her female form and the way you cursed her the day she left... you miss her, dearly. Having her around was a painful reminder, yes, but also anchored you, in a way, to your old life. God knows there's not much else about you anymore that screams "Richard, strong and handsome thief". Learning to do your own make-up is going to tear you further away from that image, but it might prevent more punishments further down the line. Besides, why delay the inevitable? You'll be cooking for him soon, might at least look pretty doing it. You pull your phone out of the apron and text Michelle.

"Konnichiwa, Michelle! It's Suki. I was thinking you could teach me how to do my make-up? It's been a while... Do you have time?"

You don't have to wait long for a response.

"Slt! You are in luck. I have the evening off. You want me coming over tds?" Her and her cryptic abbreviations. Coming over sounds good though.

"Sure, I'll be there in a minute."

"Dak. Mais today will not be free! I have been longing to feel those lips of yours again..."

When you enter the Servants' Quarters, Michelle is already standing in front of your room. She's waving to you, like you don't know where your own room is. Cute. You walk over and let her in. Before she even speaks up, you sit down in front of the vanity dresser. To your surprise, Michelle didn't bring anything along this time. Instead, she opens one of the drawers below the large mirror you're sitting in front of, revealing that you have all the gadgets, paints and creams she brought last time, and then some. Apparently, somebody stocked your room recently, because you're pretty sure those drawers used to be empty. Oh well. At least you won't have to worry about where to get any of this stuff when you have to put it on yourself.

"Look forward," Michelle directs you. "Now, normally we would start by washing face and applying... ummm, moisturiser? *Oui, je pense que c'est correct.* But the vines do all that so we can skip a few steps to the primer. You should wash your face though."

Good point, you were slaving away in the kitchen all day. Your face is quickly freed of sweat, and you're back at the vanity dresser. The position she has you in means you have to stare straight into the mirror, seeing every bit of make-up that goes on your face. Michelle concentrates less on getting it to look perfect this time, and more on you seeing and understanding how it's done. She talks you through the entire process. Helpfully, she uses fewer obscure French abbreviations than she does in texts, so you can actually follow along pretty well. Don't put it on too thick, and put it on first. If you plan to add some blush or powder, it's essential to have some foundation on. You spend a surprising amount of time on your phone, taking notes, just in case you can't remember everything on your first attempt.

After the left side of your face is done, Michelle lets you have a try. It's really easy, actually. You just hold a finger in front of the little tube, then smear it over your face in little circles, trying to spread it evenly. You only need a tiny drop for your whole face, which surprises you. Michelle speaks up again.

"*Très bien!* Primer makes your face less shiny and helps make-up to stick. Next, we go to foundation *rapidement.* Again, we can skip some steps because the vines do a lot for your skin."

Sounds good. Michelle actually applies the foundation differently to how she did last time. She was in a hurry back then, so maybe you're getting a more thorough lesson here? She makes little dots around your face; on your forehead, on your chin, on your cheeks, and on your nose. Then, she pulls out a brush and starts moving it around in familiar circular patterns.

That's really all there is to it. Put on some dots, then spread it over the face. You wonder why girls were always bitching about having to put on make-up, this shit's easy. Just like the primer, Michelle does half of your face for you, then lets you take over. Put on two or three dots, then move the brush around in circles and do a second take for any spots you might have missed. Done.

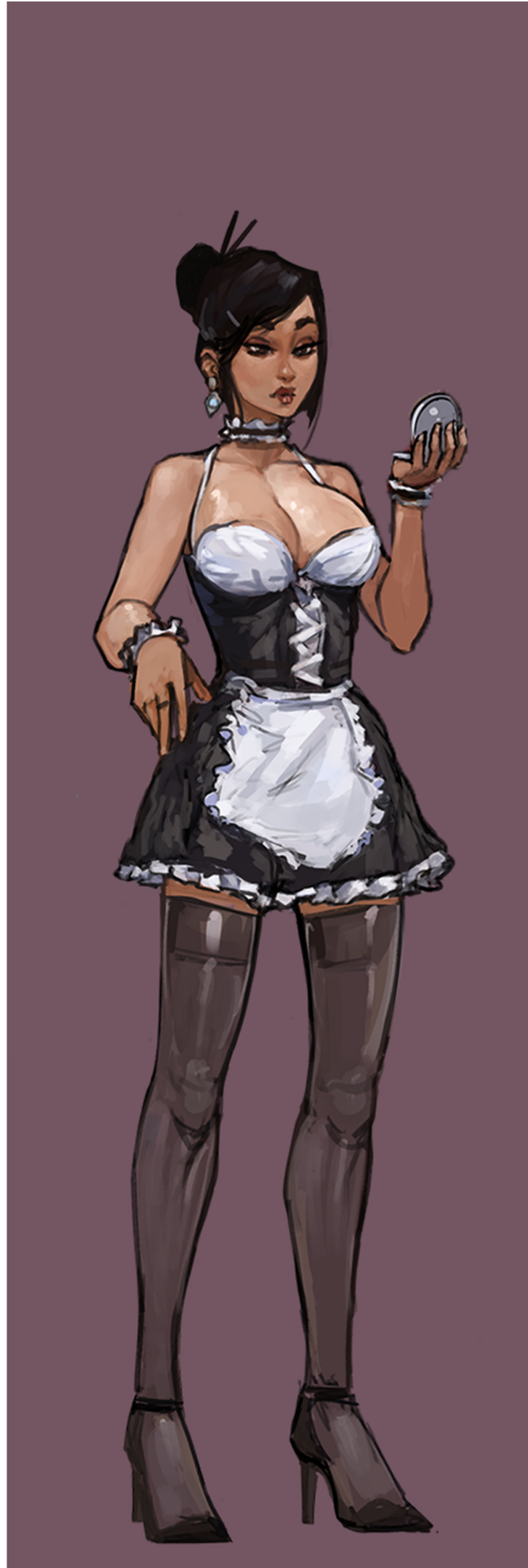
"You learn fast!" Michelle praises you. "Let us do mascara next. This will be more tricky, so

fais attention!"

She shows you what to do and gives you a lot more instructions than she did for applying primer and foundation. First comes the torture device you so fondly remember. Fortunately, it's only torturous in appearance, not in application. It'll just curl your eyelashes. First, Michelle holds it against the base for ten seconds, then moves a tiny bit away from your eye, bending the lashes at about half-length, and finally she curls the tips for another ten seconds. Your lashes had become rather curvy and long on their own, but you can immediately tell the difference between your left and right eye. Cosmetics are fucking blood magic. You figured as much remembering what girls tended to look like the morning after. It's amazing how much can be done with make-up. Why isn't there anything that makes your muscles *look* stronger, or your dick larger? Seems kind of unfair. Either you're born right, or you're fucked. At least you can get muscles by working out... but back to the matter at hand.

You easily replicate what Michelle just did, so both sets of lashes are now properly curled. She moves on to the actual mascara, which you have to admit is a bit more frightening. That brush is going to go right up to your eyeballs. Michelle asks you to look up, and starts running the inked bristles through your lashes. First she leads it slowly through the middle, then does the inner and outer edges, where your lashes get naturally shorter. Despite her obviously careful movements, she's done in the blink of an eye – not literally – which means it's your turn.

Again, you look up, and find you can still somewhat see yourself in the mirror. You unconsciously edge a lot closer to it, now that your eyes are on



the line. Michelle explains that you should lead the brush slowly and wiggle it around left and right carefully to catch all the lashes. You actually manage quite well not to stab yourself. You repeat the process on the edges of your eye, and find the result looking very similar to Michelle's, which fills you with pride. You really are good at this.

"*Magnifique!*" she exclaims something in French yet again. "Now we do one last take with a clean brush to separate your eyelashes."

Makes sense, you think. Since you already know the basic procedure, Michelle lets you handle both eyes. It's good practice with the wand, but not any more of a challenge than applying mascara was. You manage just fine.

"*C'est fini!* This is how you apply mascara," Michelle announces, looking deep into your huge- looking eyes. "Let's move... on to... lips... lipstick..." she starts to stutter.

"Michelle, you alright?" you ask, slightly concerned. That's when it dawns on you that the look on her face isn't exhaustion, but arousal.

"What do you say, Suki, to some brief... *recréation* and then we continue with make-up?" she suggests.

"Okay, I guess? Actually not sure what that m—hmmmm!"

You're cut off by Mimi's lips assaulting yours. She'd thrust herself off your bed and jumped you before you even finished the first sentence. You let it happen more than you're being an active participant, which isn't to say you're missing out on anything. You may look like a woman now, but kissing one is still a decadent trip. In fact, even your probe agrees, rewarding your sexual energy with some sexual pleasure deep inside you. The only one who breaks the kiss is the one who initiated it. After five minutes, Michelle is looking to move things along.

"Is that all we are going to do? Perhaps I will have to quit being your *professeure*. This is definitely not *paiement adéquat*." She threatens to stop your training, but her tone is anything but threatening. She's teasing you to get creative.

Your head scans left and right. She wants you to show some initiative, but that's not so easy anymore. It doesn't help that your room's furnishings are rather bare. That being the case, your eyes soon fall on your wardrobe. Bingo.

You kiss Michelle once more. "Wait a second," you tell her, and she nods, touching herself a little in your absence.

Opening the wardrobe, you first get yourself out of your regular outfit. Even the corset comes off pretty fast, now that you had some practice with it. Michelle can be heard laughing when she sees you wiggling your ass to get the corset off, which should be a good sign. Getting a girl to laugh is always good. You rummage through the wardrobe a while, finding the lingerie set Emma forced on you and wear it. Kind of tight, but it does the job. Should set a more romantic mood. Girls like that... you think. God, did you ever think *you* would wear lingerie to excite a woman? It's absurd to even think about. Or did you imagine that, one day, you'd be more hesitant to fuck a horny, girly sexpot than you are blowing a hunky, muscular dude? Beautiful

women can be so intimidating, on a level wholly different from a big man with muscles.

Anyway, focus. While you were no lady killer, you do have some experience in the sack. Thieves may not score high on the “bad boy” rankings, but it sufficed to get you some action here and there. Hopefully it’ll pay off now. Returning to Michelle, you go for your usual moves, starting with a little make-out session. It’s basically a continuation of before, but Michelle responds well, engaging, lusting for your lips like she did on the table near the front gate two months ago. The lingerie must’ve worked. What does throw you off is the constant distance between the two of you, caused by your breasts pressing together. Yeah, those things exploded ever since Master made you eat that pill in the hotel. Two days ago, you had to ask Jasmijn for a B-cup bra, because you just couldn’t bear the soreness any longer. The new cups still hugged your mammaries tightly, but more comfortably so. They’re also cut lower, which you doubt has any practical applications except getting Marcus hard faster. You have to admit, now that the bra was barely peeking out of the dress anymore, your cleavage looked *fantastic* in the mirror, despite your size still not being too impressive. Of course, your chest growth exploding meant that your sexy bra became too small as well, a mere two weeks after buying it. You’re not complaining though, the tightness does have its perks...

You can tell that Michelle is enjoying the breast massage too. Her breathing has quickened, and she frequently has to stop locking lips with you to catch some air. That means it’s about time you made your move.

Your hand snakes teasingly down Mimi’s front, feeling her curvy hips before toying with her panties. One finger quickly slips inside, and she can’t help but exhale deeply, right into your mouth. Yes, you’ve got her. One leg swings over her torso, so you’re straddling her, but don’t stop paying attention to her body. One hand keeps playing with her wet slit, while the other is removing her underwear. Your lips have been acting on their own for the better part of the last minute. Once Michelle is properly freed up, you relieve yourself of your panties too. They served you well, but they’re in the way for what’s coming next. You line up your dick with her entrance. For some reason, Michelle tilts her head to the side, breaking your kiss. You insert yourself, and she jerks around a little.

“*Qu’est-ce que...* what... what is that?” she asks, though you can’t follow. You thrust tentatively, which causes Michelle to erupt in laughter.

“*Arrête, arrête!* That tickles,” she falls into a giggling fit. Your erection is gone before you could catch your breath to respond. Despite all that happened to you, you’ve never felt more emasculated in your life than right now. Mimi doesn’t even seem to notice your reaction.

“I told you, *mon amour*. I wanted to feel your lips,” she orders, reinforced by a hand on the back of your head, which presses your face into her breasts, and pushes it downwards from there. Just when you considered your bust not being “too impressive,” you have your length insulted in such an embarrassing way. Like your chest, its form has been severely altered by the pills you got in that hotel... only in the

opposite direction. It must be three inches now at best, realistically more like two and a half.

Normally, you'd be desolate, but right now, you have your head stuck between two glorious French thighs and a steaming hot, tight pussy caressing your face. Things could be worse. Time to return the favour.

That makes it sound like you're in charge, which is probably the reason you're telling it to yourself. In reality, Michelle is guiding your tongue's every move. The slightest twitch in the wrong direction and she flexes her thighs, squeezing you hard. You're not sure she understands the meaning of punishment, but you don't feel like correcting her. At times, you fear you're going to pass out, but every time, Michelle notices you dropping the pace and relaxes the pressure accordingly. It's a delicate affair to keep her happy, but you think you're doing a decent job. By the end of it, Michelle's hair is extremely dishevelled and she announces her incoming climax with a cry of passion. Her waves of pleasure ease the tension in her legs, freeing you from your fleshy, fantastic prison. You come back up, gasping like you just went diving without an oxygen tank, but your tongue feels an immediate sense of loss. Longing to feel those thighs around your head again, you roll to Michelle's side, so you can both take a little rest.

"Not bad, Suki. Not bad at all." She stumbles a bit while getting up on her feet. You move to stabilise her, but she just barely catches herself before toppling over. "*Mon dieu!* It has been a long time since I feel like this. You are very lucky to get so much attention from Mastère, you know?" Do you ever.

"I think your payment is more than complete. We should... we should probably be continuing the lesson for your make-up then." Michelle feels her hair and notices that it's all out of order. "Oops, I need to get myself looking pretty again, too. Go head, you take a seat at the mirror again, *s'il te plaît*."

She disappears into the bathroom, putting your hairbrush through a stress test while you comply with her request. Oh boy, your face is a mess though! Much worse than Michelle's. Paint is running everywhere, even your eyes are adorned by trails of black underneath, like you're getting ready to attend a screamo concert. Laughter makes you jump in your seat.

"*Incroyable!*" Michelle giggles with some French words interspersed. "How do you say in

anglais... you are really pulling it off, Suki!"

Wow, she's come out of the bathroom in record time, looks good as new, and still has time to make fun of you.

"*Je suis désolée,*" she keeps speaking French. "That is all my fault. We should have waited for the mascara to dry. I could not control my desire, I am sorry. But it is a good thing, I think. Now we can have a lesson on removing make-up."

That sounds like a flimsy excuse, but you'll take whatever gets you back on track. This lesson is pretty simple. All you need to do is drop a bit of liquid onto a cotton

pad and wipe it over your face. Well, you are a bit more careful than that sounds, but it really is easy. Michelle voices agreement.

“That is good, I think you understand. Now you have the opportunity to practice applying primer another time. What a useful coincidence, *n’est-ce pas?*”

Why not. Primer... you just needed to take a small drop from the tube and rub it all over your skin. Next was the actual foundation. You make a few dots across your face, then pick up the brush and spread it around in circular motions. When that’s done, you do a second take and clean up the areas you didn’t quite catch the first time. Then it’s on to mascara. Use the clamp to curl your eyelashes first. Ten seconds each in three different spots. After that, it’s on to the actual mascara. Lead the wand slowly through the lashes, jiggling it gently left and right. Repeat it for the inner and outer edges of your eye. *Voilà*, back to where you left off!

“*Très bien*,” Michelle praises you again... you think. Either she is a much kinder teacher than anybody else at Wolf Manor, or you’re just doing well. “You are learning *rapidement*. So we can go some further today. Let’s talk about your lips, before I get too excited again...”

After a few jokes here and there, your training continues. Use lipstick if you want to give your mouth some colour, use lip gloss to give it shine. Honestly, you could’ve figured this one out by yourself, but you very much appreciate her help with the application. You’re intensely weirded out by how hard *this* turns out to be. You’ve used lip balm before, this should be a breeze. You certainly have more experience with that than you do with goddamn mascara. Nonetheless, you struggle some more before really getting the hang of putting on lipstick. Michelle continues with various other things you can do, which she doesn’t really consider absolutely necessary, but good skills to have. Among other things, she mentions blush, but most of all she keeps going on about powder. Your curiosity is piqued.

“Mimi?” you interject, and the French girl seems to struggle with herself. Oh no. You just remembered how particular she is about her name.

“Michelle?” you correct yourself, and she seems to calm down a little. “*Oui?*”

“What’s up with all the talk about powder?” you ask her. She doesn’t quite follow.

“You kept talking about powder again and again. Why?”

“Oh,” she catches your drift. “It is just something that I noticed on *beaucoup de femmes japonaises*.”

“Japanese women?” you ask if you got that right. She nods. “But there’s only me at the manor.”

Michelle ponders this some longer. “Hmm, *c’est vrai*. I suppose it must have been some visitors I have seen it on.”

“Are you sure it’s not from women you saw before you were a maid?” you suggest.

Michelle struggles with this even harder. “Before...? *Je comprends pas*.”

Just when you're on the verge of something interesting, the door slams open. None other than Master is standing in the doorway, of course.

"Hell—ooooh, my darlings," he looks rather shocked when you turn around to him. "Wow. You look phenomenal, Suki."

"*A-arigato, goshujin-s-sama,*" you stutter as your face starts burning. Those blushing lessons were way too effective.

"I just had Jasmijn... help me with some work," Poor girl. "and she said that Kimmy said... well, long story short, a little *wa-zou* told me you were holed up in here for hours." Now that he mentions it, he's right. One look at the clock tells you it's 8 PM! "Did I say that right?" he addresses Michelle.

"*Oiseau,*" she corrects him.

"*Wah-zo,*" Marcus tries again. Michelle starts to giggle and earns herself a playful smack on her bottom, prompting her to squeak and skip out of the room in response. Her short, rapid steps clickety-clack even on the carpeted floor. That leaves you alone with Master. Looks like training is over.

"*Gomenasai, Master,*" you apologise. "The room is a bit messy now."

"Well, why don't you think of a way to make it up to me?" he hints less-than-subtly. You're almost dropping to your knees as a reflex, but you've got another idea.

"We still have some time, right?" you ask Marcus. He doesn't quite follow. "Uhh, I guess? I've done all my work, I hope you did yours."

"Okay, please wait here, *goshujin-sama*. Make yourself comfortable. I'll be back in... twenty minutes?" you pitch. Master nods, and you rush off to the cafeteria. Or more accurately, the kitchen.

Your hands work almost on muscle memory. What can you say, Miss Robinson is a great teacher. Within seconds, you've got two pans ready. You let the butter run through the first while you're beating the eggs in a separate bowl. Once the pan is completely coated in butter, you empty the bowl out and get the bacon going, too. A minute or two in, you carefully heat up a plate, and find one of those metal food cover things, so the eggs won't go cold when you carry them to the Quarters.

Before you know it, the eggs are ready. You get some cooking gloves to take the plate off the simmering stove, placing it on a thick tablecloth so you don't burn your hands on the way back. Putting the food on the plate, you marvel at the beautiful sight. Three golden scrambled eggs, steaming underneath just as many strips of crispy, juicy bacon. The cooking part is done. That leaves presentation. You ponder the question, but don't have long. At this rate, the food will go cold before you leave the kitchen. An idea strikes you.

You start out similar to a technique you used earlier. The egg gets cut into a more pleasant shape. This time, you use a knife and fork for the contour, instead of the

unwieldy spatula. Rather than go for something simple like a square or a circle again, you cut it into a heart. Then you rip each strip of bacon in half length-wise. One of those you place above the egg heart, while you tear apart the others into smaller pieces to arrange below. Carefully grabbing the plate from underneath, you place the cover over it and make your way back to the Servants' Quarters.

Stepping inside, you see Marcus has indeed made himself comfortable. He's leaning against the wall behind your bed, checking his phone. The moment you open the door, his eyes are on you. Despite the cover, you're sure he can smell the food, if it wasn't you he was looking for. You approach the bed until you're an arm's length away from Master. Holding the plate right in front of him, you lift the cover and hope for the best.

"*Itadakimasu!*" you proudly present the fruit of your labour. "Be careful, it's very hot, Master. The plate, too."

Marcus takes the plate and just stares at it. The silence makes you nervous. In one quick move, he hugs your waist with his free arm, and pulls you in for a kiss. If the day keeps going like this, your lips are really going to hurt by the time you're going to bed! Master's sudden... affection almost makes you fall into his lap, but your lovingly crafted dish is safe in his hands. After giving your lips a solid workout, he lets you go again, which you feel a slight sense of regret over. His eyes return to the plate.

"I... heart... Master," he reads off slowly. There's another pause, making time for the embarrassment to spread. You feel like explaining yourself.

"Miss Robinson said to try something cute... but I'm not really good with that kind of stuff. I improvised, pretty much. *G-goshujin-sama*," you quickly add some Japanese back in there.

"Are you kidding?" Marcus looks up at you. "This might be the cutest meal, maybe even the cutest thing I ever got from one of the girls. It's almost too adorable to eat."

"No! Please eat it!" you plead. You'll stay insecure about your developing cooking skills until you have some kind of approval from Master.

"I will, I will," he laughs and has a quick bite. "Hmm! Hmm, that's good," he says, half-chewing. Your heart flutters. "Maybe not the best time for breakfast, but it's delicious any time of day," he jokes. "Thank you, Suki. I do feel bad being the only one eating though, so... would you mind?"

How cute. He actually asked you. Well, you thought you'd end up there anyway, so why not? Besides, it would mark your first blowjob since your new... technique was added to your repertoire. Here's hoping you'll leave an impression.

You unzip Master's pants and have a few tentative licks of his cock. It's been a while since you've been on your knees like this, surprisingly. He knows that too, betrayed by the unusually strong reaction his meat has to your tongue. You want to start things off slowly, leaving him enough time to eat up, but part of you wants to show off. Before your mouth has done its fifth trip down Marcus' length, your tongue is prodding his scrotum, while your nose is rubbing against his groin.

“Is that...” Marcus has stopped eating for a second. “Is that your lips around my hilt?”

“Mmhmmm,” you groan in approval. Big mistake.

Your throat can’t quite handle keeping cock inside and making sounds at the same time yet. You quickly retreat and fall into a small coughing fit. God, even your coughs sound frail and feminine now.

“I’m sorry, M-Master. That was kind of dumb,” you admit.

“Got a bit cocky?” he retorts. At least you don’t feel quite as dumb now. “Are you eight?” you ask him.

“No, just happy,” he grins widely, while theatrically taking another bite of his egg.

You cough twice, swallow, take a deep breath, and push yourself back onto Marcus’ penis. Instead of using your hands for extra friction, you keep them square on his butt, to give you stability. And as poetic revenge for all the times you had yours groped here at the manor. It’s amazing how quickly Master twitches inside your mouth. Either deepthroating is *that* sexy, or he hasn’t seen much action today. You doubt he’s finished half his plate when that familiar wave of white starts pumping into you. A good amount flows straight down your throat, but there’s still a decent pool gathered on your tongue. As per Wolf Manor tradition, you look up at Master and show him the impressive load you caught. Unsurprisingly, he encourages you to swallow it, which you promptly do.

“Looks like the sun’s going to shine tomorrow,” he jokes. “Want to join me?”

Not seeing a reason why not, you lick an errant strand of cum off your lips and sit down in Master’s lap. He offers you the fork, but with the food pointing away from you. It takes you a bit, but you catch on and start feeding him his meal, taking the plate from him as well. Naturally, he uses his freed up hands to hug your hips before starting a conversation.

“Did you miss me?” he asks you. For a change, you’re not the one bombarding him with questions.

“I guess,” you try to sort of evade the subject. “It’s harder to get through the day without as much encouragement from the probe.” Marcus actually recoils a bit at that response.

“Ouch... alright,” he takes another bite from your fork. “No other reason? Not even a little bit of my cheerful, happy-go-lucky nature got to you?”

You smile. “It’s impolite to talk with a full mouth, Master,” you chastise him as you load up another fork.

“Then stop filling it!” he protests jokingly. You feed him another few forks and a piece of bacon before speaking up again.

“Don’t know if I’d say I missed you. I sure was curious how it came that the office door was suddenly closed all day. Should I look forward to unannounced off-site trips or anything like that?”

“You don’t,” Marcus comes straight to the point. That’s a nice change of pace. “I thought you might want some space,” he goes on to explain. “Took a good look at my earlier methods and the abject failure that they brought along, so I figured I should try a different approach. It help any?”

“Not really,” you respond in kind, being honest and direct. “Whether I got your cock in my mouth or not doesn’t really change that I’d need some time to think about it. It would help if you weren’t such a douche about things most of the time.”

Marcus has finished his dish, leaving the plate completely empty, which makes you sort of happy. You try to drop the plate onto the dresser, but can’t reach with your short arms. Marcus sees you struggling, takes the plate out of your hand and leaves it on the table.

“Don’t really have a comeback to that,” Marcus concedes. “Didn’t think I’d see the day,” you mock him.

“Now who’s being a douche?”

“You started it,” you mumble, but play it down like you didn’t say anything.

You reach around Marcus’ shoulders, hugging him from the side. You rest your head there, too, next to his, with your hair tickling his jaw.

“You really are quite beautiful today, Suki,” he tells you. “Don’t rub it in.”

“Does it sound like I’m trying to do that?”

Admittedly, it doesn’t. And admittedly, you’re still blushing from the first compliment, not at all helped by the second one. Yet it’s nothing compared to the bombshell he drops next.

“I love you, Suki.”

You let go of his shoulders when you hear him say that, staring straight into his eyes. He... looks like he means it.

“Umm...”

“I get that we’re not a couple,” Marcus interrupts. “What I mean is that I care about you. Care about the other girls. It may not look like it or feel like it, but I want all of you to be happy eventually.”

“That’s all quite noble of you, but how you get there is the real problem for me.”

“And how do I get there?” Marcus asks with a hint of anger in his voice. Is he relapsing already?

“By lying,” you nonetheless accuse him directly. “I couldn’t bring myself to tell Jasmijn what really goes on at the manor, and you liked that so much, you wanted me to do the same to Dominic. Sure, let’s say most of the girls initially come here because they want to. But do they really have an idea what they’re headed towards? Jasmijn quite clearly didn’t.”

“You think so, huh?” Marcus challenges you, but you see no reason to back down. “That’s fine. Do you want to bring Jasmijn in and ask her about it?”

“You don’t have to,” you try to wave it off, but Marcus is already typing away on his phone. You can easily see it from where you’re sitting, though he’s typing quickly and firmly.

“Hey daling. Could you come over for a muinute? I’m in Suki’s room. Far enmd of the Quarters.” “Oh, sure thing, Master!”

Indeed, your door opens moments later and the Dutch seamstress stands there. She looks a little distressed, but at the same time regards you sitting on Master’s lap with some interest. Does she... oh. Maybe she does. You hope it won’t. You have no patience for a threesome right now, especially not with a girl as green as her.

“Hello there, Jasmijn,” Marcus greets her. “Thanks for coming by so quickly. We just had a little disagreement and we hoped you could clear it up.”

“Oh...” she says, clearly not understanding what’s going on. “Sure, I’ll do my best to help.”

“Thank you. Could you tell Suki just what you were told before signing your contract with us? How and when do you expect to leave the mansion?”

“Leave? Oh, that. Well, I’ll be trained to act like a maid and a proper servant. I don’t know when exactly I’ll finish that training... I... hope I’m doing a good job, M-Master.”

“You are, don’t worry. Go on.”

“Okay. Thank you, Master. Well, once that training is over, I’ll keep working here. You regularly hold open days, inviting potential buyers as well as recruits to fill up the ranks. If a wealthy patron considers me desirable, he or she can make a bid, and if you accept it, I will live the rest of my life in servitude to said patron.” Jasmijn still looks confused, but is probably less surprised than you.

“Thank you, Jasmijn. That will be all. Have a good night.” “Y-you too, Master. Good night, Suki!”

“Good night,” you tell a waving Jasmijn.

“Doesn’t know where she’s headed, huh?” Marcus asks you once you’re alone. He’s confrontational at first, but calms down quickly. “So call me Saint Marcus already, right? I hope you know that wasn’t the point. As you’ve seen, the girls know from the start that they’ll be used for sexual pleasure and eventually sold as property. Does

that make this operation morally righteous? Far from it, and I'm very aware of it. Don't think I'm one of those fucks who think they're doing the world a favour by existing. The girls are obviously still being manipulated in their day-to-day affairs and the power dynamics at the manor, I don't deny it. But they bloom sexually here. They searched for a place like this, but found nothing. I try to have them opening up. It's far from a perfect system, but we're getting better, I think. I realise I look like the tyrant in this scenario, and I won't deny that I get much more out of the arrangement than most of the girls. At least I think I do. Obviously, I don't know what it's like in their place. But I do know they enjoy it. It's important to me that it's a symbiotic relationship, despite the obvious imbalance of power. I know you are the exception to the rule, as I'm sure you're sick of hearing."

"Well, so are Dominic and his friend," you retort.

"True, we've added to the list of unwilling participants recently, out of necessity. I hope our experience with you is going to help them enjoy their new lives at the manor, too, when the time comes. Do you think they'll be loyal, like you are?" You cringe.

"In the end? I doubt they have a choice." You pause. "But if you need an answer, I can only tell you I don't know that guy. What was his name?" It's Matt, as Marcus tells you. "He seemed pretty shocked, I don't know how he'll take to his new life. Dominic though, I'm pretty sure would stick up for you if he had to. He knows he dodged a bullet, even if it was a stupid one."

"Stupid?" Marcus gets a little aggravated again. "He broke the rules, Suki."

"Yeah, and what sense do they make? Come on, you have to realise you're leading on whoever's not getting any in that office. It's a miracle he was the first one to break the rule. If you're worried about him messing up while he's having sex, then let the office go first, and the guy can have sloppy seconds while a colleague covers for him."

"I... actually didn't think of that," he admits

"It doesn't hurt to give away control sometimes. Accept some help for leadership decisions, not just your laundry. Your father has a lot of good advice for you, I think, and you only heed it sparingly. And it's useful to give things a little more thought before establishing all these rules and enforcing them like they're the gospel. Just because you have rules doesn't mean they should stick for all eternity, or shouldn't be improved. Was it really that hard to foresee that somebody at the office, someday, wouldn't be able to control himself?"

There's some prolonged silence. In all honesty, you're getting sick of the fighting and the arguments. Exhausted, you just drop back into the same position you had before, hugging Marcus' broad shoulders with your tiny arms.

"And quit setting up these surprise reveals like I'm some idiot," you complain just once more. "If you don't tell me anything, how am I supposed to know? You're worried about looking like a dictator. Well, don't keep people in the dark about things that are completely harmless for them to know. Building trust is a good way to

building trust. Crazy, I know! Maybe you'd look less like a tyrant if I'd been told these things from the start."

"You wouldn't have tried to escape then?" Marcus sounds like he's genuinely curious.

"Hell no," you respond honestly. "I definitely would've tried, even if you'd sucked *my* dick on the daily."

The tone is getting more playful and relaxed again, which you both noticeably appreciate. "How are you holding up then?" Marcus asks you. "Anything you're worried about?"

"Me? *Iie*. What's there to be worried about? At this point, I have a pretty clear picture of where I'm headed."

"And how do you feel about that?"

"Nothing. Couldn't do anything about it if I did," you reply simply. "I take things as they come, hope for quiet days and accept the busy ones. It's nice to know what's expected of me. It's nice having a regulated, reliable schedule. It's nice knowing that I'll have food on the table every day. Figuratively speaking. It's nice not having to steal for a living... I guess I'm Suki now. Maid slash mail order bride. Right?"

"Not too far from the truth," you feel Marcus grin. "You think that's what Dominic and Matt feel like?"

"No way," you disagree. "Like I said, I only met them once. Or twice, technically. But they've only just arrived. Dominic's probably going to behave a lot like I did. I kind of got that vibe from him, which means he'll need some time to really come to terms with his position. Not sure he's dumb enough to try running though. I cracked a joke about it, and he seemed to catch my drift right away. Matt could snap, I imagine. I don't know how that works. You're the guy with the space tech. But he looks like he's crumbling. I haven't seen him since, but when you sent me to introduce Dominic to the manor, Matt totally broke down when his friend told him about some of the things here, like the vines and the probe... I guess he has a tougher time because he became a maid? Dominic mentioned he behaved really well after our 'incident' and was rewarded with a position as a guard. So I assume Matt didn't behave?"

"Precisely," Marcus confirms. "At first, I was tempted to empty the whole office. You and Dominic weren't exactly quiet, which means everybody caught wind of what you were doing. But of course, Goldstein didn't like that, so after I took Dominic and Matt, he started making a huge fuss. It might turn out a good thing. Everybody at the office will see what happens to these two on their monitors. Maybe it'll turn out in my favour in the long run, and suppress any further incidents. So I told Goldstein I'd turn a blind eye just this once and content myself with those two."

"Dominic told the truth about behaving well after he took advantage of you," he continues. "He was being attentive, didn't slip up once. Pretty sure the guy would've stayed the whole night if the janitor hadn't thrown him out eventually. He'll get some pert, practical tits, an agreeable face, and that's it. Matt is a different story."

“He – or perhaps ‘she’ would be more appropriate – tried booking a flight to South America the very day it was announced she’d face the consequences of covering up a rule violation. To her surprise, she found her credit card was denied, same as her bank account. One of our guards was tailing her constantly. When it was time to bring the two ex-technicians in, she had to bring Matt a couple hundred miles back. Needless to say, that’s not strengthening Matt’s case. Since she was so fond of South America, we had her rooming with Isabella, our Spanish maid. You met each other?” You shake your head. “Nice girl, and hopefully a good influence for Matt. I hadn’t settled on a name for her yet... Mercedes, maybe?”

“Sounds kinda slutty,” you opine.

“Indeed it does,” you feel Marcus grin again, this time more widely. “She has generous implants and a lively libido to look forward to. Perhaps we’ll test out the long-term effects of pushing the probe strength beyond 100% on her. But you say she looked like she can’t take it, possibly?”

“I’m not sure what I looked like on my first day,” you clarify, “but she looked devastated.” “You think maybe we should take it slow on her?” Marcus asks for your opinion.

“Definitely. Punish her if you feel you have to, but if she breaks only a few weeks in, that’s no use to you. Stupid as it may sound, you need to ease her into that punishment.”

There’s a few moments of silence. Marcus seems to take in what you’re saying.

“No, that doesn’t sound stupid at all,” he says. “I get it. It’s good advice. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome. While I’m giving out good advice, you should think about using AutoCorrect when you’re angry or having sex while typing.”

“Autowhat?” Marcus doesn’t follow.

“AutoCorrect.” You pull out your phone. “When you type a word, even when you make a typo, the phone guesses what you meant to say. If you press the spacebar, it replaces your incorrect word with the one it guessed, spelled correctly. It helps when you’re not paying attention or in a hurry.”

Marcus has a look at what you’re doing. “I don’t like it,” he mumbles.

“Yeah, well, get used to it. I didn’t like sucking cock, but I took one all the way down into my throat today.”

“And you looked damn good doing it,” Marcus praises you.

“Gosh, that’s the nicest thing anyone’s ever said to me,” you joke back. “Is that so?”

“Don’t make me think about it, or I might break down too.”

Both of you share a chuckle, and your conversation starts running its course. Marcus vents about an annoying client, and you listen while picking some lint off his shirt. After another long, but not uncomfortable silence, Master speaks up again.

“You’ll be visited by the vines soon, so I think I better take my leave.”

“I thought you liked being close to me?” you ask, giving him your best doe eyes.

He lets his voice crack. “Well, I’ve been hurt before, you know?” Master clears his throat after sharing another laugh. “Seriously, it’s time for bed. You’ll need a few minutes to undress, too. You got some grease on your uniform.”

“Oh no!” you look at your clothes, legitimately worried.

“Relax. I left a sealed bag by the door. You more than earned it. Listen, do me a favour and just think about what I said, alright? We’ve had our differences but I’m sincerely trying to patch things up. I want you to be happy here.”

“I know,” you say, rubbing your skirt between your fingers. Sincerity is nice, but embarrassing at the same time.

“Good night,” Master wishes you, gently closing the door. “*Oyasuminasai*,” you respond in kind.

Think about what he said... He was nicer today than usual, but what did he say, really? That he wants you to be happy. Whatever that means, but fine, you’ll try. One thing that’d make you happy would be if you woke up with the same uniform in your wardrobe tomorrow, so you grab the bag near the entrance. Looking at the clock, you still got ten minutes until curfew. Not having to hurry is nice after such an eventful day. Wait, your make-up! Aww, crap.

Now you do hurry with your clothes. Go awayyyyy, stupid corset. Okay, got out of it. The rest of it can be shed more or less easily. You stuff everything into the zip bag in a rush, as opposed to the neatness you’re usually applying in all your tasks around the mansion. Rushing to the vanity dresser – now your make-up table – you pick up the bottle with the remover and splash it impatiently on a cotton pad. You constantly eye the bed and the clock in tandem, hoping that the vines will stick to the schedule. Luckily, they leave you in peace long enough to cleanly wipe your face free of any cosmetics. Seeing the first vine poke out from underneath the bed, you jump on the mattress, lie on your back, and pet the plant that starts to envelop you gently.

“He loves me, huh?” you say to yourself as you’re carried off to sleep.

DAY 116

Time is passing so quickly when you're this busy. The past two weeks have been a rush of one task following another without pause. Now that you're expected to wear meticulous make-up every day, the mornings haven't exactly got longer either. For a while, you thought things were getting better. You actually felt like you were coming to terms with living as a maid, adjusting to the tasks, the mannerisms, the femininity, not to mention the sexual performances that had long become part of your day-to-day. But for at least a week, getting up in the morning became progressively harder again.

Right now, you're scrubbing the carpet of a rather difficult customer. He... "sprays" a lot, and the carpet's wearing the results of that. Of course, a maid is expected to giggle and compliment the wide spread of the client's ejaculate, but after he's passed the front gate, it just means work for you.

What's more, your breasts haven't stopped growing, which, you won't lie, is nice in a way. It helps you integrate more into the maid collective. At this point, becoming less recognisable among them takes the edge off the embarrassment that some tasks instill in you, even after all these months. The relative anonymity allows you to care less about your public perception. Some of the clients' comments about your chest have legitimately made you blush too. Mentally, you were screaming... but your body was excited, tingling... but with a lower-case T. The feeling specifically did not stem from your probe. You'd lost control over your cheeks more than once before, usually with Master. Maybe it's just a more insidious form of control you haven't been shown before, but for what it's worth, you fear your body is accepting, welcoming this life still a little faster than your mind.

Adding to the list of downsides is that very same dwindling recognisability you were just praising. You look in the mirror and you see almond-shaped eyes that are somehow almost black compared to your previous blue. It's an almost exact copy of what your hair went through, though it was a light brown when you started. Your skin has tanned further, so no matter what you did, if you cut your hair, bandaged down your breasts and wore baggy clothes, you might start looking somewhat like a man – with expert make-up and pouty, inviting lips – but you would never be seen as a white guy again, that's for sure. The contrast of your skin next to Marcus' has become dramatically obvious, even though he's quite toned himself and not all that pale.

But what's bothering you most is the "progress" that has happened between your legs. Ever since Master gave you that pill, you've been gaining cup sizes high up, and losing inches further down. Even now, it's actively distracting you to no end. Part of the difficulty waking up in the morning was that fateful look down your body, where you could hardly see your feet. Today, you couldn't see anything on your crotch until you spread your legs and started feeling for it, a testament to your simultaneous growth and shrinkage. It's got so sensitive too... you earned yourself one more uniform change thanks to that. You'd gone to bed a few minutes early, and merely by turning around on the mattress a little, your dicklet got so excited that it spurted tiny drops of semen all over the place. You'd sucked Master's cock earlier in the day, but it

was too late to get him to help. The vines soon tore the place up and fed you a little late-night snack.

That's how you've earned yourself five-inch heels. It was a bigger increase than usual, and the strap that had previously run over the instep of your foot is now wrapped around your ankle. That's quite convenient actually, since it means they can't slip off that easily while doing work, and at the same time attractively slim your legs. The sides of the shoe are also gone, meaning your toes are basically stuck in a little triangle of shiny black leather and your heel has a little support in the back, but otherwise the shoe is quite open. The actual heel is now unmistakably a stiletto as well, very thin, very difficult to balance on and very, very sexy. It clacks loudly on the floor as you move to another filthy spot on the carpet.

Then you've had that... mishap in the bathroom. God, you're gonna die of embarrassment just thinking about it. You'd gone to take care of your morning business, nothing unusual. There'd been some maids in the communal bathroom, fixing their make-up as always. It's different ones every morning, which was a big reason to go in early and take your time. Your lust for women hasn't diminished in the slightest, you're happy to report. Right there, you weren't too happy about it.

The pill hasn't just made you smaller down there, it's also made you more sensitive. Like the nerves all converged on one small point now, and you can stimulate them all with a single touch. So you're sitting on the toilet, admiring the view before you and, distracted as you are, start letting it run. Only the shrinking has caused your dick to stand up, pointing away from your crotch, instead of hanging down from it. Before your eyes, the stockings you were admiring were suddenly painted yellow.

But what was weirdest was her reaction. You were... actually, you're not sure what you were. Speechless, among other things. Your first instinct was to apologise, but no words made it out of your mouth. So there you were standing, mouth agape, naked, with a pathetic little dick dripping pee. And the maid you'd hit? She just sighed and walked out. No screaming at you, no slap across the face, no punishment. Not even some gloating from Marcus afterwards, when he undoubtedly got word of it. The girl just walked it off, but it was the culmination of months of inexplicably getting ridiculed for your penis. Only now you could understand why they did.

That little thing between your legs... it's barely an inch in length but it's the root of your frustration. Weird how such a little thing can cause you so much trouble. It's rubbing up and down your skirt, constantly erect due to its diminutive size, and combined with your ever needier libido, you can hardly concentrate. Not to mention that your apron pocket reaches exactly over your crotch, so when Mimi, Jasmijn or somebody else gets chatty and your phone vibrates constantly, you don't get a moment's respite. You rub your sponge over the carpet three, four more times, before you effectively break down on the spot, crying uncontrollably.

Your sobbing soon attracts the attention of a passing maid, who rushes in to console you. Being seen like this only makes matters worse, intensifying your anguish. It's a barrage of emotions that won't let you alone. They're forcing your body to act, and you can't help it. Once the other maid finds that she can't do anything to calm you

down, she says she'll message Master to make this catastrophic embarrassment perfect.

Naturally, he stops by mere minutes later, and dismisses the maid after thanking her. Marcus takes you in his arms, which makes you wholly uncomfortable, but for some reason, you feel your sobs quieting down on their own.

"Alright, Suki, it's alright. Why are you crying, sweetie?"

"It's... it's my dick," you start, sniffing pathetically. "It... it brushes... brushes against my panties and it's so sensitive and I can't concentrate and... and... and..." you stutter, Master gripping you tighter. You're sitting there, on the floor, leaning against him, held in his arms.

You don't know how much time passes. Ten minutes, thirty, an hour? The tears just keep coming and don't seem to want to stop, but the flood starts thinning out eventually. Marcus musters up the courage to speak up again.

"Do you want to get rid of it, then?" You look up at him, confused.

"Get rid of it?" you can't follow.

"Of your penis," he casually drops that bombshell. "We can have that done here. There's a great surgeon we've got on the payroll for matters like these. Well, not explicitly matters like these, it's usually about breast implants and such... but I guess your surgery would fall under the umbrella of 'beautification' as well."

You're stunned. Even underneath the humiliation, you were somewhat relieved to see Marcus cared enough about your well-being to drop his work and stop by when you're depressed. But apparently, this is just another step in his plan. Another gear in the machine that is this cursed mansion.

Fuck it, then. Either way, you're not going to get that thing back. If you don't lose it today, don't lose it tomorrow, then you'll lose it the day after. He's won already. Maybe it'll feel good...

"Okay," you reply. "Okay?"

"Okay. get the surgeon."

This time, Marcus is stunned briefly.

"Are you sure? Just like that? You can think about it a day or two if you want to."

"And deal with the incessant tickling in my thong? No, thank you. Get the surgeon."

Marcus looks concerned for a moment, but follows through on your wish. You wipe your tears away, your hands coming back stained black. Your make-up must look ridiculous right now. While Marcus is still on the phone, you signal that you're heading back to your room to wait there.

First, you head straight to the bathroom to get all that muck off your face. It's quick to remove with the solution Michelle pointed out. That makes your face presentable again. You looked like it's Halloween with all that smeared make-up. At first, you instinctively move to re-apply it – it's become that much of a habit so quickly – but recall that you have a “doctor's appointment” in a bit. You doubt you'll come out of there looking spry and fresh, so you drop that thought and try to relax without breaking down again.

There's knocking on the door. Already? You can't have spent more than ten minutes in your room. While you rejected the offer of waiting a day, you did feel like having a little bit of time to yourself. Upon reluctantly opening the door, you find only Marcus.

“Ready?” is all he asks with a pitying expression. You can't be bothered with a proper response, so you just shrug and wait for him to move. He eventually does, wrapping an arm around your shoulder, instead of letting you obediently follow a few paces behind him.

Once more, your destination is the basement that marked the beginning of your incredible, unbelievable transformation. How many rooms are there? And how many will you still get to see during this process?

Today you'll see at least one more. The professional-looking surgery room surprises you. It's built just like an ordinary hospital would have it, from your few memories of them. Your mind drifts towards Emma, and her firm, protruding chest. Chosen one or not, you're glad you won't be the first maid to test this facility. Huh, chosen one. Chris called you that. It's funny that you're reminded of him on the very day you'll get a procedure that will definitively make him sexually disinterested in you.

“Just disrobe and put your clothes somewhere they won't get in the way,” Marcus commands brief and to the point. There's no strength, no fight in his voice. He noticed you're short on words and wants to make the process comfortable for you. At least that's what you tell yourself. Maybe this is the right choice. Your lack of a response doesn't even get punished by the probe. In fact, your obedience gets you a small reward, though fortunately it's not enough to ruin your clothes with a truly final spurt of semen. With balls this tiny, do you even still produce any? Every day that passes robs you of certainty on that question.

“Come on,” Marcus encourages you gently, “lie down and relax. You'll feel better. The doctor will be here soon.”

As your head lowers itself, Marcus is supporting it with his hand like you're a newborn. While you're lying there, awaiting your bodily completion, he caresses you all over. Your hair, your arm, your cheek... you're getting the impression that he is more nervous about this procedure than you are, which may not be as reassuring as he might think. It is kind of sweet though.

As promised, the doctor joins you momentarily. He starts explaining the whole procedure elaborately and at length, but you're barely cogent. Some of the bare basics stick, but that's all. You'll be put under completely; a local anaesthetic won't be enough, obviously. The procedure could be reversed aesthetically, but your virility as

a man will be permanently gone, if it's even currently intact. Obviously, nobody here will allow you to reverse the operation anyway. Outside the mansion, you don't have the documentation required, nor the money, to afford a surgeon to do it. For all intents and purposes, this is permanent. Those last parts aren't him talking, just your thoughts. You have the option to reconsider, but don't. It's likely just pleasantries, you figure.

Sooner or later, you'll be lying on this table, having a mask affixed to your face, pumping gas straight into your lungs that'll... that'll...

You wake up disoriented, and weirdly tired. Somebody's sitting next to you. You recognise some blonde hair. She has a familiar face, you think, but your eyes are rather sticky. After wiping them, you notice it's Michelle! Her maid outfit is uniquely accessorised with a nurse's cap clipped into her hair. Your stirring catches her attention.

"*As-tu bien dormi?*" she asks with a sly grin on her face that suggests she was making a joke. The humour is lost on you, so she continues without any further input.

"I suppose you want me to fetch Mastère, *n'est-ce pas?* Right away. *À plus,*" she remarks and leaves the room before you get a single word in edgewise. At least you could understand that last bit. It means "see you later," if you remember correctly. And she said she'd bring Master along. You've only just woken up, but as clarity resumes, you're getting fidgety. What happened? Did everything go well? Why are you feeling so tired? How long were you out? Soon it dawns on you that these questions overlap strongly with those you had on your first day at the mansion. Did you awake to a new life just now, as you did back then?

The door opens. Hoping that clarity steps through, you're mildly disappointed to find it's merely Marcus.

"How are you feeling?" he asks sympathetically right off the bat. Sympathies may be nice, but they don't address your confusion in the slightest.

"I'm alright," you placate him before impatiently getting to the heart of the issue. "How did everything go?"

"That's what we're here to find out," Marcus gives you a rather unsatisfying answer. "Any discomfort?" Just when you're about to answer, the door opens again and the surgeon enters. "Ah, there's the doctor. I guess I can let him take over. You're in good hands."

Finally somebody to get more specific and informative. But first come the platitudes.

"Good morning, Suki. How are you feeling this morning?" So it's morning, there we go. hardly the most pressing matter, but it's something. The next person to ask how you're feeling is getting it though.

“Great doc, as you can see I’m breathing. Listen, will somebody tell me how the operation went already?” you press him on the issue. Marcus’ concerned expression turns scolding as he slightly turns his head sideways to regard you critically. You relapsed into old behaviour patterns there. Manners befitting of Rich, instead of Suki. You work hard to avert your eyes from Marcus and back to the doctor, who’s quietly chuckling to himself.

“Certainly, Suki. Just lie back and relax.” That’s still not an answer to your question, and you’re lying back already!

Just then, the doctor’s hands reinforce what he really meant by “lying back.” With two flicks of his finger, he swings two metal casts in place, while another presses a button outside your view, which causes your back to rise slightly. One hand grabs your leg, drops it in one cold metal cast, and the same happens to the other. The position seems familiar, though the perspective is clearly warped. It doesn’t take you long to figure out you’re sitting in a gynaecologist’s chair. The last superfluous hint to that effect is the surgeon sneaking underneath the sheets covering you and taking a first row look at your privates. Your subsequent stirring provokes a snarky comment from him.

“Already got a sense of propriety, do we? Looks like the surgery went better than I thought, hehehe,” his voice jokes muffled from below, though his breath in your crotch leaves a bigger impression on you. There’s a clicking from something like a flashlight, and within a minute, the doctor is back in your field of view, greeted by the best disgruntled face you can muster. He, of course, is unimpressed.

“We’re done with the procedure. Don’t worry if you’re feeling drowsy. That’s completely normal after three days,” the doctor explains. *Three days?!*

DAY 119

Better than three months, you presume, but you hadn't expected to be out of commission this long. Your room must be a mess. Why that was your first thought after waking up, you doubt you'll ever understand.

"Don't worry about the duration of the operation either," he goes on, trying to reassure a relatively calm you. "True, getting the uterus fully functional inside you wasn't an easy task," Wait, uterus? "But most of that time was spent observing you," Michelle licks her lips suggestively as he says this, "and letting you rest. Had to let the swelling go down. And gone down it did," he finds, pausing briefly. "I'm sure you have lots of questions."

"Yes!" you're happy to finally get your voice heard. "What did you just say about—"

"So, what I did," the doctor interrupts you, "was to remove your old genitalia. Duh." Very professional. "That was the easy part. Well, not quite easy, but that's relatively speaking, compared to the rest of the operation. It was important to leave a surprising amount of it intact. You see, it's pretty hard creating new nerves from scratch," he says like it's the stupidest thing in the world. "So it comes in handy to re-use old ones. Much of it was just..."

White noise following white noise following white noise. The doctor gets quite fascinated by the subject, explaining at length what procedure he used for this or that problem. How does that help you? You never had a vagina before, and have no clue what to look out for! In fact, you haven't even seen it yet. This isn't exactly the most comfortable position to sit in either. Yet, the doctor won't let off. He keeps talking about things that would fly over your head even if you were still listening to his babble. Maybe... maybe just take a little rest? Yeah... sounds good.

"...so I'm sure you and Mr. Wolf will be quite happy with the result," the doctor says.

At the sound of names being dropped, you immediately spring back to attention. For who knows how long, it was just "vagina this, surgery that" but you're hoping things will get more practical from here on out.

"Well, all things considered," he ponders before turning to Marcus, "I can give the go ahead for an inspection of the nerve endings, Sir. I advise caution, though. She will be sore for a while."

"Thank you, doctor," Master informally dismisses him, and he takes the cue. That was it?! Evidently it was, and you're expected to move on from this.

Michelle and Marcus share a look. Her expression turns pleading, then pouting, with her finally stomping out of the room reluctantly, never averting her eyes from you. When she's at the door, she closes it very slowly, with her head peeking out, but Marcus doesn't make a move until he hears it fall into the lock.

Still silent, Marcus' hand slides underneath the sheets, snaking between your vulnerable, spread legs. There's a brief moment of contact which makes you gasp inaudibly, before Master immediately pulls his finger back out into view. It's glistening all the way down to its second joint.

"I see the lubrication works better than I could've hoped," he states soberly. Without warning, he raises his voice, still looking at his hand. "Go home, Mimi."

"*Zut alors...*" you hear from behind the door that subsequently falls back into its lock. The apparently cursing feminine voice distances itself from you and eventually falls silent as Michelle seems to give up on eavesdropping.

"How does it feel?" Master turns his attention back to you. "Does it feel good?"

Hearing him shout at Michelle, however amusing it was, reminds you to keep your training in mind. You've built up some good will today. A lot, in your opinion. Best to keep that ball rolling.

"*H-hai*, Master," you respond half in Japanese. Marcus is visibly pleased. and so are you, once you feel his finger return. A gasp – this time very audible – is impossible to hold back.

It's such a strange sensation, and yet so familiar, to have somebody *stuck* inside you, especially Master. It's reminiscent of the probe inserted into your ass shortly after you woke up. You felt so violated, so vulnerable. While the latter may still be true, this certainly does not feel like violation, but rather like a blessing.

"What does it feel like, to be pleased like a woman?" Marcus teases you. Or perhaps he's sincerely curious?

"Good, M-Master. D-don't stop..." you beg him and he obliges.

A second finger joins his first. Underneath your heavy breathing, you hear occasional wet sloshing down below, and are already sitting on a patch of cloth that is noticeably moist. Master is evidently enjoying his fingerfucking of you, but still has more on his mind.

"Let's see how this works," he mumbles to himself. His index and middle finger never stop their undulating movement, but Marcus extends his thumb while he does it, hitting it right above your open, inviting snatch.

Your arms snap forward for something to hold on to, finding Master's shirt and pulling him towards you. Having him so close makes you yearn for his lips automatically, sucking him even closer. Throughout the kiss, you can't stop yourself continuously moaning into his mouth. You'd think it makes Master uncomfortable, but if anything he appears more eager to please you.

The continuous ecstasy changed in intensity, but mostly stayed the same in form. Now though, you feel something building up behind your newly blossoming femininity, a pressure that you're very familiar with. A climax in every sense of the word. Thrusting yourself deeper onto his fingers and stronger against his thumb, you manage to make that growing bubble pop.

In one cascade, you reach the top of your peak and come tumbling down hard. One last helium- voice squeak escapes your lips and enters Master's before you buck fiercely beneath his deft touch, your whole body shaking entirely on its own. Your mouth goes numb, and so do your arms, releasing Master, who keeps holding you upright somewhat. The numbness spreads, evolving into a cosy buzzing while some last twitches rock your body and your orgasm recedes.

"Pretty good, huh?" Master jokes after giving you a moment to quiet down. you don't bother with a verbal response. Instead, you recover the strength in your arms, pull him close to you and make out with him for what feels like the whole day.

DAY 133

You look into your reflection in the mirror. Foundation's on, so you sort out a last few rebellious eyebrow hairs and apply mascara, followed by subtle eye shadow. Kimmy promised to take over your laundry duty if you serve her client, while one of the girls in the garden is covering for you if you take on one of hers. It'll still be a lot of work, but definitely less than grooming the huge garden, nor is laundry a cakewalk with as many clothes and sheets as the manor is importing for cleaning. In comparison, client care leaves you much more free time. Time you can spend with Master.

Popping your glistening lips, you're done with your make-up. You put on the beautiful, dangling earrings that Emma bought for you. Ready to head out, you notice the wet patch in your underwear the moment you step the first foot outside your bathroom. That has been a problem of late... one that definitely helped your outfit's progress along.

Like the hairband, or now more appropriately named headpiece, you'd say. Instead of just being useful to hold your hair back – though you're still partial towards your practical, cute ponytail for that – it is now much bigger, standing out from your hair. You're not entirely sure what kind of material it's made of, but it fits right in with the pattern of your outfit; it's white in the back, which is a little taller, and black on the front side, making it look like black cloth with white contouring when viewed from straight ahead. A headpiece is such a classic French Maid accessory that you immediately felt more maid-y the moment you put it on. You hope Master will mention it.

But before you show him, you need to take care of your morning business. You prefer not to think about it. It seems grotesque that a creature as elegant as you would have to indulge such a crude, vile process, but alas, you won't get around it.

Heading into the communal bathroom, you fold up the skirt of your dress and pull down your panties before sitting down on the toilet. You honestly can't remember why you ever stood up while doing this. It's much more comfortable to sit down and relax for a few seconds, especially in the morning.

Bad thoughts, bad thoughts. That's not very maid-like of you. You're a girl now, a maid, with all your heart, and know that you always were. The bathroom could use some old magazines to keep you occupied, then such things wouldn't happen. What else is there? Well, the two girls fixing their make-up would be the obvious choice. Is one of them looking at you?

She is... the girl to the right is looking straight into your eyes. She's smiling! Maybe it's just your vivid imagination, but it doesn't look like a generic happy smile to you. Her eyes drift downwards, away from yours. When they stop moving, her grin only grows wider. You weren't imagining it. She wants you.

When she exits the bathroom with an unmistakable head movement, clearly beckoning you to follow, you're reminded that you woke up more than a little needy today yourself. There's still time before the clients arrive, so... couldn't you?

Jumping up, you remember to wipe your new equipment – you wish the good doctor had mentioned *any* of that stuff – pull up your underwear, wash your hands as fast as you ever have, and hurry out of the bathroom. Fuck, fuck, fuck, where did she go? One maid, two maids, three maids... why do we all have to look alike so much?

There! Out of a half-opened door peeks a newly familiar face. That's the girl. She's looking right at you, still smiling as she's disappearing inside her room. You've never been to another girl's room, except Angelina's. But Michelle visited you too, so it should be okay.

Feeling justified and confident, you open the door the girl just went through and surreptitiously follow her inside. There shouldn't be anything wrong with what you're doing, but it doesn't hurt to be safe. Once inside, you're greeted by a very fit, very topless young maid.

"Looking for something?" she teases you more than is necessary.

Hardly has that line, oozing sex, been spoken, and you're already teasing her bronze nipple. It tastes lovely, but the beauty in front of you has other needs. Treating them works just the same, but her desire is located elsewhere. An unsubtle hand on the back of your head directs you south, where your lips can meet hers.

She exudes an intoxicating aroma, inviting a lick. Her hips immediately push back against you, begging for more. You notice how shaky they are, she can barely hold them steady. You know too well how that feels. After a few more licks, the woman gets a bit impatient, adding her hand into the mix to encourage you some more. Pressed tightly into her snatch, lapping away at it with conviction, it doesn't take more than two minutes until your face is sprayed with pussy juice, dripping off onto the floor.

"Sorry about the mess," the squirting girl apologises, out of breath, "better clean yourself up before *el jefe* sees you like that." Words to live by. You definitely ought to get that off your face, whether Master sees you or not.

"I will," you agree. "So... did you like it?" you ask her, slightly insecure.

She chuckles. "You required some guidance, but I wouldn't have screamed like that if your tongue didn't feel *magnifico*." You feel relief at hearing her say that.

Just then, you're surprised by the noise of a door falling shut. Your eyes dart to the entrance, which is completely inconspicuous. In your peripheral view, you see what was happening. Somebody slammed the wardrobe shut. Hmm, hold on, this girl sounds Spanish. She said some words that sounded like it and really exaggerates the rolled R. Her room is right next to the left- side staircase. Master mentioned her name... you think the girl you just licked to climax is called Isabella. That means the wardrobe was slammed by...

"...Mercedes," you call her. "*Ohayo!*"

She just got dressed and is not quite as happy to see you. "Stop calling me that," she broods quietly.

“That’s your name. What else is she supposed to call you, *linda*?” Isabella says, sounding like she’s trying to tease her roommate.

“My name is Matt,” Mercedes insists. “Please leave.” Isabella quickly gets upset at that.

“What kind of roommate are ju?” she falls a bit more into her accent. “Show some respect to... uh... this girl!”

“Suki,” you help her out.

“That’s right. Show Suki some respect, *Mercedes*.” Isabella’s pronunciation of the name is like sex itself.

“Fine, just... leave me alone,” she mumbles, turns back to the mirror on the wardrobe and starts pulling on her shirt to cover as much skin as possible. She hasn’t even graduated to dresses yet, huh? Maybe Master honoured your advice, and lets her take things more slowly.

“I’m sorry, honey,” Isabella apologises to you. Gosh, you could listen to her calling you sweet names all day.

“Oh, *daijobu*. I had a lot of fun.”

“Me too, me too!” she chimes in enthusiastically. “But maybe we should part ways. Then she’ll finally shut up,” Isabella looks over to Mercedes, “and you have to redo your make-up, *no*?”

“*Hai*, that’s true.” You can’t pretend that you’re not a bit disappointed to come away empty-headed, but try to swallow it. “Okay, see you around then! Nice meeting you!”

“*Igualmente*! And don’t worry,” the sexy, still panting maid shouts after you as you leave, “I’ll be sure to return that favour someday, *chica*.” You hope she’ll do it by whispering sweet nothings in your ear. That accent is so hot.

Thinking of that isn’t exactly helping you focus on the tasks ahead though. You head to your bathroom to wash your face. Your make-up is mostly waterproof after it’s dried, but that doesn’t mean it looks great after you rub soap all over it. So back to doing your face it is. Starting back from scratch takes so long that there’s no chance of meeting up with Master before the first client meeting... you only have a few minutes left.

You give your clothes a last once-over. Headpiece sits just right. Earrings hanging off your lobes enticingly. Dress is sitting tight, looking ruffly. Panties are still wet.

And red. No, no, *no*, not now!

There you have confirmation that the doctor had reason to be confident. You’re fully functional, with everything that entails. Kimmy warned you this might happen one day, but how were you supposed to know it would be now? You barely felt anything. Or maybe you were too distracted, stuck between two tight, tanned thighs.

Alright, Kimmy told you what to do about it when it happened. You hurry over to your make- up table, open one of the drawers, pick out a tampon, and scurry to the communal bathroom. Sitting down on a toilet, you drop your now useless panties on the floor.

Wait, wash your hands first, Kimmy said. So you do, and then run back to the toilet. Take some toilet paper to clean off the bulk of the blood before. Then put in the tampon. This thing looks so big! It's pretty thin, though, and still not as long as Master's, so maybe it's good preparation. Another maid in the bathroom takes note of your insecurity.

"You need any help?" she asks nicely. She sounds English, and you can see nipple piercings denting her dress. It's Grace, the girl who's covering for you in the garden today.

"*H-hai*," you say, unsure if you would be doing this correctly on your own.

"Alright darling, it's no problem at all." She comes closer to you to get a good look at what you're doing. "You've got it at the right entrance already. Looks like you're doing just fine without me," she encourages you, though you're not sure if finding the right hole is such a great achievement. "Just push it in up to this dent here. You can feel it and maybe even see it disappear between your legs. Go ahead."

Sure, just push. You do, and the plastic goes inside you painlessly, though it's not exactly comfortable. After a few inches, you feel the tube become wider.

"Is it in?" you ask Grace.

"Looks good, champ," she chuckles. "Press on the tampon until it's all the way in, too."

You use your thumb to press on the tampon in the middle of the plastic tube. It's difficult to push it all the way, but with some adjustments, you manage. It doesn't feel any different than before though.

"That looks good!" Grace praises you. "Now you just need to pull out the applicator and you should be set for a while."

The last step is easy. You just grab the tube from both sides and pull it out. Indeed, the tampon stays inside, you see as you heave your tender breasts out of the way to have a good look. Only the black string can be seen past your crotch.

"Well done!" Grace rejoices. "Now I really have got to go. If you ever need anything else, don't hesitate to ask. I think you're in a bit of a rush too, aren't you?" she reminds you of your commitment to take care of her client.

Shit, she's right. You need to hurry up. Back in your room, you drop the useless panties on the floor. You'll have to go commando for today. Before you leave the Quarters, you fix your skirt so it's not too obvious what's going on between your legs.

You also remember to pop out the last item you received to complete your outfit. In class, your culture lessons continued full speed ahead. You pick up new words now and then, but this recent addition is more related to beauty standards. Contrary to the

West's ideal summer tan, you learned that almost any Japanese girl would kill for a pale, porcelain complexion. For that reason, you've been given a parasol to protect your poor skin from the harsh sun and hopefully help you attain the beautiful body that your exotic heritage has denied you thus far. You make your way over to the mansion and stow your parasol – a deep black accentuated with beautifully drawn white and red flowers – near the entrance.

To your surprise, two men are already in the lobby when you enter. Right now, they're staring intently at you.

"What the...?" you mumble to yourself, confused.

"Are you Suki?" one of the men comes forward to ask. You nod your head, and bow to both of them in greeting.

"Great," the other one speaks up, "we both had appointments with other girls, but they told us you'd take over for them?" Shit... this is bad. You know you're late, but they sure weren't supposed to come in at the same



time.

“*S-sumimasen*,” you apologise. “Have to ask... *goshujin-sama* what to do. Wait one moment, please.” They both seem content with letting you coordinate things with Master for now. He texts back almost immediately, telling you to come to the office with both of them.

“*Goshujin-sama* has responded already. He... want to see us in his office.” It still takes a very conscious effort to mess up with English grammar on purpose while keeping it comprehensible, but you’ve got a lot better. “This way, *kudasai*.”

You lead the two men to the office, where Master is still working at his desk. Upon entering, he looks up from his work and puts it away in a lockable drawer. His expression immediately lightens up when he comes face-to-face with the clients.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” he greets them politely. “I hear we’ve run into a bit of a scheduling conflict. Care to explain to these nice men what caused this problem, Suki?”

Instead of responding, you shift behind Master, hiding behind his shoulder like a scared girl. Needing both of your tiny hands to hold his, you grab and squeeze it. A little shiver seemed to run through him when you did, but he just laughs nervously at your display to conceal it.

“So that falls to me as well. Fine. As you can see, she’s quite embarrassed by the mistake, though I understand that’s little consolation to you two. You see, what happened is that Suki is regularly ordered to take care of the garden first, and later helps out with the laundry. Normally, she obeys without failure and does an admirable job. Recently though, she’s found out that the sheer size of the estate makes gardening a rather lengthy, taxing affair. Compared to our humble clients, the garden is very demanding. So what she did was talk to...”

“...Kimmy,” one of the men completes the sentence. “Right,” Master confirms, “and to...”

“...Grace,” the other follows suit.

“I see. So Suki talked to Kimmy and Grace, who took care of the laundry and gardening respectively. In return, Suki promised to take over Kimmy’s and Grace’s clients: you two fellows. Don’t take it personally; Kimmy and Grace didn’t try to pass you off on somebody else. Had Suki not asked, they would’ve gladly served you today. But our maids are trained to help each other out, so both of them followed their instincts to help out their sister, who figured she could coast by taking on a job that takes less time than the one assigned to her. That, and the male attention, I suppose. She is a bit of a slut, isn’t that right Suki?” Master takes you in one arm and pushes you forward a little.

“Y-yes, *gojushin-sama*,” you mutter half into his biceps. Your face is boiling red in shame underneath your make-up.

“That’s a good girl,” is the line that presses you right into Master’s pecs as you twitch in orgasm. “And just look how excited she is,” he rubs it in. “Alright. Exposition and games aside, let’s get straight to the issue. Obviously, you’ve both been promised the full attention of one maid each, and that’s clearly not going to happen, I’ll come right out and say that. While Suki is leaking her juices all over my leg, her colleagues are sweating, doing her work. Now, despite the fact that you can’t get what you ordered, the last thing I want to do is send you home completely empty-handed. I’ve had a pretty rough morning myself, and was praying for some time in Suki’s warm, sticky mouth. If you’re not shy, she still has two fully functioning hands for you to use as you please. What do you say we put her to some real work, hm?”

The two men briefly look at each other, shrug and are on board pretty much immediately. Your reaction – not that it matters – is nonchalant. Or at least it is once you’ve calmed down from your first orgasm. Sucking off Master while lending two clients a hand sounds like another exciting way to spend your morning.

Before you know it, the clients are standing right next to you, with their hands behind their backs. First step, unzipping pants. You do Master’s first, naturally, so you can put your mouth right to work. Hmm, tastes as good as you remember it. You should have an easy time taking him, with as much practice as you had. For now, you’re teasing him more than you provide pleasure. After taking him deep the first two thrusts, you start to nuzzle his purple glans adoringly.

Meanwhile, your hands feel that the clients have grown some remarkable erections already, before the slightest touch from you. While your blowjob is currently not an impressive show of skill, your loving kisses still produce the same wet sounds you loved so much back when you could receive blowjobs yourself. They’re just as addictive, if not more so, from the other side and obviously you’re not the only one enjoying them.

The two guys deserve some action, though. They’ve waited long enough. You unzip their pants without looking, letting your experienced hands guide you. It’s helpful that they’re already erect, they’re easier to jerk off that way. The scene is strongly reminiscent of the orgy at Goldstein’s office. Only here, the circle of participants is more exclusive, and you’re much more involved in it.

However, you also got more experienced, and are allowed to use your mouth on Master. You decide that it’s time to properly do so. Giving his length one last lick from sweet bottom to salty tip, you take a big gulp of dick on your way back down into his crotch. Hm, he could use another shave soon. Master breathes out loud as he enters your throat, which in turn rewards you with a big, fat Tingle in your... you’re actually not sure where exactly. Wherever it is, you feel wonderful, and not just from the artificial encouragement. Pleasing Master is becoming a natural instinct.

His voice is the best gauge of whether you’re fulfilling those instincts. At the moment, you’d say you’re doing a fine job, though the visitors are quite noisy themselves. The more you please, the better you feel.

You’re surprised when Master suddenly grabs the back of your head, and presses you all the way down his cock until you can’t go any further. By now, your throat is

trained enough to accommodate even surprises like this, but you're still confused what just happened. Master pulls away, then pushes you down again another three times before he presses you down his cock one last time. Being held there, you feel him pulsate in the way he only does when he's about to climax. With limited movement, you roll your eyes up to get a glance at Master. He doesn't look angry, just lost in pleasure. His dick starts twitching for good, and you feel his seed pooling right in your stomach. There's no chance for you to present the load to Master; it lands deep inside you, with only a last strand of the decadent taste left behind on your tongue as he pulls out.

"The host gets to finish first," he chuckles, patting you on the head, which sends another Tingle through you. One artificial, one natural.

"I'm getting close too," one of the men whose dicks you're unconsciously rubbing announces.

The other one remains silent, and you know why. His penis is pulsing in your left hand, which can only mean one thing. Grunting loudly, two, three, four potent strings of cum shoot out of the man's dick. From what you can tell, you manage to catch them all square on your face. Hopefully he didn't miss, or you'll have to clean up some.

"Here I go," the more verbose of the two announces his arriving orgasm, and just in time.

Most of it lands on your face, you're sure. Again, you hope it's actually all, but by now, your face is so plastered in male essence that you can barely open your eyes. All that from just two dicks. You have to admit, you're impressed. Either these two were very pent up, or you did very well. That thought, or perhaps the completion of your duty as a maid, is enough to earn you one last Tingle that gives you the orgasm you so dearly craved since this morning. You buck under the pleasure while everybody else catches their breath for a minute.

"That looked... enticing," the previously silent guest admits. "I originally came for Kimmy, but I wouldn't mind having a go at *her* mouth myself next time."

"Sorry boys," Master breaks it to them, still out of breath. His thumb wipes some sperm off your mouth. "Those lips are all mine," he proudly declares. Another small orgasm rocks your body.

Impressed, disappointed and satisfied all at the same time, the two men file out of the office. As soon as you're alone, Master breathes out audibly. It's a distinctly disappointed breath. You use two fingers to wipe your eyes free of cum, to allow you to open them again.

"Suki bad?"

"Suki bad," Master confirms. Your probe turns on you with a shock, making you squeal and almost jump into Master's arms, who stays at a distance. He sits down in his armchair.

“Why are you shirking your duties?” he wants to know. “You can’t be that lonely, with maids all around you, and I can hardly remember the last day we haven’t seen each other. Do you need more free time that badly? Is your pussy driving you so wild that you need to be surrounded by men? What is it?” You can’t get the answer out right away, and when you do, your voice is almost a whisper.

“Can I watch you work, Master?” you ask. remembering your training, you add, “*O-onegaishimasu...*”

Master looks taken aback by this response. Nonetheless, you are in luck. “Go wash your face first, Suki,” he commands.

“*Hai!*”

“Oh and,” he stops you, “you’ve got a loose thread hanging off your skirt, you might want to visit Jasmijn on the way back.” He saw...

“That... not my skirt, *goshujin-sama*.”

“Oh. Oh... Got it. At least that explains why you were late. Now, hop along.”

Excited, you scurry out of the office towards the quarters, to wash your face in the sink. A string or two landed in your hair, but that’s sorted out quickly as well. Reapplying your make-up takes the longest, especially because you want to look your best when you spend the day with Master. After you’re finished, you look even better than before, despite your mid-day bukkake. It... it feels so good to be girly for Master. All the reinforcement from the probe is just pushing you to become a better maid. You’re afraid you’ve started to become addicted to the pleasure. But as long as it doesn’t stop, what’s the problem, right? More importantly, pleasing Master may get you close to... that thing you keep thinking about.

Back at the office, you wait a moment at the open door. While shuffling his papers and taking notes, Master is smiling. You’ve never seen him smile while he’s working! Probably given away by your heels, he notices you quickly. Carefully setting a foot forward, you wait for permission to enter, which Master gives by waving you in. Trying your best to not disturb him, you take the shortest path towards him and slip right underneath his arm and into his lap. Hugging his huge chest – well, maybe not as huge as yours – from the side you let your head drop onto his shoulder and watch this strong, smart man go about his business while his body warmth keeps you company. He lets you settle down for a few minutes when he has something to say.

“You know, you didn’t catch all of it,” he says.

You immediately know what he’s talking about and shift your gaze from his strong arms to the carpet. There’s a noticeable translucent white spot on it. Crap. Reluctantly, you let go of Master.

“I clean up,” you announce in broken English, breathing out loud.

This is not how you'd imagined your day. With some cleaning supplies in your hand, you return to the office immediately, get on your knees next to the desk, and start scrubbing. At least it's still fresh and wet. If it had dried, this would take forever.

You gasp. Something's touching your entrance, moving past your tampon. Master.

"Stop, Mas-s-s-ster, I'm on my p-p-period!" you stutter.

"Still feels good, doesn't it?" he asks, to which you just moan.

With his finger stuck inside you, you continue to wipe the stain off the carpet. It stops being a coordinated affair maybe five seconds into it, but Master never said to stop cleaning, so you can't. Thanks to the vigorous teaching style of Miss Robinson, cleaning things has become second nature to you, so even with the considerable distractions, you get the carpet spotless before long.

Master pulls out of you when he sees you're finished. He cleans his hands off with hand sanitiser, and offers you a tissue. Your tampon never fell out, so you carefully dab the area around it clean. Master pats his leg, signalling that you're allowed back on it. Apparently, he's fine with you stashing the supplies later. Back on his leg, and still tremendously aroused, only one question burns on your mind. You're not sure you should interrupt Master, who went back to working like nothing happened, but before long, you can't help yourself.

"*Goshujin-sama?*" you quietly ask permission for a question. "What is it, Suki?" he responds immediately.

"When are we going to..." you're too embarrassed to finish the sentence. "Going to what?" he doesn't catch on.

"You know..." you still can't bring yourself to say it.

"Ah," Master grins, suggesting that you don't have to get it out. "Is that why you're so clingy lately?"

"I'm not clingy!" you protest, though it's still with a quiet girl voice. He's not completely wrong though...

"Right, right," Master laughs some more. "Well, let's look at what happened today," he gets more serious. "You know that wasn't acceptable, don't you?"

"Hai..." you mumble.

"Good. I can't really reward you for messing up your schedule. We'll... do it when the time is right. But in the meantime, what are we gonna do about it if these 'desires' are going to continue to be a problem?"

You look up at him with your best puppy eyes and shrug. Master ponders for a few seconds when he realises you're not going to say anything.

“You did it because you wanted to be close to me, right?”

You nod vigorously and go back to hugging his chest. Master chuckles.

“Then maybe it’s time you moved into the Master Bedroom,” he states bluntly. You can’t believe your ears.

“*Nanda?*” you question his sincerity. Maids and guards live in the Servants’ Quarters. They’re servants.

“The staff has grown so much, I’ve thought I could use a maid who’s closer to me for a while. One who takes care of my private affairs exclusively, you know? Somebody who’s more... permanent. If you really want to be closer to me, that’d be a good solution, I hope.”

“*H-hontou ni?*” “What’s that mean?”

“Do you really mean it?” you explain.

“Of course I do. You’d be washing and ironing my clothes, cooking my m—hmmm!”

In true Wolf Manor fashion, Master is cut off by your lips mashing into his. For a change, you’re not interested to make a long affair out of it. You break the kiss and skip out of the office. You’ve got a move to plan.

First off, you go on the hunt for suitcases. Unsurprisingly, storage is no use. You try Kimmy next.

“*Konnichiwa!* Kimmy-*senpai*, do we have any suitcases I could use?” you ask her impatiently.

“Hey there, darlin’. Sorry, ain’t no real use for suitcases ‘round here. Don’t got any I know of. Say, didja take care of that thing I asked ya?”

“Mr. Wen?” Kimmy nods. “He sounded very happy with me.”

You omit the fact that he played second or even third fiddle to Master and the other client. “Great! Thanks, sweet pea. Watchu need a suitcase for anyway?”

“I’m moving in with Master,” you proudly report. Your voice is quavering just saying the words.

“No way?!” Kimmy is stunned, which is exactly the reaction you were hoping for. “Congrats, honey!” she squishes you into her voluptuous form.

“Shanksh,” you respond muffled into her breasts, upon which she releases you.

“So you’re gonna live with Master... wow. Somethin’s been botherin’ me though. Is that what I think it is?”

She points between your legs. Oh yeah... she must’ve felt the string when you were hugging. You shrug your shoulders.

“Darlin’, you must be kiddin’ me. What happened to your panties?” she asks, simultaneously concerned, stunned and amused.

“Bled through,” you report.

“Ew. I know how that is. Ya can’t be runnin’ around back and forth with no panties on. Hmm,” she reflects on this briefly. “Tell ya what,” she suddenly starts reaching underneath her skirt. “Take mine for today. Bring ‘em back when you’re done grabbin’ your stuff. And bring your dirty thong, too.”

How sweet of her! You slip on the panties she holds in front of you. They’re a little big for you, but they stay up, which is the most important part. Now you don’t have to announce to the whole world that you’re having that time of the month.

“Alrighty, I won’t take any more of your time. Good luck with your movin’!”

Thanking her, you leave the laundry. Well, you didn’t get what you came for, but you’re covered up a little better, which is nice. Hold on, you were in the laundry... why didn’t Kimmy just give you a thong from the freshly washed pile?

This manor is crazy. Still, used underwear is better than no underwear. You head back to the Quarters and start sorting out things from your room you’d want to take with you. It’s actually difficult to decide. You’ll probably share a bed with Master, so that can stay. The thought makes you clench your thighs together. You definitely need your bathroom stuff and make-up, as well as the tampons, as you found out today. The heaviest thing you’d like to take with you is the wardrobe, but you don’t even know if Master’s would be big enough for both of you. It’s probably irrelevant to think about, since there’s no way you’re getting that out of here anyway. You sigh when you suddenly hear a knock on your door. Opening it reveals Nastya.

“Nastya!” you shout her name while greeting her with a big hug. She struggles to pat your head as you keep her arms pinned to her waist.

“Khow are you doing, *printsesa*? I kheard you are planning to move with Master?”

“Mhm,” you nod. “How did you hear that?”

“Natalya, my roommate told me. She said ‘I kheard your little friend is moving in with Master.’” “I’m your little friend?”

“*Da*. You are little, and you are my friend, no?”

“I’m not little!” you protest. Nastya has a hearty chuckle.

“Yes you are! Don’t worry, little is cute. Master, he like little. Anyway, I come down to ask do you need khelp carrying your things?” she offers in the broken English you still struggle with producing yourself.

“*Hai*... if you have time,” you try to ask politely.

“Of course. Who do you think does all the kheavy lifting, eh?” She pokes a head out your door. “Natasha! Get some of the girls down, *požalujsta*.”

In a matter of seconds, three or four beautiful, tall women in latex garbs greet you with bright, welcoming smiles, and ask what they should take. Like an assembly line, strong girls come in and almost immediately leave again, with their arms full. Man, you have more stuff in this room than you thought. Eventually, only the wardrobe is left, and together, the guards are actually strong enough to carry it all the way to the mansion, up the stairs, and into the Master Bedroom. You're helping out too, but you're not sure your twig-like arms did anything. It sure was exhausting though, despite your lack of involvement. Phew. You're standing in the Master Bedroom now, sweating slightly, and dismiss the guards after thanking them profusely for their amazing work. As they disperse, Master steps through.

"What's happening here?" he asks curiously.

"Oh, *goshujin-sama*, the girls helped me out getting my things!" "Quite a few, I see," he looks a little taken aback.

"You should see the bathroom, Master," you tease him, full of confidence after today's events. He does his best to ignore that statement.

"But how did they all come together to help you? I didn't ask them to."

"Oh... Suki bad?" you are quickly taken down a notch, which is hard to handle. Tears are welling up in your eyes already.

"No! No, not at all," Master quickly takes you into his arms. "They did a great job. The guards are there to help our little maids out, they did the right thing. I was just curious."

You wipe your tears away, embarrassed at how fast you overreacted. "I see. *Ano*, I was talking to Kimmy and—"

"Ah," Master interrupts you. "That explains it." You don't follow. "I told you before. I guess I didn't specifically tell you. Kimmy is the gossip queen of the manor. Everybody already knew that you were moving in with me before you arrived at the Quarters. I'd put money on it. Worked out pretty well, actually. Now we don't have to think of a way to tell everybody," he laughs. "Guess I should've figured it would get a bit cramped in here if I allow a girl to move in." Master sighs. "Oh well, better you have your own wardrobe than me being relegated to 10% of mine."

"I don't have that many clothes," you remind him.

"Not yet," Master predicts. "Anyway, it's fine. Have your things here. It's probably easier than the alternatives. Hopefully you'll have an easier time feeling at home in the mansion. Listen, I'm as excited as you that you're living here now," slim chance of that, "but I've got work to take care of. Are you gonna get along on your own in here? If you need help, just ask."

"I think I'm okay, *goshujin-sama*. *Arigato gozaimasu*. If I need anything, I'll come down." "Great. Make yourself at home."

Before he can leave, you plant a big, wet kiss on his lips. You probably don't have a better way to thank him properly today, so it'll have to do. You wouldn't want to keep him any longer if he's busy. When isn't he, right? With your schedule empty, you spend some time catching up on vocabulary, before taking a shower. You don't want to smell of sweat on your first night in Master's bed. You'll have to get used to these from now on anyway.

Oh, that reminds you! You were still wearing Kimmy's panties. You wrap a towel around your body – over, not under your boobies, this time – and carefully traipse back to the Quarters one last time, retrieving your bloody underwear. On your way there and to the laundry, all of the girls you meet smile at you, some even outright congratulate you. This is clearly a new day at Wolf Manor if what you accomplished produces this much of a response. There's one very different reaction to your achievement though.

As you make your way back, you pass Giannina on the path. Her reaction doesn't surprise you at all. You're not keen to stay in her presence too long, so you just keep walking. Her head turns to face you all the way to the mansion entrance, unblinking. Today's been perhaps the best day of your life, but she was never going to take it well.

Let her sit angry in her little room. If anything, that's the cherry on top of the cake. Not only is your day going great, hers is completely terrible. Honestly, the way she tricked you back then was nasty, but you're past that phase. But that's not even the problem, she's just mad at you for no apparent reason. You should be angry! The way it looks, there's just no reconciliation with Giannina, at least not today.

That's not going to mar an otherwise perfect day for you. You drop of your dirty panties with Kimmy, who happily takes care of them, before going back to the Master Bedroom – you love the way that sounds – where you have to change your tampon. After this morning, you're already doing fine on your own. For much of the day, you alternate between studying, talking to Mimi on Maidchat and doing your nails over and over again. You needed a day of relaxation. Life as a maid feels good, but it sure isn't easy. Time passes more quickly than you thought, as you notice when you take a look at the clock, which tells you it's 10 PM already. It's easy to get used to a rhythm. So much so that you feel immediately more tired when you realise how late it is.

You skip into the bathroom to change your tampon one last time. Doing it before bed sounds like a good idea. Today, you'll go to sleep just by going to bed and closing your eyes. You remember a lot of the girls you've been with always put their hair in a bun before going to bed. You give it a try, and it sort of holds, but you expect it'll be all over the place once you're turning on the sheets. You get naked, slip underneath them and just close your eyes in the dark room. If only it were *that* easy. For what must be an hour at least, you're waiting for those moist plants to hug you tight. You're drowsy and tired, but you can't quite find sleep. In your barely awake state, you hear the door open, some clothes shifting, feel the sheets rise, and then a strong, warm arm wrap around your waist.

You vaguely notice a kiss against your neck as you fall asleep momentarily.

DAY 148

Life can be so good, if you let it. The past weeks have been non-stop pleasure in your recollection of them. Once you'd accepted life as a maid, you'd been rewarded by the probe near constantly, deriving ecstasy out of every task you perform well, out of every lick of master's cock. And yet, it still feels weird every morning to dress up to be pretty for a man. To pull on your entirely useless lace-trimmed wristcuffs, along with your matching choker and headpiece. To cake your face in flawlessly applied make-up that really brings out the best in your soft lips, almond eyes, and dainty button nose.

So here you are, on Master's bed and on your belly, polishing his meat with your saliva-slick, red-nailed fingers, while caressing his balls between your soft lips. It still tastes heavenly, and you doubt it'll ever stop, but you've had some issues the past few days. Yes, you're a maid now. Yes, you love it. But you firmly remember a time when you weren't, and didn't. A time when being one would've been the last thing on your mind. When the thought had seemed repulsive, even.

Another shock runs through your body. It works as intended, dispersing your bad non-maid thoughts, but only temporarily. You've felt a lot of these lately, you have to admit now that you're reminded of them, and you can't say it's done anything to ease your mind. The memories come back involuntarily, although you started to want to forget. Nothing would please you more if you could.

In your hands, a pulse jolts you awake. Master must be close. "Where would you like to finish, *goshujin-sama*?"

"In... your mouth," he directs you curtly, out of breath. You're quietly proud of the effect you're having on him. You make a show of enveloping his tip with your lips, languidly despite how close Master is to his climax. He came inside you so often, you're barely surprised anymore about when and where Master finishes.

Nonetheless, that first spurt of semen can always catch you off-guard when it spritzes forcefully against the back of your throat. This load isn't too big; it's an easy task for you to keep it all in. Once the flow dies down, you give Master's glans two more kisses to clean it up and proudly present the load you caught to him.

"Where shoo, Waash-she?" you ask him where he'd like you to put it. He ponders the question a short while.

"Don't have any preference today. Put it where you want," he strokes your cheek. Choosing the simplest, and your favourite, solution, you drink it all down. No clean-up required, and it's good practice for when master presents you with a bigger load.

That, and it's pretty tasty. Duh.

Master is looking like he's standing up, about to get dressed. This is your best chance. "Mas- *cough* Master?" you almost choke on a drop of semen still stuck to your gullet.

“Take it slow, Suki,” he grins a little. “What is it?” He pats his lap as he sits up on the edge of the bed. Shyly, you get up off your stomach and sit down on his leg, which has become your most-used chair in the whole mansion over the last weeks. Master always has time for you...

“Well, I... hmmm!” you moan in pleasure. “What’s wrong?” Master looks at you puzzled.

“I felt a Tingle. Are there camera in this room, *goshujin-sama*?” you practice your English.

“There is one, but it’s only accessible...” he pauses and looks towards the top right corner of the room from the bed. “Creepy, Dad,” he says almost jokingly. His dad is watching?

You look up to where Master is looking. “*Ohayogozaimasu*, Conrad-sama!” you greet the nice old man, wiping some remaining drops of cum from the corner of your mouth. Master chuckles.

“Pay Kimmy a visit, why don’t you, Dad? I know she’s been feeling a little lonely, so she’ll appreciate the company,” Master advises. “Horny old man,” he mumbles quietly to you.

“Ooh!” you squeak in pain. Master looks confused. “I think your father just told me through my probe that he heard you say that, *goshujin-sama*.”

He laughs, and you join in, as a maid should. The probe remains quiet from here on out, and Master picks up the conversation again.

“You wanted to tell me something?”

“Well, I...” you hesitate still. He’s in a good mood though, you think. “I’ve been your maid for a while now... not as long as some of the other girls, but you know...”

“Do you like it?” Master interjects with a hint of concern and criticism in his voice.

“Y-yes! Yes, of course I like it!” you trip over yourself to reassure him. “I’ve really come around to appreciating and even enjoying my new life here, but that’s exactly the problem.” Master looks confused. “I’m fully aware that I’ve come around to it. In other words, I remember how fiercely I resisted at first. And while I don’t feel like that anymore, I can’t help but think back to it all the time. It’s been interrupting my duties lately, and I can’t tell anymore if the probe shocked or rewarded me more ever since those memories started creeping up.” Master hears you out and thinks about what you’re saying.

“It’s quite remarkable how good your English has become,” he comments on you forgetting your language training. You blush in embarrassment.

“Sorry.” It’s Master who apologises right away! That’s new. “You’re opening up and I’m scolding you. I expected that you’d be stressed out by something sooner or later.

So you're struggling with memories of your old life?" you nod emphatically. Master seems to give this some thought, unfazed by the minute-long silence he lets hang in the room. The comment he uses to cut it could not have come more unexpected.

"Want to get rid of them?"

His nonchalant delivery doesn't exactly help, nor the similarity to his suggestion last month, when you lost your... Understandably, you're stunned by the suggestion, even more than you were the last time. Get rid of memories? And only ones that stem from your old life? Wouldn't that make you like two months old tops? Wait, why is that the thing you're questioning? how would erasing memories work in the fir—

Unless... unless that's what the Initiation does? What did Chris say struck him as odd again? The zoned out looks, first and foremost. But beyond that, he found the maids to be very focussed.

They only think about their task, and how to fulfill it, until another replaces it. Nothing can interfere in their servitude, not past commitments, not even family. That would certainly fit in with memory loss, or perhaps memory deletion would be more apt. First, they willingly cut ties with the people they know to commence their lives as maids, then the initiation can prevent any second thoughts later down the line. Despite all the technology you came into contact with, you wonder... could they actually have a device that selectively removes memories from one's consciousness?

"I get that it's a heavy decision to make," Master interrupts your thoughts. "You can take a day to—"

"I'll do it," you interrupt him in turn. "Really?" Master asks, surprised.

"Sure. I'm a maid now. It feels good. It'll feel even better without any of the emotional baggage. Some days it feels wrong to wear frilly black-and-white fetish clothing to please a tall, strong man," you touch his biceps to reinforce your argument with an ambiguous smile. "But why would I want it to? I see no reason to cling onto somebody I am no longer. Somebody I can't ever be again. It makes much more sense to ditch the old and embrace the new... Master."

You're rather surprised by the speech that rolled down your tongue, as is Master. What you said isn't wrong, but it's hardly as reserved and rational a matter as your tone implied it to be. There's a great number of things pushing you towards it.

The first has to be the reason you've gone along with much that was asked of you. Futility. What happens if you decline the "offer"? You get harassed until you eventually buckle under the pressure and give in. Resistance yields no rewards.

Second comes the very problem in the first place. Those painful, unsettling memories of being independent. Of being a man, you'll readily admit that that plays a part. You clearly, physically aren't one anymore, it's far too late to deny. But remembering it makes it an acute problem that Master—Marcus is offering to solve.

Third, you made the comparison to your new set of genitals yourself. If you jump from the mere comparison to the conclusion, you can tell that going through with this could make you feel very, *very* good.

Finally, you're just bargaining. The way it looks, you'll either be turned into an obedient, brainless fuckdoll that looks a little uncanny, or an obedient, brainless fuckdoll with a little bit of personality, which won't even be your own, but rather a years old obsession of Marcus'. Either way, the agony will be over, the uncertainty. Mindless joy will take its place. There won't exist a person you could call "you", but merely a vessel of Marcus' fantasy that houses your completely reformed, enslaved brain. Yet what remains of you – your sensory perception – will be bombarded by pleasures you hadn't known existed five months ago, but got a glimpse of during the past few weeks. All in exchange for keeping Marcus company. For loving and serving a strong man in the most erotic way possible. Some bargain. It is a hefty price to pay, but even thinking of him as just Marcus again feels like a great internal victory. Or perhaps it's your last stand.

"Great. Follow me then," Marcus goes back to assuming his authority as Master. He was caught off-guard by your immediate acceptance, but not long enough for you to derive great pride from it. And in more practical terms, you're one step closer to vanishing off the earth. Suki will cease to—no, hold on, Suki is the alter ego that persists. It's Rich's character that will be eradicated. Suki stays, leaving Rich behind. You'll be Suki. You are Suki. You're leaving Rich behind.

Master tells you to wait in bed. He would come fetch you, but curiosity got the better of you. You arrive at the office, he most likely place to find him. A conversation had begun, but you missed parts of it, lost in thought. He's talking to his father.

"It's more than ready," he tells his son reassuringly. "It's been ready since before she arrived. But you knew that without asking me." There's a brief moment of silence before Conrad speaks up again.

"*Mein Junge*," he says in a language you don't understand. "*Falls etwas schiefgehen sollte...*"

"It won't!" Master slams his fist on the table. He takes a few breaths to compose himself. "You're not making it easier by raising doubts now, father. We're going downstairs." With that, Master turns around and briskly walks out of the office, where he sees you.

"Best of luck," Conrad quietly wishes his son's disappearing form. You teeter precariously on your heels to catch up with Master. This is not the time to inspire more anger in him, however minor your provocation may be. Fortunately, you're with him quickly enough, descending down the stairs at his side without so much as a comment from him. Either he plain forgot he asked you to wait or he just doesn't mind.

After all the times you've been down here, the basement never ceases to elude you with its many snaking paths, hallways and rooms. When you enter the one that Master stops in, you're fairly certain it's one you've never been to before. That's not to say that it looks completely alien; there's a TV screen over there that seems

familiar. You've been in a room that had one, but there was a chair and a table with some sort of helmet on them, you vaguely remember.

This room has neither chairs nor tables. The TV is wall-mounted across from you. Dominating the room though is a contraption in the centre of it all. It looks like something straight out of one of the few sci-fi movies you snuck into the cinema for as a kid. You're reminded of a coffin, too; an opaque, polished exterior but with comfortable-looking lining along the sides and the bottom of the interior. In the movie, those coffin-like things had put a crew of a spaceship to sleep for a while. There was a glass portion that allowed people to be seen while they're lying in there, but with this one in the basement, you're only able to look inside because the lid is lying on top of it crooked. Even that looks eerily reminiscent of a coffin: just a heavy chunk of polished metal shoved slightly to the side. If Master wanted you to come here, that's probably the machine that will manipulate your memories. Speaking of Master, his hand is currently resting enticingly close to your breasts, pulling timidly on the clothes covering them. After suppressing the initial excitement, you catch on to the suggestion to disrobe.

One of the straps to your top has already been pulled down by Master, you find. First though, your apron has to go. It was far from functional anymore, but you see why you're wearing it. There's definitely something about it that completes the costume, even if it's become such a small-sized caricature of an actual kitchen apron that it serves little practical purpose. Above that, you wore the corset that has constricted your waist for the past couple months. Perhaps it was the vines, perhaps it was the corset that helped shape your figure as it turned out. What's sure is that the average woman can't hope to boast a waist as slim as yours, and yet it's still a bit of relief whenever the corset comes off. That frees up your dress which slides easily over your head. You make a neat pile on the side. Sadly, there aren't any tables left here, so you'll have to make do with the floor.

Now only in your shoes and underwear, you figure you'll keep your most intimate parts covered until the end. Being a bit of a tease might be the last fun you have as yourself. That means your heels come off next, which they do easily once you undo the ankle strap. Beneath them are your quite transparent white stockings with the cute black bow at the top. You slip right out of them and fold them on top of the growing pile to the side. Cuffs and choker are next. They take a bit of time to tie around your wrists and neck, but they are quick to take off. Your headpiece is also easily undone by just lifting it out of your hair carefully, undoing the clip. Lastly, your lingerie. The flimsy white bra sticks closely to your – now – C-cups, almost never wanting to let go of them. You must've worked up a bit of a sweat in Master's lap earlier. A shower might be nice... but this is not the time to cause delays. You don't want to look uncooperative at this stage. Anyway, if your bra seemed sticky, then your thong no longer falls into the category of clothing, but would more appropriately qualify as an adhesive. You knew becoming a woman would pose problems, but this isn't quite what you had in mind back then.

soon, you'll have nothing in your mind at all. but over the course of the last five months, you've moaned extensively about your horrible, horrible fate. well, fate has caught up with you. it's long past time to accept it. Still, you wonder if the smell of a

woman's sex – even your own – will entice you the same way after you've gone through with this procedure.

"Step into The Initiation Chamber, please," Master orders as if he heard where your thoughts had gone. "Just lie down and try your best to relax. I can't imagine how tense you must be ahead of this, so I know how trite I must sound. No need to give me lip about it," he warns you pre-emptively.

Despite the rough ending to that, the sentiment is awfully out-of-place for Master. He's both smiling and cringing a little at how he said that. It's appreciated, even if he doesn't outright apologise, and actually proves helpful in overcoming the anxiety to take that first step inside. Following Master's orders is easier than confronting your fear. Before you know it, the second foot follows and you're lying on your back in the weird sci-fi contraption. It's dark in here – the lid being only slightly ajar – but supremely comfortable, oddly enough. Speaking of the lid, it's hard to see, but it seems slightly reflective even from where you're lying, as if the bottom of it is made of the same polished metal as the outside. You'd expected the lining that you're resting on to continue upwards. It doesn't matter though, so you put it out of your mind. If only that were always so easy. Before you can voice your fear, Master speaks up.

"I have to get some things, talk to one of the girls. Almost forgot. I'll be right back with you, darling."

Great. Not only are you terrified now that you're lying in this... thing, you're in this dark basement by yourself. That's when you hear squeaking wheels approach you.

"Did he leave you all alone, sweetheart?" Conrad, half-teases, half-mindreads you. After the spat with his son, you didn't expect to meet him downstairs.

"Kind of..." you admit.

"I can offer you some company, if you want," he offers. You voice your appreciation. "Anything you want to talk about, dear?"

"I don't know..." you're shy. "How does this all work, for a start?"

"Oh, I'd love to tell you!" he perks up. "How much do you know about human anatomy and neurology?"

"Huh?" you opt for the most honest answer, making the old man laugh.

"I'm not surprised. Maybe we'll save the technical talk for another day. But if you want to know how this manor works, well, that is an easier story to tell, though it is much longer. As you may have figured out, we're not originally from here. Technically, I suppose my son is, but at least I'm not. Some of the architecture may have tipped you off that this age-old mention isn't quite that old, actually. In fact, it's substantially younger than I am," he laughs again.

"I was born in a small town... 600 miles from here? That sounds about right. It was a quaint little place, but I possessed gifts that surpassed it. If I were to make use of them, I'd have to leave to nurture my talents."

“So I did, learning and studying more than I ever thought I would or could. Not to flatter myself, but I became quite good at it, good enough to make a decent living out of it. At least I could have, if the subject matter that intrigued me most weren’t so delicate.”

“Things progressed at a snail’s pace. I made good money with boring assignments, but my personal projects were as good as dead. That’s when things changed in the country... Evil men took power. And they’d heard of my gifts.”

“I don’t know how. I’d applied for a grant or two – and got rejected, of course – but I doubt they sifted through every grant of recent years to find somebody they considered useful. Anyway, they were hard to reject. My work thrived under their leadership, but was also strictly guided, or perhaps misguided is more fitting,” Conrad laughs. “They were obsessed with military applications, when I insisted that would be impossible. Eventually, war inevitably broke out, and finally they saw reason in what I said when all the uncontrolled, lab-external experiments failed. Instead of using my work on the enemy abroad, they then opted to use it to quell revolts at home, and quite effectively so.”

“When said... ‘enemy’ finally pushed back and reached my lab, it was a deliverance. I was deported out of my home country, and repeatedly interrogated about my experiments. It was a harsh sentence, but at the same time, it was the greatest relief I’d felt in my life. Working on unwilling participants had made my dreams possible, and yet I swore to myself I’d never do it again, even if compelled by force.”

“That’s why I vehemently rejected the offer to take you in. But I knew my son was headstrong, and I knew my warnings would fall on deaf ears, so here you are. At least you turned into a fine lady in the end,” he smiles down at you.

“Th-thank you, Conrad-sama,” you blush even at the old man’s compliments.

“Of course, studying long-term effects and varying approaches was almost impossible with how quickly the war ended,” he gets back to his story. “Part of that burden fell on you, and your sister maids. Fortunately, my captors – or liberators – understood my role in the atrocities was imposed upon me. What they failed to realise was the power of my discoveries. The evil men they had deposed had some interest in the occult, and ordered many an absurd experiment. As such, mine were disregarded as superstition. I doubt anybody read the reports earnestly, or spoke to a single one of my... victims.”

“So that’s how we got here,” Conrad wraps it up. “And that’s how you got here too, in a way. I hope the story made passing the time easier.”

“It did,” you confirm gratefully. “Just not sure how much of it I’ll remember.”

“Probably very little,” he admits and chuckles at your astute observation. “But no harm done. I don’t get to have many talks anymore, so it wasn’t all in vain.”

Master enters the room just as his father finishes the story.

“Don’t get to have many talks, Dad? Then what’s Natalya doing in your room all day?” “She helps me bathe!” the old man protests in a rare show of offence.

“In complete silence?” Master counters. Conrad frowns and turns back to you.

“And that’s the divine punishment I received for the misdeeds of my early life.” You grin. “Divine punishment is what I call having to listen to your old war stories.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. I never fought in any war, so what stories could I tell about it?”

Master smiles at the verbal teasing and poking, and tries to wrap it up as he finishes running around the room to get this or that in order.

“Thanks for keeping her company, father.”

“Oh, stop with the ass-kissing,” Conrad jokes. “It won’t save you from the spanking you earned yourself. But let’s deal with that later. I’ll leave you two alone.”

With that, you hear the wheels squeaking out of the room. As promised, it’s only Master and you now.

“Ah, that man,” Master mutters to himself. “Couldn’t do any of this without him. Even at his age, he helps out a lot. So many times I had early morning appointments and couldn’t watch the girls. I can’t count how often he took over for me there, not to mention all the technology you see in this place. I don’t know what I’d do without his help...”

He leans on the open “chamber,” where his father just talked to you, tapping nervously on the polished exterior. He looks like he wants to get things started, but doesn’t know exactly how to transition politely. The result is one of your trademark awkward pauses, which is eventually broken by you.

“What’s going to happen, Marcus?”

“You’ll rest in the Chamber for a while, and come out a proper maid. Just like you wanted.”

His curt answer is not quite satisfying to you, and he knows it. He disappears for a while, but then you hear him pull up a chair from somewhere and sit down right next to the open lid. At least you’re granted eye contact.

“What do you want to know, Rich?”

“Just... just what I said. What’s about to happen? Am I just going to go to sleep and wake up a mentally challenged pornstar tomorrow?”

“You think I’d like that, hmm?” he says, slightly hurt, it seems almost. “I’d hoped our recent time together would clear up those concerns of yours. Well, you shouldn’t have any concerns at all once we’re done, so that’s something to look forward to.” You’re visibly unexcited. “Look, I thought I explained this when I told you that story

about my ex-colleague's wife. Your existence was inspired by her, and she was by no means an idiot, nor a dysfunctional nymphomaniac."

"And am I like her?"

"Hmm..." Marcus looks like he has to think that one over a bit. "Maybe in ten years you might," he chuckles. "She was probably in her early thirties when I met her. I thought you might open up more when I first told you that story. The number of people that have heard it could probably be counted off on one hand. I think of it as very personal, and I'd say I appear quite vulnerable in it. Looks like you had no such impression of the younger 'me'. Anyway, as I said, she was inspiration, which doesn't mean she was a perfect template." he stops for a second. "Okay, I can see why you're confused now. Guess I never thought it through from your perspective. Your libido is definitely stronger than hers was. Much stronger. There'll be days that you're working tirelessly – many days – and yet you can't put my cock out of your mind. That's intended and won't change... it might even grow stronger with time." That's not exactly reassuring.

"I can promise you'll like it," he tries to save it. "That much I know. Even the maids that got the standard treatment can't help but love being so horny that their knees are shaking all day. Of course a deeper understanding of what they feel exactly eludes me. Another thing I can guarantee is that you'll be nothing resembling a 'pornstar', as you put it. Have you never wondered why you weren't allowed to put more than your hands on a client?" It hadn't occurred to you, but now that he says it...

"That was all my ego," Marcus smiles widely, but uncomfortably at this rare moment of self- reflection. "Hell, I didn't even want you to touch another person here until my old man convinced me otherwise. Said you had to learn to accept sex as a natural part of your life. I have to admit, his plan sounds reasonable in hindsight, but letting you go into room 231 with Chris the first time drove me insane way back when."

"You remember the room number?" you interject.

"Don't think I'll ever forget it," he smiles again. "So I had to suppress my pride and let you jack guys off now and then as part of your training. It got easier over time... Heh, I guess you would say the same. But after today, I'll make sure that stops." There's a heavy pause that is rather unsettling, but Marcus continues unfazed. "Your sweet, soft lips will be mine. Your cute, pert ass will be mine. Those perfect, round breasts will be mine. And your sweet-smelling flower will be mine, too. You can see that I get a little possessive, so I'm sorry if it creeps you out. Not too long from now, you'll gush at hearing me say it, probably."

"To be honest, it's kind of exciting now," you confess, trying to keep your pussy from leaking again.

"Really?"

"Mhm..." you nod, closing your eyes and swallowing heavily to fight back the growing heat in your loins. When you look at Marcus again, he wears an expression you hadn't noticed on him before. Contentment, you think. Joy.

“Well, I’ll be honest with you too,” he breaks the silence. “When I said I lacked a deeper understanding of the maids’ emotions, I meant it. We don’t know how they feel during the process of being Initiated.” That’s disconcerting. “The chamber erases some memories, replaces others, and makes up new ones altogether. Logically, I’d say some of these are pleasant, and some unpleasant. What I can say to hopefully soothe your worries is that we have no indication that there is actual pain involved in the process. You weren’t completely wrong about what you said at the start; it’ll probably feel like you’re sleeping, most likely overlaid with vivid dreams, and eventually wake up as another person. The process is that radical. I think the pleasures and comforts of life as a maid far outweigh that sacrifice if I look at all the girls around me.”

“What’s the risk of me getting that same eerie look the maids have sometimes? Or that the Initiation doesn’t stick? Isn’t permanent or not effective?” you blurt out some of your very specific worries. They’ve been weighing on you for a while. Marcus looks suspicious.

“That’s questions I’ve been asked before, you know. By one of the few people who know of the Initiation. Did Chris blab?” You just shrug. it hardly matters now, does it? “Should’ve known the fairy couldn’t help but gossip about it,” he says rather crudely, but clearly doesn’t mean any harm with that statement, obviously thinking of it as a joke.

“In his defence, I’d been kind of a bitch to him that day,” you chime in. Marcus actually laughs out loud at that.

“You’re refreshingly honest today, you know that?” You give him another shrug, but with a hint of a smile afterwards. “I can address all of those at once, though you won’t like the answer, I’m sorry to say. I can’t know for sure if any of this is going to work. It’s the first time we use this equipment.” That hits hard. But Marcus isn’t about to stop talking. “Chris might have mentioned that you’re getting your Initiation much later than the other maids before you. I’m hoping it’ll alleviate some of the... problems you mentioned just now. I wanted to go a step further though, and you’re currently lying in the result of that. Before, we used this thing.” Marcus pulls out the helmet you’d seen months ago in the basement... So this actually is the room you were in previously, it was just rearranged. Which means Marcus expected you to break around this time, if he went to that level of preparation. It’s not a revelation you can really feel upset about. Given as much as he knew about you, and as fast as you crumbled in his strong arms, you can’t muster the slightest sense of surprise that he predicted this as well.

“We did basic things like stability testing, so you don’t have to worry about any structural failures or catastrophic damage to any of the machinery. All the parts have been tested in isolation, so we know they’re capable of delivering what we need. About the functionality though... you’re the first person to be subjected to all the systems at once. You’ll prove this machine’s use one way or the other. I don’t want to sound so nonchalant about this, but it really is less of a big deal than it sounds like. I would call the actual Initiation, when going as planned, a much bigger influence on your life than any possible failure the chamber can produce would be. You can quote me on that,” he grins smugly to reassure you. It helps, kind of. “If something goes

wrong, I promise it'll be something we can fix. We tested this thing for some time to ensure you wouldn't be in danger. I made sure."

That sounds plausible at least. If you stepped out a drooling mess, he would've wasted months of work and tons of resources. Taking into consideration all that he said just now – possibly more than all your interactions of the past five months combined – you do get the impression that you matter to him. Besides, your original reasons for doing this remain. If you backed out now, you'd likely be coerced to offer yourself up to an Initiation in the near future. And even if you come out debilitated... would you even know? If you have to choose between a real life where you lose yourself and surrender control or the fake life you're living now, you doubt you have an actual choice.

"Are we good to go?" he asks as softly as he possibly could. You try to get comfortable in the so unfortunately coffin-like chamber. It is comfortable. But there's still something in the back of your mind.

"Master... would you please fuck me?" "Excuse me?" he recoils.

"Fuck me, please. One last time," you plead. "Right here? Where's that coming from?"

"What kind of question is that? From me, obviously."

"I know, I know. What I mean is, it's coming kind of out of the blue."

"Is it really?" you're not convinced. "I *have* been clinging closely to you."

"True... but you always do that," Marcus explains. For some reason, he looks uncomfortable with this conversation.

"All I'm asking is that you grant me your cock in my pussy," you try to get him back on track. "It makes sense, don't you think? Please, let me become a woman before I become Suki."

"You're being unexpectedly poetic," Marcus smiles widely.

"I wasn't joking," you counter unemotionally. Marcus looks almost apologetic as he quickly wipes that stupid grin off his face. "Let me have this last choice as myself."

He pauses here briefly. You're not sure what there is to think about.

"You know, we'd likely restore your hymen later if we did it here now," he explains.

"As is your right to do with your property. I'm sure Suki will enjoy losing her virginity to you just as much as I would. Is this request so unappealing to you that it requires a debate, or will you get in here and take me already... Master?"

He locks eyes with you for a while. Without dropping his gaze, Master starts undoing the buttons of his shirt, cautiously pushes the lid off the Chamber, and gets inside it with you.

“Doing it in here...” he mutters, bumping into the metallic edge. “Not your best idea, Suki.” “I disagree,” you contest, kissing your Master’s neck and unbuckling his belt.

It is challenging to get him undressed in the confines of the Chamber, but you’re nothing if not ambitious. Master’s pants do come off, and his cock is as erect as you need it to be. You reach down to jerk it in preparation, while Master finally returns your kisses.

He jumps a little when you inadvertently bite his lips. That’s his fault! His fingers started entering before you expected it. Fortunately, Master notices and keeps wrestling his tasty tongue against yours.

“Want to see something cool?” he asks you like a college-age guy would his first girlfriend. “D-don’t stop!” you gasp, urging him to keep his fingers pumping.

They do, but in a different pattern. First, he drops his hand an inch, rubbing you a little lower. It still feels so great you have a hard time thinking of anything else. Then, his hand rises until it hits the roof of your vagina. Before the first thrust, you start reaching upwards with your arms again, looking for something to hold on to, much like you did a month ago. How could that pleasure be surpassed yet again, and so easily? Is that just how your pussy works, or is it...

“...a new p-probe?!” you manage to stammer.

“Your second one,” Master confirms. “We managed to keep your prostate squeezed in there between your new equipment. I figured it’d be nice for you to still have your own fun when I’m in the mood for anal. Since you’ve been a good girl lately, I think rewarding you was the right move, wasn’t it?”

You bite your lip and nod. Hearing him talk down to you like this... it’s cruel. You’d start to reflect on the amount of teasing you dish out regularly, to learn something about hypocrisy, but you’d prefer to just get fucked silly already.

“Please...” you beg, running a hand over his abs and his penis again, tugging on it as if you want to keep it.

Master, as you know him, is merciful. He retracts his fingers, leaving you momentarily empty. That emptiness is quickly filled, only this time, it’s by his girthy, solid cock.

Immediately, you cry out. In what, you can’t be sure. Pleasure? Probably. Your brain feels like it’s melting, and you suppose that’s a good thing. You feel a lot like you’re black-out drunk. Your entire body is buzzing, leading to an intense craving to touch it and have it touched in all places. Even slight contact with your arm, as Master holds onto you, is enough to push into his grip and yearn for more.

Your arms eagerly roam up and down your body, trying and failing to quell your urges. They’ve found a favourite target in your incredibly soft breasts. Men are such simple

creatures. How complicated are you going to be as Suki, you wonder? And are your tits still going to feel this incredible?

You sure hope so. Master notices how grabby you got with yourself that he starts to let his hands wander as well. Master is so caring. He always looks out for your needs, but the downside to his nimble fingers exploring your body is that he loses a bit of stability. As a result, his thrusts have become more hesitant and cautious, to keep his balance.

Trembling, you swing your legs upwards. How you do it, you have no idea. Some way, they reach where you need them, poking out above Master's hips. Crossing your legs, you wrap up Master's body between your thighs, and dig your heels into the small of his back. Every time he pulls back out, your muscles relax, then, when he hits the apex of his backwards motion, you help him plough into you. It takes a few minutes before it even occurs to you that you're doing this. Your body took over there for a while, and it did a fine job.

"Ahn!~" you squeal almost silently as your hips shake beneath your Master's muscular body. A clear sign of your first orgasm rippling through you. Or was it your first? It's almost impossible to tell. At this point, you're amazed you're still conscious.

It's hard to distinguish if Master is actually still trying to stimulate your probe specifically or if it just feels this good to feel his man meat inside you. Through the haze of your ebbing orgasm you concentrate and... yes. There's a finger in your anus. So this is the power of having two probes stimulated at once. Nothing more is needed than this brief glimpse of clarity to perfectly comprehend Emma. Who would defy this? Who would want it to stop?

But you can only stare into the light so long until it blinds you. Master is approaching his climax, he's speeding up. Or was it slowing down? He's switching pace, enough with the uncertainty. The conclusion remains. You topple over another peak, twitching beneath his hulking form and it doesn't take more than another moment after your spasms subside for Master to join in.

Hot semen enters you, like it has so many times, but on such a different level. Your muscles are clenching so hard, you can't even claw at Master. You're essentially paralysed as he flows into you. When your nerves start responding again, you just feel hot, from your crotch to your abdomen. You might as well just say everywhere. Master is... you don't know where. Your eyes are closed. You're almost gasping for air.

Time passes. You don't know how much, but you're feeling better. Your eyes open again, too. Master is kneeling above you, buttoning his shirt. His belt is still undone. Laboriously, you reach up, tighten the strap, thread the metal into its leather hole and fall on your back. You just want to lie underneath Master for the rest of the day. Obviously, you won't be that lucky.

"I see you're back," Master remarks jokingly. "I guess I should take it as a compliment?"

You nod solemnly. Words aren't really necessary. You're fulfilled, but Master is eager to continue.

"So... are we good to—hey, what's wrong?" Master asks, noticing that tears have started forming in your eyes. "Did I hurt you? I'm so sorry, you could've just—"

"No," you wave him off, trying to dry your tears. "It—It's not that. It's just... thank you, Mas— Master. Thank you f-for making me a woman."

You try to suppress the idiotic sniffing, but you can't. Master cups your cheek in his huge, strong hand, stroking your face with his thumb. This does a lot more than your own attempt to recompose. A simple touch from Him can be oddly calming.

"Hey, hey. What's that got to do with me, huh? A couple of days from now, and you'll always have been one. Relax."

You nod, your breathing steadying itself. You're almost there. You almost made it.

"Good, good."

Now dressed, Master cautiously steps out of the narrow Chamber. He keeps skin contact with you almost all the way. He stands upright, looking down at you. His expression is anything but relaxed.

"Ready?"

"Hai, goshujin-sama."

And yet, nothing moves. He's hesitating.

"One last thing. There'll be some tubes connecting to various orifices. You'll be in here for a while, so they help... take care of your basic bodily functions. Don't get scared when it happens, That's normal. Just remembered that might be off-putting if you don't know."

"Arigato."

There's a long pause before Master speaks up again. "Don't mention it. See you on the other side, Suki."

With that, the lid is raised above you again and closes, rendering the darkness complete. All around you, whirring distracts you from your now unexpectedly racing thoughts. It sounds like a computer starting up. Suddenly, there's contact around your anus. Something cold and hard touches you there. You can't stop yourself from letting out a surprised, squeaky yelp, despite Master's warnings. After the initial scare, it's easy to get accustomed to, as the material heats up and finds a comfortable position on your anal cavity. It touches inside, but only very slightly. You figure that one is... well... sewage. Then again, you retained your prostate and probe, so you shouldn't rule out some more surprises there.

As expected, more mechanical arms – likely the tubes Master mentioned – are starting to feel up your body around critical orifices. The next one goes over your

pussy. Yes, specifically your whole vagina, not just your new urethra that forces you to pee while sitting. Maybe that's just because it can't get a good grip otherwise, but you figure this tube is more than just a device to 'take care of basic bodily functions'. What really unsettles you for a few moments is the tube that plants itself right over your mouth, gripping your cheeks. This one is probably meant to feed you, if you are really going to be in here long enough to need food and water, but the sudden attachment really messes with your breathing. It takes you a few long seconds to breathe calmly through your nose again. You do notice that you actually get air through the mouth tube though, so you can breathe through that as well, as long as nothing's coming up it. That's when even your nose has two very thin tubes inserted. The base that they're connected to forms a tight seal with your skin.

You're pretty sure your nose is plugged, and your air supply is actually cut off at the moment. All you can breathe comes through your mouth and the mouthpiece. Again, there's some panic setting in. That's when the mouthpiece stops feeding you air, and you *really* get scared. Your heartbeat quickens, and the air comes back through your mouth. It then cuts off again, but immediately after, almost simultaneously, your nostrils receive air again. You're sceptical, but the air supply remains steady for the time being. No switching back and forth either. For a few seconds, you've got time to rest. It would make sense to stop there; you think they've covered everything you could need, and then some. Before you can finish that thought, something envelops your ears. What's that supposed to be for? Is it really necessary to clean out your—

Another thought of yours goes interrupted, brightly, and right in front of your eyes. The lid wasn't polished on the inside. It has screens mounted, or maybe just one big screen, presenting you with... not much yet. Perhaps this is part of the start-up process, it's not really informative, nor do you feel any different. It's just a pretty regular pattern of colours repeating in a ten- second loop. Sure, it's pleasant to look at for the first fifty iterations, but you don't quite see the point. Then again, what else is there to do? It probably just takes a while to get going. After all, it's technology that shouldn't even exist in your understanding of the world. There seems to be a faint smell you detect, which bothers you a little.

Wait, the colours stopped moving. Or did they? You blink a few times to wake up your eyes. The lighting conditions aren't conducive to staring at a TV screen for so long. How much time could have passed? It's hard to judge, but your eyes definitely need some rest, given that you now see the colours moving again. You must've been imagining it.

Are you allowed to just sleep though? How embarrassing would it be if you spent a whole day in here and they picked you up out of the Chamber, snoring like an animal, having missed the whole procedure. As uncertain as this process makes you, you definitely don't want to throw a wrench in the works and risk failure. So just concentrate on the colour pattern and try to stay focussed. Follow the movement... and keep... your... eyes...

“Wake up, Suki-chan.”

You open your eyes. Somebody told you to, and you wanted to, but you could swear something was off. The voice sounded odd. Because it wasn't speaking English. Then how did you understand it? Discomfort asserts itself. The language is really a secondary concern at the moment, you realise, as you take in your surroundings.

It's a children's room, no doubt about it. There's toys all over – mostly dolls – and the wallpaper with pictures of cute animals would be less-than-classy for an adult. It's pretty cramped, you think to yourself, observing how small this room is, as another wave of discomfort weighs on your shoulders. Let's examine the whole place before casting judgement.

On that note, somebody *huge* is standing next to you, luckily wearing a smile on her face. A Japanese woman, probably in her late twenties, slightly bent over while looking at you. One thought runs through your head.

Okaasan... it's almost like a whisper entering your mind.

This person exudes tangible warmth with her mere presence. She reaches out a playful, but determined hand to get you out of bed. Reluctantly, you play along and get up.

Immediately, you're shocked by your lowered point of view. No wonder you thought she was huge, you're 3'8", or 3'9" at best. What is happening? Are you dreaming? All of this has a floaty, surreal quality to it, so it's definitely possible.

Tired, you stumble over to the clothes that *okaasan* has laid out for you. There's some underwear and a long skirt that touches your ankles. Next to that pile is another with a simple t-shirt that you're going to wear underneath a red sweater that you recognise to have special importance; it's your favourite.

Joyfully, you get dressed piece by piece. On the sweater, you get stuck briefly, but *okaasan* helps you pull it over your head. Now that that's done, you're served a light breakfast that you're very familiar with. Some pieces of chicken, a fried egg and rice underneath. It's delicious, but you're not hungry enough to eat it all. Your mother happily takes care of your leftovers, after which it's off to the bathroom.

Together, you both brush teeth before *okaasan* combs your straight but tousled black hair. At the end, she fastens it into a practical, cute ponytail. A deep voice cuts in.

“You two should get a move on. You don't want to be late for your first day at school, do you?”

Otosan! You jump into your father's open arms. His scolding words betray the bright smile he's shining at you. That's just his sense of humour, as you know. He catches you and lifts you up so you're level with him.

“Alright, alright. But I was serious, girls, it's really about time you got on your way.”

With a peck on the cheek, he sets you down on the floor again, where your mother already waits with a little backpack. She holds the straps apart for you to slip into. Lastly, you put on your shoes, very slowly tying your laces in deep concentration. Once finished, you instinctively grab *okaasan*'s outstretched hand and leave home.

Your path takes you around the narrow streets of the neighbourhood. It doesn't take long before you arrive at a metro station. *Okaasan* shows you all about how taking the train works. She lifts you up to see the machine that sells your tickets, which you're allowed to insert at the underground gate all on your own! After that though, you have to actually get on the train, and it's pretty packed. This sucks. *Okaasan* picks you up again and reminds you not to make too much noise in public. How boring, but you'll behave. It makes you feel good. With nothing to do, your mind starts to drift.

"...you don't want to be late for your first day at school, do you?"

Your first day at school... didn't you finish school long ago? You look around, but all you see is a Japanese train, filled with local businessmen, children, some tourists, and plenty more residents. Wait, nobody was speaking English, you remember. Given your surroundings, it must've been Japanese. So how did you understand them? This isn't a dream... it's a memory. A memory that the Chamber is trying to impla—

The train doors open to let in that sense of discomfort again, as well as a painful little prick in your abdomen as the cold air flows into the train car, which makes you squeak. *Okaasan* reassuringly pats your back as you get off and carries you out of the station, where you're allowed to walk by yourself again. The school isn't far away anymore, and you find yourself relaxing more with every step you take. This is going to be an exciting new experience, but you're keeping a cool head.

Okaasan says you'll have to go the rest of the day alone, which does weaken that resolve a little. She assures you that you'll be fine, and that it'll be a chance to make some friends. Going inside, the noise of children talking, running and playing appears so suddenly it's almost like entering another dimension. Instead of letting yourself get distracted by the assault on your senses from every direction, you try to focus on finding your classroom. Unfortunately, even with supreme concentration, you just can't figure out where you're supposed to go. On one of the walls, you see something that sort of looks like a map, but it's way too high up, and children much taller and stronger than you are jumping all around it. You're about to give up hope when you see somebody even taller than them wandering the hallway. An adult! Probably a teacher. Surely, he can help you.

Approaching him, you timidly pull on the leg of his pants to get his attention. He does stop and looks down at you. Wordlessly, you hold up the piece of paper where *Okaasan* had written down the room number for you this morning.

"Ah, sorry," the tall man apologises. *"I'm just dropping off my daughter here. I don't know where that room is."* Slightly unsatisfied with that answer, you resort to pointing to the map next to you. He's easily tall enough to read it. Sighing, he gives in and takes a look.

“Alright, so this says you need to go straight ahead and then take the second right. Easy enough?” As you turn to look at the hallway, he already continues. *“Great, have a good day at school! Sorry, but I really need to get to work.”*

With that, he’s gone. He must be very busy, like daddy... Okay then, straight ahead and the second hallway to the right. Going straight, going straight... past the first right and... a wall. This corridor ends right here, with various doors leading to all the different classrooms, it looks like. What the hell was that man talking about?

Turning around again, you see that you’re suddenly alone out here. While you were asking the stranger for directions and tried to find your classroom, everybody must have filed into theirs without issue. In your despair, you start to sob uncontrollably, lonely as you are in the hallway with no one to turn to for help. Somewhere underneath your helplessness is a very restrained, dull feeling of ecstasy that you can’t explain, but it does little to stop your tears. A few minutes later, the door behind you opens up. The woman that steps through immediately crouches next to you and takes you into her arms, which you readily press yourself into.

“What’s wrong, sweetheart? What do you have in your hand there?” Angling your wrist towards her, she reads the number off the piece of paper you’re still carrying.

“Is that your classroom?” she asks you, and you nod, still inconsolable at how wrong this first day is going so far. Like *okaasan*, the woman holds out her hand for you to grab and gets you to where you need to go. One of the doors you thought were classrooms actually just continues the hallway, which would have brought you to the second right turn, and consequently to the room you needed to go. That’s exactly where the nice lady leads you. She goes down to eye level with you again.

“Don’t worry, a lot of girls like you can’t find the way on their own, especially on the first day,” she correctly assumes that it’s your first. *“It’s completely normal. Now wipe those tears away, knock on the door and try to enjoy school, okay?”*

“Okay,” you agree, though you’re not sure that you will. As she suggested, you wipe your eyes with your favourite sweater, staining its sleeves a darker red than the rest of it. Knocking on the door like the nice lady said, you press down the handle and look inside the room. All the other children are already seated, and you evidently interrupted the teacher as she was saying something. It’s a very awkward situation, but the teacher luckily doesn’t seem to mind, waving you inside. You hurry in and quickly plop down on a chair to end this ordeal and blend in as soon as you can. Nobody seems to pay you any mind, and that’s just how you like it.

The first lesson is Japanese. You’re taught a few characters for a start. The teacher says the class will be slow for now, as it’s the first day of school, but will ramp up in pace. So far, you don’t mind that at all. Some of the characters look very similar, but you’re moving along well compared to your classmates. It helps that you already learned a couple back at the mansion—

Argh, there’s that discomfort again. For a few seconds, it feels like a toy of yours broke, or one of the children at the playground was destroying your sand castle. You must still be nervous about your first school day, more so than you thought. Anyway, where were you?

Right, reading. It helps that you already learned a few characters back at home. *Otosan* came home from work – pretty late, as usual – and almost fell into the sand-brown armchair in front of the TV. You joined him, and curiously inquired about the writing on the TV show. It's paying off now, as you can complete the tasks on time, and with few to no mistakes.

After first period, it's considerably easier to navigate the halls. Of course, if you're not sure where to go, you can always just follow your classmates, so that's probably not down to your improved orientation skills. Up next is maths, which is about as challenging as Japanese was, though it does seem more intuitive at first. Every teacher insists that the difficulty will ramp up, but that the first day of school is always more easy-going, just like the Japanese teacher said. Nonetheless, you're pretty exhausted by the time *okaasan* picks you up in the afternoon.

Naturally, your parents want to hear all about your first day at school. You skillfully omit the fact that you didn't find your room and had a very tough time dealing with it, instead focussing on your good performance in the classroom once you found your way. Your parents tell you how proud they are that you got through the day all on your own; and that they were worried you'd get nervous under the pressure. Throughout the day, you stay resolute and stick with your story. It feels a little bad to lie like that, but nobody gets hurt, right?

The hours fly by, until it's finally time to go to bed. Tomorrow, another day of school awaits. After that mishap today, you've settled down, and dearly hope you won't embarrass yourself again. With a stressful day like this behind you, there's no energy left to do anything but fall asleep immediately.

Dark shirt, black sweatpants. You're climbing through a window. The day of the heist. Shit, that seems like such a long time ago. That day changed everything. You lost Eric, you lost your freedom, you lost your life. Your identity, your masculinity. But... you haven't gone hungry since. You didn't have to steal from anybody. Not once. Maybe not everything that happened has been so bad; now you have a chance to leave a life of crime behind and have a fresh start.

The alarm clock blares through the room, crudely waking you up. Blindly, you swat at it until you find the snooze button. Ten minutes later, and the alarm does not relent. On the dot, it tries to shake you out of bed again, this time succeeding. You wipe your eyes to convince yourself you're not just dropping back and having another nap.

Before you stretches out the vast expanse of your tiny high school dorm. Boy group posters line your wall, while your half-open wardrobe presents a small selection of

clean school uniforms. In the corner of your desk, a shitty computer – or rather its bulky CRT screen – reflects some sunlight uncomfortably into your face.

You heave yourself out of bed, stretch out your arms, and slump against the bathroom door, which slowly gives way. Splashing some water into your face helps a lot. Once you're done brushing your teeth, the most extensive morning routine begins: make-up.

You don't use much. You're not a slut. But you do take heed to apply it very carefully. It's garnered you not only the attention of most boys in class, but also that of the girls. They constantly hound you for cosmetics advice. What brands to buy, what brushes to use, and whatever else plagues them. No matter how many of your secrets you give away, you're not worried they could ever outshine you. In the end, even with the best products, it's all down to technique, and a steady hand.

Usually, the boys are clueless. Sure, they see that you're wearing eyeliner, maybe even some lip gloss if it's one of those days you feel a bit needy. Other than that, they think the rest of it is all natural beauty. Well, it's not like they're wrong on that, but they're still so naive, sometimes you don't know whether you should just bask in the attention or laugh about it.

Still, you can't shake that anxiety that comes with small crowds. Standing out and being gawked at on a regular basis has helped you deal with it. Repeated bursts of confidence are a great tool for keeping a level head.

Classes, however, aren't. God, some of your teachers are annoying. Maybe make that all of them, actually. You're doing decently at school. Your grades should be good enough to get you into a respectable university, but they constantly hound you to study more for this or that subject. You try not to let it affect you, successfully for the most part. If you're doing this well without effort, why waste time studying?

Alright, let's get to class already. No need to get another sermon about the virtues of being on time. You put on your black cotton panties and matching bra. Your c-cup puppies were crying out for a bit of support since the moment you woke up, though you quite like letting them bounce in the mornings for a while. Next is your school-issue skirt which should be knee-length, but that can be improved by rolling down the top a little. Mid-thigh is a much better look for the summer, and much more comfortable in the heat as well.

It's harder to get around the flat shoes rule. The teachers are roaming the hallways just begging to find a heel, no matter how short. Same goes for the stockings. Don't dare putting on white ones, especially if they can be seen through only the slightest bit. So you pull on the black ones, like a good girl, and step into your boring, flat shoes of the same colour.

Up top, you're similarly limited. White blouse is mandatory, but you can choose between a tie and a bow tied around your neck. You usually go with the latter, and you think you'll stick with that choice today. Some guys like the boyish look of a tie on a woman, but that's never been your allure. Let other, more desperate girls fill that niche, you don't need it. On top of the blouse goes a vest or a blazer in most cases. The blazers look nicer, but they're death on hot days. In fact, it's so hot today that you

think you'll try your luck going without either. It's the one thing that you can gamble on and have a good chance of getting away with.

Grabbing your keys and bag, you hurry out the door, lock your room, and get to class as fast as you can. Took a lot of time picking out clothes, Suki... So what's first period again? It's either maths or history, which means you're in for a snoozefest anyway. Upon arriving – late, of course – you find it's history. The better alternative to be sure, but a silver lining barely worth mentioning. With some effort, you make it through the entire lesson awake, and without drawing attention from the teacher, though you get some from your classmates – the good kind. Only towards the end of class, as you're looking down at your table in boredom, do you notice why: Your run here has left you a little sweaty, which has an obvious effect on your blouse. It's only a light sheen, so not that noticeable, but already being the most sought after girl, this naturally gives the boys something to stare at.

Cheered up by recent events, you head to second period. English! Your lucky streak continues. you don't know why, but you've always been fairly proficient in English. That is, compared to the other students. If you compare yourself to the assistant teacher, who's a native speaker, the differences are clear as day. That's probably not a standard you should hold yourself to, at the meek age of 18, but you do long for a chance to really improve your foreign language skills. You wouldn't mind a chance to do just that with said assistant teacher, who looked oddly familiar when you first met him. He makes your heart flutter all the time, providing a more than effective distraction whenever you don't feel challenged enough by the lessons. Thanks to that, English classes always go by before you notice they started, tearing you away from the cute teacher and throwing you back into the daily slog of chemistry, geography and what have you. Weirdly, your crush is one of the few men on the staff who seems wholly unaffected by the pretty girls in class, such as yourself. Maybe that's part of his draw, but before you can ponder it further, you're torn away from him by that stupid, stupid bell.

To your amazement, you make it through the entire day without falling asleep once. Below thirty seconds counts as a daydream, right? Definitely not sleep. You don't have any clubs to attend today, so you get home early enough that the day isn't completely over yet. On your way back to the dorms, you're already planning out the rest of your day. First of all, one hour nap. Any more than that and you can't sleep at night. After that... skimming some of the homework so you can pretend you read it tomorrow, then finishing up with watching anime until you fall asleep for good. Yep, a decent plan. You're craving a new pair of shoes, but you've already got a few this month, and you only really have as much time as you would need for shopping properly on weekends. Besides, what good are they if you can't even wear them at school? Well... maybe you'll go on Saturday.

Entering your room, you find it looks much more of a mess than it did through your squinting, tired eyes this morning. You've never been one for homework, but housework... let's say you can't abide chaos in that regard. As tired as you are, not even the dreadful feeling of looking at this junkyard could deter you from your rightful nap, when something else catches your eye. One of your drawers has been left slightly open.

Staring back at you is your best little friend. Suddenly, your mind feels much more awake. “Alright,” you start to bargain with yourself, “I get this room looking presentable, but then I really deserve my reward.” It’s only fair.

Grabbing a scrunchie, you tie your hair back into a ponytail. Ready for some serious clean-up, you bustle around the room, tidying it step by step. First, you have to get all the obvious things out of the way. It takes a good half hour just to get the fresh laundry folded up nicely, and another ten minutes collecting all the future laundry on a pile. There’s enough to get a wash going, but you’ve got clean clothes to last you a few more days. Saves money. Next up, you decide your desk could use a proper scrubbing. Your aversion to homework comes in helpful here, since the table is completely free of clutter to start with. After the last wipe, your gaze drifts back to the drawer that’s smiling at you.

No. You’re not done yet. The floor’s still in urgent need of a vacuum cleaner and the bathroom wouldn’t suffer from a rendezvous with a sponge and bucket either. Sighing, you plug the vacuum into the outlet and start whipping it across the room at record speeds. The bathroom proves a little trickier. Your shelves are absolutely packed with moisturisers, lotions and all kinds of make-up, hindering a swift wipedown to call it a day. Arduously emptying and subsequently restacking the shelves after cleaning them easily costs you an hour, maybe more. When you’re finished, you’re sweatier than you were after your run to class this morning.

You’re about to collapse on your bed when that drawer starts calling out to you again. Almost skipped over your reward there, didn’t you? You make your way over and pull the drawer out to its full length. There he is. Your best little friend and his tiny brother, 8 inches and 6 inches long respectively. They obviously weren’t all that little compared to what you read about the national average, and in a pinch, your fingers are more than enough for you to have your reward, but what you heard about people abroad... Well, let’s say you wouldn’t mind some “cultural enrichment”.

For now, your friends have to do though. And in what miraculous shape they are today. Without another moment’s wait, you recline in your chair, give your best friend an anticipatory lick, and let him graze your panties. Oh my, these are soaked through. You must’ve enjoyed the attention of the boys in class a little more than you thought. Time to get rid of that soggy obstacle then. The panties land on the just vacuumed carpet with a quiet, wet squelching noise that you couldn’t care about less. You change your earlier plan slightly; let’s swap out your slice-of-life favourite for a harem themed show. Hmmm, that’s better. A strong man, surrounded by eager women. Cared for, loved. Satisfied.

Not delaying things further, you let your best friend do what he does best. He disappears in your needy pussy as you reach out for his partner in crime. After some feeling around the bed, you find something rubbery in your hand. There he is. Two inches shorter, but by no means inferior, he’s the perfect candidate for occupying your mouth, making the whole affair feel so much more debauched, despite you being in complete control. While Tiny is slipping back and forth through your lips, Little One reaches deep into your nethers, fucking you wildly.

You really needed this. The key to having steady hands every morning is seeing to your needs regularly. Every time another girl comes begging you for advice on how to look better for this or that boy, you have to hold back laughter. What are they getting so riled up about? The opinion of some high school boy? The drama going on around you never fails to amuse.

There's the type that fights her biology, pushing away all the interested boys in order to avoid temptation and potentially faltering. Their pent up libidos are visible in every interaction they have with the other sex, as rare as those are. Shifting pitch in their voice, stepping from one leg onto the other, evading any gaze that lasts longer than half a second... It's painfully obvious to you, a memory from a less enlightened time in your life.

The other type has a boyfriend to practice how long they can hold his interest without putting out. They're aware that their virginity is precious, but too dumb to figure out kissing won't sate their needs, nor their boyfriends'. So they dance around each other for weeks, sometimes months, until the guy realises it's not going anywhere and inevitably leaves. Not only do these girls waste their time, they only fan the flames of their desire by spending time close to boys they presumably find attractive.

Look at you instead. There's no man who could claim to have had sex with you and provide sufficient proof, because not one of them has. Yet you are completely satisfied, and not the slightest bit tempted by some high school boy. You're in for the long haul. These school relationships don't set you up for life. They don't set you up for anything, except disappointment. Meanwhile, you're continuously looking your best, laying the foundation for when things get serious. Not too long from now, you should graduate. As soon as you do, anything can happen. No more school uniforms that make you look like a kid, albeit one in fetishistically charged clothing. Always looking your best means attracting the cream of the crop. Then, and only then, will you even consider cashing in the chip that is your "untouched" flower.

On the subject of complete satisfaction, you're currently struggling to keep your voice down. The phase of a building orgasm is always the most dangerous, when you're both aroused and your body still somewhat functional. Just a little further and you made it. just a little...

...and there it is. Your hips buck on their own, the rest of your body is sharing in one mind- blowing shudder. You never understood the women who cry out loud right as they cum in some of the porno you watched. It's probably just an act for their audience. When you orgasm, you don't have the self-control, nor the energy to produce anything except a low purr. This was a good one, too. Far surpasses the original plan you had for today.

Damn, where were your thoughts going during your little reward though? You always get so catty and competitive when you play with your friends, happens every time. It's amazing what a peaking climax can do for your confidence. You wonder where those thoughts come from, when you're usually rather withdrawn and shy. Sure, you get looks for your beauty wherever you go, but you rarely engage people if they don't

talk to you first. It's probably just the rush of emotions, the heat of the moment that does this to you. You're like a different person under the sheets.

It's got pretty dark outside. You head into the bathroom to get rid of your make-up for the day. You might have stained the sheets already, lying face first in them, no need to make it worse.

Coming back from the bathroom, you realise the mess you made right after you had brought some order back to your dorm. Some of your make-up *did* get smeared into the sheets, and just where your groin met the bed, a huge stain was left behind. Worst of all, you forgot putting away your two friends, leaving them out in plain sight. You bite your lip, glancing at the clock. 10:30 PM.

Enough time. You'll have some damn steady hands tomorrow morning.

You're wearing a dark shirt, and black sweatpants. They feel rough and uncomfortable on your body. What are you... You're climbing up a shed, and entering a window. Are you breaking into this house? Yes, yes you are. There you go, emptying cases of jewellery and whatever you can get your hands on. Why are you dreaming of something so vile? Sure, you're not exactly being honest about some of your more... private urges, but stealing is on another level completely! You'd never do something like this... right?

What is this place?

Just as you reach the clearing, you can look into a little valley. Square in the middle of it is an enormous mansion. It looks like it belongs in a fairy tale, really. It's *so* huge! You hadn't expected anyone to live all the way out here, especially in a house like that. There's nothing else as far as you can see, except more trees and hills. Every instinct tells you that it's a bad idea to walk up to a place like that, but an inexplicable curiosity takes hold of you. There are people walking across the gardens and the pathways, so it's definitely not deserted. And if they have that many people living there, it can't be a terrible place, can it?

Cautiously making your way down the hill, grabbing onto trees for support, you soon stand in front of the open gate. It is an undoubtedly luxurious place, like you've never seen before. The hedges are impeccably trimmed, the flowers arranged expertly, the grass flatter, more evenly cut than paper. The buildings amazingly crafted, intricately detailed, yet not entirely unnatural, as evidenced by the vines that enclose one of them. Beyond the gardens and the architecture, there's something more incredibly beautiful, though.

The women. They're hurrying about the premises, all wearing gorgeous dresses and unwavering smiles. Two of them are walking away from you side-by-side, showing off their almost identical posture. Every step is taken in unison, in harmony. They have perfect balance on heels that most women would find precariously high, all while doing physical labour of some kind or another.

Almost unconsciously, you take a step forward, completely unaware that you're currently trespassing on private property. None of the women seem to mind, their smiles remain as permanent as you took them in two minutes ago. Now that you see them up close, you can identify their uniforms better. They resemble a French Maid's uniform, which remind you of some of the porn you used to watch in your dorm room. Not quite as sexual as in the movies, but still pretty damn revealing. They're beautiful, entrancing, utterly stunning.

Before you know it, being greeted and distracted from all directions, in all kinds of languages, you're standing in front of the main entrance to what seems to be the mansion itself. You'd never planned to actually enter the premises in the first place. All you wanted was a bit of a closer look. Nobody's upset about you being here, though, so they must be used to visitors. Of course they would, they have to know how unique this place looks from outside. Just turning around and leaving might actually look weirder at this point. Why not go in and see what this place is all about? Curiosity has got the better of you, and the women seem very friendly.

Just as you're about to push open the massive double door, one side swings back on its own, allowing you entry. A gorgeous, tan amazon opened the door, dressed almost the same as the girls outside. She shows no sign of surprise to see you there, as if she'd been expecting you.

"Buon giorno, signora. Entra, entra!" she urges you inside.

You don't understand a word of what she's saying, but her waving you in is pretty universally understandable. Just now you realise you hadn't greeted back any of the welcoming maids outside in your amazement, and you nearly forgot to thank this one, too. In passing, you bow hurriedly to reciprocate her apparent greeting and are stopped as soon as you turn around again.

A tall man appears before you, with muscular arms pressing through his white shirt, and a hint of impressive pecs hidden under a black vest. His legs as thick as tree trunks, he towers over you, your eyes barely meeting his shoulders in terms of height. Poking out of his sleeves, you see some brown hair growing on his pale arms, with the same shade of hair being cropped short on his head. His expression is not quite as jovial as that of the female inhabitants of this estate, instead much more aggressively confident, almost smug, yet inviting and friendly enough. In short, you're intrigued by this man to the point of running out of adjectives before he's spoken a single word.

"Welcome to Wolf Manor," he greets you formally, almost stilted, "who might you be?"

"Hello," you utter your first word since trespassing here, and it betrays your foreignness immediately. "I'm Suki."

“Very nice to meet you, Suki,” the man stays polite. “I’m Marcus. I’m sorry, but I don’t think you have an appointment today, do you?”

“Oh no,” you admit. “No appointment. I just... I saw big house and beautiful garden, so I...”

Your voice drifts off as another maid walks by. She could stand to lose a pound or two in your opinion, but you’ve seen men lust after her body type on occasion. What’s inarguable is the immaculate state of her dress. Try as you might, you can’t find a single crease in there, now that she’s standing still. You reach out and let the fabric run through your fingers. It’s like they have a mind of their own, you can’t help yourself. The girl doesn’t seem to mind.

“Ya like it?” she asks, laughing at your fascination with the exquisite dress. “Do you?”

Marcus chimes in. He shakes you out of your trance.

“*S-sumimasen!*” you snap your hand back, bowing in apology. “Excuse me,” you translate nervously. “It... it is very nice dress. It look expensive.” You’re not lying; you’re pretty confident in your fashion sense, and for an outfit to fit so neatly and be so finely made, you estimate you’d easily lose 100,000 yen considering the quality of material, craftsmanship and sheer amount of pieces necessary to create such an elaborate, beautiful costume.

“Would you like one?” Marcus offers out of the blue. You’re surprised by that sudden offer. “*Ano...* how much?” you ask for a price.

“For free,” Marcus shocks you again. “Well, not exactly free. But no money needed. Our employees are provided with clothes that are adequate for their job. As you can see, our maids are all wearing custom-fitted work outfits. We used to just buy them cheap, but we recently added a seamstress to our ranks. You could get your uniform fitted within the hour, provided you’re willing to sign a work contract.”

This man is bombarding you with elegant speech that you struggle to make sense of right away. If you understood him correctly, he’s offering you a job as a maid. The clothes would be free, you think? If so, there has to be some kind of catch.

“I work here,” you summarise, “and I get nice dress. Zero dollars?” “Zero dollars,” Marcus repeats.

“How long I need to work?”

“Ah, we’re getting into details now,” Marcus waves you off, which makes you instantly suspicious. “Let’s discuss the specifics in my office. You can get all the details in writing, too. Follow me,” he orders more than he suggests, turning around without a response from you. People in this country are rather crude, you find, but quickly follow behind to avoid causing offense. His arrogance secretly excites you, actually.

Inside, you're met with a surprisingly small office, compared to the vast expanse of the manor. It's still larger than any room you ever lived in, that's for sure. Bookshelves line the wall to the right, stacked top to bottom. There are no windows, so all the light in the room streams in from the door, aided by an old-looking lamp that stands in the corner opposite you. Walking around a sturdy, polished desk, Marcus drops into a light brown armchair that you recognise from somewhere... in front of a TV, maybe? Anyway, Marcus offers you a seat on a chair at the other side of the table.

"Here you go," he pushes a towering stack of papers over to you. "That'd be the work contract. You wouldn't be paid in cash, you'd receive room, board, and, as previously mentioned, a wardrobe. You can either read that whole thing, or ask me some questions if you have any before signing it." You're wary of how fast he's trying to move this along. It's almost like he's nervous, which doesn't do much to inspire trust, nor does it suit his earlier confidence. He hasn't even answered your original question yet.

"How long I need to work?" you reiterate with the subtlest hint of impatience.

"6 AM to 10 PM. If you mean the minimum term before you can quit... it's permanent," he declares, his nervousness seemingly at its peak.

"*Purr-mah...*?" you can't follow.

"Oh, sorry," he apologises sincerely. "It means it's open-ended. You become part of the family here, so we wouldn't want to see you leave prematurely... too early. You'd be here forever."

Forever? You've never heard of something like that! Is that possible over here? In contrast to his earlier trepidation, Marcus looks very sure of himself in that statement at least. It doesn't look like this is a joke. But before you dismiss it... prematurely, you want to know the basics. You haven't heard yet what you're expected to do on this job at all.

"So what will be my duties?"

"Obviously, you would be a maid," Marcus explains. "A housekeeper. As such, you'd take care of the various things that come up in an average household, and some of those that are a little different on a huge estate like this. I'm sure you saw the size of the garden. Obviously, that requires a great amount of helping hands to keep in shape. Other than that, there's things like laundry, doing dishes, cleaning rooms, dusting, cooking, you know... things like that."

"Hmm," you ponder. "I don't understand. Where your money come from?"

Perhaps it's a bit too personal a question, but you seem to have struck a nerve. Marcus is looking a little sweaty again.

"Oh, uhh... right, the money. We... we offer to do some of those services for other people. They send us their dirty clothes, we wash them and send them back. But, um, of course that only works for laundry. So... it sort of works like a hotel, you know? People don't really fill up the rooms that often. And when they do, out here, they don't

stay in their rooms too long, but would rather see some nature. That's why you're not seeing any guests today."

That doesn't make much sense. All of them are out? Every single one? And if the rooms are rarely booked, you still don't know how he's paying for this huge mansion. You don't think you ever heard of millionaires that got filthy rich by running a laundry, and renting out one or two rooms when they feel like it.

"That is all?" you prod him further.

"Well... there is one more thing," Marcus finally budes. "The maids service our guests when they stay here."

"Service?" You can't put that sentence together. Isn't "service" a noun? "Yes... sexually service," he elaborates. Oh... you know that word.

You have a hard time feigning surprise. Even your young, innocent mind drifted directly to porn when you first laid eyes on the outfits the employees get to wear here, and you're a girl. You can only imagine the reaction of the horny guy who sees these bombshells in their fetish costumes for the first time. But back to the point. They make their money through prostitution, at least in part. It's far less surprising than laundry, that's for sure.

"I have to make sex with guest?" you ask just to be clear.

"Yes... no!" Marcus can't decide. "You never have to do... that with anyone you don't want to. Our maids work for us because they want to. They have insatiable libidos... umm... very strong sexual urges," he simplifies it for you, "and they enjoy their work greatly. I'm sure you saw earlier how easily you got on the premises. That works both ways. If they wanted to, they could simply walk out. It hasn't happened once since we started this business. You're free to ask around, I won't stop you. Anytime you want out, you're out. No questions asked. But I assure you that you won't want that."

So the contract is per... permanent, but you can leave anytime you want. The guests who stay here are rarely in their rooms because they want to see nature, but most of them stay here for fucking, presumably in their rooms. This business runs mostly on prostitution, *and* the maids are the ones who provide sex, *but* you don't have to have sex with anyone. What? He's not making any sense! It's true though, that there seems to be no security at all. If you wanted to, it looks like you *could* just walk out of here. If they were dangerous, they probably would've pounced on you already. Or they would even if you declined the contract. And if you're honest, there's just something about the idea of committing your life to this that excites you at a very basic, primitive level.

Living here, working here... it does call out to you. Your parents weren't too happy when they heard you planned to study abroad for a semester, to put it mildly. It'd be all too easy to call them, saying that you found work here and plan to stay. If you're honest, you never felt that connected to your parents. It's weird, you'd never had any big issues with them, and you have a few fond memories of life with them during primary school, but they never felt close to you somehow.

The university would be much easier to deal with. Give them a call, say you quit, fill out a form or two, and you're good. You've still graduated high school if anything should happen, and your studies weren't really going anywhere, admittedly. You hardly even remember what you were majoring in.

Looking around this place and imagining yourself as one of the busy maids among dozens of them gives you a tremendous tingling in your crotch. The very thought excites you. How pleasurable will going through with it feel? You have a feeling you'll need to bring out your best friends to steady your hands later tonight.

"I do it," you blurt out impulsively. "You do what?" Marcus is baffled. "The job. I do it. Where to sign?"

For half a minute, you don't get a response. Then, Marcus starts rifling through the barrage of papers until he finally finds the right one, with a dotted line at the bottom. Your arousal shows through in the rather scraggly, unaesthetic signature, but that's hardly relevant. You are a maid now.

"I can see the excitement on your face," Marcus continues after stowing the heap of papers somewhere. "You want your outfit, don't you?"

He's right about that. Impatiently, you nod, and rapidly take the hand of the tanned goddess that let you into the building earlier, and now leads you through the mansion. Everything is very straight, almost rigidly at 90 degree angles with little room for extravagant flourishes, which seems at odds with housing of this calibre, nor does it inspire a very historical ambiance. Normally, you'd think a pompous manor like this is passed down generations, dating back at least a hundred years. You're no architect, but you'd be surprised if this one is older than fifty.

Nonetheless, there's no denying that she's a beauty. That goes double for her inhabitants. How could all these women be so gorgeous? Did they go through a modelling agency to hire most of them? You're actually afraid you're going to go under in a sea of such perfection. Their skin is what gets you most. There's not a blemish on any of them, not a single visible pore. They're dolls, is what they are, only prettier and more human.

"Here we are," the tall, joyful lady now tells you in English, "hope you enjoy new clothes. See you later, *cara*."

With that she takes off. You're left in front of a door where you will likely begin as well as complete your transformation into a maid. You must be crazy. You're pledging yourself to this man you met thirty minutes ago, even resigning yourself to prostitution, no matter how hard he tried to deny it. And yet, your fingers are still buzzing in titillation when they turn the heavy doorknob.

"*Goede dag*," the woman inside greets you in a language you don't know. How do people communicate here?

However they do it, you should find out soon. For now, you're met with a woman that you could easily miss in a sea of maids. She checks off all the items. Somewhere

in her twenties, perfect skin – though she is surpassed slightly by her colleagues in that regard, you think – friendly demeanour, and of course wearing a maid uniform. Hers is a curious design, yet very skimpy, looking like it could come off with a mild gust of wind. The top is just one string going behind her neck, hanging over her shoulders, then crossing and widening over her breasts, before going behind her back again, around her waist and connecting to a flimsy skirt that you could probably look under even if she were standing up. At the moment, she's sitting on a stool in front of a sewing machine, working away at a skirt, or at least she was a second ago. Now she's assessing her work, occasionally shooting very brief glances at you.

"Hello... umm... I am new maid, haah~" A quiet moan escapes you at the end of that sentence, and your pussy twitches wildly underneath your clothes. You're a maid now. Another jolt of pleasure. You're a maid. Yet another burst of excitement. You didn't think you'd be affected this much by the mere thought. This is going to be fun.

"Right, new girl," she hardly looks up at you, but at least speaks English. "Take a... sheat and give me a moment. Working on a new dejign, that'sh what the machine ish for. Normally, I do it by hand." The seamstress is distant and cold, but looks at you almost with pity at times. She seems as nervous as Marcus.

For a minute, you're left to take in the room. It's true, the dresses you saw looked amazing. Could it be that they were hand-sewn? It'd explain how they turned out so perfect. If that's the case, then this lady is incredibly talented. True to her word, it doesn't take her more than a moment to turn her attention back to you.

"Shtand up and come over here, pleaje," she directs you to the centre of the atelier. "I'm going to take your meajurements firsh. I actually have a dresh almosht ready to go. Becauje you're new, we'll make some... nesheshary adjushtmentsh," not the most flattering choice of words, given her odd accent, "and it should fit you perfectly fine. Give it shome time here, and you'll get a dejign of your own, if you want to."

That's more than a fair arrangement in your eyes. Actually, it's more than that, since you never expected to be allowed commissioning new outfits entirely, no matter how long you serve here. It's a very enticing offer.

In the present, the seamstress gets ready to work on you, no matter how far into the future you are currently thinking. Her touches are very determined, and sometimes a little intimate, but she's clearly a professional. There is some hesitation shining through at times, though. Still, you've had your measurements taken at a handful of stores, and none of them were this quick about it.

The next part takes a bit longer though. The woman went back to her table, jotted down some notes, and then started working away at this piece of clothing, then another. You hadn't worn a single thread yet, and already she's making adjustments like a one-woman factory. All hesitation is gone when she's working at her table. Perhaps she prefers garments to people, you joke inwardly. Probably an hour later, you're shaken by two firm hands.

"Wake up, new girl," the seamstress chastises you with very little threat in her voice. "Try thish on."

In her hand is a maid's outfit, complete with heels and accessories. You almost don't dare touch such fine work, but eventually lay it out on a nearby table. Okay, so... wait, try it on? Here? The lady makes no move to show you a changing room.

"Come on, get on wish it! I'll probably have to adjust some more," she pushes you.

"G-gomen... is there room to change clothes?" you ask.

Her reaction comes completely out of left field, though she does pause for a moment, looking to the side as if asking permission of somebody you can't see. Then, in one swift motion, she grabs the strings covering her breasts, and pulls them sideways more forcefully than you thought the fabric could handle. In the same breath, she turns around and shakes her very visible ass, sending the tiny skirt above flying. She turns to face you again.

"Shweetie, you better get used to showing off the goods. We're all shishers here," follows the rather awkward lesson from her. She's clearly not used to the role of a teacher.

Given that you resigned yourself to the prospect of prostitution earlier, there's really no reason to resist this request, though you can't deny it's making you a bit uncomfortable. Just putting the scenery out of your mind, you shed one piece of clothing after another until you're completely naked in front of this stranger. The new outfit goes on much quicker than the old one went off, sparing you extended embarrassment.

Your first instinct is to reach for the underwear, to cover your most intimate bits first. The panties are a comfortable, but sexy white fabric. Their cut is relatively modest considering the outfits you've seen so far. Given that these women pretty much belong to the sex trade, you were half-expecting something crotchless or with some silly gimmick. A matching bra covers your breasts, though it's more like a bikini top than two actual cups. As it is, it provides little support, but looks and feels great. Both of the white stockings with the black bow at the top go up your legs easily, reaching halfway up your thigh. They, too, are a bit more modest than what you saw earlier, only showing off your tan legs a little bit through the soft material. Neat little details come in the form of black-and-white lace wristcuffs, matching the colour theme overall as well as the choker, which looks and feels a lot like a wider, bigger version of the cuffs for your neck. The headpiece is very similar too, sitting snugly in your hair.

Lastly, you take the dress in your hands. This is supposed to be one of their worse, pre-made outfits? In your entire wardrobe, you can't think of even one piece of clothing made of fabric this fine and soft. It seems like it could melt in your hands as you're holding it. Before it does, you raise it over your head, getting your ponytail out of the way conveniently, and drop it over your shoulders. Never have clothes fit you so comfortably. The dress has two spaghetti straps, holding it up over your shoulders, running right over the straps of your bra. It shows off some cleavage, before hugging your soft but thin stomach, eventually flaring out slightly into a skirt mere inches below your hips. You're denied a look in the mirror when you notice the dress had hidden two more accessories on the table.

First comes a leather corset, to your surprise. Apparently you're meant to wear this over the dress. Marcus must have a fetish for this kind of thing, because you can't think of another reason not to wear it underneath the dress. Lacing it is sort of tough, but your nimble fingers have an easier time with it than most people would.

Then follows a white apron. Tiny, but large enough to hide most of the corset from the front. How does that fit in with your corset fetish narrative? It sure is an odd outfit, yet has enough accessories and details that you can't imagine it's been put together at random. Before you're truly complete, you step into the shined black five inch stilettos that have been placed beneath the table.

Aching for a mirror, you're less-than-politely pushed over to one, allowing you a look at the newest maid in the mansion. By god, you didn't know you could be this beautiful. And you were damn gorgeous when you came in. The costume fits you like... well, like it was tailored to your form, which is pretty much what it is. From the front, despite your below average endowment compared to the competition around here, your cleavage is a sight to behold; that bikini top is more effective than you gave it credit, now that all the pieces are in place.

Excitedly, you turn around, stretching your neck to get a look at your form from another angle. If anything, this sight is even more impressive than the first. Your skirt is so prohibitively short that even a composed walk would doubtlessly expose enough of your "thigh" to get thrown out of most public places back home. You also have to rescind the statement that the corset is out of place at all. From behind, it's doing wonders for your posture, curving it alluringly, and thereby forcing you to push out your chest more, which would explain the magnificence of your cleavage as well. Clearly, this outfit was designed very deliberately for Marcus to love. You're quite taken with it yourself.

Once you've had a minute to revel in the moment, you're sharply dragged away from the mirror again. The seamstress has other plans.

"All wrong. Nothing fitsh right," she mumbles angrily, while her hands are pushing and pulling at a rapid pace. "That'sh what happensh when you meajure wish clojes on, shtupid girl."

She reaches over to grab needles of all shapes to stick into different parts of the costume, adjusting their fit. More than once she hits some skin, which earns you nothing but a reprimand for moving about too much. For hours, she's working away at the outfit that already suits you better than anything you wore in your 18 years on this planet, and yet she's not content with the result. It feels like you're a bride getting her wedding dress tailored, and given that you'll probably meet Marcus after this, the comparison might not be off by much. The first encounter with your new master as his servile maid... the idea renders your pussy awash with pleasure and eagerness. But that excitement only lasts so long. After hours of being twirled around like a doll, you're nearly asleep when the seamstress' voice pipes up again.

"Hmm... good enough, I guess," she says unenthusiastically. Looking down at yourself, you don't know what she's so upset about. It's hard to see from this angle, but you'd call it a definite improvement. Before, the outfit enhanced your assets, now it

conforms to them absolutely perfectly, stuck to you like a second skin. You wonder if you're going to get out of it again.

Suddenly, the door swings open without announcement. Though not loud or violent, it's startling to be sure. Marcus comes in, and upon raising his gaze, looks as surprised as you.

"Oh, uh... sorry girls, I definitely didn't expect you to still be going at it. Then again, I should've known better than to think you'd be finished before dark, right Jasmijn?"

"R-right, Mashter... hehe," she laughs nervously, her already porous facade of authority crumbling when faced with this man. And he's here to fetch you. Where will you go? What will be the next stage of your induction?

"You look absolutely breath-taking, Suki," he compliments you.

You're not even sure what to say. Your English lessons didn't quite prepare you for a situation like this. So you just blush and bow to Marcus in gratitude. You do feel flattered, and somewhat embarrassed by the straightforward compliment, but underneath the girly exterior, he only confirmed what you already knew. You *do* look hot, in this dress especially.

"And thanks for your help," Marcus turns to the seamstress, who you just learned is called Jasmijn. "You did a marvelous job, to nobody's surprise."

She, similarly, can't muster a response and instead digs her toes into the ground like a schoolgirl and grins like an idiot. You hope you didn't look like that. Well, it is kind of cute, you suppose.

"Alright, Suki. I think you're all done here. Let me show you around and explain some of the rules," Marcus asserts, then turns around and leaves, not bothering to wait for a reply. He simply expects you to follow orders, even if they sound like suggestions, so you hop out the room quickly to catch up to him, only briefly turning around to bow to Jasmijn another time.

"It's very simple," Marcus explains already, two steps outside the atelier. "You are assigned a schedule and you follow the duties as laid out on it. If it says 'gardening' you work in the garden, if it says 'laundry', you work there. If you ever have questions about where something is or what you need to do on a job, you ask your sisters. If they can't help you, you ask me. We'll get you a phone tomorrow. That'll make those things a lot easier."

You both go through the large main entrance to the mansion, stepping onto the footpath leading to the front gate and the vine-encased smaller building nearby.

"You will address me only as 'Master'. Do you understand what that means?" Oh, you didn't expect your input to be required.

"*H-hai*. Is just like in my..." you hesitate. Your what? Your harem anime? Maybe omit that factoid. "I know what means. Is like *goshujin-sama*, ne?"

"That's right," he confirms. Whoa, how does he know? "Masuta, you know Japanese?" you ask, excited.

“Ah, I picked up a few words from a very good friend,” He waves it off, smiling.

Huh, those are some pretty specific words he learned! But nevermind that, it'll be useful if you ever struggle with English. Master goes on talking.

“Other than that, there's not much to worry about here. That's part of the draw for many of the girls. You can just let yourself go and enjoy it as long as you follow our simple rules.”

He turns the corner right to the other building you saw earlier. Looks like you're headed into the fortress of vines. It gives off an almost spooky vibe from outside, though the interior looks much more pleasant. Masuta points at something far in the back.

“That over there is going to be your room. Don't worry, we'll have a more thorough introduction tomorrow. We have just one last thing to talk about, which is that very room you'll be staying in. It's a bit... unusual, you'll find. Those vines you saw outside? When it's time to go to bed, they'll come out and encase you. I know that sounds crazy, and scary, but it's not as bad as you think.”

The brief pause makes you realise how incredulous you must look. After too much waiting, you hold your hand in front of your mouth and chuckle politely, but Master doesn't reciprocate. He was serious. What did you get yourself into?

“I'll come along tonight. It's close to 10 PM, so it won't take long. The vines clean you and keep your body in shape. Quite amazing, really. Don't worry, all the girls here sleep in them and nothing ever went wrong. And I'll be right at your side to check on you. You want to have a look?”

“Okay...” you comply quietly. You're starting to regret your decision.

Entering your room, your fears are thrust aside for the time being. It looks perfectly normal at first glance. You have a nice, large bed, and a wardrobe with a big mirror outside. Then there's a vanity dresser with a remarkable amount of choices for make-up. Of course, it sports another three mirrors, showing your face from the front and both sides. Very useful! You wanted to get one of these for you don't know how long. To the side, there's even a little bathroom of your own. It beats college and high school dorms, that's for sure.

“You don't have a lot of time,” Master warns you ominously. “Put away your clothes into the wardrobe and lie down on the bed.”

“Naked?” you ask, knowing the answer. Master nods... Might as well go two for two.

You start untying your apron, but find you don't feel any need to make haste. In fact, seeing His eyes set firmly on your body is almost encouraging you to take your time. Once you have the apron off, you turn towards him.

“*Goshujin-sama...* could you make the laces loose, please?” you ask, running your hands over the corset and your waist.

He doesn't need to be asked twice. Approaching you, He wraps his strong hands around your tiny waist, quickly pulling you towards Him. You're balancing

precariously on your tall heels, but at the same time are held perfectly held still by His muscular arms. One of His hands is removed from your waist and you feel some light tugging on the corset. A minute later, He spreads the two sides, allowing you some more breathing room. You can probably get out of it by yourself now. As He retreats back to where He just stood, His hand rolls down from your waist and over your firm ass. He didn't just brush it by accident. He wanted you to feel Him, and not just through your clothes.

You raise your dress over your head, leaving you with just your underwear, accessories and your shoes. The next logical step would probably to get out of these heels, but you don't think it'll hurt your relationship at all if you choose a more exciting order. Reaching behind, you unclasp your bra, letting it drop to the floor. You hook your thumbs into your thong, pull it down to your knees, taking care to bend over doing it as much as you can, and then wiggle your hips left and right to let the panties fall to the ground as well. You turn around to face Master.

"How I compare to other maids, Masuta?" you ask, grinning deviously. You can't believe how much control you have in this dream.

"You'll fit in..." He responds, clearly stunned by either your body, or your demeanour.

There you stand, wearing just the wristcuffs, your headpiece, the choker, stockings and five inch heels. All of it entirely useless, impractical clothing. The hottest kind.

With a delightful boost to your confidence, you turn back towards the wardrobe and continue disrobing. The rest of it comes off much more quickly than unwieldy pieces like your corset. You wouldn't want to keep Master waiting. He mentioned that there's not much time until these "vines" come out. Probably best not to think about it and just catch some sleep.

Actually... now that you stand in front of the bed, you do note the curious lack of bedding. No blanket, no pillow, nothing. Compared to the excessive luxury of your surroundings, that is uncanny. Nonetheless, you lie down on the barren mattress. You look up at the clock. 9:59 PM, almost like it was planned. It switches over seconds after you checked it. No magical plants anywhere. Maybe this is just one big haunted house? If so, it's pretty boring for the most part, but they have fantastic costumes.

Just then, something prods your calf. You squeak involuntarily. It was wet. Now, contact on the other side, a little higher on your leg. There is something long, green, with some leaves on it! It's creeping up on you, pushing closer. You look over at Master, visibly frightened, you're sure.

"Relax, Suki," He tells you, not helping at all. "I told you they'd come. Now you see I wasn't lying. Trust me then when I told you they won't harm you."

He did say nothing would go wrong. It's hardly consolation when you're met with something so clearly unnatural. Supernatural, even. By now, the vines have strategically taken hold of your wrists and ankles, ensuring that you won't escape. Being restrained does little to calm your nerves, but so far, the green mass is

encroaching on your body peacefully. It doesn't hurt, though you wouldn't call it comfortable yet either. Before long, your entire body is painted leaf green. The vines pull your legs apart and stretch your arms out in 90 degree angles to your torso. It's not what you'd call a natural sleeping position.

Your last remaining hope was that they would be finished right there. With your entire body covered, they achieved what they wanted, right? Wrong. Not even stopping at your hair, the vines gulp down your head whole, forming a big bubble that slowly tightens until it makes contact with your face, and then inches closer some more. You have a feeling you're going to run out of air, but in reality, your lungs were never constricted in the slightest. You were just panicking. Now that the vines have settled, your breathing slows from its frantic pace and you start to feel more at ease. What is this place?

"Suki, can you hear me?" Master ask from outside. You're not sure how to respond. "If you do, just make some noise, you should be able to."

"HMMMMMMMM!" you squeak.

"Good. I hope you're not mad, but new recruits never believe when I tell them about the vines. I tried. Anyway, you made it through the worst part. You'll notice them squeezing your body a little, moving around you. That's part of the cleaning process. Some girls even said it feels nice, like somebody embracing them at night. How you feel about it I'll leave up to you. All you really need to do now is keep your eyes closed and let your mind take a break. Just like regular sleep. Are you okay?" You pause briefly, trying and failing to sigh.

"Hmmm," you squeak more calmly.

"Relieved to hear that. I'll leave you alone now. I promise you'll be fine. Give it a week and you won't want to go without it. Good night, Suki."

You hear some footsteps, and then a closing door. It's surprising how much you can hear, given that you're completely blind in this state. Maybe Master is right, and there really isn't anything to do but fall asleep. You wouldn't mind. After such a long day, you're hopeful that you'll get some rest quickly...

The night is pitch black. You're hunched over, jogging across a garden. Your clothes are chafing as you climb a sort of garage or shed. Looking down, you see you're wearing a dark shirt and black sweatpants. Baggy. Dirty. Why would you ever pick out something like this, ew. Wait, what's happening now? The person who ran in front of you is breaking in through the window. And you're following right behind him! Now that you think about it, you didn't even see your boobies when you looked down. The shirt is baggy, but not *that* baggy. It explains some things about the situation though. How would you climb into a place like this with your thin arms, even if you wanted to? This must be a dream. And what a weird one. You're really starting to lose it, Suki...

“...she signed it!” an excited male voice pipes up. “I know,” an older voice responds.

“She signed it!” the first voice repeats. “I saw the screen, junior.”

“Nobody’s signed the contract in the first iteration before!”

“You keep telling me things I already know,” the old voice crows. “I’m afraid a virtual contract won’t do you any good.”

“I know it’s not real, dad,” the younger male voice concedes. “Well, even if it were, that sort of contract would do nothing—”

“I understand,” the young cuts off the old, “this isn’t a legal argument. But compare this to the others. She signed it, no problem. Any other girl, even Angelina refused. That must account for something.”

“We don’t know that,” the old voice cautions.

You’re barely conscious. Your head is swimming, the whole world is turning, as little as you can see of it. There’s just some swirling colours ahead of you, only worsening your dysphoria. Still, through the haze, you manage to make out the voice. That was Conrad who just spoke.

“It could mean something. It could mean absolutely nothing,” he goes on. Why do you feel like every hole in your body is plugged up by something?

“How did I do?” a girly voice cuts in, sounding almost as woozy as you feel.

“You did a fine job,” Conrad praises her. “For somebody so new to our family, you adapted very well to the challenge.”

“Complete agreement,” the young male voice chimes in again. You know it holds some special significance. “There are some quirks to iron out, but for a first try, that was great, Jasmijn.” Oh, so that’s the girl’s name. You’re pretty sure you know her, but these colours are so distracting... As soon as the words register in your head, they go back out. It’s hard to make connections like this.

“Tough words,” Conrad chuckles. “For a moment, your knees looked so shaky I had a mind to lend you my wheelchair.”

“It’s a big occasion,” the younger voice justifies itself.

“I think this thing is giving me a headache,” the girl notes. What was her name again?

“Aww, sweetie,” the young man consoles her. “I’m sorry, but it’ll be a long night. We’ll run through the basics at least another three times before we mix in some of the advanced scenarios. I don’t want to risk failure.”

“Okay...” the girl capitulates. “I guess I just don’t like acting all mean.”

“Don’t worry,” the young voice says soothingly, “you weren’t being mean at all. Cold? Sure, a little bit. But first and foremost, you were assertive, and confident. You’d be surprised how many men love a woman who takes charge from time to time.”

“Hmm,” she ponders this briefly. “Could that be why Greg left...?” she mumbles to herself. “What was that?”

“Oh, nothing. Nothing, I just said it’s kind of hard, you know,” she waves off.

“That’s okay, nevermind that, pumpkin. You’re doing a terrific job. You’ll get used to your new personality in time. All the girls did.” Is that... Marcus speaking?

Suddenly, some machine noises fill the room. It’s like an alarm clock, only more annoying in your current state. The blaring, grating sounds catch the attention of the speakers as well.

“Looks to me like somebody opened the Chamber,” the old voice scolds.

“Shit, I must’ve bumped into the lid,” the younger one scrambles to correct its mistake.

There is a small jolt, and as suddenly as they appeared, the noises vanish. The voices are still there, but they’re very faint, almost inaudible now.

“...put...back in...” one of them seems to say, “run... day and night...”

There’s a response, but you don’t care. Oh! Did the colours just stop? You look closer, but you can’t tell whether they’re moving. It’s like an optical illusion from up close. You push your head back into the soft lining of wherever you are. No, not far enough. You squint your eyes, then blink a few times. Still nothing. You do note that you’re quite tired. Maybe... maybe if you got some sleep?

“Wake up, Suki-chan.”

Somebody’s telling you to get up. You wipe your eyes and try to get the sleep out of you, but it’s hard. Looking up, there’s *okaasan* standing next to you, smiling down. Oh, you remember this day! It’s your first day of school! You couldn’t sleep all night, that’s how excited you were.

In the end, things turned kind of sour. You have to inwardly chuckle, thinking about how lost you were in that hallway. You were bawling your eyes out just because you were too shy to try any of the doors. Story of your life, really... Handling large crowds when you’re alone still kind of scares you. Maybe now that you’ve got a firm man at your side, you’ll be able to put those fears to rest. But back to the memory that’s playing out before your eyes.

You get up off your bed, as your mother asked. She leads you over to where she laid out your clothes. Immediately, you spot the red sweater among them that you loved so much! You wish you still had it, but it got torn pretty badly when you were out playing one day. Needless to say, you were crying inconsolably when it happened. You're a little sensitive, aren't you?

After *okaasan* helps you get dressed you head outside, eating a yummy breakfast, while your thoughts are all revolving about the school day ahead of you...

DAY 167

Everything... everything is sore. God, were you sleeping for a month? You move around a little, or try to. There are things plugged into every one of your holes!

Just when you're about to panic, said things start receding, leaving you alone. To be honest, it doesn't do much to calm your nerves. The question remains how, and why, those things got into you in the first place. At least you won't have to worry about what they're going to do to you now. Another ray of hope blinds you fiercely when light painfully starts piercing your eyes. You're lying in some kind of box. You make an attempt to get yourself upright.

"Kuso!" you curse, feeling your tired muscles. You're not alone.

"Good morning, Suki," a familiar – and arousing – voice greets you. "You feel okay?"

You gaze up at the figure blocking some of the light, but you can still hardly see anything. Then again, you don't need to, as you'd recognise that voice anywhere.

"Masuta... *ohayo*," you greet Him back, perhaps not quite as formal as you aimed for. "I feel... dizziness? World is spinning and... ooh!"

Your muscles relax on their own, causing you to tumble backwards into the weird box again.

Goshujin-sama is quick to extend a hand, supporting your spine. What a gentleman...

"That's no problem at all. You were asleep for a while. Things'll come back to you before you know it," He consoles you.

Hopefully. Why do they have to come back to you in the first place, though? "What happen?" you ask your Master.

"Oh, that," he chuckles nervously. "It's a sort of ritual. Entering that Chamber is what we consider the official Initiation into the manor's staff."

"*Ee-nee-shee...*?" your groggy mind stumbles over that bizarre word.

"Initiation, sorry. It means to accept a new member into a group," Master helpfully explains. "It just helps you relax. Lose any past burdens. Do you have any recent memories?"

Honestly, you don't really feel relaxed at all. Your body is as tired as you ever remember it being. However, you do feel kind of... uplifted. Like there's nothing in the world that could keep you down. You wonder if that box, that Chamber has anything to do with that.

"Hmm..." you start to ponder His question. "I dream a lot. But most are old stuff that happen. So much school," you make an act of shivering. Master first jumps to support your body, but then realises you were joking. He laughs, sympathetic to your revulsion.

“Doesn’t sound like the greatest of times,” He keeps up the jovial tone. “What did you really think about them though? Were they good things you were dreaming off? Most of the girls said the relaxation prompted a lot of fond memories to resurface.”

Huh, that’s actually on point. Sure, school sucked, but once you move past something like that, you tend to have a more sober view of it instead of focussing on the negative. There were a lot of nice things in there, too. You got to meet your parents. And you met them in the exact way that you want to remember them. If you called them now, you would probably go deaf from your father’s rumbling, screaming voice. Back then, things were easier and hopefully, they will be again.

“It was good,” you reply honestly. “I feel good, but tired now.”

You try your best to climb out of the Chamber, but are helpless without Master’s strong hands. Fortunately, he’s well-mannered enough to come to your rescue. You were wishing to find a real man all the way back in high school. A man like Him.

Finally, you’re on your own two feet again, more or less. You still have your small arms wrapped around Master’s waist for support. Best to keep them there for a while longer, you think.

“But back to my original question,” He starts up again. “How about recent memories? Try yesterday.”

“Ano...” you ponder again. There’s... nothing. “No? I don’t think. No memories. I don’t know the day. Let me check phone.”

Pulling it out, you study the calendar in detail. The last memory you have... it’s about twenty days old. You made Master some miso ramen with strips of beef for dinner. But that couldn’t have been three weeks ago, could it?

“Remember food I made,” you continue. “*Miso ramen*. You say You like. But after...” you’re missing a word. “After is like you wake up at morning, and eyes are like...” You rub your eyes to explain.

“It’s blurry?” Master offers.

“Yes! Blai-ry,” you agree excitedly. The word sounded very different when you said it, but He doesn’t correct you.

“Well, that’s good,” Master evaluates. “That means you’re only missing the days you were in the Chamber.”

You sceptically look up at Him, but Master doesn’t betray a hint of joking again. He’s saying you were in the Chamber for twenty days?

“You stupid...” you accuse Him.

“Oh, I’m stupid?” He laughs as you nod. “Fine, I’m stupid. I’m still right. Let’s have a little walk and chat about things, alright? I want to make sure you made it out okay and feel good.” That’s so kind of—

“Ooh!” you squeak as Master all of a sudden hoists you out of the Chamber with one arm. Your faces come very close and you can’t resist dropping a little peck on His lips. He answers by giving you one Himself.

Side by side, you walk out of the basement. You even make it up the stairs at a decent pace. Your conversation continues on the way to wherever you’re going.

“I’m sure you felt the tubes connected to your body.” Did you ever. “Those were the reason you could stay inside the Chamber for so long... Think of them as the vines. They kept you clean and healthy while you were sleeping.”

Sounds plausible enough. In this place, anything does.

“Let’s think back to some less recent memories then, but not too far back,” Master continues. “Do you remember how long ago it was that you arrived at the manor?”

“Yes!” you pipe up. “Actually, I dream of that. It was... five months?”

“That’s right. It’s been about five months since you arrived.” Huh, how fast time has passed. “But how plausible does that story sound to you? You just happening across the mansion?”

“Plaw-si-bool?” you look up at him with doe eyes.

“Sorry. How likely does it sound to you? It’s a slim chance that you would just come here by accident, right? The manor’s so remote... far away,” He simplifies for you.

Hmm, that’s a good point. It is very far away from the next town. But you remember going through the woods, wandering about.

“I think I like... walking on mountain and forest, you know? And I come here.”

Master looks amazed by that response. You must be doing well.

“You mean you like hiking?” He suggests.

A new word. If He thinks it’s appropriate, it’s probably right. “*Hai*. I like... hai-keeng,” you agree.

“Good, good,” Master smiles brightly. He looks very happy right now. “Do you recall ever being knocked out? Or in a coma?”

Knocked out?! What are you, some kind of boxer? Of course you didn’t! Except the words do strike a nerve. There is something, a thought that resembles what He’s saying. It’s not a memory though, that much is obvious.

“I think of something like that, but I don’t know why. Nobody punch me, ever.” You think you’d remember something like *that*, so you make your case confidently. Still clinging to Master, you walk around the central staircase in the foyer with Him, then go up to the second floor.

“Okay, sure. Do you remember where you live?”

“Why You ask so many questions about my memory, *Goshujin-sama*?”

“Well, you said you can’t remember anything of the past twenty days, but you’ve been in there for a little less than that. I just want to make sure you didn’t forget any important.”

“Did I?” you ask, scared of what might have happened to your head.

“No, not that I can tell,” Master reassures you. “Come on now. Where do you live?”

“I live in Quarters for some time,” you indulge Him. “Then You... tell me to live with You.”

You’re still excited to say that out loud. Master opens the very door that allows entry to the room you’ve shared for a while now. You walk inside with Him, happy to be back.

“How about your name?” He won’t drop the interrogation. “Do you remember your name?”

What a stupid question. “*Suki desu*, Masuta.”

“Yes, sure, but what’s *really* your name?”

Well, what does He think you just responded to? *Goshujin-sama* is eyeing you closely. His right hand is playing with His vest, kneading the fabric. Is this... a test? You’re not sure if you answered incorrectly.

“*Kanojo*?”

Master looks distraught that you actually answered differently. Oh no, you knew you should’ve just repeated your name. Oh God.

“What’s ‘kanojo’?” Master asks after a painful pause.

That’s right... he doesn’t know much Japanese. Maybe not all is lost. “It mean... girlfriend,” you explain shyly.

There’s more of a pause, but this time, you’re not too worried. It looks like Master and you are having a silent contest of whose face can turn redder.

“Uhh,” Master starts stammering, “that’s pretty much true, heh.” Your heart burns warmly as you hear him say that. “I really did mean your name though. What do you think your name is, but think really hard about it.”

Fine. You’re thinking hard. Really hard. Maybe even harder.

“*Suki desu*,” you insist.

“Does the name ‘Rich’ mean anything to you?” He keeps bugging you.

“Su. Ki.” You can’t believe this is still going. You felt flustered to no end when He essentially called you His girlfriend, but the mood is well and truly ruined now. He’s certainly not helping things with His next question.

“Okay, okay, I’m sorry. Just one more and I’ll be happy. Do you remember having a penis?” Did... did he really just say that?

“N-nani?”

You’re pretty sure you heard that right, but you’re giving Him one more chance. “A penis, between your legs. Like, having different genitals before?”

“Will you please come out?” you hear His voice pleading from the other side of the door.

“Tie!” you scream back at Him.

What possessed Him to ask something like that? You, a penis? You can hardly see your body through your runny make-up and tears anymore, but you’re sure if you could, you would see hips, boobs and in the mirror a face that any woman back in Japan would kill for! A penis! How could He?

You’re pretty. You’re pretty. Right? You were the prettiest in high school... You take a seat on the toilet, grabbing some toilet paper to wipe your tears away. It hasn’t been that long. What kind of man would ask a girl like you a question like that?

It takes you an hour or so to finally calm down. The tears just kept coming. Looking in the mirror in this state was probably not the best of choices, throwing you right back into a crying fit for another twenty minutes. Fortunately, you hadn’t yet put on make-up, or it might have looked much worse.

Once you’re fairly sure you’ve closed the floodgates, you unceremoniously unlock the bathroom door, brush past Master, and drop face first into the huge bed. It doesn’t take long until you feel the mattress depress under the weight of another person. You feel Master’s large hand rub your back, though you’d rather not. He realises that He won’t get far with a gesture like that and you hear the door fall in its lock shortly after.

Now you have the Master Bedroom to yourself. You don’t make much use of it. First, you stay where you are, having a little nap. You head to the fridge for a little snack. Eventually, you pick up the phone and chat with Michelle for a bit.

“Master just ask me if I have penis! You believe that?” you type with clacking fingernails, irate.

“Quoi?!” Mimi is as shocked as you. *“Now I feel bad. He just wanted a blowie and I gave Him. Merde, so thats why he looked so triste.”*

“What that mean?” *“Its French for sad.”* Oh... He looked sad? *“Good.”*

That's all you defiantly type into your phone before you put it away. The next hours are a combination of mostly two things: depressed naps and going through every conceivable angle in front of your wardrobe mirror. You don't see anything wrong, but... maybe your eyes just don't see right?

You're currently standing sideways, examining your profile. Following the curve of your body, you're 100% certain that you've seen this kind of pose with these kinds of proportions in a Playboy before. They don't put ugly girls in there, so you'd think Master would ask about your firm, slightly drooping natural C-cup, or your arched back. Maybe your plump rear that sticks out behind you. And your long, smooth legs would probably make a lot of men go wild too! Instead He asked you about whether you have something hanging between them, or if you know the name Rich. You thought that means, like, having a lot of money?

Saddened by another tour before the mirror, you head back to bed. The saddest part is that these things He said... they do resonate in your head. All of them. The name Rich does hold some significance. Maybe you used to know someone by the name. But the penis one is worse. You have a clear picture of you staring down your own body, seeing a penis there. The one consoling factor in that mental image is that you're pretty sure you're in the mansion there. Or maybe the Quarters. Definitely not in Japan, back home. That means it can't be a memory, since you vividly remember your arrival here. You were all girl then, just as you are now. Among everything else that happened, it was probably an odd dream you had. What was it you were dreaming about recently? Breaking into this place? Yeah... right. Maybe that relaxation Chamber got you a little too comfortable with your dreams. It's all a big scare for nothing.

Still, Master better apologise, or He's not getting any breakfast for a week.

It got dark. Not as fast as you would've wanted it to, but eventually, the day went by. It's pitch black in the room. You're still lying in bed, with no idea how late it is. After your extended, tearful naps, it got considerably harder to fall asleep. The opening door rouses you, but you suppress any overt reaction. There's only one person who could've opened that door, and you're currently mad at Him.

You hear some fabric shifting, and then the mattress very obviously bends away from you. A hand runs over your arm, as the blanket is moved slightly, but not off your body. The hand stay on you as well, and a kiss is planted on your neck. A shiver runs through you, but you do your best to hide it. Right away, you feel something hard pressing against the small of your back. It's sliding downwards, but not as far as you'd expected. It's starting to lodge itself between your ass cheeks.

"What You do?" you break your silence. "Apologising," Master states simply.

Huh, right. It feels like He knows you're pissed off already, and is emboldened by it. Another poke between your cheeks and you're pretty sure you know what He has in mind.

"Doesn't feel like apology," you make Him aware. "What You really do?" "Trying to make you feel good, that's all."

"What, back there? I am virgin. You think I don't give pussy but I give you butt?" Master seems stunned by your outburst, now that you turned to face Him. "And why you bring your dick to Mimi? I don't get to suck you no more?"

"Wait, so if I'd asked you this morning, you would've sucked me off?" There's a brief pause.

"That not the point," you protest quietly.

In all honesty, there are a lot of images of you taking cock up your ass swirling in your head. Hey, you never said you didn't fantasise about it! Your mind drifted there more than once when you pleased yourself, but hell, you never came close to trying it. Even your best high school friends, Little One and Tiny, never had a peek in there, not once. And they knew you quite intimately.

You've been staring at each other for a while now. His muscles are just barely visible underneath the blanket... Combine that with the incessant crying and loneliness of the day, and you have a hard time controlling yourself. How about a blowjob, to assert your position? It's your job to pleasure Master, but you can still be mad at Him.

That appears to be a good compromise to you. Crawling underneath the blanket, Master remains still at first. You lick your lips, then make contact with His already erect meat, which makes Him jump back in surprise. He's probably even more shocked when you actually give Him a blowjob, instead of enacting some sort of revenge. Oh, how easy it would be to just bite into Him. You've got a lot of power over Him in this situation.

You assume a good rhythm. It's not the most elaborate or energetic fellatio you've ever provided, but you don't feel He deserves your best tonight. Not to mention, His pelvis is getting quite hairy again. This neanderthal is never going to stay civilised without you. Wait, what about your bush.

Running a hand down your stomach, into your crotch, you feel a modest patch of hair. Good. Only sluts shave completely bare, but you could use a trim. While your fingers are already down there, you send one or two on an expedition inside you. You breathe out a little more firmly. If only you had your best friends here.

Just then, more fingers join the ones you already had down there. Larger, thicker ones. Oh God, He's pumping them inside you... it feels so...

No! You slap His fingers away. You can do this by yourself, no help required. Distracted by the pleasure, you notice that Master's cock is currently residing in your

throat, if only for brief moments. Unconsciously, you must've started deepthroating Him. All the better; He'll get off more quickly.

Your tongue occasionally caresses Master's balls, but purely on accident, you want to emphasise. These things happen during a blowjob. His pubic hair gets in the way on more than one occasion, but you don't let it show. You're a professional, and care for His pleasure and well-being. A rare trait.

There comes the familiar pulsing. Master's about to cum. You have a mind to let Him jizz on the floor, but you don't want to push it too far. Swallowing it is the most convenient anyway. When that first stream hits the back of your throat, you inwardly applaud your decision.

As if on cue, you feel a burst of pleasure release inside you as well, easily pushing you over the edge of orgasm. You make a conscious effort not to let it show. Your muscles are spasming, but you do your best to hold them steady. Good thing you swatted His prying fingers away. If they were resting on your hips right now, your charade would be over in a second. As it is, you don't think Master caught on.

Swallowing every last drop of His essence, you disconnect from His dick theatrically, making your lips pop as loud as you can. He should know that you did your duty. Unceremoniously, you turn back around, get out from under the blanket, and try to get back to sleep.

"Did you cum?" He asks. Looks like He didn't notice. "*Tie*. But is not important."

Master lays His large hand on your arm again, but you shrug it off. He doesn't try a third time. You're still mad at Him. Conveying that today was easy...

...but how are you going to get another delicious load inside you while still looking upset tomorrow?

DAY 189

Ooh... did you fall asleep? These baths are really nice, but they eat up so much of your time. It's worth it though, just look at yourself.

That one look immediately reveals what woke you up again. Your boobies aren't huge, but they're big enough that they become buoyant in the tub. They start floating upwards, forming perfect cleavage with the water as your flowing dress, but on the downside, they float partly above the water and get really cold, waking you up. You push them down, they come back up. Every time you touch them, they're more sensitive than the last. It's a devilish cycle. One you've been stuck in more than once.

Your breasts aren't the only stunning part you have to show off, though. Raising one leg out of the water to shave it is sufficient proof of that. It also gives you an idea. Hurrying up, you finish shaving quickly. You do it daily, sometimes more than once, so it's not hard. You have been contemplating trying wax one of these days, but that's a subject for another time.

Back to your idea. Drying your left hand on a towel, you reach for your phone. The message you type is simple.

"Watch me, Master."

Expectantly, you look up at the camera in the top right corner of the room, from your position. It lay still the whole time, but less than a minute after your text, it adjusts angles. Hello there.

Like you did a bit earlier, you raise your leg out of the water. Only now, you stretch it further up, arching your feet. As the water drips off, you almost slip underwater. With your right hand, you draw a line from your rear to mid-calf, using your index finger. All the while, your gaze is fixed on the distant lens, your lips perpetually smiling. Your phone rings.

"Didn't think they still made legs this long. Wonder how they'd look perched on six inch heels?" "I will bring next time, Goshujin-sama," you promise.

"Ah, next time... Well, at the moment, I would say your top half is more than enough to distract me from anything in the world," He shifts focus. Men.

Fine. His attention and pleasure's what you breathe for. Laying your arms flat on the edge of the tub, you lean forward, resting your head on your hand. Automatically, another smile sneaks on your face as you slowly, very slowly stretch out your legs to push upwards out of the tub. You do this until the entire top half of your breasts are exposed for Master's entertainment. When your nipples brush your hand, you immediately stop and fall back underneath the water. Maybe you overdid it a little, the tub almost overflows, but the vibrating phone in your hand tells you it had the desired effect.

"Not now!" He curses in text, making you giggle. When He starts making typos, you know you have Him. *"Your cruel, you know that?"*

"You want see the rest, You have to earn," you tease Him.

"Ah. And what is it you want, then?"

"Your cock, Master. Always," you respond honestly.

"And what makes you think you deserve that? Don't you have to earn it?" He toys with you.

You sit back in the tub and chuckle openly into the camera. It is quite far away...

Perhaps *Goshujin-sama* would appreciate you more up close?

The perfect idea strikes you, and you don't even have to change anything for it. You minimise Maidchat to open the camera app. There's no need to switch to the secondary camera that's pointing towards the screen; that's your default anyway. Raising your right hand, you make a V sign with your index and middle finger, right next to your eye, which you close for a cute wink. While doing this, you take care to angle your head sideways. You take two or three pictures in this pose before picking the best one out of the set. No caption necessary, you forward it to Master.

"How You like my hair in bun? Just like Japanese woman in movies? I try out just for You ♥ I can be Your little Geisha, Big Mister 

No response for a minute. Oh, you got Him good. He's been going on about that geisha fantasy of His for a few days now. Well, what can you do? You don't really have a fitting costume, but you can still use the knowledge to tease the hell out of him. Eventually, your phone vibrates again.

"How about you bring me some lunch, looking like that? You can earn my cock, and I can earn your tits."

Hmm... your fingers instinctively go to your snatch. You love when Master talks about your body vulgarly. And you still have your other hand left to respond.

"I can't wait, Master."

You play with yourself a little more, and eventually get a huge push from your probes. You've never done anal, but you can still feel this good from your ass... Coming here was the best decision you ever made. Despite the immense pleasure, you take care not to push yourself over the edge. Not without Master.

After another twenty minutes, you reluctantly heave your body out of the bath. It was starting to turn cold anyway, you tell yourself. Wrapping a towel around your breasts, you head immediately to the big mirror close to you. Now that you live with Master – *Sugoi!* – and don't have the vines to take care of you anymore, you have to watch out a lot more for your skin. It's back to all your moisturisers, lotions, hand creams and what have you. When you're down to the last bottle on your shelf, your body is essentially dry already.

Looking at the clock, you realise you probably should've stepped out of the tub right away. Hurriedly, you throw on your clothes, which is quite the challenge considering how air-tight most of your outfit is. Nonetheless, you've got about fifteen minutes left

to make Master some lunch. Should be something light, anyway, for an early afternoon meal. The man likes his meat, and could eat breakfast dishes any time of the day, so you opt to make Him some scrambled eggs and bacon. When in doubt – and in a hurry – stick with the basics.

You turn up the heat on the stove, add some oil, crack two eggs and get cooking. The bacon goes in, too, and you're done in no time. The clock gives you another five minutes. Hurrying into the bathroom, you brush your hair and redo your bun, before applying some rudimentary make-up. One more minute to get to the office!

Taking the plate, you rush down the stairs. Your heels don't pose the slightest challenge in your athletic feat; you actually make it in time. Calming yourself for a second, you step inside.

"Suki!" Master greets you with anticipation. "There you are, and not a moment too early. Come in, sweetheart, I'm starving."

As per His orders, you enter the office all the way, stop by His side, bow down and present the plate for Him. You didn't have time to do anything fancy with it, but you hope it's tasty enough for Him to look past that. At least he takes the plate from you with gusto.

When He does, your immediate reaction is to drop to your knees. He's not the only one who's hungry. You're quickly told off, though.

"Not so fast, love. I've got a stack of work here, so I think my arms are gonna be occupied typing, writing, sorting..."

The message comes in loud and clear. You take the plate and fork from Him, get back up, and start feeding him the egg you made. In the meantime, Goshujin-sama does go back to work, but is kind enough to moan contentedly after every other piece of egg or so. Knowing that your meals brighten His day so much brings you untold pleasure.

As thanks, you take a piece of bacon between your teeth. You lean over far enough towards Master for Him to notice, and almost far enough for your probe to fire. Ah well, this is good enough on its own. Master smiles, and quickly goes for the bacon, but not quickly enough. On the way in, you catch His lips with your own, if only for a split second.

"Come on, Suki," Master tries to shake you off, "you know I'd love to. I just can't. We'll have all night to play, you know that."

"Fiiiine," you pout, swallowing the little piece of bacon you scored from that small peck on the lips.

At least he liked your food, right? He keeps going after the fork quite adamantly. You get the idea to slowly pull it away from His mouth as he tries to take a bite, but you can tell you've teased enough. You can't help it, it's just so much fun! And you know Master enjoys it, too. Most of the time. Your food, he enjoys even more, so the plate is sparkling clean in a matter of minutes, if that.

Now that He's eaten... it's your turn, right? You get down to your knees, keeping your eyes locked on Master's, who doesn't make a move to stop you. Yes! Unzipping his pants, and undoing his belt, you watch, fascinated, as His massive erection pops out of his underwear. Just as you're taking your first lick, the office door swings open, crashing into the adjacent wall. You're shocked so bad, you jump at the sudden noise, almost dropping the plate you're still holding. Two men you don't recognise enter the room. Visitors, then, though oddly impolite. Nonetheless, you go through your formal greeting routine, as is befitting of a maid. Your face is still sitting next to Master's meat, just where you're most comfortable.

"Welcome to Wolf Manor, gentlemen. *Suki desu*. You have appointment?"

"Hell yeah," one of them speaks up. "We disturbing? Looked like you were about to nibble on some dick right there." The two men share a little laugh.

"*Hai*," you confirm, oblivious to the humour. Their laughter dies down as a result.

"We *have* made an appointment with your Master here," the other responds, in a much more formal tone. "I believe that's the correct terminology?"

"It is," Master explains from your side. "Just came a little early."

"Quite right," the second man concedes. "We were in the area and figured we might as well do this now. It's not like the manor is terribly crowded, is it?"

"No, we only have few guest much of the time," you inform him.

Hey, wait a second. You do know that guy. You met him during one of the open days. He stopped to talk to you, but you forgot about what. Do you think he remembers you, too? Could be... but they look more interested in business with Master. The other guy looks kinda familiar as well, though. You can't help but ask.

"*Onamae wa nan desuka?*" They just look at you, puzzled. You shake your head. "*Sumimasen!* I mean... what's your name?"

"Arthur," the polite man says. "This is my friend Eric." You pipe up at hearing that.

"Oh, oh, Elic! Now I remember. I dream of you!" you report joyously.

"Uh huh," is all of Eric's response.

Neither of the two men seems too interested in your dream. Maybe you are mistaken? Even if you aren't, you suppose he's sort of right that it's not much more than a weird coincidence. Perhaps you'd have reacted the same, if the roles were reversed. You never were that great at social situations. Your pretty face usually does your work for you.

"So, let me get this straight," Eric starts up another topic, "we make a deal, I let myself get hypnotised, or whatever the fuck you did to me, and cut up to look like an airheaded whore, and that's when you decide to let me stew for a while longer?" His anger is clearly directed at Master. You were having such a great time thirty seconds ago...

"I didn't decide anything. Nor did I alter the deal, as you seem to imply," Master defends Himself. "From the beginning, I promised you'd return to normal as soon as Rich was ready. I didn't expect such resistance from him."

"Didn't expect it?" Eric repeats quietly. "Well, maybe you should've, given that my identity, my dignity, my sanity were at stake, you *fuck!*"

Oh my! You cover your mouth with your hands for a second, then start to massage Master's shoulder with one of them. Who would speak like that in another man's house?

"There's no need to be upset," Master calms the rude man down. "Things stretched out a little longer. No harm done."

"Yeah... I have my body back, granted. But *no harm done?* Tell that shit to the dreams I keep having. The thoughts that pop into my head when I'm at the gym."

"They'll recede in time... that is if they're not really your thoughts." "*Not really my—*"

Eric pipes up, but is shut down by Master.

"Cut out the tough guy act already. You got what you wanted. You got rid of him and he was shown his true path. Make your case or let's finish things up already."

"Finish things up... sounds good to me." Eric's gaze falls on you. Arthur has been quiet this whole time. "I was told you'd end up like this, but even now it seems too good to be true." He turns to Master for a second. "Not sure why you decided she had to become a chink though... and her rice bags aren't half as large as mine were." His attention is clearly resting on you again. "Tsk, to think I had to suck your pathetic little dick. I bet you don't even have one anymore. Well, now you'll get to taste mine."

To your surprise, he actually does unzip his pants und take out his... cock, in front of everybody. You struggle with the term itself, because he is absolutely massive! Internally apologising to Master, you must admit... it's bigger than His. You turn around to Him, only to see Him nod. He really wants you to suck this man off. After all the gibberish they were talking, you can't follow the plot at all anymore.

Staring at his surreal length, you walk around the table and get to your knees. Looking up at Eric for permission, he grants it with a cocky smile. After a first, cautious touch, you're drawn in almost automatically. Softly, you plant a kiss on its head, then try to take more into your mouth. This is the first oral challenge you had in... you don't even know how long. For now, you content yourself with taking half of him. That knocks against your uvula easily enough already.

"Yeah, go right at it you whore," he... encourages you from above. "How's the flavour? Does it taste like defeat?"

Feeling obliged to answer a direct question from a superior, you take his cock out of your mouth for a second.

"It taste yummy, Sir!" you report, before going back to licking his length up and down with just your tongue.

The two visitors share a laugh again. So Arthur is still there. It's odd how they don't want any privacy at all. And that Master would let you suck another man. This whole thing feels weird, but you obey your orders. Not that you get much in return – Master and Eric are starting their bickering again. Normally, Master gets way happier after you suck Him. If anything, judging by His voice, He sounds angrier now than before.

"I see you've made good use of that surgeon," Master notes. "Thought I deserved something after the shit you pulled," Eric hisses. "Well, you know what they say about men who overcompensate."

"Listen, I don't appreciate how I was treated here!" Eric protests. "We had a deal, you knew I was planning to turn back in the end. You sure didn't let it shine through."

"I repeat myself, it needed to look convincing for Rich. Besides, I didn't see you complain." Eric scowls, while you earnestly start to deepthroat his cock. You don't think you can take all of it, which is slightly depressing. Master continues.

"Even then, I'm starting to think I was too kind. Maybe I should've just broken you completely and added you to my personal harem. Or sold you to some Saudi oil tycoon for his."

"Mad that I'm railing your gook bitch?" Eric delights in mocking your Master, while you're conflicted between your loyalty to Him and your fetish for degradation and dirty talk.

"Knock yourself out," Master tries to play it down, but knowing Him, you detect sadness in His voice. "Part of the deal. Wouldn't mind if you hurried it up though, I'm a busy man."

"Of course. Wouldn't want to keep you too long," Eric fakes manners.

At the same time, he intensifies his thrusts. Some of them come at inopportune moments, at the apex of your own bobbing. You want to cough, but his dick just keeps coming. On the plus side, you did get him all the way down this way.

A truly enormous stream of semen is unleashed upon you. It's so big, you have to continuously swallow, while still more runs down the corners of your mouth, inevitably landing on the carpet. When you finally get most of what landed on your tongue, you can cough, relieving your lungs, which automatically take in a huge breath of air. Right in the middle of it, Eric pushes you backwards, with no regard for your health. Fortunately, you have a plump butt to land on, but you still grunt meekly when you fall on it. Eric isn't done stoking the fire yet.

"What's with the grim look?" he mocks Master. "She was alright. You can have her back now. Part of the deal, right?"

"Part of the deal," Master reiterates. "I'm not hiding my anger. But you're mistaken if you think it's about this. I'm just grieving for the time wasted." Eric can't follow. "Of all the girls that have gone through these halls as my protégées, which by now should

be a number in the triple digits, you must truly have been the worst lay of my entire life.” You can’t follow these conversations either. Eric looks kind of angry though. You don’t get it.

“The past is the past,” Master concludes. “All I can hope is that you keep training those lips. The next time you step through these doors, I won’t accept those half-hearted, limp blowjobs from you. Skip the gym, and stay right in the locker room. It’ll pay off for you, I promise.”

There’s a thick silence hanging in the air. Going by His expression, Master is enjoying this more, now that it’s over.

“But back to the topic at hand. I believe this means we’ve concluded our deal. To my recollection, we don’t have any outstanding business either. Here’s hoping it stays that way. Now, I have my manners, so I won’t kick you out, but I’ll kindly remind you that the exit is always open to you.”

Eric sizes Him up one last time, before saying his... goodbyes.

“Wouldn’t want to stay here another minute anyway. Let’s skip, Art, I need to get home for a shower. Don’t want to catch yellow fever.”

The moment they’re gone, you crawl along the office floor to hug Master’s leg. That man... he tasted good, but he was clearly no friend of Master’s. You feel weird. But you had to follow your orders. A few seconds after you got to Him, Master starts running his fingers through your hair. Five minutes later, and His breathing has gone from heavy back to normal. Good.

“Suki,” he calls you to attention. “*Hai?*”

“Get yourself cleaned up real quick, please. Come back down here when you’re done.” “*Hai! Fast as possible!*”

Rushing back up the stairs, you make straight for the bathroom, washing your face, brushing your teeth again. These moments are when Master needs His *kanojo*, His girlfriend, His loving maid. You remove the old make-up and apply a new layer. This time, you’re a bit more careful, and a bit more extensive, but you still don’t want to waste too much time. Your clothes fortunately stayed clean, which you probably can’t say about the carpet. For the third time today, you fix your hair into a beautiful bun, but instead of a scrunchie, you fetch two polished plastic sticks from your vanity dresser and keep your hair in place with those.

You hurry back down almost as fast as you went up, still balancing expertly on your high heels. You’re in the office again in no time. Master hasn’t gone back to His work. He’s waving you over though, which you obey immediately. There you are, standing right next to Him. The room is tense.

“Why you let me suck other man?” you can’t help but ask. “I only want you, Masuta.”

You don’t get a response. Grabbing your shoulders, Master gives you the unmistakable signal that He wants you on your knees. Once there, it doesn’t take

womanly intuition to figure out what He's asking. Dutifully, you unzip His pants, and reveal His beautiful cock.

The true surprise is that Master shoves it forcefully into your mouth. His hands still rest on your shoulders, and don't feel like they're letting go anytime soon. He's pumping His tasty dick into your throat with reckless abandon, while you can just sit there and take it.

"You're mine," He grunts.

The air He's blowing from his mouth hits your eyes, making you blink rapidly. His meat rams into you a couple more times before you press your hands into His pelvis. Surprisingly, Master manages to control Himself, and lets you free. You take a few short breaths.

"Say again," you beg Him.

You spear yourself back on Master's cock, and His thrusts resume momentarily. He's starting to understand what you were trying to say.

"You belong to me," He tells you between thrusts.

Unrelenting, Master keeps pumping into you. His glans strikes true every time, never failing to slip into your throat in its entirety. You moan into the lovely cock that's piercing your mouth.

"You're my property," Master states, forming your reality.

Your moans intensify. One of your hands rests on Master's knee to steady yourself, the other reaches inside your panties. His possessive manifesto is turning you on like no physical contact could, but you can't stop yourself.

"You're my very... own... cum dump," His speech and pumping is getting more laboured. "Cum, Suki."

His word is your command. His command is your world. Your hand slips out of your panties while you orgasm as ordered. It reaches towards the floor reflexively, because you were starting to topple forward. Of course, Master's pelvis is always there to catch you. His thrusts bump you back a little, so you can enjoy the full sensation of His yummy organ sliding back and forth over your warm, soft tongue. You know what's coming.

It's sperm, and from your favourite brand. This one always delivers the exact right amount for you. Master even pulls back an inch, so it can all drift over your tongue, for you to get the full taste. Not a drop is wasted, it all stays right in your mouth, and subsequently in your stomach. Your orgasm is slowly releasing you from its grip, hard as it is to believe that this one would ever let you go.

Master had a rough day, clearly. Your duties are far from over, and you wouldn't want them to be. Horrid as it is to see Master like this, it gives you confidence that your position is an important one. Unprompted, you take a seat on your Master's lap, who had dropped into his favourite armchair a second earlier. You moan a little before you start speaking.

“*Ariga...* tha... thank you to pull back, Masuta,” you breathe gratefully. “Your cum leave taste on my tongue for whole day. And You are my favourite flavour.”

Master doesn’t show much, but you can tell He’s perking up at hearing you say things like that. You lean your head into His cheek, getting as close to Him as you can.

“Your little geisha love You, Masuta.”

“I love you too,” Master doesn’t hesitate to reply.

Feeling a warmth in your heart, both of you sit there. Him in His comfortable armchair, you on His comfortable lap. The whole day seems to go by as you sit there. Without disturbances, without work. In reality, it’s only an hour or two before Master grows restless.

“If I don’t get these things done, tomorrow will be hell,” He shatters your hopes. “Sorry to end this so abruptly, but I think it may be best if you went back upstairs.”

Wow... Sent off like a common housewife. But you know better than to disagree, given the mood from the unexpected visit.

“*Hai*. I go. See you later, Masuta,” you obey.

You don’t hear another word from Him. Back in the Master Bedroom – disappointingly devoid of Master – you are distressed enough to let the water run in the tub. You’d expected another beautiful day, but now you’re in dire need of a relaxing bath. Putting your hair in a bun, which serves as another subtle reminder of your Master, you enter the hot water, quickly sinking in to relish the heat embracing your body.

That was an unsettling encounter, earlier. Everybody seems to know you, yet you draw a blank on everyone you met aside from figures in your dreams, which are barely helpful. Most of all, Master’s reaction scared you. You don’t remember the last time He was so tense, so fierce. You won’t lie, the way He took your lips was... exhilarating, to say the least. Grabbing you firmly, using your body for pleasure. All at the same time, you both hope for and are afraid of the prospect of Him doing such a thing again.

The idea to send Master another picture of yourself in the bath half-crosses your mind. After how tense He was, you think better of it. Perhaps He’s just looking to clear His mind doing some work. Take it off the encounter from earlier. You can’t make much of it, but some bad memory must be connected to those two men. You’re glad you don’t have those kinds of problems. It’s just disheartening to be unable to help Master with His.

After a while, you notice the water feeling rather cold. You must’ve had another spontaneous nap without realising. Probably a good indicator that it’s time to get out. It’s already helped relieve some of the stress in your muscles, so you’d say it was worth it to take this small break.

You reach for a towel to wrap around your body, then take another to dry your hair enough so that it doesn’t drip anywhere. It’s still left quite wet, but that’s the price of

having flowing, gorgeous locks. A look at the clock tells you it's shortly past 5 PM. There's not a thing left on your schedule, which leaves you with options as much as it restricts you. Maybe some work would do you well too, to clear your mind. Since there's none knocking at your door, perhaps you'll have to seek some out. Master is liable to be hungry when He gets home. When exactly He'll show up, you don't have a clue, of course, but waiting around won't help with that. Either way, He'd have to heat something up, so might as well get started now.

Making your way over to the cafeteria kitchen to fetch some supplies, you meet Giannina. Well, cross her path, anyway. She never was too fond of you, though you can't quite see why. The other girls said she'd hoped to be the one at Master's side. You feel for her, but certainly not enough to relinquish your position. Nothing could make you leave Him. She knows that too, and the effects are... apparent.

You're almost pitying the girl. Looking at her now, she can barely stand upright. At least you have the excuse of wearing a restrictive corset, which emphasises your posture beautifully, but her? She has seen the good doctor one too many times. Her ass you'd seen long ago, protruding outwards lewdly. It invites a stare, sure enough, but whether it feels as pleasant to touch, you wouldn't dare bet.

The same goes for her boobs. They look fake from a mile's distance, and are likely as soft as dry cement. True, you don't hold a candle to her in terms of size, which does raise some doubts in you, but Master's preference for you probably says it all. It's tough, but you stop staring at them and wishing for an inch more natural circumference.

Then there's her lips. Those you hadn't noticed before. Discarding them is more difficult. Having plump suckers like that is probably real handy, especially in light of how often you nibble on Master's meat. While your lips are decent enough, they might not exactly be in the realm of "plump," definitely not even close to deserving the adjective "dick-sucking" every time they're described. Maybe their texture is just as important though? You sure hope so; you don't like the idea of being replaced as Master's favourite oral toy at all.

As always, Giannina just passes you by, scoffing at you. There's someone who could use a ride in the relaxation chamber thing. If she keeps up that attitude, you're pretty sure you won't have to worry about Master taking a liking to her. Anyway, you were about to pick up some cooking ingredients for His meal.

You head into the cafeteria, and while you're at it, plop down on one of the enemas to grab a bite – or a swallow, rather. Baths aren't very effective at cleaning your anal cavity, and you had skipped lunch because of the surprise visit. Deepthroating the meal dispenser is so routine it's barely worth mentioning, so you lift yourself off the enema after five minutes of dining and walk through to the kitchen. This time of day, it's usually empty, just like right now. When there's clients around, it can be different, but the mansion is vacant at the moment. Master really needs to expand, you fear.

But business does not belong in a maid's head. Only obedience, arousal and happiness. Cooking for Master trains all three. You get so wet, knowing that the only one you're preparing meals for is Him, personally. Grabbing what you came to get, you're

quickly back in the mansion, after precariously balancing your parasol besides the bags of food you're carrying. You made it back well enough, and set everything down.

It's still barely evening, so you have plenty of time to cook. For that reason, you decide to go a little more elaborate today. Instead of the usual quick meals, you'll make Him *tonkatsu*. It'll take some of an effort, but you have the time, and know Master could use some love tonight.

So you drop the breadcrumbs in a pan, add some olive oil and leave it there until they roast to a golden brown colour. In the meantime, you pound the meat – ooh, how dirty you are! – until it's more manageably flat. Once that's done, you dip the pork in some flour, beat some eggs, dip the meat in those to marinate it, and finally roll it in the crispy brown breadcrumbs for a nice, even coating. God, this is making a huge mess already.

You leave the coated pork in the breadcrumbs for a moment. Ugh, now you have to get the wok out, as if this wasn't messy enough yet. Moving the pan aside, you put the wok on the stove and add a good helping of oil. The meat can now fry in the oil for a few minutes, which you use to tidy up a bit. Five minutes later, you get the pork out, let the oil drip off, and serve it on a plate. Quickly, you slice some cabbage on the side, and put some sauce in a small bowl. Sadly, you didn't have the ingredients to make your own.

Just to make sure, you have a little taste. Meat's good, so is the cabbage. You're afraid it won't taste half as good microwaved, but what can you do when Master doesn't know when He'll be home? This is as good as it's going to get. With the pork sliced into handy strips, you place the meal on the table, covered by some cellophane. It won't do much, but at least it'll keep any greedy flies off your lovingly home-cooked dinner.

There's still some time left in the evening, but it's beginning to get dark outside. What's more, you can't think of anything else you could do to alleviate Master's stress, so you turn to your studies. You go through two lessons of English vocabulary on your phone, trying your best to memorise the words. These apps can be so useless. Things to say at an airport? Like you'll ever need one of those again. But there you go, scrolling through the text as the luggage, gates, departures, arrivals and beautiful flight attendants lull you into sleep.

Some noises fill the room, but they're not so loud as to disturb your sleep. Then, a hand caresses your shoulder. Other sounds start appearing. It takes a while, but you eventually realise you're not just dreaming. That realisation is what really wakes you. By then, the owner of the hand is gone. The sound, you notice, is running water. Master must be showering. Leaving your nightgown on the bed, you head through to the bathroom.

Opening the shower door makes Master jump a little. As soon as He sees it's just you, He relaxes... greatly. From behind Him, your head barely reaches between His shoulder blades, which you kiss gently. With your head turned sideways, you press yourself into Master, reaching your hands around his waist to stroke his abs, and then stroke something else.

Master leans against the wall with one hand, letting you do your work. His meat is already stiff when your hands get to it. The water provides ample lubrication, making your job easier. Your hands travel up and down His wet, hard length. Master groans deeply from your touch. In addition to your hands, your fingers explore, too. Teasing His glans, tickling His balls. It's clear to you that Master was extremely pent up. Understandable, after today. Easily within a minute of you laying your hands on Him, He shoots His white load against the tiles on the wall. Kind of a waste, letting Him finish like that, you can't help but think. You'd have loved a taste of Him, but then again, what more do you need other than the knowledge that you please Him?

After a moment's respite, Master turns around. You look up at him with your big eyes on a small frame. He leans down, planting a kiss on your wet lips. You wrap your arms over His shoulders to pull Him in deeper, and reciprocate His attention. His muscular chest presses into your heaving breasts, squashing your quickened breathing. Unsurprisingly, His big hands start to wander over your body, seemingly never getting enough of it. Your arousal skyrockets, but your sex remains untouched all the way until you step out of the shower, dripping water and a different, yet indistinguishable fluid.

Master takes a towel and starts drying you off quickly from your feet upwards. He then ruffles your hair and leaves the towel draped over your head. You laugh, take it off and wipe yourself down properly.

You follow Master into the kitchen. He has put on boxers, while you are flimsily wrapped in a silky robe. You're surprised He didn't throw Himself at the food before taking a shower, but now you get to watch Him relish it, hopefully.

At first, Master struggles with the chopsticks. You know it's not appropriate, given the stressful day He had, but you can't help your giggling. Fortunately, He doesn't mind, using His left hand to lightly slap your butt with a grin on His face. You massage His shoulders as He devours the meal you prepared just for Him, the sight of which warms your heart as well as your loins. After Master slapped your butt, you note His hand has taken a liking. It stays on your ass, stroking it, and occasionally kneading with force. The sudden gropes have you breathing heavily yet again, never allowing you a break.

Before long, Master is done with His meal, sighing contentedly. Sitting on the chair for a little rest, you can tell He is close to falling asleep right then and there. Worried about His back, you take one of His large hands with two of yours and pull Him over to bed. At the foot of the mattress, He starts making Himself heavy, letting you pull and pull to no effect. You're laughing while He still plays ignorant, until you give His arm one firm tug, making you both fall onto the bed, with Master on top of you.

Still laughing, you try to squirm out from under Him, but He keeps shifting His weight to keep you on the bottom. You're able to keep this up for a good five minutes, and you feel you've almost slipped free. That's when Master starts moving again, not to restrain you, but this time to plant another kiss on your lips. Your playful struggles continue for one kiss, maybe two, but after the second, you freeze up. Unless you count the way you're pressing yourself into your Master, your squirming ceases completely at this point.

You're putty in His hands, trying to mimic His every move, only inverted. You push into His fingers, into His lips, and whatever else seeks out your body. His hulking body is crushing you, suffocating you. Being deprived of oxygen somehow only amplifies your pleasure and anticipation. Then, finally, it happens. Momentarily, your pussy feels completely empty. Soon after, something rests against your entrance though. It's teasing, it's tempting, and it's waiting, though you don't know for what. Finally, that emptiness is filled, giving you meaning, giving you pleasure.

You feel your hymen tear in one last instance of pain before it leaves forever to give way to ecstasy. A single line of blood is drawn over your Master's beautiful cock, a mark of your innocence that He took. You pull Him close. Your heads are right next to each other, your feminine gasps immediately entering His and only His ear, just as His deep grunts are only entering yours.

DAY 212 – EPILOGUE

Well, these aren't exactly work clothes... not that you mind. Impractical costumes have quite a draw for you. They tend to come with some perks, too. Like dropping Master's jaw, as well as His pants.

Speaking of, maybe He'd like a look at you? What a silly question. Any man would. Him most of all. He wouldn't miss an opportunity to take your form in slowly, to see what He owns. You bite your lip, hopping downstairs to storage.

Bringing it back up, you begin plotting. Two photos this time. You put the toy out of frame for now. This first one will be all you.

Since you came out of that ritual Chamber thing, Master steadily got bolder with his requests. They were orders really, which sounds much hotter anyway. You're just coming off pregnancy fetish week. Sex got a lot more animated right there, for obvious reasons. All the time, Master wanted you to shout.

"Breed me! Fill me up with strong semen! Oh, I feel in my womb! Please, don't bump into cervix! It's too good!"

It sounds silly now, but you have to admit you were getting turned on by it as well, even though you know it was all acted. Master must've known, too. If not, He's truly hopeless. Every day, He'd warn you not to eat in the cafeteria. They mix contraceptives into the maid food, for obvious reasons. Naturally, you'd sneak in to have at least a small serving. It's all role play after all. Though one day maybe...

This week, Master asked you to dress up like a cat, if you would believe it. You were shocked at first... and surprised that kind of thing isn't illegal. He assured you that His inspiration came from some superhero movie. Eh, He's hit a blind spot of yours there. You have no idea if He's just making that up. If not, you hope you nailed the character somewhat.

Perhaps it's easiest to go from top to bottom. Your headpiece has received an obvious addition. Two felt cat ears are perched atop your hair, black on the outside, pink on the inside. Very cute! You're thinking about occasionally wearing them even after Master's cat phase has blown over. Your choker has returned to being a thin strip of black leather, now accessorised with a small golden bell. The wristcuffs are still there, because... well, because you like them! They're pretty.

Covering your upper body was a challenge. Finding something cat-like there was almost impossible. Your thoughts immediately drifted towards a catsuit, but beyond the pun you didn't find it made for a convincing costume. In the end, you decided to go minimalist. All you're wearing on your chest is a black leather tube top. After all, cats don't wear clothes, right?

A similar theme is going on down below. You picked out a slightly larger apron to tie around your bare waist, covering your bare crotch. It's enough to give you some modesty, if you can even say that. It does hide your genitals, to avoid mincing words. From behind, you're quite exposed... and of course ever since you joined the staff, your juices started flowing more freely. But you thought of that!

You're wearing a cat tail. It's long enough to brush over the floor as you walk, which means no matter how big a juice trail you leave, the tail will wipe it all right back up. Pretty clever. Where does it attach to? Well... let's say that it's a nice reminder that Master is always behind you. It feels so naughty walking around with it. Of course, at Wolf Manor, nobody cares. If anything, being naughty is encouraged. What a model maid you are.

At the very bottom, you stuck with what you had for the longest time now. You just couldn't resist. The stockings make your legs look so very smooth – not that they're lacking smoothness naked – and you simply got addicted to the sound of your thin heels clicking on the floors around the manor. Naturally, you still carry your parasol around whenever you step foot outside. That cursed sun! At least you don't have to make the trip from the Quarters to the mansion so often now. Your skin thanks you for it.

On the subject of skin tone, Master asked about a geisha costume... of course. You begged Jasmijn for a gorgeous kimono and got one after you ate her out every day for a week after her shift, but you planned not to use the robe from the beginning. You've hidden it, which is probably no use thanks to the cameras, but you weren't found out yet. So why hide it? Well... a fantasy of this magnitude is best kept for a special occasion. Master begged you almost as hard as you did Jasmijn. It's intoxicating, seeing a powerful, strong man like Him at your feet on an issue so trite as a costume and some make-up. But you'll use the cards you were dealt. The pleasure will be so much more intense when you finally give in after dangling the fantasy in front of him for days, weeks... months? We'll see how long he lasts. If He even makes it past the seductive, playful catgirl.

That's the picture you want to send Master. You kneel on the floor, sitting on your heels. Your body is angled sideways, but you're looking straight into the camera. Speaking of, you're propping it against the dresser, and set the self-timer to thirty seconds. You retake the position you just practiced, making a little claw gesture with your right hand. Once you hear your phone emit the first shutter sound, you wink at the camera.

Looking at the result, you're pretty happy. You set it to take a sequence, so the first picture shows you with opened eyes, and subsequently records the wink. Maidchat lets you mark multiple photos and send them all at once. You love this app. To the last picture, where your eyes are open again, you add a caption.

"I look pretty enough for Master?"

You don't have to wait long for an answer.

"Of course you do, Suki, but you know I have work. Wait until later, I promise we'll have some fun before bed. Or during bed."

An enticing offer... But you've brought a prop to use for a picture. You can't stop now. What a wasted opportunity that would be.

You set the dildo onto the floor, pointing up. It's the bottom you're more interested in. It has a wide, stable base, with two very nice, round extra features.

Putting the phone back in position and priming the self-timer, you take your place. On all fours, you lean down. You stretch out your tongue as far as it will go and tap it against the dildo's testicle base. Then, you look back up into the camera, holding your pose until you hear the shutter sound again.

Reluctantly, you retreat your tongue away from the plastic toy to check on the photo. This looks great. He'll like this one. You type in another caption before sending it away.

"Neko-chan want to play with some balls~"

The reply comes even faster this time.

"goddam suki, im not goin ti get any weork done athis rate!" There are those typos you like to see so much. He quickly follows it up. *"You have way too much free time on your hand... Maybe we need to tighten your work schedule?"* Bad idea, terrible idea! And your charm seems to have worn off already. He's still not done.

"On that subject, if you're already going to ruin my work, maybe you could help me with some of it? Michelle hasn't showed up to her duties. Cameras tell me she's still in her room. Be a doll and check up on her, will you?"

Meeting up with Mimi? There are much worse tasks to be doing around the manor.

"Hai, Goshujin-sama!"

You readily accept His orders – it's kinda your job – and make a trip to storage first. The maid who last borrows an item is responsible for it, and the state of the room. Words you'll never forget, lest you earn yourself a spanking. Hmm, now that you think about it, maybe you should...

Eh, or maybe not. You wouldn't be surprised, with all of Master's lust for experimentation lately, if you would be subjected to smacks on your bottom in the near future. Maybe for BDSM week? Or age play week? Hell, you're becoming a real creative force here. And Master says your schedule is too light. The gall!

Out of storage, and over to the Quarters, you actually run into Dominic, one of the new guards. Delaying your visit to Michelle's room probably won't help, but ignoring somebody from the Wolf Manor staff goes strictly against the etiquette you've sworn yourself to, and she's clearly looking at you.

"Ohayo, Dominic," you greet her. "Hey there... Suki, right?"

You nod. Is it really so hard to remember your name? Hmm, maybe the guards get taught different lessons? Could be they don't even learn from Ms. Robinson. That'd probably change the curriculum considerably. Either way, she looks all friendly and curious, so you don't think she meant anything by it.

It's amazing how much Dominic changed though. She moves quite confidently on her thigh-high boots. Granted, they're not as tall as your heels, but they're a decent three inches at least. Along with her incredible posture and gait, her body changed to accommodate those skills. Though she's not exactly voluptuous, she has a defined

hourglass figure, and a shapely tummy that betrays her strength, you're certain. Further up, her hair has grown out, and is flowing freely. That can't be practical, but it's not befitting of your status to chastise another staff member for her choice of style, especially a guard. You can't deny that it makes her look stunning. The golden locks almost blind you as you look at them.

"So..." Dominic has something to ask, but looks hesitant. "How are you doing?" she ends up asking tritely.

"Oh, great! I live with Masuta now. You hear about that?"

"I did, I did. You sound very happy about that."

"Of course! Nobody else live with Masuta. It great honour," you brag.

"I suppose it is..." she doesn't sound very convinced. "I assume that means you already went through with the Initiation?"

Initi—oh, the relaxation thing.

"*Hai*," you respond curtly.

"Nothing more to say about that?" Dominic smiles. "What you want to know?"

"Well, how did it feel? How long did it take?"

"Hmm, took long time, but not sure with exact amount. It feel... tiring. Very tired after I get out. But also feel nice. After Ee-nee... that thing, I feel happy and with no worries."

"I see. So, what are you doing now?" Dominic keeps interrogating you.

"You ask much questions," you point out, giggling. "I look after Mimi. She didn't woke up today, or at least stay in bed whole time. Masuta want me to check if she's okay."

"Marcus sure puts you through a full schedule." Your thoughts exactly! Well, not quite exactly.

"You shouldn't call Him that," you reprimand Dominic in hushed tones. She doesn't catch on. "He is our Masuta."

"Oh, right... Master. Anyway, I'm sorry I bombarded you with questions like that, I'm just pretty curious, so I can't help it. Feel free to ask any of your own."

That's easy. There's one thing – at least – that's still weird about her. "Why you still called Dominic?" you ask her.

"Ugh, you're just like Marcus," she jokes. "Master! I mean Master, sorry. He's been hounding me to get that fixed, but I just can't seem to settle on one. I guess in the grand scheme of things, it's pretty minor, but back in my old life, changing my name would've been a pretty big deal. It's not something I would've done lightly."

You get it. People get all new identities here. You wonder if you were any different before you came here. It seems like such a long time ago. All you remember about yourself pretty much fits how you behave now, so maybe you were lucky that the manor didn't have a Japanese girl yet. But you weren't the subject just now, so stop being so self-centred and focus back on Dominic. She is uncertain about a new name, so maybe you should help her find one.

"How about Yukiko?" you suggest.

"That..." she's unsure how to respond, you can tell. "That's a beautiful name, Suki, but it doesn't sound anything like mine. And I'm not Japanese either." She's smiling a bit uncomfortably.

"So? It real pretty... I wish my name is Yukiko," you confess, slightly saddened by the fact that your friend does not share your tastes, apparently.

"I'm... sorry to hear that. But your name is very pretty too, I assure you. Besides, it's almost the same name."

"*Nani?* It not the same! It completely different!" You can't believe what you just heard.

"Alright, alright," Dominic raises her hands. "It's a different name. Sorry. It's just not very fitting for me, I'm afraid."

Fine, suit yourself. Things did get a little heated there though, maybe you didn't need to get so upset. You try to get the conversation back on track.

"Well, so what you do right now?" you ask her.

"Actually, my task isn't all that different from yours. Master asked me to check on Matt... I mean Mercedes, I guess."

Right, the new Spanish maid. You remember her looking pretty gloomy. Her roommate though... damn, maybe you should use your next break to meet up with her again. She did promise to return the favour, after all. You'll remind her, one day.

"He – or should I say she? – still isn't taking this well," Dominic continues. "It's not like I'm too comfortable with the situation either," she indicates her one-piece latex outfit. The only separate item is her boots. "But I know I'm here for a reason. Mercedes is, too, but she has difficulties accepting that. It doesn't help that her transformation is quite different from mine."

Dominic holds her hands out in front of her chest in an unmistakable gesture. Now you're *really* aching to have another look at Mercedes, not to mention her roommate. It's strange to hear people struggling to adapt to life here, when you've basically felt at home the moment you stepped foot beyond the front gate. Upon reflection, you feel you can sympathise somehow. Dominic didn't choose to come here, same with Mercedes. You understand that could be unsettling. Nonetheless, you wish they'd just get over it. It pains you to see your future sisters unhappy, and the best remedy for that is extended exposure to Master.

“I guess guards with huge busts would be somewhat ineffective,” Dominic muses. “Although some of the ones I’ve already seen certainly are better equipped than I thought practical. I think I’ve just about filled out,” she assesses, first touching her breasts, then presenting her rear. Modest assets, true, but not at all unattractive.

“You look good!” you compliment her, and truly mean it.

“I...” she starts a sentence, but doesn’t seem to know how to finish it. Her cheeks turn red visibly. “Thank you, Suki. You’re easy to look at yourself.”

“*Arigato.*”

Dominic still looks uncomfortable. Just like at the beginning of the conversation, there’s a small pause. Curiously, she has stopped looking at your face, and has her gaze pointed lower than before. Finally, she takes a deep breath to say something, but a noise behind her interrupts.

Past the stairs, a door has opened. Somebody is spying on the foyer, only half her face visible. You see an eye as dark as yours, eyebrows so thin they could be painted on, and lips so lusciously plump that plastic surgeons would kill to be allowed to examine her body for inspiration. Yet her gaze is clearly depressed, suspicious. Mercedes is waiting for Dominic, and started to worry, you’d wager.

“Right... Nevermind that,” Dominic waves off her clear attempt to say something. “I really need to get going. Sorry to leave so suddenly. Maybe we can talk tomorrow?”

“I love that,” you commit to a meet the next day. “*Mata ne!*”

A rather unexpected meeting. You pass maids all day and rarely does a lengthy conversation emerge from it. Now you’ve had a good chat, and with a guard of all people. You’re really settling in at the manor. But what were you doing again?

Oh right, you wanted to check on Michelle. Her room is right over there, so you knock on Mimi’s door. You’re asked to come in, noticing a distinct absence of French. Inside, you see Ms. Robinson is the one who invited you, while the girl you want to see is lying face down on her bed. One of those days, you suppose... Your former teacher is quite elated to see you though.

“Suki! Perfect timing. Master said somebody would be coming over. You can see the problem we’re having. I care for my roommate, really, but pleasing Master comes first, and I have my schedule. So, sorry as I am to say it, I can’t babysit Mimi all day.” You grit your teeth, preparing for the incoming shout of “*Michelle!*” but the room remains silent. Ms. Robinson continues.

“And by the way, congratulations on the promotion. I didn’t think I’d see the day that a maid would rise above the others after Angelina. No offence to Giannina, she’s officially the head maid now, but she hasn’t done much head work yet.” The innuendo is not lost on you, but you know better than to giggle about it with the all-business teacher. “I hope you’re aware what the status of being Master’s First Courtesan entails... I suppose if you don’t, I’ll find out because I’ll see you in class again. Let’s hope that doesn’t happen, though you were a joy to watch in posture

training. Anyway, I really need to head out already. See you around, and good luck with my sad little friend.”

You give Ms. Robinson a little sisterly hug and let her pass. Showing up in her class again would be rather embarrassing, but given your level of English, that might just happen, sooner or later. But that’s not what you’re here about. Walking over to the bed, you sit down on the edge, laying a hand on Michelle’s shoulder. She doesn’t even react. Looks like you’ll have to take the initiative.

“Michelle? You okay?” you shake her lightly. All you get in response is a groan. “Michelle, you know if you don’t get up, you get punish,” you cut straight to business. “You can’t lie on bed whole day.”

She sees some sense in those words. Her body starts to move. You support her when she tries to sit up against the back wall. Predictably, her eyes are red from tears. She probably cried the whole time from wake-up ‘til now. Poor girl. You take her in your arms.

“Why you so sad, Michelle-senpai?”

“Mastère...” she begins, “Mastère has not invited me in two weeks. Two weeks! My... you know... it hurts all the time. I am not just horny, it is really painful!”

You grab her tighter, trying to calm her down. It works for you every time, and seems to help her, too. That’s a good start. And you think you have a good idea of how to cheer her up.

“I know I spend lot of time with Masuta. And He not have lot of time for you and other girls. But you need to ask more often. Or... *ano*... find cute outfit and surprise Him. Things like that. I do all the time, when He work and everything.”

“I see,” Michelle calms down a little.

“Good, good. Want to do now?” you ask her, grinning. “Now? *Je ne sais pas*...” she says, unsure.

Instead of letting her frown some more, you just grab Michelle by her hands, and pull her out of bed with all your girly might. You sit her down in front of her dresser, hand her a tissue, and stroke some hair out of her face. While she dabs her eyes dry, you borrow a nail file. Might as well be productive during Michelle’s make-up routine.

Going at your nails, you keep blabbing about what you should do when you get to Master. He sounded busy this morning, which means He’ll probably won’t want to at first, so you’ll have to make Him. Outnumbering Him is going to be your first advantage. Maybe even the only one you need. You share some tips with Michelle about how to get Master to notice you. Of course, you’ve been wildly successful with your selfies. Today’s one of the very few days where He hasn’t asked you to come down after seeing you pose for Him. Michelle appreciates the advice, and promises to take the initiative more often from now on. Since she’s an expert, it doesn’t take her

long to do her make-up. After getting her dressed, you pick up your parasol and head over to the mansion again.

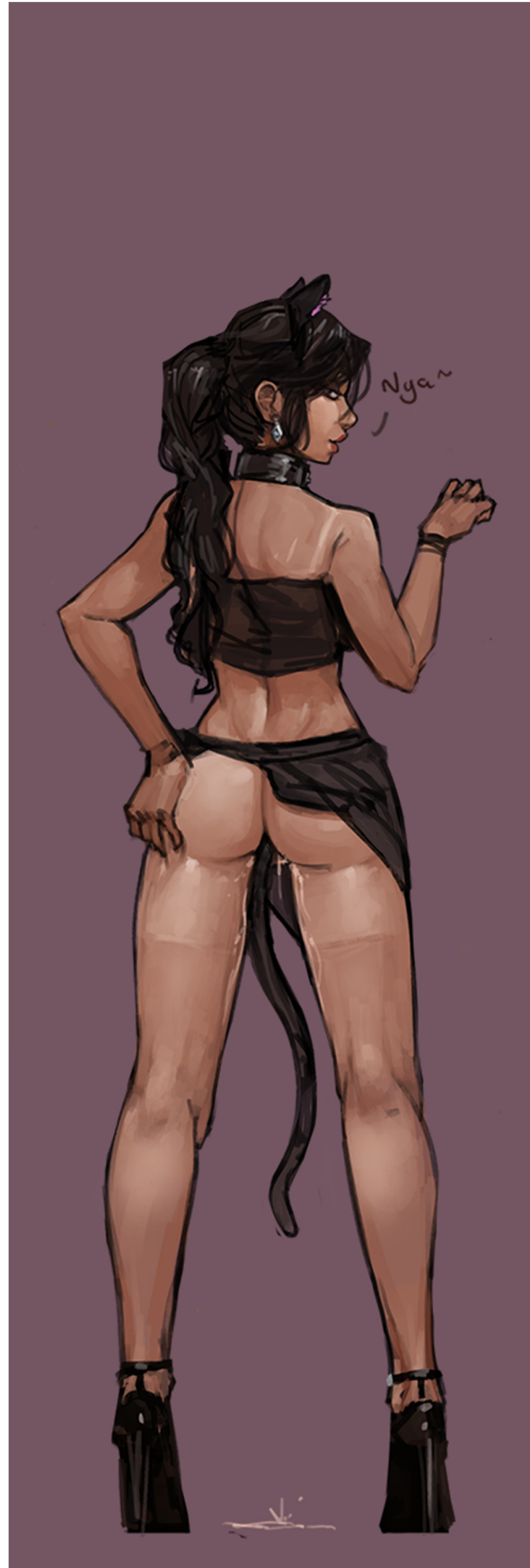
On the way there, you talk about... something. Normally, you're all excited about the latest gossip, but you have a hard time paying attention. Kimmy is the better source for that, anyway. Mainly though, your thoughts are pre-occupied by you being on your way to Master, and what'll happen inside His office. The lack of panties has the obvious effect of having you drip everywhere. Without that cat tail in your butt, you'd spend more time scrubbing the manor than you do walking around.

And there's the office. As usual, the door is slightly ajar. You don't really pay attention to it much, saying something to Michelle, who's walking behind you. Pushing the door open, you skip into the room. What you see then stops you dead in your tracks. You're about to turn around and push Michelle back to leave again, but it's obvious Master noticed you standing well inside the office... You only caught a brief glimpse of what He was doing, but you're certain He was masturbating underneath His desk. Actually, why were you so nervous? This is the perfect setup.

"S-sumimasen, Masuta!" you fake embarrassment. "Not want to intrude... demo... what you do underneath desk?"

Master has little patience for this, and seems aware of what you're doing.

"You know what I did, Suki. Figured it'd be faster than to employ your services." "Oh. Make sense," you admit. "What you look at there?" you point to



His other hand.

Again, you know exactly what He's looking at, and it's hard to keep from jumping up and down. Master sighs, then holds up His phone. It clearly displays the photos you sent Him earlier.

"Ooh, pretty sexy!" you flatter yourself. "So... I help?"

"You helped already," Master sighs, knowing where this is headed. "Can you please go? I already feel bad enough leaving you alone all day as it is, but I really got to get this work done."

"But what about my friend?" you surprise Master by waving Michelle in.

He doesn't really have a response ready for that. Meanwhile, the French girl looks like a nervous teenager, having just bawled her eyes out for hours, and now hoping for sex with the guy she has a crush on. Master just leans back, sighs, and waves the both of you over.

Giddily skipping over to Master's armchair, you get on your knees and impatiently signal Mimi to hurry it up. She looks like a mixture of shy and incredulous. Poor girl has been starved a whole week, maybe more. It's clearly left an impact. Sisters have to look out for each other, so you're glad you could help her like this, but that doesn't mean you'll leave the whole cock to her.

Since Michelle is still somewhat hesitant, you take it upon yourself to get this thing started. Fortunately, Master has already started doing your job, so He's fully erect. Having two gorgeous specimens like yourselves kneeling at His feet surely won't hurt. Greedily, you close in on His dick, gulping it down whole. Michelle is shaken out of her stupor by your eagerness, and begins licking Master's base and testicles.

She's not content doing that all the way through though. When she tries to inch upwards, her cheek bumps into your chin. You both giggle, which almost makes you cough around Master's cock. A playful scramble ensues. You jokingly poke Michelle with your elbow, while she starts pushing you lightly. The intensity ramps up until you're both pushing each other to the ground, laughing. Your hands start to roam each other's body uncontrolled. A playful game soon turns very sexual – a common occurrence at Wolf Manor – as you both test who can get the other off faster. It doesn't take anything but your bond as part of the maid collective for you two to make out on the floor, prone at your Master's feet. In between kisses, you both breathe heavily into the other's mouth, sharing your sweet, feminine scents.

"Girls? I have some work to do..." Master groans impatiently, making you both perk up.

"*Sumimasen*," you apologise, still giggling.

"*Excusez-moi*, Mastère," Michelle chimes in, chuckling just the same.

Reluctantly, the French hottie and you help each other up. Your hands meeting doesn't help restrain your lesbian exploration in the slightest. A good compromise is soon found. While you're still fervently licking away at Master's length, you pull

down Mimi's panties slightly, and slip a finger inside her dripping snatch. No doubt yours looks and feels the same, which Michelle is quick to confirm. Her finger slips inside you almost without any force from her.

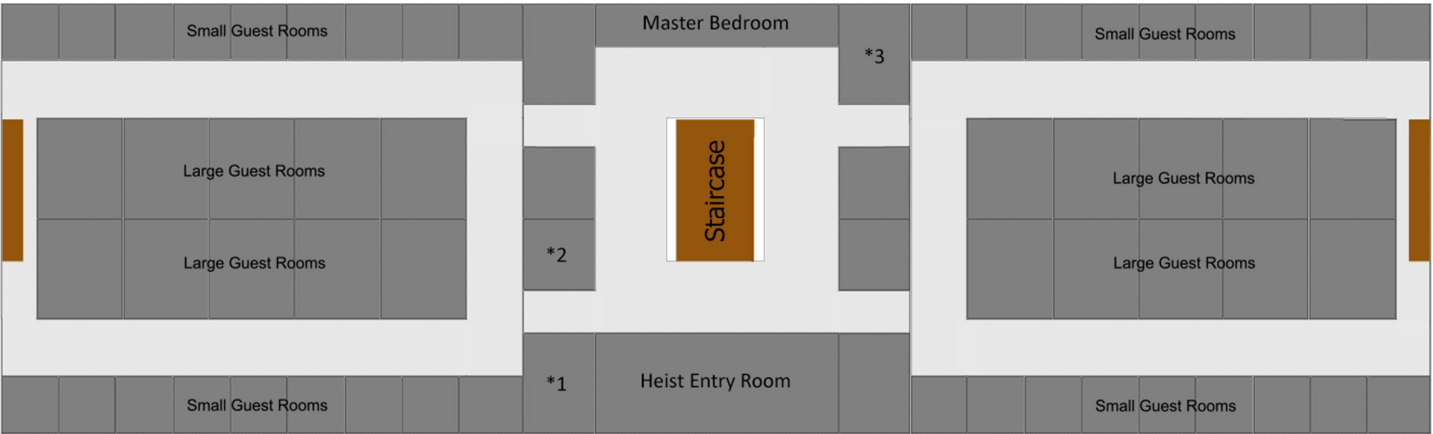
In the battle for top position, your sisterly affections are still evident. Trying to get the most of Master's dick frequently leads to Mimi and you kissing. You're not just accidentally bouncing into each other, and Master has to theatrically clear His throat once or twice to get you two focussed back on Him. What a predicament He's in. He wants to get off as fast as possible, and here you are, constantly distracted by the beautiful blonde next to you. He better not complain though. Between kisses, you had a peek at Master, and He was smiling as widely as you ever saw Him.

You can't resist the strong sensations of sex for long. In a rush, you cum around Mimi's slender fingers, spraying even more of your girl juices over the floor. Your hips rock against her hand more firmly, seeking more pleasure yet. But you have to focus on your Master's first and foremost. Your work isn't done. You hope it never will be.

THE END



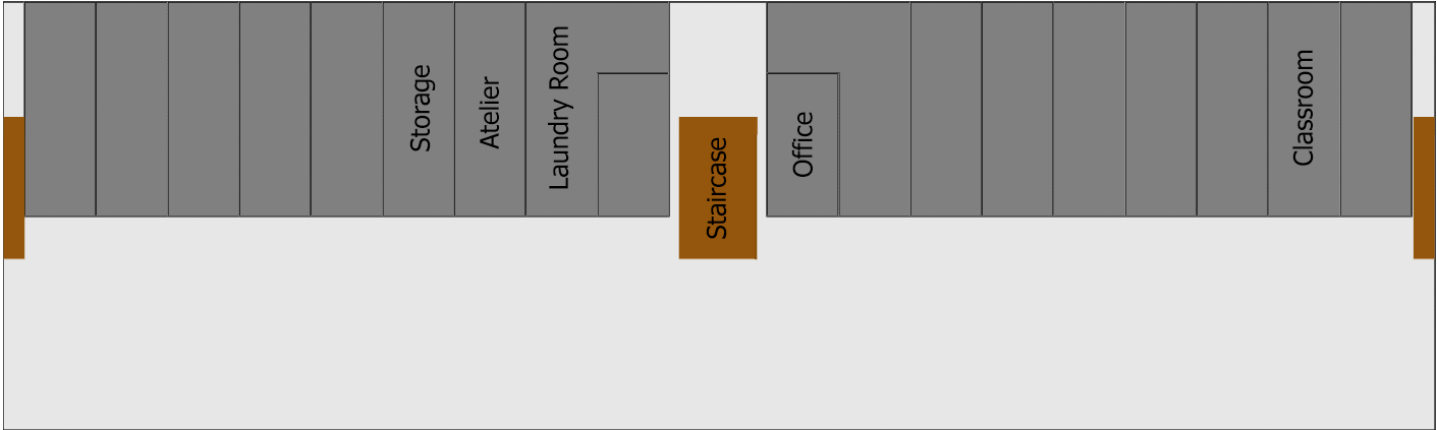
APPENDIX



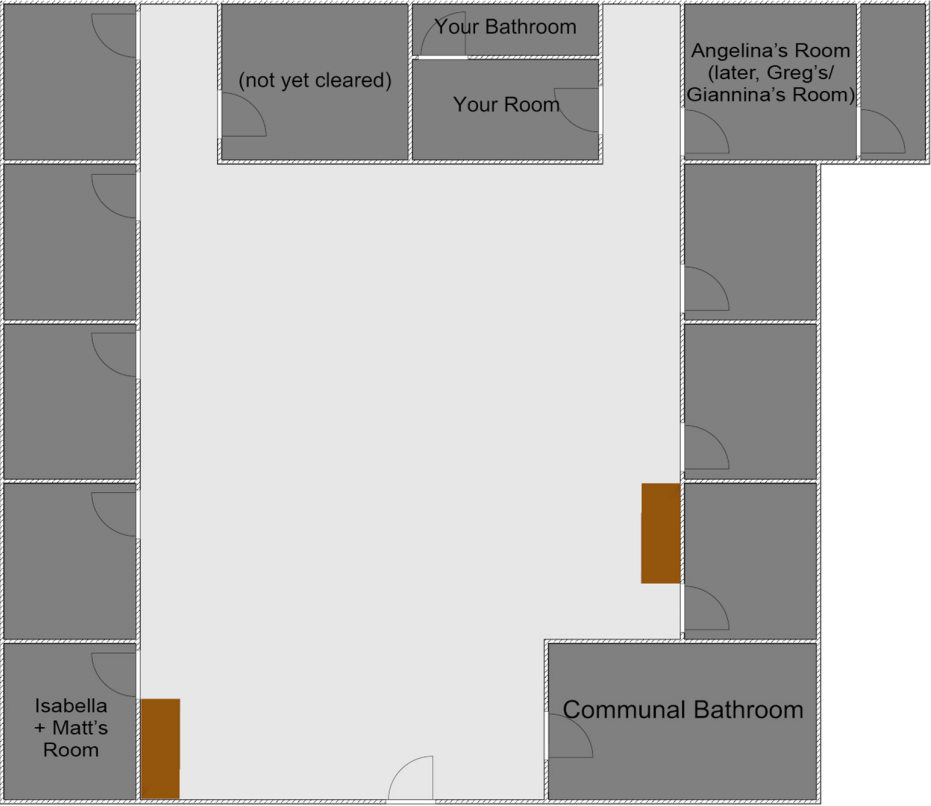
Mansion, Second Floor ([back to Page 2 \(“weird upper level”\)](#)) ([back to Page 5 \(“foyer”\)](#))

| *1 – “Treasure” Room | *2 – Room you woke up in | *3 – Master Bathroom |

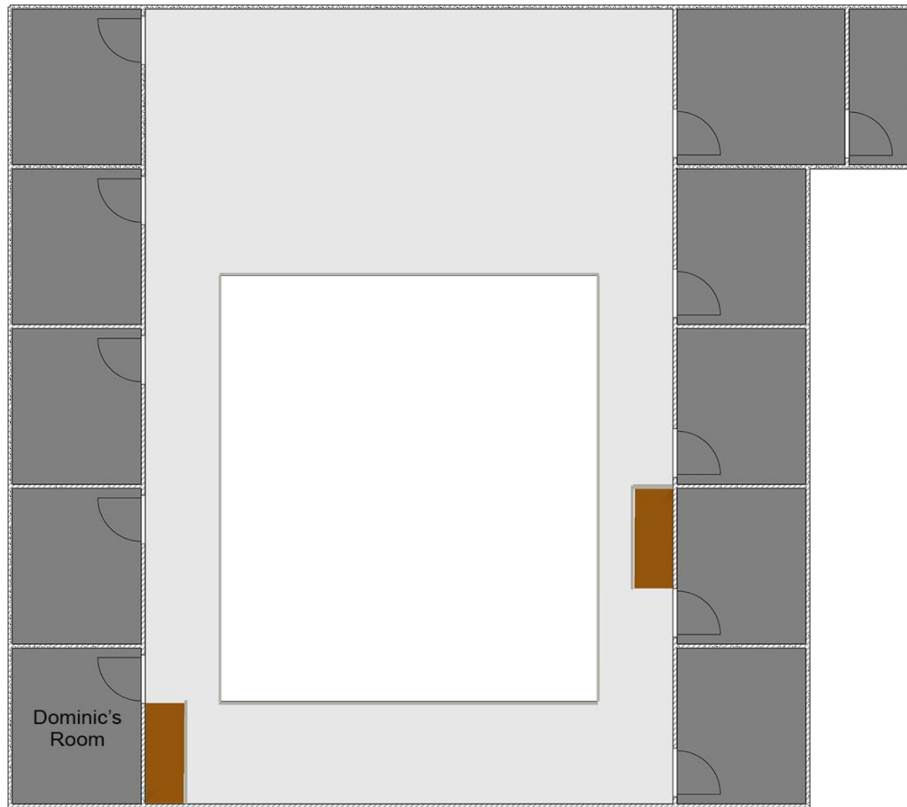
Mansion, First Floor



Servants' Quarters, First Floor ([back to Page 8 \("a very open design"\)](#))



Servants' Quarters, Second Floor



Translations

[Zuckerbrot und Peitsche](#) (p. 21, German) – carrot-and-stick policy; literally “sugar bread and whip”

[Tu as oublié une chemise](#). (p. 21, French) – You forgot a shirt. [là](#) (p. 21, French) – there

[cara](#) (p. 32, Italian) – dear

[bellissima](#) (p. 37, Italian) – beautiful, gorgeous

[Tu es trop mignonne, trop jolie](#). (p. 75, French) – You’re just too cute, too beautiful.

[Slit](#) (p. 94, French abbreviation for “Salut”) – Hello [avec moi](#) (p. 94, French) – with me

[A+](#) (p. 94, French abbreviation for “à plus tard”) – see you later

[s’il te plaît](#) (p. 95, French) – please

[meine Güte](#) (p. 109, German) – my goodness

[ano](#) (p. 111, Japanese) – no real meaning, just an utterance like “umm” or “uh” in English [gomenasai](#) / sumimasen (p. 138, Japanese) – I’m sorry

[sugoi](#) (p. 140, Japanese) – Great!

[ohayogozaimasu](#) (p. 162, Japanese) – good morning

[tds](#) (p. 170, French abbreviation for “tout de suite”) – immediately, right away [dak](#) (p. 170, French abbreviation for “d’accord”) – okay, alright

[mais](#) (p. 170, French) – but

[je pense que c’est correct](#) (p. 170, French) – I think that’s right [très bien](#) (p. 170, French) – very good

[rapidement](#) (p. 170, French) – quickly

[fais attention](#) (p. 171, French) – pay attention [magnifique](#) (p. 171, French) – great, perfect, magnificent

[c’est fini](#) (p. 171, French) – it’s done/finished [recréation](#) (p. 171, French) – rest, recreation, break [professeure](#) (p. 172, French) – teacher (female)

[paiement adéquat](#) (p. 172, French) – sufficient/adequate payment

[qu'est-ce que](#) (p. 173, French) – what... [arrête](#) (p. 173, French) – stop

[mon amour](#) (p. 173, French) – my love, my darling [mon dieu!](#) (p. 173, French) – My God!

[incroyable](#) (p. 174, French) – incredible [anglais](#) (p. 174, French) – English

[je suis désolée](#) (p. 174, French) – I'm sorry

[n'est-ce pas](#) (p. 174, French) – right? / isn't it?

[beaucoup de femmes japonaises](#) (p. 174, French) – many Japanese women

[c'est vrai](#) (p. 175, French) – that's true

[je comprends pas](#) (p. 175, colloquial French) – I don't understand [oiseau](#) (p. 175, French) – bird

[itadakimasu](#) (p. 176, Japanese) – bon appetit, have a good meal [oyasuminasai](#) (p. 182, Japanese) – good night

[as-tu bien dormi?](#) (p. 186, French) – did you sleep well? [daijobu](#) (p. 192, Japanese) – it's okay / I'm okay [kudasai](#) / onegaishimasu (p. 194, Japanese) – please [Nanda?](#) / Nani? (p. 198, Japanese) – What?

[Hontou ni?](#) (p. 198, Japanese) – Really?

[požalujsta](#) (p. 199, Russian) – please [okaasan](#) (p. 215, Japanese) – mother [otosan](#) (p. 216, Japanese) – father

[goede dag](#) (p. 227, Dutch) – good day / hello

[...ne?](#) (p. 230, Japanese) – basically the equivalent of a question tag (“isn't it?” / “is it?”) [kuso](#) (p. 236, Japanese) – Shit! (expletive, not literal excrement)

[onamae wa nan desuka?](#) (p. 245, Japanese) – what's your name? [mata ne](#) (p. 259, Japanese) – see you

[demo](#) (p. 260, Japanese) – but